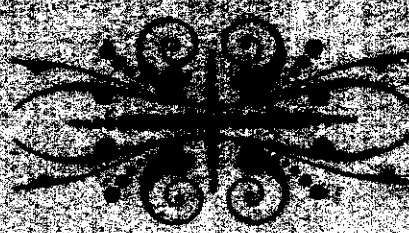


Journal

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The Normal Review.

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Edwin W. Chubb, Editor.

Recollections of Childhood.

In the last number of the NORMAL REVIEW was printed a list of questions used to guide the Seniors in writing an essay upon their recollections of childhood up to the age of ten or twelve. In this this issue are now published some extracts from these essays. In order to insure greater freedom of expression each writer signed an assumed name. From early times we have records, more or less true, of the childhood of great men and women. May we not learn much from a study of the childhood of those who are not great? Does not the teacher deal with the ordinary rather than with the extraordinary? "God speaks to children, also, in dreams, and by the oracles that lurk in darkness. But in solitude, above all things, when made vocal to meditative heart, * * * God holds with children 'communion undisturbed'. Deep is the solitude of those who fighting with doubts or darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under the passion of sorrow, bringing before it, at intervals, the final solitude which watches for it, and is waiting for it within the gates of death. O mighty and essential solitude, that wast, and art, and art to be, thy kingdom is made perfect in the grave: but even over those that keep watch outside the grave, like myself, an infant of six years old, thou stretchest out a sceptre of fascination." - DeQuincey.

ASTER.- The event which awakened

my dormant faculties was the death of my father. This occurred when I was five years old. I remember it as well as if it had been yesterday. We owned a flour-mill and saw-mill, which were located not very far from our house. My father went to one or the other of the mills every day. On the morning of his death he went to the saw-mill. I noticed how happy father was that morning. He went about the house singing and talking. * * * My mother was scrubbing the board-walk when someone came and told her that father had been killed. I can hear her shriek yet. The next thing, I was standing on the porch and they carried my father past me and his shirt was all red with blood. Friends took me away then and I stayed at a neighbor's and played all day. When I came home that night father was still living. Mother put me to bed and I went to sleep. Pretty soon I awoke and everyone was crying. I asked what was the matter? Some one came up and kissed me, and said, "poor child, you have no father now!" I went to sleep again. So little do great calamities affect children. The funeral, I thought, was very nice. So many people came to see us and I got to do as I pleased. During the services I noticed a cousin of mine, who was about three years older than myself, crying very much, and I thought it very queer that she could cry and I couldn't, when he was my own papa. When they lifted me up to look at him, I did cry, but only because he looked so pale and still.

From this time forward my mother had the moulding of my character, and

I can truly say with Abraham Lincoln, "All that I am now or ever shall be, I owe to my angel mother." I shared my playthings and my mother's love with my younger sister, who died when I was about eleven years old. We were playmates until her death. My school life in town is very clear in my mind. My first teacher was very kind to me. For the first few weeks I could not go home until some one came for me, because I did not know the way. If any one looked at me I would cry and if no one came to take me home my teacher would have to conduct me hither. One day no one came and teacher did not have time to take me, so I plucked up courage and went alone. This gave me great confidence in myself and helped me to be independent. I learned more outside of school than in it. I was very inquisitive and not being timid, I never hesitated to ask for information. What I learned I never forgot. One reason for this was that I was talkative and was desirous of imparting my knowledge to whomsoever would listen. My mother would always lend a sympathetic ear to my tales and would discuss matters with me. My information was gained chiefly through the lodgers whom we kept. They were all well educated, being school-teachers, lawyers, and ministers. They took a great interest in me and loaned me books. I soon formed an ambition to become as great as they and greater, and I read the books with eagerness in order that I might talk on subjects which would astonish them that one so young should know about them. The result was that at the age of twelve I had read, Adam Bede, Mill on the Floss, Les Misérables, some of Dickens' works, Shakespeare's plays, The Scarlet Letter, Lucile and Lalla Rookh. My pastor was also my Sunday-school teacher. He was my ideal man and he had as much influence over me as my mother had. It was he who loaned me books on morality and it was his example which caused me to become a Christian. I went to Sunday-school every Sunday and I learned my lesson to please him.

I paid attention because it grieved him when his girls were bad. I learned to love the Bible from those Sunday-school lessons, which I would talk over with my mother and we would try to interpret them. My mother gave me an illustrated Child's Bible for a birthday present and I read the pure stories of the Bible over and over until I loved the Book and its sayings.

* * *

JACK.—I was never very timid about anything. I was constantly running into danger. I was not afraid of man or beast. I always wanted to ride our wildest horse. Ghosts were never tho't of. I was not cleanly by any means. I would have sooner done almost anything else than take a bath, and I never felt better than I did when I had on dirty clothes and my face and hands were equally as dirty.

I never really meant to be disobedient but I always wanted to do as I wished. This led me to be disobedient.

If I could get a chance to tease a cross dog or a cross sheep I was in my glory. One time I had been teasing a cross sheep by poking at him through the fence. This became tiresome at last and I pursued different tactics. I got over the fence and when he ran at me I would climb back on the fence. Once when he came at me full force, my foot slipped and I was on the same side as he. For an instant I tho't that a large gun had been fired at me from behind, and after that I left Jerry to himself. This almost broke me of teasing.

I was not nervous at all. Nothing seemed to excite me. I lost all respect for persons that got excited.

I remember my first day at school as if it were but yesterday. I was then about five years old. That year we had summer school and my parents tho't it best to start me early. Our teacher was a lady of about nineteen summers. I was the youngest pupil in school and was her pet of the bunch. She was very kind to me and that is one reason why I remember her so

well.

I never liked to go to church but at that time my parents made me go. This created a dislike for church. I do not remember that any one ever talked religion to me and I just went to church and Sunday-school as a matter of form. Anyone that was big, strong, and daring was my ideal person.

I do not remember how I found that all persons were not good, neither do I remember of any ethical influences my sisters and brother had upon me. I remember how I admired my brother because he was so strong and quick. I tho't every one was good that was good to me. I always felt that our minister was a good man.



A SUNNY SOUTHERNER.—I do not think it ever occurred to me to deceive my parents or companions. I had a sympathetic nature and would cry when I saw an animal mistreated. From all accounts I seem to have been rather talkative, but I can not remember whether I was or not. I shared everything I had with my sister but my generosity went no further than our own family; in fact, I must have been selfish.

I was anything but a doubter, taking everything I heard in simple faith and thinking over things probably meant only for jokes. I was both restless and fickle, one moment liking something, the next, despising it. I tired easily of games, toys, and books, and was always wanting something new, if only a pencil. I was extremely careless, very inquisitive and had a lively imagination. In fact, when a mere baby, I would relate to my sister many wonderful stories which were the product of my imagination. I was not a teaser and hated soundly any one who was. I was self-poised and cool under all circumstances in spite of my restlessness.

When I was nearly five years old I was taken to a kindergarten with my sister, for a few hours each day. Here I remember that our teacher told us stories which I amended to suit my own

fancy, and repeated to my sister, who liked my version best. Of my first day in the public school I remember nothing but I do remember what a proud day it was for me, when I went home by myself, without anyone coming for me.

I well remember the time I first recited in public, and I also remember the name of the selection. I was dressed in white, and the platform was covered with lilies and flowers. Bishop Vincent, the great Methodist divine, talked to the children that Sunday and I remember of his taking me up in his arms and kissing me.

I went to Sunday-school with my sister and nurse but would not stay for church as mama sang in the choir and I could not sit by her.

No one ever talked on moral themes to me but when I had been naughty mama would come to the nursery and talk to me so sweetly and gently that I promised to be good so she wouldn't look so sad, not because it was right.

Mama, papa, and sister were the embodiment of all that was good and holy, in my mind. I learned that not all people are good, by hearing of a friend of Papa's that had burned his store down to get the insurance. He had been a frequent visitor to our home, and although I did not understand what he had done, I knew it was something dreadfully wicked, and that he had no right to come to see us again.

I think I was influenced by no one except Mama and to be like her was my ambition. I thought her the most beautiful woman in the world and wondered if every body else didn't think so too. She remains yet in my memory as the purest, sweetest being I have ever known and she forms the brightest spot in my young life which was the happiest time of my life.

My favorite teacher impressed me most because she let me do as I pleased. I do not remember of having a favorite study but I very much disliked Arithmetic though I do not know of any reason for it. I can remember of reading when quite young "Five Little Pep-

pers," "Blue Bells of Scotland," and "Pilgrim's Progress". My favorite book was "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and my favorite poem Poe's "Raven".



JANE ALLEN.—I recall distinctly my first day at school. I was not at all anxious to go to school and when the day came for me to start—I was very unhappy and cried. My father took me to the school. The teacher in whose room I was placed, was a friend of my mother's; and, although I knew her well, I felt very strange and frightened among so many boys and girls. When recess came, my teacher took me with her and soon we met some friends of mine, who were older and had been in school for several months. They took me to their rooms gave me fruit and candy and tried to make me happy. But, I recall it took me several weeks to become accustomed to school. When I had been in school but a few days a picture of the students was to be taken. I recall telling my mother when I went home, and asking her to allow me to wear a certain pair of stockings with red and blue rings. The latter were very fashionable then and I was very proud of them. Of course I wore the stockings, and was happy to find myself placed in the front row where my bright stockings could be seen in the picture.

I always attended Sunday School—always knew my catechism and Bible verses. My mother always taught them to me. My Sunday school teacher was the same teacher to whom I went to school. I had an Aunt who was very fond of talking on moral and religious themes to me: but I disliked to hear her talk. She never could influence me, although I loved her dearly, and considered her a good woman, yet, I never had any desire to imitate her.

I had the idea that all grown people were good. That as we grew older, we must certainly grow better.

My companions always influenced me greatly. I never hesitated when wishing to do a certain thing. I never thought of the consequences. But if my companions proposed a certain thing and I felt so inclined, they could always "count on me." I consulted no one but self.



SIERRA.—I did not bother the mirror very much. My ideal boy was tall with dark curly hair, and with fair complexion. That is what I never had; so I was somewhat disappointed in myself, and could never understand just why I was not as I wished to be. But what I thought I lacked in beauty I made up in physical strength. It was no little pride for me to know that I was not afraid to wrestle and could down most boys of my age and some older, although most of them could beat me in a foot race. Mentally I can not say that I was above par. While my reasoning powers were fairly strong, my memory was not so good.

I was very fond of playing ball and marbles, especially in the Spring and Autumn months at school, but was usually the last one to be chosen to play ball on account of my inability to play the game as well as many of the other boys. One reason for this was the fact that I usually associated with older and more experienced boys than myself. That was my ambition, to be with the larger boys of the school, so I nearly always was to be found with them.

In the summer I was very fond of playing out doors, often alone, and working in the ground at digging wells, coalbanks and buslding houses. I often would play for an entire half day in this manner. I also liked to go out in the fields with the men and drive the horses for them. Many of my winter evenings were spent in playing checkers with either my brother or sister. Marbles were also another favorite game of mine, and if I must say it myself, I do not think that any one played the game, or any game, more

fairly or justly than I. Yet I believe that this sense of justice was developed by the fact that I never was shrewd enough to deceive my opponents and to detect any cheating on their part. As a result of this I always wished to play with people whom it was not necessary to watch closely.

The terrible always appealed to me much more than the beautiful. A beautiful spring morning or a bright autumnal day was not particularly noticed, since that seemed the natural way for it to be. But just let a thunder storm or a great snow storm arise and I was all interest at once, and would stand for hours at the window watching either. Lightning, I think, appealed more to me than any other natural-phenomenon. Also, in reading, the "terrible," had the preference.

My pets consisted chiefly of rabbits and pigeons. Of course on a farm a dog and cat would be found and I was usually on good terms with these.

My sympathy went out to all persons or dumb animals. I never could take any delight in the torture of any dumb brute. I pitied the rabbits that were shot, the hog that was to be killed, or the chicken or turkey that was to have his head cut off. All these things received pity from me even more readily than the human being. I think that I pitied the negro more than the white man, and the poor man more than the rich man. I remember very distinctly of a poor colored lady who came regularly to my home to beg. I would have done more for this person for nothing than for most other people for a quarter or a half dollar. I always pitied the weak and destitute.

Of my first day in school I remember nothing excepting the fact that I was very much afraid of the teacher of whom I had heard a great deal before. My visits at school before I went regularly are much more prominent than the first day.

I attended Sunday school regularly, also church. My mother possibly talk-

ed more to me on the subject of morals than any one else. Through these my conception of a good man came to be this: a man who attends church and is honest and charitable is a good man. I think that I learned that not all persons are good by being told so by my parents and shown why they were not good. Also I remember one of my teachers who had a great deal of influence over me and found myself continually imitating him in many ways. His manners especially were pleasing and imitated by me.

At that tender age History and Arithmetic seemed to be my favorite studies. I loved History. However, I never had a very great aversion to any particular study. I liked Arithmetic because it required the use of the reasoning powers rather than the memory to any great extent. My chief delight was reading, and, at the age of twelve, I had read a great deal, but mostly stories of adventure and travel, such as: Stanley and Livingstone in Africa, Grant's Tour Around the World; stories of the wars and colonists were also very interesting. I also read most or many of the story papers of the day.



CHEDORLAOMER.--I never knew the love and kindness of a good father; but of all the persons on the face of the earth, the dearest to me was my mother. She was the person who endured hardships and braved all for the sake of a son. I once had a teacher, a benevolent, kind and generous old gentleman, whom I respected more than any. He seemed to take a special interest in me and when school was ended he bade me an affectionate farewell.

This person impressed me most because of his gentle firmness, generosity and kindness. I attended school to another teacher who was constantly using unbecoming language as well as extremely harsh measures. The school floor was always in a smear of tobacco spit, he using the weed continuously.

But this did not retard my progress; instead it seemed to increase my desire for knowledge; for at the close of the next year's school, when I was eight years of age (9 my next birthday), I had finished Appleton's fifth reader, could tell almost anything in Harper's geography and had completed Reed and Kellogg's grammar.

I had no aversion for any study, but liked all equally well.

I once attended school to a lady who took a special delight in punishing me. Once, during recess, some of the boys did some mischief and I was the only person to witness it. Being asked by the teacher if I saw who did it I replied that "I *seen* some boys doing the damage," but did not tell who they were. She sent me to an orchard, below the school-house, to get a switch. I returned with a very little one. Suspecting nothing, I got a willow switch from a willow tree, near the school-house, and brought it to her. Then she told me to say what I had to say in correct form, meaning "saw" for "seen" and also to state the names of the boys implicated. I would do neither and as a reward got that willow switch over my back most unmercifully. From that day until school was out, she seemed to take a special delight in punishing me for the most trivial things. But as soon as my punishment would begin I would yell loud enough, almost to wake the dead and she would soon desist.

I always liked to read good poems and was committing poems and articles by the most noted poets, especially Longfellow, Whittier and Shakespeare. I read all of Shakespeare's works and committed many stanzas. My power for memorizing anything was remarkably acute; as I could learn a poem by a few times reading it. One instance was a piece, learned in less than an hour, containing some twenty verses, each verse having six lines.

I read Homer's *Odyssey* and *Iliad* many times, *Waverly's* novels and *Arabian Nights*, but of all I liked to

read the *Normal Fifth Reader* best and learned many of the best selections in it. I always had a rather clear conception of the old Bible heroes and patriarchs.



ONE OF THE CHILDREN.—During the first dozen years of my life I lived at the same house in which I was born, and can not recall my ever having been away from home more than a few days at a time, during that whole period. Having no brothers or sisters for playmates, and not having a good opportunity to associate with other children, I was very shy and bashful. I didn't like babies; there was only one thing of which I was more afraid than a toad, and that was, a baby. It was so very seldom that I had to be near babies that I regarded them with fear and suspicion. By the aid of all my willpower, I was able to stay in the room, if I could keep a table between myself and the baby. But as soon as he began to cry my courage left me and I fled to the orchard to remain until he left. No doubt this was because I had no brothers or sisters, nor any playmates of my age.

I believe I did not consider myself particularly beautiful, neither did I think I was ugly, in fact, I do not remember my thoughts on the subjects. I was neither exceptionally weak nor strong. In my movement, I was rather slow, and I can see no great reformation as yet. On the playground I was fond of "Black Man" and "Prisoner's Base". "Blind Man's Buff" was also a favorite. I never played with dolls, as anything resembling a baby filled me with uneasiness and restlessness. I quite often went across the field to a neighbor's to play with the girls, and whenever I became tiresome they had only to bring out their dolls, and I would immediately leave, vowing deadly vengeance on those dolls. I hated dolls; particularly those that "squeaked", and those girls had one of that sort.

Athletics.

JAMES G. BINNS, Editor.

The athletic world at the Normal is at present in the midst of the most quiet period of the year. Gymnasium work, such as marching, &c., is all that is being done at all regularly, though basket-ball is claiming some attention. This sport promises to become very interesting in the near future, it being about the only game suitable for indoor work during the winter season. Games already played among the ladies' teams have proved very successful, and teams are now being organized among the boys. It is the idea now to give several exhibitions, the proceeds to be used for base-ball suits and other athletic expenses in the spring term.

The regular gymnasium work consists of some light work, marching, &c., and the heavier exercises on the parallel and horizontal bars, horse, ladder, rings, &c. As the class is very large, it is, in the heavy work, divided into squads, each of which works under an appointed leader and moves from one piece of apparatus to another, thus giving each man an opportunity for trying each machine. After the regular work, the members of the class have the opportunity of staying and working up any special pieces of apparatus they may desire. Prof. Harmon has charge of the class and general supervision of all gymnasium work.

The latest gossip indicates that indoor base-ball is to be introduced in the near future in preparation for spring work. This would undoubtedly be well received by the base-ball men and hopes are entertained that this addition to the work will soon be made. The prospect now is that a good base-ball team will be organized to contest for the red and black during the opening season for the new athletic park.

✻ ✻

Dr. Chubb and Miss Griel were engaged in institute work at Warren, Pa., the week before Christmas.

There is much discussion among those using Reed & Kellogg's Grammar concerning the construction of a certain sentence which appears in that book. The sentence reads thus: Van Twiller sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague. The discussion reminds one in some ways of a noted debate among some scientists many years ago as to whether two balls of different sizes, made of the same material, would fall to the ground from a given height in equal times. After wasting many words about it the disputants decided the matter by making an experiment. Thus good dame Nature solved the problem. So, too, Franklin, about a century ago, kept a number of French savants discussing for three days the question why a pail of water weighing ten pounds will not weigh eleven pounds when a live fish weighing one pound is placed in the water. It was only after much fruitless discussion that some wise man decided to examine the evidence.

Now if the thousand and one teachers who have been debating the *Van Twiller* sentence for the past ten years would attempt the easy task of referring to Knickerbocker's History of New York they would find an easy solution to the question as to whether *hewn* modifies *oak* or *chair*. Irving writes in full, "He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timberman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagles' claws." Since the participles *fabricated* and *carved*, without doubt, modify *chair*, there can be no doubt as to what the word *hewn* modifies. J. D. MEESH.

✻ ✻

Mr. Ed. Miller, of the class of '95, replied to the address of welcome at the Fayette county institute in fitting and eloquent words. Mr. Miller is very successful in the principalship of the schools of Vanderblt, Pa.

Philomathean Galaxy.

MOTTO Palma non sine pulvere.

EVA CATHERINE LOMMEL, Editor.

The following was the program for the first evening:

Salutatory.....Mr. Stathers
 Music.....Miss Mills
 Recitation.....Miss May
 Little Tim's Tobacco.
 Recitation.....Miss Martin
 Indian Woman's Death Song.
 Parody.....Miss Pennington
 November.

Music.

Miss Rankin, Miss Pilgrim, Miss Young, Miss Ketzner.
 Original Story.....Miss Toomey
 A Lump of Coal.
 Impromptu Class.....Miss Davidson

DEBATE.

Resolved, That the Crusades have been beneficial to mankind.

Affirmative.....Mr. Gill
 Negative.....Mr. Hay
 Periodical.....Miss Steele
 Assistants.....Miss Aten, Miss Davis
 Critic.....Prof. Hertzog

✱ ✱

Welcome, 1900.

✱ ✱

Philo is glad to see all the students back again after ten days' vacation. All enjoyed themselves during the holidays but were glad to enter Philo's ranks again. Many new students also came to the Normal this term. We invite them to our society and will do all we can for them.

✱ ✱

Although Philo did fine work in the Fall Term, the prospects for the Winter term are much better. Let the good work go on.

✱ ✱

At the last meeting in the old year, we had a number of Clios with us--Mr. Murray, Mr. Nichols and Miss Ripple.

Mr. Murray made a short address to the society.

✱ ✱

Since Miss Mills has been appointed chorister, we will have fine music. We already have a quartet of girls, who have favored us with good music. Miss Mills will also get new song books for the society.

✱ ✱

The new students who joined Philo January 5th are Mr. Peterson, Mr. Pierce and Mr. Johnson. The old members who were welcomed back were Miss Whitehead and Miss Burd.

◇ ✱

A joint meeting of Philo and Clio societies is being arranged for at present. We will be glad to meet with our sister society. The meeting will be held in Chapel.

✱ ✱

Philo is very proud of its girls because they take such active part in debates. At the next meeting Miss Blythe and Mr. Hays will debate.

✱ ✱

Philo is now watching for contest performers. Our president, Mr. Love, said:--"We should each make ourselves a committee and decide impartially, who we think would win at the contest."

✱ ✱

At the first meeting of the New Year a new set of officers was elected, namely: President, Mr. Claybaugh; Vice President, Miss Young; Secretary, Miss Eva Lommel; Attorney, Mr. Hays; Treasurer, Mr. Stathers. Critic, Miss Blythe; Marshall, Mr. Orlando Love. We wish the new officers success in
 (Continued on 10th page.)

The Clonian Review.

MOTTO—*Pedetentim et Gradatim Oriamur.*

A. B. NICHOLS, Editor.

On account of Mr. Conwell's lecture on Friday evening, society convened on Saturday evening, January 6. The meeting was exceptionally good. The miscellaneous debate was very interesting, as the majority of people have come to know the importance of it. Besides the regular music, a Solo, Trio, Quartette, and Quintette were rendered. The following program was given:

| | | |
|-----------------------------|--|----------------|
| | Music. | |
| Salutatory, | | Miss Smith |
| Recitation, | | Miss Luce |
| | The Martyred Mother. | |
| Essay, | | Miss Galloway |
| | Faith, Hope, and Charity. | |
| | Music. | |
| Recitation, | | Miss Birkensha |
| | The Angels of Buena Vista. | |
| Oration, | | Mr. Marston |
| | How we may become heroes. | |
| | Music. | |
| Parody, | Song of Clio, | Miss Abel |
| Poem, A Ghastly Admonition, | Mr. Hoy | |
| | Music. | |
| Recitation, | Little Boy Blue, | Miss Noss |
| Essay, | | Miss Thompson |
| | Importance of Language. | |
| | Music. | |
| Debate, | Resolved: That the Expansion | |
| | Policy abroad is against the best inter- | |
| | ests of the United States. | |
| Affirmative, | | Mr. Phillips |
| Negative, | | Mr. Pollock |

✻ ✻

It is rumored that the talent of Clio will give a fine entertainment at the opening of the Spring term.

✻ ✻

Clio has now passed through the ably conducted administrations of Messrs. Nichols, Phillips, and Frazee, who have been indefatigable in their efforts for the welfare of Clio and her mem-

bers. New officers will be elected on the evening of January 12.

✻ ✻

Clio's future seems as bright as ever, if not more so, as fifteen new members and five old ones were welcomed to enroll under the gold and blue the first evening of the Winter term.

✻ ✻

The Choristers of Clio are to be commended on the splendid music which they have given the Society in the past term. No evening was without several selections, both instrumental and vocal. Clio has surely some very fine talent in music.

✻ ✻

"So when a great man lives,
For years beyond his ken,
The light he leaves behind him
Lies upon the paths of men."
— *Longfellow in "Summer."*

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The sole topic of conversation of the dining room is not, "What will be our conversation?" but, "Where shall we hold it?"

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The following program committee was appointed for this term on Jan. 6: Miss Mitchell, Mr. Farquhar, Miss Kate Thompson, and Mr. Nichols.

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Philo and Clio will hold a joint meeting during this term.

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Mr. J. R. Thistlethwaite, '98, and Mr. J. H. Mumbowers were visitors of Clio on Jan. 6. We are always pleased to have our Alumni visit us, and also such strong and promising young men as Mr.

(Continued on 10th page.)

The Clionin Review.

Mumbowers. Mr. Mumbowers is teaching near West Brownsyille this winter, and he tells us he will be with us in the Spring Term. Another new Clion.

With a two weeks' vacation, our band of one hundred and twenty Seniors and about one hundred and seventy-five Juniors are ready to begin half a year's hard and earnest work. All report a very pleasant vacation.

On the morning of Jan. 3, all listened with interest and enjoyed an Institute Lecture on School Management and Economy delivered by Dr. Noss in the Chapel.

The question of, "Who will be our contestants in June?" is causing a great amount of discussion.

The Clionian Glee Club, under the management of Mr. Nichols, is now ready to make its debut.

They tell a story of Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, which is full of meaning just here. When you go to Copenhagen, go to the Frauenkirche and see his great statues of the twelve apostles. There is nothing finer in modern sculpture. But on the day that he finished them, he went into a friend's studio and sat down and burst into tears. "What is the matter?" said his friend. "Has anything dreadful happened?" "Yes," he exclaimed, "something dreadful has happened to me. I have finished my twelve apostles, and I am satisfied with my work, and that means that there is nothing more in me that is better!" It was a fine tribute to the value of a high ideal.—Potter in Youths Companion.

Philomathean News.

their work.

Among the good resolutions made this year, is found this one,—Philo members have decided to keep their dues paid up-to-date.

Russell H. Conwell, the brilliant preacher, author, and orator delivered his great lecture, "Acres of Diamonds" in the Normal Chapel, Jan. 5, to a large and appreciative audience. No one can afford to miss hearing this famous lecture, as it is the means of suggesting to many the way to wealth. Unexcelled by any other lecturer in America, he is in constant demand. Col. Conwell has been in the lecture field for more than 30 years, and has delivered in America, England and India over three thousand lectures. He is noted for his benevolence, devoting the whole income from his lectures to the work of educating the poor. Col. Conwell is President of Temple College, the Samaritan Hospital, the Orphans' Home and pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia. Besides his great work in these philanthropic institutions, he supports the "Conwell Academy" in Worthington, Mass., for the free education of youth fitting for college.

A London newspaper writer on zoological matters laments the extinction of the megatherium, the mastodon, and mammoth. At the end of a long list of defunct monsters, he adds: "The dodo, the great auk, and the quaint little platypus are extinct, together with, I believe, the ungainly apteryx, the moa has ceased to exist. In fact," he continues, "I might say it is no moa." This is even worse, exclaims the London Globe, than what the writer calls the quadrupedal contemporaries of paleolithic man. But some jokes will never go the way of the ichtyosaurus—alas!—Buffalo Commercial.

During the holidays
In Memoriam. many friends of Prof. and Mrs. Smith were pained to hear of the death of their two-year old daughter, Ruth. Ruth was a sweet child who had endeared herself very much to all her acquaintances. The family has the deep sympathy of all.

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David Shutterly, the brother of Miss Anna Shutterly, the Normal librarian, also died during December. We use this clipping from the "Sentinel".

The funeral services of David Shutterly, who died in his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Dec. 6th, 1899, were held at the residence of his mother on Sunday afternoon. At the age of twenty he ceased to make his home at California, and for 35 years resided on the southern Ohio, engaged as coal gauger in which time he was said to be very skillful. Paralysis was the immediate cause of death. After having suffered the first and second strokes he knew that life was drawing to its close, yet regarding his wife's peace of mind did not speak of it, but wrote the note which was, after his death, found in his vest pocket, in which he spoke of having had two strokes and that another was approaching and that the end was near, also giving assurance that his future was near, closing with several messages to his wife. Having commenced a new life more than five years previous to his death he was able to find this message of faith and comfort. The final attack came when he and his wife were about to retire for the night, he sinking in her arms to the floor. In a few hours the conflict of life was over.

The funeral was largely attended by relatives and friends of the family. The services were conducted by Rev. J. F. Murray, assisted by Drs. T. B. Noss and Ehrenfeld, Rev. Morris and Prof. Hertzog. The remains were laid to rest in the Highland cemetery.

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Notes on the Class of 1893.

The class of 1893 was the smallest (only 27) that has graduated within the last twelve years, but it has made a record for itself nevertheless. Six ladies of the class are already married, and rumor saith that a seventh soon will be.

Mr. R. Hummel, of this class, was a Normal visitor during the first week in January. He expects to complete his college course and study law.

Miss Lizzie Lewellen spent last year at the University of West Va., and has resumed her place in the Normal faculty.

Miss Blanche Gilmore has just resigned as a teacher in Homestead to accept a position offered her in the Grant School, Pittsburgh. Her success is richly deserved.

Mr. S. Grant Miller is the efficient principal of the schools of Brownsville.

Mr. J. D. Boydston is serving his first term as principal of the Eleventh Ward School, McKeesport.

Misses Jennie and Kate Singer have been for several years signally successful teachers in the schools of Scottdale.

Mr. E. E. Clark has been successful in passing the difficult examination for principals in the schools of New York City and now holds a desirable position there.

Mr. Ross Lewis has given up his position in the Bank of Wilmerding to accept a more lucrative one in the office of Col. J. M. Guffey, of Pittsburgh.

Mr. David E. Mitchell is said to have been very successful recently in some extensive real estate transactions.

The other members of the class have all been successful teachers, some of them in a marked degree.

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Dr. and Mrs. Noss were the guests of Attorney Small of Braddock during several of the holidays. Mr. Small takes a deep interest in the welfare of the Normal. He and Librarian Crane of the Carnegie Braddock library were visitors during the opening days of the term.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

FLORENCE MITCHELL, Editor.

The Seniors are giving interesting recitations at the morning exercises.

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Dr. Lukens has a short article in the current "Educational Review."

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California is progressing. A new bank has been organized, and sewers are being placed in the streets.

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Just before the Christmas holidays Miss Reiff and Miss Thomas gave a fine treat of candy and popcorn to the children of their rooms.

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Dr. and Mrs. Noss, and Profs. Kinsey and Chubb attended the oratorio given by the Pittsburg Mozart Club. Mr. Cisney, a Normal graduate, is a member of the club.

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Prof. Meese has a series of valuable articles in the Educational Independent on "Lessons and Suggestions in Literature." These articles give a keen insight into the character and writings of many famous poets.

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The graduates and students of the Normal, from Westmoreland county, formed a permanent organization at the recent institute at Greensburg. Principal Streng of the Latrobe schools was chosen president. Other officers were elected and a committee was appointed to arrange for a banquet next year.

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In the New England Journal of Education occurs this favorable mention of Dr. Noss. It occurs in connection with the editor's discussion of Correlation:

"We have not begun to work this magnetic vein. Dr. De Garmo, and

Mr. Van Lieu, and the McMurry Brothers, Dr. Noss and Prof. Wilkinson and their fellow enthusiasts have made a grander contribution to the century than they or others suspect."

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Mrs. Noss was doing institute work at Uniontown and Greensburg the week before Christmas. She addressed the institutes on the "Boers in Africa," and also gave one talk on "Art." Mrs. Noss won much praise for herself. Several leading Greensburg teachers said that the lady instructors carried off the honors.

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A series of interesting talks are being given by the members of the faculty during the Sunday evening periods on the "Origin and Growth of the Christian Denominations." Prof. Hertzog delivered an excellent address on the Disciple Church, Dec. 10. Dr. Ehrenfeld spoke of the Lutheran church, Dec. 17 and Prof. Meese of the Reformed church, at the last Sunday evening meeting. St. Augustine, St. Jerome and other early Christian fathers will next be discussed.

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Dr. Noss was an instructor at the Washington county institute. His talks were on "Pedagogy" and were greatly appreciated.

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Miss Buckbee spent from the twenty-fifth to the twenty-ninth of December in institute work at Jackson, Ohio. She spoke on "Primary Work", "Reading", and "Geography". On Wednesday evening she gave an interesting lecture on "Cuba", which she was prepared to do, having been a teacher in Cuba. A Jackson County paper said that Miss Buckbee's description of Cuban manners and customs were most interesting to all, and that her farewell address at the close of the institute won for her a place in the memory of all who were there.

To P. T. Barnum is accorded the coinage of the term "stick-to-it-iveness," a strong synonym for "pertinacity." Now he who possesses pertinacity must also possess pluck, another important element in the achievement of success. A man devoid of this cannot be pertinacious; his resolution melts away in the face of obstacles which require pluck to overcome

The following story of unyielding adherence to purpose, performed under almost unthinkable hardships and dangers, is a true one, for I was personally aware of most of the facts concerned. Some of the incidents, however, were given me by a surgeon travelling into the Yukon country with a detachment of the Northwest mounted police, and still others, I obtained from the white trader in charge of the Sixty-Mile Post. The story is of a man who practically achieved the impossible in the dead of an Arctic winter. Happily, success crowned the effort.

In the fall of 1897, the cry of famine went up from the hungry town of Dawson. Faint-hearted miners turned their backs on the golden lure. Partners, with food for but one, drew straws to ascertain which should go. Canadian citizens and American aliens appealed to their respective governments for aid.

In October, with the last water, which was composed chiefly of running ice, a hungry exodus went down the river to Fort Yukon. Then the price of dogs went up to three hundred dollars and dog-food to a dollar per pound. Flour was not to be had at one hundred and fifty dollars per hundred-weight. In November, with the first ice, another stampeded crowd hurried up the river to civilization and safety.

This scare, which so greatly diminished the number of empty mouths, was all that saved Dawson from a bitter winter. As it was, the gold-seekers managed to pinch through; but those that fled in the height of the panic carried a terrible tale with them to salt water. After that the winter settled

down and all communication ceased.

For the many faces turned south on the dismal half-thousand miles of trail, there was one that held unerringly to the north. It belonged to a Dutchman, who knew little English and spoke less. His equipment was more meagre than that of those who passed him and he was heading into the heart of the famine, while they were running away from it. He had barely food enough to last himself and dog to Dawson. He had a dog—a bulldog, the short hair of which made it the worst possible choice of a sledge animal in that frosty land.

The refugees looked at his outfit and laughed. By eloquent signs—for misery speaks a common tongue—they explained the lack of food. When that did not startle him, they painted lurid pictures of starvation and death. But he always remained unperturbed. Then they ceased their grim mirth, and pleaded and entreated him to go back. But he invariably pressed on.

Why not? He had started to go to the Klondike and he certainly was going there. True he had already tried the Stikine route and lost his outfit and three comrades in its treacherous waters; true, he had then gone to St. Michaels, only to get there when the Yukon had frozen, and to escape on the last vessel before Bering Sea closed; true, his money was gone and he had but a few weeks' food,—all true,—but it was also true that he had left a wife and children down in the States, and he must send yellow dust of the north to them before another year had passed.

And yet again—the real stamp of the man—he had started to go to the Klondike, and he was going there. For the third time he had ventured it, this time over the dreaded Chilkoot Pass in Midwinter.

After untold hardship, he arrived at the Big Salmon River, two hundred and fifty miles from the Chilkoot and an equal distance from Dawson. At that point he encountered a squad of mounted police of the Northwest Ter-

ritories. They had strict orders to allow no one to pass who did not possess a thousand pounds of provisions. As he had barely fifty pounds, he was turned back. One of the police, who understood his language, explained the terrible condition of affairs.

All others whom they had turned back had retraced their steps cheerfully. But this man was not made of such mettle. Twice nature had conspired to thwart him, and then, when the trip was half completed, came man. However, he ostensibly started back. But that night he broke a trail through the deep snow and crossed the river, regaining the travelled trail far below the encampment.

The next heard of him was at Little Salmon River, when another detachment of police saw an exhausted man and a bulldog limping painfully down the river. They thought the upper camp had passed him on; so, without suspicion, they cordially invited him to their fire to rest and warm up, but he was afraid and hobbled on.

The thermometer had gone down and then steadily remained at between fifty and sixty degrees below zero—equivalent to between eighty and ninety degrees of frost. The Dutchman had passed fleeing men, young men, with frozen limbs or scurvy-rotted flesh—terrible wrecks of the country; but day by day, rigidly adhering to his object, he plodded into the north.

At Fort Selkirk he was forced to lay up, his frozen foot having become so bad that he could no longer travel. But he had been there only two days, when the surgeon from Big Salmon River arrived. He had sledged a hundred miles down the river with a government dog-team, to amputate the limbs of an unfortunate young man who had been trying to get out of the land. After that, the surgeon had gone on to Fort Selkirk, where he expected to wait till the incoming police picked him up.

He recognized the Dutchman and

dressed his foot, the flesh of which had begun to slough away, leaving a raw and festering hole in the sole of the foot almost large enough to thrust one's fist into. He happened to explain, by signs, that he was awaiting the coming of the police.

That was enough for the sufferer. The police were coming. They would send him back. He cut up a blanket and made a gigantic moccasin, folding thickness upon thickness till it was the size of a water-bucket. That night, he and his bulldog headed down the river to Dawson, one hundred and seventy-five miles away.

The exquisite pain the man must have endured from the cold, the toil, the lack of food, and the injured foot, can only be conjectured. And it was not as if he had comrades, for he suffered alone, and ran the dangers of the ice-journey without hope of help in case of accident.

At Stuart River he was almost gone; but his persistence and indomitability seemed limitless. The fear that the police would capture him and send him back drove him on; and he was the kind of man that did not know the meaning of the word "failure." As it was, the police, with their fine trail equipment of dogs and sleds, never did succeed in overtaking him.

At Sixty-Mile, it seemed that he must at last succumb, for the dog had finally become exhausted, as had also the supply of food. But the white trader at that point bought the dog for two hundred dollars and sufficient food to last the man into Dawson, then only fifty miles away.

Barely had he reached his goal when he was sawing wood at fifteen dollars a day, and slowly but surely curing his foot that he might go prospecting. It is no easy task to work all day in the open in such a frosty climate. But he worked steadily through the winter, while other men idled in their cabins and cursed their ill-luck and the country in general. Not only did he manage to earn subsistence, but he got him-

self a miner's outfit, and also sent out a snug portion of his earnings to the wife and children down in the States.

In the spring, while the majority of the gold-seekers were preparing to shake the dust of the country from their moccasins, he took part in the stampede to the French Hill benches. A little later, those that passed his claim might have seen a contented-looking man busily engaged in washing out a satisfactory amount of gold a day.

There can be no better way to conclude this narrative of unyielding adherence to purpose than by stating that one of the first things he did was to hunt up the Sixty-Mile trader and buy back the bulldog that had been the comrade of his hardships and sufferings.—Jack London, in *Youth's Companion*.

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Knowing Pupils. "How many teachers are there who realize that the importance of knowing their pupils is quite as great, if not greater than knowing those things in which they are to give instruction?" asks Mr. Patterson Dubois in the *Sunday School Times* of Nov. 11. "The next question will be," he continues, "How much knowledge of a pupil is necessary? Is it enough that you be like Shakespeare's Beatrice, who says to Leonato, 'I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight?'"

The writer believes that "daylight" is not enough for the teacher. There is another light by which humanity must be viewed. The teacher must see by soul light as well as daylight, by loving sympathy as well as by the sun.

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One of the Warren, Pa., papers has the following upon Miss Griel's work:

The program was opened with music and song, and it was only a step to Miss Griel's lesson on "The Study of Colors," one of the most charming lessons she has given during the entire week. She practically taught the

teachers how to combine the various colors so as to have them most beautiful and effective, whether in the matter of drawing or painting or even in the art of dressing with becoming taste. It was a very unique, practical, entertaining and useful lesson, and took the teachers into a realm of thought at once new and pleasing. Miss Griel has on exhibition at the Institute a large number of water colors, of fruit, flower, vegetables, landscapes and marine scenes, the actual work done in the school room, in the drawing department of which she presides. The work is beautifully and artistically done and is very much admired by every teacher and visitor at the Institute.

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Dr. Clouston, the eminent Scotch authority upon nervous diseases, visited our country some time ago, and is reported by James to have said: "You Americans wear too much expression upon your faces. You are living like an army with all its reserves engaged in action. The duller countenances of the British population a better scheme of life. They suggest stores of reserved nervous force to fall back upon, if any occasion should arise that requires it. This excitability, this presence at all times of power not used, I regard as the greatest safeguard of our English people. The other thing in you gives me a sense of insecurity, and you ought somehow to tone yourselves down. You really do carry too much expression, you take too intensely the trivial moments of life."

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Miss Reiff spent the Christmas vacation at her home near Harrisburg.

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"So when a great man lives,
For years beyond his ken,
The light he leaves behind him
Lies upon the paths of men."

—Longfellow in "Summer."

Music. The Holy City, a sacred Cantata by Alfred Gaul, which was announced in the last number of the REVIEW to be given Jan. 20, will be given Jan. 27, one week later. The chorus, numbering nearly 70 voices, under the direction of Prof. J. Hart Kinsey, is doing splendid work. For this production some of the very best soloists have been engaged. Rob't J. McDowell, the well known tenor of Pittsburg, will sing the tenor solos. Miss Romalene Billingsley whose beautiful contralto voice was heard in the solos last year, will need no introduction to those who heard her. Miss Laura Ward, Soprano, and Mr. A. T. Morgan, Bass, are too well known to

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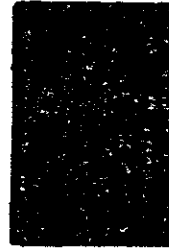
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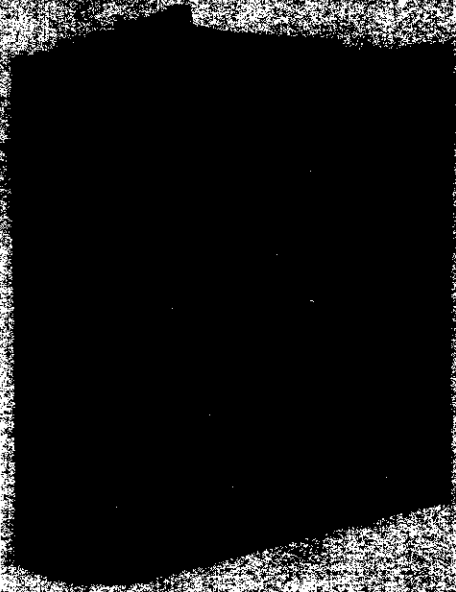
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