Washingtonia

Published thrice a year by the Students of
Washington State Normal School
Machias, Maine

43881
This Number by the
Class 1912

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Hunter's Green and White

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Cardinal

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Where Is Its Strength? In the character and judgment of the individuals and the amount of capital in the business

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OF ELLSWORTH

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Deposits</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Total</td>
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A **HOLIDAY GIFT** should possess BEAUTY, UTILITY or the SENTIMENT of the season, and need not be expensive to be appreciated by sensible people. Such offerings of

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us  
This makes it possible for scholars  
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selves  

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Plumbing and Heating  
Machias, Maine
<table>
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<tr>
<th>MARY R. CHANDLER</th>
<th>A. D. RALPH</th>
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<tr>
<td>Pharmacy</td>
<td>Optometrist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbia Falls</td>
<td>Eyes carefully examined</td>
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<tr>
<td>Opp. Post Office</td>
<td>MACHIAS</td>
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| E. M. BUCKNAM                    | Ladies’ and Gentlemen’s     |
| Funeral Director, Embalmer       | CLOTHING                    |
| and FURNISHING UNDERTAKER        | Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired|
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School Management, School Laws, Pedagogy, Civics, Nature Study

Merle Keyes, Assistant Principal
Natural Science, Agriculture

Ella B. Quinn
Penmanship, Literature, Reading, Calisthenics

Annie E. Putnam, Music and Drawing

Model Teachers
Emma W. Hinckley  Martha M. Tobey  Dora Owen  Alice Black

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Lusty we have tried to be in our studies, and the stiff program handed out to us has been followed in a manner pleasing to all concerned.

The Lecture Course given by the school was but another manifestation of our desire to obtain everything possible along educational lines in the short time that we are to be here.

As those having authority saw fit not to appropriate money for improving the grounds, the students took the matter into their own hands, and Arbor Day saw girls as well as boys doing their little stunt with rakes, hoes, etc., with results far from disappointing; two ball grounds are being planned and a croquet ground and tennis court will welcome the students on their return next fall.

There was no schedule made out for Baseball this spring, but in several games played with Jonesboro,
Lubec and Jonesport, W. S. N. S. showed good form. We expect several new men this fall and hope to find among them good baseball material.

The Washingtonia speaks for itself, a severe critic will find many things about it that might be improved, but the fact that it is, like our school, still young, should bear consideration from all.

Washington State Normal School owes much of its success to the citizens of Machias and through this year's last issue of its paper we wish to thank them for their interest in every branch of our work.
The Fishing Game

By
Geo. L. Bowles.

Now who does not know of the joy of the Angler,
As early he starts with his basket and rod
In search of the brooks, where the red, spotted wrangler,
Lurks in the shade 'neath the o'er-hanging sod?

The Sun in the East beams upon us with pleasure;
The sweet smelling earth makes our red blood rebound:
Our fly book is filled with that false little treasure
Whose equal for coaxing has never been found.

Who knows not the gifts of the gay “Silver Doctor,”
The keen, flashing “Ibis,” the “Scarlet and Red,”
The little “Brown Hackle” and “Modest Professor?”
Who knows not the “Coachmen” both “Royal and Lead?”

Not the holes through the ice, nor a guide to cook for us,
Nor a whole “Bloomin’ ” township to do all the work,
With naught but mosquitoes and midgets to “Bore” us,
But with pipe, rod and basket, we’ll away to the brook.

We’ll away to those pools where the waters ceased tumbling,
And there on the banks will we make our first cast,
Then a flash on the surface and the sound of reel humming,
Not for us cares or worries, we’re fishing at last.

How the line clears the surface, it must be a “four-pounder,”
Reel him in, boy, be careful, easy, son, he’s not tame:
Who cares for a cap lost or boots full of water?
We’re trouting, I tell you, and trouting’s the game.

Up the stream to yet other nooks never forgotten,
First one fly, now another, Jenny Lind now Jock Scott,
Brings the dark, spotted beauty from clear, sandy bottom,
To our stand on the shore, or our net on the rock.

What’s the time, did you say? How do I know, I’m fishing.
Eleven, it can’t be, we’ve just got here, man.
Well just as you say, lad, then start up a fire,
While I slice the pork, get the meal and the pan.
Oh, the smell of the fish, oh the anticipation,  
As you turn them so slightly, shielding eyes with the arm.  
With the crisp sliced potatoes and clear boiling coffee,  
Bring speedily the Inner man su­cease and balm.  

And after the dinner, oh sweet recollection,  
With your head on a root, full length on the grass,  
And with pipe drawing freely, and keen retrospection,  
Talk over the fishing trips you've had in the past.  

The day is far spent, we've a long walk ahead, boy,  
Let's pick up our traps and take to the road,  
I've had a great day, "warn't" that first one a beauty?  
If there's fishing in Heaven, I'll take up my rod.  

Tomorrow we'll tell all the boys of the trout caught,  
And they'll weigh more each time that the story is told;  
How gamely that big, spotted fiend for his life fought,  
The story that always is new, yet so old.  

Well this is your street, take your share, man, that's right,  
I've had a great day and the fishing was dandy,  
Will see you tomorrow, great weather,  
GOODNIGHT.
Moonlight Reflections

"The magic of the moonlight." Somewhere during the day I had seen those words, and now they kept repeating themselves in my brain as I lay waiting for sleep to drive dull care away. The light from the full moon flooded my room, and wishing to prove the magic of that pale light I arose and went to my window. The village lay before me transformed. The houses and streets, which but a few hours ago seemed extremely commonplace, were changed into veritable realms of beauty.

There from the scene as a whole my gaze seemed to select particular objects, and finally rested upon the memorial of the brave lives sacrificed for the freedom of our country, and as I saw that statue of perfect manhood standing out clear cut against the sky, it seemed to me that almost the greatest of all love is the love of a man for his country. When she calls, he severs every tie, and hastens to offer his life in her defense.

On my left flowed the river, and rising out of its calm, clear waters was a large rock. Thereby hangs a tale, which often I had heard repeated in the village.

Maranama was the daughter of an Indian chief, whose people occupied one bank of the river. She was a beautiful type of her race, and while still very young her father had made plans for her marriage with a young warrior of the tribe.

But the plans of the maiden lay in different directions. From childhood often she had wandered away from the village in search of nuts and berries, and upon one occasion had met a brave, young warrior, who belonged to a hostile tribe. Then the trips became more frequent.

This frequency of her trips aroused her father's suspicions, and one day Maranama, going out to meet her lover as usual, was followed by two of her father's braves.

Unfortunate Maranama! The message the warriors brought back to the chief was, that his daughter was planning to flee with Red Horse of the Lutes, that night at the setting of the moon.

The moon had set. The happy Indian girl and her lover were well upon their journey, when suddenly three Indians loomed up in their path. Poor Maranama was carried back to her father's wigwam, while a cruel tomahawk found a resting-place in the heart of Red Horse.

The next night, rising cautiously from her bed, she secretly left the wigwam, and running to her tiny canoe, paddled out to the big rock, where, after climbing to its top she paused a moment, and then plunged into the waters below.

Ever since, on certain nights, at the setting of the moon, the rock is completely enveloped in a white mist.
which is said to be the spirit of the unhappy Indian girl.

Following the course of the river a little farther, my eyes rested upon the old inn, famous because General Washington had once dined there. Opposite this old-fashioned dwelling and in great contrast to it, was the library, a magnificent building of modern architecture and possibilities, of which Washington never dreamed. How times have changed and how great are our advantages, yet we cannot but admire the days when life moved in a slower fashion.

Turning back to the hill, I saw one scene which never changes, as the years roll on. There stood the church and behind it in the churchyard, the stones, gleaming white in the moonlight. Nothing but peace had ever been there, or could ever be, and a feeling of peace and a longing for rest came over me as I gazed upon it, so turning away from the magic picture the moonlight painted, I sought the rest which would equip me for the next day’s labor.

—HATTIE SNELL.
When the pupils returned to school at the beginning of this term and learned that Mr. Smith, the Science teacher, had resigned his position a deep feeling of disappointment was experienced, for Mr. Smith had been a general favorite with all. The fact of losing Mrs. Smith was much regretted as she had proven such a help in all social functions of the school, being always ready to assist in any way she could. The best wishes of the whole school are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Merle Keyes, a Colby graduate, accepted the position as teacher in the Science department upon the resignation of Mr. Smith. Mr. Keyes has been most efficient and thorough in his work and especially has he entered into the athletic side of the school life, encouraging and helping the boys in every way.

Mr. Arthur A. Heald of Waterville, Scout commissioner of Maine, visited the Normal School, Friday morning, June 2, and gave a short talk to the students about this new organization, which was most pleasing and interesting. Let us remember the words of the steam engine,

"I think I can, I think I can, I think I can, I can."

Mr. J. W. Taylor of Augusta, Inspector of the High Schools of the State, visited the school one morning this term and gave a five minute talk to the pupils.

Several of the students had acquired so much knowledge during the winter term, that it needed airing, so they accepted schools for the spring term. Among these were Miss McElwee, Miss Marcia Anderson, Misses Hope and Mary Dresser, Miss Lucy Nash and Miss Ruth Marston.

Being very few, (of course for no other reason) we always are sorry to lose one of the male members of our school, especially was this so in the case of Percy Allan, a member of the D Class, who had started with us at the beginning of our year at Libby Hall. Mr. Allan feels that his calling lies in another direction so he expects soon to enter a business school. The school wishes Mr. Allan success in his new work.
Early in the winter term, Mr. E. B. Curtis and Principal W. L. Powers made arrangements for a most interesting, entertaining and instructive course of lectures to be given for the benefit of the Normal students.

The first lecture of the series was given at Normal Hall, March 1st, by Dr. Aley, President of the University of Maine, his subject being "The Weight of Man." Most uniquely and skillfully was this subject presented.

The next was Donald MacMillan's lecture, "To the North Pole with Peary," given Monday, April 3, at Phenix Opera House. A full house greeted the speaker. Mr. MacMillan very interestingly told us of his journey to the North Pole from the starting out of the "Roosevelt" from New York Harbor to the arrival at the Pole. The clearest and finest of stereopticon views were given with his lecture illustrating his journeyings and giving us a much different idea of the Northland than we had hitherto entertained.

On May 12, Dr. Frank Tubbs of Bates College gave his famous lecture, "Among the Stars." Never before had we so fully realized that passage in the Bible, "What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" as we did when we learned something of the immensity of the other worlds. It was rather difficult after traveling so many miles in thought with Dr. Tubbs from one planet to another to return to this small world of ours. And many of us rubbed our eyes and pinched ourselves to see if we weren't dreaming.

Rev. E. V. Allen, our Legislative Representative, gave on Friday evening, May 19, a most instructive talk on "Educational Ideas and Ideals," and he left in the minds of the "Normals" much food for thought, impressing them that the Art for which they were studying was a mighty one and must never be considered lightly.

Last but by far not the least was the lecture on "Tuskegee," delivered by Dr. Payson Smith, State Supt. of Schools. Dr. Smith told of the marvelous and commendable results achieved by Booker T. Washington for the Black Men of the South. The practical methods used by Mr. Washington in the different branches at Tuskegee were explained.

This was certainly a rare opportunity afforded the normal students and the people of Machias of hearing some of the best speakers in the State. A similar course of lectures is arranged for next year and it is truly hoped that it will prove as excellent as this has been.
Do you think it will rain? Is it going to rain? These were the words on the lips of the Normal students early on the morning of Arbor Day, for this was the day of the school picnic.

The day was to be devoted to clearing up the grounds with a dinner for all at twelve o'clock. Thus, before eight some sixty young people were busy raking, hoeing and setting out flowers.

It did not rain and when eleven-thirty arrived everything was shipshape around the building and everybody enormously hungry.

Plans had been made to take dinner at Sylvan Park, but as the means for cooking on the Fair Ground were nil, the “fish chowder” was made at the principal’s home under the guidance of good Mrs. Powers, who also made the best strawberry short-cake that ever graced a picnic dinner.

Tables were improvised in the Normal School Hall and it certainly was a merry crowd congregated there. At the far end of the room stood Mrs. Edward B. Curtis, ladle in hand, ready to serve all comers with chowder cooked and seasoned to “a queen’s taste.”

The Principal’s office looked like a free lunch room with students passing cake, bread, crackers, pickles, etc., to people who were eating as tho they enjoyed it.

Beside the teachers of the Normal and Model schools were Mr. and Mrs. Chaffee, who are all ready to vote that there are some good cooks among the Normal students, as well as good teachers.
## Course of Study

1. Psychology, pedagogy, school management, school government, school organization, history of education.

2. Reviews and methods of teaching the following subjects:
   - (a) **Language**—Reading and spelling, grammar, rhetoric, composition, literature, history.
   - (b) **Mathematics**—Arithmetic, algebra, geometry, bookkeeping.
   - (c) **Science**—Physiology and hygiene, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, mineralogy, geology, astronomy.
   - (d) **Expression**—Writing, drawing, vocal music, physical culture.
   - (e) **Civics**—Government of the United States, Government of Maine, school system and school laws of Maine.

3. Observation and practice in the model schools.

### Arrangement of Studies by Terms

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<th>FIRST TERM F.</th>
<th>SECOND TERM E.</th>
<th>THIRD TERM D.</th>
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<td>Physics</td>
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<td>Manual Training</td>
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<td>Drawing (constructive)</td>
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<td>Psychology</td>
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<td>Practice Teaching</td>
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<td>Child Study</td>
<td>History of Education</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arithmetic</td>
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<td>Physics</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vocal Music</td>
<td>Calisthenics</td>
<td>School Gardening</td>
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<td>Drawing (charcoal and color-design and picture study)</td>
<td>Agriculture</td>
<td>Geology</td>
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<td>Astronomy</td>
<td>English Literature</td>
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<tr>
<td>Methods</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Calisthenics</td>
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<td>Calisthenics</td>
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Daily exercises in Physical Culture during the whole course.
The Evolution of the Novel

Although the modern novel was not developed until the middle of the Eighteenth Century, during the age of classicism, it is with pride that the English people look upon it as their own, since the idea seems to have originated with them, and to have been worked out on English soil. England certainly has a right to be proud of its novelists, for in that respect it has hardly been rivalled by any other nation.

Since time immemorial, story-telling has been an art; but we must not suppose that the stories told in the past ages were like ours, for the folklore and literature of every age and country has always been different from that of any other. Each form of writing has grown out of the preceding, and the modern novel is no exception to the rule. It had its precursors, and they were many and varied.

The first form of the novel, which stands out prominently is the epic, which was usually a long poem narrating the adventures of some national hero, and involving besides, giants, knights, warriors, fairies and elves. It was compiled by some person called the author, and was, in most cases, a collection of legends which had been handed down from father to son for many generations. It was in the Anglo-Saxon or Old English Period, that the first great epic, "Beowulf," was written. This poem contains 3184 lines, and gives valuable insight into the character of the writings of that age, which were of a strong and earnest nature. The greatest English epic is Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The immediate successor of the epic was the metrical romance, of which but few examples remain. These were long poems, or collections of poems, originally written with lines of a definite length, and the meter exact, hence the name metrical. Like the epic, they were imaginative, improbable, and adventurous, but they also contained a strain of sentimentality, heretofore not introduced. Perhaps the most important of these romances were the "Knights Tales" by Chaucer; and to him is due the credit establishing the Midland dialect as the literary language of England.

The following Elizabethan Age is regarded as the greatest in the history of our literature, for at about this time the country was given new life by the combined effects of the
Renaissance and the Reformation, and knowledge was extended in every direction. The discoveries in the new world, and the stories told of the great riches found by English explorers, made this age one of enthusiasm and gave rise to the form of literature known as the drama, from the Greek word meaning action. The Miracle and Morality plays were the immediate outcome of this, and paved the way for the more modern production of Shakespeare and Marlowe.

The drama was an important means of education to the people who could not read, and instilled in their minds a love for literature such as they had never known. The greatest English dramatist was William Shakespeare, and his works will continue to be enjoyed as long as time lasts.

Although these different forms show the advancement made in thought, reasoning, and appreciation of the real, it is not until the Eighteenth Century that we begin to see life stories taking the place of those in which the imagination plays the most important part. The epic, romance, and drama had all taught the novelist, but admirable as these forms were, they did not satisfy every one, for the common people had long felt the need of some literature that they could understand and appreciate. In the story of the life, character, and emotion of the waiting maid, Pamela, in Richardson's novel of that name, the need was supplied, for in this book each of the common people saw a reflection of himself and was very crude and in parts dull and his experiences. Although this book uninteresting, it was the seed out of which grew the flower of the modern novel, for it told the story of life from within, showed the development of character, and related incidents not for their own sake, but to show their effect on human nature.

So, little by little and century by century, the novel has been developed until in our time we see the perfection of the novelist's art.

—Ethel Holway.
The Legend of "Old Maid's Hill"

June 12, 1775, is a memorable date in the annals of Machias. Well may its citizens be proud of their ancestors—for they certainly played their part in freeing this country from the hated rule of England, when they so valiantly captured the British sloop-of-war, Margaretta, in Machias Bay. Every one is well acquainted with this incident, but probably very few know of the legend connected with it.

It was on the evening of the day following this battle, that a very startling event took place. The people who lived in the vicinity of Old Maids', or O'Brien's Hill, as it is more properly called, were amazed and greatly terrified at seeing eight ghost-like figures, not flitting, as ghosts generally do, but stalking about on the brow of the hill. A few of the bolder ones suggested that these must be mischievous boys trying to frighten the neighborhood, and ventured forth, armed with stout cudgels, to administer summary punishment to the miscreants. Great was their surprise when they approached to find the figures clad not in the usual habiliments of ghosts, but in naval suits; all armed with cutlasses; and one, who seemed to be the leader, equipped with a marine glass, through which he was watching the river. When he removed the glass from his eyes, and in turning allowed his flaming glance to sweep over them, they fled precipitously, and, when their fear had sufficiently abated to allow them to talk, informed their friends in awe-struck whispers that Capt. Moore of the Margaretta, and his seven men were haunting Old Maids' Hill.

This produced a state of consternation among the villagers, who peered out behind closed blinds every night for several months. As the ghostly figures did not again put in an appearance, the excitement subsided, and the wiseacres of the village affirmed that some one must have been dreaming. But the reality of it was proved by the statement of a young man who, June 13, of the next year, declared that on the night before he saw the figures again moving about on the hill, the captain still watching the river with his glass, and at the same time leading and directing the others. This second appearance convinced many doubting ones and when year after year regularly on every June 12, the spectres were seen, even the most incredulous were forced to believe. Indeed so accus-
tomed did the people become to watching these nocturnal visitors, that the mothers of the village used to frighten wayward children by telling them that Capt. Moore and his crew would carry them off if they weren't good.

Things went on in this way for a number of years. At length, three young men, more courageous, or, as some said, more foolhardy, than their fellows, made a bet that they would rid the town of these unwelcome visitors. They sallied forth late in the evening of one June 12, armed with heavy clubs, for they were informed by every one that bullets would be of no avail against these supernatural foes. As they drew near Old Maids' Hill, they beheld what they had seen every June 12 since their births—eight figures silhouetted against the sky, their clothing shining with a spectral gleam in the moonlight. But their hearts did not quail—for one can get accustomed to anything, even to ghosts. When they were within ten feet, the captain, who had hitherto been back to them, suddenly wheeled, and at the same time his comrades ranged themselves behind him, and all with one accord made a dash towards the would-be assailants. As they approached, their raised cutlasses glittered in the moonlight, their eyes shot flames, and their whole bodies, looming against the sky, swelled to a gigantic size. The men, terrified out of their wits at the sudden onrush of these awful figures, turned and ran for their lives, never stopping until they were securely locked behind their own doors. It is safe to assume that they did not demand their bet, nor make any mention of the encounter.

At last these strange phantoms were routed from their yearly trysting ground by one man alone. It happened in this wise. This man, whose name I shall not disclose, altho' not regarded by his neighbors as possessing an unusual amount of courage, either physical or moral, had suddenly and firmly made up his mind to overcome these spooks by fair means or foul. So early in the evening of June 12, 1875, just a hundred years after the battle, he stole forth alone, armed only with a light rifle, and stationed himself on the hill, to await the coming of the spectres. At twelve o'clock, a strong smell of burning brimstone met his nostrils, and before his astonished eyes eight diminutive figures rose out of the earth. They were no taller than his waist, and he reasoned that if he were going to offer battle to them, it must be before they grew any larger, as he had been told they were accustomed to do as the day approached. So in a loud voice he demanded, "What do you here, shades of Englishmen? Know you not that this is American soil?" Even while he was saying this, he saw the Captain raise his cutlass, and to save himself—for the weapon, gleaming in the moonlight, looked much more substantial
than its owner, he lifted his rifle and fired. At the same time his foot slipped and he fell backward. As he was falling, he felt a sharp pain in his neck, and saw the ghost of the Captain with its hand to its breast, sink into the ground, together with its seven companions. Then he knew no more.

When consciousness returned, he found three men standing around him. As they were helping him to arise, and inquiring why he had been out on the hill all night, he looked down at his feet and saw eight round patches, where the grass had been burned and seared as if by fire. He told them that he had had a battle with Capt. Moore and his crew of seven, and for evidence showed them the swelling on his neck, but they derided his story, saying that he must have stayed down street a little too late, and losing his way, have fallen and strained his neck; but he knew better.

When the next anniversary came around, and the usual phantom visitors of the hill were missing, he and all the other citizens of the town realized that the shades of Capt. Moore and his seven men had gone to join their owners' crumbling dust, and would haunt Old Maids' Hill no more.

—Evelyn McKinney.
Exchanges

In this edition the Washingtonia wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the Breeze, notice of which should have appeared in our last issue.

The Northern Light from Fort Fairfield High School contains several interesting stories, and also reveals the strong athletic spirit prevalent in that school.

We are always glad to receive the Magpie, for it is sure to have items of interest, as well as thoughtful articles on the topics of the day.

The Eastonia comes from Easton High School, which was under the supervision of our Principal, W. L. Powers, when he was Superintendent of that district. It is a very promising paper, and speaks well for the school.

We were also much pleased to receive a Colby Echo, and learn of the life in one of the large colleges of our State.

A second edition of the Breeze has just come into our hands. Through this column we wish to congratulate that paper on its rapid growth and increasing excellence.
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