

PEDAGESE

VOL. 2

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No. 2

MOTHER GOOSE NUMBER

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PEDAGESE

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No. 2

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How many old, cherished, never-to-be-forgotten friends have you? Yes, the count is small, and perchance in counting you have overlooked the dear old rag doll, whose name was Lucy, and who showed a decided tendency to shed her sawdust "stuffing," or the scrapbook containing the hoarded treasures of art—old valentines, sentimental pictures, highly lithographed, and bits of verse that at one time brought tears to the eyes and call up a tender reminiscent smile. There are dozens of others, each one dear to the heart because of some associations with our childhood, but best and most loved of all, I think, there is Mother Goose. Good old soul! a friend indeed is she, tried and true; and how often the jingling rhymes come back to us in these our "grown-up" days, and we are struck with the deeper meaning, the quaint philosophy of them. They are not discarded, these merry bits of verse, for they serve us still in many a way. Then hail to the patron of nursery rhymes, Mother Goose, and to her is this number of Pedagese most affectionately dedicated by her friends and well-wishers, the students of the Newark State Normal School.

PROLOGUE.

I.

From the vantage ground of fifty—that age when, forehanded, swift we
Round up treasure in a thrifty pile for possible future use—
We're called, in gen'rous spirit, to debit life's demerit,
And credit own to first inspirings of our new successful muse—
To give and take with even hand—the gain is Truth's, e'en though we lose.

II.

Lose what! The limelight glory, self-trained on "self-made" story,
That in the days of yore we set such monumental store by?
Though still fain we'd face the mirror where gleams the mirage of our lives,
"A saner, sad reflection," a wiser introspection,
An early recollection slants the shadow, and it gives!

III.

No architects of life are we! Our forbears duly earned the fee
Of knowledge, life and liberty, so freely hurled down the ages—
If haply we assimilate a maxim or a thought that's great,
And primp it to a fine estate, may we loll back and pose as sages?
Ask the publisher, who coldly looks upon our work as—pages.

IV.

And so the boy's the pere of man ("since Adam delved and Eve span")
And ere his Cupid's bow began its 'prenticeship to lispings,
His petaled ears and star-gemmed eyes had found a new and wondrous use
In drawing in the honeyed rhyme, the cymbal-sounding eerie chime
Of the "Once upon a time!" as told by Grand Old Mother Goose.

V.

Ring the changes once again! Let's hark back to Mother's strain!
Aside with pomp, with grime, with gain! We call an honorable truce!
"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn!" Rouse the echoes of our morn.
Appear! thou "Maiden all Forlorn," "Old King Cole," "Wise Doctor Goose,"
"Simple Simon," "Little Bo-Peep," and "Priest all Shaven and Shorn!"

VI.

A thousand strings are thrummed—all good or ill in life is summed
Between those pictured leaves we thumbed in the days when time was nought—
Elfin cloudland, wraith of mistfield, peace of forest, rip of river,
In iridescent colors brushed, flecked with glow-worm gems encrushed,
Live with us until life is hushed, and will live on and on forever!

VII.

Who's he can sum the honest dues her goslings owe in th' abstruse
For life-guide hints to Mother Goose—mints to fit, or king or clown,
As, "One foot up, t'other down, that's the way to London town!"
So, self-help, plodding, gains the crown—a leaven ever fresh for use—
From childhood's alma mater—our charming second Mother—Goose!

July 25, 1902.

W. C. GANNON.

FROM PAST TO PRESENT WITH MOTHER GOOSE.

To discover the authorship of Mother Goose is a task that means going far back through the centuries, for she has grown up with the children of the ages. One author has very wisely and truthfully said: "To begin at the beginning with the immortal classic of Mother Goose we should probably have to go back to the Garden of Eden, for to Mother Love must be accorded the progressive authorship of Mother Goose." And as the universal spirit has pervaded all time, so Mother Goose thoughts, little life scenes and truths from court to cottage, in jingles and lullabies tuned to childhood's ear, appear in the folklore of all the nations. So in origin they are the rhymes and stories of nations, although to our own America is attributed the first printed collection of Mother Goose melodies as we known them to-day. Be it told in this wise:

"Vertigoose was the original family name of Elizabeth Vergoose, a real

character, when her ancestors reached these shores from England, in the year of 1650. This three-syllabled name was eventually clipped as above stated, from whence the translation to one syllable—Goose—was familiarly simple. Under this name she had the happy chance to meet with one Thomas Fleet, an English disciple of "the art preservative," who reached the town of Boston in the early part of the eighteenth century, under cover of "seeking his fortune." He found it, in marrying one of the numerous daughters of the good dame, and setting up a printing office on his own account, which apparently flourished from the start. It being a common thing in those days for printers to add a publishing department, as a side issue to their main business, the enterprising Fleet determined to enter the lists with his competitors; and here he probably found a congenial workmate in his mother-in-law, whose large family presupposes the acquirement of an extensive repertory of child-satisfying story and verse. * * * At any rate, in the year of our Lord 1719 there appeared from Fleet's press an unpretentious volume entitled 'Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children—printed by Thomas Fleet, in his printing house, Pudding Lane. Price, Two Coppers.'

From this first copy, though a "crude output from a modest press," has grown our treasure book of to-day, *Mother Goose's Melodies*, and we may truthfully say of Thomas Fleet, "he builded better than he knew."

A CHINESE MOTHER GOOSE.

Have you ever heard of a Chinese Mother Goose? If not, in the Newark Public Library you will find a copy of this novel and interesting book of nursery rhymes. If you are familiar with it you will no doubt agree with the publisher that it is one of the most "fascinating Mother Goose books of the century."

This book has been compiled by Mr. Isaac Headland, with the hope "that they (the rhymes) will present a new phase of Chinese home life and lead the children of the West to have some measure of sympathy and affection for the children of the East." Mr. Headland has collected these verses from various sources and translated them. The rhymes he has selected are no doubt as old and traditional as any of our own Mother Goose tales and rhymes, and have sprung from the Chinese people.

The plan of the book resembles in many respects our own classic. The poems are divided into those relating to insects, animals, birds, persons, children, food, parts of the body, actions and professions, trades and occupations. Among these dealing with insect life are, for example, "The Snail," "The Spider," and "The Lady Bug." The latter will bear repetition, since it resembles our own rhyme of the same title:

"Lady-bug, lady-bug,
Fly away, do,
Fly to the mountain,
And feed on the dew,
Feed on the dew
And sleep on a rug,
And then run away
Like a good little bug."

There is a note of tenderness in this little rhyme which would please the child. The rhymes about animals and birds are an appeal to a child's humane feelings, especially those entitled, "Don't Be Cruel," and "Friends of the Horse."

Songs, expressive of the tender affection of mother for her child, are such as "Sweeter Than Sugar," "Sweet Pill," "Little Fat Boy," and "Baby Is Sleeping," a lullaby.

Part of this book is devoted to riddles and games, the latter accompanied by a rhyme or jingle. One of the riddles is as follows:

A cock's comb flower he wears on his head,
For his clothes he needs neither thimble or thread;
Though you be a great man I'd have you know,
Ten thousand doors would open if he should crow.

Can you guess it? The games involve the dramatization of the rhymes. The illustrations give the reader an idea just how they are played. There are also many finger plays which children find so delightful. One of these is "The Five Fingers," which resembles our story of the five little pigs, each designated by one of the baby's fingers.

There are numerous other poems worth mentioning, but it is impossible to speak about them all. Many are of educational value, some are historical and others instructive. There are also others which we could not give to children at all, dealing with subjects quite beyond the child's experiences, especially the American child. Taking the book as a whole, it is one from which the child would derive both instruction and pleasure.

SALLIE ROBINSON.

THE NORTH WIND'S SONGS.

The North Wind blows
With the breath of snows
That numb and chill;
And he sings a strain
As he whirls again
O'er field and hill.

"Whew! Whew!" is the North Wind's song;
"My days are so short, tho' the year is long!"

The North Wind blows
While the great storm grows
And drifts pile high.
The world, ice-bound,
Still hears the sound
As he rushes by:

"Whew! Whew!" is his merry song;
"My days are so short, yet my joy is long!"

A. G., June, '14.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN.

Did you ever hear of Dodo Land? That was a country where every one did just exactly as he pleased. The people there were called Dodums, and they thought no more of killing a man than we do of killing a mosquito. They had no schools as we have. They even had no cities. Everyone lived just where he pleased, worked when he pleased, played when he pleased, ate when he pleased, and slept when and just as long as he pleased.

There was something very strange about that country. They had no policemen. It had never occurred to them to have anyone who would keep them from doing the things which they wanted to do. No one ever had policemen in those days, because everyone did as he pleased, and no one ever pleased to do the things which a policeman must do.

One day a man was out walking across a big field. His name was Nunu, which means "courage" in the Dodum language. As he walked, he noticed Bobo coming toward him. Now Bobo means "strength." Gradually the two men drew nearer and nearer together. Neither of them made a move to the right or to the left. Then Bang!—they bumped right together. At once they jumped at each other like two wild animals, and there was an awful struggle. Finally, Nunu put his thumbs into Bobo's eyes and poked them out, and then killed Bobo.

Nunu picked up his heavy stick and trudged along home as though nothing had happened, and, indeed, nothing unusual had happened, for men killed each other that way every day in Dodo Land. He thought of the good supper that Dede, his younger brother, was preparing for him out of the fat young deer which they had killed the day before, and at the thought, he walked all the faster.

Just imagine how he felt when he walked into their house and found handsome young Dede lying on the floor dead! There was blood everywhere, and as Nunu walked out into the other room, he found that all of the food had been stolen, too. Out into the open air he went, and walked for miles and miles. Soon it was dark, but on he went until he could walk no more. To think that Dede, bright young Dede, should be killed!

"It isn't right!" he shouted. "He was too good!" And then he fell asleep.

When he awakened, it was broad daylight. Nunu was still weary and hungry and sad. His heart was broken. As he walked back toward home, he passed an old man and an old woman, sitting by the roadside, weeping bitterly. With tears in their voices, they called to him, and asked him if he had seen their dear son, Bobo, who had gone two days before to look for meat, and had not yet returned. Now you will remember that Nunu killed Bobo just the day before—and here were these two old people starving.

Nunu walked on as though he hadn't heard, and he kept saying all the time, "It isn't right," until it seemed as though even the trees said it with him.

Soon he came to the dead body of a man. A little further on there was

another, and still further on, he saw dead Bobo, and all the time, he kept saying, "It isn't right."

In the middle of the next afternoon, Nunu went to see his cousin Gogo, the fast runner.

"It isn't right." This from Nunu.

"What isn't right?"

"Dede's killed."

"Who killed him?"

"Don't know."

The men sat silent.

"It isn't right." This from Nunu again.

"What do you mean?"

"Bobo's dead."

"Who killed him?"

"I did."

Again there was silence.

Suddenly Nunu looked up.

"Well?" questioned the swift one.

"Go tell all the men for miles around to come to Big Tree one week from tomorrow. We'll talk it over."

At the appointed time, all the men were present. There were seventy-nine of them and they were a fearful looking crowd. They were all brown with heavy beards on their faces. Each man had a big stick with big knots on the ends, and seven of the men were as big as any two ordinary men. They towered heads and shoulders over any of the others. No one dared to sit down and as they stood around, no one spoke and each glared at the other, and all were grumbling and growling like a lot of overgrown dogs.

Suddenly all were very quiet except one. That was Nunu. He was telling about Dede, and about Bobo's father and mother, and about all the dead bodies he had seen. When he mentioned the dead bodies, the growling began again, and there were frowns on every side. One man mentioned a cousin, another spoke of a brother, still another said, "Papa," and one big man cried and shouted, "My Baybay." Then Nunu said, "It isn't right," and they all said, "It isn't right."

So they all agreed that there should be no more killing. When two men should meet on a path, they must both leave the path, or be punished by all the other men who lived around those parts.

For a whole week, no one was killed, and that was very unusual. Then all the men came together under Big Tree to talk it all over. They all looked happy. There were no scowls nor grumbling, and everyone said, "How much better it is not to kill." Then someone remarked:

"My good venison steak was stolen last night, and I am hungry."

"Someone took my buffalo skin last week, and unless I find another, I shall freeze next winter," said another.

"My axe is gone, and I can cook no more meals because I can get no wood for a fire," said a third.

"It isn't right," said Nunu, and "It isn't right," said the other three. Indeed, many other said, "It isn't right"—so many that Nunu asked if they didn't think it would be better to stop stealing.

Now you will remember that there were seven men in this group who were almost like giants, and when Nunu dared to ask how many wanted to make a law against stealing, these seven men said, "We are strong enough to do as we please, and if you have something that we want, we will take it whether you want us to or not." They sneered at the little fellows all around them. Everyone was silent. The wind rustled through the trees. In the distance, some birds were chattering, but not one of the men made a sound. Finally one arose and walked away, then another and another, until the whole assemblage was dispersed. Nunu was left alone.

That night the bravest of the small men went around to the homes of the big ones and killed them all, one by one. "We will have Law," was passed from mouth to mouth around the little village. When it was all over, the seventy-two who were left met under Big Tree, and they all said "Stealing must stop." This was the second law.

Two years passed. Every week these men gathered under Big Tree, and every week they made one new law, until they had laws about everything. They even had a law that a man couldn't beat his own wife. Pretty soon they had so many laws that they forgot some of them, so they asked Nunu if he wouldn't write them all down, so that they might come to him and read them sometimes.

As the new laws were made the men grew to like each other more, and they used to get together and talk about all kinds of things. Little by little they moved their homes closer to each other, until they were all living together in a little town around Big Tree. One day they were having a meeting around Big Tree and one man said: "Now that we are living close together, we have killed all the meat in this neighborhood. I have had nothing but vegetables for three days."

"My vegetables all died while I was away hunting meat," said another. "We have to go so far these days."

"Yes," said a third, "and all the wood is used up around my house, so that it takes too long for me to get some for the winter."

Then many others began to complain of the evils which had sprung up with the good. Nunu waited until all were through. Then he said: "It isn't right."

"It isn't right," they all echoed.

So they talked it over, and then decided that some of the men should go out and get enough meat for all, and some should raise vegetables for all, and some should cut wood enough for all, and some should bring water, and some should make all the clothes, and then some should keep the little village under Big Tree all neat and clean.

At the end of the first week, when all the town came together again, they put all the meat in one place, and they called it a "butcher shop;" and the man who had the vegetables they called a "farmer," just as we do. Then there were the "wood-cutter," "the water-carrier" and the "tailor," and all the other men of the town, just as we have them to-day. The people were all happy again, but some of them seemed just a little worried. The butcher said:

"I was away from home for a whole week, and although nothing happened, I don't like to leave the little house that I have built. It might burn down while I am gone."

"Or thieves might come in the night and steal while we are out cutting wood," said the wood-cutter.

"I travel far to get all the vegetables, and I don't like to leave my family unprotected," said another man.

"It isn't right," said Nunu.

Now, Nunu wasn't a butcher, nor a farmer, nor a wood-cutter, nor a tailor—in fact, they had forgotten all about giving Nunu something to do. So they decided that Nunu should be the one to see that no strangers came in to steal—for, of course, no one in the village itself would think of stealing—and to see that the little children in the families were protected when their fathers weren't home, and, most of all, to remind them of the laws when they forgot them. And what do you think they called Nunu? A "policeman!" He was the very first policeman, and all the other policemen to-day do just what Nunu did so many years ago. That is why it is that sometimes they remind us when they see us forgetting a law, because they know that if we break it the same thing will happen to us that happened to the people who forgot in Dodo Land. The people all loved Nunu because he reminded them and kept them out of trouble.

* * * * *

A few years after that a new man came to the village from far across the hills. He came from so far away that not a single person in the whole town knew him. As soon as he got there Nunu told him the laws. You never saw such a surprised man. He said:

"Why, you don't mean to tell me that I can't do as I please, do you? I'll have you know that I am a free man."

"So are we all," said Nunu.

"Then don't you all do as you please?" asked the man.

"We obey the law," answered the policeman.

"Can't a man even kill another man, or steal a bearskin?" asked the stranger.

"Not in this town."

The new man had never heard of such a thing, and he asked Nunu to tell him all about it, and Nunu told him the whole story, just as I have told it to you. He told him that he couldn't kill anybody, but that, in turn, nobody could kill him; he couldn't steal anyone's meat, but no one could steal his meat, either. He told the stranger all about all of the laws, pointing out that every law kept him from doing something to his neighbor; but it also kept the neighbors from doing those same things to him. Then he told the stranger that every one of the seventy-two who had met under Big Tree to make the laws was still alive, and the stranger had never heard of such an unusual thing. Soon the stranger went back home, and he told his people all about this strange thing called Law, and what a wonderful thing it was to make people healthy and happy and rich, and what a fine village they had in Dodo Land. And, do you know, these other people tried it, and it worked just as well, and soon the news spread all around; and after many, many years everybody knew about Dodo Land, and Nunu, the first policeman, who used to say, "It isn't right."

C. ROGER ALBRIGHT.

SPRING.

Ah, the bright and glorious spring,
 When the robin red breast sings;
 From the regions far away
 Back again he comes to stay.

Gentle breezes lightly blow
 Cherry blossoms to and fro,
 As the dainty butterfly
 Flutters past them toward the sky.

In among the grass blades green,
 Tiny violets may be seen;
 Here and there the tulips gay
 Nod their heads in fine array.

Little leaves begin to peep,
 Waking from their winter's sleep;
 These, indeed, are signs of spring,
 When all the world begins to sing.

GRACE M. OFFT, SR. A-III.

 ROSEBUD VERSUS SCIENCE.

It really was a perfectly absurd situation—Professor Oswald M. Westervelt minding a baby. Oswald M. Westervelt, the renowned professor of sciences, illustrious for innumerable successful scientific investigations, but wholly unrenowned for any prowess in the nurse girl business. Oh, yes, he knew that there were such things as babies—in fact, at one time he had even studied them—rather superficially it is true, along with all the other species of crawling things.

It was all due to his absent-mindedness, or, as he preferred to term this defect of his, “his remarkable power of concentration.” Tom Wall, whom he had always considered a trustworthy friend, had assured him of a week of perfect quietude if he would bring his beloved books (by the way, he didn't speak so affably of them when the professor wasn't around) and visit him at his summer home. And here, the very first afternoon, while his thoughts were otherwise engaged, his head nodded assent to Tom's young married sister's hurried request that he mind Rosebud awhile while she went “galavanting” off somewhere.

And so the professor “was minding Rosebud.” He had been doing it unconsciously for five blissful minutes when a honeyed “gurgle, gurgle” and a building block came within the range of his center of vision and reached his auditory organ. The latter, having instantaneous effect, the irate victim sprang to his feet and prepared to vent his wrath upon the malicious offender. But he looked in vain down the road and over the lawns—no mischievous or unprincipled

wrongdoer could he find. So, as the stinging sensation in his ear had entirely abated, and, as it was against his principles to give way to unworthy anger—except when he was taken so unawares—he returned to his comfortable chair and his reading.

In a few seconds came another “gurgle, gurgle,” but it was quite as unaffected as the previous babydom phrase had been. But then—with assiduous precision, the sharp end of the aforementioned block was dug into the most tender part of the professor's pedal extremities.

And, even an eminent professor of sciences can let his temper escape—and this professor certainly did. But this time he looked down upon the floor, from which direction the attack had been made, and there at his feet was a pink an' white bundle of gurgles and cooes. And his arms involuntarily picked it up and he held it high above him—this wriggling, adorable mass. And through the leafy vine that shaded the piazza danced a little sunbeam and playfully it caressed the silken gold of the little creature's hair. That soft gleam of golden hair, that fondling sunbeam! Oswald M. Westervelt shivered. After all those years why should such memories come to taunt him? And he very gently placed the child back on the cushion at his feet.

He really didn't intentionally neglect the child. To drive away that feeling—that old feeling of warmth and of love for one of God's humans that had overpowered him at the sight of the silken sun-kissed hair and the grasp of those baby fingers—he entered into his book land again. For awhile he was all too conscious of the child's unintelligible baby chatter and of her generous pats and kisses. But soon it all ended—he was lost in his book world.

Finally, he looked up. At his feet was a pillow, but no cherubic monarch was enthroned upon it. She was gone.

And every dusty, molding idea gleaned from that book vanished from his mind. He was just a man—and a young man—alert and vivified as he had not been for fifteen years. To find that child was his one purpose. Down the garden path and along the driveway he searched. Once a rosy mass of mountain laurel deluded him. Another time the cooing warble of a wood dove tried to make him believe that his search had ended. But, when he had reached the hotel, a few yards down the road, the little lady of the pink jacket was still unfound.

There was, however, a young lady on the hotel veranda—she probably would have noted so conspicuous a passerby as a wee damsel of eighteen months with a very slight knowledge of how to successfully manipulate her feet. So the man unceremoniously rushed up the steps. Then he stopped. The young woman had two baby arms about her neck and the arms belonged to a tiny, cooing creature with a pink sack on.

The young woman looked up. “Rosebud is quite a little traveler—fortunately her mother is inside—perhaps you had better take her to her mother and confess that you're a failure when it comes to domestic life.”

Rosebud greeted him with a crow of delight, but he paid no attention—he was looking at the young woman. Years before—say, fifteen years before—a sunbeam might have brought forth a “soft gleam of gold” in her hair. “And a little child shall lead them” was all the professor said—just then.

SCHOOL NEWS

DEPARTMENT OF SUPERINTENDENTS NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION,

Held at Cincinnati, Ohio, from February 21st to 28th, 1915.

It was the opinion of many of the leading educators of this country that the educational meeting held at Cincinnati had not only the largest attendance of members, but was one of the most profitable ever held by the Association. Over three thousand school men and women from all parts of the United States assembled for the purpose of discussing educational problems which are now looming large before them. These men and women represented the United States Government, Department of Education, State Departments of Public Instruction, Colleges and Universities, State and City Normal Schools, High Schools, Grade Schools, Primary and Kindergarten Schools, Technical, Industrial, Vocational, Manual Training and Agricultural Schools, City Superintendents, County Superintendents, Supervising Principals, Special Supervisors, Principals and Teachers, Boards of Education and the Educational Press.

It will be impossible to mention in an article of this kind the list of noted speakers who attended this conference. The United States Government was represented by United States Commissioner of Education P. P. Claxton, of Washington, D. C., who took an active part in many of the leading discussions; Arthur W. Dunn, United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., who also had a prominent part in the program, and many other representatives too numerous to mention.

The State Departments of Public Instruction included well known men in the educational world, among whom our own Commissioner of Education, Dr. Calvin N. Kendall, was especially prominent.

Nearly one hundred delegates attended this conference from New Jersey, which was perhaps the banner State in attendance at the conference. One reason for this may be found in the fact that the president of the Department of Superintendents was Dr. Henry Snyder, Superintendent of Schools of Jersey City, who not only arranged a remarkably fine program, but presided over the deliberations of the department with unusual skill and ability. A delightful feature and a novel one was a testimonial dinner given to Dr. Snyder by the members of the New Jersey delegation, which was a great surprise to him and which he greatly appreciated. The dinner was held at the Gibson House, with Dr. C. N. Kendall acting as toastmaster.

It is impossible to go into details regarding the varied program that was provided. Noted university presidents, State superintendents, normal school heads and high school principals met together for mutual discussion and helpfulness. The writer attended the normal school session, which was of wide scope and of great interest. The keynote of the discussions was the relation of the practice school to the normal school, as well as the question of preparation on the part of high school pupils in taking up normal school work. Another great question was the reorganization of the curriculum, consolidation of

courses and revision of study-content, so as to meet the teaching needs of the day.

Among the distinguished speakers at the general meetings were ex-President William Howard Taft; Nathan Schaeffer, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Pennsylvania; Dr. John H. Finley, State Commissioner of Education, Albany, N. Y.; P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.; Charles S. Prosser, of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education; Arthur D. Dean, Chief, Division of Vocational Schools, State Educational Department, Albany, N. Y.; Charles H. Judd, Director, School of Education, University of Chicago; Franklin Dyer, Superintendent of Schools, Boston, Mass.; A. V. Storm, Professor of Agricultural Education, University of Minnesota, St. Paul, Minn.; Albert Shields, Director, Division of Reference and Research, Department of Education, New York; Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, Ill.; Leonard P. Ayres, Director, Division of Education, Russell Sage Foundation, New York; Dr. William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools, New York; Edward L. Thorndyke, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York; W. P. Burrows, Dean of College for Teachers, University of Cincinnati; William C. Bagley, Director, School of Education, University of Illinois; H. C. Pryor, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York; Dr. Thomas M. Balliet, Dean, School of Pedagogy, New York University, and many other well known educational leaders.

Those taking part in the program from New Jersey were Dr. Calvin N. Kendall, State Commissioner of Education, Trenton; James M. Green, Principal State Normal School, Trenton; John Enright, Superintendent of Monmouth County Schools, Freehold; Elmer K. Sexton, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Newark; James E. Bryan, Superintendent of Schools, Camden; A. J. Demarest, Superintendent of Schools, Hoboken; Henry N. Maxson, Superintendent of Schools, Plainfield; John W. Carr, Superintendent of Schools, Bayonne, and a number of others. Harry Sprague, Supervisor of Practice at the State Normal School, Newark, N. J., prepared a paper on "The Relation of the Practice School to the Normal School," which will be published in the year-book of the Association.

An interesting feature of the conference was the meeting together of groups of men interested in certain phases of education. These informal discussions were of great value and extremely interesting from many standpoints. In fact, in some respects they were more helpful than listening to the reading of elaborate papers on some general topic. The social side of this gathering was a delightful feature, as one was constantly coming in contact with men and women of high attainments and social charm. It was a privilege as well as an honor to be associated with them.

The people of Cincinnati extended every courtesy to the members of the conference, leaving nothing undone for their comfort and pleasure. Fine accommodations were furnished at the hotels at reasonable prices. All educational institutions rendered assistance. Automobiles were provided for visiting places of interest in and about the city. Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft gave a reception at their famous home to the entire membership. The University of Cincinnati tendered a complimentary luncheon to the members. Various clubs entertained

extensively and the hospitality of the people in general was without bounds. The Cincinnati Musical Festival Association gave a choral concert at the Music Hall in their honor. Twelve hundred trained voices took part in this great festival chorus, consisting of choruses of children from the public schools, the May Festival Chorus and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. This festival was founded by Theodore Thomas, who directed it until 1904. It is doubtful if the members of the convention will ever forget the musical treat that was given them at Cincinnati.

W. SPADER WILLIS, Principal.

THAT PEDAGESE DANCE.

Did you ever see so many happy faces as you saw on the morning of February 1? Yes—everyone was talking about it, and you resolved to attend the next school dance on May 7. The Pedagese dance January twenty-ninth truly was a success! Was the gymnasium ever so tastefully decorated before? The patronesses' corner was one of the delights of the evening. The music—well, you couldn't refrain from dancing to such wonderful melodies. Is it any wonder that the patronesses, Mrs. W. S. Willis, Mrs. L. Vander Burg, Mrs. J. MacCaskie and Mrs. H. Cuthbert, gazed upon the happy social gathering with such approbation? The success of the affair was due to the following committee, of which Miss Helen J. MacCaskie was chairman: Miss Ruth Landesmann, reception; Miss Sadie Lipson, music; Miss Blanche Maybaum, finance; Miss Mildred Versoy, refreshments; Mr. Alvin Frey, decorations.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Within less than a month, the Junior B's have already manifested their interest in the advancement of the school's activities by the movement to organize a debating society in this school. Although the society is still in its early stages, arrangements are being made for a public debate to be held in the school auditorium in the near future. The topic under consideration is "Woman's Suffrage." To make the debating team more interesting and spectacular, it is expected that the young ladies of the club may support the negative of the argument, and that the young men will uphold the affirmative. The boys' team will be composed of the Messrs. Greenberg, Allen and Levine. A cordial invitation will be extended to all who take delight in listening to a good, vigorous debate on a topic of vital interest.

JUNIOR A'S ENTERTAIN JUNIOR B'S.

The Junior A Class gave a sociable in the gymnasium of the school on February 18. The committee in charge was composed of Julia Timer (chairman), Catherine Caniff, Mary Ryan, Charlotte Anderson, Viola Dufus, Helen Edwards. A short appropriate program was presented, some old-fashioned games were played and refreshments served. The assembled company consisted of about two hundred persons.

We were glad to see our new Junior B Class enter into the spirit of our daily routine. The class has contributed toward our entertainment one morning each week in assembly and we are truly glad to have them with us.

TEACHING OF HISTORY.

Perhaps there is no study in the school curriculum which is being subject to more criticism on the part of educators, parents and pupils than is history. There is a general feeling that history, as it is taught both in the secondary and elementary schools, does not result in producing to any appreciable extent better civic attitudes and ideals, and that it is not giving to pupils the useful social knowledge which all feel vaguely that it should. Dr. Sneddon, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education, says: "In terms of valid educational utilities, the efforts of history teachers seem to be largely wasted if measured in terms of better citizenship." And surely it would seem that in no field of education can be found a better opportunity for teaching good citizenship and it would also seem that in history as nowhere else is the opportunity for teaching true patriotism, but it must, of course, be a "sane, sensible history, divested of its bloody wars and scandalous doings of king and hierarch, and packed full of the joy and intensity and service of peoples struggling upward toward freedom and rational living."

It may be that one reason for the disappointing results obtained through history teaching is the failure on the part of teachers to appreciate the real meaning and purpose of history. Perhaps they have not rid themselves of the superficial idea that history is a "record" and have not come to appreciate the fact that the events and deeds recorded in history are of value only in so far as they interpret the thought, feeling and spirit which find expression in these deeds and events. They need to know and to feel very strongly that history is dynamic, not static; that it deals with the life of a people in the process of growth; that its content is not dead, but lives and moves. History is "not a burdening of the memory, but an illumination of the soul."

It makes no particular difference to us living here in New Jersey whether Bergen was settled by the Dutch in 1619 or 1617 or on some other date; or whether Philip Carteret, the first Governor, was a second or third cousin of Sir George Carteret, or just when or how he sent out his inducements to emigrants to come and settle his new colony, but what kind of emigrants responded to his invitation and what their motives were is vastly important to us, and the fact that our State was settled by the industrious, God-fearing, liberty-loving Puritans from both New England and old England; sturdy, upright, Scotch Presbyterians, intellectual and refined French Huguenots and the quiet, peace-loving Quakers is of great significance. All these details in regard to time, place and manner, interesting as they are, are of value to us only because they interpret something of the life, feeling and thought of these early settlers.

Another explanation of the failure of history to function in the daily life of the pupils, upon which all, or most educators seem to agree, is that there is a lack of association of the events of history with the present life. The pupil knows right well that he will not be called upon to live in any of these past ages and unless he is made to see that certain phases of the past have directly affected his own day and age, the average pupil is not going to be especially interested in

the collecting of isolated facts of history which he feels do not concern him. Professor Muzzey tells a story of a college professor who was trying to teach history to a class of settlement boys. The lesson was on Nero, and after telling his class how wicked Nero was, how he kicked his wife, poisoned his courtiers, killed his own mother, and seemed consumed with a desire to sever the heads of all his subjects, he turned to one of the boys named Mike and said: "Well, Mike, what do you think of this man Nero." Mike, who had seemed considerably bored, aroused himself enough to drawl out, "Huh! he never done nothing to me."

If the interest of the children in a fourth or fifth grade has been aroused in Greek art, examples of which may be seen in any city, and they have been led to see something of what we, of the present age, owe to the Greeks, they will have a vital interest in the Battle of Marathon, and will realize that it makes a difference to them personally that the Greeks instead of the Persians won in that famous battle of long ago. Lead a class who are about to begin a study of English colonization to see some of the advantages which English colonists had over those of Spain, compare the United States and Mexico of to-day, one having England for a mother country, and the other Spain. Then, when studying the destruction of the Spanish Armada which made England's activities in the New World possible, they will see that it is something which concerns them directly. It is easy to interest the pupils of an upper grade in the most recent discussion in regard to the Monroe Doctrine and having become interested in this topic they will enjoy going back to find its origin, some of the effects of its applications and what it has finally come to mean.

Study the past to know how the present has come to be, and then study the present in order to understand the life that now is. To show that a new age is upon us demanding the practical application of the study of the past to the needs of the present, a writer in the June number of *Education* gives the following quotations from the prefaces of recent history text-books:

(1) "It is doubtful if a text-book should give room to any incident which the student can not articulate with the life of to-day. This accounts for the omission of many names and events commonly found in text-books." West: *Revised Ancient World*.

(2) "This volume represents the newer tendencies in historical writing. Emphasis is given to those factors in our national development which appeal to us as most vital from the standpoint of to-day. The most unmistakable advantage of historical study is to explain prevailing conditions and institutions by showing how they have come about. This is our best way to understand the present and be in a position to participate intelligently in the solution of the great social and political problems we face. All minor and uncorrelated matters have been boldly omitted on the ground that they make no permanent impression on the student's mind and serve only to confuse and blur the larger issues." Muzzey: *American History*.

(3) "The purpose of this manual is to narrate the history of the past in such a fashion as to help make plain the events and problems of our world. It has been the authors' ever-conscious aim to enable the reader to catch up with his own times." Robinson and Beard: *Outlines of European History*. Part II.

(4) "I have sought to furnish a background for the leading issues of cur-

rent politics and to enlist the interest of the student in the history of the most wonderful period in American development. It is showing no disrespect to our ancestors to be as much interested in our age as they were in theirs; and the doctrine that we can know more about Andrew Jackson whom we have not seen than about Theodore Roosevelt who we have seen, is a pernicious psychological error." Charles A. Beard: Contemporary American History.

Another reason given for the failure of history to make vital and helpful impressions upon the life of the pupil is the apparent inability, or lack of effort on the part of teachers to make history real and concrete. It is the history writers, not the history makers, who have generalized it. The makers of history are real people, who have done real things, and children like to know about people. History, in order to be understandable to young students must be concrete and must be translated as far as possible into the familiar terms of modern life. For instance, it is the Chinaman's ten-cent wage, blue cotton garments, brass and bamboo currency and rice menu that explain the Exclusion Act. Many times topics which are in themselves abstract can be made concrete by the use of maps, pictures and all sorts of illustrative material.

In conclusion, then, we believe that the teacher who has obtained a glimpse of the real meaning and purpose of history, and who must then, of necessity, love it, and believe in its value to boys and girls, and the opportunity which it gives him for making their lives richer and better is bound to get large results in the way of better citizenship; that the teacher who uses the past to interpret the present, and strives in every way possible to relate the study of history to the pupils' own experience, and who by every means available makes history real and concrete, will inevitably produce better civic attitudes and ideals and give to pupils the useful social knowledge which the public have a right to expect from the study of history.

EDA G. WILLARD.

WETNESS.

Somewhere in our dear old Mother Goose there is a little verse about

"A misty, moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather."

Whenever we see the words "misty," "moisty" or "cloudy," our minds naturally revert to the science work taken up in Mr. Daniel K. Hodgdon's classes relating to that. We learned for instance, of the kinds of clouds, also of the composition of mists or fog, but moisture was taken up specifically in connection with the humidity of the school room. We studied about the unpleasant, sticky, unhealthful rooms having a large humidity. At present some interesting investigations are being made at Webster Street School to determine whether the children attending the institution are becoming accustomed to the right kind of atmospheric conditions in the classroom. Observations are being taken four times a day and the condition of the pupils carefully and accurately noted on a specified chart. From this bulletin definite conclusions as to the proper condition of school rooms will be reached, so that the young graduating from the school in the future will have a distinct and progressive idea about the humidity of the rooms in which they teach.

NORMAL NUGGETS.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann G. Cuthbert conducted the Junior B mathematics classes to the Stock Exchange and American Museum in New York city.

Taxes collected by the Social Service Government were invested in a statue of Minerva, which was presented to the school on January 29.

Many of the students sewed bits of soft white cloth, usable for bandages, and gave them to Miss Agnes V. Luther, to be contributed to the Vacation Relief Fund in New York.

Parents' Day, held March 4, was a big success. 'Tis a pity more parents and relatives do not take the opportunity for visiting the schools which their daughters and sons attend.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
 For—would you believe it?—
 He was in a hurry to get to our assembly hall
 To attend the Pedagese recital. That's all.

Have you forgotten how glad you were that you attended the last recital and how the school talked about it for weeks? The recital to be given April 16 will be an event that will be talked about—not for weeks, nor months, but in some future time. The talent has been secured from all the classes. The program will consist of a selected chorus, under direction of Miss Weller; interpreted dances, vocal, violin and piano solos and readings. Miss Helen J. MacCaskie is chairman, Miss Sadie Lipson is arranging the program, the Misses Ruth Landesman and Blanche Maybaum comprise the rest of the committee of a recital that spells success. Tickets are in charge of the committee and room agents.

A weather bureau, in the care of Susan Rivello, has been established in the Normal School. Proper apparatus has been procured.

There is an interesting exhibit, composed of all kinds of articles made by the students of the school, to be seen on the first floor. Framed pictorial selections, wrapping problems, reed and raffia baskets, note books, bird and doll houses are among the number.

Carved flower boxes, purchased from the money left to the school by the Class of June, '14, were presented to the school. These boxes, filled with hardy plants, adorn the auditorium.

A series of tests of patent medicines were made last term by the Science Classes of Daniel K. Hodgdon. Later short addresses on the subject were given before the school by members of the various divisions. The injurious constituents noted so inconspicuously on the labels were discussed.

In the Art Method work different animals are being designed in squares for the purpose of being transferred to sewing material and afterward formed into a patch quilt, which will be given to some public institution.

Miss Flora C. York conducted groups of students to the Industrial Art

rent po...der that more concrete knowledge of different phases of the work be
"ained.

A number of pupils attending the school regularly are taking special courses
at the New York University.

This year the Senior A's have chosen for their play to be presented to the
school "Old Pipes and the Dryad," to be given April 16 under the direction of
Miss Carpenter.

TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

Once again Mr. Herman G. Cuthbert will conduct a party of students (about
seventy-five) to Washington, D. C. They will leave Monday, March 29, and re-
main four days. Miss E. Willard and Mrs. Cuthbert will act as chaperons. A
stop over at Philadelphia has been arranged for, with visits to the Mint, Car-
penter's Hall, Independence Hall and the Betsy Ross House.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE GOVERNMENT.

Our Mayor Gert
Did her rights assert.
Her rights asserted she.
She called for her chiefs
And she called for her clerks
And she called for her citizens one, two, three.
And she called for her citizens three.

The Social Service Government is now in good working order for the term.
A well drilled police force and board of public welfare have been appointed, also
a group of fire commissioners and judges of the Supreme Court.

The Mayor elected from the Senior B class by the popular vote of the school
is Gertrude C. Kennaly. Miss Ruth Landesmann has been chosen Acting Mayor
during the Mayor's practice work at Webster Street School. The following have
been chosen for other offices: Isabella Folsom, City Clerk; Luella Cain and Helen
MacCaskie, Chief Justices; Mary O'Malley, City Treasurer; Catharine Baum-
gartner, Court Clerk; Albin Frey, City Attorney; Miss Blanche Maybaum, Presi-
dent of the Public Welfare Committee. Members of the Common Council are:
Dorothy Livingston, Ruth Mink, E. Thompson, Florence Hood, Ethel Downes,
Gertrude Clarke, Matilde Frank, Ruby Kieb, Hazel Moran, Mary Ryan, Marion
Southall, Ardelle Whittlesey, Louise Masters, Charlotte Koch, Grace Engles, E.
Faulks, Helen Monroe, Mildred Versoy, Helen Rowland, Ray Steiger, Ruth
Sweezy, Anna Balling, Sara Gleniur, Emma Conrad, Marjorie Garrabrant, Marion
Buchanan, Pauline Connell, A. Haag and Florance Howarth.

In Memoriam

MISS ALICE SIMMONDS

Died March 8, 1915

CHAPEL CHIMES.

Students dance and students sing,
To make the chimes of chapel ring.

On Wednesday, February 3, the officers of the Social Service Government were sworn into office. On the following day Miss Gertrude Kennaly, the newly-elected Mayor, spoke to the school on "The Purposes of the Social Service Government."

Exercises in commemoration of Lincoln's birthday were held on Thursday, February 11. The program was as follows: Piano solo, Miss Adelaide Van Pelt; "Lincoln the Boy," Miss Sylvia Kopf; "Lincoln the Lawyer," Miss Ruth Mink; "Lincoln the Statesman," Miss Susan Rivello. Events in the boyhood of Lincoln were pictured by means of story gymnastics by the Junior A-3s. Miss Scarlett was in charge of the program, which closed with a salute to the flag by the school.

Our Junior B's were not long in making themselves known in our school. Miss Belle Beattie, president of the class, conducted the opening exercises on Monday, February 15. Miss Anna Putter, accompanied by her sister, Miss Julia Putter, delighted all with her two vocal solos. Miss Rae Steiger recited "Winkin, Blinkin, and Nod."

That the Junior A-1's have power of imitation was plainly seen on the morning of February 17, when the girls imitated the various animals to be found at a zoo. Miss Gertrude Clark had charge of the class as teacher.

Dr. Joseph F. Folsom, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, discussed the "Character, Personality and Career of Washington," February 20.

On the morning of February 26, Israel Greenberg gave a very interesting talk on the formation of a debating club. Miss Helen McEwen spoke about "Classroom Spirit."

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad.
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me;
And Practice drives me mad.

A dramatized version of the Mother Goose Rhymes, supervised by Miss Lillian M. Kreiner, was presented in the auditorium on Wednesday, March 3, by the Junior A's.

On Wednesday the Senior A class visited the School for the Deaf, in conjunction with a course in the History of Education, under the supervision of Miss Anna M. Bodler. Thursday morning, February 25, Miss Mildred Versoy spoke to the school on the visit. Her topic was, "Method of Teaching the Deaf to Speak."

The following morning the Senior B quartet, composed of the Misses Evelyn Rumsey, Irene Walser, Natalie Vernet and Helen Tully, sang by special request, "Kentucky Babe." Miss Gertrude Kennaly recited "In June." Miss Pauline Glassman played a piano solo.

Miss Sadie Lipson and Miss Blanche Maybaum addressed the school on the courses of study at Central High School and the school in general on Thursday morning, March 4. Central High School is one of the institutions the Senior A class visited in connection with their work in the History of Education.

CLASS OFFICERS.

Senior A Class.

President.....	Miss Lena Battin
Vice President.....	Miss Marie Joachim
Recording Secretary.....	Miss Viola Liebscher
Corresponding Secretary.....	Miss Elsa Bollin
Treasurer.....	Miss Helen Beekman
Faculty Advisor.....	Miss L. Krainer

Senior B Class.

President.....	Miss Alice Holland
Vice President.....	Miss Dorothy Livingston
Recording Secretary.....	Miss Natalie Vernet
Corresponding Secretary.....	Miss Zelma Ely
Treasurer.....	Miss Florence Scott
Faculty Advisor.....	Miss E. Willard

Junior A Class.

President.....	Miss Gertrude Clark
Vice President.....	Miss Anne Ashmead
Recording Secretary.....	Miss Hazel Moran
Corresponding Secretary.....	Miss Emma Kroll
Treasurer.....	Miss Irene Berry
Faculty Advisor.....	Mr. A. Sloan

Junior B Class.

President.....	Miss Belle Beattie
Vice President.....	Miss Louise Gless
Secretary.....	Miss Florence Saul
Treasurer.....	Miss Evelyn Gordon
Faculty Advisor.....	Mr. D. Hodgdon

GRADUATING EXERCISES OF JANUARY CLASS, 1915.

My dear, do you know,
How, a long time ago,
Seventy graduates
Whose names are below,
Received diplomas on a January's day;
Reluctant to leave us, so they say.

The exercises were held in the auditorium on Friday afternoon, January 29. The program was as follows: "Chant," the class; "Foreword," Miss Letitia Davis, president of the class; address, Dr. W. H. S. Demarest, president of Rutgers College; piano solo, Miss Mollie Mandel; musical selections, Apollo Male Quartet; "The Bear Story," Miss Alice Tetreault; vocal solo, Miss Jeanette Stringer; presentation of class for graduation, Principal W. S. Willis; awarding of diplomas, Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, vice-president State Board of Education; farewell word, Miss Marguerite Gilroy; presentation of statue of Minerva, for the civil service government, Miss Grace Williams.

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS IN THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM.

There has been much discussion in some pedagogical circles of late as to the place of athletics in the school curriculum. To my mind, the importance of athletics can not be overestimated, for is not mental energy lessened when the physical condition of a person is neglected? Moreover, if athletics were a thing to be ignored, would the leading colleges of the country be offering scholarships to high school graduates who are good athletes?

Is not a good student almost invariably sound in body as well as in mind? Lastly, nine times out of ten the class standing of a good all around athlete, who has the welfare of his alma mater at heart, is highly satisfactory.

If any of my readers are taking the negative side of this argument, will they not be convinced by investigating and answering the above questions on the affirmative? If this is not sufficient, read or re-read the article which appeared in the last issue of THE PEDAGESE on the same subject.

Because the book containing the summary of each game has been misplaced we regret to announce that only the results of the games will be published. They are as follows:

- December 4, 1914—Normal (10) vs. Roselle Park High (20).
- December 11, 1914—Normal (10) vs. Vail Deane (21).
- January 21, 1915—Normal (victorious) vs. Overbrook Nurses.
- January 29, 1915—Normal (26) vs. Summit (5).
- February 19, 1915—Normal (19) vs. Roselle Park High (16).
- February 25, 1915—Normal (43) vs. Overbrook Nurses (6).
- February 26, 1915—Normal (19) vs. Vail Deane (44).
- March 5, 1915—Normal (41) vs. Summit (4).

This list is incomplete, but we have obtained as many of the scores as was possible. As "experience is the best teacher," we will guard against such misfortune in the future.

IMPROVEMENT IN SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Those who read the article on "School Spirit" in the last edition of THE PEDAGESE will be interested in the following article:

Although the spirit displayed in athletic events and the representation at games has not yet reached the standard, the improvement has been marked. A corresponding improvement has been noted in the work of the teams, also.

I feel that I may speak for the team and also voice the sentiment of many others in assuring you that we appreciate this support. Keep it up, schoolmates, let us see an improvement in each successive game.

Let this be your slogan: "Support the team!"

PRACTICE NOTES

A TRUE TEACHER.

A true teacher is a pioneer through the tangled forest, a shepherd who leads to wholesome pastures, a guide who shows the most practicable road, a physician who tells what diet best suits, a captain who inspires the confidence which is half the battle, a friend who makes the long way seem short. He has himself become and achieved all that he would have his pupils accomplish and be. His example is of more value than many lessons, and to know him and to live in his presence is joy and enlightenment.

Teacher—"Now, children, which one of you can define the word 'sick?'"
Lizzie (in a tragic voice)—"Sick—worse—dead."

Teacher— (to scholar)—"Johnny, what is a cone?"
Johnny—"A cone? Why, a cone is—er—a funnel stuffed with ice cream!"

CLEVER SAYINGS HEARD AT WEBSTER STREET.

The story to be discussed was Cinderella. The teacher was explaining how Cinderella's older sisters were dressed. "Their clothes were very beautiful, children; they were made of satin and were prettily trimmed with spangles. How do you suppose they looked?"

One bright little student at the back of the room timidly raised his hand. "Teacher, they look through their eyes."

For eugenic reasons the heads of the children are examined in the lower grades. Robert came home from school one day and told his father that he had to have his head O. K.'d. The next day Robert's father asked him if he knew what O. K. meant.

"Surely," said Robert. "It means I have nothing in my head."

Heard in 5-B Class—"The people who settled New England were pirates and they came from India."

Heard in 3-B Class—"A human being is a soldier who travels all over the world."

In 3-A Class one pupil was heard to remark: "A bull is a frog."

The story "The Stag and the Lion" was being taught. The children then wrote compositions about the story. The following was the conclusion of one:

"After the lion had eaten the stag, the stag said, 'Oh, what a wretch am I, what a wretch am I.'"

The conclusion of another was: "The stag said, 'The parts I scorned would have saved me and glory be to death.'"

In an advanced grade one of the answers to a question asking the names of the different members of Wilson's Cabinet was the following:

"Lincoln, Hamilton and Taft are members of Wilson's Cabinet."

Teacher—"The sentence 'My father had money' is in the past tense. Now, Mary, what tense would you be speaking in if you said, 'My father has money?'"

Little Mary—"Oh, that would be pretense."

A child was studying fractions when this problem was presented to him: "If I had three-quarters of an apple and seven-eighths of an apple, which would you choose?"

Without hesitation the child replied: "I would take the three-quarters of an apple."

"But, don't you know that seven-eighths is more than three-fourths?"

"Yes; but, you see, I don't like apples."

MORAL SUASION.

"Bless me!" said Tommy's greatuncle. "Do you mean to say your teachers never thresh you?"

"Never!" replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at, and that's all."—Ex.

"Willie," said the mother sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee!" said Willie, "you must have been a terror. Look at grandma."

One of the practice girls presented a lesson on Ferdinand of Aragon.

"What happened in 1504?" she asked an inattentive child to bring his attention to the lesson.

"Isabella died," he answered.

"Yes, that was fine, Lorenzo," commented the teacher. She wondered why the class laughed.

In the colony were men and women. Most of them died. Some died from starvation and some from a natural death.

The teacher asked the class what a widow was. One child quickly answered: "A widow is a lady who keeps a saloon."

Pupil, telling the story of the discovery of the Mississippi river: "Marquette and Joliet sailed down the river, passed the other rivers and through large wild prairies, big birds and animals. Then they sailed back again. They dig a vigale (village) and lived there forever."

During a lesson from the "Mother Tongue," James was asked to write the date of his last birthday. He sat quietly for a long time and did not write. At last the teacher approached him and asked why he was not writing.

"I can't write the date of my last birthday," he said tearfully. "I don't know how long I'm going to live."

In the fifth grade a child was asked to paraphrase a part of the "Courtship of Miles Standish," and began in this way: "Captain John Smith, John Alden and Priscilla had a large courtship in which they sailed down the river."

In the history class, the teacher asked: "How was Columbus treated upon his return to Spain?" and this was the answer she received: "Columbus was treated with John Cabot."

HELPING WITH HOME LESSONS.

Parental interest in the educational progress of a child could not go much farther than in the case of Mr. Jones, whose method of solving mathematical programs would have been appreciated at Dotheboys Hall. The Miami News tells the tale.

This was the note which was handed to one of the grade teachers the other day: "Dear Mum—Please excuse Johnny to-day. He will not be at school. He is acting as timekeeper for his father. Last night you gave him this example: If a field is four miles square, how long will it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk two and one-half times around it? Johnny ain't no man, so he had to send his daddy. They left early this morning, and my husband said they ought to be back late to-night, though it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the next problem about ladies, as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. I don't have no time to loaf, but I can spare a day off occasionally better than my husband can. Resp'y yrs., Mrs. Jones."—Youth's Companion.

EXTRACTS FROM PAPERS ON FERDINAND AND ISABELLA OF ARAGON.

Ferdinand of Aragon knew a young princess by the name of Isabella. Her uncle was Queen of Spain. So it happened that one day they were married together. They came to the throne alone.

After their parents had died, they were seated on a throne and they were good queens and kings.

Ferdinand did not see no more land to take around him and Isabella was in great horn (honor) of the peoples.

Down in Granada there were some bad people and they did not like this. So Ferdinand and Isabella owned Granada, too.

Isabella did not like to make a refustion, so she answered, "Yes."

They separated these two countries into one.

The next year something sad happened. Queen Isabella died and left poor Ferdinand all alone. Ferdinand was lonesome after Isabella died, so he married another woman and they were happy. When he was married in 1516 he died because he was getting old.

HEARD DURING A HISTORY LESSON.

Charles V. was so weakened and worn out through these wars that he entered a monastery.

"Do you know what a monastery is?"

"Yes, it is a convent, where old men live."

A SLUR ON HER SEX.

There is a little girl in Springfield, Mass., who, like many of her sex, resents the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine. One day her mother remarked on the apparent lack of intelligence in a hen.

"You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have done more to the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, or something, but a hen—never!"

"H'm-m!" exclaimed the child indignantly. "I think they know as much as the roosters."

One student to the other in auditorium at Normal—"See those two new statues on the platform? One is Herbart."

"Who is the other?" asked the second student.

"Hisbart, I suppose."

Teacher—"What things are farmed in the Pacific section?"

Pupil—"Figs, olives, brass, silver, gold, wheat, petroleum, olive oil, hogs, beets."

HIS DEFINITION.

A Liverpool teacher asked her class to write an essay on London. Later she was surprised to read the following in one attempt:

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked how he got that idea.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "it says in the text-book, 'The population of London is very dense!'"—London Answers.

ENCOURAGE THOUGHT.

Teachers are beginning to see the importance of attending to the brightest children, of having them do some thinking that is above them. In spite of all the school can do children will hear and see many words that they do not appreciate. Teachers are getting some interesting views of what is in the minds of children. A teacher recently said: "I said this morning 'I feel impatient.' How did I feel?" "Sober," said Mary. "Crazy," said Sam.—Ex.

A girl in the physical geography class was asked to explain the nebular theory. "The nebular theory went round and round and threw off gas," she said.

"What is a synonym, John?"

"A synonym is the word you use when you can't spell the other."

The teacher asked: "When did Moses live?"

After the silence had become painful she said: "Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?"

One boy answered: "Moses, 4000."

"Now," said the teacher, "why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought it was his telephone number."

OUR MOTHER GOOSE

In to

NORMAL HUMOR.

Necessary nonsense,
Our originality.
Representative rhymes,
Merry moderation,
Aptly administered,
Likeable liveliness.

Honest humor,
Unadulterated,
Moderate mixture,
Opportunely optimistic,
Ready repartee.

(In other words, really Normal Humor.)

A
hat
like
this
might
be of use
to our dear
M a s c o t
M o t h e r G o o s e

I saw a little rabbit once
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, little rabbit,
"Will you stop, stop, stop?"
I followed him to the Biology Room
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his floppy ears and said,
"You have no cabbage with you."

If all the world was a Normal School,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were books and E's.
Would we ever have to think?

A dillar, a dollar, a nine o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
"Exercises begin before nine o'clock,
And it's worth while coming 'fore noon."

If all the rooms were one room,
 What a great room that would be!
 And if all the schools were one school,
 What a great school that would be!
 And if all the marks were one mark,
 What a great mark that would be!
 And all the teachers were one teacher,
 What a great teacher that would be!
 And if the great teacher took the great room in the great school
 And could give the great mark,
 What a great method that would be!

To market, stock market, to gay New York town;
 To the curb market also with "nary a frown;"
 To Childs, then, for luncheon, even in the fog;
 Then up on the subway, with "jiggety jog."
 Into the museum, all on the run;
 Home again, home again; we've had our fun!

(This jingle based on actual experience.—Ed.)

Halt ye! Halt ye! thou Clinton car!
 How I wonder if you are
 Ever going to stop for me?
 Must I always run for thee?

One Junior B lost her locker key
 Or you'll lose your good quarter—now mind it!
 And couldn't tell where to find it.
 Better get busy and hunt it up

OUR A, B, C'S.

A stands for art, for athletics and acting,
 Ambitious authors, aesthetic, exacting.

B for biology, bird houses boom!
 Look, if you please, in the exhibit room.

C stands for Cuthbert and Camera Club contest,
 Clay modeling, cutting, and credit for best.

D denotes dancing, both dainty and delicate,
 Delightful and "dreamy sway" when we are watching it.

E for excelling in everything ever;
 If you want to do this you will have to be clever.

F stands for feasts and for fine feasts and fun;
 With friendliness all things like these are begun.

G stands for gym and geography, gladness—
Diversions like these do drive away sadness.

H stands for learning hard history hopefully;
Also for forming good habits heroically.

I stands for ideals, both high and impressive;
Also for industry that is progressive.

J stands for Junior B's—yes, we have many here,
Planning and thinking for best of good cheer.

K stands for kindergarten, happy and bright,
The place where small children can learn with delight.

L looks like labor in our laboratory;
Also learning long lessons in lecture and story.

M really murmurs with musical merriment,
Motifs and majors and minors of "every bent."

N stands for something which often spells fame.
Can you tell what it is? What's in a name?

(Continued on Page 32)

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(Continued from Page 30)

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P stands for Pedageese, our publication;
Printed with pride and read with elation.

Q stands for questions—we've heard quite a quantity—
And we endeavor to answer obediently.

R stands for requisite rational reading
And for the good reputation resulting.

S stands for sociable, science and sewing;
Also for seniors, who soon will be going.

T tells of troubles, that teachers have, too;
If you "take time when time is" you will have few.

Rhymer or poet (?) is tired, you see,
So she'll lazily write U, V, X, Y and Z.

JULIA M. TIMER.

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Hail to the pine tree,
Standing through seasons,
Stately in summer as in winter's snow;
So our Alma Mater,
Over marble portals,
Floats the blue and silver
All the ages through.

In halls we love so well
Pathways are entered,
Winners or losers—in song we rejoice;
In autumn's cheer,
Or April's gray of promise,
We praise the blue and silver,
Love in heart and voice.

Time passes fleetly,
Friendships are severed,
Yet old time scenes make hearts glow anew;
In backward flight of memory
A silent pledge re-echoes,
"The pine, the blue and silver
All the ages through."

M. B. V.

THERE is yet to be
born a man with soul
so large that it pro-
vides sufficient food for thought,
reflection and inspiration. Henry
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which the soul looks out." Buy
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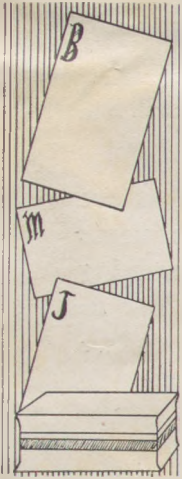
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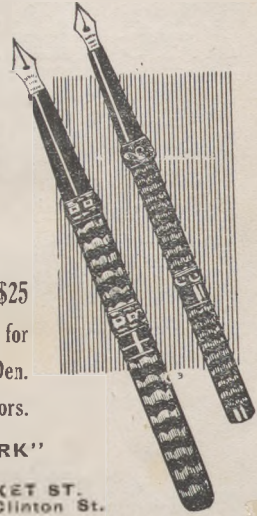
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