NORMAL OFFERING

A SCHOOL MONTHLY

January, 1896.
During the school year we are constantly receiving calls for grade teachers. We are frequently unable to recommend such candidates as are wanted.

One Fee Registers in Both Offices.
Send for Agency Manual.

110 Tremont Street, Boston.
169 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
WITH this number of the Offering, the present board of Editors lays aside its duties in this direction. Our regret at so doing is not unmixed with pleasure in the contemplation of the experience we have had; a pleasure which is heightened when we think of the many kind friends who have helped us in our work, and whose ready willingness at all times has made our duties rest lightly upon our shoulders. Our heartfelt thanks are extended to these and to all who have helped us in rendering our connection with the paper enjoyable. We ask for a continuance of your efforts in behalf of the new board, and, in so doing, we know we shall not be disappointed.

To our friends who are leaving us to take up the active professional work of our calling we wish a happy and prosperous career. While not speaking from the wisdom of experience, we are, nevertheless, certain that you will sometimes find the need of all the patience, courage, determination and "backbone" that you can command. The strength of a chain, you know, is measured by its weakest link. So strength of mind is measured and tested by these crises, these pulls and draughts upon one's mental vigor. We would not avoid them if we could, for it is by trial that we become strong. And if, at any time, you may think that your lot is particularly hard, recall those happy words of Longfellow:

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining: Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary."
Several interesting anecdotes of the Quaker poet have lately appeared in the Arena.

A little girl who was in the house with Mr. Whittier, and of whom he was very fond, asked the poet to commemorate in verse the death of her favorite kitten, Bathsheba by name.

Without a moment’s hesitation the poet said in solemn tones:

"Bathsheba! to whom none ever said scat—
"No worthier cat
"Ever sat on a mat
"Or caught a rat
"Requiescat.

The same little girl’s pony broke his leg and again the poet was called upon to comfort the child with some poetic sentiment. She said, "I have written some lines myself, but I can’t think how to finish the verse.”

"What did you write?” asked Mr. Whittier.
"My pony kicked to the right, my pony kicked to
"The stable post he struck it, [the left, "He broke his leg short off—
and then added Mr. Whittier
"And then he kicked the bucket!”

Countryville, Nova Scotia, January 7, 1899.

Mr. Rufus Crane,
Superintendent of Schools, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have been thinking lately that I should like to live in the same town as the President of the United States. Then, too, in the winter I am troubled with the rheumatism in my left shoulder. On account of these reasons I determined to write you and apply for a position as teacher in the Washington schools.

I am an extraordinary teacher, as everyone in Countryville can tell you. I am principal of a large school of forty, consisting of all grades. I have three letters of recommendation, one being from Alexander Du Pont, our baggage-master. Moreover, I have graduated from the Bridgewater Normal School, which sends out elegant teachers, of which I am a sample. I feel especially competent to teach handwriting, vocal music and harmony. In fact, I can teach anything from A B C to Sanskrit.

But to be brief, I wish you to give me a school in Washington. I shall not ask more than $110 per month for my services, but could not accept much less. I am willing to superintend the schools or to do anything that presents itself. I expect to have advanced classes in the evening for members of the school-board and Congress. Perhaps you would like to join.

Now, my dear sir, if it should be possible that all the positions are filled, you might do me the kindness, if you please, to mention me to the President, who may need an instructor for Ruth and Esther. Don’t understand by this that I am a Democrat, for I am not. I am a Prohibitionist, and belong to three Woman Suffrage clubs, and am also a married woman, but must support my husband, as he is an author.

I must close here, as we learned at Bridgewater that business letters must be brief and to the point.

Expecting to hear from you soon and see you later, I am,

Yours truly,

Susie Isabel Boot.

P. S. I might add confidentially that, if you get me a good position, I’ll see that my husband votes your ticket next election.

S. I. B.

Brains and Beauty.

A Wedding in High Life.

[Special Despatch to the Offering.]

Bridgewater, Mass., Jan. 18.—A Press despatch from a special correspondent detailed for the purpose is expected to appear in to-morrow’s issue of the Psycholische Blätter. By the unexampled diligence of one of our ever-vigilant reporters, we are enabled to print the despatch in full before our dormant contemporaries have even thought of sending their underpaid hireling writers to the scene of the event so lucidly narrated in our columns.

We are very happy to announce the most
successful and brilliant consummation of the nuptials of one of the most charming debutantes of nine seasons ago, and a most talented professor of the newly-created chair of Cancrine Immortality in the Invertebrate department of a prominent western university.

The botanical tendencies of our representative have enabled us to present for the delectation of our readers who are similarly afflicted, a critical and yet succinct report of the floral encumbrances.

Ferns graced the sacred edifice, and from their myriad sporangia disseminated minute but tenacious mementos of the auspicious occasion. Owing to the peculiarly obstinate code of honor unhappily prevailing at present among the floral world, chrysanthemums could not be induced to delay their season of flowering, nor yet could the slumbering hyacinths be coaxed to assassinate the atmosphere with unseasonable fragrance. The all-surmounting ingenuity of the bridegroom in this dire emergency triumphed over the unavailing resistance offered by Nature's antiquated laws. He, after making a logical division of the subject of floral adornments, and being inspired by his high power of abstract thought, with most admirable ingenuity supplied the missing link in the artistic effect. Artificial flowers of new and original designs, studiously elaborated so as not to conflict with any of Nature's copyrights, were supplied by the generosity of the bride's mother, who in this as in other instances kindly footed the bills incurred by the ingenuity of the bridegroom-elect. These novel embellishments were noted as far surpassing the old-fashioned scheme of adornments in which natural flowers held an analogous position. The ennui so often hitherto occasioned at such events from recognizing in the flowers the same worn-out, passe designs that have been the fashion in the floral world for so many seasons, was thus happily avoided. The superiority of this system from an economic, as well as an artistic standpoint is very evident, and especially so in this instance, as the bride is to be the first term in an extended nuptial progression within the limits of her immediate family, as she has five unmarried and spooniferous sisters.

The characteristic individuality of the bridegroom, backed by the uncounted millions of the family about to be honored by his alliance, again came prominently to the surface in the matter of music for the bridal march. He advanced the unique idea of replacing the meagre services of a solitary manipulator of the organ by the most symphonical rendering of the wedding march by a full orchestra. This was musical innovation Number One. Number Two was in relation to the march itself. The talented director of the orchestra, Herr von Kallminingen had been for weeks beforehand engaged in composing a wedding march to order. This production will undoubtedly be recognized as the foremost of all his compositions, and he himself admitted that it embodied all the delicious discords that have immortalized the names of Lohengrin, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Wagner. This composition owed much of its stunning effects to the key in which it was written, which was entirely too bass for notice in these chaste columns.

Some of the vulgar among the throng of guests were so unappreciative as to specially admire the occasional long rests in the score of this march, which humanely and mercifully gave much needed relief to all concerned guests as well as members of the orchestra.

But undoubtedly our feminine readers are by this time consumed with eagerness to be enlightened in regard to the appearance and attire of the bride.

The bride's gown was of ravishing loveliness. The pièce de résistance of the triumph of the modiste's handiwork was of mousseline de soie of neutral gray, shade 2. The sleeves were of the balloon variety and kept appropriately distended by being built on the pneumatic principle. The train was in keeping with the rest of the bride's magnificent trousseau. By the ingenuity of the bridegroom this final portion of the robe was made detachable, so that the gown might be worn without it at less stately occasions in the future. The well developed feet of the bride were incased in tiny number 8 satin slippers.

The bridesmaids were visions of loveliness in their pretty gowns of rich peau de soie. They were apparently well trained for the important role assigned them by merciless custom.

The bridegroom was alive to the exigencies of the occasion. He accredited himself fairly well when one considers that he was badly out of practice in his part, hardly more than an
amateur bridegroom, in fact. He wore an air of self-depreciation and the customary suit of black.

While our readers doubtlessly appreciate the discriminating yet succinct account of this most happy event, and one, we may make bold to affirm, that they will nowhere else find more than barely mentioned, we must crave their indulgence for a slight but unavoidable omission in the despatch. The printer’s evil one, while conveying the MS. of the telegraph operator to our sanctum had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of a large and voracious bull-dog, who knew a good thing when he saw it, and so devoured a portion of the MS., a clean (?) office towel, and several sections of the messenger’s raiment. The part of our copy now undergoing assimilation under the charge of the canine unfortunately was the only portion in which the names of the contracting parties were mentioned. We are at present negotiating with the owner of the dog, and if the ill-minded canine can be purchased for purposes of dissection, we will endeavor to supply the slight deficiency in our report, provided necessarily, that the abstracted MS. is not too far digested to be unavailable for copy.

ESSENTIALS IN THE MAKE-UP OF A TEACHER.

“What is worth doing is worth doing well.” To do anything well one must have certain requisites. The requisites in a teacher are that he possesses the “student habit” and a practical knowledge of psychology. He must also answer this question for himself. What is the object of all teaching, of all education?

The term “student habit” brings to the mind of some a student bending over books, seeking to understand, appreciate and remember what others have written. But this also includes the habitual tendency of the mind. The mind should be ever ready to take in each whole and each detail of the wholes within its range. The test of this habit, too, is the ready reproduction of the experiences and knowledge gained; for, though one may have a poor memory for dates and the like, his memory in these will be kept fresh by constant repetition. One who has this habit of observing and of studying the why of the things observed will be constantly gaining a knowledge of human nature.

The second requisite is allied to the first. Practical knowledge of psychology brings no technical definition of psychology to mind; but it means that power in the teacher by which he from outward manifestations and a knowledge of human nature instinctively understands the child and himself, and makes tactful use of this knowledge for the best development of the powers of the child. I am thinking as I write, of an eight-year old, bright, active, popular boy in an ungraded country school. This boy, usually well-behaved, has pushed his books aside, and is amusing his neighbors by all sorts of motions. And, to make the story brief, the teacher, observing this, pleasantly directs the boy to run to a certain tree while she counts the minutes till his return to where she stands watching him. On his return, between pondering over the affair and being tired from the race, he is a good boy all the rest of the morning. The teacher showed her knowledge of psychology in the appreciation of a safety-valve for the boy’s superfluous animal spirits. Although many may have a knowledge of psychology, yet only those possessing power to use this knowledge will make real teachers. We hear of the others as machine teachers or as the Misses Do-by-Rote.

We have spoken of the “student habit” and a practical knowledge of psychology as essential in the make-up of a teacher. Why are these essentials? In any work in life is it not necessary to know what material shall be used and how? The “student habit” gives us the what and a practical knowledge of psychology furnishes the how.

Is it not also necessary to know, to have in mind, what we would make of this material? The object of all education is to form character, such character as shall stand upright amid the pleasures and difficulties of life.

In closing let me quote Mr. William Smith’s reason for this thought concerning character. “Because personal character is all there is in this world that amounts to anything in the final resolution of things. It is not money nor governments, nor machines, that are of value in
A TRIP THROUGH CHINATOWN.

A mong the many interesting places to be seen about Los Angeles, Chinatown is to me the most fascinating. Perhaps a description of a trip through it might be interesting.

Although the average Chinatown cannot compare with Athens and Rome and such places on account of its beauty, yet I believe it can compete with any place on the globe for grotesqueness.

After going along one of Los Angeles’ broad asphalt streets, with high brick buildings on either side, we turn suddenly down Apl artisans street, narrow, dirty, and having low continuous wooden houses and bakeries, opium dens, meat shops, and various other shops all mixed in together.

As we go down the street we first come to an old Chinaman who wants to tell our fortunes, then to a vendor of ducks, roosters, and puppy-dogs, all these being hung on a bamboo pole slung over his shoulder. He really makes quite a picture with his black (not golden) pigtail hanging down his back, his artistic gown, and his array of “poultry.” Proceeding on the way we keep noticing something resembling punk burning at the corners of the streets and in the doorways, while directly back of this are some Chinese letters written on red paper. The letters are a prayer to Joss, the Chinese god, and the punk is kept burning at these places so the evil spirit shall not be roaming around the street corners and into the doorways.

As we go by the several doorways it is interesting to stop and look in a few minutes. In one we see eight or ten Chinamen around a round table eating rice with chop-sticks, with great rapidity. The rice the Chinese eat has no raisins in it.

Continuing on the uneven wooden sidewalks we look into a home—if such it may be called—for half a dozen poor Chinese women. As the man of the house is away, we are invited in and motioned to chairs, then the women proceed to their work. One woman, Li Gum, is having her hair dressed, a performance which takes place among the Chinese women who can afford it, once a week. It is quite interesting to watch the proceedings, especially to see the sticky liquid, which looks exactly like LePage’s glue, applied, and it is also a matter of interest to see how these women get along without the use of those most necessary articles, hairpins. Another woman, Chow Yi, is making cigarettes and also smoking them, and Se Ling is sewing. These women are quite comfortably situated, but it would make your heart ache to see some of the women.

Should we see Ah Wang, her white, sad face would tell its own story. For three years she was not allowed to see daylight. Down in yonder barn lives Yo Hi, with no floor but the earth and no roof but the leaky rafters above. Here she lives year in and year out, always making blue jean overalls which her husband sells in order to buy his opium and lottery tickets.

But we must hasten on. Next we go to the Joss House. We wind one way up a long narrow flight of stairs, and then turn into a room which is truly gorgeous. We see a bronze statue of Joss, with before it offerings of the best of fruit, and around it and about the room beautiful red, yellow and green banners, embroidered in silk and gold, large bronze tablets and brazen tables showings all kinds of designs. Then the priest comes forth and begs you to buy some punk sticks, “to keep the devil off, only two-bits” (twenty-five cents). Poor John, you can’t help feeling sorry for him.

But we can’t leave Chinatown without seeing Mrs. Won Sing and her ten children. They are as well known to Los Angeles people as Mrs. Rogers and her nine small children are
known to New England people. Mrs. Wou Sing has a flower-garden, a rocking-chair, two pictures and a family Bible, and does not own a cot, all of which things are remarkable for a Chinese family.

Mrs. Wou Sing speaks English and is an interesting conversationalist. She discusses the questions of the day, monometalism, woman suffrage, the tariff, etc., reads the Ladies Home Journal and even confided to me that she was going to write Ruth Ashmore to see if it were proper for Wong, her oldest boy, to kiss the Chinese girls and make them cry. She is very practical and even has a rolling-pin gilded and hung up in the parlor as an ornament. This excellent idea she told me, was taken from the paper mentioned above. On it were hung a tooth-brush, an iron file, one pair of chopsticks and a comb.

Time will permit of no longer a stay but it is with regret that we leave Chinatown without visiting the fan-tan rooms, the opium dens and last, but not least, the Chinese theatre. The last differs considerably from an American theatre as the "scene" shifting is done before the eyes of the audience, chairs serve as horses, and men, most brutally assassinated, at the end of the act, arise and walk demurely away. The music is appalling. The principal tone seems to be the third of the octave, and from this major seconds up, perfect fourths down, diminished triads, major fifths, etc. are heard radiating in every direction. After such entertainment we think it behooves us to wend our way back to civilization. Although we have been amused yet we cannot help thinking about the condition of many of these ill-treated and abused Chinese women, but most of us however, I'm sorry to say, ease the conscience by giving a dollar every year or so to the "Chinese cause."

A. C. II.

LITERATURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There is one branch in the school curriculum of too many of our public schools which receives little or no attention, and that is literature. There are reasons, of course, for the omission of this branch just as much as there are reasons for having the present studies.

Some teachers might think their pupils are incompetent to digest materials of such a broad subject. If such is the case with certain individual teachers it is because they look at the subject from too lofty a standpoint. They must bring the subject matter down to the comprehension of their pupils, and then the insurmountable difficulties which they had pictured mentally become invisible.

This is not the case with all the teachers. The fact is they haven't even the subject matter to teach. Why? Because they have not prepared themselves to teach such a subject. They think that because no great amount of literature was brought into school work during their school days, it never will be.
quently, if teachers and pupils continue to think in such a line, literature will not be taught to the boys and girls of today, nor to their immediate posterity.

Let me say right here that I have received word from one of good authority, stating one reason why literature is not introduced into public schools to a greater extent. He says: "The honest truth is that the teachers who are available do not know enough about the subject of literature to handle it." He further states, that in his estimation, the time is not far distant when literature will be one of the branches to be taught, and, of course a normal graduate or any other teacher must know his subject-matter, or his methods are no good to him.

Perhaps a definition of literature will convey some reasons why it should be taught in our public schools. "Literature is the written embodiment of the thoughts, passions, and feelings of a nation as portrayed by individuals of a nation."

Some one might ask—of what importance will a knowledge of literature be to those who do not intend to teach, or go to college? It will be of the greatest importance, because a knowledge of such a subject is elevating. If one becomes interested in such a vast field of thought he will not be content with idling away his spare moments, at home, on the streets or in degrading public buildings; his mind will run in a different channel. Instead of finding him in the above mentioned places, where will you find him? At home, in the public library, or conversing with some intelligent person trying to add information and knowledge to the building up of his own intellectual self. Yes, he is doing more than that, he is forming character. But where did the first spark of enthusiasm, which has burst forth into living fire, originate? In nearly all cases in the public schools, unless the individual had parents who were deeply interested in such a line of advancement. But schools are nothing without the teachers who are the prime movers in securing good results.

Some may think that the accomplishing of the above results could be obtained in a variety of ways without the introduction of literature into the public schools, and so they could be. But I say that literature in such places would be a most excellent means towards such an end.

On the other hand, the literature will not stop with the pupils of the school in which it is taught, but will find its way into their homes. If the children of a family become interested in any good line of advancement, it will not be long before their parents are interested in the same line. Few parents are to be found who are not interested in the proceedings of their children. So it is true, that if children are fond of literature, their parents will become so, just the same as they agree with them in the likes and dislikes of individual teachers.

There are a variety of ways in which literature can be brought into school work; in the lower grades it would be well to give more attention to the reading matter. Some of the works of such writers as Scott, Irving, Thackeray, Dickens and Whittier could be introduced into many of our schools to good advantage. The comprehensive ability of but few pupils would prevent such a movement. Memorizing quotations are excellent for instilling good thoughts into the minds of pupils. An inventive teacher will find ways enough to bring literature into her school work.

We all agree that this is an age of progress in school work as well as national affairs. But I dare say that progress in school work does not necessarily mean marked advancement in literature. This subject ought to receive more than meagre attention by school authorities as well as by teachers themselves.

Would it not be well for us as would-be teachers to give more than the average attention to our own reading matter by trying to make it valuable for ourselves. No doubt the time will come when the knowledge of good literature will be held to be as important as is now the knowledge of arithmetic and geography. That time is apt to come during our own lives and we should be among the victorious.

A. C. Bowen.
In a recent address before the school, the speaker very forcibly showed us the relation of schools and school teachers to the progress of our nation by giving us some facts concerning the school life of our great national hero Abraham Lincoln. He said that all through his life the influence of his early teacher was felt. That teacher was a genuine one; she had learned the true method of school government and if such an influence emanates from proper knowledge and use of school discipline, it is very fitting that we as teachers should consider this subject.

In the light of the present century, it presents a much different aspect from what it formerly did. If we may judge from stories of early schools, education used to mean "the act of beating into." Apparently all the daily life of the school-room had this one supreme end in view—to demonstrate to the pupils that the teacher was master and woe betide the luckless child who dared question his authority. At the present time the aim of the true teacher is to lead the pupils to govern themselves. The child is a free moral being just as the man is, and the first lesson he needs to learn is that of self-control. The training of the child to choose and act rightly every time should be the end of all the daily discipline of the school-room.

The influence of this early training upon the whole life of the child cannot be over-estimated. The necessity for self-government enters first of all into his school work. He is one of forty or fifty others in the school-room and he has to learn to respect the rights of others. In every task he has to perform, there is the same necessity for voluntary right action. The teacher is there to lead, advise, superintend, but each child must acquire for himself that habit of action which shall determine his place in the world. It is important then that he should put forth his best energy and that of his own free will.

In tracing the relation still farther, we are all familiar with the old adage, "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." It is noticeable that unless these habits of right activity are formed during childhood, the character is sadly deficient in after life. The school life is not a separate and distinct period; it is the foundation for character building. The powers they develop here are for use—earnest and effective use. Just so far as the child has advanced in the power to choose and act rightly, so far is he prepared to meet the demands of life. As he goes out into the world he will need the strongest foundation of character to support him amid the difficulties which he will meet.

The question then confronts us, how shall the teacher proceed in order to obtain the desired results? First he should be sure that his pupils know right and wrong. In order that they can make easily the fine distinctions, time should be given regularly to the discussion of questions of conduct. Stories containing moral truths may be read and the pupils encouraged to talk freely upon such subjects. In this way a teacher will be able not only to correct many wrong ideas, but also to gain an insight into the feelings and motives which actuate the child. Another method is to present fitting illustrations before the pupils, thereby stimulating in them the desire to do right for the sake of right. The teacher should emphasize that conduct makes a difference in God's plan for them, that every day is a preparation for the next day and that unless the foundations are secure the whole structure of character will be weak.

The pupils should be taught that character is the noblest possession of man. It exercises greater power than wealth for it is the result of proved honor, rectitude, and consistency, qualities which command the general respect and confidence of mankind. A man who possesses these qualities carries with him an irresistible power. He is strong for every emergency.

Every time a person acts in a certain way, it becomes easier for him to act in that way. Every time a child uses his will power for the right, it becomes stronger in that direction.

In all this training of the child the teacher's own life tells more to the pupil than his words. He can never hope to teach others that which he does not know himself. The beauty of his own life should act as a magnet upon his pupils.

The effects of school discipline are far-reaching. The children of to-day will be the men to-morrow and they will hold in their hands the welfare of the nation. Self government is the fundamental principle of our republic.
Men of character are the motive power in every well governed state; it is the moral qualities in the man which rules the world. The strength, industry, and civilization of nations all depend upon the individual character, and the very foundations of civil security rest upon it.

There is one more thought. Every one who is placed in this world is given certain powers by the Creator and we owe it to Him to make the utmost we are capable of. As the teacher looks into the faces of his boys and girls he should see beyond the restless fun-loving spirit, immortal souls designed for endless progress. These are given into his care to mould into a likeness of Him who made them. Let every teacher count it a grand, a noble task and thank God that he is given the ability and opportunity to pursue it.

B. N. T.

THE STUDY OF AND FOR THE INDIVIDUAL.

The district school teacher continually has suggestions in reference to the systematizing and grading of his work. The village or city teacher is as often told that his system lacks freedom, forcing some too rapidly and holding others back too long. We might infer that all district schools lack system and that all city schools have too much system. On the other hand, in some country schools, with a class for every pupil, and with the least formality, we find the most systematic work, and we might better call the prevailing characteristic of our city school formality or red tape.

In fact, all schools need more systematic work and study. First, we must study subjects; then each pupil, and from a full knowledge of our material (subjects and pupils) we can find the proper system. Although we are working with classes, our system must reach individuals vastly different in character and ability.

Some of our brightest pupils come from country schools and the dullest also come from the same source. This may be accounted for as follows: The bright ones need no forcing by the teacher. Often it is the pupil who does the forcing. In this case the teacher simply directs the pupil's work, and the pupil's own energy and individuality does the rest. Such work gives the best results. The dull ones are often neglected and allowed to take their own course, and, lacking the inspiration of the others, are left behind, always beginning over and covering the same work. Often the young pupils have very little attention paid to them. The older and brighter pupils need guides. The young pupils, and especially the slow ones, need patience and constant attention.

In grade work there is not such a variety of pupils. This is due, in part, directly to the system of grading, but more to the indirect result. The work is made out for the average pupil. Some do not have enough work to keep them busy, consequently, they lose their enthusiasm and often come out at the foot of the class. Others cannot keep up and get discouraged. As a private tutor for each student is impracticable this appears to be the only remedy -more systematic individual work.

Books give many suggestions on methods, but should be used as suggestions only. Our study should be given to subjects and the individuals to be taught. This will be done more or less unconsciously, but more conscious effort is often necessary. Often a knowledge of a pupil's surroundings is absolutely necessary for success. When subject matter is arranged, the age and character of individual pupils must be considered. When questions are asked we must consider the pupil who is to answer them. No catch questions or very difficult questions should be asked of young or dull pupils.

Perhaps I can do better by taking a few cases. I once knew a boy who did not understand, and consequently did not like, English or grammar. Perhaps you have seen such boys. This boy tried to avoid reciting, and, being somewhat bashful, would not tell what he did know. What could be done with him? He was too old to be placed in a lower class and too backward to accomplish the same work as the others of his class. As he disliked to recite, for a time he was not asked any difficult question, and when a question was asked, he was not allowed to sit down till he saw that he could and did answer. He was never scolded
or asked to make up his work. Gradually he came to like his teacher and to work harder on his lessons. He did not do the work of some, but he was gradually growing. He finished with his class, and is now away at school taking higher work. All that was done for him took no time from the others.

Some do work because they enjoy it. Others because they know they have so much work to do and must do it well. Some have many difficulties to overcome in which we might help them if we only study and understand. The trouble may be sickness, bashfulness, former experience with other teachers, home influences, bad habits or companions, etc. It is not our duty to make scholars only, we must make good citizens. Citizenship does not consist of an understanding of the three R’s, but more of a right way of thinking and acting.

Do not misunderstand. It has not been said that pupils should be allowed to take only what they like, but that we should study more to make them enjoy their work, to think for themselves, and to exert their whole energy in what they have to do, even if from a sense of duty only.

The same individual work must be done in discipline. You have seen these good, good pupils who never do anything out of the way. They walk straight, sit quietly, and study, study all the time. Do not give them all the work. Wake them up, not to do ‘wrong, but to act. Give the extra work to the uneasy ones. Disregard hearsay, and treat every pupil as you wish him to treat you. Many mistakes are made because we do not correctly judge the pupils, but it only more strongly impresses the fact that we must more thoroughly know our pupils and study to apply the system and method that is necessary in each individual case.

The most important and most enjoyable part of teaching is this individual work. In conclusion, we must study the objects we teach much, we must study general methods much, but we must remember that each individual needs a special method and a great deal of common sense in applying it.

VERSATILITY.

The Greeks, someone has said, had so much sense that they trifled with it. A pungent and a pretty quip, but one that does not establish as axiomatic quite, that a great deal of sense is imperative in order to trifle with it. There remains only that law of proportionate decrement; that inexorable though infinitesimal molecular, mathematically prodigious because it is whole, enters here, and constitutes that grateful and beautiful law of a compensating Nature—balm to the disappointed; salve to the embittered; unguent to the hopeless;certificate to the weared and broken; and sweet oil and ointment to fruitful, wilful, petulant, pouting, unaccomplished genius—that which we cannot do in whole, we can do in part. If we cannot trifle with our surplus sense, we can trifle with our deficit, with anything, or with nothing whatever. Thus, we, who have posted to the sad shores of a declined people on whose bosom history, poetry, the yellow fever and the unapproachable Turk have severally nestled, who have admired, apostrophized, wept and brought homet he embalmer, stylobate and pediment to set up on the shores of Michigan to raise the price of real estate and catch the simple stranger on the hip as we welcomed him from afar and took him in, may also take to ourselves this mot of the literature of staid philosophy from the pen of the versatile Frenchman who made it—versatile, almost, if not quite, after the versatility of Southey according to Byron,—

"He had written praises of a regicide; He had written praises of all kings whatever; He had written for republics far and wide And then against them bitterer than ever; For pantisocracy he once had cried Aloud a scheme less moral than 'twas clever Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin, Had turned his coat—and would have turned his skin,"—

and with that brilliant adaptive genius which pauses at nothing save a copyright or a patent for which we are justly famous (or otherwise), make it live and blush again in the keen and joyous atmosphere of our brisk and effervescent ideas masquerading at the tuneful feast to the changeful lyre of the mighty Timotheus of the day, the criterion of the moment—the passing fancy of the hydra-headed; a feast often mightily disturbed by the sepulchral appearance—
like Banquo’s ghost—of its banished host. With a very small stock in trade then, we can do a very considerable amount of juggling, and make the mob grin, and, if we are clever, perhaps howl. And there are clever ones! Such, it is a pleasure, a keen and lasting delight to see, to note his perfect possession; his calm and smiling confidence; the nonchalance of the master; and the inimitable and easy grace with which he carries all the dangerous and treacherous loose ends of his argument like the Roman retiarius carried his net, that on a tangle, or knot, or unskilful throw, would mesh and truss him up like a spitted Christmas fowl and plucked as clean; one that gets not giddy with applause, nor if perchance, one of his gay balls kept spinning in air should fall, looks not to see where it rolls lest they all should come about his ears, but keeps steadily, imperturbably and smilingly to work. No one forgives a blunderer; clumsiness, whether of the feet or the brain is unpardonable. But we were not to speak of clumsy ones, or unskilful ones, or heavy, ponderous, unpalatable, or vapid ones—the learned, the wise, the antiquated—not of these, we may glance at them perchance plodding wearily the unfruitful paths we so sedulously avoided or so lightly and delicately skimmed, and mildly wonder, but they are not for us or our day. The superfluity of the sense of a people is for the historian and the philosopher, perhaps some future golden age Gibbon who shall write of: The Decline and Fall of Faculties of Intelligent Predilection, or some Locke on the Human Misunderstanding, may explain the psychological mystery why some men prefer to live cleanly and sweetly in simple sincerity, and make only honest livings, with only sound and straight-grained sense, and only fair and manly means, rather than play the astute and wily juggler of opinions, the trickster and shuffler who extracts coins from his finger ends, the mountebank of the political tight-ROPE, the charlatan of the horn and eCLAT, the empire, the apostate, the parasite; but it is not for a less profound mind or a less insatiate age.

**CONGRESS.**

The session opened Friday night with a very interesting entertainment, to which the orchestra contributed by dispensing sweet music for the edification of the members.

The bill for better education of the negro element in the South, which threatened destruction to those who should attempt to embody its theory in practice, was laid on the table indefinitely. The second reading of the bill to establish normal cooking schools in several of the states took up most of the evening. The representative from New Hampshire, author of the recent scientific articles on cooking, gave a very instructive and interesting discourse on the deplorable condition of the “pie eating American”, whose inborn theories of rapid transit find their daily embodiment in the preliminary nutritive process of our people.

There was a lively argument pro and con, but in view of the strong opposition to the further consideration of the bill as becoming the dignity of such an assembly, its author thinks that it will be well to postpone further effort in its behalf until Americans shall have moral courage enough to take hold of a reform, which one of its supporters thinks will make us the modern Sparta. The ladies showed their interest in this bill and responded with an air of knowing whereof they spoke.

**DEPARTMENTS.**

**LATIN.**

The collection of about one hundred large photographs, made by Mr. Kirmayer in his trip abroad last summer, is well worth our notice. These pictures are much superior to the common sketches of these places, which we usually see.

As we have seen them displayed in his room, they have appealed to those of us who are fond of history, as true representations of the places which mark the rise and fall of the greatest nation of antiquity. Here our Latin students can see the places where Caesar returned in triumph from the conquest of nations; broken columns which have beheld the crowds, swayed by the eloquence of Cicero; the ruins of the Coliseum which echoed the cries of the first martyrs for Christianity; and many other things
which cast a background of romantic and historic interest behind the daily translation which often seems so commonplace.

The "dark room" fitted up last summer by Mr. Murdock and Mr. Boyden is now being used to a considerable extent. During the summer and fall many photographs were taken in different parts of the country, in connection with the Geography and Geology departments. These are fast being developed. Many are now ready for use and a large number are ready to be mounted.

These pictures are very valuable in connection with the studies mentioned, as the places photographed have been selected by the instructors especially to illustrate their courses. The Geology pictures in many cases were taken in the same place from which specimens come, and show the method of their formation. Both pictures and specimens will be shown together, and thus make the connection more vivid, so providing us with the next best substitute for

The Latin School Register contains a good picture of its foot-ball team of 1895.

Mark Lemon once wrote a book in which he told of a chubby-faced little urchin who passed his teacher upon the street without bowing. "What has become of your manners, sir?" he roared—"It seems to me that you are better fed than taught." "Yes, sir," replied the boy, "I feeds myself, sir."

The pupil should feel that he has the confidence of his teacher, and the teacher, that she has the loving respect of her pupils. If these conditions do not exist, the circumstance is fraught with danger to teacher and pupil alike. The true measure of a teacher's success is what

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A small boy in Philadelphia wrote the following composition the other day on King Henry VIII:

"King Henry VIII was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Annie Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and afterward executed, and the second was revoked. Henry VIII was succeeded to the throne by his great grandmother, the beautiful Mary, queen of Scots, sometimes called Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."
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LOCALS.

It is reported that one of the editors of the Offering fainted last week upon seeing the cover of the manuscript box ajar. The hope that copy for the paper was within was too much for the strength of the editor. The attending physician stated that in a weaker person the shock would have been fatal.

Because of illness Miss Beals has been obliged to give up her work in the Model school and rest for the remainder of the term. During her absence, Miss Emery and Miss Taylor have charge of the third grade.

Much discomfort was experienced by the Normals on one of our coldest nights on account of the bursting of two pipes which necessitated the withdrawal of the steam from all the rooms in the hall. The damage was repaired as quickly as possible, the congealed students were thawed out and work began as usual, promptly at seven.

Preparations for graduation are going on rapidly. Committees are being appointed and almost any noon can be found in the various rooms discussing troublesome points of reception, pictures etc.

The absence of steam with the thermometer below zero in no way disturbed the young men of the hall who appeared in very summery attire with their tennis rackets and tried generally to delude the young ladies into believing that fans were desirable articles.

Personals.

'95. Miss Adella M. Boutwell has charge of the primary grades in Shirley.
'94. Miss Leila Sprague has a position in Dorchester.

Miss Florence A. Richards, who took a special course here, is spending the winter in Decatur, Ill.

Miss Harriet Sears has a fine position in Dedham, as teacher in the second grade of the Quincy school.

Mr. Ralph H. Richardson, a former member of the class of June '96, is attending the Colby University at Waterville, Maine.

Miss Edith Leonard, who entered in September '94, is private secretary for Prof. Lawrence of Harvard, and teaches stenography in the evening school at Brockton.

We wish to correct the statement made in the December Offering concerning Miss Lucy Ivers. She is not attending the Boston Normal but is keeping books in Roxbury.

During the week after Christmas we had many visitors, mostly former Normals, among whom were Misses Marion Webster, Martha Davol, Grace Crawford, Marion Winkley, Harriet Sears, Mabel Doten, Clara Hathaway, Angie Bowles, Katherine Jones, Mr. Frank Kirmayer, Mr. Ralph Richardson, Mr. Frank Clapp, Mr. Lyman Allen, Mr. Frank Tibbetts, Mr. George Keith, Mr. Sears, Mr. Packard and Mr. Allen Keith.
'94. Miss Grace Lingham has resigned her position in Bridgewater and will continue her work with us next term.

'95. Miss Della Lane has been appointed successor to Miss Lingham.

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