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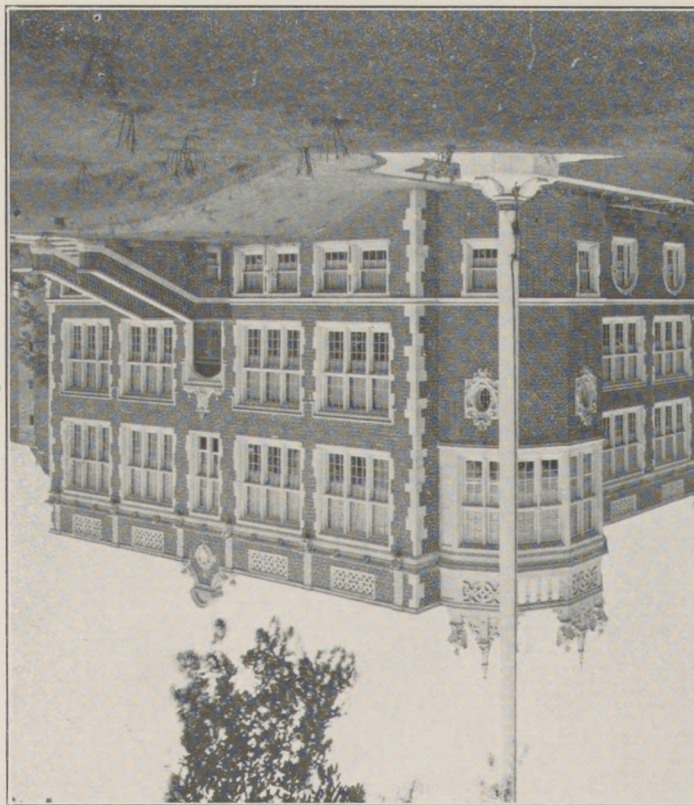
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PEDAGESE

FIRST NUMBER
JANUARY, 1914

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
NEWARK, N. J.

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MARGUERITE MILLER
IDA STAHL

Literature

MILDRED V. RSOY
MAUJE J. NNER

THE PHILOSOPHIZING OF DONNIE S.

Granville, Dec. 26, 1913.

Well, who'd ever think it was only one day after Christmas? You'd never think it to see this place. Oh, of course there are all the toys and playthings, but those aren't the only things a fellow wants around Xmas. I wish I could make Aunt Patty understand. There, that's an awful satisfaction to see "Patty" written down. I'd never dare say it, even though I always do think it in my own mind, because Aunt Patience would start in with one of those forty-minute lectures that are three times as bad as a whipping. If she'd only give me a fierce thrashing, or talk to me in a scolding way, I wouldn't care a pin, but Aunt Pat never does that. She comes out walking very straight and solemn, with a great triumphant expression, almost covered up with the straightness, but you just can't help seeing anyway. I've often wondered if she doesn't look something like Julius Caesar did when he was leading his captives through the streets of Rome.

"Come, Donald Leefair Sedgwick"—Aunt Patience always calls me by my full name when she's ready to preach—"come, Donald Leefair Sedgwick," I can hear her say way above me in even, awful tones, that always remind me of the heavy drip, drip, drip of the rain on the windowsill on a drizzly day. I never look up at her face, for I know just how it's going to look, her mouth very drawn and pulled back at the corners, those funny gold-rimmed spectacles pushed way down at the end of her nose. They don't fall off, neither; but I suppose that is because of that peculiar little bump right in the middle. Her eyes stare over them very, very hard. Aunt Patty has green eyes; at least I think they're green. I told her that once and poor aunty got terribly excited, and turned around with a rush, stamped her foot and called sharply she'd have me know they were hazel, and so I never speak of eyes to her, because I'd have to call them hazel, and that would be a story, and I'm sure they're green, and Aunt Patience has said there's no, absolutely and emphatically no (at least I think that's what she said) excuse for telling a lie, even a white one.

But it won't hurt to call them green here, because Aunt Patience won't see this, or anybody else. I was just wondering if it was dishonorable to put all these things down about Aunt Pat, I mean Patience, when she gave me this little book. You see this was my Xmas present from her; she said it was about time I took account and did things worth while, or something more that I didn't understand, so she gave me this to write up what I do. It was to be absolutely my own, so I'm going ahead and write what I feel like.

You see, I'm not very certain about what people write in diaries. I suppose it's something like a record that they have after you're dead, so that people will know just what you really were.

In that case I ought to tell something about myself instead of Aunt Patience,

though of course she's a lot more important in her own way than I, for I'm only a "very small way," and children should be seen and not heard. Aunt Patience says probably that's why they give them diaries, or else they'd never find out anything about them or have anything to remember them by.

One thing I do consider important. My eyes aren't green. They're brown, a dark brown, and quite large. I noticed that when I was looking in auntie's dressing table mirror the other day when I was watching those little black holes in the centre of them swell out and get small, just like elastic. It was the funniest thing, and I'd like to know what makes it. If there was only a man around that I could talk to I'd find out in a moment, but aunt thinks I'm foolish, so I never ask here about those questions. I'm saving them all up till papa comes back.

My hair is brown, too, the bushy kind that it's hard to keep combed. Don't I get the lectures though on "carelessness" and "boys' nonsense" when I come in after a good game. Who could keep all fixed up when he's having any fun?

Auntie thinks I should never like to "indulge in those playtimes from which I can't emerge like a gentleman." She's said it so often I know it by heart.

Well, I won't any more, as far as I can see here. We've moved miles and miles out to this far away old farm, with nothing but bare trees, and fields, and mountains, and a few houses. There aren't any real boys for a hundred miles, I guess. Wish I were a hundred miles away, and so does Aunt Patty. But I'm not, and I suppose I'll have to find things to do that won't make any noise, although there isn't a live thing to wake except aunt, and I sometimes wonder if she's really truly human. She's going to live down some kind of sorrow, or meditate (I heard her tell Katie), and I think it's on account of that man that she was engaged to, the one's that's gone away. Do you know I don't blame him much! Guess Aunt Patience was too sort of funereal like and dead for him; he was such a live boy man. He had gray hair, too, but that didn't make any difference. The two or three times that I saw him he told me such interesting things about boys and football. He's a dandy all right.

If there were only some boys we could find something to do, but what good are toys when you have to use them yourself?

Wish something exciting would happen, but there's about as much chance as of Aunt Patience forgetting to tell me to wipe my shoes when I come in. It's supper time now, so I'd better finish up some other time. I don't believe anybody ever wrote a history in one day.

Two days later.

We're still at this solemn place, and I haven't done anything much, but I've learned more about keeping diaries. Aunt Patience says they're for writing down your good thoughts, but any kind of thoughts will do. It's a good thing everything doesn't have to be just doings, or this book would be pretty much of a blank.

I have plenty of time for thoughts, though. Mostly I think of what a queer kind of a place this is to want to live in. The house is way back on a hill, and in the summer it's probably shaded by trees, but now it's like a forest in winter,

just stiff, tall trunks with spiky branches. It's such a big house, too, with an odd kind of high back furniture, high ceilings, great, dreary rooms that make your voice sound all hollow and far away. I don't like it a bit, and I don't care what Aunt Pat says; I can't learn to enjoy what I have when I haven't anything to enjoy.

That's one of Aunt Patty's "quotes." She likes those things a lot, and is always telling some of her "quotes" to help make me better.

But in the city I didn't mind them much, and I never took the time to think out what they did mean, for I always had the boys.

But now Aunt Pat and me—I mean I—are alone, and when two people just have to be together and there isn't anyone else to talk to they might as well be—well there's some big word that means have a sort of feeling together. A fellow can't expect an aunt to come down to his views, so I'm going to try and come up to hers, even though I don't understand most of them. They're so queer at first, but I'll get used to them after awhile. Maybe it's because I don't know much.

I've tried my first experiment to-day; hereafter I'm going to look for the "bright side." That was what she told me this morning—a funny thing on a rainy day. It took me most all day to find any, but I did after sitting at the window. Well, I went to the large living room window that faces northwest and looked over every inch of ground ahead, and everything was a heavy gray mist. The mountains looked as though they were covered with cobwebs, and everything seemed blue. Say, maybe that's why they say that people feel blue!

But there wasn't any brightness, so I waited and waited and watched and watched, for I knew there must be one if Aunt Patience said so. And there was. After a long time, in the western sky, straight opposite the gate, a streak of light came through the gray sky when it began to clear, and I knew that that must be "it."

That's what I've been watching all the afternoon. It was rather pretty to see the clouds break, float off, the light come, burst out in sudden spots, and then the sun playing hide and seek from under the clouds; but I don't see how it can make me any better to just watch that. That's one of the views of Aunt Patience that I don't understand. It's done some good and I'm going to keep it up. What do you think? I told her I had been looking on the bright side to-day and she said she was glad, and I had been a good boy.

It was hard to sit still, but if it's going to please Aunt Pat I think I can do it, so I'm going to keep it up to-morrow.

New Year's Day, my last at Granville.

Whew! Aunt Pat must know a wonderful lot. I'm so excited I can hardly write, but this will be the last time that I'll write here, so it won't hurt.

It's the "bright side" experiment. I kept it up, and the most wonderful thing has happened. I was curled up on the window seat staring just as hard as I could. It seemed sort of silly to me, but as long as it pleased Aunt Pat, well, I didn't care, when all of a sudden I heard someone coming in the room, and

there stood Aunt Pat and the man that had gone away, and they looked at me and smiled all over their faces.

I hadn't seen much to smile about myself, but I did in a minute. "Hello, sonny," he said. "Your Aunt Pat"—yes, he called her Pat, and she merely smiled—"Your Aunt Pat and I are going to move to the city. Do you want to come, too, or would you prefer this?"

"Oh, do you mean it?" I shouted and rushed over to him. "Honest?" It seemed too good to be true.

And then suddenly I remembered my experiment.

"Say, which way did you come in?" I asked him.

"Front, of course," but what's the trouble you?

Then I told him that "Aunt Pat—(I called her Pat too), must have known you were coming all the time, because she told me to look for the "bright side," and that exactly faced the gate. I must have missed you, though, for I didn't begin early enough this morning."

When I said that he laughed and laughed, and so did Aunt Pat. They seemed to think it was great fun. I'll bet you could have heard the noise a whole block.

Then he said we'd give a cheer for Aunt Pat. I was kind of afraid at first, but it was all right, and we gave three loud raahs, and Aunt Pat only laughed and put her handkerchief to her eyes, as if she were wiping off tears.

We've had a bully time ever since, and the best of it all is that Uncle Hallie (he told me to call him uncle) is going to live with us. We have great plans, for he plays all kinds of ball, we have a whole room to ourselves for target shooting and making things, and I'm going to learn to skate if it'll only get cold enough soon.

Aunt Patience is wonderfully changed, too. I suppose it's because she's going to live with Uncle Hal, and so she's trying to do what he likes and please him, just like I was trying to please her. That saves me a lot of trouble because Uncle Hal's the dandiest sport, and I like a lot of the same things he does anyway. She doesn't seem to care much about noise, and kisses me good night without even a "quote." I heard Uncle Hal say he didn't believe in too many of those until boys were older.

I found out I was wrong in that little experiment—that is, I was wrong their way of looking at it, but I was right in my own because things happened just as I wanted them to.

I'm not going to keep a diary for a while yet, for they're mostly thoughts and it's better to be really occupied with real things for a while—so Uncle Hal says. But I've adopted some New Year's resolutions any way. I thought that might please Aunt Pat, and the first one is "to look on the bright (meaning cheerful) side." If only I'm as happy as I was in this right way as I was in my wrong one—well, I guess perhaps it'll be Aunt Pat instead of Uncle Hal.

P. S.—I wonder if you say good-bye when you finish a diary.

—Mildred B. Versoy.

LA CAMPAGNA.

In some mountain hemmed in valley,
Where the country people rally,
Ready and up at early morn,
To hear the huntsman blow his horn;
On some verdant hilltop high,
To see the sun rise in the sky;
To view the folk at early dawn,
Dancing across the dappled lawn;
To see the birds begin their flight,
Singing gay with all their might;
To see the men start out a-haying,
Or see a crowd go out a-Maying;
To see the milkmaid with her pail
Running up the shadowy dale;
To hear the dinner bell ring clear,
Bringing to farmers all good cheer;
Then back again to hold their way,
And thus to end another day.

When the sun sinks in the west,
And every wanderer seeks his rest,
They wend their way, these weary people,
Till they reach the well-known steeple
Of the country church that lies
Under the darkening western skies—
There to bend the knee in prayer
For one solemn hour there.

Then homeward all to wend their way,
And spend the quiet close of day,
When the needed chores are done,
To rest until another sun.

Before the fireplace to doze
And thus to give the heart repose,
Or tell the stories long and more
Of ladies bright, and knights of yore.

Happy and light of heart is he,
Who on some special night we see
Taking his dear one by the hand,
He is the happiest in the land,
Upon some clean barn floor to dance,
While beats his heart beneath her glance.

And when the midnight owl is heard,
That loves the darkness—solemn bird!
And when the night things start to howl
Or restless hounds begin to prowl,

'Tis time to start for homeward bounds,
And later then to make the rounds,
Then into downy beds to creep,
To have a quiet, wholesome sleep.

—Marie M. Fricina, Jan. '15.

BLARNEY LAND.

At the beginning of my trip through Ireland I realized that I was lacking in several essentials to contend with the wit of Ireland, the land of my ancestors, and so determined to kiss the Blarney Stone at my earliest opportunity.

The early call I had left at the office was certainly not necessary, for at 6 o'clock I was awakened by a regiment of redcoats, who tramped by with their hobnailed boots on the rough cobbles. As I dressed I heard a great grunting noise. Peering out of my window I beheld a drove of three hundred hogs trotting into town, for market day had evidently arrived. Running along beside them were three men, keeping them off the sidewalks and prodding the weary ones on. A cart in the rear carried those that had dropped by the way.

After a hearty breakfast, where the waiter with his "Yes m'lady, quite so, m'lady, thank you very much, m'lady," made me feel about as nearly one of the nobility as I ever expect to be, we started on our trip to Blarney Castle. We traveled by jaunting car, up hill and down, over hard stone roads flanked by rows of hedges and great drooping trees, passing low thatch-roofed cottages where happy children played and we finally reached the little village of Blarney. The inhabitants of this village are said to be particularly versatile in the art of flattery and persuasive speech, called "blarney" from the name of the locality. Here we beheld the great ruined castle of gray stone, dating from the fifteenth century. Stripped of its old-time splendor, it lay exposed to sunshine and storm; once the home of warring chieftains and knights, now the refuge of birds. We crossed the remains of the old moat and passed around that part of the high wall still standing. Inside we found the remains of huge fireplaces, once the scene of many a feast of warrior, noble and bard. Twisting through narrow passageways, we reached the tower and began the ascent of the circular stone steps to a dizzy height, passing at each turn narrow arrow-slits in the thick walls.

When we stepped out on the top of the tower we discovered a group of German people in the act of kissing the stone. Several feet below the top a stone bears a Latin inscription giving the date of erection. This is called the Blarney Stone. Whosoever kisses the stone is said to acquire the fluency of tongue peculiar to the district. In the olden days it was necessary for one to hang head downward on the outside of the castle wall, and there suspended in midair one might kiss the stone. In this modern day a much easier method has been devised, and now all that is necessary is to have two strong well-intentioned persons grasp you by the ankles while you work your way backward head foremost through a hole, but on the inside of the building, and where the element of bodily danger is removed. In this manner I kissed the stone, trusting to the Irish air to kill the germs on the cold, rough stone. The sensation I experienced

as my lips brushed the stone was not of the sentiment connected with my actions, nor the benefits to be gained, but rather it was the hope that those above would not let go my feet.

Very few of all the people who come to Ireland miss the chance to kiss the Blarney Stone. So widespread is the sentiment connected with the charms of wit and blarney that all nationalities—German, English, Dutch or American—boast of the achievement. The stone overlooks a woodland, but on the opposite side of the tower we looked down into the depths of a ravine, through the centre of which a tiny, clear, crystal-like stream wined its way. On either side of it as far as I could see were lowing herds of cattle grazing contentedly on the green hillsides, and farther off from spotless little thatch-roofed cottages lazy wreaths of smoke ascended. Over all hung the soft white clouds, kissing the distant mountains and shielding them from view. Coming out of the castle grounds we stopped for a little Irish tea and cake, served by a Blarney maid. As we reached our jaunting car again a typical little Irish shower overtook us, but it simply made things greener, and left glistening diamonds on the ferns and forget-me-nots by the roadside. Returning by a different road, we passed peat bogs, where men and women were cutting this peculiar muddy-like substance into blocks and setting it out to dry for fuel. As the little car jogged into one little village, jingling its tiny bells, many a pretty rosy-cheeked maid peeped out between the curtains, neglecting her lace making to see the travelers and dream of America, where perhaps her brother or lover had journeyed. As we neared the city the famous Bells of Shannon rang out in clear mellow tones "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls." Ah, Ireland! indeed she has seen better days, but though we begin by pitying her, we end in loving her, for the record of her suffering saddens us, the story of her heroism thrills us, and the vision of her beauty charms us.

—By Regina Mulcahy.

WANDERLUST.

The birds sing out a sweet and sad good-by;
 The filmy wind-swept clouds now southward fly;
 The sunshine fades—to seek some Old World vale,
 And tints the landscape with its lengthening trail.
 The dusty road writhes o'er the distant hill,
 E'en as a listless being, wanting will;
 The tall trees nod and beckon from afar,
 Pointing gaunt fingers at the cold North Star.
 The whole air sways to plaintive lullabies—
 Fair, soothing songs and soul-enslaving sighs;
 Enticing voices call the long night through;
 I stay—but my wild heart flies southward too!

—Alexander Goldberg, '14.

MY IL PENSEROSO.

Oft when pensive, meditating
Over joys I'd be creating,
When the thoughtful mood I feel
And only quiet joys appeal,
Would I steal to some lone grove,
And through its corridors would rove,
Till I'd find some quiet spot,
Where the din of life is not;
Where never a noisy sound is heard,
But the twittering of a bird,
And everything around is still
But for the sheep bell from the hill,
With pad and pencil in my hand,
I'd be the happiest in the land.
"Under a spreading chestnut tree,"
With no one there but the birds and me,
Or by the brink of a shallow brook,
In which the nodding flow'rets look—
The daisies white, and violets blue,
And every flower of every hue,
That droops with dew its pretty head
As night draws near to make its bed.
Then when the sun sinks in the west,
And the wanderer seeks his rest,
And twittering birds their noises cease,
And in the woods in deepest peace
I'd wend my way with gladdened heart,
But not without regret depart.

—Marie M. Fricina, Jan. '15.

A WORD FROM THE SENIORS.

When some of us look at a modern school building there arises before us a vision of a "little red schoolhouse" off in some secluded spot; others of us see in our well-paved streets the lanes and byways of half a century ago. Just so when I approach our new school building, to me, as to many of the seniors, arises a vision of a familiar "old red schoolhouse," this one, however, being located at the corner of Washington and Linden streets. In the annals of ancient history much might be recorded concerning that famous spot, but perhaps no chapter would awaken greater response in the hearts of many people than that which records its history as the normal and training school.

It was on a cold and windy day in February that the present Senior A class first entered that notable building. The transition from High School seniors to members of a professional school so overwhelmed us with its dignity that

we little regarded such material disadvantages as sitting three in a seat, or sharing text books with fifteen eager classmates. Soon we became accustomed to all such aids to knowledge, and gave careful attention to our recitations in the front classrooms, where we studied to the harmonious accompaniment of the half-hourly "Hackensack" or an occasional "Central" car drifting slowly by.

One of our keenest memories of this epoch was the excitement attending a trip downstairs. Those of you who majestically tread these spacious cement staircases little know what daily exercises in self-control and equilibrium were learned by us on those slippery and well-oiled flights. And at length when we did reach the bottom, which usually happened sooner or later, there were our locker rooms! Many were the applications of politeness and compressibility of matter practiced in those closely-packed quarters, where from the windows one could always obtain an excellent and inspiring view of the side wall.

In case we wanted exercise and recreation of a two-fold character there was always the library, which, needless to say, has a decidedly close connection with our school. The daily Marathon between those two buildings was a most interesting and delightful part of our physical education.

These, roughly sketched, are some of the vividest memories we have. Each day as the car slowly bumps down Broad street it is an enjoyable observation to see how many of our schoolmates prepare to alight at Park street, our old corner, and then, suddenly remembering the changes of the age, they look hastily around to see if they have been detected, and then decide to ride to Fourth avenue.

And to you under-classmates, to whom we may perchance seem silent and absorbed, remember that we went out from that "old red schoolhouse" to our arduous duties as practice teachers, and when we returned—a great and happy transition had taken place.

Through the lens of memory we look back to our old days, and then it is with joy that we turn to our beautiful building, with its sunken gardens, spacious auditorium and other much-appreciated pleasures. And to you we wish as much joy and happiness and good fellowship as we had in the old school, and added to it all the pleasures and inspiration which you may gain from the new.

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
 Make me a Junior B just for to-night;
 Call up sweet memories out of the past,
 Dreams of the place that we occupied last.
 Grateful we are for the old and the new,
 Glad of the changes our school has gone through;
 Happy to learn of the good and the great,
 Proud to be first to belong to the State;
 To the friends whom we leave in the classes below
 That we think of with pleasure wherever we go:
 Take our heartiest wishes for prosperous days,
 And bid us farewell—as your first Senior A's.

—Florence O. Nettleship, January, 1914.

NATURE'S PARADOX.

What signs to us hath Nature willed,
To show her heart with joy is filled?
 The dawning of day,
 The smile of the sun,
 The song of the surf,
 Bird-ballads begun.

What signs to us hath Nature sent
To show her soul with grief is spent?
 The willow that weeps
 The soft wind that sighs,
 The star-night that soothes,
 The daylight that dies.

—A. G., '14.

TO THEE!

There's a song the soft wind whispers—
 Gladsome, gay;
There's a ballad blithe birds carol
 For the day;
There's a voice of laughing waters—
 Soothing, free,—
And their sweetness seems, O love,
 The joy of thee!

There's a prayer the sad stream murmurs—
 Solemn, slow;
There's a hymn the forest chants when
 Night hangs low;
There's a dirge when dead leaves flutter
 From the tree,—
And their sadness seems, O love,
 Thy sigh to me!

—Alexander Goldberg, '14.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

It is to be regretted that Miss Marguerite Miller, our literary editor, was suddenly interrupted in her activities by a severe illness, which prevented the realization of her plans. We of the department have felt, however, a great interest and enthusiasm for the success of the work, and although we have enjoyed it, we will be very glad to have Miss Miller with us for the next issue.

MILDRED B. VER SOY, Editor pro tem.

PEDAGESE

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*Omitted for this issue.

EDITORIAL.

To the principal, faculty and students of the Newark State Normal School, greeting!

At this, the beginning of a new year, we take pleasure in presenting for your inspection the first issue of the first paper printed by the Newark State Normal School. The attempt has been ambitious, and the result, while not all that we desire, is still encouraging. However, we yet retain our ambition and hope to improve with every issue. The splendid co-operative spirit of the school in which we work and mingle together will go a long way toward making a success of our first literary effort. We trust that the field of common interest created by this paper will be great, that the student body will lend its hearty support in maintaining this periodical, which will in after years serve as a record of Normal School days and a happy reminder of the many pleasant hours that we spend together daily. If our hopes are realized even so far, our efforts will not have been fruitless. But above all, we trust that the articles printed from time to time will be of real help to the practice department and teachers in the grades. If this end be attained we will have fulfilled our mission.

"PEDAGESE."

To the uninitiated, this may seem a queer choice of name, but—whisper—'tis the most appropriate, well chosen and altogether satisfactory cognomen possible, for by careful dissection and concise thought upon the word the logical person cannot fail to reach a correct conclusion as to its meaning, which is, yes, "The language of the pedagogues." Could anything be more felicitous in its application, when one stops to ponder? No, you say.

Long life, then, to "Pedagese" and may it never lack interest, material, or the support of those "pedagogues" whose "language" it aims to interpret.

MARGUERITE GILROY
STELLA SIMMONDS

ANITA BRUINIG

School News

VERA WELLS

CAMILLA KRAUTER
ELSA BOLLIN

ANNA BALLING

OUR SCHOOL.

The New Jersey State Normal School at Newark opened its doors September 16th, 1913, with an enrollment of four hundred and forty-two students and a waiting list. The capacity of the building was fully taxed, but the teaching force was not sufficient to care for all those desiring to enter. The students enrolled were graduates of high schools, having approved four years' courses, and approved private secondary schools.

The new State school, centrally located between Broad street and Belleville avenue, presents a dignified and picturesque appearance, situated, as it is, amidst spacious grounds, beautified by sunken gardens, masses of shrubbery and bloom, pleasant walks and recreation centres. The building is a transition between the Jacobean and Elizabethan periods of architecture in England, and has been greatly admired for its fine lines and general effect.

The interior of the building has attracted attention on account of the color scheme, modern equipment and the many conveniences for teachers and students. Besides a complete light, heat and power plant, the ventilating system cleans, cools and humidifies the air throughout the building.

Special features, which have received favorable comment by educators and the general public, are the auditorium, considered by experts to be a work of art; the library, specially adapted for reference reading and class-room preparation; the laboratories for physics, chemistry, biology and hygiene; the gymnasium, with lockers and shower baths; the drawing, modeling and sewing rooms; the lecture, demonstration and rest rooms; the well-appointed study hall and conference rooms; the manual training shops, kitchens and dining halls.

The principal fully realizes that fine buildings, courses of study and modern equipment cannot take the place of professional ideals, teaching skill and the ability to graduate efficient teachers. The aim has been to create a happy working atmosphere, to look for the best and to give the best, to adjust courses of study to the needs of children, to encourage the deserving and to eliminate the inefficient, and, above all, to impress upon the students the fact that good health, good common sense, cheerfulness of spirit and personal fitness are as vital to teaching success as the ability to pass examinations or the securing of a university degree.

It has been a genuine pleasure to organize the school under such favorable auspices, a pleasure intensified by the co-operation of the faculty, the interest and self-control shown by students, and the efficient service rendered by employees of the school.

—W. Spader Willis, Principal.

OUR SOCIAL GOVERNMENT.

At a suggestion tendered by Mr. Hodgdon, which was heartily indorsed by Mr. Willis, a form of government known as a "social government" was inaugurated in our school. All social matters pertaining to the welfare of our institution were to be conducted along the same lines as political affairs in our own municipality. Accordingly, the various classes were divided into wards, beginning with the Senior A class, ward one, to the Junior B, division IV., ward eight. Next it was decided that each ward nominate one candidate for Mayor, one for City Clerk and from three to five for the Common Council. The names of these candidates were to appear on the primary election ballot, the three candidates receiving the largest number of votes for Mayor and City Clerk, respectively, were to be the candidates for the same offices on the general election ballot. The two candidates receiving the largest number of votes on the primary ballot for the Common Council from the various wards were to be the representatives from the various districts. Full particulars were explained in all the classes, and as a result the nominees for the Mayoralty and City Clerk were as follows:

For Mayor—Senior A, Ward one, Mr. Manser; Senior B, Ward two, Mr. Goldberg; Junior A I., Ward three, Miss Ryan; Junior A II., Ward four, Miss Williams; Junior B I., Ward five, Miss Deifenbach; Junior B II., Ward six, Miss Jenner; Junior B III., Ward seven, Miss Maybaum; Junior B IV., Ward eight, Miss Rogers.

For City Clerk—Senior A, Ward one, Miss Ward; Senior B, Ward two, Miss Dunn; Junior A I., Ward three, Miss Higgins; Junior A II., Ward four, Miss Mulcahy; Junior B I., Ward five, Miss Beekman; Junior B II., Ward six, Mr. Fast; Junior B III., Ward seven, Miss Potter; Junior B IV., Ward eight, Miss Reilly.

The management of the registration and election were entrusted to Mr. Greene, who appointed election clerks and decided upon the voting rooms for the various wards. On Tuesday, December 16, registration day occurred. The clerks in the different wards were supplied with registry lists, together with the names of the students in their particular division. The form of the registry list was as follows:

No. of Voter	NAME	Grade	Class-room	SIGNATURE

Three hundred and twenty-six students registered for the primary election, which was to take place on the following day, December 17. On the morn of that memorable day the various candidates for the Mayoralty delivered their famous political orations in the assembly hall. Mr. Goldberg spoke about the

principles he advocated. Miss Williams remarked that no matter how strenuous the task she would fulfill her pledges admirably. Miss Ryan, coming from a prominent political family, announced that with the experience and counsel of those with whom she was so intimately acquainted all matters pertaining to our social government would be settled intelligently and wisely. Miss Maybaum, Miss Jener, Miss Deifenbach and Miss Rogers, the remaining candidates for the same office, also spoke and stated their platforms, emphasizing the great things they hoped to accomplish if elected.

At 12.30 the polls were opened, the clerks being supplied with ballots and primary election sheets of this order:

No. of Voter	NAME	Grade	SIGNATURE	Signature Compared

Three hundred and twelve voters responded to the call of their candidates and a very interesting election took place. All the ballots were received and counted at campaign headquarters, Room four, the final count for the Mayoralty and City Clerk being:

For Mayor—Mr. Goldberg, 90 votes; Miss Williams, 77 votes; Mr. Manser, 70 votes.

For City Clerk—Mr. Fast, 63 votes; Miss Beekman, 42 votes; Miss Reilly, 41 votes.

The following were elected to the Common Council from the different wards:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Senior A, Ward One.</p> <p>1 Miss Nettleship</p> <p>2 Miss Webb</p> | <p>Junior B I., Ward Five.</p> <p>1 Miss Bollin</p> <p>2 *Miss Cadmus, Miss Abelson</p> |
| <p>Senior B, Ward Two.</p> <p>1 Miss Koss</p> <p>2 *Miss Hilt, Miss Hoenig</p> | <p>Junior B II., Ward Six.</p> <p>1 Mr. Ginsberg</p> <p>2 Miss Garrabrant</p> |
| <p>Junior A I., Ward Three.</p> <p>1 Miss Gibraetz</p> <p>2 Miss Doctor</p> | <p>Junior B III., Ward Seven.</p> <p>1 Miss Morrison</p> <p>2 Miss Nordling</p> |
| <p>Junior A II., Ward Four.</p> <p>1 Miss Bradley</p> <p>2 Miss McNichol</p> | <p>Junior B IV., Ward Eight.</p> <p>1 Miss G. Williams</p> <p>2 Miss White</p> |

Then the campaign began in real earnest. A massmeeting was arranged in the auditorium by the supporters of Mr. Goldberg, and the audience was urged to vote for the right man who could do the right thing at the right time. Now and then a quiet discussion could be heard in the corridor. "We must have a girl for Mayor!" was the verdict. So, full of great expectancies, the candidates anxiously awaited the day when they would learn of the extent of

*Tie vote.

their sincere efforts. Monday, December 22, came, and promptly at 12.30 the voting began. All who had previously registered were entitled to vote and a large number of votes were cast for the various candidates. The results were in doubt until the last ballot had been counted. The final returns were:

For Mayor—1 Miss Williams, 103 votes (elected Mayor); 2 Mr. Goldberg, 94 votes; 3 Mr. Manser, 66 votes.

For City Clerk—1 Mr. Fast, 109 votes; 2 Miss Reilly, 88 votes; 3 Miss Beekman, 66 votes.

There was great joy in the Junior A classes, and it was indeed commendable to notice that among the first to congratulate the victors were the other candidates who had offered such splendid opposition. Miss Williams surely has a mighty task before her. It will be her duty to lay the foundation of a good social government. She has the assistance of a brilliant Common Council and there should be no hesitancy in stating that this new social government will be a great success. Let us make this social government worth while. That means earnest and sincere work. We will be directly responsible for our achievements. Won't you help along?

—By Harold A. Greene.

ABOLITION OF MODERN DANCING.

"Two-step, waltz or no dance," was the verdict announced at a massmeeting of the students held in the study hall. Headed by a few of the girls who are leaders of school spirit, the meeting was called to order. A discussion followed and any student was given a chance to voice his opinion. Finally each class separately announced its decision and a final vote was taken. The action was entirely voluntary on the part of the students, the faculty having nothing whatever to do with the movement.

VISITORS AT THE SCHOOL.

Everyone visiting the Newark State Normal School is asked to register his name in the visitors' book found in the Reception Room. Many people from this and other States have been interested in our school and have visited it. Among the visitors are the following:

Eva E. Struble, Ernest H. Seibert, Hugo Froelich, of the Newark City Hall; J. C. Dana, of the Newark Public Library; Henry A. Spang, Leo H. Herz, G. T. Hewlett, F. Von Beren, T. W. Robinson, of the Board of Education, New Haven, Conn.; Edna N. Falkland-Falken, of Bayonne, sister of the Physical Director of the school; Miss Parmenter, head of the History Department at the Trenton Normal School; Mr. Morelock, of Maplewood, County Superintendent of Essex county; Miss Gregory and Miss Hood, students at Wellesley College.

PRACTICE.

To most of the students who have not passed that memorable event of their lives, a period in the training department, the word "practice" means little. The students should know, we feel, a bit about that all-important part of their work which they do not come in contact with until their senior year.

Since the opening of our school as a State Normal School the practice department has been reorganized. It is essentially a training school, a laboratory course, as it were, in the teaching process and art. In the Senior B term all are sent to Webster School, within a stone's throw, almost, of our own doors. Here four students are placed under a competent training teacher. This teacher you will hear spoken of as a "critic." That word, however, carries such a variety of suggestions with it that we hesitate to use it. The training teacher is not one who is policing, so to speak, while you teach, trying to pick flaws and "criticize." In most cases she is a friend, a guide, a comfort and a real teacher.

To get a broader view of the methods in use, we go in the Senior A term to various schools in the city. In every case the training received while practicing is most beneficial; here we learn to know ourselves and to actually know children. We give ourselves the final test as to whether or not we are fit to carry on the great work of teaching children—for of course we know we teach children and not subject matter. This period of practice and observation is a delightful part of our course if we go into it in a true professional spirit.

The students who go to Webster School have a part in the social uplift of the school. Whenever children are to be trained to appear before the school something novel is usually worked out by the teaching student in charge. The sixth grade girls gave a pretty Japanese dance, arranged by Miss Bessie Koss. Mr. Green conducted a wand drill with the fifth grade children, who executed it with perfect skill. Sixteen fourth year boys and girls gave as their entertainment a flag and dumbbell drill, taught and directed by Miss Camilla Krauter. The recitations and songs were always coached by normal students.

CLASS OFFICERS ELECTED IN SEPTEMBER, 1913.

SENIOR A.

President, Katherine MacEvoy; vice-president, Martha Olds; secretary, Bessie Bedell; treasurer, Samuel Siff.

SENIOR B.

President, Ruth Sharwell; vice-president, Gertrude Robrecht; secretary, Dorothea Thomas; treasurer, Marjorie Scarlet.

JUNIOR A.

President, Josephine Bradley; vice-president, Regina Mulcahy; secretary, Anna Shirley; treasurer, Elizabeth McNicoll.

JUNIOR B.

President, Lena Batten; vice-president, Marie Joachim; secretaries, recording, Ethel Lewis; corresponding, Helen Trawin; treasurer, Viola Liebscher.

WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL.

Instead of meeting at the Normal School on December 4, the Senior A Class assembled before the spacious fireplace of the Washington Irving High School in New York. We were cordially received by a committee of the girls, who tagged each guest with a small W. I. H. S. pennant, which labeled us visitors and gave us the freedom of the building. We had heard that this was considered one of the finest high schools in the world, so we were anxious to start on a tour of inspection. We began by going up to the roof in one of the large elevators. Here we were delighted by an immense basketball court and a very pretty greenhouse filled with potted plants for the use of the biology students.

As we walked around the eight floors of the building we saw nearly 3,000 girls busy at many tasks. School is in session from 8.30 A. M. until 5 P. M., so that about 6,000 students are accommodated during the day and nearly 2,000 more at night. We looked into classrooms, art and music studios, gymnasiums (of which there are four), science laboratories, laundry, kitchens, dressmaking and commercial rooms, library, book bindery and auditorium. Later we visited rooms, most of the girls choosing the classes in cooking, dressmaking and laundering. Everywhere the students were working with genuine interest, for they were working out real problems, vital to them.

Besides the greenhouse, other noteworthy features of this school are a fully equipped dining room, where the girls are taught the proper method of serving the meals they cook; a typical five-room flat, a salesroom where the students' work is sold, an employment bureau, a real savings bank, a book bindery where the sort of binding which one would need in any office is taught, and a small menagerie for the use of the biological department. Very important in the school's equipment are the two large lunchrooms, open daily from eleven until two, where students can obtain a wholesome luncheon at a very small cost. Throughout the building the color scheme, which has been worked out in soft browns and yellows, is both attractive and restful. Great interest in school activities is shown by the numbers of festival pictures and by exhibits of many kinds displayed in cases which line the corridors.

The work is divided into the academic course, which is four years, and prepares for college or training school, and the three years' course, the more popular, since these little East Side girls need work which will prepare them to earn their own living. The three divisions of this course are the art course, in which costume designing and other sorts of applied design are taught; the domestic art course, in which cooking, sewing and laundering are most important, and the commercial department.

Everywhere the spirit of self-activity and responsibility on the part of the girls impressed us. Although the school is very large, the classes have between twenty and thirty students. The tables at which they sat were arranged in a circle in several rooms and in many classes students were capably taking charge of the recitation. Classes march in regular form from one room to another, but order is maintained by the girls themselves. Perhaps the most interesting of all was the assembly conducted as a parliamentary meeting by first year students. More schools of this sort would help greatly toward realizing the highest social aims of the school of to-day.

—Gladys F. Kroeger, Jan. '14.

THE JUNIOR A SPOOKS.

"Sh! the spooks are abroad!" was the whisper floated about on October 31st. These terrifying creatures held full sway in the appropriately-decorated gymnasium, otherwise known as the "Chamber of Horrors." Here they performed their numerous hair-raising rites and ceremonies. The black-haired witch, crouching over a caldron, chanted her magic charm-words and handed out to those around "life sentences." In another space—

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Guarding a pumpkin pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a—gift."

And presented it to his admiring audience. "Clang, clang" came the gruesome sound of heavy chains. Silently, the white-garbed spirits entered the hall to glide through the rhythmic movements of a "ghost-dance." More "creepy" feelings were added to the already terrified emotions of the audience by the rendering of the selection "Sleepy Hollow." Another feature of the afternoon was the succession of tortures which most of the visitors were compelled to undergo. Dancing ended the program and helped to "thaw out" the guests. The pupils of the school voted upon the success of the affair and wished to say in chorus, "Thank you" to the Junior A's.

MORE SPOOKS.

The day before the Junior A spooks succeeded in terrifying the school, twelve Senior B Ghosts tripped noiselessly about chanting about an owl in a tree; they ushered in that gay Hallow E'en party when the entire Senior B Class for the first time was a unit. Gypsy maidens then told of the promising futures and historic past of many of our faculty. Each of us learned her fate as the old witch stirred her caldron. At the refreshment table carrot girls and radish girls served doughnuts and cider. The Senior B's had a delightful afternoon. Miss Dorothy Thomas was in charge of the arrangements.

ENTERTAINMENT OF BASKETBALL TEAM.

Those loyal hearts who stayed for the entertainment arranged by our basketball team were fully repaid for their stay. A number of songs by Miss Strobell, Miss Fricina and Mr. Goldberg, a drill by Webster School children under Mr. Green, recitations by Miss Ryan and Miss Doctor, interspersed with violin selections, talks and a dance by Miss Breunig furnished a round of entertainment that was satisfying and delightful.

THE ROSTRUM.

It takes courage to stand alone. Those students who get up and face the school with a few remarks or an organized talk are gaining in self-poise and confidence, two essential attributes of a successful teacher. We expect to hear more students; it is an excellent experience for them.

ON HISTORIC GROUND.

That we may be proud of the place our city and State have played in determining the history of our nation was clearly brought to us one morning by Mr. Frank J. Urquhart, who has spent years in an exhaustive study of New Jersey, particularly Newark. Mr. Urquhart chose from his vast amount of information those facts of history which bore especially on the vicinity of our school. We were fortunate in having an authority of Mr. Urquhart's reputation with us, and are grateful for having heard his talk. We will welcome him again.

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT.

On December 4 we listened to a lively debate on the question "Resolved, That the United States should give up the Philippines." Mr. Ginsberg and Mr. Fast, who upheld the affirmative side, were brisk and consistent in their argument, but the judges decided that girls really did know how to debate by awarding the decision to Miss Rogers and Miss Johnston, of the negative side.

JUNIOR B CHRISTMAS SOCIAL.

The Junior B's held a Christmas social in the school gymnasium Monday afternoon, December 22, 1913, for the members of the faculty and the students. Miss Bruenig had the arrangements in charge.

The special features of the program were as follows: Dancing dolls, who were members of the Junior B class; a talking doll, who recited "Santa's Assistant," was represented by Miss Georgianna Seaman; songs by a song sparrow and a nightingale, represented by Miss Brady and Miss Cadmus, respectively; a grand march.

Among the decorations was a Christmas tree, trimmed with snowballs of cotton in which were tied small gifts for everyone. After the program general dancing was enjoyed.

"HAIL! OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS!"

The spirit of the bluebird flew into the auditorium on December 23 and entered into the hearts of all the audience gathered there listening to the recital of the adventures of two children who were in search of that same bird. Tableaux representing the children in their various journeys were enacted by members of the Senior Class.

Still under the influence of the "happy bird" the school marched in a body to the gymnasium for the purpose of performing the customary Christmas ceremonies. Dancing in circles around a tiny Christmas tree, the pupils sang "Hail! Old Father Christmas!" Then the exercises closed with the "Good-night Song." With many greetings of "Merry Christmas!" the students departed homeward for the holidays.

To the untiring efforts of Miss Carpenter goes the credit for the success of the enjoyable program.

Organizations

The Camera Club.

There will be organized shortly after the holidays a small group of persons who will study photography. Miss Luther, Mr. Hodgdon and Mr. Cuthbert will take charge. To the limited number of members in this group informal illustrated talks will be given on the subject of the construction of the camera, the exposure and developing of plates and films, the printing of pictures, enlarging and the making of lantern slides. It is proposed that the group be limited to those who wish to study the matter seriously and who will be willing to take part in the actual working art of the processes in the dark room and laboratory. This group will form the nucleus of a larger camera club, to be organized in the spring, and which, it is hoped, may become a permanent institution in the school.

The Weather Prophets.

The Normal School has organized a weather bureau and selected for the chief of the bureau Miss Louise Penne. Readings are taken daily and the conditions of the weather for the next day determined. The results are posted for the benefit of the school.

History of Education Club.

The senior class visits institutions for the purpose of studying their origin and development. Reports are made before the student body. Schools for the deaf, the blind, the defective, as well as universities, art galleries and museums, are visited. Director, Miss Anna Bodler.

Ye Sweet Singers.

Composed of members from various classes for the purpose of selecting and singing good music for the grades and assembly use. Individual members are trained to take charge of musical affairs and discuss appropriate music for school work. Leader, Miss Lillian Kreiner.

The Normal Business League.

Open to members of the school desiring suggestions in business transactions. The work is kept very practical. Students preside at meetings and discuss parliamentary practice. Mr. Andrew Sloan has charge of the league affairs.

The Spelling Bee.

Old-fashioned spelling matches are held in the auditorium at stated times. The words used are those misspelled in class work, examinations and ordinary written exercises. A keen rivalry between the classes for the honor of having the highest spelling average has created much interest throughout the student body. Principal Willis has charge of this phase of the work.

The Board of Health.

The Board of Health for the Normal School has just been organized. Miss Letitia Davis is president. She is a young lady of much ability and is directing the affairs of the board in a very successful manner. She will organize several departments, but at the present time the matter of pure food is occupying the attention of the board. Much work is to be done with milk and candies.

The purpose of the board is to keep in touch with the general conditions of the building and to make recommendations for changes wherever it seems necessary for the general welfare of the student body.

Ye Story-Tellers and Story-Players.

Myths, legends, fairy and folk tales, suitable for kindergarten, primary and grammar grades, are told and dramatized by students. Only those selections from classic and romantic literature which amuse, instruct and present permanent moral and ethical truths are used for this purpose. This work is in charge of Miss Harriet C. Carpenter.

The Arts and Crafts.

Composed of members from various classes interested in suitable pictures for home and school. The water colors made by the members are criticised and used for exhibition purposes. Constructive hand-work and design in relation to various industries are studied. The club is in charge of Miss Flora York and Mr. English.

The Travel Club.

During the Easter vacation members of the club will visit Washington, D. C., for purposes of recreation and education. The party will leave Newark Monday morning, April 13th, spending four hours in Philadelphia on the way and arriving in Washington late in the afternoon. The return trip will be made on Thursday evening.

Last spring members of the club had the privilege of meeting the President in the East Room of the White House and it is hoped that this feature of the trip can be repeated this coming year. Congress will be in session during the week of the school's visit.

Very reasonable rates have been secured. The party will be conducted by Mr. Cuthbert, of the Department of History, and several teachers will be chaperons.

A PRODUCT OF OUR SCHOOL.

We were delightfully surprised one morning by a visitor, Miss Beulah Meltzer, one of our graduates, who was known to many of us by her gift of dramatic expression. Miss Meltzer gave us a rendering of Tennyson's "The Victim" and "A Flower." We will always be glad to see her on our platform.

MILDRED GILBERT
ELIZABETH ARCULARIUS

Athletics

WILLIAM S. FAST

The Normal A. A.

The Society of the Athletic Association of the Newark State Normal School was enthusiastically launched in the auditorium on the morning of January 8th, 1914, and received the support of the entire student body.

The several hundred students who filled the auditorium on the above morning former themselves into the new organization as a result of the spirited interest that is manifested in the work that has given it its name.

The new association, now organized and officered, bids strongly to band the groups of different gymnastic sports, tighten the ties of athletics, and promote and perpetuate that fine feeling of unity not otherwise possible.

Principal W. S. Willis, who keenly felt and pointed out the benefits to be derived from such an organization, inspired the several speakers who in turn spoke on the sundry phases of the work.

The first speaker was Miss Latimer; her subject was the aim of the association. Mr. Goldberg spoke of the value of athletics; Mr. Green, the benefits to be realized by each student; Miss Batten spoke on the officers to be elected and their respective duties; Miss Dunn spoke of the basketball games to be played that afternoon, one by the girls and one by the boys; she also spoke of the indoor meet to be held January 28th. Last of the student speakers was Mr. Ginsberg, who prepared to determine by ballot the extent of support that the organization would receive and found it unanimous.

Following are the officers elected: President, Miss Gracie Williams; vice-president, Miss Dunn; secretary, Mr. Goldberg; treasurer, Miss Latimer; cheer leader, Miss Olive Williams; advisory committee, Mr. Hodgdon, instructor in science; Miss Falkland-Falken, physical director; Mr. Ginsberg, Mr. Fast, Miss Gilbert, Miss Trawin, Miss Cadmus.

Indoor Meet Events.

Twenty-yard dash, running high jump, standing high jump, running broad jump, standing broad jump, hop, skip and jump, shotput, rope climb, obstacle relay races.

A silver loving cup is to be presented to the class winning the greater number of points.

The names and class numerals of those winning first place (making a record) are to be placed on a wooden pennant, which is to be kept in the gymnasium.

—Maria Falkland-Falken, Physical Director.

BASKTEBALL.

Although organized this year for the first time, the boys' basketball team has attained a commendable record. Manager Nathaniel Ginsburg has arranged a schedule of twenty-four games. With Principal W. S. Willis behind the movement, interest has been aroused in the boys' team. Mr. D. C. Hodgdon shouldered the responsibility of moulding the five together. In response to his call for candidates, every boy of the school put in an appearance. Coach Hodgdon encountered a difficult proposition in choosing the five best men for the positions. After a great deal of deliberation, he selected the following men to start the first game: Greene, Stitch, Fast, Kanter and Koss. This is not Coach Hodgdon's final choice. The remainder of the candidates still stand a chance of securing berths on the school five. After the season had gotten fairly under way, Harold Greene was selected to captain the squad.

Five Wins First Game.

Our boys' basketball team got away to a good start by handing a whipping to a five composed of graduates of the Normal School. The score of the contest was, Normal School 35, Alumni 20. Normal showed exceptional ability when the fact is taken into consideration that it was the team's initial tryout. The contest was staged on our own court. The line-up:

Graduates.

Normal.

Hoenig.....	Right Forward.....	Stitch
Leonard.....	Left Forward.....	Greene (Cap't)
Leibschultz	Centre.....	Fast
Danuf	Right Guard.....	Kanter, Bennes, Goldberg
Schwartz.....	Left Guard.....	Koss, Ginsburg, Siff

Goals—Stitch 4, Greene 5, Fast 4, Goldberg 1, Koss 1, Hoenig 3, Leonard 2, Leibschultz 1, Danuf 2, Schwartz 1. Free throws—Stitch 2, Greene 1, Fast 1, Koss 1.

Normal Defeats Nutley High.

One point was the margin by which the boys' team secured a victory over the Nutley High School five. The score of the contest was 26 to 25, with our boys, of course, on the long end. Nutley led at the end of the first period, the score reading Nutley H. S. 18, Normal 9. In the final period Normal took a decided brace and soon after the period had gotten under way secured an advantage over the Nutley team. The line-up:

Nutley High School.

Normal.

Van Riper, Holt.....	Forwards.....	Greene, Stitch, Koss
Ayres.....	Centres.....	Fast, Schwartz
Scorso, Lindstrom.....	Guards.....	Ginsburg, Siff, Kanter

Goals—Greene 6, Stitch 2, Koss 1, Van Riper 2, Holt 1, Ayres 4. Free throws—Greene 4, Stitch 2, Ayres 4.

Normal Suffers First Defeat.

The Normalites suffered their first defeat at the hands of the Kearny High School quintet. The score of the game was 23 to 10. Cook played a spectacular game for Kearny. The line-up:

Kearny.	Normal.
Grant, Cook.....	Forwards.....Greene, Fast, Schwartz
Taub.....	Centres.....Stitch, Koss
Parker, Roberts.....	Guards.....Kanter, Bennes, Ginsburg

Goals—Greene 1, Fast 1, Cook 6, Grant 2, Taub 1, Roberts 1. Free throws—Cook 3, Fast 3, Stitch 3.

In a preliminary game our second team lost to Kearny's second team by the score of 33 to 66.

Kearny High Again Victorious.

For the second time this season the Kearny High School five administered a whipping to our boys. This time the score of the contest was 13 to 11. It was either team's game up to the very last minute of play. Normal showed a decided improvement in this game. The line-up:

Kearny.	Normal.
Grant, Cook.....	Forwards.....Greene, Stitch
Taub.....	Centres.....Fast
Parker, Roberts.....	Guards.....Goldberg, Kanter, Koss

Goals—Greene 2, Fast 1, Cook 1, Taub 4. Free throws—Cook 3, Stitch 1.

Normal Is Victor.

Normal triumphed over a combination of players from Seton Hall by a score of 29 to 27. An extra period of five minutes was necessary to decide the contest. The line-up:

Scholastics.	Normal.
Moore, Shaffrey.....	Forwards.....Greene, Fast
Lenahan.....	Centres.....Koss
Flarity, Gallon.....	Guards.....Kanter, Ginsburg, Schwartz

Goals—Koss 4, Greene 3, Fast 2, Flarity 5, Lenahan 4, Moore 2, Schaffrey 2. Free throws—Fast 9, Flarity 1.

Rutherford 49, Normal 18.

Although making a creditable showing, Normal succumbed to the fast quintet representing Rutherford High School. Rutherford won the championship of the Northern New Jersey Interscholastic League last year. In this game Fast showed ability to shoot baskets from the foul line. Line-up:

Rutherford H. S.	Normal.
Wallace, Lacey.....	Forwards.....Greene, Fast
Whitehill.....	Centres.....Koss
Hillhouse, Miller, Huntington.....	Guards—Ginsburg, Siff, Bennes, Schwartz

Goals—Fast 2, Greene 2, Koss 1, Whitehill 11, Hillhouse 5, Wallace 1, Lacey 1, Miller 1, Huntington 1. Free throws—Fast 8, Whitehill 3.

Normal Takes Important Contest.

Normal won the most important game on its schedule on December 16th by defeating the Normalites of Montclair by a score of 35 to 13. Our boys held a decided advantage over their adversaries from the mountain town and were at no time in any great danger. Fast played well for Normal, securing five field goals. Greene's work was also commendable. The line-up:

Montclair.	Newark.
Hodgson, Adam.....	Forwards.....Greene, Fast
Smith	Centres..... Koss
McLean, Servan.....	Guards..... Kanter, Siff, Goldberg
	Ginsburg, Schwartz

Goals—Fast 6, Greene 5, Kanter 2, Koss 3, Smith 2, Adam 1, Hodgson 1.
Free throws—Fast 3, Adam 5.

Passaic 22; Normal 10.

The team suffered defeat at the hands of the Passaic High School five. The contest was close, as the score would indicate. Normal entered the fray minus the services of one of its regulars. Coach Hodgdon was pleased with the result. The line-up:

Passaic.	Normal
McLean, Banks.....	Forwards.....Greene, Bennes
Walker	Centres..... Fast
Prescott, Schulting.....	Guards.....Ginsburg, Siff

Goals—Greene 1, McLean 2, Banks 3, Walker 1, Schulting 2. Free throws—Fast 7, McLean 3, Banks 2, Walker 1.

OUR TEAM.

There should be no doubt, by this time, of the existence of a "real" boys' basketball team in our school. Though handicapped by the limited number of young men, the boys have done wonders in forming a strong basketball five, which is gaining a reputation for its clever, clean, sportsmanlike play. Regardless of the outcome of any contest, the boys have always worked hard, and that "never-give-up" spirit has been evident in every game. To Mr. Hodgdon, our coach, much credit is due. The writer, on behalf of the team, wishes to express the team's most earnest and sincere thanks to Mr. Hodgdon for his untiring efforts in welding together our present basketball combination. We really can not find words to voice our appreciation for the generosity of our coach. Again, Mr. Hodgdon, we ask you to accept our earnest and sincere thanks.

Since the team is really displaying good, clean basketball, why not support the team, fellow students? You easily realize the important part encouragement plays in any game. If you could get into a contest you would soon discover how essential it is to receive proper encouragement from your friends. Come down to the gymnasium some afternoon, when a game is scheduled, and I can assure you that you will be well repaid. We are going to depend upon your support. Certainly you will respond.

—Harold A. Greene, Captain.

East Side 25, Normal 20.

Our team visited the East Side High School of Newark and played a close game with the quintet of that school. Our opponents saw they had a hard battle and put every ounce of energy into the game. The strength of our team was a surprise for them. The line-up:

East Side H. S.	Normal.
Leonardis, Horn.....	Forward.....Fast
Braeder, Cirlicone.....	Forward.....Greene
Metzgar, Mayo.....	Centres..... Koss
Weingartner, Suren.....	Guard.....Kanter
McLoughlin, Block.....	Guard.....Ginsburg, Bennes
Goals—Fast 4, Koss 3, Greene 1, Leonardis 4, Metzgar 4, Braeder 2, Horn 1, Weingartner 1. Free throws—Fast 4, Leonardis 3.	

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

The girls have certainly gone into basketball with a will to accomplish something worth while, and they can do it with the support of the school. If the students will only realize how much a little encouragement helps in the interest of basketball, they will make it possible for the girls to have a team which will make every game a victory. Indeed, everything points to a successful season. There is splendid material among the girls; in fact, there could easily be two equally good players for each position.

Miss Falken is coaching the team to play a fair, fast and scientific game. Surely, with such a wealth of material and so good a coach, we should have a team of which the school will be proud. The first team is to be picked shortly and a schedule is to be arranged.

The team needs the support of the school and trusts all will take a great interest in its activities, and, above all, will not fail to join the Athletic Association. The aim is not to let six players do all the work. It is, rather, to broaden, to help everyone who has any athletic tendencies and to arouse in all an interest in athletic events. We need school spirit. Have you got it? Then do not miss an opportunity to show it!

The Walking Club.

A new and interesting feature of girls' athletics was introduced by Miss Falken in the way of a Walking Club. The walks of the fall term were taken on afternoons of each week and were usually planned by the several captains, elected for that purpose. Many interesting trips were taken in and about the city and suburbs of Newark, sometimes ending in jollification such as a marshmallow toast at some friend's house. Other excursions were of historical interest, such as a visit to Springfield, N. J. The most recent trips have been of social interest, being visits to homes for deserted children, orphan asylums and the like. The result of these trips to the latter points of interest has been more than pleasure. It broadened the interest and awakened the sympathy of many, resulting in active social service among the poor.

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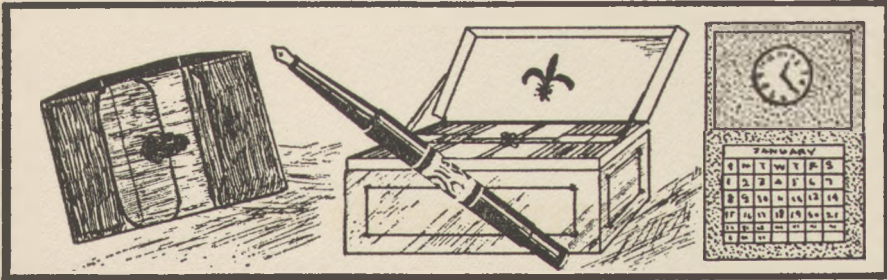
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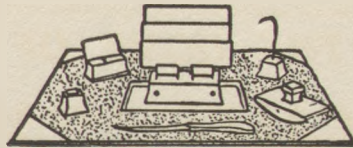
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