

S. I. D. Q.

Scribimus indocti doctique.

Vol. III.

Providence, R. I., November, 1895.

No. 1.

THE PICTURE.

I do not know its value,
It may not be worth much gold,
I doubt if it even were painted
By an artist famed of old;
It is not noted for subject,
Nor size, nor yet for art,
But for me one look, and its beauty
Had flooded my trembling heart.

The picture is now before me;
It hangs on the opposite wall—
Just a little glimpse of the ocean,
The sea and the sky, that is all,
But O, what wonderful magic,
What fancies it holds for me!
Dreaming, I look at the canvas
And anon new beauties see.

Do you know this picture changes
To suit the mood of the day?
For when it is dark and gloomy,
The sky grows leaden and gray,
The green waves, I know, grow bigger,
The white spray dashes more high,
You see that a storm is raging
By the thick murky look of the sky.

Sometimes when the sunlight streaming
Through the breeze swayed leaves outside,
Comes in at the open window,
I can see the tremulous tide.
Sometimes as the eye of fancy
Peers through the dark depths down,
I see huge fishes sporting
Among old ships slimy and brown.

There's a gray gull in the foreground
Just this side the line of spray,
And some ships far off in the distance
Seem sinking from sight away.

It was but a year ago
I was on the ocean blue,
We gazed at the sea and sky,
I and that one so true.

We were happy then, so happy,
Ah! little did we know,
That God in His infinite mercy
Would soon bid him Heavenward go.
Is it strange that I look at the picture,
My eyes heavy laden with grief,
And find in its mystery of waters
A soothing sense of relief? —*Enid Pierce.*

THE STRADIVARIUS AND THE BABY.

There had been discord in the heart of the violin ever since the baby's entrance upon the stage of life. He was thinking about her one night as he lay in his accustomed place on the piano and, indeed, when was he not thinking about her? He realized perfectly as he went over the events of the last year, as he had done so many times, that he had felt no love for her at the beginning, that he had experienced no thrill of joy when the whisper reached him

that there was a baby in the house, and that that baby was a daughter.

He recalled his impatience during those first weeks in which he was not taken from the piano. He had so longed to be tuned again, to thrill under the exquisite touch of the skilled hand of the artist—and as day after day passed and she came not, and the sound of the little wail from the room above reached him, followed by her soothing lullaby, his bitterness and resentment knew no bounds and he hated that baby with all the strength of his Stradivarius heart. What right had she to usurp his place like that, she who was the grand daughter of a mayor, while he could boast an origin equalled by that of very few instruments in the country? Was he not a genuine Stradivarius? and what could equal that in a baby—a mere human baby?

As time passed, and his longing for the loved touch grew more intense, his thoughts reverted to his first acquaintance with the artist. She was a mere girl then, and he had been in this country but a short time; it had been a humiliation to him with his past to be played by such novice, but it had not taken him long to detect the artist in her, and he watched her development with interest, growing to love her devotedly as the months lengthened into years.

When the girl was eighteen, and he had grown to call her the artist in his thoughts, he was in the study one evening when he overheard a conversation of great interest to him, between the Mayor and the girl's Master who had come to praise his favorite pupil. He remembers very well how his strings all broke that night, so tense were they with excitement. It was of vital importance to him that the master urged a year of study abroad, adding that after the study, he gave the girl another year in which to make her reputation.

Already the violin saw himself in the old familiar cities where he had figured before such vast enthusiastic audiences—but here the artist broke in upon him, and in the hour which followed, she poured out to him in the language he understood best all the joy and ambition of her young heart.

And then, before the plans were made, had come that other dream, which for a time struggled hard with the old—but at length gained the mastery. She forsook the perfecting of her art for her lover, and in the happy preparations which followed, the instrument overcame his disappointment at her decision. In that time he got to know her best, for in the hours which she still spent with him, she told him in the music, all the new meaning which possessed her young life, all the new joy of existence, all the hope for the future.

To the lover he had become accustomed, and when they were comfortably settled in their pretty new home, he had quite resolved that this was the perfect life, and that his past experiences was inferior.

For two years the days glided by very peacefully, when the disturbing element came and in the baby he found a rival.

His bitterness was all complete when at the end of a month he had remained untouched. Then came a happy day when he again felt the hands he so loved, and again responded to the skilled touch. He fancied her fingers thinner, her touch less strong; but what was that new element he perceived? As he voiced strain after strain of her thought, now slow and pathetic, now joyous and exultant it came to him that she had found yet, a new meaning to life; and he could forget his yearning and hopelessness, his

bitterness and distrust, if she meant to atone in this way for what he had suffered.

Just as the music was sweetest and most soulful, just as he had forgiven all the wrongs of the past weeks and had concluded to accept the little one as a new bond between them—the baby cried. The low descending, brought out one sharp, jarring discord, the oath of the instrument, and she was gone.

He was alone, left to his bitterness and despair. When, not long after, the husband coming in, found him on the couch where he had fallen, he returned him to his accustomed place saying lightly, "You'll get little attention now, old fellow. You were for the old days, she does not need you now!"

The months passed drearily enough to the unhappy instrument, his only comfort being in living through the experiences of his early years; he was very old when he first knew the girl, he had known much of life in which she had been no part; it could be forgotten!

He hardly appreciated his power in the early days, when, in seven hundred twenty-two, he appeared before the public, but the memory of the first masters he had known was very dear. How he had thrilled with satisfaction as the great audiences waxed vehement in their applause! But somehow he did not enjoy dwelling on that chapter in his life; his later experiences seemed more real and heart-satisfying.

After these first years of public life were over, and he was quite shabby in appearance by then, he had found his way to a monastery in the mountains where he found a friend among the monks, and peaceful days followed. He had loved the gentle friar with what he had thought the supreme love of his heart, but that was before he had known the girl. In those evenings in the dim old cloister, with the moon climbing the eastern sky and the owls in "yon yonny-mangled tower" as audience, there had been much happiness for the violin. It was there that the saintly friar revealed in his music the heart secrets which none but the instrument could interpret, and they are safe now locked in that loyal Bradwardine heart.

He recalled the last evening spent in the cloister, his friend had never seemed so dear; and then came the memory of the last day of confinement when he left the dear old monastery to be reintroduced to the world by one of those schemers to whom we owe the recovery of many of the rare old instruments.

When he reached this point in his reverent life he cried, and not long after the truth reached him that she was very ill. What was that strange exultation which dawned in him when day after day passed and hope in the household sank lower and lower? Ah! he knew well what it was! Perhaps after all, he might regain his place in the woman's heart if that little life were not between them. Perhaps the pitiful wall would reach him—and somehow, he could not think.

The crisis was passed, the battle between life and death was over, and the baby would live! That night when all was quiet in the home and the rich June moon shone down on the peaceful world, a slight figure of a woman clutching something under her arm, and along the path to the edge of the grove of murmuring pines near the house.

And then—how the instrument thrilled with renewed hope, as the artist poured out her soul in music to him, her first love! Oh, the wild pation of the strain! All the agony, the hopelessness, the despair of the last weeks finding voice at last; giving place later to just the faintest murmur as of prayer as she lived over the time when the little life had threatened to go out; and then again, waxing strong and full with the revival of hope when the battle was over and the mother-bird at rest.

When the strain was ended, all the jealousy and pain had left the poor tired heart of the violin; nothing could trouble him now. The artist, the woman he loved, could love her

husband, could cherish her child, could lavish her whole life of richness upon them; to him she had told her deepest secrets, to him she had died in the supreme moments of her life, and he was content. He could love the baby now for her sake, could even look forward to the time when the tiny hands could pick at his strings to make music. All the bitterness and strife had gone—and the violin had found peace.—*Ada B. Bragg, '96.*

SCHOOL NOTICES.

The Lecture Course for this year was opened by Dr. Hartwell, Supervisor of physical culture in the Boston public schools. He presented a series of three lectures September seventh, fourteenth and twenty-first on the "Importance of Physical Education."

The next lectures will be given by William A. Mowry of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, December twenty-first and twenty-eighth on historical subjects.

Members of the senior class have been presenting to the school Friday and Saturday mornings talks on various subjects of general interest.

Items of foreign and domestic news have been reported to the school twice a week by members of the Civil Government class.

The E. B. R. Club presented literary programs to the school October fifth and November sixteenth, and the S. I. D. Q. Literary Society, October twelfth and November ninth.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Annie S. Peck of the class of eighteen hundred twenty-two, climbed the Matterhorn last August. The Matterhorn rises to the height of fifteen thousand feet above sea level and is one of the highest peaks of the Alps. It is an extremely difficult and dangerous mountain to climb and a number of people have lost their lives in the attempt.

Miss Peck does not consider it difficult and thinks she has done nothing of which to boast. She is preparing three lectures upon "The Alps" and "The Tyrol," which she will give sometime in the future.

Miss Clara Weeks of the class of seventy-five, has written a book on "Nursing," which is of much value.

Miss Mary A. Green of the class of seventy-seven, is practicing law, having been admitted to the bar at the same time as Mr. Littlefield, a former principal of our school.

Miss Sophie B. Kent of the class seventy-eight, is principal of one of the finest grammar schools in Washington, D. C. She receives a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year.

Miss Josephine Moore of the class of eighty-one, is planning to go to Central America next summer. Miss Moore's home is in Denver, Colorado.

Class of eighteen hundred ninety-five: Eva G. Bennett is teaching at Arlington; Jessie H. Curtis is teaching at Boston Neck; Clarie M. Freestrey is teaching at Johnston; Caroline A. Glen is teaching at Waukegan; May Grant is teaching in Johnston. Maud Greenway is teaching at Hopedale, Massachusetts; Gertrude Keach is in one of the city Training Schools; Mabel Shepard is teaching in Miss Wheeler's school in this city; Sive Tillingshead is teaching at Cranston; Edgar Willard is Superintendent of Schools in Marshfield, Massachusetts; Katherine A. Cullen, Catherine Hines and Fanny Kiley are not teaching.

S. I. D. Q.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER 1895. No. 1.

PUBLISHED BY THE
S. I. D. Q. Literary Society

OF THE
RHODE ISLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

The S. I. D. Q. is to appear quarterly, the second number being published in January, the third in March, and the fourth in May.

Those members of the school whose names are at present upon our subscription list but do not wish the future numbers of the paper, will confer a great favor upon us by notifying us at their earliest convenience.

All subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed to

BUSINESS MANAGER,

S. I. D. Q.
Normal School, Providence, R. I.

There are to-day, in many of the foremost schools of the country, Literary Societies, through whose agency much valuable work is done. In the first part of the year eighteen hundred ninety-three, the need of some such organization was felt in our own school, and with this aim in view, the members of the advanced classes were formed into two divisions known as Societies A and B.

Society A, now the S. I. D. Q. Society, held its first meeting for the purpose of organizing in "Room No. 9," March four, eighteen hundred ninety-three, Miss Elizabeth Carpenter acting as chairman. A committee of five was chosen to draw up a constitution, and select on appropriate name; provision was also made for arranging a literary program. On March twenty-eighth, the constitution was adopted, and the records show a membership of thirty-six during the quarter.

The first officers were elected April seventh, Miss L. May Bishop being chosen president. On September thirtieth, eighteen hundred ninety-three, a special meeting was called and a new committee appointed to select a name for the society. On the fourth of November that committee reported, suggesting that the society adopt as its motto, "Learned and unlearned, we all write," and use the initial letters of the Latin words for the name. The suggestion was acted upon and the organization was known as the "S. I. D. Q." until December, when the correction was made by the addition of "Q."

At a meeting held in November, the matter of choosing a symbol was considered, and the S. I. D. Q. pin was the result.

In February, eighteen hundred ninety-four, the first movement was made toward a social and on the tenth of March, the Society entertained very pleasantly the faculty, some graduate members, and a few other invited guests. At the close of the year, June ninth, the first number of the Society paper appeared and was read at a public meeting, at the close of which was the second social held by the Society, at which the whole school was entertained. At this time the Study Hall was prettily decorated with daisies, which had previously been chosen as the flower of the Society.

The work of the Society continued and Literary programs were presented regularly during the school year of eighteen hundred ninety-four and ninety-five, and the Society developed steadily and at the last public meeting in June was given the second number of the paper. There are now sixty-eight active members in the Society.

Having traced the growth of the Society, we can easily look forward to the time when it shall be recognized as a still more important factor of the Rhode Island State Normal School. Let each of us feel a personal responsibility in the matter, let us determine to-day that the Society shall be stronger, more progressive, because of what we can do for it personally.

The regular publication of the paper and the improved business meetings are decided steps in advance, and we may certainly look forward with pleasure to a prosperous future for the Society when it shall be an important influence in our school, the interest of which is dear to us all.

The time since the bill was passed by the Legislature providing for the new Normal School building for the State of Rhode Island, has been occupied by the making of the plans and the contract, by obtaining the best material and workmen, and in selecting a site.

A slight delay in the work was caused in the early fall by the inability to secure material, but the work is now progressing satisfactorily. The walls of the basement and the first floor are up and the gymnasium is roofed over. We hope to give a full description of the building in a future number with a cut as it will appear when complete.

A DAY WITH THE HERMIT CRAB.

The Hermit Crab really began its life; nobody knows who ended it, but as each and all took part in the proceedings, I must begin to tell you how each and all acted and what came to pass.

One beautiful day in midsummer, the sea kingdom was all alive with the unexpected news that the Hermit Crab had invited representative members of the House of Cancer to meet in a certain coral grove, for the purpose of having mutual criticism to discuss the relative importance of the Crab Kingdom to the world in general, its use, and abuse.

Mandibular smiles were general among the specially invited crabs. It is well known that the Hermit Crab has a natural weakness for running into other creatures' houses, and occupying them. Various members accepted the invitation with malicious intent of hearing the Hermit give out his self-satisfied opinions, with another's head over his head.

The Hermit, let me explain, had issued the invitation in a

sad state of undress, as his soft body at this time was unprotected by a shell.

Knowing that he would, in this condition, be devoured by his fellow creatures at his own party, he set out immediately to improve his appearance. Picking a quarrel with a harmless gastropod, the soft-skinned warrior soon vanquished him, ate his body, and placed this rather a queer proceeding, but the Hermit informed him that he did this periodically, moving from a smaller to a larger shell until he was full grown. The electric fish wished to give him a shock for his apparent cruelty, but the Hermit understood his adversary and quietly drew himself entirely within the shell, closing the opening with his large claw. Thus the shell appeared to inclose its rightful owner, the gastropod, instead of the victorious Hermit.

The Calling Crabs arrived early on the scene, politely offering their aid as uahers. Each of these crabs carried his largely developed claw over the head making a beckoning motion of welcome to the crabs not yet arrived, but coming in sight. A few lazy specimens became tired beckoning and burrowed holes in the sand to take a nap, being careful to cover up the hole with the great claw.

The Robber Crabs came in great numbers, boldly waving their ambulatory appendages in a very conceited fashion; but as they brought a large booty which they had stolen, in the shape of cocoanuts, their foolish airs were lightly criticised.

Now the Hermit being first cousin to the Robber Crab in his mode of living, was fond of the Robber Crab to a great degree; but the next new comers, his third cousins, he disliked with all the antennal feeling he possessed. These third cousins were terrestrial, the Kuricola Crabs, who lived in the highlands of Jamaica; they approached the sea only when they came to their own egg deposits in spawning season; these crabs are noted for their determination to travel in straight lines, and to overcome all obstacles; and you may be sure that this is an enviable quality even in Crab Kingdom. The Jamaica colony had set out in a straight line for the sea shore, hiding nights and waking days, and had passed over houses, hills, churches, and all other obstacles in the way of a straight line until they reached the sea. "Turning aside from one's duty" is a motto unknown to them. You can readily see from a moral point of view the reason for the Hermit's animosity.

A few other incautious land crabs set out for the sea, but they had become so far terrestrial in their habits, that they were drowned in their first plunge.

The Edible Crabs came by the score, and as they had considerable experience with the animal called Man, they were regarded as an interesting feature of the party. As the Edibles seemed to entertain great hatred toward Man, the Hermit, who delighted in anything that had a degree of pugnacity in it, allowed them to relate the horrible calamities that had befallen their unfortunate brother Edibles who had been captured and eaten by voracious Man. As the Hermit himself was safe from the snares of Man, he rather admired the ingenuity of Man in comparison with the lack of foresight in the Edible.

An immense number of Hermit Crabs, brothers to the host, were upon the scene, their backs gaily decked, some with sea anemone, some with sponges. The Hermit Crab, contrary to the significance of the name, desires sometimes a traveling companion; so he invites a sponge, or more often, a pretty sea anemone to take a ride on his back; this being done they travel together, the anemone stinging the prey, thus helping to kill the booty which they both eat.

Some far distant connections of the Crab Family had not arrived. These were the members who attached themselves to the inner surface of oyster shells. The oysters, on this occasion, saw a chance for a little revenge; so when the time arrived for the crabs to start, the oysters closed their shells together, holding prisoners the poor little fellows who

emitted many mandibular sighs at the lost opportunity of taking part in a friendly quarrel, and having a nice bit of decayed fish for lunch.

The Coral Crabs sent their regrets, as these curious little beings are completely covered with coral, with the exception of a small opening through which they feed, and are unable to move about.

The Fiddler Crab played many beautiful selections which he performed in perfect time with the wave beats of the ocean.

At the assembly many interesting histories were related; an important discussion was given on the ancestor of the Hermit Crab, who had attained the remarkable length of nine feet, while his progenitors, who were honoring his memory in this discussion, felt their two feet of length remarkably insignificant.

Great joy was manifested by waving of forceps and antennae, of the arrival of the Horseshoe Crab who brought with him good luck for all. His gracefully curved cephalothorax in the shape of a horse shoe, together with his long, spine-shaped abdomen, attracted universal admiration.

I will relate to you a few things that happened at this noisy Cancer meeting. They finally decided that crabs in general had a quarrelsome, pugnacious nature which was discreet enough to protect the body by flight, rather than prolong a battle. They thought themselves soldiers, and as they had a habit of pouncing on weaker adversaries, they adopted two mottoes in consequence of their mode of fighting—

"Might is right," and,

"He who fights and runs away

Will live to fight another day."

Besides the appellation of soldier, they decided that they had the right to the title of sea scavengers; for these creatures rid the sea of decaying animal and vegetable matter, thus purifying the water.

One crab who had been captured, and who had escaped from the hands of Man, related how, when he had been kept alive in a recitation room at a school, he had heard a little girl tell of a great man who had been a soldier, and who afterward became public scavenger, honoring his position by thinking that the individual makes worthy the work, not the work the individual. The crabs appreciated this story for its possible relations to their work.

Among the prominent dishes in the dinner course were decayed fish, sugar cane, and cocoanuts that had been stolen by the Robber Crabs. As a tiresome interval passed between the courses, many of the larger crabs appeased their impatient appetites by eating their smaller and helpless brethren.

As a curious amusement a Hermit Crab was presented who had made his home in an old clay pipe which had been thrown overboard by a sailor.

Feats of strength were then performed, and due to the pugnacious tendencies of the crab, many took part in a great crab quarrel. Now this feature of the meeting would not go down to history as a noble example of the qualities of a branch of invertebrates that are considered the most intelligent of Crustaceans, so the Hermit host became alarmed. As the battle waxed fiercer, the Hermit fearing the extinction of the Crab Kingdom, quietly announced that on account of the dignity and significance of the meeting, they should remember the adopted motto—

"He who fights and runs away,

Will live to fight another day."

I think it is needless to say that all took the hint and fled, leaving the far seeing host enough dead brethren to gratify his greedy palate for many a day.—*Della M. Hayden, Special.*

Tell me not in mournful numbers

Life is but an empty dream;

We have just dissected lobsters,

And it does not empty seem.