

May Ewald

PEDAGESE

VOL. 2

No. 1



W. SPADER WILLIS
Principal of the Newark State Normal School

1914

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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PEDAGESE

PUBLISHED THREE TIMES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE
PUPILS OF THE NEWARK STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

VOL. II.

Annual Subscription Price 50 Cents

No. 1

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"Pedagese" is here once more to greet you, in a final 1914 issue, and to ask for your hearty support for the coming new year. To the newcomers among the student body we would say, "Pedagese is an institution—recently established, to be sure, but none the less a part of your school. It is a record of normal school life, and takes the place of the customary year book of other pedagogical schools. Our aim is to make it something that you will have years hence, and which will preserve the atmosphere of the daily routine here. Can we count on you, juniors, to help make our periodical a success?"

MERRY XMAS!

The Christmas season, that truly happy, joyous time, is upon us, fellow students. Each year it is presenting the same old problems—relatives and friends to be remembered, the perplexing thousand and one things that come up every day, and even though they take every minute of our time, only serve to make the season merrier. We are occupied with our plans for the day, our church affairs, our social gayeties, and we find ourselves with very little time to consider the other problems that the season presents.

The Consumers' League is agitating a movement to relieve the shopping rush. "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early," read the signs everywhere. You nod approval—and think nothing more about it.

Small placards in the trolley cars entreat you to buy "Red Cross Stamps." Mentally you resolve to get some—when you have time.

"Last Year the Salvation Army Fed 5,000 Poor," reads another sign. "How splendid!" you exclaim, and hurry on without stopping because you must buy Mary's present before the shops close.

And so it goes. Our attention is called on every hand to the necessity of relieving the conditions which, undesirable as they are, seem irrevocably linked with this joyous season. There has been a movement all over the country for relief of the destitute Belgians; surely it behooves us at this season to consider the destitute of our own land.

Let us give these things more than a passing thought. Let us give substantial aid insofar as we can, and—a Merry Christmas to you all!

INTERPRETATIONS OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas—"Merry Christmas!"

And why "Merry" Christmas? Simply because Christmas is primarily a time of rejoicing, a joy festival. It is a time of rejoicing, because true joy is found only in whole-hearted sacrifice, in genuine sympathy with all people, and in the realization of the ideal of service. Briefly, then, joy is possible only when there is unselfishness—"other-dom," someone has named it. And Christmas is the one time of the year when men seek to treat each other in kindly fashion, giving each other gifts as a symbol of the spirit of world brotherhood. That is, then, the true meaning of Christmas, service in the memory of One who served, gift-giving in gratitude to the progress of the race. Does that not explain Christmas joy?

We have many symbols of this spirit of joy. There are the merry meetings of friends, the joyous responses to kindness, the cheery greetings, the Christmas bells, the Santa Claus myth—expressing the desire to serve wholeheartedly, unselfishly—and the abounding spirit of joy.

Christmas is Joy!

AS A CHILD SEES IT.

Poor little children walk along sadly on Christmas Eve. Thinking that they can't get pretty holly leaves for the windows, and can not get dolls, carriages and other toys; or can't get a nice Christmas dinner. And besides, some children have no homes. And when they hear Santa Claus' sleigh and reindeers, it makes them much sadder. Some children get sick from hunger and cold. If I ever saw a poor child I would give them a good dinner and get them warm. And then let Santa Claus bring something for them.

AS CELEBRATED ABROAD.

Where, in all lands and among all nations, does the merry, festive season of Christmas express to its full degree "Peace on earth and good will to men" as does Germany? In this land Christmas time is both the delight and the dread of children; it is children's time, and as such it should be of special interest to us, who are endeavoring to know and to teach the younger people. Let me tell you all about the German Christmas.

Christmas can be traced back to the early pagan days of Germany, and even now, when the beautiful Christian conception of this festive time has become so popular, little superstitions and practices that are pagan still exist. Knecht Rupert, a wicked knave, is an example of this.

Christmas time as it is to-day in Germany is sweet, beautiful and simple. It begins sometimes on the 5th of December, sometimes later, and lasts until after New Year's Day. In Alsace Loraine we find that on the eve of the 5th of December the children hang up their little stockings, in the hopes of finding

them well stocked with toys and goodies on the morrow. The gifts are supposed to come from St. Nicholas, patron of children, a venerable old man who is represented as having a long, white, flowing beard, as wearing a white robe and as riding a white mule, while in his hand he carries a bundle of reeds.

It is in Bohemia, Styria, Carinold, etc., about the time of Advent that dramatic companies are formed to rehearse and perform Christmas plays. These little performances are mostly always a simple story of the Saviour's birth, of His persecution by Herod, or of His flight into Egypt, the main characters being the Christ Child, St. Nicholas, St. Peter, Joseph, Mary, Herod and Satan, who always acts as a mischievous fellow who invariably tries to get someone into trouble. A peculiar fact about these plays is that a handsome boy of the best morals is chosen for the Virgin.

Another custom prevalent in south Germany is to have a large group of chorus or schoolboys go from house to house singing Christmas carols to usher in the auspicious day. Their singing is accompanied by knocking or throwing rice at the windows of the different homes, hence the term "knocking nights."

Now comes the great event looked for by the children with so much anticipation of joy and with so much dread. That is Christmas Eve. The Christmas tree is placed in the largest living room. This tree is truly native to Germany. The custom originated there and it has a beautiful religious significance; the lighted candles represent Christ "The Light of the World," and the gifts hung upon it remind us how God conferred upon us the most priceless of all gifts, when He gave us His Son. The family assembles about the tree and when all is in readiness the Christ Child, or Kris Kindchen, comes; he is a sweet, simple person, dressed in white, who loves to hear the children pray and to know that they were good all year, but who is very sad to hear that they have been disobedient. Kris Kindchen calls in St. Peter and St. Nicholas, in order to learn of the good deeds of the children or their misdeeds, if there are any. St. Peter recounts the year's doings, and St. Nicholas calls in Knecht Rupert and distributes reeds. Knecht Rupert, an ugly, mischievous knave, is always willing to punish the children if he is permitted, but the Christ Child, ever kind and merciful, forgives the misdeeds and tells St. Nicholas to give presents to the children. The little ones pray, sing and recite as they are bidden by the Christ Child, and then comes the happy distribution of gifts. An evening of happiness passes and all retire, to awaken with happy hearts on the beautiful day of Christmas. The festive celebrations are by no means over; our German boys and girls have a much longer Christmas than any other children. On Christmas Day all is hustle and bustle for a great feast, and the good things prepared tempt the appetite of the most fastidious; a long day of feasting, joy and frolic lies before all, and it is here that the German proves his warm, hospitable heart and kind nature. All people are made welcome in his home; the beggar of the street is taken in and made happy, the poor do not want, and the children cheerfully share their toys with the less fortunate neighbors, and even past grievances are forgiven and forgotten in the true fullness of joy and peace. This lasts until New Year's Day, when the Christmas tree is again lighted, another festive day enjoyed, and then all is over. Yet I can't help but believe the German child is impressed enough to be good for another great year.

ENTER SANTA.

Ever so many years ago, long before you and I were born, there lived in the North, in the land of ice and snow, a nation of people who later became known as brownies. These brownies were clever little people and always bright and cheery. They were never known to fret or cry or be cross, but always wore a bright smile upon their round, merry faces. They were quite stout little people, you know, and so very, very short they seemed all the stouter. They wore little, close-fitting brown jackets and trousers; and some say that is why they are called brownies.

Now, these little people were skilled and competent workers and could make almost anything, from a rag doll to a hobby-horse. Of course, hobby-horses are not used so much nowadays, since we have automobiles; but they were in those days, however. It soon became known in the country round about that the brownies were wonderful workers, and the people in the Southlands said, "Come, we will visit these people and see their marvelous toys." So the merchants, in sailing from country to country, changed their route of travel and directed their vessels north, to the Island of Icicles, the home of the brownies. The latter were hospitable and courteous to the merchants and invited them to visit their workshops. So many, many toys you never saw in any shop window to-day! There were whole families of dolls, large and small; there were boats, trains, balls, books—why, I could go on forever and never finish telling you about them all. And they saw the little brownies at work, some sewing dolls' wigs, some painting sailboats, others making skates, and so on. The merchants were filled with amazement and delight and before they left the island they had purchased a goodly store of these well-made toys. "We will take them home to our little ones," they said.

Now, you understand, this all happened long before there was any Christmas. The years sped on. The brownies worked busily at their toys, for the merchants came yearly to purchase from them. And they were happy in their work. Then something happened which was to completely change the life of the little brownies on their Icicle Island.

One day the brownies were playing—you know, brownies never get too old to play—near the house and were making a snow man. They have plenty of snow up there in that land; the snow never melts all the year around. They had made many snow men before, but never one so large as this one, and they were proud of it. When it came to the eyes they took two large pieces of coal, and for his lips they placed the red holly berries all in a row. They really did look like red lips—that is, if you didn't get too close.

"There, now he is finished," shouted the brownies in delight. "Let's call the others to see him. What shall we call him?"

"Oh, never mind that now," said another; "we'll think of a name later on."

So the brownies ran to fetch their brothers.

"How large he is!"

"How did you ever get his head on?"

"And his face—how natural it looks! Why, brothers, he's alive; I saw his eyes blink!"

"Nonsense, Blumbo," said one of his brothers standing near by. "How could a snow man blink his eyes when they're only made of coal?"

"Really I did; you look, too."

The others did look, but of course they saw only the snow head and the deep holes, which had become blackened from the coals. But just as the sun was setting the warm rays fell on the snow man's face and gave an almost life-like look to his white face and set the coals to sparkling. Indeed it did look alive; but of course he wasn't.

The brownies, pleased with their work, left the snow man alone for the night. Long before the sun was up they were busy doing their morning chores. On his way to fetch some water Blumbo thought he would take a look at the snow man. He hastened to the field where they had left him. Walking straight toward him was their snow man! He had on a bright red suit trimmed with some white fuzzy stuff, Blumbo couldn't tell just what; and his eyes—this time they really did sparkle. How large he seemed! Blumbo, half-frightened, started to run in the opposite direction, back toward the house, when the snow man began to speak.

"Do not be frightened; I will not harm you. I've been looking ever so long for you and your brothers. I have traveled everywhere in search of you, and here I have found you at last. Do not run away."

The brownie stopped, for the voice was gentle and entreating. He gazed up into the snow man's face. He was no longer made of snow, but was one of themselves. How like his brothers he looked!

"Who are you?" he ventured.

"That I must not tell until next year this time," answered the snow man. "One thing I ask of you; grant it me. It is this: Let me stay with you. I will help you work, and just one year from this day I will tell you all."

"Come; I'll tell my brothers about it." He led the way to the house. There was great excitement and noise in the little house when the snow man told his tale. A council was held, and finally all agreed he should stay and live with them.

How quickly that year sped by! The snow man and the little brownies had become fast friends. He was like a father to them and they were all his merry, happy, loving children. He knew so much more than they did about toys, and, better still, he knew children so well he knew just what would please them. And the merchants were more delighted than ever.

The appointed day upon which the snow man was to make himself known had arrived. The brownies had finished their day's work and were seated in the great hall, waiting expectantly for the snow man to speak.

"Brothers, children," he began. Not a noise was to be heard in the room. "To-night I am to make myself known to you. For one year I have been with you—worked in your midst and partaken of your hospitality."

"You have earned it over and over again," interrupted Blumbo. "What would we have done without you?"

The snow man smiled and continued: "You want to know my name. Have I been with you all this time and you do not know?"

They looked one at another and shook their little heads.

"You are all that is kind and good and gentle," finally ventured one.

"You are the brownies' father," said another.

"You are the king of toyland," said yet another.

The snow man laughed this time and said: "You are all right. I have been called each one of these. The children call me Kris Kringle, or Santa Claus; some call me the king of toyland, and grown-up folks say I am the Christmas spirit, which is a generous, loving spirit which fills everybody's heart at Christmas time and makes them kind and generous."

"But where did you come from before you came to us?"

"I lived on the other side of the world for years and years. I have been making toys for children, but the little ones have increased so upon the earth I found it impossible to make toys for them all; and it made me sorry to think that some of the little ones should never have any toys and some have so much. So I resolved to find some way to remedy this evil. One thing was certain—I must find someone to help me, someone with a kind and generous heart who loved little children. There are plenty such people in the world, but everybody was so busy they hadn't time to help me. Then it was I heard of you, and I felt sure you would please me well and be of great help to me. So it was I came to you and spent the year. I am certain I have found the helpers I want."

"Then you will never leave us?" they exclaimed in chorus.

"Only one night every year, and that is Christmas Eve, when I must visit the children."

And so it was that the brownies and Santa Claus lived together and do until this day.

Sallie Robinson.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

CHARACTERS.

Bakooska.....A Russian Peasant Woman
Three Men.....Russian Peasants
Girl.....Russian Peasant

SCENE I.

Interior—Bakooska sitting before a fireplace, wrapped in a shawl.

Bak.—How the wind shrieks around the house; a bitter cold night! I'm thankful I need not leave my warm fireside. Hark! What was that? Only the wind shaping the door. No; there it is again.

Voice (without)—Babooska.

Bak.—Who is it that calls me on such a night? (Goes to door.) Come in, come in out of the cold. (Enter three men in heavy cloaks, with fur gloves and caps.) And what is it ye want with me?

First—Have ye not heard of the wonderful babe that has been born? We are going to carry him gifts (shows gifts).

Bak.—But what do ye want of me?

Second—Come with us. 'Tis said he is no common child, but shall be prince.

Bak.—The prince?

Third—Yes, of peace, and we go to take him to the czarovitch. Come.

Bak.—But, on such a night?

First—We may not find him unless you hasten. Come.

Bak.—But listen; how the wind moans.

Second—Will ye come with us?

Bak.—Yes; I will get my cloak.

Third—Hasten, hasten. (All go toward door.)

Bak.—The wind again. Wait a little and then I will go; but now 'tis too cold, too cold.

First—We can not stay. Will ye come?

Bak.—Too cold and windy.

Second—Then we must go alone. Farewell.

Bak.—Wait.

All—Farewell.

Bak.—(Returns to fire.) A bad night to go on any quest. Wind and snow are no mean enemies on a dark night. I would they had waited, and perhaps—but 'tis too late now. (Shakes head.)

Curtain

SCENE II.

Time—Next day. Same room.

Bak.—The wind has died away; perhaps it has cleared somewhat. (Goes to door.) Aye, a clear day. (Comes to fire.) Somehow, I can not forget these men. I wonder if they are lost. I would liked to have gone with them—to have seen the prince; but 'tis too late now, too late. Nay, if I leave to-day I may overtake them or reach the journey's end as soon as they. "A babe," they said. Then I shall take toys for a babe—gifts he would like. (A knock.) Come in. (Girl enters.)

Girl—Where are you going, Bakooska?

Bak.—Three men were here last night, who go to seek the prince, and I would not go with them; but I shall go now. My gifts are here with my cloak and staff. Say farewell to all my friends, and farewell to you. (Starts toward exit.)

Girl—Stay! Do you know the way?

Bak.—The way? (Slowly), Nay; I did not ask. But (hopefully) others can tell me. So now, farewell. (Exeunt as curtain falls.)

Curtain

SCENE III.

Street (one or two people on).

Enter Bak.—Have ye seen three cloaked men with sacks pass this way?

First Person—Nay. Why?

Bak.—They seek, as do I also, the prince.

Second Person—The prince! What one?

Bak.—The Prince of Peace. Do ye know of him?

First Person—Nay, we can not help ye. (Exit.)

Bak.—How can I tell if I find him; none know of him. I will leave a gift on each babe's pillow, and perhaps one may be he.

Curtain

SCENE IV.

(Babe asleep in room—centre.)

Bak.—Another babe. Can it be he? One gift left (places toy on pillow). 'Tis strange no man knows of him, the babe for whom I seek these many years, and in my search have grown old and weary. I must rest before I go on my way (sits in chair; sleeps).

(Enter girl in white, holly berries in hair.)

Girl—Thy work is done, oh, Bakooska, though thou hast not yet found the prince, for the loving gifts that were left on many pillows will ne'er be forgotten and the joy they brought will increase, and love and friendship will grow stronger every year throughout the land of Russia. Gifts will be given to keep green the memory of thee and the prince thou hast served in seeking.

Curtain

(Adapted from the Russian legend of Bakooska.)

Alice W. Holland.

BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS FIRE

THE SONG OF LIFE.

It isn't the length or the breadth,
But the depth of the life we live.
It's not the amount of pleasure we gain,
But the pleasure and joy we give.
It isn't the size of the picture we paint
Or the length of the song we sing,
Provided we blend our colors well
And our song has an honest ring.
It isn't the number of poems we write
That will count for us in the end.
It's not the number of people we know,
But the number we can call "friend."
We may not play the leading part,
But if we've played ours the best we could,
And sung our sweetest faithfully,
The critic will call it good.

Alice Holland.

RETROSPECTION.

Alone I sit, and think, and think,
 My endless thoughts their own course choose.
 A happily youth and childhood pass
 Before my eyes, in changing views.
 The woman, now, of numbered years,
 A worthy course through life evolves,
 A thousand deeds in her own dead past
 Are changed to things of good resolve,
 And should she have a life to mould,
 That life a perfect one would be,
 The past a worthy asset is
 In the moulding of futurity.

Pauline Glassman.

 SUMMER MEMORIES.

To the summer-time my fond thoughts stray:
 In fancy I smell the new-mown hay;
 Hear again the tinkling dinner-bell,
 And the evening prayer with its soothing spell.

I see the quaint farmhouse built on a knoll,
 Of that fair spot the very soul;
 And over that home I love so well
 Valiant oaks stand sentinel.

I sit beneath those noble trees
 And welcome the cooling evening breeze,
 Which whispers secrets of woods and hills,
 Sweetness and birds and flowers and rills.

Again I love each flower fair
 That sweetly grows in the garden there,—
 The buttercups, the violets, too;
 The rose, the pansy of every hue.

For me again is the brook's rare sound:
 For me each summer sight and sound;
 Again the sky and the mountains meet;
 And the sunset glorifies day's defeat.

Then, when the sun has gone to rest,
 The whip-poor-will sings for me his best;
 The moon shines in all her splendor bright,
 And a myriad katydids argue all night.

But at last my thoughts come home again,
Where only winter meets my ken.
Gone are the woodland flowers I love,
And a winter sky bends gray above.

And I know 'neath a snow blanket sleeps my rose;
Through a palace of crystal the farm-brook flows;
But though the days are cold and the sunshine less,
My dreams of the farm bring happiness.

Gertrude A. Kennaly.

SCHOOL NEWS

TEACHING OF SCIENCE.

A time has come in our educational system when wide awake educators realize that a study is good only when it identifies one with the vital problems of life. A study then to be a real study must be considered a long list of vital problems.

Science has been taught in the past more from the standpoint of certain abstract facts, with a large amount of abstract experimental work which mean nothing to the pupils. The problems of life are far from being abstract. Out of the schoolroom everyone has a real definite aim. Life demands this of every man and woman. As soon as school days are over the boy or girl must have some definite aim in life. It would seem then that definite aims ought to have an important place in the school curriculum, but unfortunately this is not always the case. We have made the curriculum and have written down in books certain abstract facts which we have told the child to learn, regardless of his wishes or desire, because we believe what we have placed before him will do him good. If he can see no use in what he is doing we tell him he will use it some time or that it will develop his mind. Any excuse will do as long as the subject or subject matter remains in the curriculum. In other words, we have tried to fit the child to our teaching and to our subject matter rather than fit our teaching to the child and his vital problems. We must all confess that we have taught and are still teaching many things which do not function in the life of the student and have gone about creating certain artificial vital problems and expect the student to fit them to his life, and the result has been that the high school students of science very generally want to know what the teacher wishes them to see in an experiment before feeling sure what they see. Past instruction in science, and even in our present instruction we have very little that functions in the life of the pupils. Science teachers are abstract and wish to teach abstract things because they have studied science in an abstract way. Their college course in science has been a long list of abstract facts, which has touched life only here and there, if at all. I heard a college professor once make this remark: "I am not here to teach useful things. I am

not supposed to bring my subject down to the level of the world. I am seeking after truths regarding science. It is the truths I am supposed to teach. Whether they function in life does not concern me." This idea, which is thoroughly imbibed by the college student, is carried out as a teacher in the secondary school—thus we have a large amount of pure science teaching when it should be applied science teaching, the teacher knowing little if anything about applied sciences.

I can not refrain from repeating a formula prepared by Dr. Chas. R. Mann, of the University of Chicago. He has expressed well just what our science teaching of the present day amounts to. He says: "Take thirty parts of dessicated mathematics and grind well with twenty parts of pure abstraction. When thoroughly mixed, stir with ten parts each of accurate measurements, technical, manipulation, notebook compilation and percentage of error. Let it stand over night. Then add eight parts of definition of the undefinable and two parts of real physics. The solution must be carefully corked up in college entrance examination bottles, since it will spoil quickly when exposed to the fresh air and sunshine of the world about it."

It does not seem at all impossible to teach science so that it will function in the life of the boy or girl at once. They need not be told that it is a good thing to know physics, chemistry, biology, etc., as they might find some of the facts useful in later life, or that it is a good thing to know. Life is too short to spend a year studying things which show but little possibility of being useful no matter what the subject may be, physics, algebra, geometry or Latin. There are plenty of things which will function in life at once and which will develop the mind as well or even better than all the useless knowledge which may be brought into our school curriculum. Out in life we seek the things which function for the time or day in our life. Why is not the same thing true of school life?

Dr. McMurry, of Columbia University, says in his book, "How to Study": "Much has been said in times past about art for art's sake, science for the sake of science, and knowledge for the sake of knowledge; but these are vague expressions that will excite little interest so long as the worth of a man is determined by what comes out of him, by the service he renders, rather than by what enters in. Other branches of knowledge used for educative purposes, therefore, resemble the useful arts in the recognition of their bearings on man, their actual use as the goal in their study."

It might be unnecessary to emphasize this matter were it not that this conception of study has been reached only after long development and is still actively opposed. The old Greeks stood for a very different idea. To Plato, the use of the intellect for practical purposes was subordinate and almost disgraceful. The summation of existence was to be found in reflection, and the ambition of the educated man was to escape from the concrete world, in order to live in the world of abstract truth. Reflection, contemplation, was thus not a means to but an end itself, and the thinker or dreamer, rather than the efficient man, was the ideally educated person.

That goal is now condemned for its extreme selfishness; we want men and women as citizens who are glad to identify themselves with their fellow beings and ambitious for efficient service among them, not those who conscientiously

ignore the world. Yet there are still plain tendencies in this direction, as is seen in the fact that an education that is liberal and cultural is often contrasted with one that is useful as being of a higher order. "That alone is liberal education," says Cardinal Newman, "which stands on its own pretensions, which is independent of sequel, expects no complement, refuses to be informed (as it is called) by any end or absorbed into any art, in order duly to present itself to our contemplation." Liberal education is something which "is desirable, though nothing come of it"; "worth possessing for what it is, and not merely for man's sake, would thus represent the true spirit of a liberal college course, in the estimation of this author; the admission of service to mankind as a prominent purpose, particularly as its goal, would deprive it of its liberal character, and in the same degree expose it to condemnation."

No student can understand a topic thoroughly until it has some value to him. I find it to be true that there are very few students of science who are able to tell just the manner in which their own school building is heated and lighted. Yet in many of the buildings all the principles worth knowing regarding heat are illustrated. In the building where I teach the greater part of the subject of heat may be taught from the study of the ways the building is heated. From an experiment this year I found the class had received a larger amount of real useful information than any text-book could give them. The text-book was a good reference book but the real book was the building itself and the large amount of information brought in by the students. We must more and more begin to realize what is meant by the motto: "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee." Those things which have been for the real advancement of civilization have been the things which have functioned in the lives of the inhabitants of this old earth and it is well said that the study of abstract facts on the part of students have never brought about the many useful and essential things which is making possible a higher standard of civilization.

What a student gets in science should be usable, and usable at the present time, as the using of ideas fall mainly on the present. It is just as important to grapple with the problems of life as it is to prepare for life. The result of this would be to start with life and subordinate facts to it. The duty of the school is to get somewhere. We haven't time to waste on anything but the real problems of life, and the real ideal science teacher is the one who can start activity in the school and let the pupils keep it going. If we call a study the solving of vital problems, a course in science should start with application in place of getting facts. I believe the subject known as general science, when properly defined, will greatly assist in solving our problems of science teaching.

Our greatest resources of America are not our coal fields, our gold mines and silver mines, or our oil wells, but our boys and girls, who outside of school are finding real problems to solve. Self-made men are those who have had real problems to solve. The world is advanced by finding real problems and solving them. Then it is the duty of every science teacher to develop the most wonderful resources of America by training our boys and girls to solve real problems. Nothing will fit them better than to meet real life.

D. R. Hodgdon.

OUR NEW TEACHERS.

Miss Eda J. Willard, in charge of the history department, has come to us with years of practical experience. She has not only taught in the grade schools, but has served as principal, and taught in the high schools of Chicago, California, Utah, Iowa and Maine. Miss Willard has taken courses in the Universities of Chicago, Maine, Utah and Columbia.

Miss Nancy I. Thompson is a graduate of the Pratt School, receiving the degree of Library Science in 1912. The next year she had charge of the children's department in the Brownsville Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library. Last year Miss Thompson was librarian of the Bernardsville Public Library.

Miss Buelah A. Hurley, of the manual training department, attended the Mechanics' Institute of Rochester, N. Y., and also Columbia. She was supervisor of the manual arts department of Vineland, N. J., and has taught in the private schools of Utah.

Miss E. Louise Weller has come to take charge of the music work, which Mrs. May Leet was obliged to relinquish because of change in residence. Miss Weller is a graduate of Vermont State Normal, at Castleton. She has taught at Syracuse University and throughout New Jersey.

Three new critics have been added to the faculty at Webster Street School—Miss Agnes C. Byrne, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Carlton and Miss Edith T. Doremus.

Miss Griselda Ellis has resigned to become principal of the Girls' Industrial School of Newark.

When the students returned to school in September the familiar face of Miss Runyon was missed, for during the summer she became the bride of William Dalzell.

Mr. Herman J. Cuthbert also decided to become a benedict, for on September 2, he was married to Miss Flora I. Peterson at Marquette, Mich.

THE RECITAL.

On Friday evening, October 23, a recital was given in the auditorium for the benefit of the Athletic Association. It afforded a very enjoyable evening to the large and appreciative audience. Great credit is due to the committee, composed of Miss Helen Montrose, chairman; Miss Sadie Lipson, finances, and the Misses Esther Martin and Ethel Krimke for the excellent program arranged. The program was as follows: Prelude, Miss Helen Montrose; songs, Miss Madeline Joralemon; recitation, Miss Adelaide E. Scarlet; Hungarian dance, the Misses Lillian Greenbaum and Beatrice Brodsky; piano solo, Miss Molly Mandel; songs, Miss Jeanette Stringer; recitation, Miss Alice Tetrault; violin solo, Miss Ethel Krimke; songs, Miss Lucille Butt; piano solo, Miss Sadie Lipson; dance, Miss Anita Breunig; songs, Miss Sylvia Leon; recitation, Miss Mildred Gilbert.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Instead of the excited cry of "To the guillotine, to the guillotine," there was the excited cry of "To the gymnasium, to the gymnasium," and the Junior B's went in crowds similar to those of 1793, only different in so far as the

invited went willingly. All were branded with the Junior B seal of unsophisticatedness, and were labeled, besides, with their names.

The beheading process was nothing more than a game (even in this advanced and enlightened age), in which Mr. Sloan requested the "beans" of his weak, helpless prisoners. When the murderous work was over the rabble drank the red and sparkling blood—of grapes, and then, after "going to Jerusalem" to expiate their sins, the pilgrims returned home, joyful and elated.

OUR HALLOW E'EN PARTY.

On Friday, the day of ghosts and goblins, plays and pumpkins, music and merrymaking, a hilarious host congregated in the gym. The walls were adorned with jack-o'-lanterns and broomstick witches. On the floor along the sides were corn husks and vegetables, so that the gymnasium had a festive look.

There were all kinds of peculiar people present. They danced and pranced merrily about, some prowled and peeked curiously, while others whispered and whistled. But a hush fell on the noisy throng when a little girl—a strange, rather graceful little girl—led a procession of spirits around the hall.

At first sneaky sounds were heard, startling shapes scooted in all directions, chains clanked, skeletons rattled and the mysterious monsters played terrific melodies on odd instruments until one loud horn tooted. Then the taunting horde stole silently away and left us all with a queer, creepy feeling.

In one corner funny folks ducked for apples. In an eerie nook, a wild, weird witch told fortunes in a "spooky" voice which haunts the hearer even now. At length the gruesome guests were tired and prepared to go home.

White witches whined and whimpered, youngsters yelled and yawned, great, great ghosts groaned and gaped. Good night.

CLASS OFFICERS.

Senior A Class

President, Miss Letitia Davis
Vice President, Miss Ida Walsh
Secretary, Miss Ann Shirley
Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth McNicol

Senior B Class.

President, Miss Lena Battin
Vice President, Miss Marie Joachim
Recording Sec., Miss Mildred Versoy
Corresponding Sec., Miss Ethel Lewis
Treasurer, Miss Viola Liebscher

Junior A Class.

President, Miss Lillian Greenbaum
Vice President, Miss Helen Tully
Treasurer, Miss Natalie Vernet
Recording Secretary, Miss Beatrice Brodsky
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Florence Hood

Junior B Class.

President, Miss Adelaide Scarlett
Vice President, Miss Ann Ashmead
Recording Sec., Miss Bertha Tuite
Corresponding Sec., Miss Hazel Moran
Treasurer, Mr. Albin Frey

Athletic Association.

President, Miss Natalie Vernet
Vice President, Miss Ursula Grobert
Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Elsa Terhune

CHAPEL CHIMES.

Miss Bodler's class in the History of Education has visited various educational institutions throughout the city. The trip to the Parental Home in Verona was described by Miss Mable Van Syckle and Miss Columbia Ryan; a visit to the South Side High School was reported by Miss Smith. Work that is being accomplished at the School for the Deaf was explained by Miss Ida Stahl and Miss Alice Tetrault.

Appropriate Exercises for Columbus Day.

The Junior A class presented a three-act operetta, words and music written by Miss Ethel Krimke, a member of that class. The operetta was a dramatization of the incidents connected with the life of Columbus and the discovery of America. Columbus was impersonated by Miss Sylvia Leon, Queen Isabella by Miss Rivello; King Ferdinand, Miss Neely, and the leading sailor, Miss Livingston.

On Wednesday morning, October 14, Mr. Hodgdon gave a very interesting talk on the mosquito. He discussed the diseases carried by the insect and illustrated his talk with pictures.

On Friday, October 30, the Senior A class presented the operetta "Hansel and Gretel." This charming fairy tale was interpreted beautifully by Miss Carpenter's class.

Mr. Sloan's Junior B classes in geography have discussed many important topics of the day. Miss Marion Southall spoke on the "Cape Cod Canal" and Miss Adelaide Scarlett "Our Opportunities for Trade With South America."

The children from Burnet Street School presented a scene from "As You Like It." The children were coached by Miss Lucille Butt.

On Friday morning, November 6, Miss Helen Montrose rendered a piano solo, Miss Ethel Krimke a violin solo, Miss Viola Duffus recited "The Classical Parson." The Senior B Quartet, composed of Miss Grace Williams, Miss Helen Trawin, Miss Helen Woodruff and Miss Charlotte Waddam, sang old Southern songs.

The Arts and Crafts Club is to be commended for securing Mr. Hugo B. Froelich, director of Manual Arts in Newark, to address the school on Wednesday, November 11. He chose for his subject "The Industrial Arts in our Public

Schools." One of the many good things in his address was the stressing of the fact that the "useful without the beautiful is brutality."

Under the direction of Miss Viola Liebscher, the Senior B III class gave a very pretty exhibition of the dances of the various nations in costume. Miss Blanche Maybaum explained the significance of each dance and Miss Sadie Lipson played for the dances.

Friday, November 13, we were transported to the land of cherry blossoms and chrysanthemums, for the Senior B IV class presented Japanese life in dance and song. The setting, costumes and the manner of presentation deserves great praise. Much credit should be given to Miss Mildred Versoy and to Miss Elsa Bollin, who played the piano accompaniments.

Members of Miss Kreiner's Junior B classes in English gave interesting talks on various topics under discussion in their English work. Miss Helen Miller spoke on "Monographs Issued by the Commission of Education;" Miss Hazel Moran, "The Teaching of Elementary Composition;" Miss Viola Duffus, "The Tone of the Voice;" Miss Gertrude Clark, "The Voice and Spiritual Education."

The young men of the school should be commended for their originality. They serenaded the basketball teams the other morning with "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," affording great amusement to the school.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

One morning Mr. Willis spoke to the school on the advantage of teaching in a country school. He explained that the schoolhouse on the hill, where the teacher builds the fire, is fast disappearing and the well-equipped building is taking its place.

On November 10 Mr. Jesse Selover, supervising principal of Middlesex county, spoke on "Rural Schools." He emphasized the fact that the teacher must have a strong personality and a love for children.

The same morning Mr. H. B. Willis, superintendent of schools in Middlesex county, spoke on "The Necessary Assets of a Teacher." He made the distinction between the way and what is worth while, and the necessity of an agreeable personality. As a reminder of his visit he left with us the following couplet: "What kind of teaching will there be if every teacher teaches just like me?"

Miss Lillian M. Kreiner, of our English department, was one of the speakers at the Burlington County Teachers' Institute and also at the institute held at Salem.

The Alumnae Association of the Newark high schools gave a reception Friday afternoon, November 13, in honor of the girl graduates of the class of 1914 and 1915. The Senior B IV's presented a scene from Japanese life, introducing aesthetic dancing, while the Senior B III's gave the dances of the nations. Miss S. Lipson played a piano solo. Dancing and refreshments followed in the gymnasium.

The college loan fund committee, with Mrs. John B. Lee, Jr., chairman, gave a moving picture benefit at the Goodwin Theatre the following Monday and Tuesday.

SOCIAL GOVERNMENT NEWS.

A form of government known as a "social government" was inaugurated in our school last year. All social matters pertaining to the welfare of our institution are conducted along the same lines as political affairs in our own municipality.

Official List of School Officers.

- Mayor.....Miss Grace D. Williams
- Chief Justice.....Miss Van Syckle
- City Prosecutor.....Miss Esther Sel
- Supreme Court.....Miss Olive Williams, Miss Regina Smith
- Court Clerk.....Miss Elizabeth Walsh
- Chief of Fire Dep't.....Miss Helen Trawin
- Chief of Police.....Miss Letitia Davis

The Boards of Health, Works and Education have been combined into a Board of Public Welfare.

Members of Board of Public Welfare.

- Ward 1.....Toledo Landis
- 2.....Viola Liebscher
- 3.....Elsa Bollin, President
- 4.....Miss Helen Cooper
- 5.....Miss Florence Howarth
- 6.....Miss Gertrude Kennaly
- 7.....Miss Helen Tully
- 8.....Miss Irene Berry
- 9.....Miss Emily Garda
- 10.....Miss Hazel Moran
- 11.....Miss Ardelle Whittlesey

Common Council.

President, Isabel Potter. Treasurer, Miss Southrall.
 City Clerk, Mary Louise Masters.

Ward.

- 1. Miss Watson
Miss Quinn
- 2. Miss Potter
Miss Martin
- 3. Miss Thieme
Miss Spaeth
- 4. Miss Eastrum
Miss Brodsky
- 5. Miss E. Smith
Miss Glassman

Ward.

- 6. Miss N. Rogers
Miss Reed
- 7. Miss Vreeland
Miss Shea
- 8. Miss Benjamin
Miss Baldwin
- 9. Mr. Whyte
Miss Hammel
- 10. Miss Salkeld
Miss McClellan
- 11. Miss Southrall and
Miss Tribett.

The Social Service Government has established a Bureau of Food Inspection

in the school. Candies and milk, purchased in stores near by, are being tested for impurities.

A Fire Department has been established for the purpose of organizing a body of students into an efficient fire-fighting corps.

NORMAL NUGGETS.

The Pedagese is now celebrating its second birthday.

Five hundred and sixty-seven students are at present enrolled in the Newark State Normal School.

The Junior B's went on a hike. They were just like regular campers—built a fire, roasted frankfurters, toasted marshmallows, and had an exceedingly good time.

Motion pictures and now being used in addition to the stereopticon to illustrate a number of lectures given under the auspices of the Newark Board of Education.

A special day has been assigned for the members of each class to entertain the rest of the school.

The Junior B's are planning for a Christmas party to be given December 23.

Did you notice the exhibit on the first floor. All lines of our work are represented.

The Senior A's, under the supervision of Miss Carpenter, are preparing to present Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" before the school.

To show how national songs are based on geographic features of the country, a musical program dealing with the songs of Ireland was given before the school.

That the school shows lack of spirit was indicated at the recent recital. The audience was composed in the majority of outsiders. However, a nice sum was netted in order to pay for the Victrola, which is now used in the gymnasium.

Many members of this school took part in the pageant given for the benefit of the Babies' Hospital at the First Regiment Armory December 9. Miss Anita Breunig, who impersonated the "Spirit of America," headed the American group.

A TRIBUTE.

With the death of Elizabeth Schild, of the class of June, 1914, all who knew her lost a dear friend. Hers was a beauty of character, an outward expression of sincere thought and feeling. Always ready to find the best in everyone, she was herself endowed with a warm, loving nature, together with talent which already had left a wholesome and permanent influence. Her joy in living made her short years a bit of radiant sunshine whose rays reached many hearts to be reflected again in her own words and actions. Our comfort in the face of death is in the beautiful memory Elizabeth's name holds for us. Whatever words we can say, what thoughts we think and all that we feel, places her high among the souls of God's Greater Kingdom, where her influence will be felt anew.

Member of Class of June, 1914.

ATHLETICS

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

In a little town of less than 10,000 inhabitants, situated about seven miles from Newark, there exists a high school football team which during the past season has won great merit for its alma mater. Ask any man on this team the cause of its continuous success and he will answer in one word—"spirit." Going further into detail, he will inform you that "with 75 per cent. of the inhabitants of the town and 99 per cent. of his schoolmates cheering him on to victory, each fellow feeling that the success of his team depends upon him personally, strains himself to the utmost, the invariable reward thus far being success."

School spirit and unity are two elements which are not very much in evidence in Newark State Normal as far as athletics are concerned. Most of her daughters do not realize that support is as necessary to victory as is practice. The above illustration serves as ample proof of this statement. A team may work and practice for months, but if the student body, individually and collectively, displays no interest in its success or failure, the latter is usually assured. The support of which I speak springs from school spirit, and school spirit is one form of patriotism. It is impossible for all to play on a team. Therefore give way to the better men; but if you want your better men to be the best, support them! Schoolmates, it is your duty. Neglect of duty always causes regret. Come out to the games. Learn your class songs and cheers and render them gladly to your comrades. What matter if an irritable throat is the result? Will not the success of your team, which is sure to follow your support, fully repay you for this temporary inconvenience? If your team members have played well, tell them so. Congratulate them when they win. Console and encourage them to further effort when they lose. The new year is rapidly approaching. In advance let us all firmly resolve to let our opponents know that we believe Newark State Normal to be the best ever.

NORMAL A. A.

During the second week of the school term, when everyone had become acclimated, the election of A. A. officers for the season of '14 and '15 took place, with the following result: President, Miss Nathalie Vernet; vice president, Miss Ursula Grobert; secretary and treasurer, Miss Elsie Terhune.

A chocolate sale did a good deal toward increasing the finances of the association. For buying this chocolate, regardless of the number of calories of fats, proteids or hydrocarbons contained in it, we render the student body and the faculty a vote of thanks.

Two meetings of the A. A. have been called thus far, and the association is well under way for the season of 1914-'15.

BASKETBALL.

The class teams for the season of 1914-'15 have been chosen, and the schedule of interclass games is as follows:

Thursday, November 19, Junior A vs. Junior B. Tuesday, December 1, Junior B vs. Senior B. Monday, December 7, Junior A vs. ———. Monday,

December 14, Senior B vs. Junior A. Friday, January 8, Senior — vs. Junior A. Monday, January 18, Senior — vs. Junior B.

The members of each class team have been chosen after careful deliberation on the part of their respective captains and represent the best material which the class affords. The class games present an excellent opportunity for a display of class spirit. If we can arouse friendly rivalry and sound class spirit the most important step in securing school spirit will be accomplished.

Support your class team and when your varsity team has been formed your support will follow reflexly as a matter of course.

JUNIOR B VS. JUNIOR A.

On Thursday afternoon, November 19, the Junior A team met defeat at the hands of their underclassmen. The Junior B led all through the game, the final score reading 25 to 5. The game has proved to be the "Bunker Hill" of the Junior A class—a victory in a defeat, for several new candidates for the team have appeared upon the scene and were welcomed by Miss Holland.

Junior A's show your spirit! Set an example for the Junior B's, instead of allowing them to set an example for you, as they are now doing. The majority of you have only one and one-half years of school days left. Use the time to good advantage. Come out and play with your team. Just because you think you have no chance to "make" the first team don't stay away. Give your first team some good material to practice against and then when they win you will be able to say that you helped to train them and will thus surely rise in the estimation of your fellow classmen.

SYNOPSIS OF GAME.

Junior B.	Line-up.	Junior A.
Petry		Ernst
Vernet		Greenbaum
	Forwards.	
Clark		Denolles
Deisler		Hammond
	Guards.	
Kroll		Holland
Corven		Scott
	Centres.	

Goals—Vernet 3, Petry 8, Greenbaum 1. Free throws—Greenbaum 2, Ernst 1, Petry 2, Vernet 1.

FAILURES.

You say the game was "the limit;"
Team's not good enough for the place;
That they need more practice badly—
You think it a disgrace!

A disgrace—though you willingly grant
That to do their best they tried,
While your only help was to criticize
As you stood way off at one side.

They failed? Let me ask you a question:
What would you say if you knew
That the players who tried and failed
Are better men than you?

Aye, better men by far
Than ever were you and I.
It isn't the fact that they fail that counts,
But only that they try.

For a vict'ry is often a fairlure,
And a failure is often a gain—
To the man who was afraid to try
Should come the measure of pain.

For you give nothing while he gives all,
And though he fail again and again
When he's played the very best he can,
He's a man in the world of men.

So rally around your comrades
With a loyal heart and true,
For if you fight shoulder to shoulder
You'll lessen the failures of two.

ATHLETICS IN THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM.

In some pedagogical circles there has been considerable discussion of late as to the part played by athletics in the school curriculum. Generally speaking, the arguments in favor of the extension of athletics have far outweighed the negative. Personally, I would state the following arguments on the affirmative: If the physical education of the individual is neglected his mental and moral activities will suffer accordingly; the class records of the college athlete are almost always higher than those of his fellow classmen who are not interested in sports. Is it likely that the leading educational institutions of the land underestimate the value of athletics?

One of the leading negative arguments is that the growing importance of athletics interferes with the mental development of the student. This is easily answered—in nine out of every ten schools the student holding a place on any team is required to maintain a certain standard in his studies. A fall from this standard necessitates a forfeiture of his position on the team. Knowing that there is always a covetous eye watching this position, the student in question is spurred on to his finest work mentally and physically.

Considering these things, students of Newark Normal School, is it still possible to allow incidents of minor importance to interfere with your attendance at athletic events? If possible, make the team; if not, I exhort you to be present at the games. You will certainly derive pleasure from the contest and your presence will serve as an incentive to your team.

PRACTICE NOTES

"A CHANGE OF VIEWPOINT."

We have passed for the time being from pupils to pupil-teachers. There is a charm in the dual part of pupil-teacher never quite realized in either alone. On the one hand, we sympathize with the children, who in their eagerness to do," sometimes overdo or outdo our patience. How often they are waiting for the word of encouragement, the smile, the pat upon the head! Never have we realized more than now, as we watch for the little touch of human kindness on the part of our critic, what a bit of sympathy will do to speed us onward, and we resolve that we shall remember to reward our pupils thus when we have left the pupil stage behind and assumed fully the part of the teacher.

Upon the other hand we try to take the viewpoint of the teacher, and—oh, how immature and helpless we feel when we see the countless calls for little acts of kindness and tact necessary to make the wheels of the schoolroom machinery run smoothly!

The bright, cheery word necessary to change John's scowl to his customary smile; the quiet, grave look necessary to calm Mary's overcharged state of activity; the word of encouragement for Thomas, who has to work several hours before he crawls to school; the thoughtful guidance, not the commanding manner warranted to upset the most orderly class. All this in addition to hearing the lesson, you ask? Oh, ye of little wisdom, hearing lessons is the least of leading the young, of being that most charming person—the teacher loved and respected by her classes, who long remember her as the "one who understood and taught us."

FROM 5-B SPELLING PAPERS.

A camel has seven stomachs so he can go across the desert.

Teacher said: "Either steady (study) your geography lesson or you will be moralized."

In a spelling lesson the word "breaker" was explained by the teacher. Turning to one child, she asked him to tell what a breaker was. "A man on a freight train," he answered.

FROM A LANGUAGE LESSON.

When they rich (reached) the drath (wharf) they sent a minsager (messenger) to Peter Stuyvesant to tell him to give up the land. When he herd this he was angry, and sumbled (stumped) on his wooden leg. He didn't want to give it up.

They sent a massage to Peter Stuyvesant.

They were tarding with the Indians from far north to New Amsterdam for furs. The Dutch paid for the land twenty-four dollars worth the beans and blankets.

A COAT THAT WOULDN'T COME OFF.

The inspector asked the boys of the school he was examining: "Can you take your warm overcoats off?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Can the bear take

his warm overcoat off?" "No, sir." "Why not?" There was a silence for a while, then a little boy spoke up: "Please, sir, because God alone knows where the buttons are."

ONE ON THE TEACHER.

Teacher (to dull boy in mathematics)—"You should be ashamed of yourself. Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor."

Pupil—"Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States."

"What is your favorite subject in school?" asked a Newark father of his youngest, a 1-B. "Fire drills," was the prompt answer, "'cause you can get out-doors and run around."

A teacher always gave this command for marching: "Children, ready for marching, turn about." One day one of the best marchers took his place at the front of the room and gave this command: "Kids, ready for marching, turn yourselves around."

HEARD AT WEBSTER SCHOOL.

After a gymnasium lesson, during which the game, I Say Stoop, I Say Stand, was taught by one of the practice students, the critic teacher asked: "Well, children, what was Miss —— trying to do?" One child raised his hand. "She was trying to make fools of us."

A QUESTION OF TIME.

The class had been studying the "Bell of Atré." The teacher had placed a picture of Sir Galahad and his horse at the front of the room. "When do you suppose the knight in our story looked like the one in the picture?" John raised his hand immediately. "At about seven o'clock in the morning."

MA COULDN'T BE.

A small boy, writing a composition on Quakers, wound up by saying that the "Quakers never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw each other and never jaw back." He added: "Pa is a Quaker, but I really don't think Ma can be."

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

During a phonics lesson the word "pound" was being discussed. The teacher asked several children to use the word in sentences. One child bought butter by the pound; another bought sugar, etc. A third child rose and said: "I can buy oranges by the pound." The teacher was surprised and questioned him. "Do you really buy oranges by the pound?" "Oh, no," said the child, "I buy them by the pushcart."

PATRIOTIC YOUNG AMERICA

"Who was the first man?" asked the examining history teacher. "Washington," hastily replied a bright boy, quoting a familiar slogan, "First in war, first in peace, first—" "Wrong. Adam was the first man." "Oh," the pupil sniffled disgustedly, "if you are talking about foreigners."

FROM A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

Patrick Henry was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and brown hair. He got married, and then said, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Willie—"Pa." Pa—"Yes." Willie—"Teacher says we are here to help others." Pa—"Of course we are." Willie—"Well, what are the others here for?"

FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS.

Tennyson write "In Memorandum."

Louis XVI. was gelatined during the French Revolution.

Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

The Battle of Cowpens was a battle fought in the stockyards during the Civil War.

The five great powers of Europe are water power, steam power, electricity, horses and camels.

An Equinox is a man who lives near the north pole.

Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant.

WHAT'S A MAN?

A little girl wrote the following composition on men: "Men are what women marry. They drink, smoke and swear, but they don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the women sprung further than the men."—Ex.

FROM THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

A woman of philanthropic tendencies was paying a visit to a lower East Side school. She was particularly interested in a group of poor pupils and asked permission to question them. "Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?" No one answered. "Now, think a little. What is it I am doing when I gave up time and pleasure to come and talk with you for your own good?" A grimy hand went up in the rear of the room. "Please, ma'am, youse is buttin' in."

We must be as courteous to a child as to a picture—give it the advantage of the best light.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FROM 4-A HISTORY PAPERS.

Marco Polo was a boy who lived in Vines, Itiley he was a rich and kind boy. He went to a school which he learned about sailing. One day he went on a with his father to the rich lands to trade. He sailed to Asia, China, Pursia and East Indies; When he returned after twenty fore years he'd did not know aney one so on nigh he call maney people and showed a black coat which he tore. The people was surprised to see the dimmonds and perles. This is the way he gained maney friends.

"Marco Polo was a man who knew where to find jewelry."

"When Marco Polo returned from his journey all his friends had forgotten

him so he cut a coat in which diamonds and pearls fell out from—and then they knew him.”

FROM ANOTHER PAPER.

In answer to the question, “Why are these dates important (1492 and 1497)?” one little boy wrote: “These dates are important because a visitor comes so if he asks us we are able to tell him.”

“Leaf discovered greenland becoz he found a spot of green grass.”

“Amerigo Vespucci was the first man that America got its name from. Which to-day the people called it America.”

“Marco Polo was and Eglishman who explored the great harbors.”

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

I’m Apolla the sun god. One day as I was riding in my chriot I saw a little maiden. I asked if she would like to live in my sky house. She got afraid and ran away. I ran after her and said: “Little made, I do not want to hurt you.” But she kept on. She ran and ran ontill she yell, “Oh father, safe me.”

Her feet became the trunks of trees, her hand was the branches. As I cam running I clasped the tree and said, “As I’m immortal you shall be called the tree that as green leafs all year round. And the victor of a race shell recive a wreathe of laurel leafs.

SIMILAR ENDINGS TO STORIES.

When enybody win in any grate thing he will be prode (proud) to wair a wreath of laurel leaves.

With outstreght arms Apollo caught nothering but the trunk of the tree.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Soon after Tommy Fletcher’s teacher had introduced her class in language to the ditto mark Tommy went to visit his aunt. While away he wrote the following letter to his father:

Dear Father,

I hope you are well.

“ “ mother is “

“ “ sister “ “

“ “ Bob “ “

“ “ grandmother is well.

“ wish you were here.

“ “ mother was “

“ “ sister “ “

“ “ Dick “ “

“ “ grandmother was here.

“ “ you would send me some money.

Your loving son,

TOM.

Miss M —, conducting a class which was singing the song "Cat-tails"—
"Now see how straight you can sit up and how slender you can be."

"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man."

HEARD IN OUR GEOGRAPHY CLASS AT NORMAL.

Miss K — was presenting a lesson on the North American Indian. She made the point that the Indians were partly justified in taking their stand against the white men, since the whites had taken their lands. "But, of course, you know all white men are not bad," she said in conclusion.

"It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at."

IN AN ORAL LANGUAGE LESSON ON THE TURKEY.

Teacher—"When do we eat turkey?" Pupil—"When it's cooked."

If countries were relatives Chile would be a cousin to Argentina.

The teacher's joy is to touch and conquer souls, and this is the one prize which can bring us a true compensation.—Maria Montessori.

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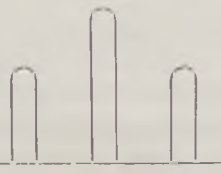
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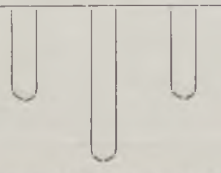

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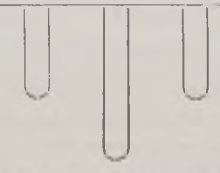
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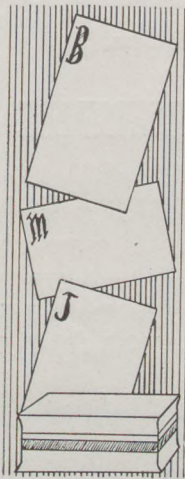
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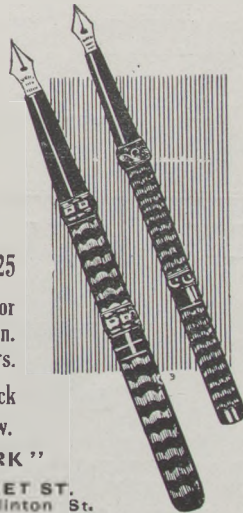
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