

THE



THE S. I. D. Q.

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Which will you enter?

Like a grand old country man-
sion, overflowing with plenty and good things,

Rich in its warmth, and its sun-
shine, abounding in hospitality,

Free with wide open doors to the
coming of high or of lowly,

Such is the inner being of the
human soul in its fullness,

Farther we carry the likeness.
Thru doors has this country mansion

Massive and heavy with oak,
and rich with its quaint old carving,

Stands, an opposing front one,
forbidding an open entrance.

But quickly the great door
swings, and creaks on its ponderous hinges

When the big brass knocker is
lifted and falls with resounding echoes

What of the many people who

enter this doorway? Who are they?

Only on festive occasions, or to
strangers that visit the dwelling,
Is this the usual entrance. To
such is the mind free at all times.

A smile, or a kindly word, or a
question will gain them admittance.

What find they, when once they
have entered? Stately halls and apartments,

Rich with bright hangings, and
bristling with armours and emblems of ^{battle} ~~war~~,

Telling of wealth and prosperity,
and ancestry long and much honoured.

Even the stranger partakes of the
good things that soul has to offer.

Rich are the treasures of mind
revealed therein, glorious profusion.

Gleamers, most careless, may gather
rich gems for their store-house of knowledge.

How few are the guests of this man-
sion who seek for the well-stocked library!

They prefer fashion's formalities, the
small talk of parlor or dance hall.

To them nought but harmony
reigns. The surface is never transparent.

What is beyond is hidden, is
locked in mystery's chambers.

Out round a convenient corner, half
hid from even careful observers,

Under the friendly shade of a
noble elm's wide-spreading branches,

Where oft breezes play thro' the tree-
tops, and whisper the secrets of nature,

Find we another portal. Who en-
ters here we wonder?

Ah, friends of the society, those
who know the ways of the household,

Who, from their long acquaintance
as neighbors have gained their admittance.

Some - these are kindred minds - from
the first find their way to the side-door.

The key is a curious contrivance,

an intricate puzzle to many,

Turned in the hands of the knowing,
how quick is an entrance effected!

Visitors here find the works
that are pleasantest, the cozier corners,

Many the hours of pleasure, de-
lightful spent in the library,

Searching the stores of knowledge,
the treasure of thought and of feeling!

Glimpses catch they of the
soul's hidden motives, the secrets of action.

To them is it given to drink at
the springs of affection o'er flowing.

Sad is the fate of that household
indeed whose side door ne'er opens.

Disuse has rusted the hinges;
bent is the key and broken.

That soul has little of pleasure,
of the good of the world, and its beauties.

Three doors, we said, has this
mansion? The third one—Ah, find it! 'Tis
secret.

The will of the master, alone its
place of hiding, discloses.

Few are the fortunate souls,
whose friendship will gain their admittance.

Aye, with these, quiet is the mind
in touch, and the hearts ever in unison.

Such must a friend be. In friend-
ship, true friendship, of God's ^{greatest} gifts this

Governing motives, the will and
the wherefore, the aims, the ambitions

The hopes, and the doubts and
attainments, all are revealed or ^{sugge}ted.

Love's deepest fountains spring
upon the soul. Truth is sincerest,

Greatest the usefulness, counsel
the heartiest, with union the firmest

That two earnest souls can suit.
Can you fulfill friendship's ^{great} askings?

In some noble mansion does
ever the secret door open for you?

Clara F. Dyer. Sp. 76

A Drive in Newport.

A day in Newport! What a delightful privilege, thought I as I purchased my ticket to go on the Normal School excursion. At once a thousand pleasant anticipations of a day in the "city by the sea" about which are so many weird legends and connected with which is so much thrilling romance, filled my mind.

Of course I wanted to see the Old Mill, Fort Adams, and everything else of interest, so, on my arrival, I joined the party which was to take what is called the long drive from the wharf up Mill St., down Bellevue Ave. along the Fort road to Fort Adams, and return by the beach and cliffs.

The first thing of interest that we saw was that mystical round tower, supported by eight sturdy columns, thought by some to have been a wind mill, by others a fortress or a monastery, and of which our poet Longfellow romantically suggests that it may have been the home of some fair Norman bride. How we wished it would speak and tell us why and how it came there - vain hope, it will never tell its secret. Perhaps it is too dreadful to repeat.

Going on we passed several beautiful residences among them that of Mr. Morgan. This is a model of ancient architecture with its numerous little porches and its graceful columns. Our driver told us that it cost

more than a million dollars. Then we came to the soldiers' boarding-house, the parade ground, and at last the fort over which the red, white and blue majestically floated.

Here we alighted from the carriage in order that we might go inside the fort which consists of a circular rampart enclosing a pretty little park. The fort is large enough to garrison three thousand men and mount four hundred sixty eight guns. One of the soldiers took us within the walls and showed us the enormous cannon. While walking along here I thought of the numerous labyrinthine passages under our feet, which would serve as a means of

escapes should it be necessary for the garrison to leave the fort. These passages are all closed now and no one knows where they are except the engineer. Formerly visitors could go into them but a terrible accident, in which a young lady came near losing her life by falling into a reservoir put an end to these visits.

We mounted the parapet and from here we obtained a delightful view of Newport Harbor, Goat Island and the row of red cottages which, we were told, belonged to the torpedo company. We also saw Lime Rock and the home of Ida Lewis.

After spending a few moments in looking about we descended and again continued our drive

passing around the shore. And a most delightful ride it was. The sea-breeze was exceedingly bracing and we enjoyed it very much. The only thing of particular interest that I saw on this part of my drive was a spouting rock. One would not think, to look at it, that, when there was a heavy sea and a strong south-easterly wind, it would send up water to a height of thirty feet. It is not nearly as large as others near it.

Upon reaching the cliffs we again alighted and took the cliff walk. What deep cliffs they are! One look

over them would almost make one's heart stand still. Here we saw Conrad's Cave which isn't a cave at all now; for the water has washed it nearly all away. Next we came to the forty steps and looking down here we saw some men fishing.

How I wished I had a hook and line, but no time for fishing now, as it is after three and we must be at the wharf by quarter past, so we again seated ourselves in the carriage and drove up Harragansett Ave., and down Bellevue, past the Vanderbilt Villa of which we could get but a glimpse on account of the high fence

in front of it.

We passed scores of other magnificent residences whose owners I will not attempt to name, and finally we reached the boat, tired, O yes, but so happy that we had seen some of the beauties of that quiet town. We entered the boat and bade farewell to Newport, hoping that it would be our good fortune to visit it for a longer time in the near future.

Josephine T. Field, '96.

Trials of Model Making.

Two girls, who were very ambit-

ious, left their homes one Monday morning to come to Normal School to make putty models of Rhode Island. After reaching their destination, they commenced work, but soon found the putty too hard. They started out to get some oil, in order to moisten the putty; and, wishing to save time, left by the side door which as you all probably know has a spring lock. As the door closed behind them, they noticed that the gate was shut, and soon found it to be locked.

One proposed jumping over the fence, but the other protested, thinking it not proper for one who anticipated teaching; so long and patiently they stood on this cold day, waiting for a small boy to

appear. Several men passed by, and these two Normal maids stood with unconcerned faces.

Finally the long-looked-for boy came to the rescue. Both of the girls gladly hailed him; one of them giving him five cents to go to the front door and tell William to come and let them in or out. Timidly the boy started on his errand; anxiously the girls waited. Soon the boy again appeared and said, 'He wants you to come round to the front door.' The girls said very meekly, 'Will you please tell him we can't get there?'

William laughed and released the grateful prisoners who again started, and this time succeeded in getting the oil.

This was not, however, the end of their trials. All day long they worked on the sticky putty, now sticking on a hill, now making an island. At last the models were finished, and the tired girls returned home.

Perhaps you would like to know what became of these wonderful models. Well! they were first hung up in No. 4, and in a few days it was found that the hills in the northern part were moving southward. They were then remodelled. One of them was placed under the stair way; some time after the owner went to remove it, when lo and behold! most of the hills and some of the islands had disappeared. Where the hills once stood,

it was thought that fossil remains were discovered, but on closer examination, it proved to be only the tracks of hungry mice. The other model was placed on a shelf in the cellar, and suffered a like fate.

Memorial Day

Another memorial day has passed into oblivion but we trust that it has left its impression upon the heart of every American citizen, and that the spirit of patriotism has been newly awakened in many breasts.

Each year, as this day returns,

we recall the struggle to preserve our union in '61, and the brave men who were instrumental in doing it. If we feel disposed to wonder at their success, we have only to think of the men themselves, and the spirit which actuated them. Men in whom the spirit of patriotism and love of country were so strong, and who willingly gave up home, friends, and life itself at their country's call, could not fail to win success. To these men we owe the peace and prosperity which we as a country enjoy to day.

The great evil which caused the war has been removed from our country and there is every reason to look forward to a peaceful future for the beloved

America. Yet it is possible that there will come a time in the future history of America when she will again need the service of her loyal citizens to aid her in maintaining her rights. Then she will call upon them to fight, if need be, and to endure the hardships which the men of '61 endured. It rests wholly with those who have the training of the boys and girls who constitute the future generation, whether that generation shall consist of loyal citizens devoted to their country and its interests, or whether they shall fail her in her time of need.

Memorial day may be made a powerful instrument toward

advancing the spirit of patriotism within the hearts of our children.

Encourage them to take an active part in the observance of the day and they will become interested in the men whose graves are decorated and learn to honor and respect them when they know what they have done. As they grow older they will come to realize more fully the significance of Memorial day and what they owe to the heroes of the civil war. And we trust that they will learn to love their country as those men did. Then we need have no fear for the future of our union. Men who are actuated by the same spirit which actuated the

men of '61 will not fail to preserve forever 'Liberty and Union
 one and inseparable', even at
 the cost of their lives.

May Westcott - '96.

Marie Tell.

In November, five years ago, Mr
 Littlefield gave permission to the
 junior class of the Normal School
 to have a spread and they came
 prepared to have a good time.

Among other things brought to
 increase the fun was a Flanchette.
 While the Committee on refresh-
 ments was preparing the supper,
 a merry party assembled around
 the long deck in Do. 7, all anxious
 to know whose spirit was present,

always the first question asked Planchette. The pencil trembled, and seemed to hesitate before writing. "O never mind about spirits," exclaimed one bright-eyed girl, "I care a great deal more about knowing who is going to ride home with me on the car to night. Please tell me, dear Planchette." But still the pencil moved aimlessly over the paper. "Planchette has something to tell us. I think," said the quiet, thoughtful girl who had brought her, "and she will tell us what it is if we do not hurry her." As if satisfied to find someone who understood her, the pencil made another attempt. O - O p - O - wrote she slowly and then, as she seemed to get waked up she wrote

rapidly and firmly, "Open the door."

The girls looked around, all the doors were open; but upon a second demand, they thought of the door of a little closet in which some of the apparatus for Physiology was kept. Miss Bright-eye rather objected to having it opened because, she said, it would be too much like the old Roman feasts when they used to say, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die." They opened the door, however, and thus the skeleton was added to the group no longer quite so merry. Several had gone when the little door was opened, to assist the "Committee on Refreshments." "Was that what you wanted, Harriette?" "Yes I can write better now," was spelled out

on the paper. "Is it the spirit that once inhabited that skeleton which is writing?" And, having received an answer in the affirmative, the girl glanced at the bony framework hanging there and, in the early winter twilight, it really seemed as if the right hand were moving slightly. "Who is writing, Planchette?" asked the girl who seemed to understand the moods of the queer little board best. "Marie Tell" was the prompt answer. "Who was Marie Tell?" was the next question but, just as Planchette started to answer, "Come girls, we'll eat every thing up if you don't hurry!" sounded, a merry voice through the corridors, and most of the girls needed no second invitation to leave the rather spooky

scene. But Miss Brighteyes who was now thoroughly interested in the subject, and her quiet friends waited a long time before closing the door upon Marie Tell.

Shall I read you part of a letter received by me the next week, from one of the two girls?

After telling briefly what you already know, she writes "I knew that the skeleton was of a woman, and that it came from France, but that was all. But with the help of Planchette, a book on 'Heroes of Switzerland and their Descendants', and one of the teachers, we have discovered the following story.

In the beautiful Pays de Vaud a little girl was born half a century ago, and as she grew

older, it seemed as if there was concentrated in her, all the spirit and bravery for which her ancestors had been famous since before the time of that one who had made for himself a world-wide reputation, - William Tell. The quiet canton in which her youth was spent, grew irksome to her; she longed for the noise and excitement of war and battle, and, when an opportunity was presented for her to visit France, she gladly accepted it as a special dispensation of Providence.

Near the home of the friend whom Marie, for that was the little Swiss girl's name, visited, was the den of a fortune-teller. The old witch took a strong fancy to the ambitious country girl, and

filled her head with still wilder ideas than had been there before. Marie was no longer satisfied with doing a woman's part in the strife, but aspired to a fam^{er} less than had fallen to Joan of Arc. Among other things, the witch told her that she had nerves of steel, - that she would do, as much, yee, more than Joan of Arc had for humanity. But this great good was not to be, done in France, nor in her beloved Switzerland, but in America. Then she attempted to tell her, about her death but could not so well, as she said the cards seemed to contradict one another; but one thing was certain, she was to meet a violent death apparently by shooting, but still, another card showed her

hanging with her feet but a few inches above the floor. This dismal outlook did not in the least ^{discourage her}, but, with a single thought of the bravery with which her ideal met her fate, she disguised herself as a soldier and entered Caesar's army. In several of the skirmishes in which that regiment took part, she exhibited such courage and presence of mind that she won the esteem of the commanding officer and was promoted until she held a high and honorable position. In the battle of July 28, she fought bravely for France, never for a moment thinking of the possibility of one of the balls that were flying so thick about her, striking her; so implicitly did she believe

that she would live to go to America to perform her mission. One of the standard-bearers who stood near her, had served as a target for the enemy and fell, carrying the flag down with him. Quick as thought she stooped to pick it up, and, as she bent over, a bullet hit her in the crown of the head and entered her brain. She fell, and with her fell the apparently unreasonable and impossible aspirations with which the old witch had filled her head.

But now, my dear friend, do you think that those hopes were unreasonable and unfounded? I don't. I think the old fortune-teller 'knew where-of she spoke', for think of the great good she has

already done for hundreds of girls, and through them, the many children who have already been or will some day be under their care, as teachers.

Jo Winelow King. '95.

A Visit to the Historical Rooms at Newport.

The prospect of a visit to Newport, May 30, suggested to each one some plan for enjoying the time while there. To a number the Historical Rooms was the objective point, and we looked forward to spending an hour or more in this interesting place. But the boat arrived late, and was to leave the city early, so when we

reached the rooms we found we must shorten our time to a few minutes, and take only a brief glance at what we had hoped to examine minutely.

The building, which is on Touro St., was once a Baptist Church; and a part of the furnishings of the interior have been left a reminder of the time when this was a place of worship. Directly opposite the door is the pulpit, and above this, a sounding board. To reach the pulpit, one has to go up a flight of six or seven steps, so narrow that two people, meeting there, find it difficult to pass each other. The furniture of the pulpit would hardly suit a minister of today, for instead of comfortable stuffs

chairs there is a bench not more than twelve inches wide, and with no back other than that furnished by the wall.

Between the pulpit and the door is a small statue of Oliver Hazard Perry a model of the one in front of the State House. And near by is a collection of Continental money, one piece, a stamp enclosed in a copper framework. This was the kind of money used when coin was scarce. Going on a little farther we see something that looks like a diminutive wooden cradle, but which is marked, "A case for a gin bottle."

In front of the pulpit is a collection of articles of dress. Combs such as our grandmothers

wool, some in good condition, others broken, and mended by means of rivets. Then too there are slippers, one with a square toe, and beside it, as a contrast, one whose toe terminates in an acute angle.

A little farther on is an instrument which resembles the key-board of a piano, only on each key is a letter. This is an old-fashioned type writing machine. After examining this our attention is drawn to a collection of swords, and then to an instrument once used for pulling teeth, but which resembles a steel-yard more than any thing else.

Now a glance at the pictures and then we must leave here.

One is a large painting of Rome. This hangs near the stair way. Besides this are a number of portraits of noted men of by gone days. One is of Henry Potter, purchaser of the Nicolai estate, which is now occupied by the Aquidneck National Bank and the Newport Savings Bank. The house that formerly stood there is of interest to us because Miss Eliza Nicolai once taught school there, receiving as her salary for one quarter one dollar and fifty cents, and twenty five cents extra for fuel.

Just beyond this is a collection of fire-buckets belonging to the first fire-department of Newport, and up stairs, we are told is a collection of old books

and papire; but our time is gone, and we must leave, if we would go to the beach. So we bid farewell to the books, the paintings, and the relics of colonial days, determining in our minds to come here again the very next time we visit Newport.

S. Louise Baker '9.

Goats:

Teacher- "Give me the factors of 32."

Pupil (taught in another class). "Thirty-two equals two twos of twos of twos of two."

Teacher- "Oh, that's 2 utterly 2 2!"

Teacher of language class, "What is hypnotism?"

Bright pupil, "A dislocation of the hip."

Our instructor in psychology one day remarked that the last steps in inductive reasoning could not properly be called premises. "They should be post-mises," said he, and then innocently added, "But they ratify the conclusion."

One of our girls, when about to enter the training school remarked that she was going "to teach the young ideas how to

shoot," "But," said her friend, "look out that they don't shoot you."

"You may name bodies that are compressible," said the teacher of physics to her class, one day.

"Atomizers, foot balls, etc.," were named.

At length one bright pupil raised her hand and said, "We are compressible."

"Why do you think so?" asked the teacher.

As a suppressed snicker was going round the class, the pupil replied "Because we can be squeezed."

One of our teachers informed us that when a scholar he was accustomed to sit on the professor's right hand. We earnestly hope that the professor suffered no inconvenience from such an arrangement.

An original development of the three laws of the intuition of being- If I am, I am. If I am not, I am something different from what I am.

Teacher- "What side of the prism will you draw first?"

Luminary of the drawing class- "The outside."

Teacher of arithmetic- "Write twenty-five on the board, and tell me how you have expressed it."

Pupil- "In written language."

Teacher- "Is that the usual way of expressing numbers?"

Pupil- "No."

Teacher- "Express it in another way."

Pupil writes in figures 25.

Teacher- "How have you expressed it?"

Pupil- "In figurative language."

A dignified senior recently remarked, as she sniffed the air suspiciously, "Where does that vile odor proceed from?" "Ugh," she added, "just like alcohol." Her friends were much amused to watch the look of disgust change to one of intense humiliation, as the innocent cause of all this furor, a broken bottle, was brought from the obscure depths of her pocket to the light, and laughter of her friends.

"We ought to have William Purser on the boat," said a member of the Senior Class.

"Who is William Purser, and why ought we to have him?" inquired an innocent listener.

"What is the difference between 'waite' and 'waist'?"

"Waite is the extravagant expansion

of one's wants and expenses.

Waist is a constriction between the floating ribs and thigh bones of certain species of vertebrates, which is incapable of expansion.

In one of the reading classes, a certain pupil defined the word "manger" as the place where a horse is kept. We all pity the horse who was obliged to stay in such close quarters.

Plain teacher, "Define epigram."

Innocent pupil - "Epigram is er-er-er saying what you don't mean."

Teacher - "I want a definition."

Pupil - "Epigram is er - If I should say just the opposite of what I meant, it would be epigram."

Teacher - "Illustrate."

Pupil - "The rose is red, the violet blue,

The pink is pretty, and so are you."
The teacher subsided.

In our business meetings, we have often had refusal to accept nominations, but only once have we had a member "positively refuse to decline."

One of the girls recently said that the dentist told her that her teeth were not made to shut together. We have had abundant evidence of that fact.

Teacher- "Why was it so dark for the Pilgrims in 1620?"

Pupil- "Because it was winter-time."

Question Box.

Are the "Brownies", at work in our midst?
If not who are the mysterious elfin spirits who scatter such varietal of articles about the school- who are always busy bequeathing to Miss Brown knives, pencils, stick-pins, pocket-books, handkerchiefs, napkins, eyeglasses, and other valuables?

Editorials

We humbly offer the S. I. L. I. to the public without claiming aught from it except the just appreciation and attention which its many merits deserve. In its production no expenditure of energy has been spared and the quality of the paper used in its manufacture is the best that can be procured.

Although Solomon says that there is nothing new under the sun, the intelligent and discriminative reader will rapidly perceive that the ideas in the present production are an exception to the rule.

The primary aim of the Paper is to be a sort of sarcophagus, which shall contain, not dried mummies

and fossil remains, but the embalmed ⁴²
spirits of the seniors, the S. I. D. Q. so-
ciety and school, the ghosts both witty
and wise which ought to be well
preserved and handed down to posterity.

A. B. The spirits of the school re-
ferred to above do not include those
found in the biological laboratory.

Let us realize our aim, 'The S. I. D. Q.'
has a future before it for such an aim
is laudable, to say the least.

The paper has behind it a strong
force of bright and shining stars of
the literary world, many of whom
are, indeed, of the first magnitude,
and it is constantly renewing its
capital, vitality, and brain force by
replacing every six months, the
members who are past usefulness
on its staff with new ones.

The present effort is but a hint, a

suggestions of the bright things to come, a slight unfolding of the fair promise of future work which will be continued in our next.

We trust that the "Ghosts" of another column will not so haunt the girls in their future course in life as to greatly interfere with their mental stability.

Fortunate was the day when our society changed its initials from S. I. D. to S. I. S. L., thereby preventing the appellation "Side."

There is a certain Mr. Gummer of Connecticut who made a good shot when he captured one of our girls.

We greatly wonder which of the

ideas usually associated with the moon suggested to one of our teachers the thought of arranging the chairs for a certain recitation in the form of a crescent. He trust it was the growing brilliancy of the class.

One thing which seems to tax most the inventive powers of our graduates is the constant necessity for a fresh supply of new and effective punishments.

The Teachers of the South.

Last month our school welcomed again one who, many years ago, left it as a graduate. Far away in the South-land she has been giving her life to the education and uplifting of a race down trodden and long-despised.

The teachers of the northern clinics think we have a difficult task, but our lot is pleasant compared with that of those who labor in the southern schools for the benefit of the negroes.

In a fair southern city is one of the now numerous schools for the higher education of the colored people.

In this school are now nearly two hundred pupils, and nine teachers, and of the latter, eight are northern men and women, the other a graduate of the college. The school itself, is under the care of a northern society. Why is this so? Simply because the great majority of southerners look upon any efforts for the benefit of the freedmen, as entirely beneath their thoughtful

consideration or even notice. To them it would be a matter of great condescension and even a lowering in social position to deign to associate with a teacher in an institute of this kind, much less be one.

For this reason do we regard as noble and self-sacrificing those men and women who are willing and ready thus to isolate themselves from society, to incur the constant slur, and pitying glances from those with whom they must necessarily come in contact. They can not pass unrecognized among their fellow men for everybody knows who they are and make that fact evident in a manner not always agreeable. It needs a strength and fortitude beyond their own to enable

them to endure this with patience, and to suffer in silence.

A teacher in good old New England, whether she teaches black or white is looked up to by those around her. She has a recognized place in the community, and this is no mean position especially if she be a teacher of more than ordinary ability and intelligence. If she is teaching at home she has her family and a wide circle of friends constantly around her. If she goes away she is received with warm-hearted cordialities into her new surroundings, and at once is made to feel at home. Help from every side is at hand, and she is cheered and bidden "God Speed" in her work by everyone.

Not so with our sisters in the

"Sunny South". Between the teachers of the white and the teachers of the black is a gulf across which there is no bridge, and the latter dwell on the side of the gulf where is a wilderness beset with stones and overrun with briars and thorny pathways.

To one who is acquainted with these facts, nothing can be more pathetic than a casual remark made by the formal graduate before referred to, "We are not so lonesome now since we have had a horse and carriage at our disposal." Then again when asked if she knew a certain person, she replied, "Oh, no; you know I have few friends there."

Can anything speak more forcibly against the character of a people who will allow these statements to be true?

Even gratitude for this brave work is not universal. It is even supposed that those opposed to the work have resorted to arson, to show their disapproval.

They must be content to work for the approval of God alone. Other approval may come, but need not be expected.

To those teachers who give their lives to this service, will not the consciousness that they are doing good to some of God's creatures, and contributing an important factor toward the uplifting of a despised race be a sufficient reward for their great sacrifice of personal comfort and social position? And do they not merit our heartiest co-operation and sympathy?

We think the S. D. S. will

never be accused of knowing how to keep a secret. How many times has some obliging individual said in the presence of listening E. B. B's, "Oh, we must put that in our paper;" or "I haven't begun my salutatory yet."

For example of Senior construction, "It says there to be a class meetings in to 8. on the board."

In these days of unheard of phenomena we think nothing of seeing a girl wandering about the lower rooms with a lung under each arm and her heart in her hand.

The pathetic "snares" arising from the lower hall a few weeks ago, were enough to arouse the sympa-

this of anybody - except a hard-hearted Gormalite.

Some members of the school have asked if the Seniors chose their class color out of regard for the fitness of things - No, but because of their liking for strong contrasts.

Listen to this graphic illustration of the three sentiments, by one evidently well versed in the subject; - emotions - arrows shooting in all directions, desires - a line with a fish-hook, affections - one arrow shot from a bow with an aim. We wonder if the fish-hook is not often as characteristic a symbol for the affections as for the desires.

"There is as good a fish in the sea as ever was caught."

Senior Department.

Salutatory.

"Scribimus indocti, doctique" —
learned or unlearned we all write.
Here, as in other schools we must write
and read essays and it was thought to
be a happy way to do this under guise of
society work. Hence, two literary societies
were formed and Society A now the
S. I. D. S. has become an important fac-
tor of the school.

We believe the work has many advan-
tages, foremost among which are these:
first, the terms of office being short
many have opportunity while serving
the society to become familiar with
parliamentary rules and regulations;
second, the girls feel a personal respon-
sibility, and good natured rivalry urges

us to do our best; last, the social side is of no little importance. Perhaps in a school like this too little time is spent in lawful social work; but, all in all, what little we have done for a beginning has given us experience and pleasure.

To-day we hold our last meeting of the year; we are very glad to welcome you all to it.

We see here many who by their presence show an interest in us; we give to you our most cordial greeting: To you who are not yet members of either society we extend welcome. Teachers, you who have so willingly guided us in all our work, we welcome with greatest pleasure. Members of the Elizabeth Barrett Browning Society, we are happy to greet you as our guests.

Caroline W. Slade, '94.

Arbor Day.

One of the most important holidays observed in our public schools is Arbor Day. It is an occasion when much good may be done, not only in beautifying the country, but in bringing the participants into communion with nature.

No doubt the senior class had both these thoughts in mind when they decided to plant a tree at Roger Williams Park. But let me tell you it takes more time than you may think to plant a tree in proper style. First, there is the kind of tree to be selected, then the question arises, "For whom shall we dedicate this tree?" for what would a tree amount to unless it was dedicated to some worthy person?

The senior class decided to plant an elm tree, and to dedicate it to Oliver Ken-

dell Holmes. Then various committees were appointed to make preliminary arrangements; such as, procuring a tree, securing means of conveying the class and faculty on their important mission, etc.

As the weather was very warm, at the time, it was thought that the charms of nature could be better enjoyed in an open car, which was accordingly engaged. But an elm tree could not be got in the city for love or money. What a dilemma! but "where there's a will there's a way." One of the members of the class undertook to bring a tree from home. After a night of wakefulness and anxiety she succeeded in landing the tree safe and sound beside its new habitation ready to be planted.

The morning arrived. It was cold, and damp, and dreary. After waiting

for the last stragglers, armed with mackintoshes, rubbers, and umbrellas to arrive, the open car was boarded. It sped rapidly along. What a delightful ride! How the wind blew about those open seats! How some of the girls wished they had not put on their spring jackets! The park was soon reached, however, and the class and teachers marched with stately tread to the place where the tree lay.

A hole had been dug, for which, by the way, the workman did not forget to send in a generous bill. A circle was formed around the tree, and the exercises began. After an address by the president, a sketch of the life of Dr. Holmes, and other recitations by members of the class, the process of literally planting the tree was begun. First the tree was placed in the hole. The roots were carefully arranged, and enough dirt was thrown in to keep it in an up

right position. Two pails of water, a dipper and, and a shovel were brought, and each person threw in a dipper of water. One member of the class was allowed to put in two.

Then the shovel went around the ring, and the different methods used in manipulating this implement might have furnished a professional with suggestions. One thrust it into the earth carefully balancing the dirt upon the end, and carefully transferring it to the roots; another imagined she was wielding a broom; and others seemed to have acquired the real art of shoveling, either from practice or observation.

At last the tree was planted, and I hope will be an honor to the labor put upon it. By this time the sun had become interested enough to keep through

the clouds, and the class wandered off to see how other trees were planted.

Anna Tidale, '94.

Senior Excursion.

The Seniors walked around Tuesday morning, May 2, with long faces and a look of anxiety in their eyes that was painful to behold; for the day following the long talked of excursion to Newport was to take place, and here it was raining at such a rate that it was feared the "Planet" would remain behind the clouds. One of the members consoled the rest by saying, "We shall not have so dusty a ride"; but as the clouds began to disappear, their spirits accordingly began to rise; and when Wednesday morning dawned, a fairer day could not be wished.

The young ladies were, at the wharf fear

ly and their pleasant voices and merry laughter made cheerful music on the hitherto silent, uninhabited "Planet." The young men were so scarce at first that they were easily counted by the captain, who declared when the boat was nearly full, that there were only twenty on board. But soon a company of them were seen approaching, armed with hammers and other like dangerous weapons, which somewhat alarmed the party already there; for, without tickets, they crossed the gang plank one of them assuring us that they were "great friends" of one of the Seniors. Owing to their armed appearance, we dared not offer resistance, and soon found to our satisfaction that they were not only harmless, but a very agreeable addition to the party.

The trip down, though a quiet one, was enjoyed by all, and when Newport was

reached, numerous dragnen besieged the party, each vying with the others in the attractions offered to patrons. The company soon separated, each going wherever fancy dictated, some to the foot, others to the cliffs, or on the ocean drives and all returned with glowing accounts of what had been seen and heard.

One party especially was favored with a very entertaining guide who read the "Providence General" every morning. He gave the history of all the residents along the route; and, strange to say, nearly all of them were related to some one in Providence. This party on returning to the boat saw a carriage containing four approaching at a rapid rate, and it was feared the horse was running away. The driver, nervously grasping the reins, was either trying to urge the animal forward or hold him

back, it was impossible to tell which. It had been said that with a "merciful driver," the horse "would go," and so we concluded that he was merely going. It was also noticed that one in this carriage was very carefully holding a box upon which she bestowed loving glances. Our curiosity was aroused and later it was found that so intense was her affection for this package, whatever it was, that if either her pocket book or the package had to be discarded, the pocket book went without a murmur from her.

The boat was to leave the wharf at 3:15 but owing to unavoidable circumstances, one party was unable to reach the boat at that time. While those already on board were enjoying the beautiful surrounding scenery, they saw a barge come up with a lady seated by the side of the

driver. She had probably changed her seat that her field of vision might be widened. Although the time did not seem long; still the late comers were hailed with delight.

The last having now boarded the steamer, we sailed away with many pleasant visions of the few hours spent in Newport. There were a few accidents to mar the pleasures of the day, the most serious of these being the loss of a "brown lady's" pocket book and a box of pickles. The pocket book was found, and restored to the "brown lady," but the pickles were gone forever. No blame could be attached to the one left to watch them, for she did her duty faithfully, watching them until the last one disappeared.

The return was not as quiet as the trip down, and one group on the upper

deck became so hilarious, that one of the teachers in mercy for the silent sufferers passed fruit to the disturbers of the general peace, who now became as quiet as they were noisy before. Owing to the lateness in leaving Newport, the sail around Bearer Tail was omitted; and after a short sail down the bay, we proceeded on our way back to the city. A notable feature of the return trip was the grouping of the Senior Class on the deck, while a young lady made herself famous by skilfully handling the kodak in their presence.

The boat reached Providence at 6:30; part of the company landed here, and the rest sailed on up the Pawtucket river. The scenery here was very beautiful, and when the boat reached Pawtucket, the general verdict was that the day had been most delightfully spent.

In the papers of the next day this excursion was mentioned as the "annual excursion of the Normal School." Although it has not been the custom to have "annual excursions", it is hoped that the success of this one, may lead to the establishment of such a custom in the future.

Sarah C. Ames, '94.

Trials and Tribulations of a Senior.

My friends, if any of you are under the delusion that you will be happy when the term "Senior" shall be applied to you, then I consider it my duty to undeceive you. Things are not what they seem, and the life of a Senior is not so smooth as it may appear to be.

Consider what a load of responsi-

bility rests upon each member of the highest class in school! Think what it must be to know that all the young pupils are looking upon you as a model of deportment and excellence. "You never notice that they do?" Then I'm afraid your powers of observation have not been trained as they should have been.

If a Senior commit any trifling act of indiscretion, what a commotion is at once created! Suppose, for example, one unfortunate happens, in a moment of excitement or forgetfulness, to put a book in the wrong place, or upside down; then she is told that people judge by little things, and how can the "poor" that be feel assured that she is competent to teach, if she has not learned to be careful in such matters?

After having lived the life of a Senior for a few weeks, you will know that you are tired, you will believe yourself to have been born tired, and you will fully expect to die tired. "What causes it?" An indescribable something which pervades the atmosphere around Halsey street.

A source of great mental strain, is the deciding of the various momentous questions which arise during the Senior term; for example, "Shall the stones in the clasp rings be real emeralds or diamonds?"

After having religiously attended all the society meetings for the sake of imparting one's knowledge of parliament-ary usage to the less informed, is it not discouraging to hear such remarks as the following: "Those Senior girls make me tired—they think they

know it all." Forcibly, if not elegantly, expressed.

I have frequently seen two young people mending their way up the hill towards the Normal School. Arrived there, she enters; he goes farther up the hill. Such things are not for the senior for she has to think of the ever lasting example which she must set. Should she allow such a thing, the whole school might take it into their heads to go and do likewise and disaster would be the result!

You cannot think it has been pleasant for me to say these things to you; but this is only one of the trying things which a senior has to do. It has been in a good cause. "He who is about to leave, warn you." "Forewarned is forearmed."

Alice M. Collins. '94.

Valedictory.

Schoolmates, and Members of Society, —
 You are all sooner or later to become teachers. The very fact that you are must make it clear that you should become acquainted with Literature. You will be required to direct children to suitable reading matter. You must know who the best authors are, and it would be well to know the style of each, that you may recommend to each individual such matter as will most benefit him.

It is, also, important that you have practice in rhetorical production. All men should be able to express themselves in writing.

There is no better way of cultivating this power and of becoming acquainted with good Literature than to belong

to some good literary society, and become
 who often takes part in the exercises.
 Simply listening to exercises of this
 kind will assist and stimulate you,
 but actual work and practice make
 perfect.

There are organized and being organized
 literary societies all over our country.
 These are composed of people of
 high literary knowledge, and also of
 those almost ignorant of literature of
 all kinds, but who join to broaden
 themselves.

Leaving out the benefits the members
 of the society receive, the organization
 becomes most valuable to the
 community. Let us take our own small
 societies here. Can we not all think
 of some little or great benefit which
 we have derived from them? From the
 first we become somewhat familiar

with the methods of conducting such a meeting. The literary meetings each month have been real sources of pleasure. By them we have not only heard the thoughts of others but have gained ability, power to put our thoughts into writing, and have gained confidence in ourselves.

You, who are here, know that our society is young, but it has accomplished a great deal of good even in this short time.

You, who are to follow in the course, as the society is gradually maturing, are to reap, or may reap rich harvests from it.

We, the present members of the senior class, are to leave you soon; we are to break from our literary home here to open, perhaps, another to which others less experienced may come.

We leave it to you to carry on the work of this society and make it even a greater success in the future than in the past. You have good leaders whom we feel confident will do all in their power to keep up the interest of the meetings, but they cannot do it alone.

They need the hearty cooperation of all the members. Let me urge you each to be anxious to do your part, for your own good as well as for the good of the society.

We shall always feel proud that our names have been enrolled as members of the S. I. W. D. Literary Society, and in years to come we shall have many pleasant memories of the hours spent in its meetings and the friendships formed.

Dear Teachers, — As we are about to pass from under your care and in-

struction, we wish to thank you for the earnest and unselfish manner in which you have worked for our good.

As the hour of parting draws near, we realize more and more, the untiring efforts, and the conscientious labor you have bestowed upon us that we might be worthy of the diplomas that are soon to be awarded to us, and of our chosen work as teachers.

The ties of friendships which we have formed are hard to break.

The time has nearly come that we have looked forward to with much anticipated pleas-
ure since we first entered upon the course, but we find that joy has its sorrow. And our regrets in separating from you.

Hoping that you live as well as the society may be prosperous and happy, we bid you all farewell.

Susanna Reed, '94.

The Training Department

Our Training School.

During the years in which the Rhode Island State Normal School has existed, one department, which in my estimation is as requisite as any, has been lacking, until less than one year ago.

Unlike most normal schools, it had no training rooms in connection with it. Last September, however, the school on Benefit Street, about three-quarters of a mile away, was given to Normal to be used as an observation and a training school, so that now students may both observe and practice at certain periods in the course. This department is known as the

Normal Training School in distinction from the City Training school.

Formerly, a student could go to normal, and learn correct methods to use when she should have a school of her own, but she had no opportunity to practice disciplining or teaching children.

She had practice in teaching her classmates who were supposed to put themselves in the attitude of children ready to be taught, but this was all.

Now in the Normal Training school, there are five practice rooms, and three rooms set apart as observation rooms; to the latter normal students in their fourth and Junior B terms go to observe the work of teaching.

Meantime they are having work in teaching their classmates daily, and so gaining self-control, skill in questioning, accuracy in statements, and other essential qualities. These students are then placed in practice rooms for afternoon work for a period of ten weeks. In this time, a student has a grand chance to improve her ability. Each day she teaches, and is pleasantly shown the points in her work where she may improve. She now has a new idea for which to work, and by continued effort, may reach a point where criticisms come no more. For some, the way looks dark at first, but after a short time they find that "behind the cloud is the sun still shining."

At the end of ten weeks if all has been done faithfully, and well, the student is assured of her success, and her place is given to a fellow worker.

Students are sent again when Seniors, for another ten weeks in the morning; and if this course is satisfactory, their teaching in the school is completed.

As I said before the training department is about three quarters of a mile away; and it is rather inconvenient for some students to go afternoons, as they have recitations at normal which detain them from getting to their school as early as they would like to. But in some places, the training school is not even in the same city as

the normal with which it is connected; in others the training rooms, are in the same building.

However, when we have, our new normal building, we shall not know what inconvenience is in any form. (The training rooms will join our recitation rooms, and we shall simply glide from the cool atmosphere of one to that of the others, without having to walk the three-quarters of a mile that our predecessors traveled in those hot June days.

Habelle Shepard, '95.

Training School Notes.

A few ideas, if nothing else, are numerous, at the Training School. According to the latest, the cow's flesh is used for tripe,

and its fat for fat salt pork.

True, but Not What Was Wanted.—

Pupil Teachers, who wished to suggest the word "breakfast":

"You eat your dinner at noon and supper at night, now who can tell me what meal you eat the first thing in the morning?"

Bright Pupil: "Oatmeal."

"However it be, it seems to me
Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts, are more than
coronets
And simple faith, than
Norman blood"

This poem had been explained many times to the children. One afternoon the teacher, asked

who could explain, or tell what
is meant by "Kind hearts, are
more than coronets." A little
child shook her hand furiously
until the teacher asked what
she thought.

Child: "I think it is better
to have a kind heart than to
have a hood on your head."

On Lincoln's birthday, at the
beginning of school, Francis
Anderson raised his hand
and said,

"Today's Abraham Lincoln's
birthday. I think they ought to
have this as a holiday. They
keep George Washington's birth-
day, and I think Abraham
Lincoln was a bigger man
than George Washington be-

cause he did more to get slavery out of our country than Washington did. They say Washington never told a lie; but he swore once in battle, and that is just as bad."

It was the day before Washington's birthday, and the teacher was talking with the children about Washington.

Teacher: "Who was Washington?"

Scholar: "He was the man that saved the country."

Teacher: "How did he save it?"

Scholar: "There were some men who came over to fight."

Teacher: "What men were fighting?"

Another bright pupil: "Sullivan and Corbett."

Alumnae Notes.

Miss Jennie King is at home. She gave up her school at Bromville on account of ill health. Miss Abbie Pope, a member of the Elizabeth Barret Browning Society has taken her place.

Miss Marion Cooper, June '73 is substituting in the City Schools.

Miss Hortie Hotge, June '73, is teaching at Haverfield, Mass., a short distance from her home.

Miss Mary Young, Jan '74 has been acting as Principal at the Primary School on Bourne St. off Broadway; she is now substituting at Berlin St. and has recently five pupils under her charge.

Miss Addie Fleming, June '74, of
Pawtucket is also substituting in this
city.

The engagement of Miss Deabelle
McMullin, June '73, has been announced.

Miss Ada Bragg, ex-president of the
S. D. N. D. Literary Society has not been at
school for the past few weeks on account
of illness. She is reported much better
but we cannot hope to have her back
with us this term.

Miss Alice G. Waterhouse, a former
member of the class of June '74, is teaching
at Harrisville.

Miss Annie Munnigle, June '73, and
Miss Edith Brown, Jan. '73 of the special
class are now pupil teachers in the City
Training School.

Miss May Bishop, June '73, is teaching
an intermediate school at Riverside.

Miss Clara Rathburn, Jan. '93, sister of Miss Eva Rathburn of the present graduating class, is teaching the Grammar department in the Wickford Academy at Wickford.

Miss Lizzie Carpenter, Jan. '94, is teaching the Grammar school at Howard.

Miss Mary Hines, June '93, is now teaching school at Lonsdale.

The Speciales of last term send word that they are "enjoying their work immensely," but we hear from good authority that some of them are sighing for vacation.

Book Notes.

"Ships that Pass in the Night."

Miss Harraden, author of that popular novel *"Ships That Pass in the Night"* was born in England, but during her childhood was educated in Dresden. She then went to Cheltenham College and afterwards to Bedford. In 1883 she received the degree of B. A. from London University.

Her favorite recreation is music and at first she was undecided whether to take that or literature as her life work. She chose the latter, however, and the wide circulation her books have had both in England and America.

proves that there is something in them worthy of note.

A recent article in "Book News" says of her works, "They are all powerful stories in a new vein, and proclaim the presence of a most interesting personality in literature."

The two books by which she is best known are "In Varying Moods" and "Ships That Pass in the Night." Just at present there are many criticisms in the newspapers and magazines concerning the latter; but as yet I have found but one adverse criticism. It is in the "Literary World" for March and says in one place, "We find fault not only with the plot or its scantiness, but with the lack

of simplicity in style and handling of material. The author is perpetually posing her characters for effect - thus vitiating her moral intent - the improvement of mankind. It is a staccato work from beginning to end - short sentences, sudden changes, and epigrammatic remarks are piled one upon another that the story may be unique."

In almost direct contradiction to this is an article in "The Literary News," saying "In describing the characters in *Petershof*, Beatrice Lestrade has done some very remarkable work. The conversations between Bernadine and the "Disagreeable Man" are full of worldly knowledge and spiritual inspiration. It is a

very attractive book."

Which of these criticisms is just let each one who has read the book decide for himself.

Wells Crimley, '96.

Amusements.

Last Social of the Season.

The S. L. N. D. Society will give a grand literary entertainment in the Normal Hall, corner of Beufit and Waterman Sts. Saturday, June 9, 1894.

This is to be followed by a social in their luxurious apartments in the same building. The cake for the occasion is to be hired.

The first issue of "The S. L. N. D.", a modern illuminated manuscript, full of bright thoughts and highly colored sketches, intended to amuse and inform, is just out.

It should be in the hands of every Normalite.

Wanted — Some well informed, intelligent, good looking, good natured lad, to run errands for the Normalists at lunch time. As the noon period is short, no boy who plays marbles need apply. Generous amounts of jam, tarts, or pickles, as the case may be, will be the reward of the right person. Address C. H. T., B. I. S. O. S.

Wanted! By the Senior Class, Time!

Lost somewhere on Benefit St. between Waterman and the Training School — patience, temper, and an exalted opinion of self. A reward will be given to any one who will restore the same. Address P. O. 4567.

The desire to inform all benevolent members of the public who are interested in public improvements, that donations for a new Reading Room carpet will be gladly received.

Wanted. - A plentiful supply of "grace, grit, and gumption" to replenish the mines quantity left on hand after a ten weeks' siege at the Training School.

Wanted - A code of discipline warranted to cover satisfactorily the most refractory cases.

Wanted - Some one to carry away by induction the epidemic of whooping-cough now raging in our midst.

Lost - forever - by the special class
in a psychology examination,
much physical and mental energy,
ambition, and enthusiasm.

Found - by same class after having
the results of said examination,
the full significance of the terms
expressive of sorrow; namely, de-
pression, dejection and grief.

Lost - Between Normal School
and the Training School a valua-
ble tendency to shake impudent
children. A generous reward for
its recovery. F. M. S.

Found - Within a few weeks
on Benefit St. near Angel St.,
the following articles:

2 knives, 1 purse, 1 silver hat pin,
 5 fancy stick-pins, 1 ruler,
 1 gold bracelet, 1 rosary,
 4 white (?) handkerchiefs,
 1 silk handkerchief, 3 napkins,
 4 odd rubbers, and 1 comb.

If the owners, who seem in some
 mysterious way to have sunk into
 oblivion, should chance to recover
 existence, will they please apply
 at the office of the Normal School
 As charges for redemption.

Died— In this city, June 1, - a
 tan-colored dress, in the fourth
 year of its age, by the use of
 diamond dyes.

