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THE NORMAL STUDENT

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BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
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WILLARD MANN BARNARD

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Editors-in-Chief:

KATHARINE L. WOOD, '97. S. LOUISE BAKER, '97.

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Business Managers:

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Consulting Business Manager:

A. H. SEAVERNS.

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The business managers desire to announce to the patrons of THE NORMAL STUDENT the success of the paper for the year ninety-six and seven. With so large a body of Alumni as ours we ought to support the publication of at least one thousand copies at each issue. Alumni, be generous and loyal to the Normal School. Send us your subscription and retain your youth by keeping in touch with your Alma Mater.

TO THE ALUMNI.

THE NORMAL STUDENT brings a commencement greeting to every graduate and to all who have ever received instruction or inspiration within the walls of the Rhode Island Normal School. No doubt every commencement recalls to each of you the one which closed the period of your life spent here and at the same time it carries you a year farther from that period. The teachers wish it were possible to preserve a closer connection between the school and its former students. Your visits give pleasure to those who were your instructors and to those who have come to be connected with the school more recently.

You have all grown and learned much since you studied here. The school too has grown and has changed so that the Normal School of which you were a member may seem to you no longer to exist. The building is the same—"the same old bricks are in the walls," the same hooks and boxes are in the same small dressing room, the same pictures adorn the walls with a few others, one or two or three or more teachers whom you knew are still here, and, if only the *one*, she is as you knew her only so many years better.

Of course, since you left the Normal School you have all reconstructed more or less your views of education as you have changed your standpoint and have seen more of life. Education itself, as a theory in the minds of thinkers and as a system in operation in schools and by other agencies, has materially changed within a few years. You have grown and matured; educational doctrine and practice have developed; your Alma Mater is striving to keep up with the progress in the midst of which she exists. She desires that all her progeny may continue to. Your Alma Mater rejoices in all your successes and desires that you continue to grow in power and in influence in the world.

THE NORMAL STUDENT is the product of the thought and effort of some who are now alumnæ. It grew out of the work of the literary societies, it was suggested some time before it was undertaken, and it has come to be one of the products of the school which gives promise of usefulness. It is hoped that it will reflect abroad to a limited degree the life of the school, that it will indicate some of the current matters which receive the attention of our students and express something of the social life of the school. It is hoped that it may be at least a slight bond between the graduates and the school and that it may be of some service to many former students. Items of information from the graduates will be welcome and will be published if of general interest to readers.

The paper does not yet attempt to embody formal educational matter to any extent. Something of a substantial and appropriate sort may occupy some of its pages in the future. But if the graduates desire to have maintained a modest but dignified organ which shall radiate something of the life of the school they need only to express that desire to THE NORMAL STUDENT and to offer it their support.

HALF TRUTHS.

Partial vision is always imperfect vision, and a complete understanding of a part may often lead to worse error than a faulty comprehension of the whole. For example, a lawyer with a complete knowledge of the law, but very little knowledge of human nature, would make a poorer advocate than one with less knowledge of the law, but sufficient knowledge of human nature to move the sympathies of a jury. One-sided views are always out of balance, and become absolutely dangerous when advocated by men of force, hence the necessity of constantly weighing and considering in order to avoid the narrowness of the "man of one idea."

The "Doctrine of Interest" is an important but partial truth, and is undoubtedly working serious mischief as applied by many teachers who do not recognize its limita-

tions. The error probably arises from viewing the child as a distinct or complete being, rather than a potential man. The doctrine is excellent when applied to training *in* childhood, but fails to fully train *for* manhood. It must be supplemented by "that resolution which is the soul of a man's soul."

Life, in this world at least, is an incessant struggle against obstacles, adversity and wrongs without, and selfishness and evil tendencies within, and these conditions can be met only by an abiding sense of duty, and a resolute will to insure the performance of that duty. A thoughtful examination will reveal the fact that the best life of the world is permeated with a sense of duty. But duty involves courage to stand by a conviction in the face of adverse criticism, resolution to work with unwavering energy for the attainment of the noblest ends; and these are qualities that have been the controlling influences in the worthiest lives of all ages. In evidence note a few typical utterances:—

"Let men of all ranks, whether they are successful or unsuccessful, do their duty and rest satisfied."—*Plato.*

"He possessed that high moral courage which can brave not only death, but adverse opinion."—*Said of Socrates.*

> "Put thou thy trust in God,
> In duty's path go on;
> Fix on his Word thy steadfast eye,
> So shall thy work be done."—*Luther.*

"Obedience to duty at all costs and risks, is the very essence of the highest civilized life."—

"Without conscience a man can have no higher principle of action than pleasure."—*Samuel Smiles.*

"Blessed is that man in whose life the driving of duty and the drawing of love impel the same way."—*Edward Eggleston.*

"The motives of conscience as connected with repentance and the feelings of duty are the most important differences which separate man from the animal."—*Darwin.*

"Knowledge is the hill that few may hope to climb, but duty is the path that all may tread."—

"The post of danger is the post of duty."—*Gen. Grant.*

"Duty is the sublimest word in the English language."—*Gen. Robert E. Lee.*

"I am willing to run the chance of any consequences that may follow the performance of a clear duty."—*A. Lincoln.*

"The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong from the weak. Labor is life. There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"The first step to eminence is obedience to duty."—*Dr. Storrs.*

"Tough, hard study is the only kind that ever did a boy or girl any good."—*J. M. Greenwood.*

> "'Tis only by labor that thought is made healthy,
> And only by thought that labor is made happy."

"The best grace before meat is the consciousness that we have earned our dinner."—*John Ruskin.*

> "With duty thy watchword,
> With wisdom thy guide,
> With Christ as thy Saviour,
> No ill can betide."

The foregoing will sufficiently illustrate a prevalent belief in a sense of duty, and a will to labor, as essential to the best life of man, and may also help to enforce the truth that no important principle of conduct can be safely applied without due regard to the bearing of other vital truths. The logic of the situation is simply this: We must make frequent excursions from the schoolrooms and "halls of learning" into the field of thought and activity of the busy workers outside, in order to feel the pulsations of that great, throbbing life of humanity, for which our training must not fail to prepare. There is thus apparent, a need to study the philosophy of life, as well as the philosophy of the philosopher, the pedagogy of literature as well as the literature of pedagogy, in order to attain to that universal truth which is the complete harmony of all partial truths.

ALEXANDER BRYAN.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

Normal Hall and the corridors are to be decorated by the Junior Class for Commencement, June eighteenth.

Friday afternoon, May twenty-eighth, Professor and Mrs. Wilson entertained the Senior Class and the Faculty at their home on Morris avenue. The day was all that could be desired and a delightful afternoon was passed. After refreshments and games indoors, the party adjourned to the grove opposite the house where more games were indulged in. Through the kindness of Professor Verry they also visited Ladd Observatory during the afternoon.

On Arbor Day, May fifteenth, the Senior Class met at the school and planted a linden tree in honor of Dr. Henry Barnard. The order of the exercises was:—March to the spot where the tree was to be planted; Singing, "Our Tree"; Original poem by Miss McElinn; Address by the president and dedication of the tree; Planting of the tree by the class and singing at the same time; Address by Professor Wilson; Singing, "America." The tree will remain on the school grounds until the completion of the new Normal School, when it will be transplanted to the new grounds.

The Junior Classes entertained the Faculty and the Seniors in the Study Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, May twenty-ninth. Cake and cream were served, and a very sociable afternoon was passed until four o'clock, when all disbanded, much pleased with the afternoon's enjoyment and giving three cheers for the Juniors and the Faculty.

In spite of the pouring rain on Wednesday evening, June ninth, the Senior Class gathered at Tillinghast's at eight o'clock for the class supper. The following papers were read:—Class History, Annie Denney; Statistics, Phebe Barber; Poem, Elise McElinn; Prophesy, Fanny Sherman. The enthusiasm with which these papers were received showed that the spirits of the class were not at all dampened by the weather. Dancing, games and music furnished entertainment for the rest of the evening.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN NARRAGANSETT.

"Remember I *command* you to drop this acquaintance."

The white-faced girl by the window had, during the whole scene, made no reply to the reproaches heaped upon her, and her silence seemed only to increase her father's wrath, until with this final command he left the room, his anger still at white heat.

The scene which preceded the opening of this story occurred in one of the upper rooms of a colonial mansion, standing a little way back from the bay whose blue waters sparkled and danced in the distance. It was just such a building as one often finds the ruins of now, buildings once belonging to the landed aristocracy of Narragansett.

The occupants of the house at this time were Mr. Rowland Robinson, the owner, an aristocratic but hospitable gentleman of a somewhat choleric temper, his wife, and two beautiful daughters, Hannah and Mary.

In order to understand the wrathful words of Mr. Robinson to Hannah a little of the earlier history of the sisters must be known.

Mr. Robinson was extremely proud of his children, especially of Hannah, who was surpassingly handsome. She was tall and slight with dark hazel eyes, auburn hair, a clear complexion, Grecian features, and incomparable grace of speech, manner, and carriage. To add to Nature all that art could give and to fit the young ladies for their place in society, they were sent to Madam Osborne's school at Newport. Here Hannah met the fascinating young French tutor, M. Pierre Simond, and a warm friendship sprang up between the two. This rapidly deepened into a much warmer feeling and soon the two were secretly engaged. Fortune seemed to favor them, for when the sisters went to their home, a tutor was needed in the family of their uncle Colonel William Gardiner, and through the recommendation of Madame Osborne, M. Simond secured the place.

Of course the attachment between the two would not have been approved by Mr. Robinson, so the young couple, arranged secret meetings, this being made all the more easy by the nearness of the two estates. Mrs. Robinson, a watchful mother, could not long be deceived, and questioned the frequency of her daughter's visits to Colonel Gardiner's. Hannah thinking safety lay in confession, made a confident of her mother, who, finding her daughter could not be persuaded to give up this acquaintance, helped the young people in arranging their meetings. M. Simond first came to the mansion, while someone mounted guard to give warning of the approach of the enemy—namely, Mr. Robinson. One night coming rather hastily to bid his favorite daughter good-night, he nearly surprised the two, but Hannah with great presence of mind hid her lover in a closet, and then with her usual calm manner chatted with her father, though in reality she was quaking with fear lest some accident should throw open the door of the closet.

After this it was thought too dangerous to admit the young Frenchman to the house, so a signal light was placed in Hannah's window when the father was absent, and it was safe for Pierre to approach. On seeing this he came to the house and secreted himself in a lilac bush beneath the window of the room occupied by Hannah, and from here they conversed either in whispers or by notes. This worked very well for a time, but one evening Mr. Robinson chanced to spy his daughter's white hand passing a note into the lilac bush. His suspicions being immediately aroused he thrust his stout walking stick violently into the bush, from whence a man presently emerged and quickly disappeared in the darkness. He was not quick enough to escape the sharp eyes of the old gentleman, who at once recognized him as the young man at Colonel Gardiner's. He rushed upstairs and then followed the scene with his daughter ending with the command that she should entirely renounce all acquaintance with this fellow.

Life now became almost unbearable to the poor girl, for in addition to her anxiety concerning her lover, she was continually watched, the suspicions of her father scarcely allowing her out of his sight. Being a favorite, a beauty and possessing a very sweet disposition, she had many invitations, but if allowed to accept one, she was likely before reaching the place to be overtaken by a messenger from her father commanding her to return.

Hannah grew so pale, thin, and nervous under this treatment that her mother made no attempt to thwart a plan she more than half suspected—nothing less that the elopement of her daughter with M. Simond. Soon an opportunity presented itself.

A ball was given by Colonel Gardiner, to which as a matter of course the young ladies must go. With many misgivings the father watched his children depart, and his misgivings were not without a basis. At a sharp turn in the road M. Simond appeared with a closed carriage into which he assisted his affianced wife. In a few hours they were married.

When Mr. Robinson learned this he was almost beside himself with grief and rage. Since he could not prevent the marriage he offered a reward if anyone would make known to him the names of those who assisted in the escape, but in vain.

For two years M. Simond and his bride were happy. Now comes the sad part of my heroine's career. About this time her husband began to neglect her, and trouble and anxiety, too much for her delicately-reared body, rapidly brought on consumption.

Her mother and sister, learning her condition, sent her aid, and her father, so far overcoming his anger, went to the house and sent up word to Mrs. Simond that if she would tell him who assisted in the elopement he would take her to her home. Though longing to see her father she was true to her promise and declined to answer the question. Mr. Robinson then left in a great rage, but parental love proved too great and he again went to his daughter's home.

Her sister hearing of this sent word to the now dying Hannah that she gave her full permission to reveal everything to her father.

So it happened one dreary autumn day that the once beautiful Hannah Robinson—"the most beautiful woman in Narragansett"—returned to her father's house to die, a sad, broken-hearted woman, hardly out of her "teens."

The mansion still stands, though the long porch and slave quarters have been removed. Washington has slept there, Lafayette and his officers have been quartered there, and have left as traces of their occupancy bullet holes in the window panes. The beautifully carved stair-case, the mural paintings of hunting scenes, and the heavy cross-beams in the ceilings may still be seen. Go up stairs and you may see the room which she occupied, and the cup-board where Pierre was secreted, and as you lean from the window and look down into the lilac-bush and across to the Bay, you can almost imagine the old days are here again, and that Mr. Robinson will appear to drive M. Simond from the bush. Memories of this lovely woman still cling about the place, for the house is to-day called the "Handsome Hannah Mansion"—and historians still tell us that Hannah Robinson was "the most beautiful woman in Narragansett."

'97.

A JOKE?

In the little village of Quincetown there was little to interest young people; so the weekly choir-rehearsal at the Baptist church was always hailed with delight by Lucy App, who sang in the choir, and always took her bosom friend, Beulah Holt, to rehearsal.

It was there that all the talent of the parish met on Friday evenings and practiced the hymns for the next Sunday's service. There were Mr. Whitehead and his father, Miss Haddock, a maiden lady of fifty, a few sedate young ladies, and lastly, Mrs. Crabb.

Mrs. Crabb had been married twice, and was now a widow; but in spite of her seventy summers she retained her pink cheeks and good teeth, "as if," as Lucy App said, "she wasn't old enough to take a back seat, but wanted to put us young girls in the shade." But her chief sin in Lucy's eyes was that she retained her youthful timidity, and always brought either a lantern or a child to keep her company on the way home. She lived with an old couple a short way out of the village, and said, in a meaning way, looking at young Mr. Whitehead, "I do so hate to go alone; that's why I bring a lantern." *And then she smiled.*

Lucy and Beulah had watched proceedings for nearly a year, and now decided that her foolish timidity, which Beulah declared was "all put on," should be cured, though, of course, in the kindest possible manner.

Friday night came, and the two teachers of proper actions were the first arrivals, and sat in a corner, hoping that Mrs. Crabb would feel able to come out. She came, and with her a little girl of nine or ten years. Lucy looked a little disappointed, at first, but soon the spirit of mischief shone in her eye as brightly as ever. Somehow every word that was spoken, and every song that was sung had some joke in it, for there was a smile on Beulah's face which was broadly reflected on Lucy's.

Rehearsal usually ended at nine o'clock, but that night the conspirators said that they had to go early; so at a quarter before nine, they said "good-night," left the church, stood a moment outside, and then, strangely enough, instead of going towards home, disappeared in the opposite direction.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Crabb and her small friend started for home, the child chattering cheerfully, but Mrs. Crabb was strangely quiet. They left the village and went up the street across the bridge and came to the loneliest part of the way, quickening their steps a trifle. Across the street some large stones were lying, and as Mrs. Crabb had passed about half of them, she started, for she heard a grumble in a man's voice. She said nothing, but looked behind and around her, at first she saw nothing, but, the moon appearing just then, she saw, crossing the street, two large figures, with big black wings. They began to make awful noises, unlike any she had ever heard. She waited for no more but seizing the child's hand, screamed, "Run! Mary, run!" and started up the steep hill as fast as she could. The figures followed, never quite catching up, never saying any special words, but crying out, now in gruff voices, now in shrill, until Mrs. Crabb and her companion nearly dropped from fright. They approached the home of the child, and the figures disappeared. Mrs. Crabb, nearly, started to go the short remaining distance alone. No sooner was she out of hearing of the house, than the figures appeared, bolder than before. She ran, and they ran, she walked, and they walked, until she reached her gate, when one of the figures caught up with her, whispered hoarsely, "Good-night, my dear," turned and fled, with its companion. A few moments later, anyone walking along the main street of Quincetown, would have seen two demure looking girls going swiftly towards home; but if he had been near enough, he would have heard low laughter, talk of the richness of some joke, and once in awhile a remark of pity for the victim.

Report said Mrs. Crabb declared that the persons who had frightened her so, were Lucy App and Beulah Holt, "impertinent little hussies," she called them, and she vaguely hinted at some police officer she knew, who was going to arrest them.

The girls, when they heard these reports, were, of course, very indignant at being so spoken of and wondered what they could do to stay her wrath. They did not want their mothers to hear such reports, and so put their heads together to see what could be done. Should they deny all knowledge of the affair or should they "pretend" to be guilty, and apologize simply to quiet Mrs. Crabb? They finally decided to do the former and one evening, they started off, Lucy was to do the talking, as she had more conversational power. They reached the house, inwardly frightened but outwardly calm.

Mrs. Crabb looked slightly suspicious when she recognized her callers; but Lucy plunged into the matter, and Mrs. Crabb's expression gradually changed from suspicion to doubt, from doubt to belief, and at the close of Lucy's speech she gazed at the girls with a kindly expression of remorse and said, "My dears, I cannot say how thankful I am that you were not guilty of such an unkind act. I own I was a little hasty in my judgment, but God knew you were innocent all the time and he will surely bless you." When she began this speech the girls looked at each other and by the time she had finished, their consciences had the better of their wickedness. Beulah cried, "You wicked old woman, you knew we did it all the time, and talked that way to make us own up, I wouldn't be as mean as that, anyway!" She burst into tears and started for home.

On the way home, those girls had a very earnest conversation, and as a result, Mrs. Crabb had callers again the next night, who were in an entirely different mood from those of the preceding evening; and now the other members of the choir cannot understand how it is those two madcaps, Beulah and Lucy, always go home from rehearsal with Mrs. Crabb.

B. S. H.

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The library was dark and shadowy, lighted only by the firelight: Miss Matilda Louisa Priscilla Arlington paused a moment on the threshold before she let the portieres drop behind her; she crossed the room to a window and drew back the heavy draperies, shivering a little as she glanced out; it was New Year's Eve and the ground was fast becoming white with the softly falling snowflakes. Miss Arlington leaned against the casement and looked out; the snow fell so thick and fast that the passers-by were only misty shapes in the light of the street lamps. At last Miss Arlington left the window and glided to the fire, a mastiff rose from the hearthrug and thrust its great muzzle into her hand. She patted his head caressingly and sank into an arm-chair in front of the blazing fire, her slender black-robed figure almost lost in the depth of the crimson cushions, her jeweled fingers stroking the mastiff's head and toying with his silky ears.

All was silent in the great room; the busts of famous poets on the bookcases looked down from their high stations with a ghostly air; the portraits of former Arlingtons smirked or scowled in their places on the wall; the massive antique furniture took on grotesque shapes in the flickering firelight.

The light fell upon Miss Arlington as she sat among her cushions; her face above the soft black folds of Spanish lace was exquisitely sweet and fair, her soft white hair was brushed high and rolled over a shell comb, the ruddy glow of the fire had brought a faint pink color into her faded face. She was lost in thought; her dainty head thrown back against the crimson plush cushions of her chair.

A sudden burst of flame flooded the room with light; Miss Arlington, roused to consciousness, started forward in her chair, for she was no longer alone, several persons besides herself were in the room; ladies and gentlemen in clothes of the fashion of fifty years ago. Miss Arlington leaned forward and watched them, she wondered why they had not observed her presence, finally she leaned back and idly watched their movements. What were they doing? she wondered.

She recognized many of the persons as friends of her childhood, long since passed away. There was the old parson,—why was he here?—and an aunt whom she scarcely remembered, and her dearly loved father, young and handsome; and a number of other persons whom she did not know. The reason for their presence was soon explained for presently the door opened and a nurse-maid entered, carrying a baby in long, lace-trimmed, robes. "A christening," murmured Miss Arlington to herself, and she almost gasped when the old minister, taking the lace bundle in his arms and touching the tiny forehead with holy water, said: "Matilda Louisa Priscilla, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Miss Arlington lay with closed eyes for a few seconds, and when she opened them again she was once more alone.

Again she fell to dreaming with her head on her hand, and once again she glanced up.

In the far end of the room where the old minister had but now stood was a coffin with tapers burning at its head and foot. A solitary figure knelt by the side of the coffin, a woman in widow's weeds, she was weeping softly, the door opened and a tall, gray-haired man entered leading a small child by the hand, he lifted the child and placed it in the woman's arms. The child screamed and clung to the woman, her mother. "Matilda," said the man sternly, "stop screaming and look at your father, he is dead, you will never see him again in this life."

Miss Arlington rose to her feet with a cry, but the room was once more in darkness, the vision had passed. She sank down and covered her face with her hands, but again she looked up, for a sudden flood of light had illumined the chamber, brilliantly burning candelabra gleamed on all sides, soft strains of music filled the room, and the air was heavy with the odor of a thousand flowers; and soon the room was thronged with a brilliant assemblage of guests, one among whom seemed the centre of all attention, a beautiful girl, who even now stood so close to Miss Arlington that her white gown almost touched the black garments of the old lady. A young man stood near the girl, tall and handsome.

"Matilda," he was saying, "you are very beautiful to-night. After this when you are among the gay men of fashion you will perhaps forget the soldier who loves you."

The girl laughed and tapped him lightly with her fan, tossed her lovely head, and turning, chatted gaily with a group of eager youths near by. Miss Arlington sighed, and stretched out her hand to restrain her, but her hand touched only air, the scene had vanished.

The library was in darkness again: a colored servant entered and lighted the candelabra. Miss Arlington told him sharply to extinguish them, but he did not heed her; she started up to call him back, when she saw that some one had entered the room. A man, yes, *the* man of the preceding scene. Miss Arlington quickly resumed her seat with a beating heart. A light step in the hall—and in a moment more a girl entered, she greeted the youth cordially, and the weather was formally mentioned, then fol-

lowed an embarrassed silence. The girl, her fingers nervously plaiting the lace in her sleeve, sat primly on a high-backed chair, the young man seated opposite her with an easy grace, watched her in silence; then he spoke,

"Matilda," he said, leaning over and taking her pretty hand, "you know that I love you, answer me now." He looked at her eagerly; the girl did not move, a charming color mounted to her cheeks, her lips parted. Miss Arlington bent forward trembling with emotion, eager to catch the words, but — she was alone.

A long interval, during which the old maid lay still among her cushions; she was weeping, but the play was not played out.

Again she raised her head, the room was in deep stillness, only the soft breathing of the mastiff and the ticking of the clock broke the hush. Then a gentleman came in, he was a soldier in the blue uniform of the Union. A woman in black and a girl followed him; the man offered a card, which she read and addressed the soldier as Captain Pierce.

"You bring me news?" she asked. "Pardon my impetuosity, but is it news from Mr. ———?" then reading something in the Captain's face she cried, "O no! no! don't tell me *bad* news, say he is not hurt! O, say he is not!"

The Captain turned to the older woman.

"He is killed, madam," he said.

"My poor Matilda!" cried the lady, on her knees by the side of the fainting girl.

The scene had passed. * * * * * *

The firelight flickered and fell, the shadows deepened in the corners, the clock ticked on to the hour of midnight, the great dog stirred and growled in his sleep, the hand that stroked his head was still, the poet-busts upon the bookcases still looked down like silent ghosts. Outside on the crisp night air pealed forth the chimes of bells — the new young year was born. Another bell re-echoed through the silent house, rousing the servants sleeping in the upper stories. The butler, followed by the housekeeper and maids, crept cautiously down the great oak stairway, blinking sleepily in the candle light. The butler drew back the heavy chain of the front door shielding the candle flame with his hand from the draught.

A tall man in an ulster stood on the threshold; the old butler peered cautiously up into his face, a look of recognition — of terror — crossed his wrinkled face, he dropped the candle and staggered back into the hall; the frightened maids huddled close together. The stranger picked up the candle and spoke in a reassuring voice,

"Good butler Perkins, you think I am a ghost, and indeed I do not wonder after being gone for — how many years is it, Perkins? thirty? — to turn up on New Year's, is, I admit, startling, but if you will but let me in you shall hear my story, and Miss Matilda, is she well?"

"O Mr. Ralph!" exclaimed the housekeeper coming forward, "Miss Matilda is not abed yet, altho' it is so late. She is alone in the library. Will you go in?" He hesitated, then he stepped to the library door,—and closed it behind him—.

BITS OF SALT-WATER LIFE.

A salt water inlet is a mine of wealth to those interested in the study of nature in her lower forms of life. We live on the shore of such an one, and are able to observe many interesting creatures. Hundreds of small, black snails dot the bottom where it is sandy, and on picking one up we find it has a valve which closes the entrance of its shell castle like a drawbridge, as it retreats at the approach of a possible enemy. Many hermit-crabs of all sizes scuttle about, dragging after them the shells they have adopted as armor to protect their defenceless bodies. They have quite strong claws about the head, and are great fighters. It is funny to watch them gather around a bit of clam thrown on the sand in the edge of the water. They come after it as soon as it is placed there, and the big ones fight off the little ones and then fight each other, so if they get any of the clam it must be in the nature of a stand-up lunch, a bite and run. In the pools lie star-fish where they have been left by the outgoing tide; when it comes back they will float off to the oyster beds where lie their especial prey, though they will also condescend to clams. Three sorts of clams live in the mud, soft-shell, hard-shell or quahaugs and razor clams, and they rashly tell us they are at home by sending up a stream of water when we knock at their door. The razor clam has a long, fleshy foot with which it can push itself down into the mud faster than we can dig after it. The shrimps and sand-flees jump about in the sand and anyone must be lively indeed to catch them.

If we wish to go fishing, the clams and fiddlers are in danger, the latter being a little crab that lives in holes along the bank. The male has one large claw and is a great fighter, so he is also called the soldier-crab. The small shore-crab can be seen along the beach, but we must take a boat if we wish to see the large blue-crab in his native haunts. The horse-shoe crab often comes near the shore and a very curious looking fellow he is. He wears jointed armor and he doubles himself up in the effort to escape, when held by his spiny tail. His breathing apparatus is especially worth close study.

The prospects of a fisherman catching any fish are sadly interfered with by a little fish called the "Nipper" or "Changsit," which steals the bait. When by some mistake on his part one is landed, he is seen to be much like a small perch in shape, with his body beautifully shaded with blue. Fiddlers are used with which to catch the tautog, an edible fish, rather coarse-meated; also the heavy toad-fish which is as ugly as a bad dream. Flat-fish are caught with clams and are distinguished from flounders by having the eyes on the right side of the head, both eyes in each of these fishes being on one side. The mouth of the flat-fish runs across and that of the flounder up and down. Young blue-fish, called for some inscrutable reason horse-mackerel, are caught with bait of minnows, hundreds of which tiny fishlings run in towards the shore with the waves, and furnish sport for the children, who call them "Mummy-chaugs."

In the time of scallops it is amusing to see them propel

through the water by opening and shutting their shells, clapping them together, thus illustrating their common name of "Clapper." By ejecting the water in a small stream when closing, and taking it in again when opening, they travel at a good rate of speed. In the grass live eels, which are only induced to leave their homes at the point of the spear. Oysters are to be observed in their beds, where they lazily lie until the tongs take them bodily up. Beautiful red sponges are also brought up by the oyster-tongs, but they soon turn brown on exposure to the air.

The fisherman who goes further out to sea than our inlet, brings us curious polyps, or native-coral, which can be kept alive in salt-water and fed with bits of clam. He also finds barnacles of good size fastened on driftwood. These become so much attached to their dwelling place that only death can separate them. We have become almost as much attached to our home here on the shore, where we have seen and studied so many curious forms of life.

A. M. W. S.

S. I. D. Q. NOTES.

At the regular business meetings of the society, the members have enjoyed interesting programs on art.

The society anticipates much pleasure in having the E. B. B. Club as their guests, Saturday afternoon, June the twelfth.

At the last regular business meeting of the year, the following officers were elected: President, Florence Ryan; Vice-President, Sarah Carter; Secretary, Gertrude Lamphear; Treasurer, Nellie O'Leary.

E. B. B. NOTES.

The annual election of officers was held Saturday, June twelfth.

The public meeting of May fifteenth was of unusual interest; the participants with but three exceptions were Seniors.

At the last public meeting the regular order of essays and readings was departed from and the school had the pleasure of listening to an address by a former member of the E. B. B. Club and also a graduate of the Normal School, Mr. Edgar L. Willard, superintendent of schools at Marshfield Hills, Massachusetts. After the address, a farce entitled "The Elevator," by W. D. Howells, was presented by members of the Club. After this the entire school was entertained in "No. 9," by the Club.

Mr. Chauncey P. Harlow, January, '83, desires to have corrected in this number of THE NORMAL STUDENT, several statements concerning him, which were contributed and published in the April paper.

Mr. Harlow tutored for about six months, during which time he took some advanced studies at the University Grammar School, taught by Lyon Brothers. He then engaged in Y. M. C. A. work, at Providence, and later was Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Lewiston, Me., and at Lowell, Mass., and has served the Association at Joliet, Ill., for over three years. He married Miss Mary Caroline Blake.

SCHOOL'S OUT!

Yes, girls of ninety-seven, once for all, school's *out!* Are you glad or sorry? Four years we have been together, and in those years that once looked so long to you, many a little girl's gown has reached a much desired—and afterward much-to-be-regretted length, while school-girl braids have sadly changed to "Psyches" or have soberly developed into "figure eights." Sometimes we have been almost sorry to see the little girls growing womanly, but with growth came new charms to compensate for those outgrown. And now school's out, and you must pack your bags for a life-voyage. You may go by different routes. We hope you will; but most cordially do we all hope that you will arrive—after not too long a journey—at that comfortable land where all teachers are happy, according to that definition which says that "happiness consists in doing work that one likes, and being well paid for it."

But what are you putting into your bags? No books, of course, for the State furnishes those now. It does seem a pity to leave the books, which have taught you so much; you can't leave the inspiration that they gave you, but you might be able to keep *that* longer if you had the books, too. But I see you are carrying away memories and high resolves and honest young enthusiasm, and pleasant friendships. And whenever you have occasion to open those school-bags in future, for a clean purpose or a new pair of ideas or a fresh truth, you will be surprised to find how many things are there besides, which you will be sure you never put in! Just as, in house-cleaning time, we find many things we had forgotten, and are glad to put them to use once more.

Yes, girls, school's out, but life's begun! And that is better. Think over the people whom you admire most, and I don't believe you'll find one who rejoices at growing older. Even that idiom shows it,—we say "growing old," and what is growth but life? Things *grow* ripe and sweet and good. If life is what it was meant to be, we *grow* wiser, kinder, and nobler with the years. And if the old proverb is true, which says "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," why may we not expect you to be among the fairest trees of all the forest? Perhaps there might be some objection to comparing you to lady-*birches*, pretty as they are!

That good old word, commencement, is a good name for this day. For it is a day of beginnings, not of endings. And "well begun is half done" is a saying centuries old, so it must be true.

Did you ever think that parting is hardest for the one who stays? So don't forget, dear girls of ninety-seven, that it is for us, not for you, that school's really out!

ONE OF THE TEACHERS.

COMMENCEMENT.

The class of Eighteen Hundred Ninety Seven. Graduating Exercises in Normal Hall,—Friday, June 18, at 10 o'clock A. M.

THEME—THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS AND PRACTICAL LIFE.

PROGRAM.

March, Stars and Stripes Forever. Sousa
Hymn, Summer Suns are Glowing.
By the School.
Prayer, Rev. W. Nutting.
Singing, List the Cherubic Host. Gaul
By the School.

I. THE AIMS OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

1. The Chief Aim.
Susan Louise Baker, Dighton, Mass.
2. Should the Child be Conscious of the Purpose of His School Work?
Elizabeth Cecilia McElinn, Centreville.
3. The Relation of Child Study to the Aims of Education.
Edna May Wood, Bristol.

II. THE WORLD'S WORK AND ITS DEMANDS.

4. The Demands and Dangers of Modern Life.
Sallie Eleanor Thornton, Olneyville.
5. The Opportunities of Modern Life.
Mary Veronica Quirk, Warren.
Singing, Briar Rose. P. Heyse
By the Glee Club.
6. Unskilled Labor and Manual Service.
Lucinda May Burke, Drownville.
7. The Trades and Industries.
Mary Dean Phillips, Providence.
8. Clerical Work.
Annie Marie Cecilia Denney, Providence.
9. Professional Work and Service.
Mary Emily Hodge, Providence.
10. Military Service.
Emma Louise Ray, East Providence.
11. Occupations Open to Women.
Alice Belle Matteson, Davisville.
Solo, "I have fought a good fight." J. E. Trowbridge
By Emory P. Russell.

III. OTHER REQUIREMENTS OF LIFE.

12. Demands of the Home.
Mary Whitford, Westerly.
13. Social Demands Beyond the Home.
Catherine Theresa Connolly, Ashton.
14. The Enjoyments of Nature, Art and Literature.
Bertha May Wood, Centreville.
15. Philanthropy.
Mary Evelyn Johnson, Centreville.

IV. QUALITIES DEMANDED BY PRACTICAL LIFE.

16. Sound Morality Requisite Everywhere.
Mary Elizabeth Rose, Kingston.
17. Self-Reliance.
Phebe Arnold Barber, Lakewood.
18. The Spirit of Helpfulness.
Mary Agnes Smith, Woonsocket.
19. Another Element of Success.
Theresa Minnie Mills, Providence.

V. HOW THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS FURNISH PREPARATION FOR PRACTICAL LIFE.

20. The Home, not the School, Primarily Responsible.
Katherine Louise Wood, Bristol.
21. The Problem for the Schools.
Hattie Sprague Babcock, Westerly.
22. The Acquisition of the Fundamental Arts.
Edith Cameron Fisher, Woonsocket.
23. The Contribution of the Study of Mathematics.
Sarah Mabelle Wilbur, West Kingston.
24. Drawing.
Florence Cora Janes, West Mansfield, Mass.
25. Nature.
Jennie Mildred Jarvis, Leominster, Mass.
26. History.
Annie Louise Tully, Allenton.
27. Reading and Literature.
Gertrude Theresa Brennan, Woonsocket.
28. Music.
Ada Mabel Perry, Dighton, Mass.
29. The Influence of the Management and Government of the School.
Eleanor Jackson Winsor, Olneyville.
30. The Social Life of the School as an Introduction to the Broader Social Life.
Fanny Irene Sherman, Portsmouth.
Singing. A Meadow Song.
By the School.
Address by the Principal.
Presentation of Diplomas by His Excellency Governor Elisha Dyer.
Class Song.
Benediction.

EXTRACTS FROM THE GRADUATING ESSAYS.

Viewing the man himself the aim of education is character-building, for in the world it is character that tells; viewing him as a member of society the aim of education is to fit him for the place in the world which is *his*. S. L. B.

The development of the child is accomplished through his own activity in the world. The course of study, which is designed to direct his activity, is determined both by a conception of society, its demands, dangers, and opportunities, and by a knowledge of the nature of the child, his interests, and order of development. E. M. W.

From our experience, we know that some children desire to excel as men. The degree in which a man excels depends upon the stability of character and strong moral purpose which he possesses. If a child is reasonably conscious of the purpose of his school life it may help him to become earnest, diligent and ambitious, it may assist in developing stability of character and strong moral purpose. E. C. M.

One of the greatest dangers of this age is the great rush and hurry incident to competition. People live too hard, they want too much, they are not willing to prepare themselves properly for their life's work. The result of it all is often a broken down constitution and a dissatisfied spirit. S. E. T.

Looking out broadly it may be safely said that wider political, industrial and social opportunities are afforded now more than any previous time, to all classes of society, to the rich as well as to the poor, to the professional man as to the manual laborer. Everywhere about us in the churches, in the offices, in the shops, in the mills, greater opportunities for self-support are offered day after day to the young men and young women of this century. M. V. Q.

In the thousands of positions filled by these so-called unskilled manual workers, more than skill is required. We find the need of certain moral qualities such as stability, faithfulness and obedience. These characteristics being appreciated, manual work will not seem degrading, and we shall agree with Carlyle in that, "All true work is sacred; for in all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth has its summit in heaven." L. M. B.

The importance of the reign of steam has been great; now it has brought us to the reign of electricity. The electrical industries are the newest and man's skill has accomplished much with this seemingly unlimited power, but we look for still greater things to be done. We see this nameless something brought under control and made to do all manner of good works. As one of the most recent triumphs, man is enabled to study the internal working of God's greatest creation. But the electrical machines together with the hundreds of other devices for the economising of forces are simply incidents to show the place of man's skill in the on-going rush of civilization. M. D. P.

It is all important, therefore, that the men and women who undertake clerical work should be careful and accurate as so much, in the present and future depends upon it. They must also be self-reliant, quick, and faithful, because many precious minutes are wasted if clerks rely on their employers to tell them just how and what to do, and also to see that they do it. A. M. C. D.

Professional work offers to those philanthropic spirits, desirous of an opportunity to work for man and his welfare a life of usefulness and service, a large field for human relief and devotion. E. H.

The United States has the smallest regular military organization of any of the leading nations of the earth. But it is the most significant of any; for this service discloses the growth of civil liberty and perfected civilization. E. L. R.

If we were to go back to the early days of the human race we should find that all the primitive arts and industries took their origin from the relation of mother to child and as a consequence we should find women as food bringers, weavers, skin-dressers, burden-bearers, founders of society and patrons of religion. One by one these arts and industries developed because they were needed and as they developed passed into the hands of men, but woman was the originator and inventor. A. B. M.

The first institution of God was the home. In the home centers the best interests of the church and state; upon it as basis and model are built up nations. The village, the city, the state, and the nation but reflect the homes of the country. M. W.

Association with the best characters in literature and the highest in art, will give to poor and busy people a larger world in which to live; worthy ideals for their inspiration; a broadened and enlightened view. The weariness and monotony of daily occupation will be relieved; children will learn how from humblest homes broad avenues lead out into highest places; plain homes will be made centers of beauty, decorative art in humblest places contributing to a genuine aesthetic training; children from such homes will grow into a living realization of the legend,

"In the midst of the light is the beautiful,
In the midst of the beautiful is the good,
In the midst of the good is God, the Eternal One."

B. M. W.

In the future the number of the needy and helpless is likely to increase owing to the conditions of modern life; and it will be necessary not only for strong men and women to carry on the philanthropic work of the present but they must be able to meet new need. M. E. J.

We trust the time will come when difficulties and differences of opinion will be settled not by fighting and trial of strength but by doing the right thing when all has been considered thoughtfully and honestly. Our country has inherited peace, our battles must be fought by character. The children in our public schools are to be the leaders of the country. While they are children is the time to establish in them a moral strength that cannot be shaken. M. E. R.

Drawing furnishes an excellent means of developing the power to see form correctly and the power to appreciate the beautiful. A good perception of form is an advantage to its possessor whatever his position in life. Its cultivation really enlarges the world for him. A mind capable of broad, intelligent observation sees variety and individuality where a less developed mind finds sameness. In cultivating the aesthetic faculty drawing opens the mind to the beauties of nature and art. F. C. J.

Of all the qualities of character which modern life requires of an individual, self-reliance is one of the most important. Many young people go into life recklessly, without any realization of its demands. Some others, awed by the requirements of life and realizing their inability to meet these requirements, go timidly. Success means reliance upon one's own powers, and cannot be achieved by weak clinging dependence upon another who may be stronger, braver, better. One may have money, influential friends, opportunities, but achievement depends upon the powers of the man himself. P. A. B.

What nobler example can be found of true helpfulness, than that of Christ, who devoted his whole life to helping others, and even gave up that life, that the world might be saved. M. A. S.

What are some of the chief elements which make one strong as a member of society? Do not firmness and decision of character coupled with sterling integrity occupy the foremost place? We all admit that our noblest men possess these qualities. Following these would come sincerity, a genuineness which abhors all affectation, for "On the corner stone of reality all true character and soul strength must rest." T. M. M.

The home not the school is primarily responsible and upon the home largely depends the child's future. If the home properly trains the child, gives him good healthful thoughts, and furnishes high standards, then the child's mind will be beautified and enobled and he will be an ornament and a power to the community. K. L. W.

The schools should not aim to fit for any special work: but their aim is to develop the general and fundamental capabilities of both mind and body so as to enable the pupil to live completely and fully. H. S. B.

This facility of intercommunication which the elementary schools aim to furnish is the foundation of all future success in society. E. C. F.

The child can not fail to see God in nature. The highest aspirations of the soul are expressed in terms of nature. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." J. M. J.

The value of learning to read lies in the ability to get the thought and meaning of a passage in literature quickly and accurately. By the training in literature in the elementary schools the thoughts of the child are uplifted and his whole life enobled. G. T. B.

Many of the songs taught in our public schools, to-day, fill the hearts of the children with a deep and true love for the birds and flowers. While religious music does much toward deepening our spiritual natures, the love of home is also made dearer by song; and there has long been a recognition of the fact that the patriotic songs taught in our schools help to fill the boys and the girls of foreign birth with the true national spirit, and to strengthen it in those of American parentage. A. M. P.

The school must arouse itself to the consciousness of its divine mission, in which is centered not only the hope but the salvation of our country. E. J. W.

It teachers are faithful and worthy leaders of the social life of the school, they will cause pupils to lay a most excellent foundation for the broader life; and that life will be truly noble if pupils have become accustomed to look beyond outward appearances to natural refinement and true nobility of heart. F. I. S.

EXTRACT FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S ADDRESS TO THE CLASS OF '07.

You leave the Normal School, we trust, with a keen sense of two things. First, of the greatness of the work which you have been preparing to undertake and second, of your own limitations. You must know yourselves fairly well now. I hope that you have a modest and well founded confidence in yourselves, in your own power of insight in your apprehension of truth, in your own judgment and in your power to act, but especially that you know your deficiencies.

We have just passed in rapid review what are the demands of the world upon the elementary schools. Do you not see what is meant when the responsibilities of teachers is referred to?

We hope that you will appreciate the value of that part of the great work which may fall into your hands. If it should be to teach a small ungraded school in an unattractive house by some unfrequented roadside, empty of everything suggestive of modern education, still be sure that you recognize the priceless value of the interests entrusted to you even there. But most of you without doubt will find in your hands more responsible work than that.

The world is open before you. Choose your own pathway through it. The calling you have chosen to enter is open to you, but you have to win a position in it. And that does not mean securing a position in a school, and it does not mean even holding the position you have secured. It means becoming a strong, useful, influential member of society, making however, your main contribution to the welfare of society through your appropriate channel as a teacher.

You will find help, encouragement, and stimulus if you look out for them and if you adjust yourself happily to your location. You will also meet competition, discouragement, and opposition. For the most part you may expect neglect and indifference to your interests.

You must steer and propel your own craft. Allow me to counsel you in one word—keep working up stream, do not drift. The sweep of a flood is always toward a lower level. The tide of life is like a river. The turbulent muddy flood of the Missouri whirls on ever toward the gulf not toward the shining summits of the Rockies. But it does furnish a great waterway by which boats may be propelled to that higher level. The current of practical life does not carry the individual who floats in it toward the heights of life.

ALUMNI NOTES.

CLASS OF JUNE, '86.

Our class numbered twelve. Four are married. Clarissa S. Estes (Mrs. Herman W. Watjen), after teaching a few years, became the wife of a minister, and resides in Warren. Adelaide T. Fitch (Mrs. Amasa Williston), also decided to change her name and at last accounts was living on a farm, in Adamsville. Edith S. Miller taught after graduation, and then went west and labored as a missionary among the Mormons. She married, and is now living in California. Her name is Mrs. Johnson. Marguerita G. Roe (Mrs. Scales) was married, about two years ago, to a physician. She resided in Washington for a time, but is now in Jamaica Plains. Annie L. Darrah, when last heard from, had changed her occupation from teaching to book-keeping, and was living in South Swansea.

One of our class, Carrie M. Lovett, died a short time after graduation.

Emily M. Johnston is teaching in Lonsdale.

Etta J. Marshall teaches in Chicago, and writes that she has become an enthusiastic cyclist.

Annie E. Udell is teaching in Providence; Alice A. Williams, in Woonsocket; May A. Worcester, in Hill's Grove; and I am teaching in Pawtucket.

ANNIE G. CRANE, June, '86.

CLASS OF JUNE, '92.

Miss Bertha N. Smith, June, '92, in reply to a request for information concerning her class, sends the following:

Mrs. Justin Stone, formerly Fannie Olney, was married November 26, 1895, and with her husband, went immediately to California, where she is still residing. She is at present teaching in the city of Los Angeles.

Annie J. Baker is teaching in Pasadena, Cal.

Louise Van Horne is teaching in Texas.

The following are teaching in Rhode Island:

Grace Johnson, in the Rose street school, Johnston; Bertha R. Kent, at Phenix; Ida McGunigle Mathers and Edith M. Short, in Providence, I believe.

Maud L. Baker is married to Mr. Howard S. Mowry, and lives at Greenville.

Mary D. Thornton was married, in June, to Mr. Walter Lawton.

CLASS OF JUNE, '94.

Of the nineteen who graduated in this class, fifteen are teaching, two have been married and one is dead.

The September following graduation all, save Anna Tisdale, began teaching. She entered Brown University to pursue further studies. After one year she was obliged to leave college on account of ill-health. It was not generally known that she was dangerously ill, and her death, the following spring, was a sad shock to all her class-mates. Miss Tisdale, by her gentle manner and kind disposition, had won for herself a warm place in our hearts, where she will always be held in highest esteem.

Of those who are teaching, Nettie McLaren, Minnie Cozzens and Helen Holbrook are in Johnston; Emma Grant and Pearl Tillinghast, in Providence; Susie Holbrook, in Cranston; Caroline Slade, in Fall River; Alice McNerney and Emily Wilson, in North Attleboro; Annie Bucklin, in Georgiaville; Lucretia Cutler, in Central Falls; Susanna Reed, Nettie Fairbrother and Sarah Ames, in Pawtucket; Lizzie Moffit is in Brownville.

Grace Hiscox is now Mrs. Amos Barrett, of Central Falls, and Eva Rathbun has left the ranks of teachers, to become Mrs. Joseph Smith.

Alice Collins is not teaching at present, but is living with her parents, in Berkeley.

SARAH E. AMES.

The Normal Student

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