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YULETIDE.

The Thanksgiving holidays are over and once more the students come swarming back to hard and earnest work. And now, the chatter of the children, the busy people hurrying to and fro, the shop-windows with their fairland of books, dolls, toys, and everything else that delights the hearts of the children, big and little, and the wreaths of green which adorn the windows of the houses and stores, these remind us of the approach of Christmas. Cold weather has already come as a herald and many of us see visions of happy statters flitting here, there, and everywhere, while the bon-fires on the shores lend an added charm to the picture. We see the yule-log and the merry dancers and the Christmas dinner with its steaming plum pudding adorned with mistletoe. We hear the church bells peal forth their Christmas greeting on the clear frosty air.

And we think of what it all means. The mother tells her child how through the civilized world, east and west, the people are celebrating with all this pomp the birth of him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords." She tells of the Christ-child, of the star in the east, and of the token by which the shepherds were to know him. The shepherds were told, "This shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the child wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And thus they found him "lying in a manger." But we know that dark and lowering clouds have their edges tipped with living gold by the sun behind them, and so it must have been with his life. We know how he watches over and cares for us and as, that night on Galilee when the raging winds and storm swept over land and sea, Jesus saved his disciples and their frail boat, just so he will save us from the raging storms of this life.

Then let the bells peal forth a merry Christmas to you and may the time come soon when every land will sing the "Song of the Angels," and every nation swell that grand chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men."

So rapidly one week has crowded upon another since the opening of school in September, and so little have we heard "the wintry winds begin to bellow" or seen of Jack Frost, "the merry little fellow," that we hardly realize that Thanksgiving has surely ushered out the fall of ninety-six, and winter has slipped in to fill the vacancy, bearing with it unmistakable signs of the swift approach of Christmas. Already one quarter of the year is gone, and another is just beginning, bringing to nearly every one of the students changes in their work of more or less importance. To the members of the Junior and Senior classes who have been in training school the past ten weeks, or who are to be there for the succeeding ten, these changes are of the most consequence, since the spending of half of each day, by one division of the class, in practice at the training school, makes it impossible for the whole class to pursue the same work at the school at the same hours; therefore, as the members of one division complete their practice work for this quarter, the others succeed them there; while the students returning from their training school work take up the same course of study which the other division has been pursuing in their absence. If it is not practicable to give the different sections of the class precisely the same work, an equivalent is provided.

The present quarter has begun promptly without the delay of organizing which is necessary at the beginning of the term, and with the holidays to give pleasant recreation, the term promises to slip away quickly and happily.

As it has been our desire to make the December number of THE NORMAL STUDENT of particular interest to the Alumni, no illustration seemed so fitting as a picture of the old building, round which so many pleasant memories cluster.

All photographs heretofore obtained have been taken from the south side of the building—its least attractive side—as photographers thought it impossible to get a good view of the front. Such a photograph, however, has been obtained and we now have a very pleasing view of the building—the view with which we are most familiar.

This year is the last in which this place will be the home in which its graduates may gather, and though we rejoice at the prospect of a new building, it will be with much regret that we bid good-bye to the old.

Photographs similar to the frontispiece may be obtained from THE NORMAL STUDENT for twenty-five cents each.

THE STUDY OF MEN.

We do not pretend to understand children very well. What do we know about men? and, alas! what shall we ever know about women?

Saints and martyrs are held in solemn reverence by most people, as they should be, but they are not much loved or admired. This is not because they were not lovely and worthy persons, but because they are not concretely known.

Heroes and great examples only stir us to admiration when we get concrete views of them. When we do get glimpses of characters that are exalted in history we find that there is a familiarity about them which is sometimes surprising. The things which we find to admire in them have been recognized before in other, perhaps not exalted, but common people.

Shall we then infer that illustrious names in history were not really great? Or may we not rather infer that in reality there does not exist any such wide difference as is commonly supposed between those whose names are familiar to the world and many who are unknown? Is it not doubtless true that the unknown great vastly outnumber those whose names are upon monuments?

It has been my privilege for many years to know a man who for me has embodied many of the elements of a really great and intellectual character. All who know him recognize his ability, his efficient leadership and his commanding influence. If he was not a great man, he certainly possessed qualities that belong to greatness.

He did not, at first, appeal to my boyish estimate as a very able or admirable man. He was too common and natural and simple to impress me strongly, but he was kind and helpful and I soon found him to be a very interesting man; so I liked him and naturally came to him for assistance. He became my valued friend and thirty years have shown me something of the depth and richness of his nature.

Let me mention some of his qualities.

1. Strength and energy belonged to him from boyhood, though for twenty years he fought a losing battle for his life and health. He was six feet two inches in stature, large boned, broad shouldered and in early life athletic.

2. He was the most industrious person I ever knew. He was not as busy as many others; he was not a faster runner; but he knew how to make time yield results.

He did not always do the very best thing but he never let the time for action pass while he debated what had best be undertaken. He found time for resting and for recreation, and he even boasted of having "completed a big job of loafing."

His energy and his industry expressed themselves in his poise and movements, which were always suggestive of the importance of being about some kind of business. To see him start to go anywhere or set about any kind of work always had a stimulating effect upon me. Indeed I have never read or heard anything so eloquent upon the value of time as was my friend's example.

3. He was a man of versatile power. He could make

a fine instrument and perform a delicate experiment with the same admirable success that marked his teaching of a class, his planning and superintending the erection of a noble building, and his management of a great educational system. He was a marvelous reader, a lover of music and art, but primarily devoted to natural science and to education. The telescope and the microscope were equally necessary to his enjoyment of the universe, though his two vigilant, penetrating eyes caught more of the beauty than the earth and the heavens display than many a dozen pairs of common eyes ever take in.

He was withal a calm, deliberate, earnest thinker. His opinions were valued and profoundly respected. He was not over cautious, but rarely had to revise a judgment once rendered or take back an opinion once stated.

4. He was a very companionable man. How much fine talent is ineffective for lack of this quality in many gifted men. He was genial and sympathetic, a leader in games and social pleasures which he enjoyed with zest. He had a great fund of anecdote and illustration and a keen sense of humor.

What a traveling companion he was! In city or country among the mountains with their exposed strata, or by the seashore with its relics from the depths—anywhere, everywhere—his eyes, which evidently he thought were made for him to see with, found objects of inexhaustible interest, and his genial, sympathetic nature made all who were about him sharers in his acquisitions and enjoyments.

5. One of his most characteristic traits was his independence. He accepted no man's dictum. He had little use for "authorities." The opinions and the testimony of competent persons he prized, but he must test, interpret, understand for himself whatever he appropriated or used.

6. He was eminently progressive. Present attainments, present methods, never satisfied him. He was always interested in the latest development or discovery; but it usually did not take him long to decide whether a new thing had any real claim to attention.

I cannot speak of his transparent sincerity, his sense of honor, his loyalty to friends, country, truth, and his other characteristics.

Such common qualities as these are all that I am able to specify as constituting the noble character of my friend.

A man so broad and so versatile was himself a most interesting subject for study and was ever revealing new elements of his character. But it was not so much the new qualities that kept coming to light, as the fresh revelation of the character of the man as a whole that impressed me most. And I have found that it is not possible to portray a man by describing him or to estimate him by enumerating his qualities. When you have specified all the elements that make up the great man, you know that the sum of these does not constitute your estimate of him. Personality is something deeper than the sum of qualities.

W. E. WILSON.

THE NORMAL STUDENT is proud to have as an exchange, *The Student's Salute*—The only Weekly Paper in the Greatest School in Kansas.

ALUMNI NOTES.

THE REMINIS.

The Alumni Association of the Rhode Island Normal School met, probably for the last time at the school on Benefit Street, on October the thirtieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-six. Possibly the fact that it would be the last opportunity to gather with our classmates in that dear old hall partially accounts for the unusually large number present.

We were welcomed by the President and other prominent members of the Association in "Room 9," where a most enjoyable half hour quickly passed. During this time many of us had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Henry Barnard, who has done more for the cause of education in Rhode Island than any other one man.

At six o'clock we gathered around the bountiful spread tables in the Study Hall and while enjoying "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," the turkey supper had ample justice done it.

To the great regret of all, our principal, Mr. Wilson, could not be with us that evening. Two of the former principals of the school, Mr. Greenough and Mr. Littlefield, spoke of the school as it had been when they knew it best, and Mr. Stockwell of it as it may be when it has the greater advantages of its new home now so near completion. The contrast between the schools of Rhode Island as they are now and as they were fifty years ago was strikingly illustrated by the story told by Dr. Barnard during his address, of N., the unknown schoolmaster who taught in the school near the stone bridge on the island of Rhode Island, during the winter months, as an act of charity.

Miss Martle's reminiscences were a great pleasure and surprise to us all. No one was forgotten and the name of each graduate was made to do its part in the story.

A short business meeting was held in which the officers of the Association for the coming year were chosen: Mrs. E. D. McGuinness, President; Miss Mary L. Young, Vice-President; and Miss Eudora E. Joslin, Secretary and Treasurer.

'96.

EXTRACT FROM REMINISCENCES.

If we wish to build *Holmes* for our graduates, we could easily do so, using as material either *Wood or Stone or Marble*; we should provide for a *Roof of sunshine*; we could furnish a *Turner, the Carpenter, the Mason, also the Bear*.

We might build on the *Heath* or in the *Hamlet* or in the *Giles* or in *any Place*.

We should lay the foundations below the *Frost* and before the *Snows* come; we should dig *Wells*, for we have a *Waterman*, who *Drives* water for many years.

We *Grant* that we should build *Barnes of Wood*, for we have several kinds, all pretty good timber. We have a *Shepard* to take care of the flocks and a *Mann* to look after the herds.

While we are building we may have to live in a *Booth* for *Weeks*. Our *Ames* are high. Although we may have a

Foster at the gate, we should have a *Locker* on the door of the *Main* entrance. There should be a large *Hall*; we may have three *Halls*, one on each floor; we should use *Walking* for the walls.

We have two *Cases* for books for the library. We should have a *fire-place* for we have a pair of *Bellows* and a *Crow* and *Cole*; to kindle the fire, if we *Hunt*, we may find a *Cold*. For the kitchen we have *Iron* and *Bonnet* and a *Pickler*; there is a *Pick of Bonnet* and some *Grasshopper*; we have a *Cook* and a *Baker* and a *Butter*. If we wish we may *Fry* things; we may have *game* to eat for we have a *Fowler*.

Being rich, we have our own *Taylor, Cutter, Miller* and *Chandler*. We shall never be *Oven* for anything. We *Gape* everything according to our *instans*. If we should be a little *Slur*, we shall think of the man who has *Fluents* because he *Finds*, he is no longer a *Freeman*; a rich man has a *Troop* of friends.

During the *Day*, you may see our *Kerr*, he did not use to be *Crust* but he is a *Barker*.

I forgot to tell you that we could paint the house *Brown, White, Greener, Gray, or Ballow*.

We have a *Pond*; we hope you will run no *Harard* and that you will not *Drown*; we have *Briggs, Sayler*, and a *Hall*; we can *Saure* as well as *Roe*; we have a *Pikler* and a *Lee* shore. You may have a *Jello* time if you do not act like the old *Harry*.

If you should go to *Church* you might see a *Bishop* or the *Pope*, or perhaps an *Angel*. We will give you a *Bullock* to offer for sacrifice; at the same place a *Lord* or an *Earl* may worship, or even a *King*. You should be careful to make no *Noyse*, or move *Round*. You should sit *Straight*, at any rate *Straight* than usual, then you will not wrinkle your *Westrot*.

After *Church*, a *Child* may *Chair* you along the *Rhodes*, but if you are a good *Waiter* you will not care. Do not *Bragg*, do *Wright*, be *clay* in the hands of the *Potter*. *Read*, good literature, *Marshall* your affairs well and you will have *Peace*.

S. M.

For the notes published above we are indebted to several members of the Alumni, who sent them in response to a request of the editors for information about the graduates. For the subsequent papers as well we should be very glad if the Alumni would send us any items of interest concerning their classmates.

The following items about the class of January, eighteen seventy-six, are quoted from a letter by Mrs. Ellen Noonan McGuinness, the President of the Alumni Association.

*Miss Alice Cooke is teaching in Woonsocket. Mr. Albert Greene is a minister at East Providence Centre. I think he is married. Miss Izee Griswold, now Mrs. Fred Chaffee, is living in East Providence, she was very happily married. Her husband died of typhoid fever about a year ago. Mrs. Chaffee has one child, a boy about fourteen years of age; he is very bright, and for his years is quite a brilliant pianist.

Victor F. Horton lives in Olneyville, the catalogue says

he is teaching. Miss Wilhelmia A. Laft is now Mrs. Hubert Haunstein. She lives in Allentown, Pa. She has no children.

Miss Anna Magnus is still teaching in Providence. Miss Ella Taft is now Mrs. Ezekiel Brownell, of Fall River. She lives a very busy life on a farm about six miles from the city. She has children but I have forgotten how many.

As for myself I have one child, a girl fourteen years old."

Of the thirteenth class, June, eighteen seventy-eight, we have received information of two members: Sophie B. Kent, who is principal of the Webster School in Washington, D. C., and Miss Ingeborg Sheldon, who was married, and is now dead, leaving a boy, now about ten years old.

May Bishop of the class of June, eighteen ninety-three, writes:

"Four of our number, Miss Sayles, Miss Richards, Miss Mann and Miss Cooper, are numbered among the most successful of the Providence teaching force. Miss Gooding is, as far as I know, teaching in Central Falls. Miss McMullen and Miss Hines were, at last accounts, teaching somewhere in the northern part of the state. Miss Hodges is teaching in Mansfield, I think. Miss King is teaching, but I cannot tell where. Miss Smidberg and myself are teaching in East Providence."

HISTORY OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CLASS.

Is thirteen an unlucky number? Ask anyone of the baker's dozen who were graduated January sixteenth, eighteen ninety-one. Everything went so beautifully "on that day and to all appearances has so continued to do."

Front of the girls found it conducive to their happiness to marry. Rose Tinkham set the pace by being married in less than a week from the time she received that precious document, a Normal diploma. She is now known as Mrs. Charles Marble, Abbot Run; next was Elizabeth Brown, who was married to Mr. William Heath, Barrington Centre; then Josie Humphrey must needs change her name and move to New York state. The latest news is that Sara Edwards has been married and gone "West" to live, although she often declared she never would marry.

The following are teaching:

Emma F. Jenkins, Pawtucket; Annie F. and Carrie M. Bellows, Pawtucket; Anna S. Matteson, Johnston; Mary McAvoy, Westerly; Lizette F. Gray, Tiverton; Sarah Fletcher, Providence.

Mabel Maxwell is bookkeeping in Providence, having taken a course of study at Bryant & Stratton's.

Hortense Matteson is at present a student in the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass. She will be graduated as a teacher of physical culture this coming spring. Hortense was always a smart girl and has given still further evidence of that fact by taking a four years' course in three years, and also teaching during a part of each spring and fall term.

"Still Higher" was the class motto and still higher let us aim.

SARA FLETCHER.

The following about the class of January, eighteen ninety, is quoted from a letter from Mary Davis:

"Two of our number are dead, G. Inez Sleeper and Katherine Owens. Four are married. Of these, Lottie (Keliber) Murray lives in Providence; Mabel (Kendall) Niven lives in Auburn. I do not know whom Annie Harry married, and Isabella (Des) Ashmore's residence I do not know. Anna Hines teaches at the Greenwich Street Grammar School, Providence; Margaret Hines is teaching in one of the Blackstone Valley villages, I think, Londale, but am not sure. Mary M. Nas teaches in Newport. Ruth Sherman teaches in the southern part of our state, I believe, Carrie Crowell taught for a while in Northampton, Mass., then returned to Providence. I do not know where she is now. Ida Morgan is in one of the Providence Training Schools. Since her graduation, she has taken a course in Emerson College, Boston, and has taught in Delaware and in Virginia. Adeline Povey is now at home in New London, Conn. She taught in Attleboro until about a year ago, when she was obliged to leave because of ill health. She is much better now. Jennie L. Ellis teaches in the Cherry Street School, Pawtucket, and is a very earnest worker in her church (Universalist), being a member of the National Executive Committee of the Y. P. C. U. Emma Hindley is a Junior in Brown University. Before entering college she taught in the Pawtucket schools. Katherine M. Dwyer teaches in the East Street School, Providence. You know Miss Inez Whipple's occupation.

"For myself I will add that I am at home at present. Since my graduation from Smith College in ninety-five, I have been busy in my own city with church work. My infant department of one hundred and twenty little people takes a great deal of my time. Besides this there are many other lines of church and Sunday School work which, with other personal duties, take my whole time from one week to another. My work could not very well be described in print, but it might be called a missionary or church field, I suppose."

CLASS OF JUNE, EIGHTEEN NINETY.

The class held their annual reunion in a class picnic held last June, at Warwick, at the home of Mrs. Lara Maxwell Tiffany, one of its members.

Mrs. Tiffany's two little sons are bright and interesting. The President, Mr. Almy, is Superintendent of Schools in Cranston.

Four of the class are teaching in Pawtucket and seven in the public schools of Providence, two of the latter being critic teachers.

One teaches in Fall River and one in Natick.

Miss Butler has given up elocution and is considering ranch life in the West.

Four are married, one living in Chicago, one in Warwick, and one, Mrs. Minerva Lincoln Haskell, who was present at the last Alumni meeting with her tiny son, in Providence.

ELBERT S. DOUGLASS.

Teacher in Psychology:—"What part of the human brain is gray matter?"

Student:—"That part of the human brain—is all—gray—matter" (thinks hard) "that is not white matter."

IAN MACLAREN.

"TRAITS OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER."

Readers of Dr. Watson's books were delighted with the prospect of hearing him lecture in Providence, on November twenty-third. All who have read and thoroughly enjoyed *Bride the Bonnie Brigs* can imagine what a pleasure it was to listen to his famous author.

The subject of the afternoon lecture was "Traits of Scottish Character." Dr. Watson was introduced to the audience by the Rev. Wallace Nutting, who presented him with a bunch of Scottish heather.

Dr. Watson spoke first of the humor of the Scots. He said that most people think the Scots have no humor. But just as there are sorrowful too deep for tears, so there may be humor too deep for laughter. Tell a Scot something humorous, and he must consider it for about twenty-four hours; and then, if it is worth while, he will enjoy it; not by laughing of course, because that isn't his way. Dr. Watson then described four kinds of humor: the Irish, which is droolery; the French, which is wit; the English, which is fun; and the Scotch, which is irony. The first, Irish humor, he illustrated by the following story: "A man sent his Irish servant to carry a hare to a friend. The hare escaped, and the Irishman exclaimed, 'Ye may run, and run, and run, but ye have not the address.'"

To illustrate Scottish humor, the following story was given: "A Scotchman was playing golf—almost all nations play golf, the only difference being that the Scot plays and says nothing about it, while the American talks about it for twenty-four hours afterward—a native of Scotland was playing golf, and being irritated by the slowness of the player ahead of him, said to his caddy, 'Come, let's go home, I'm not going to follow a funeral all day.' The caddy turned and looked at him a moment and said, 'Na, na, dinn be in sic a hurry; tak yer time now, the man may dey, ye can ha' the whole field to yerself.'"

English fun is simply fun, and that is all there is to it.

The speaker also showed the difference between Scottish and American humor. Said he, "America is a wide country, and it takes five days to cross it. Traveling across we see a great deal the first and last days, but sleep much in between. Now just so it is with your humor, and he held up his hand with the fingers spread apart. Pointing to the first and fifth fingers he said: "Here are chapter one, and chapter five, and the other three—are wanting." Not so with Scottish humor; for there you have it all.

Scotchmen are very proud of their country, and ask homes, and yet they sometimes settle in other parts. Ask them the question, "Why do so many Scots leave their native land and never return?" and were it not for their modesty they would answer, "We gang about tae do the people good."

Another characteristic of the Scots is "dourness." Look it up in your English dictionary, and you will find that its synonym is "obstinacy." But "dour" is equal to a binned "obstinacy." A Scotchman will never be commanded. If you tell him he must give up a part of his land, he plants

his feet firmly on the ground, straightens himself up, wraps his plaid tightly about him, and says, "I won't." But if you are just a bit soft with him—tell him that his country is the best on the earth, and that he is the best man in that best country—ah! then he is ready to throw away his plaid and do you any service.

The Scotch are a very conscientious people, as is shown by their use of adjectives. It is just as if a Scot had a dozen adjectives in a bag and wanted one to use. The trouble isn't that he hasn't one that will fit the noun, for probably he has half a dozen. But which is the right one to use? He must needs weigh the matter a few hours, and when he finally decides which is the right one, the opportunity to use it is long past.

Drumochty men never use extravagant expressions. Suppose that it is raining in torrents, and you say to one of them, "What a deluge!" He will reply, "Deluge! the man is wrong historically; and more, he is heretical. Why, man, a' never he'r't of bot one deluge, and that was lang ago, and a'm sure of the promise we'll never have another." Let it rain as hard as it may and the Scotchman will tell you "if it keeps on till micht as it's da'nt' now, it threatens tae be weat."

A Scot will never admit anything; but he will argue the question all night. Dr. Watson once did his best to make a Scotchman admit something, but he was unsuccessful. One time he bought a horse, but after bringing it home he found that if he went near the animal, it would try to kick or bite. "Now," said Dr. Watson, "You'll admit that that's a vicious beast." The Scotchman thought a minute and answered, "Na, na, but a' ill say he's a bit litigious the time."

The lecture closed with a reading from "A Doctor of the Old School." The scene was where the doctor had told Tammas Mitchell that he could not save his wife. The news was terrible to Tammas, and the doctor did his best to comfort the poor man. There was, however, one surgeon who could help his wife Annie, if he could be procured. He was sent for and came. The Tochtie had swollen and was dangerous to cross, but cross it they must. "So George was as brave as most men, but he had never ferried a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing past beneath, before, behind him, affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered Doctor MacLure to turn back, declaring that he would be condemned utterly and eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned by any person.

"Sit down!" thundered MacLure. "Condemned ye will be, sooner or later, gin yer shirk yer duty, but through the water ye gang the day."

And so he did, and Tammas's wife was saved to minister to him and the bairns for many years.

ELIZABETH S. HOLLAND.

CITY Training Class.

TO THE GERMAN CLASS.

Teacher:—"Wie viele Zungen haben Sie?"

Pupil:—"I don't know; I wasn't here yesterday."

—The Register.

THE LECTURE AND THE LECTURER.

It was the personality of Dr. Watson and his high moral standard that most of all impressed me. To catch the play of features showing the impulsive character, and to feel the keen, penetrating, and sometimes merry glance of the eyes, made more impressive the solid, substantial character of the knowledge behind the thought.

Dr. Watson said that the Scotch seldom use the word "intoxicated" because they have a feeling that it is too coarse a term and because they never could be positively certain that a man was in the condition which the term signifies. This seems to me to indicate very fine moral discrimination and an appreciation of one of the most subtle laws of moral growth.

In referring to a criticism concerning the idealization of his stories, Dr. Watson said, in his address at Worcester, that he considered his works as realistic as were those of other authors who were called "Realists"; the only difference being the side of life portrayed. He said an artist could photograph a kitchen with its refuse or a picture gallery; one would be as realistic as the other, only the latter would give one something more elevating to contemplate.

"Fiction should be unified and idealized with the result of revealing what is beautiful—worth revealing." "Fiction, it seems to me, must go for its greater success to people of humble station, and take what is beautiful in character and show its operation."

H. E. H.

CHRISTMAS QUOTATIONS.

O Time by holy prophets long foretold,
Time waited for by saints in days of old,
O sweet auspicious morn

When Christ, the Lord was born!

Again the fixed changes of the year
Have brought that season to the world most dear,
When angels, all afire

Bringing good tidings came.

PHOEBE CARV.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

LUKE II. 8-14.

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:

"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!"

The Wrong shall fall,

The Right prevail,

With peace on earth, good will to men!"

LONGFELLOW.

But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be

apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts freely, and to think of other people as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

CHARLES DICKENS'S *Christmas Carol*.

A good conscience makes a continental Christmas.

R. FRANKLIN.

May all who have, at this festive season we,

His precious little ones, the poor and weak,

In joyful sweet accord,

Thus lending to the Lord,

PHOEBE CARV.

God bless Us, Every One!

TINY TOM.

BOOK NOTES.

It is with true books as with Nature, each
New day of living doth new insight teach.

LOWELL.

The English Language and Its Grammar, recently compiled by Irene Mead is an excellent book. Irene Mead is a teacher of English language and literature in the State Normal School at Winona, Minnesota, and she is in a position to know the special need of the teachers of to-day. It is to supply this need that she has written this book—a scientific treatment of our English language. A short history of our language is given in the first chapter. All the subjects are treated comprehensively and in an attractive, interesting manner. The treatment of verbs is especially full and exceptionally good. This grammar is good authority upon clauses and the elements used as nouns.

Alexander Bain's *Higher English Grammar*, the revised edition, is a good book of reference for the teacher. The author's treatment of the subjects is systematic and exhaustive. The subjects especially noticeable are, "The Derivation of English Words," "Order of Words," and "Purity in the Use of English." Adverbs, relative pronouns, and auxiliary verbs are well treated.

A book has recently been carefully prepared by Channing and Hart, entitled *A Guide to American History*. It contains a list of topics as a basis for the study of American History. The references are of special value and great care has evidently been taken that the list may be of the utmost help to teachers. Various chapters are devoted to methods and to suggestions for written work, recitations, and tests.

Those who were interested in Margaret Sherwood's *An Experience in Altruism* will be glad to know that she has recently published another book, *A Portrait of Bohemia*.

The Cleveland Public Library has issued a special reading list with *Christmas* as its subject. The references are grouped under the following titles: Birth of Christ; Essays and Sermons; History, Customs, and Observances; Poetry; Fiction; Juvenile Stories.

Miss Emerson, of the Providence Public Library, is preparing a similar valuable list of suggestive reading, which will include accounts of the observances of the day in different countries, Christmas stories, and poems.

I sing of the trim Normal Student,
Who dally on Benefit Street
Is seen as a maid wise and prudent,
By all who may chance her to meet,
As she faithfully goes to her classes,—
Of the "Ologies" she is a mine,—
Or at least in embryo passes
Along to the School of Design.
May the "Benefit" to her be lasting,
And "Normal" her lot all the way;
Of her future Hope have the forecasting,
Her "Design" be bright-colored away;
In the great School of Life ever learning
The lessons life only can teach,
May her pathway toward virtue be turning
And happiness lie within reach.

A. M. W. S.

A SKETCH.

Overhanging clouds and a raw November wind gave promise of a cheerless Thursday. A feeling of depression which lurked in the outside atmosphere must have crept into many a schoolroom, and carried with it the spirit of unrest.

A visitor's knock at "Grade 1" opened a door into the largest, lightest, airiest room that ever called itself a school. There were some unusual inmates,—gold fish darting through the clear waters of an aquarium, a squirrel playing tag with his cage, even a butterfly poised idly on a blossom, too new a creature to spread her wings and fly from summer within to autumn without. A hardy fern and bright geraniums in the window box bespoke perpetual sunshine.

On the walls hung pictures of a noble stag, a glimpse of pasture, a group of dogs. In a gay little print representing Father Time with his highays and holidays, Cupid laden with valentines ran before May Day and Fourth of July; Good times were recognized here! Merrill's Holy Family, Bonaparte's Infant Christ and St. John, Pocklock's Good Shepherd and Bellini's Infant Chorister lent their tender charm to the whole. Over the platform hung a cast of Della Robbia's matchless group, those immortal children who forever dance and play and sing.

An attractive bookcase held the *Heart of Oak Reader*, *Saraland, Seaside and Wayside*, *Little People of Other Lands*, *Tales of Old Greece*, *Stories of Norse Gods and Heroes*. What a suggestion of reading, supplementary to nature study or geography and of delightful tales and legends told and retold in every age since the childhood of the race!

One blackboard was rich in autumn decoration of grapes, corn, and pumpkins; another was arranged to keep the daily record of wind and rain, sunrise and sunset; a third was covered with words and sentences for reading; a fourth, which was long and low, gave evidence that it was the little folk's slate.

And the children? They were there, thirty of them—

children in threadbare jackets and toothless shoes, children with crutches and with hungry, pinched faces, children whose hard lives were sweetened and brightened by breathing this atmosphere. And the teacher? She was there with a sunny smile which came straight from a sunny heart, and with warm sympathetic eyes like a reflection of the Madonna's on the wall.

The children were singing—not scales and exercises—but songs. With clear, sweet voices they joined in,

"Before the sun peeps o'er the hills

And bids the shadows flee,"

and sang out lustily on,

"Jack Frost is a merry little fellow."

When a class was called to recite, one division took boxes of letters and made words; another group drew on the board just such pictures as children love,—tiny ladies under large parasols, men whose feet pointed due east and west, houses whose transparent sides revealed the furniture within. The class which studied the milkweed pod forgot to mention its size and shape, but they talked lovingly of the little cradle and the brown babies, each with its tuft of silken hair. They saw how carefully all were laid in; they noticed where the cradle opened; they played they were the wind which blows seed-babies to new homes; they really came near to Nature's heart.

In gymnastic exercises, they flew like birds, stretched like sleepy dogs, tramped like soldiers, ran races and clapped hands like happy six-year-olds.

While one boy told, "How our butterfly came out of his chrysalis home," the reluctant sun burst for a moment through the clouds and shed a flood of glory over all.

To her who watched and listened, the single ray of sunshine seemed a promise. She had had a glimpse above the dead level of the average up to the heights of infinite possibility. She had seen a lullaby-dayful of brightness of two ancient Hebrew prophecies, "That they shall shut their eyes in the brightness of the firmament," "And all your children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of your children."

ALICE E. REYNOLDS.

A LITTLE KINDERGARTEN GIRL.

Whether it is the dirt, or her roguish face, or her "tout ensemble," that first attracts one, I cannot say; but there seems to be about her a charm that makes itself felt immediately. From the moment when she comes into the room with the announcement, "Teacher, I've got clean hands to-day," until she leaves, she is a constant source of study and speculation as to what her next performance will be. As the children sit with folded hands singing the morning hymn, she is examining her shoes, doubtless in a vain search for the buttons that have not been there for many a day. Now the children form for a march and as she is only three years old, and one of the smallest, she is placed at the end of the line. She amuses along leisurely, but suddenly a bright thought enters her brain. Her step quickens, as she hurriedly goes to the black-board and erases part of a drawing, newly done. Soon the lunch time

comes and she eats her bread and molasses from a newspaper bundle, making, all the while, remarks concerning "my mother" and how "my mother won't let me eat anything but pie and cake for supper." This was said after the teacher's assertion that "pie and cake are not good for little girls and boys."

As she weaves her paper mats neatly and quickly, and describes graphically how the flowers grow from the seeds, one sees in her many possibilities. One could almost wish that he might turn the page of the future. Would he see there the picture of a strong, true, happy womanly nature, uplifted and helped, perhaps, by the training, the foundation of which she is receiving now? Or will he see one whose baby happiness and frolic are changed to hardness and coarseness? Ah, well, how fortunate are we that we cannot turn that page!

H. N. A.

S. I. D. Q. NOTES.

The S. I. D. Q. Literary Society held a public meeting Saturday, November fourteenth. The following program was rendered:—

Piano Solo, "Gondoliera," Essays on Clara Bartos—The Trial of Burr, Cliff Dwellers, Memorial Day, East Providence; Vocal Solo, "Once Again."

The regular business meeting of the S. I. D. Q. Literary Society was held Saturday, November twenty-first, in "Room 9."

After the usual business of the society an interesting newspaper article entitled "Some Southern views of Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read by Louise Baker. This was followed by a discussion of the book,—why it was written, what it portrayed, and its effect,—in which members of the society and several of the faculty took part. The article presented and the discussion which followed proved very instructive as well as interesting.

The motion was then made and carried that we make a special study of art at our regular business meetings under the instruction of Mr. Seaverns, who has kindly offered to assist us. Mr. Seaverns spoke briefly, suggesting that we study ancient architecture and sculpture, following their progress through the Renaissance to modern times; and later take up the study of the masters of the art of painting. This certainly will prove very beneficial to the society, and will also make the meetings more interesting to former members who have left the school, but who still feel an interest in it. Past members are always gladly welcomed by all members of the society.

E. B. B. NOTES.

After the regular business meeting of the Elizabeth Barrett Browning Club, on October twenty-fourth, the members of the club gave an informal reception to the faculty and the new members. "Room 9" was prettily decorated with pink carnations and green vines, pink and green being the club colors.

Refreshments were served by the members, and included in the very interesting program, were readings by Miss Margaret Mahoney, who is a valuable addition to the club.

The last public meeting of the E. B. B. Club for the year ending eighteen hundred and ninety-six was held in the study hall, Saturday, December fourth.

The program rendered by the members was very interesting and profitable, the biological and historical essays were especially instructive and showed careful thought on the part of the writers. Vocal and instrumental music and the reading of one of Mrs. Browning's poems also added much to the enjoyment of the listeners.

Although the business meetings of the Club have been made more interesting this year than heretofore by the reading of papers by the members, yet it is to be hoped that when we take up the study of literature, the members will be still more interested. The graduate members of the club are cordially invited to attend these meetings when visiting the school.

SCHOOL NOTICES.

Among the always welcome visitors to the school during the past few weeks was Mr. Adams, teacher of science in the Worcester Normal School. Mr. Adams, who is very ingenious, is the inventor of the solar camera, by which pictures are thrown upon a screen by use of direct sunlight. When the necessary power is available there is no better camera, as the school, which possesses one, can testify.

The Reverend E. C. Bass, D.D., Presiding Elder of the Providence District of the New England Southern Conference, gave us an earnest and uplifting talk, Saturday morning, November seventh.

Mrs. Mary Eldridge, formerly a missionary, now Field Maroon to the Navajo Indians in Jewett, New Mexico, visited the school on the morning of November twelfth, with her sister, Miss C. E. Deming, a member of the faculty.

The Superintendent and members of the Providence School Committee honored the school by their presence, Tuesday, the tenth of November.

All are glad to hear that Miss Ada B. Bragg will be able to resume her duties as assistant critic in the Training School shortly. The health of the members of the school has been unusually good this year, very few being absent on account of illness.

The Kindergarteners of Providence are to be congratulated upon obtaining Miss Susan A. Blow, of New York, who has been giving a series of lectures in Boston, to give them two lectures. They are to be given in Normal Hall on December fifth and twelfth, at two forty-five. The members of the school fully appreciate this opportunity of hearing Miss Blow, who was associated in St. Louis with Dr. William T. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education. She there founded under Dr. Harris's guidance the first Kindergarten connected with Public Schools. Miss

Blow is the author of two important books in the International Educational Series: one, the "Commentaries of Froebel's Mother Play," the other, "Symbolic Education."

Dr. T. C. Mendenhall, Principal of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute is to lecture to the school in Normal Hall on Saturday, December nineteenth, at one forty-five, on "The Earth as Seen from the Moon."

The school has reopened after its pleasant Thanksgiving recess of three days. It will be closed again Friday and Saturday, December twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth, for Christmas.

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