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P E D A G O G I C S

THIRD NUMBER
MAY, 1914

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
NEWARK, N. J.

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PEDAGOGUE

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AESTHETICS AND SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

Children are by nature lovers of the beautiful. The first appeal and perhaps the strongest is made through the eye. Even the very young child delights greatly in bright colors and I doubt whether any one of us ever becomes too old to have this same sensation.

Someone has said, "Wear the best clothes possible, and then live up to your clothes." This is excellent advice to everybody, but particularly to teachers. Who has not experienced the delight of a class when the teacher has appeared in her classroom dressed better than usual, because of some after-school social function?

The advice concerning clothes may also be applied to schoolrooms and school buildings. A teacher who neglects to make her room artistic or a principal who fails to make his building attractive to the eye, misses one of the most valuable adjuncts to good discipline.

Environment and child development is largely a matter of cause and effect. The teacher who makes her room artistically attractive largely removes the cause for disorder.

The elements entering into our consideration are cleanliness of room, neatness and cleanliness in dress of pupils, good housekeeping on the part of teacher and pupils, care in displaying pupils' work, giving due consideration to quality of work and place and manner of display and mounting, a few well chosen pictures suitable in subject and attractive in color, a good color scheme for table cover and other draperies in room, flowers and plants. All of these will give the much desired atmosphere of "home" to the room.

In corridors and entrance halls it is sometimes possible to put rugs and

comfortable furniture; but in the selection of these articles one must give much care lest they be unsuited in design and construction.

As much as possible, children should take care of these "cozy corners." Bulb culture and the care of plants generally are suitable activities for school children.

The teacher who is willing to devote her energies toward inculcating in the children a love of the beauties and refinements of life, will reap her reward in the gratitude of future generations. May her name be legion.

CHAS. GRANT SHAFFER.

QUALIFICATIONS WHICH A SCHOOL TEACHER IS EXPECTED TO POSSESS.

The first duty of a public school teacher is to make the children happy and inspire them with a desire to learn.

As a rule children are willing to learn only through suggestion and happy illustration, for precepts and dogmas are repulsive to them. They need models and not critics, and should not be ridiculed for their faults, as it would kill their ambition and discourage their spirit.

It is a serious mistake on the part of the parents or teachers to bitterly reproach backward or disobedient children, for hard words bruise their hearts and make them irritable. We must not forget that almost all disobedient boys become great men.

The teacher therefore should love her task and know what she professes to impart.

Children, by reason of the natural state of communism have a tendency to steal; they take what they want, without regard to ownership, same as lower animals. The animals are not called thieves but the parents of children are shocked. They say, "What! Has the child stolen?" The child simply wanted something, and instead gets a whipping.

Certain parents of to-day were born sixty years ago, when the age was narrow and unprogressive and educated in schools where biology was unknown and Darwinism considered denial of God.

It is almost justified sometimes for an intelligent son to disobey his ignorant father for the sake of his mental development; in such a case the teacher should be the sole judge of the situation and suggest to the foolish parents how to treat their disobedient children, especially where discipline is concerned.

Certain teachers seem to entertain the idea that by going to school twice a day and talking to the children three or four hours, their work is finished. Such teachers as a rule are unprogressive and unwilling to improve conditions in the educational system, their salary seems to be the only thing which they have at heart.

Teachers are morally bound to treat the children alike regardless of the wealth or social standing of their parents. I know of cases where teachers have wilfully insulted poor and harmless children and threatened to have their parents arrested if the latter should ask for an explanation. Such deplorable conditions are due to the indifference on the part of these teachers, old enough to know better, to the proper education of the children, and the

large number of unexperienced young teachers who are allowed to teach merely to fill a vacancy or because of the need for another teacher.

The work of a public school teacher in preparing the young minds for the future generation is of great importance to the community, for upon their ability to teach depends not only the future welfare and happiness of the pupils, but also the moral and orderly conditions of society.

In my humble judgment the school system is not a perfect or ideal one; it needs readjustment if not reformation. I hope that the time will not be too far distant when the work of all teachers in our schools will bring better results and meet with general approval.

G. M. BELFATTO,

Member of the Board of Education.

Newark, N. J., April 22, 1914.

OUR LIFE AND OUR THOUGHTS.

“There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.”

Here we may also state that our lives are made up, not by what we see but how we look at it. Every person has the opportunity and right to direct the course of his existence according to his own choice. The latter can be shown by action only and action is the direct outcome and development of thought. The great problem of our life then may be solved through our thoughts.

There are two great classes of people. There is the class made up of individuals who take the best out of everything and smile through fortune and misfortune alike. A member of this group of society as well as being a benefit to himself is also a benefit to his fellow workers. To the second class belong the individuals who smile in fortune, frown when things go wrong and give up in disaster. Any of us may fall. This must not be considered disgrace. Disgrace lies in the acknowledgment of defeat. Remember the old saying: “If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again.”

We may call these classes the optimistic and the pessimistic. “The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist sees the hole.” They both see the same thing, but give their attention to different parts of it. Look for virtues and good in people, ignore their faults; look for truths in every religion, not its defects and impossibilities; look for the kind motives prompting another’s deeds. If we do these things we can not help but find true happiness.

The surest way to the state of happiness is to have happy thoughts. Our words follow our thoughts. If one has evil thoughts, one will speak evil words “Our life is but a mirror in which one’s thoughts are reflected.” The man who goes on the pilgrimage of life, looking for good and trying to help others can not help but leave a great trail of worthy deeds behind him. The man thinking and sowing evil as he goes must surely reap the evil harvest of his deeds for, “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.”

We all must belong to the optimistic class. For we, as future teachers, can truly do a great deed for all humanity, if we sow the seeds of beautiful thoughts in the minds of the young children—our future race.

January, 1915.

JEAN ASHMEAD.

CAMPING.

Those of us who engage in that most fascinating but most nerve-exhausting profession of teaching need to exercise care in choosing for our holidays the kind of recreation that provides us with the most perfect mental as well as physical rest. As most of us know well, such rest results rather from entire change of occupation than from inaction. To me no sort of vacation life seems to offer such ideal conditions for complete recuperation of mind and body as camping. It is because my conviction on this point has been strengthened by successive years of camp experience that I chose this as my subject when the literary editor of the "Pedagoga" asked me for a contribution to its pages.

There are, as is well known, hundreds of established camps scattered among the hills and mountains of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, where "paying guests" may enjoy outdoor life and freedom from responsibility while becoming familiar with those fundamentals of campcraft and woodcraft which are an essential part of the equipment of an independent camper. I do not refer, of course, to so-called "camps" that are provided with all of the luxuries of town life. In these, since one makes merely a pretense of "roughing it," little of campcraft is to be learned. But a month, or, better still, a summer, in one of the well managed but less luxurious public camps in the woods, should afford the best of preparation for the prospective camper.

By way of material equipment, strong and simple clothing, preferably of khaki, or olive-drab canvas, a rubber or paraffined silk poncho, a light weight woolen blanket, a tent of tanalite or paraffined silk, a light ax, a knife, a few aluminum cooking utensils and dishes, and an army knapsack or a rucksack in which to carry these are essential.

Of course two or three congenial comrades are quite as essential to the success of the camping expedition as the material equipment, but in these days when the popularity of outdoor life is so great, the difficulty lies rather in keeping the party small enough than in finding comrades.

In New Jersey the most delightful periods for camping are from the last part of April to July and from September 1 to the latter part of October. Then the lake shores are almost deserted. One may pitch his tent in security on almost any spot that his fancy (and practical convenience) may determine. If you have never investigated the northwestern and middle counties of New Jersey with a view to finding good camping sites, you will be amazed to discover how numerous these are. The United States Geological Survey maps will show you that there are small lakes and forest-flanked streams by the dozen, near most of which diligent searching will reveal the spring which is so important a factor in camp success.

The tramp over the stretch of five or more miles which commonly separates good quiet camping sites from the railroad whets one's appetite for the supper cooked over the log fire. Everybody shares in the work of making the beds of dried leaves, gathering or cutting firewood, cooking and dishwashing. Such work is a part of the fun of life in the open. When supper is over, story telling and singing around the crackling campfire occupy the evening, which is never of long duration on the first night in camp, for every "camp-tramp" is healthily tired and sleepy. There need be little fear that the bed of leaves will not prove

soft enough. You may think that you will have ample opportunity to study the stars that wink at you between the tree twigs overhead, but, unless the whip-poor-wills or the "peepers" call too insistently, you will probably fall asleep before you have identified more than one constellation.

Are you wondering what has become of the tent? If you are to camp on one spot for a week or more you will have secured permission to use the site and you will arrive early enough in the day to pitch the tents as well as to build a stone fireplace and perhaps to construct a dining table. But a spring vacation camp, when Easter falls sufficiently late in April (as it will in 1916), or a Decoration Day camp when that holiday falls on Friday or Monday (as happens in 1915) is a simpler matter. If one is out for one or two nights only, a bed under the stars is much to be preferred, both because of the better air and because of the pleasure to be derived from gazing up into the treetops before and after the night's sleep.

It goes without saying that not every one is fitted for camp life. There are doubtless people who would not enjoy the woods with keenness sufficient to compensate for the lack of certain creature comforts, and who could not meet calmly the occasional hardships incident to life in the open; but I have never chanced to meet anyone who had tried camping who was not eager to repeat the experience. Without doubt those people get most enjoyment out of such a life who bring to it enthusiasm either for the beauties of forest, lake and sky, or for some particular branch of nature-lore. I have named the possessions necessary for the material equipment of the would-be camper; it seems to me quite as necessary that he be equipped with proper mental and spiritual equipment, to wit: love and reverence for the beauties of that world "not made with hands," and an intense desire for further knowledge of the several expressions of that world: the planets and stars, the birds and beasts, insects and fish, the trees, ferns, mosses and flowers, the rocks, rivers and hills.

CAROLINE S. ROMER,

Biology Department Barringer High School.

MOUNT VERNON.

Can there be a more beautiful, more glorious spot on earth than Mount Vernon, the Mecca of the free? The lovely white mansion and friendly little houses belonging to it are surrounded by extensive lawns, fresh and green even now. Here and there and everywhere are pretty, dainty violets, whose sweet odor permeates the air. Fronting the mansion on the sloping bank of the Potomac is a picturesque park. Among its stately evergreens roam graceful deer.

Both without and within, Washington's home is exquisite in its simplicity and beauty. We half expected to see those dear, colonial people step from their antique picture frames into the charming, quaint rooms. We were all reluctant to leave them. Again and again I heard: "Washington certainly had good taste."

MILDRED H. GAFFY.

June, 1914.

COLUMBUS.

Westward the course lay. The engulfing gloom
Still beckoned onward, still allured. The day
Brought light, but, spreading far, brought not to view
The longed-for land. And staunch Columbus stood,
Unyielding to the cries of souls less brave.
To him the writhing waves in chorus spoke:
"Still onward sail, and on, and on, and on!
For where our farthest ripples curl upon
The sandy beach, or beat against the ledge
Of rock, rough-rising from the salted sea—
There is the land you seek! There you shall find
Harbors to house your frail, storm-smitten ships;
There shall you find a welcome place of rest!"

The winds that swelled the flapping sail, the gusts
That lent the vessels speed, in passing by,
Crept to his ears and muttered cheering words:
"Still onward sail; and on, and on, and on!
For we have seen, where our footsteps have trod,
How, towards the setting sun, the land lies low,
Or, rising, shows above the pierced clouds.
There is the land you seek! There shall you find
A wealth undreamed of—a great world unknown;
There shall you find fruition for your toil!"

The ships were manned by souls of coarser mold.
They burst upon the dreamer's revery:
"Why onward sail; and on, and on, and on?
Trackless the sea is; yea, no sign of life,
No land appears from out the death-like gloom.
Turn back, false dreamer; we bid you turn back!
For weeks and weeks to eastward lies our home!"

* * * * *

Westward the course lay. The engulfing gloom
Still beckoned onward, still allured. The day
Brought light; and, spreading far, brought to their view
The longed-for land, uprising from the sea!

DUSK.

The day-god shoulders his load of light,
And journeys over the hill.
Great legions, donning their robes of night,
Subdue the skies with an unseen might
And station their sentinels still.

ALEX. GOLDBERG, 1914.

WHAT MARY DID.

Mary Orlandino was late! For the first time in her educational career she stood dejectedly in the cold cloakroom, the door of room 49 tight closed, and herself on the wrong side of it. The class was singing,

"O, the March wind blew o'er the mountainside
As mer—ry, as mer—ry could be!"

Mary liked that song—it had her name in it. (Why, she had often wondered). She stood on her tip toes to peep through a crack in the door, and held her breath. It is no small crime to be late in the first year.

The song was finished. It was an awful moment, but Mary was brave. Mouselike, she opened the door and slid into the room, her chin sunken on her chest, and her very hair ribbons drooping with shame. Noiselessly she gained her own seat and dropped into it without once raising her eyes. She braced herself for the coming crisis—her name would be called before the whole class and written on the board to glare before her all day. The seconds dragged by—the expected voice did not come. Slowly Mary lifted dark, wild eyes. There at the board, her back to the class, stood a strange lady. She was young, her hair was light, and—she had seen nothing. It was, it was a "substitute!"

The substitute's name was Miss Elvin—she told the class so. She had shiny blue eyes—Tina Lorenza whispered it to Mary. Mary herself could not look into them; her guilt was weighing too heavily on her soul.

The morning was a strenuous one. The class worked hard, and at 11.30, when Tony Ruperti yawned and stretched openly, the tension snapped—the class giggled audibly. Miss Elvin turned. Perhaps it was a "summation of stimuli," but her tone was sharp.

"Very well, if the class wants to laugh, laugh now, and we will do our work later!"

A second's lull, then the class did as it was told. Its merriment was unconfined. There were at that moment just two people in the room who manifested no signs of mirth, the substitute and Mary Orlandino, but a third was shortly added. He stood in the door and his look was dark—it was, it was the principal!

That noon Miss Elvin stood in the hallway talking to the teacher from room 48.

"I've chosen the topic for my paper," she said. "They wanted me to speak on 'The Sense of Honor in Children,' but I don't believe such a thing exists. I shall write a defense of corporal punishment in the schools!" Her cheeks were flushed and her look was defiant as she and the other teacher walked together down the hall. The bell clanged, and the crowd of grimy little citizens began to pour again into the building.

Miss Elvin and the class in room 49 passed a feverish afternoon, but at last it was over. At five minutes after three the last child had filed out and down to the clap, clap of the substitute's hands at the head of the stairs. With a deep sigh of relief she went back into the room to bring order out of the chaos of her desk. The room was not empty as she had expected. There in

the third desk of the second aisle drooped a weary and contrite little figure. It was Mary Orlandino.

"What is your name?" inquired Miss Elvin. The answer was murmured while the little hands fluttered nervously in the lap.

"Well, Mary, why are you staying?" Miss Elvin was moved to interest.

"I was late," the child answered, haltingly, "and we always hafter stay an hour for that." It was then that Miss Elvin's curiosity fought with her psychology, and overcame it!

"But I didn't know you were late," she said; "what made you tell me?"

Mary hesitated. "First I was thinking I wouldn't, but it made me feel no good. Our teacher always told us we should do just the same when she wasn't here, like as if she was."

There was a silence. Then "I see," said Miss Elvin, softly, "and now I think you may go home." For the first time Mary looked up shyly. The shiny blue eyes were smiling at her—somehow they made Mary think of the rainbow picture in her reader—and she smiled back again.

That night Miss Elvin pored over a paper until it was very late. The paper was to be read at the next meeting of the State Educational Society. It was headed "The Sense of Honor in Children." MARJORIE SCARLETT.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

'Twas a wee little child, and she walked all alone,
To the edge of the wood, over moss-covered stone;
For a voice seemed to call, in a soft, soothing tone,
Come, pretty maiden, come.

She roamed over hill, and she tripped over dale,
And she followed the path where the lonely clouds sail;
Still there sighed from within some mysterious vale,
Come, pretty maiden, come.

The sweet trailing arbutus delighted her view,
The spring beauties so frail, and the violet so blue,
And there whispered that voice from the glistening dew,
Come, pretty maiden, come.

And she sat by the brook in a cool, shady cove,
While o'er her the birds thrilled their sweet songs of love;
Now that voice seemed to call from the blue sky above,
Come, pretty maiden, come.

For that voice, 'tis the voice of the glorious spring,
Which awakens the flowerets and each living thing,
And to the wee little child, so softly calling,
Come, pretty maiden, come.

THE PLAY OF CINDERELLA.

CHARACTERS.

Cinderella	The Herald
The Step Sisters	The Pumpkin
The Step Mother	The Cat
The Prince	Mice, rats, children, lords and ladies of the court
The King	The God Mother

Acts and Scenes.

Act I.

- Scene I. In Kitchen.
 Scene II. In Sister's Dressing Room.
 Scene III. In Kitchen.

Act II.

- Scene I. At Ball.
 Scene II. At Home.
 Scene III. At Cinderella's Palace.

Music.

Suggested in different scenes.

Act I.

Scene I. In the Kitchen on Hallowe'en.

Cinderella discovered in kitchen wringing clothes (pantomime). She bewails her fate, telling of all hardships. When she has finished she sits at fireplace, head in hands. Enter, the pet cat, one of her few friends, who hurries to her crying "Meow." Cinderella pets her. Enter, a group of laughing children, who surround the kitchen maid, clamoring for a story. Always obliging, she complies. In the middle of an exciting tale they are interrupted by the entrance of the haughty sisters and their mother, who send the children away and tell of their invitation to the ball.

Scene II. In Sister's Dressing Room.

Youngest sister discovered before glass, Cinderella arranging her hair. The sister is dissatisfied with every attempt, while the other sister is trying on fine gowns. The mother is superintending all. They discuss appropriate gowns, coiffeur, et cetera. They depart for the ball in all their glory, leaving Cinderella at home.

Scene III. In Kitchen.

Cinderella sitting by the fireplace, crying. The cat is at her feet. Cinderella wishes she could go to the ball. Fairy god mother appears moving wand. She tells Cinderella she can go to ball. The child fetches a large pumpkin, which becomes a coach, while mice and rats become horses and foot-

men, respectively. Her rags are changed to beautiful robes, while her feet are encased in glass slippers.

Act II.

Scene I. At the Ball.

Lords and ladies discovered; talking among them are the sisters, very fine indeed but very haughty.

The Herald announces the arrival of the old King and his handsome young son. All rise and bow respectfully. The King and Prince seat themselves on throne at head of room. The arrival of a foreign princess is announced, and the Prince, enchanted by her beauty, leads her in the minuet. All join in this. In the middle of the dancing a clock strikes twelve. Cinderella starts up in dismay, runs from the room, dropping her slipper. This is picked up by the Prince, who proclaims that the one whom the slipper fits shall be his bride.

Scene II. At the Home (of the Bride).

Cinderella is listening to accounts of ball by sisters. They tell of the beautiful princess, the slipper and the Prince's promise. While they are talking a horn is heard outside; the Prince enters, accompanied by the Herald and some lords of the court. The slipper is held aloft on a cushion. The Herald reads the Prince's announcement. The slipper is tried on the sisters, but it does not fit. Cinderella tries on the slipper. It fits, and she is proclaimed the royal bride.

Scene III. At Cinderella's Palace.

Cinderella and the Prince are on their thrones. A herald announces the haughty sisters and the stepmother. They fall at the foot of the throne and sue for forgiveness. Cinderella speaks graciously and forgives them. All join in a dance.

Music.

Act I.

- Scene I. (1) Soft sweet music.
(2) The witches' dance.
(3) Dance music to suggest ball—very soft.
- Scene II. (1) Gay, light music—suggestive of ball.
(2) Sad music.
- Scene III. (1) Light-hearted fairy.
(2) Jingle bells.

Act II.

- Scene I. (1) Dance music.
(2) Minuet. Mozart.
- Scene II. (1) Strains of the "Minuet."
(2) French National Hymn, when Prince leads Cinderella away.
- Scene III. (1) Dance from Hansel and Gretel."

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS."

The editor of this latest comer among the school journals of Newark turned the tables on me. She assigned me a theme to write—the most vexing sort of theme, too, with no subject stated. She probably wished me to experience the sensations that I have so often aroused in the breasts of many of the patrons of this paper—but never in hers, mind you; I never assigned a theme to the editor of this paper in my life. Now if it had been Vera, or Jessie, or—but never mind, I have a forgiving disposition. Having had my task set me, I behaved in the approved fashion. First I fumed a little, then I turned to the doing of it with a right good will. It is the proper thing, I know, to roll up your eyes, and say "Oh!" and "Alas!" first.

But what was I to write about to my many friends of the Newark Normal School? My mind turned to a subject that I have often wished that we could give some attention to in the High School, and that is the subject of the study of pictures. I want to urge upon you the wisdom, I might almost say the necessity, of learning something of the past history of art, of its expressions at the present time, and of the principles upon which the criticism of art is based. I urge this study for two reasons. First, because of its power in training the aesthetic sense. This training will increase our power to appreciate not alone pictures, but literature and all the other fine arts. The principles that underlie all of the arts are substantially the same, so that we make progress in our conception of all of the arts when we make progress in one; and, on the other hand, we are imperfect in our conception of any one of the arts through ignorance of the others. Will you not agree with me that the cultivation of the aesthetic sense is needed in our day and generation? is needed right here in Newark? If you, as teachers, are to be the leaders in Newark you must not be blind leaders. My second reason for urging this study upon you is that in pictures we have a record of the thought and imagination of master minds just as we have such a record in literature. Few of us neglect utterly the record of literature; many, I fear, have slight knowledge of the records of the painters.

Provided that our will is good, how shall we go about it to gain this knowledge. Happily the ways are open. All that is needed is zeal. The quest takes some time, it is true; but not so much that anyone need be deterred. Specifically, this is what I should advise. First, get some idea of the principles that underlie picturing by reading carefully such a book as "How to Enjoy Pictures," by M. S. Emery, published by the Prang Educational Company. This book is thoroughly sensible, practical, helpful. Second, familiarize yourself with the history of painting, with the names and the work of the great painters. This means that you should read, studiously and thoughtfully, a history of painting. Lists of satisfactory histories are given in the book just mentioned. With the resources of our library open to us for copies of the great pictures of the world, and with the cheap prints of such concerns as the Perry Picture Company, we can, with a little energy, put ourselves in possession of the main facts on the history of art. My early childhood was spent in a country town, where these resources were quite unknown. I remember wishing eagerly that I might know the names of the great pictures of the Madonna and Child, where they are and what they are like. The Perry pictures would have been

a godsend to me. I had to wait a good while before I could find out much about the great pictures that so fascinated my imagination. And now my third point is,—go to see all the significant pictures that you can reach.

With this last piece of advice we come to the gist of the whole matter. Evidently, the way to train our art sense is to look at pictures, just as the way to train our literary sense is to read books. To gain this training we people of Newark are fortunately situated, for we have the resources of New York to turn to. Let us plan a little how best to use them.

First, there is the Metropolitan Museum, a truly glorious place, growing better every year. How greatly it has improved of late! The recent purchases have enriched the galleries, and the arrangement of the pictures has been much improved, so that the real treasures of the collection show to better advantage. In visiting the museum it is well to dwell upon a few really significant pictures, rather than attempt to look at everything.

As you go up the great flight of stairs to the picture galleries, you enter room eleven. Here all of the pictures are choice; so there can be no haste here. In the place of honor is a glorious Van Dyck, an excellent example of the work of that great master. You will find more Van Dycks and bigger Van Dycks in European galleries, but nothing more satisfactory. In the same room are two glowing Vermeer canvases, and a poetic Rembrandt. See how much of the Dutch school of painting is right before you. Turn to the other end of the room, and you are in Venice. There are a Paul Veronese and a Tintoretto, not the greatest examples of the work of those great painters, but characteristic pictures, showing you much of their power. And now, on another wall space of the same room is a modern picture, challenging comparison with these masters of old, a portrait of Mr. Marquand, by Sargent. The modern picture is worthy of the company that it keeps. Study it well as a lesson in art. Go up close to it, and look at the brushwork. Then walk slowly away from it and see how what looks near by like meaningless dashes and dabs of paint on all comes alive and is flesh and blood.

The next room, twelve, will furnish you two portraits to compare with the Sargent, one, near the door, a painstaking, old style portrait of Dr. McCosh. Compare the hand of this picture with the hand of the Sargent, and get a lesson in what gives vitality in portraiture. Mr. Sargent "divinely, through all hindrance, found the man * * * and made him live." Now, look to the left, at Alexander's fine conception of Walt Whitman. In Alexander you have met a second great name in American art of to-day. In this same room, you will find examples of three other very distinctive modern American artists—John La Farge, Elihu Vedder and George Fuller. Here are, too, examples of early American art to contrast with these late painters—Church's "Aegean Sea," Biersladt's "Rocky Mountains," and a canvas of one of our very first painters, Washington Allston.

In room thirteen, you will see some fine work of Alexander, of Hawthorne—a new light, and of Abbott Thayer; but you will linger longest over the beautiful new Abbey, "Cordelia and Lear." This one picture would be worth a trip to the museum. Do not just look at it, study it. Study the grouping, the distribution and balancing of color, the characterization. Then, when you go

home, go to the library and read all that you can get hold of about Edwin Abbey.

Room fourteen holds glorious sea pictures. Be sure to impress the name of Winslow Homer and the slashing strength of his seas upon your mind. Too bad that we have no time to take in the lovely picture by George De Forest Brush that hangs on the opposite wall. It is his own wife and two children, and yet it might almost be an early Italian Madonna, Child and St. John.

Room fifteen has some interesting early English landscapes.

Rooms sixteen to eighteen contain the C. L. Wolfe collection, connected with my earliest remembrances of the Metropolitan Museum.

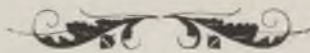
Room sixteen contains much stuff, which we had best hurry by; but at the farther end there are canvases of Millet and Corot that we must look at carefully, impressing these great masters upon our mind. We pass through room seventeen without stopping, and in room eighteen we pause only before a picture called "The Storm," by a French artist named Cot. We stop here not because the picture is good, but because it is bad. At first glance, you may perhaps think that it is pretty, but look closer. The boy and girl, Paul and Virginia, are fleeing from a terrible tropical storm; yet there is not the slightest evidence of muscular action in the limbs of the two runners. Though the scarf that Paul holds is rounded out by the wind, the light garments of Virginia are not flung back; and look at Virginia's curls; they are as symmetrically arranged around her brow as if she were reading in a library. It is a false picture, painted in a vicious style. But it is worth studying for what it can teach you.

We must now pass over much that is interesting with slight mention. The great Sarolla pictures in room nineteen make you catch your breath. There you have sunshine and open air. In the other end of the room is a picture by that other Spanish painter, Zuloaga, who visited us about the time that Sarolla did. The Spanish painters of to-day are evidently doing very interesting work. In room twenty you will find good examples of that very significant and very peculiar painter, Whistler. Room twenty-one contains interesting examples of modern French work. Twenty-four shows us some Turners; but you will find better Turners in the gallery of the new New York Library. Room twenty-six shows Hals and Rembrandt; room twenty-seven, Van Dyck; room twenty-eight Velasquez and Tintoretto; and then come examples of early Italian and Flemish art, and we are through the picture part of the museum, and our heads are spinning. How much we have seen! How much we have learned, if our brains have worked with our eyes.

But the Metropolitan is not the only place in New York where you can go to get your art training. Along Fifth avenue, from Thirty-ninth street almost to Central Park and in the side streets just off Fifth avenue, are the great art gallery salesrooms. Here you are always welcome to go in and look at the pictures. Here you will find the latest artists represented, often fine examples of the old masters, and here you will almost always find special exhibitions. The following is a list of some of the most important galleries: Macbeth, 450 Fifth avenue; Montross, 550 Fifth avenue; Knoedler, 556 Fifth avenue; Kennedy, 613 Fifth avenue; Keppel, 4 East Thirty-ninth street; Durand-Ruel, 12 East Fifty-

seventh street. I know of few more delightful ways of spending a Saturday than in going about among these galleries, picking up impressions of new artists and meeting the work of old favorites. Let your trip be made on a pleasant day. Take your time to it. Go over on the long Twenty-third street ferry, take the Twenty-third street trolley to Fifth avenue, take the Fifth avenue electric bus up the avenue, and ride on top. Then you have combined several other pleasures with your picture seeing. If you go on one of these expeditions, you will go again; and soon you will come to be something of a connoisseur. Then when it is your good fortune to make a European trip—a good fortune that I hope will come to each of you before you are very many years older, and you find yourself in the Louvre or the Uffizi—you will not be like a cat in a strange garret, but will be able to understand and enjoy because you are prepared for your experience. I have spoken somewhat at length about New York and its possibilities for gaining experience in art; but there is Newark, too! Let me ask you a straight question. Do you know well the mural paintings in our Courthouse? Can you give the names of the artists represented there, and tell something of their standing in art and their tendencies? If you can not, blush for shame, and make haste to rectify your neglect. Have you seen the big Blashfield mural painting in the Prudential? It is necessary to ask someone in authority to show you this Prudential picture, but as a Normal School pupil you would surely be given the privilege. Are you making the most of the resources of the Newark Public Library? Do you know what artists are represented in the permanent collection of paintings there? Do you know the library's collection of Medici prints? I hope that you are answering "Yes," "Yes," to these questions. If you can not thus answer, will you not bestir yourselves to gain what these things would give you? Will you not, and this is my last word, will you not exert yourselves to gain what would so enrich your lives, what is so easy for anyone living in our city to gain, what, finally, would add so much to your influence and your power as teachers?

MARGARET COULT,
English Department, Barringer High School.





BOARD OF EDITORS, PEDAGESE.

THE MASTER.

"Ladies and gentlemen: If our performance this evening has pleased I can assure you, on behalf of the cast, that your generosity is appreciated. I thank you."

With a gracious bow the noted actor, Richard Holmes, left the stage. The orchestra, at a signal from the musical director, began the strains of a popular march, and within a few minutes the playhouse had emptied its occupants to the noisy thoroughfares nearby. The musicians left shortly after playing the "exit" number. The ushers performed their various duties, then followed the ever-familiar cry of the stage manager, "House lights out!" and the large theatre, with the exception of the dressing rooms, was in complete darkness. Shortly after the stage employees departed, the noisy chatter on the stage ceased and all was still.

Tom Randell, dramatic critic on the "Chronicle" staff, always boasted that he knew a good play when he saw one. Randell was sure he had seen a good production that evening and he meant to get the "jump" on his fellow-dramatic reporters. Accordingly, he patiently waited until the last of the stage help had left, and then cautiously made his way to the dressing quarters of the cast. At the head of a passageway was a door. Randell hesitated, then rapped sharply. For a moment he received no reply, then a hasty command, "Come in."

The critic entered and immediately observed the cause of his host's hesitancy in bidding him to enter. Clad in a bath robe, his face literally covered with cold cream, Holmes, the famous tragedian, sat in his dingy quarters endeavoring to remove some grease marks from his face. Before him was a mirror that had once been in a better condition, while on a wire extending from the ceiling, was an electric light which provided very poor illumination. Holmes turned in his chair as the visitor entered, and observing his caller, eagerly arose.

"Well—if it isn't Tom Randell!" were his first words. "Say, haven't you any sympathy left for the poor actor? Evidently you failed to read the notice in the box office and on the stage that I was not to be interviewed this evening. Tom, at times you're as friendly and thoughtful as an angel, while on other occasions you absolutely have no regard for the feelings of your intimate comrades. However, as of yore, I greet you. Here is my hand. Be seated."

Randell laughed heartily—a pleasure he seldom indulged in—still the occasion appeared to be an extraordinary one, for he continued to laugh loudly. At the office, if the ever-stern Randell had dared to smile, information regarding same would have been spread throughout the "Chronicle" departments. Was it because the serious Holmes was jesting or was it due to the fact that Randell knew he was a privileged character and was enjoying some rights that other critics could never obtain. Probably the latter. Gladly extending his hand, both men exchanged salutations and then perching himself on the top of a large steamer trunk which stood in one corner of the room, Randell took out his pad and pencil, arranged himself comfortably and remarked: "All right old man, I'm ready."

Holmes once more seated himself before the cracked mirror and proceeded with his former task. Hesitating a moment he inquired:

"What will it be this time, Tom, biography, rehearsal difficulties, jewelry or future plans?"

"All poor suggestions," Randell answered. "Tell us something about the play—that is—the—the—feelings you possess while acting this role of Dr. Wainwright. You—you know what I mean."

"Expect me to become philosophical, eh? I suppose you want me to tell the people it is absolutely necessary for them to see me in this particular role because I am offered the splendid opportunity of revealing those ideal feelings and emotions of mankind in a most realistic manner. Oh, well, you might say that I consider the character of Wainwright the very best I've ever attempted. I feel that I can do justice to the role, for it offers me the very best chance to portray my versatility. Besides, you might add that in this—"

"I'll take care of that," interrupted Randell. "You've given me enough for a column. What success did you have on the road?"

"Fine, couldn't have been better. Played to crowded houses along the entire circuit."

"I don't doubt it," remarked Randell. "You certainly have the play this time. You've only been in town three days and every reporter has proclaimed the play as the marvelous revelation of the century. You have been greeted as the wonderful Holmes, the world's greatest tragedian! I had this performance 'written up' two days before you opened here, but Hogan, my assistant, saw your play Monday. He caught my 'write-up' before it went to press and elaborated the statements considerably. I know a good play when I see one. You certainly have the production this time. My congratulations."

"Thank you, Tom," Holmes laughingly replied. "We're bound to 'make good' after what you've said about the play."

"H'm—much obliged, Dick—but back to the subject. How long did you rehearse before your initial performance?"

"Two months."

"Hard time?"

"Easy—fine cast."

"Well—we'll say you had great difficulty in obtaining your excellent company of players. Let's see—yes, we might add you had considerable trouble in arranging for scenery, properties and—"

"But the settings are simple," Holmes protesting, interrupted. "I'd proceed rather carefully along the mechanical side if I were you."

"I'll manage to find beauty in it, Dick—leave that to me. Now, who wrote the play, Lanton or Manford?"

"Arthur Manford," Holmes quickly replied. "Lanton has his name down as the author, but I'll always contend that Manford wrote 'The Goal.'"

"Where did you obtain this valuable information?" was Randell's query.

"From Manford himself," answered Holmes. "You know that Manford always traveled with our company and I enjoyed his confidence. When I was playing 'straight' in 'The Conquest,' Manford told me he had a plot in mind that would eventually turn out a great dramatic success. He never revealed the nature of his inspiration, but one night he felt very ill and asked me to help him to the hotel. I gladly consented, and for this kindness Manford told

me the secret of his great drama. It was the exact plot of the play you witnessed this evening."

"Then how did Lanton get a hold of the idea?"

"Through Thornton, who was promoting the production at that time," Holmes replied. "You know that 'The Goal' is more or less a duplicate of 'Ambition.' The plot has been slightly changed and the lines rearranged considerably, but the underlying thoughts of Manford's drama are still evident. You know what a miserable failure 'Ambition' was, and you remember that poor Manford passed away shortly after the first production of the play. His death was attributed to poor health, which was the report issued by Thornton. Manford died of a broken heart. His life was cut short because of a lack of appreciation for his efforts. I know what I am talking about Tom."

"Yes, I always thought Manford's early death was due to some other cause," Randell slowly remarked. "He certainly was responsible for some splendid plays."

"Had he lived, Tom, I can confidently say, he would have been rated as one of the greatest dramatists of the modern era. Manford wrote for the beauty and satisfaction his play was to render others. Money meant nothing to him—that's why he died a poor man. How many times did I hear him say, 'As long as I can provide food for thought, pleasure and satisfaction to my grateful audiences, I am content. Riches can not purchase this satisfaction, this realization of my efforts.'"

Both men were silent. Holmes proceeded in removing his stage costume. The silence continued for several moments. Randell was much relieved when Holmes remarked, "Quite an impression my speech has made on you, Tom."

"So one play caused his departure," said Randell, slowly. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, you can't realize my feelings in the matter, Tom," Holmes hastily added. "To think that this play that had been ridiculed should suddenly spring into prominence. At last the people have appreciated the final, untiring efforts of the great Manford. Oh, if he were only here to fight for his rights and proclaim the play as his own—his own. How well I remember his last words! We were playing 'The Conquest' again, due to the failure of Manford's 'Ambition.' A few days after the first performance Manford became seriously ill, which necessitated his removal to a private sanitarium. We often visited him and tried to offer encouragement, assuring him that everything would turn out well in the end. One night while in my dressing room after the performance, I received a message from Manford requesting my presence immediately. I hurriedly removed my 'make-up,' and was soon at his bedside. The doctor in attendance cautioned me not to allow the patient to become excited, as his condition was very serious. I assented and then turning, patiently asked Manford the cause of his request. 'I'm glad you came, Holmes,' he weakly replied. 'I realize I'm slowly passing away—my days are numbered. Listen carefully to what I say. It's all a mistake—about the play. Some day the people will realize the injustice they have done me. I know you're a friend, Holmes, and I want you to work—to never stop working until you see 'Ambition' successfully produced. Speak to Thornton—convince him that you're right. Ask him to give you a chance at "lead" and change Hunter to "heavy." You can

interpret my ideas. The play is a great one—I know, Holmes, I know. Promise me you will do as I ask.' I promised and left shortly after. Manford passed away the following morning. I was true to my word. I argued and argued with Thornton until finally he interested Lanton in the matter and the result was the dramatic success of this season."

Randell had thoughtfully regarded his friend during his long speech, and when he had finished, shook his head, then slowly said: "It's too bad the appreciation came too late and for another's satisfaction. I realize that we fail to respond to the ideal appeals of some imbued with a higher spirit and for this lack of judgment we suffer in that we have no more of their efforts."

"You're right," Holmes agreed. "Let us forget this particular case. Think of the number of learned and accomplished individuals who pass away at an early age because of the failure on the part of the people to appreciate their works. How often do budding genii leave their labor undone because the proper response is not evident. Even when their efforts are successfully realized, is it not true that very often we offer too much praise for the work itself and for those who attempt to interpret the ideals, rather than for the master—the leader who has diligently labored to make others content? In the modern drama we laud the actor. We marvel at his ability—his poise—his interpretation. Do we likewise praise the dramatist who has made these ideal expressions possible? Does an instructor always receive commendation when one of his scholars in later life accomplishes something of note? You know what I mean, Tom. Manford was a true dramatist—a creator—a master! His efforts were not appreciated. You know the result."

The tooting of an automobile horn interrupted further speech. Hastily arranging his coat, Holmes continued, "My car is at the door. Come along Tom, we pass the office on the way."

Randell consented and soon they were speeding through the noisy thoroughfares of the large city. As they were approaching the newspaper office Randell turned and seizing his friend's hand exclaimed, "I'm going to have the biggest story on my page in years. I'm going to teach the people a few lessons in dramatic appreciation. Of course I'll act with precaution, Dick. You'll not be involved in the matter at all. I'm going to convince a few individuals as to the true worth of Arthur Manford, as you termed him—the master."

And Tom Randell kept his promise.

By HAROLD A. GREENE.



School News

On Thursday morning, April 30, five students of Mr. Cuthbert's class discussed the Mexican question. Miss Jacobsen spoke on "The Mexican War of 1846;" Miss Johnson, "The Last Three Years of War in Mexico;" Miss Joachim, "Causes of the U. S. Interference;" Mr. Ginsberg, "Present Conditions in Mexico," and Miss Fish, "The Impending Armistice."

Mr. Gleason, former Principal of Summer Avenue School and one of Newark's foremost educators, gave an informal talk in the assembly room on arithmetic. During his address he taught the school several valuable "short cuts" use in mental arithmetic problems.

Instead of the usual Arbor Day exercises, such as

"I love the oak,
The beautiful oak——,"

Miss Luther, head of the Biological Department, succeeded in getting Mr. Bannwart, Commissioner of the Shade Tree Department, to speak to the school. His talk was very interesting, full of wit, humor and common sense. We wish to assure Mr. Bannwart that he may always be certain of a hearty welcome from the student body of the Normal School.

Mr. Willis called a meeting of the Senior A class on Tuesday, April 28, for the purpose of deciding the nature of the commencement exercises. The date decided upon is June 18. It is Mr. Willis's plan to have the outgoing class settle all matters of dues and business before graduation.

The Board of Education held its first meeting in the lecture room on April 22 for the purpose of organizing and electing a secretary. Miss Elsie Terhune was elected to fill this position and read that part of the constitution pertaining to the board. It is Miss Terhune's duty to keep the minutes of the meetings. Miss Breunig was in the chair.

An historical playlet, "Paul Revere's Ride," written by Miss Battin and Miss Breunig, was presented before the school Friday morning, April 24. All the students taking part, helped to create the atmosphere of '75, and to this the success of the dramatization was largely due.

Miss Bodler's class in History of Education visited the School for the Deaf, which is now located in the old Newark Normal School. So that the benefit of these visits may be spread throughout the school, reports are usually read. Miss Blair and Miss Kranter reported on this visit. Their topics were "The Relation of the Ordinary Teacher to the Deaf Child" and "The Work of the Children in the School for the Deaf."

Many of our Junior B's are revealing their several talents, thus making our morning exercises very enjoyable. Miss Krimke and Miss Hoakum gave us a delightful rendering of "The Bobolink." Miss Kennally recited "Knee-deep in June," by James Whitcomb Riley. The poem is written in dialect and Miss Kennally interpreted it beautifully.

On Wednesday morning, April 29, the trophies for the track meet were given out. Mr. Sloane presided, called the exercises bird day and then had the "birds" perform. Miss Doctor sang "The Duck and the Turkey" and "Our Chick-a-dees." Miss Grace Williams, president of the A. A., presented the cup to the Junior A class. Miss Cadmus, as captain of the Junior A squad, received the cup. Miss Krimke and Miss Hoakum then sang "The Bobolink." The Starling (Mr. Sloane) presented the medals—Miss Battin, the first, and Miss Dunn, the second. Miss Fricina and company rendered with vim "Funiculi, Funiculi." As Bluebird, Mr. Willis presented, with due ceremony, the banner to the Senior B class. Then a gifted Bluejay chirped, and Miss Kennally sang the praises of our winners in original verse. The Senior B's then made another effort, singing the familiar "Three Blind Mice" and a parody, "Our Athletes." Our honored Meadowlark, Miss Falken, raised her voice and distributed the numerals to the girls, and our cheery Robin, Mr. Hogdon, to the boys. Then "with a cheer for the Silver and Blue," these novel exercises closed.

TEACHING APPOINTMENTS.

Of those to be graduated in June, 1914, the following received appointments to positions before April 28, 1914: Edith Hulmes, Lyndhurst, N. J.; Rose Lehrich, Lodi, N. J.; Alma Pach, Irvington, N. J.; Helen M. Ryno, Lodi, N. J.; Madeleine Stegmaier, Brookside, N. J.; Gertrude Wyckoff, Irvington, N. J.

Of this same class, eighty-three have been notified and recommended to fill positions in different parts of our locality. The appointments to follow many of these applications are still pending. A surprisingly large percentage of those notified of vacancies have refused to apply, trusting that they may receive appointments to positions in the city of Newark.

It is the earnest desire of the principal and each of the members of the faculty that all of the June graduates may be well placed before the fall term and may spend their vacations looking forward to a year of active and successful service.

Miss Genieve Thomas, of the class of February, '14, is teaching at Kearny, N. J.

Miss Bessie Bedell, of the class of February, '14, is teaching at Delawanna, N. J.

Miss Edna Huggin, of the class of February, '14, is teaching at Chatham, N. J.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the Social Service Government of the Newark State Normal School extend its sincere condolences to Mrs. Charles E. Smith and members of

the immediate family as an expression of sympathy for the unfortunate death of Charles E. Smith.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the family.

Resolved, Also, that this expression be printed in the Pedagoge, and read in the chapel to the student body of the Newark State Normal School.

(Signed) NAT GINSBURG, Mayor Pro Tem.

WILLIAM S. FAST, City Clerk.

April 23, 1914.

AT WEBSTER.

On Friday evening, April 3, a very novel entertainment was given at Webster School. The arrangements were entirely entrusted to the practice students, with the exception of the gymnastic work, which was so ably handled by Mr. Beck. Miss Breger was at the piano. A Japanese dance, arranged by Miss Furst, won cordial applause. The distinctive feature of the evening was the play, "Hansel and Gretchel." The delightful manner in which it was interpreted reflects credit on our students. Miss Gretta Cashion was chairman, while Miss J. Bradley, Miss H. Croken and Miss M. Bradley acted as able assistants. Miss Fricina taught and directed all the songs; she also sang her well-known "Sonita Lucia" in Italian. We wish to congratulate all who had charge for the splendid entertainment given.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

The long cherished Camera Club has at last been organized under the direction of Mr. Cuthbert and Miss Luther. About eighteen students belong to the organization. The following officers have been elected: President, Miss Letitia Davis; vice-president, Miss Regina Mulcahy; secretary, Miss Sara Clarkson; treasurer, Miss Helen Johnston. Many interesting things have been planned at the weekly meeting; every member is in earnest and the club promises to be a flourishing and instructive organization.

PLANS FOR COMMENCEMENT.

On Thursday afternoon, June 18, at 3 o'clock, the second graduating class of the Newark State Normal School will hold its commencement exercises. Miss Sharwell, the class president, will deliver the salutatory. Dr. Snyder, of Jersey City, will address the graduates, and diplomas will be awarded by Dr. Schaufler, president of the State Board of Education. Other entertaining features, including songs by Miss Fentzlaff and Mr. Goldberg, will add to this program.

SANCTUARY.

The Senior play this term is rather unique in choice. It is "Sanctuary, a Bird Masque," by Percy Mackaye. The play was written and was produced in the interests of bird protection. It was first played by the summer colony at Norwich, New Hampshire, at which time Miss Eleanor Wilson, daughter of the President, played the leading role. As given by the Seniors, it will be presented in story, tableau, song and dance. It promises to be pretty, as well as valuable and uplifting.

PERSERPHONE.

The Senior A's before going out to practice left a wholesome, delightful, uplifting atmosphere behind them in the rendering of their play. Miss Scarlett, with her usual ease of manner, interpreted the story beautifully. Quite appropriately, Miss Sharwell, as class president, was a fine Perserphone. The dancing and costuming added much to the effect of the entire play and we are grateful that our Seniors tendered us such a delightful farewell entertainment.

PRACTICE NOTES.

IMITATION IN THE CLASSROOM.

In our psychology classes we have heard considerable on the application to be made of a knowledge of the predominant instincts of the child. One of the things noticed particularly in my observation of various teachers was the many, many profitable uses to which the teacher may put the child's instinct of imitation. A teacher with a clear and distinct voice, one soft and pleasant at the same time, shows tact and poise and exerts a marked influence on the atmosphere of her room. Nothing excites a visitor to a classroom to undue and hasty criticism as quickly as will a teacher who speaks in harsh, rasping tones.

"Teach by example," we are told. How can we expect to inculcate habits of order and neatness in children, to whom we distribute paper torn and left ragged, before whom we place on the board unruled lines and work that we wish to erase the next minute? How can we afford to have a desk or bookcase that is anything except a model of neatness? A good teacher is of necessity a good housekeeper. To be handy with a hammer and nail is often of value. A teacher who knows not merely how to direct, but can "do" things, is sure to win the respect of her class. Ask the boys of your acquaintance and they will confirm my statement.

A teacher who had one of the so-called "bad" boys to deal with, knew that the idol of his boyish heart was Lincoln. Very unobtrusively she brought into conversation with him, incidents from Lincoln's boyhood, which fitted classroom circumstances. "When Lincoln met this sort of problem, he did thus and so. What are you going to do about it, John?" A more loyal boy than he became could not be wanted. Though more remote, is this not, too, a use of the instinct of imitation?

Of the value of imitation in the teaching of music, I need hardly speak. How else are you going to help a monotone?

"Sit up! Stand correctly!" the teacher directs, and too often is standing with drooped shoulders herself. Be a model for imitation, before you expect perfection from children.

In writing our lesson plans, nearly every one of us, invariably, says, "Tell the children ——." More often it should be, "Show them." Some educators even advocate teaching writing entirely by "showing" and imitation.

Many teachers spend about five per cent. of the day in "preaching" courtesy. Some wise and tactful teachers, however, hardly ever say a word

about courtesy, yet it is the very essence of their fine discipline—only another application of the subject of this article.

When you go into a classroom for observation, watch this side of the teacher's art—it is an interesting study. You will begin to realize how much depends on your voice, your dress, your posture, in a word, your personality—you.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

In an article in a teachers' magazine recently, the editor gave a report of fifty-nine superintendents of schools, who were asked to state the reason for the failure of many Normal School graduates during the first part of their experience. The opinions were about equally divided; nearly half of the men stated that the reason for failure was poor scholarship; the rest claimed that the special subjects, particularly drawing and music, were the weak points.

What excuse have we for poor scholarship? Yet this report of superintendents is a glaring truth. We are not as well prepared on the subject matter of the grades as we ought to be; the Normal School can not give us that information, if we do not already possess it—we must get it ourselves, and have it we must.

The second point, weakness in special subjects—thereby hangs a tale. So many of us, when we get into the practice department, shun the teaching of drawing, because we never were talented, or of music for some such reason. The wiser thing to do would be to get all the observation and teaching possible in those "weak" subjects—they are the ones you need most. That doesn't mean that we are always to teach only our weak subjects, but it does mean we are not to avoid them.

DISCIPLINE IN SCHOOL CORRIDORS.

You may never have thought of "discipline" in reference to the hallways of a school. The school I practiced in, which contained more than a thousand children, maintained "corridor discipline." That was unique, if not really remarkable.

Second year children know which side of the stairway to use, know they are to walk along a certain black line, square corners, refrain from talking and be "little soldiers." These are habits which every new child learns, and they become more firmly fixed throughout the grades.

The uses of the school corridor are many. Going to auditorium is but one use. In all grades the children march down to perfect response of the "left, right" of the teacher. Where the children march according to the part, they sing, changing places in the corridor is necessary. This is accomplished in orderly fashion, no voice save the teacher's being heard. Ranks of four are held, corners squared and files kept as only well trained children can keep them.

At recess time, the same good marching and good posture may be seen. If occupied rooms are passed through, marching is done on tiptoes. The fire drill causes no confusion; the school marks time as usual, with the customary brisk walk. It is effective, with none of the usual hurrying we know of. Dis-

missal is accompanied by the steady beat of a drum, heard from the third floor. Every child keeps exact time until he reaches the open air.

What are the values of this order, you ask? He has his friends around him, but he refrains from talking; this is self-control. Habits of correct posture receive an added stimulus; every child, too, realizes his duty in the corridor, and very, very few exceptions to the rule of perfect order occur. You may wonder and be surprised, but if you see it you can not help but admire the excellent corridor control. The corridor is a necessary part of the school building; is it not, then, deserving of good order?

BITS OF HUMOR FROM "PRACTICE."

Teacher (taking posture test) asks of visitor who is gymnasium instructor—"What do you call it when a pupil has wings on his shoulder blades? Here is Philip, an excellent subject for wings."

Small Voice from Rear—"Oh, he's a bird."

A practice student enters the classroom to which she is assigned. The teacher presents a chair. A small girl in front seat, asks audibly: "Is that girl going to be in our class?" Then, her eye passing from the youthful face to the extended length of skirt, exclaims: "Oh, no, she's a lady!"

While looking over a set of papers, a Normal practice student found the following:

"When Abraham was ten years old, they moved to Indiana, and he and his father were frontiers."

"Our first American of United was and will be Abeaham Lincon."

"Mrs. Lincoln died and moved to Indiana."

"One day Abe built a raft, and when he earned \$50 one day, a man asked him if he would like to row across the ocean?"

"Three game birds are the reindeer, fox and wolf. The wolf has brown hair and brown body."

"The three religions are black, yellow and white."

Surely when the poet said:

"O wad the power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

He must have meant the Normal practice student. This proof is substantial. The following are short extracts taken from "Compositions About Our Assistant Teacher," written while a Normal student was practicing:

"I am going to tell you about our assistant teacher we are got. She is a good teacher and can teach very good. She is quite young and wears a blue skirt with fur across the knees and pink beads and a white waist."

"The children most of them like Miss H., as she is going to leave April 3, 1914."

"Miss H. gives us mostly grammar and writing, reading, which I like very much. Miss H. drew a beautiful map of Asia Australia on the board. Her

character is nice, she talks nice and sweet and laughs only when it is necessary and not at silly things.

"She tells you to watch her when she shows you how to do the arithmetic. She sometimes has to do very hard work, for some boy won't mind her. I am sorry because she will not be able to see us again. I do not know what school she goes to, but I hope she has some better boys in her class than she has in now."

Some of the material in this department can not properly be termed "school news." Several of the articles, however, are contributions from the Senior A's who have returned after twenty weeks of practice. If they are read in the proper spirit they may prove of benefit to those whose period of practice is still in the future.

SCHOOL NEWS EDITOR.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven
The hillside's dew-pearled.
The lark's on the wing
The snail's on the thorn
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

"The year's at the spring," how we enjoy the buoyancy and the merry leap of the line! The thought of the springtime in its fullest significance of rebirth and new life is brought home to us in the joyous leap of the heart when that line is felt. "And day's at the morn"—here we appreciate the joyous beginning of a new day, full of promise and without any dark "shadow" that "sits and waits for me." How brimful of energy it is! "Morning's at seven." A closer, more definite reiteration of the glorious beginning of a new day is revealed to us. "The hillside's dew-pearled." We are out in the throbbing nature world, our own souls pulsating with joy, and atune with the glorious springtime. The glistening of the dew appeals to us in a new way; it represents more inner joy than it has ever represented before. Then "The lark's on the wing." What possibilities that line has! We see the skylark, soaring and ever soaring, far beyond our sight, but we can soar with it, and are lifted up out of our material selves, and carried upward with the soaring, cloud-reaching bird. Then we see "The snail's on the thorn," a humble, lowly, reticent creature, usually withdrawing itself into its shell; but on this day of days, it, too, has a perfect place in the great harmony of nature's music. We are now on the summits of joy, but not too selfishly happy not to think for an instant with compassion of those who have not been able to come with us, and we sing with Browning,

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world!"

Handel must have felt that way when he wrote his triumphant Largo, and to-day I rejoice with him.

June, 1915.

EMMA CONRAD.

Social News

Arrangements are being made to hold the first alumni dinner, June, '13, in the dining hall of this school. About two hundred graduates are expected to celebrate this event.

A benefit dance in the interest of the College Loan Fund of the High School Alumnae Association was given in the ballrooms of "The Washington" Tuesday evening, April 28. An exhibition of modern dances was given by the Seibert Trio. The general dancing was under direction of Mr. Ernest H. Seibert. Music was furnished by Jacobs.

Miss Mary Barrett, of the class of June, '14, who has been engaged to Dr. Alfred Martin for some time, has as yet set no definite date for her wedding, but it is expected it will take place in the near future, probably in June.

MARRIED.

Miss Hazel E. Evenden to Mr. J. A. Link, Jr., on March 20, 1914. They now reside in Philadelphia.

In the residence of the bride's parents, March 22, 1914, occurred the marriage of Miss Elsie D. Meisel, of the class of Jan., '14, to Mr. G. Franklyn Ribbons. A trip to Washington, D. C., was taken on the couple's wedding tour.

WHERE THE FACULTY MEMBERS SPENT EASTER WEEK.

Miss Luther spent the first few days of the week at Saybrook, Conn., and then went to Washington, D. C.

Those members of the faculty who accompanied the students on the trip to Washington were Mr. Willis, Mr. Cuthbert and Miss Falken. Mr. Sloane also journeyed to Washington during the week.

Mrs. Leet had an enjoyable vacation at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. English visited the home of his father near Atlantic City, N. J.

Miss Bodler visited Rochester, N. Y.

Many friends attended the recital given by Charles Safford at Wallace Hall Tuesday evening, April 14. He was assisted by Miss Lillian Seitz, soprano, a graduate of Newark Normal School. Mr. Safford is well remembered here as a former member of Barringer High School and now an organist in New York City.

On the afternoon of Friday, March 27, at the home of Mrs. A. J. Cook (formerly Miss Ruth Robinson, of class of June, '15) a miscellaneous shower was given by members of her former class in honor of her marriage.

The Camp Fire Girls, an organization composed of Newark Normal School students, are devoting their meeting days to playing indoor tennis at the Y. W. C. A. gymnasium.

A large number attended the subscription dance given on the evening of April 28 at the Washington by the College Loan Fund of the High School Alumnae Association. An exhibition of modern dances was given by the Seibert Trio. Guests were present from Roseville, Forest Hill, East Orange, Glen Ridge, Summit and New York. Among the patronesses were Mrs. David B. Corson, Mrs. J. Wilmer Kennedy, Miss K. Belcher, Miss Margaret Coult and Mrs. Wayland E. Stearns.

Miss Cecilia H. Joachim, a former student of the Newark Normal School, who has been studying vocal art during the last two years, gave a recital in Wallace Hall on Friday evening, April 24. The selections sang by Miss Joachim included compositions by C. Bohm, Grieg, Massenet, Godard, Homer and d'Hardelot.

On Friday evening, April 24, the members of the Phi Sigma Sorority were the hostesses at a dance in Roseville Auditorium. The patronesses included Mrs. Enos H. Harrison, Mrs. Bertram H. Sommer, Mrs. Emma Robinson and Mrs. C. Watson. The members of the sorority now attending Normal School are Miss Ethel Watson, Miss Stella Simmonds, Miss Alma Seiler, Miss Ada Robinson and Miss Helen Montrose.

EXTRACT FROM A DIARY.

Our Trip to Washington.

Our party left Newark on Monday, April 6, at 7.55 A. M. and arrived at Philadelphia at 1 P. M. Here we spent a short time visiting such interesting places as the mint where "Buffalo nickles" are made, Independence Hall, Carpenter's Hall, Betsy Ross House, Wanamaker's and the Curtis Publishing House. We left Philadelphia at 2 o'clock and arrived in Washington at 5 o'clock. Here we were taken in taxis to the National Hotel. That evening we visited the beautiful Congressional Library and returned to the hotel, tired but delighted with our first impression of the Capitol of our nation.

The next morning we visited Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. The ride along the Potomac River was one we cannot forget. In the afternoon we went to the Washington Monument. Some walked up to the top, but the weaker and more feeble ones rode. We then journeyed to Arlington, Virginia, and on the way saw the wireless station where messages are received from all parts of the country and even from Europe.

On Wednesday we viewed the city from one of the famous sight-seeing

automobiles, sometimes called the "Rubberneck Auto." A funny guide pointed out all the places of interest. Later we visited the Pan-American Building, the new National Museum and the Centre Market. In the afternoon we went to the Capitol, saw the Supreme Court, and, to our greatest delight, saw the House and Senate in session.

On Thursday we visited the Botanical Garden and the new museum. We then walked to the dome of the Capitol and three of the party (I being one) had the pleasure of sitting in Senator Hughes' chair. A number of us enjoyed the "free ride" in the subway of the Capitol. In the afternoon we visited the White House and stood in line, waiting to shake hands with President Wilson. That handshake was one of our most delightful experiences. We also went to the Corcoran Art Gallery. We left Washington at 5 P. M., a "happy and a wiser crowd."

PEDAGESE DANCE.

On Friday evening, May 29, the members of Pedagese Board will give an informal dance at West End Club. Anita Breunig, Viola Liebsher, Celia Cohen and Alexander Goldberg constitute the committee in charge of affairs. It is expected that the affair will be both a social and a financial success.

EASTER HAPPENINGS.

Miss Grace Boozan spent the week at Pompton Lake.

After returning from Washington, Miss Cadmus joined Miss Batten at Lakewood.

Mr. Greene and Mr. Goldberg walked to Morristown.

Miss Louise Masters returned to her home at Haddonfield, N. J.

Miss Breunig visited Southern Virginia, enjoying many places of historical interest.

Miss Lillian Dieffenbach was entertained by friends at Boston.

Miss Meisel visited her brother at Troy, N. Y., a student at Rennselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Miss Viola Broadbent spent the week at Vineland, N. J.

Miss Carolyan spent the week at Durham Heights, Pa.

Miss Helen Ambuhl visited friends at New Haven, Conn.

Miss Edith Hood sojourned for a part of the week at Washington, D. C.



SENIOR B—REMINISCENCES FROM WEBSTER STREET.

IN 3-A.

During a language period, the teacher noticed that one of the little boys was very restless. Going to him, the teacher sympathetically asked, "What is the trouble, Joe?" Whereupon Joe answered, "Teacher, I'm nervous," and Joe refused to continue his writing.

After realizing that the teacher was really sorry for him, Joe proceeded to tell his trouble. Pointing to his head he said: "Oh! my brains hurt something awful, and, pointing to his throat and swallowing hard, "my lungs hurt me too."

In a 1-B classroom, the teacher hung about the room some drawings made by her former pupils. Having drawn the children's attention to them, she asked: "Who do you suppose drew them?"

One little fellow answered: "The other kids what you used to have."

Some of the children were taken to the auditorium for their reading lesson. Hearing her echo when she was called upon to read, little Mary exclaimed: "Teacher, the walls are talking, too!"

HEARD IN 4-B.

Teacher (after reading about Vineland)—What does "fragrant" mean?

Nathan—It means "full of grapes."

SEEN ON A 4-B LANGUAGE PAPER (REPRODUCTION OF "THE SPARROW AND THE BEE.")

A.

"The bee done something for the sparrow,
The sparrow done something for the bee,
So they both got square on each other."

B.

Reproduction of the "Cat and the Sparrow."

"So soon the cat put the sparrow down she flew away. The sparrow he was smart becós he made a pland for the cat to not have any breakfast for his dinner."

IN 1-B.

After a discussion on Stevenson's wind song the teacher asked: "And what else does the wind do?" Edna—"It blows the clothsés on the ropesés."

In a 2-A nature lesson the teacher tried to get from the class the words "air," "sunshine," "water," etc., as things necessary for the growth of plants. In despair she finally questioned: "Well, what do you need to grow?"

One little voice timidly volunteered: "Macaroni and beans."

IN SCIENCE.

Teacher—What is condensed milk?

Emmitt—It's what you put in your tea to make it white.

Teacher—Who can tell me what water is?

Small Boy—Water's what turns black when you put your hands in it.

Teacher—What's a camera.

Frank—It's what looks like you when you put your face there.

Teacher—What's a portrait?

Frank—Where pigeons sleep.

GYM. MEET.

On April 1 the girls of this school held an athletic meet in the gymnasium. This was the first affair of its kind to be held by the Normal girls and it is expected that it will be an annual event. Records were established which in years to come the various pupils will strive to break. To the class winning the greatest number of points a silver loving cup was presented. This fell to the lot of the Junior A class, partly through the athletic ability of Miss Battin. Medals were presented to the winners of first place.

Records in Major Events—L. Battin, first in high jump; D. Dunn, first in dash; L. Battin, first in broad jump; A. Shirley, first in shotput; Miss McMahan, first in pole climb.

Minor Events—Miller, 1914, first in potato race; Mahnkin, 1915, and Kesselman, 1915, first in three-legged race; T. Landis, 1915, first in sack race.

Pupils Receiving Second and Third Places in Major Events—D. Dunn, '14, second in high jump; N. Fricina, '15, third in high jump; L. Battin, '15, second in dash; Cohen, '15, third in dash; E. Arcularius, '15, second in broad jump; Hollander, '16, third in broad jump; F. Cadmus, '15, second in shotput; N. Vernet, '16, third in shotput; T. Landis, '15, second in pole climb; Brodsky, '16, third in pole climb.

NORMAL DEFEATS PATERSON.

Paterson was forced, for the second time, to acknowledge the superiority of the Normal School's team. The score was Normal 24, Paterson 20. Although the final score was close, the Normal School boys exhibited a far better knowledge of the game. By clever passing and accurate shooting, the Normal School team managed to keep victory safe in hand. This game closed a very successful season for the basketball team, which deserves all the credit due to them. To Mr. Hodgdon, also, credit and praise should be given for his efforts in helping the basketball team. The line-up of the game was:

NORMAL.

PATERSON.

Fast.....	forward.....	Simpson, Blue
Greene.....	forward.....	Donnelly
Koss.....	centre.....	Fairclough
Ginsburg.....	guard.....	Kissinger
Kanter.....	guard.....	Nixon

Field goals—Fast, 1; Greene, 2; Koss, 3; Donnelly, 4; Blue, 2; Kissinger, 1; Nixon, 1. Free throws—Fast, 12; Donnelly, 4.

BASEBALL.

The boys of this school are determined to put on the baseball diamond a team that any school should be proud of. The boys are practicing faithfully and are going to give a clean and good exhibition of baseball. A strong line-up is being prepared and the battery has already been chosen. Fast will do most of the pitching, while Koss and Siff will alternate behind the bat. Let us all wish the baseball team a successful and pleasurable season.

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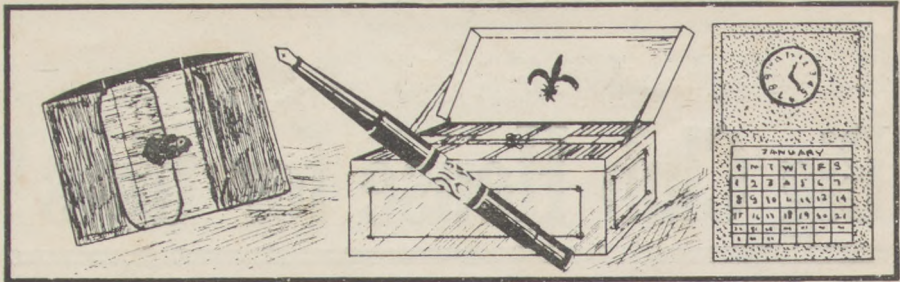
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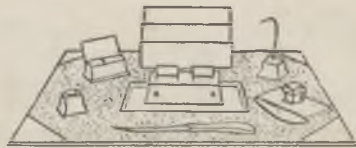
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