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Bridgewater State Normal School

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NORMAL OFFERING
A SCHOOL MONTHLY

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

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The Normal Offering.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the Congress of the Bridgewater State Normal School.

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MAY.

"The spring scented buds all around me are swelling,
There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale;
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of old winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's renewal the chain—and a token
Of love, O thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee."

ONCE MORE the Offering, subject to the vicissitudes of an uncertain existence, is obliged to make another change. Under the present administration three numbers have already appeared, printed by as many men. With sorrow she saw the business failure of the first, and with regrets she leaves the hands of his successor who kindly helped us out of our dilemma as best he could, until we should arrange for printing elsewhere.

We make our final change this month to the town of the editor. We realize that such repeated changes must of necessity bring about more or less awkward results; but in view of the fact that they were unavoidable we trust that our readers will be generous.

In order to accommodate our new printer, the editorials will come toward the last part of the sheet, as is customary in most papers of the kind.

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All subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions will find a blue mark here ( ) and are requested to remit the amount of their indebtedness to the Business Manager, within ten days.
SLOYD, OR SWEDISH MANUAL TRAINING.

BOSTON is eminently a progressive city, especially so in educational matters. When manual training was brought to the attention of educators it was quickly introduced into the schools of Boston, but it did not meet the anticipations of its advocates as fully as was expected. Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw became interested in Sloyd, the Swedish system of manual training. She thought that its principles, illustrated and worked out by models modified to suit American needs, would fill the place in the child's education which was unsupplied by the so-called manual training.

Mrs. Shaw agreed to support the school until the city should accept it as a public school. Teachers from Nääs, Sweden, were hired and a sufficient number of interested workers found, who would take the course preparatory to teaching Sloyd in the schools. A visit to the training school and a conversation with the enthusiastic teachers are the only adequate means by which one can appreciate and understand the system. But a short description by an interested visitor may serve to bring the subject to the attention of those of us who may be called upon to teach in towns that include Sloyd in their school courses.

The word Sloyd is derived from an old Swedish adjective, "slog," meaning skillful. It was used in the writings of the fourteenth century, and always embodied the idea of planning and executing, and was applied to works of art, architecture, embroidery, etc. As one enters the large room devoted to Sloyd at the school on North Bennett street in Boston, he sees rows of benches extending the length of the room; at each bench is a man or woman working on some model. The benches are especially adapted to the needs of a Sloyd student and are the result of much thought on the part of Mr. Larsson. A complete list of the models required in the course and one of the tools used are hanging on the walls. Underneath these are the models themselves, graded and arranged systematically.

The wedge is the first model, then follow flower pin and flower stick. Next comes the pen-holder; if we look back at the wedge we shall see that the pen-holder is a decided step in advance. Number five is a tool-rack; following this come coat-hanger, cutting-board, flower-pot stand, bench-hook and hatchet-handle. As one looks at these models the Sloyd principle, from easy to complex, becomes more evident to him.

Passing on to the next model we see corner-bracket, hammer-handle, key-board, paper-knife, towel-roller, picture-frame, box, portrav, scoop, foot-stool, drawing-board and cabinet or tool-chest. This set of models is the present set, but the models are constantly changing because the school aims to attain the highest exemplification of the principles of Sloyd by its models, and therefore makes improvements from time to time.

Independence of the teacher is particularly characteristic of this school. There is the confident air of the skilled workman who knows by his own well-trained, sensitive fingers when a model has a perfectly smooth surface. But Mr. Sandberg, the assistant teacher, is ever ready to help when troublesome points refuse to yield.

The models are very interesting, there being no two just alike. There are thirty-one of them, and to successfully execute them all the student must complete seventy-two exercises and use forty-seven different tools. The models are carefully graded, but that is not all, for every model in Sloyd is based upon the exercises of the previous models, and is itself an introduction to the models which are to follow. The wedge, with its preparatory exercises, is the first model made, in its making only knife, pencil and ruler are used. The student works with the knife exclusively until he has gained freedom in the use of his hands. One by one new tools are used and at the end of the course he makes a model which calls for eighteen different tools and is
put together with half-blind dovetailing, blind mortising, mitering and panelling.

One of the fundamental principles of this system would be violated were all its models of the kind to be tested by instruments. Work that can be tested by instruments only is not sufficient of itself to make the child independent and ready to rely on his own judgement. On the contrary, he learns to depend entirely on testing tools and to mistrust his eye and touch. This is the reason for placing in the course objects having curved outlines which cannot be tested by instruments, but by the eye and sense of touch alone must the pupil judge their correctness. Furthermore, Sloyd employs the making and using of working drawings as a means of concise thought expression, therefore the pupil makes a working drawing of the model before he begins to reproduce it, in order to show that he has a correct conception of it. In most cases the drawing is made by the pupil himself, but sometimes he uses another’s drawing, that he may know how to read the thoughts of others.

The strength of Sloyd lies not in its models, useful, well-arranged and progressive as they are. These are simply the concrete expressions of some of the great principles of education given us by Comenius, Pestalozzi and Froebel. An enthusiastic teacher of Sloyd will tell you that the child is developed mentally, morally, physically and aesthetically while he is taking the course.

Mentally, because his judgment is trained, he becomes accurate, his ability to concentrate is increased. Morally, because there is hardly another subject in the whole school course which offers such good and continuous occasion for enforcing habits of rectitude or honesty free from any self-indulgence and self-deception, as Sloyd does; by means of those never changing, never doubtful testing tools, the ruler and try-square. These two tools have been spoken of as emblems of moral rectitude, by which the child is led to see and feel what is really honest according to his own conscience.

Mr. Larsson says in a little book descriptive of Sloyd, “It is an interesting observation, which every teacher of Sloyd can make with his beginners, that the pupils will consider their work very good, if it varies one eighth of an inch, and that it will be but a short time until they have grown critical enough to feel dissatisfied at an error of only one sixteenth of an inch. And thus the habit of absolutely strict honesty will grow, increasing in intensity and clearness all the time. In the drawing which the pupil follows, the dimensions of all the parts are given, and a model is not considered correct unless it corresponds exactly with this standard. Another help to the development of thoroughness, honesty and truth is that Sloyd models are finished inside and outside with equal nicety.’’

The physical growth of the child is cared for especially. Of course, using the muscles of his arm and hand develops those particular muscles, but he stands much of the time so that the muscles of his lower limbs and back are strengthened. The careful teacher corrects all harmful attitudes and movements. Some attempts have been made in Sloyd to develop equally the right and left hand, but as yet no practical results have been obtained.

The aesthetic sense of the child is also cultivated. He is led to see and feel the simple beauty of proportion, of harmony of parts as well as grace of outline, those elements of beauty which should be found in the useful as well as in the merely ornamental. Every model should be of such form and proportion as a true artist would approve.

After spending some time with the students who are preparing to teach Sloyd, it is interesting to visit a class of boys who are taking the course. Such a class may be seen just across the hall from the training school. The boys are between the ages of ten and sixteen, of several nationalities and of the poorer class. Each is at a separate bench and hardly any two are working on the same model; for individual teaching is the rule, and a boy is not held back or pushed forward that he may keep with the class. Hardly a boy looks up as a visitor enters, so absorbed is each in his work.
The teacher will tell you that discipline is the least of her worries, for the boys are too happy in their work to think of mischief.

It arouses one's enthusiasm for education to see these boys, hampered and repressed as they are by their home conditions, freeing themselves as they free the model from the environing wood. The love of beauty that is inherent in every one of them, has never been expressed, perhaps, until some Sloyd model, with its graceful curves, its smooth surface, its bit of carving, became the means of an expression.

M. A. P.

A MODEL.

He had flown for some distance but had seen no chance for sport. True, he had lately seen a few lads and lasses, but he was not satisfied and so had let them pass unharmed. Suddenly, in the distance and far below him, he saw a cluster of large buildings and on coming nearer read "1890 State Normal School 1890."

Perched opposite this imposing structure in the top branches of a tree he mused,—"Let me see what my pocket edition of the latest dictionary in Olympus gives. 'State, condition; pomp; a community;' Wonder which it means here. 'Normal, teaching rudiments or principles; School, a place of discipline and instruction; to instruct.'

Where there are many one has to choose. Yes, I know that in my own profession. This doesn't look like 'a condition' nor 'pomp.' Guess it must be 'a community.' Not much choice in the next, but I'll drop rudiments as I do not know them. I know principals. Jupiter is our principal. 'School, a place' no, that won't do; 'to instruct,' that sounds better. So this is a community teaching principals to instruct! Well now, it would save time if they would put up such a sign as that in plain English, easy to read. There cannot be much to interest me here," and Cupid spread his wings for flight.

But a rippling laugh, so sweet, so merry, came up from one of three arches! He turned and almost gasped,—"Cupid, Cupid! where are your arrows? Ah! perhaps I'm not as blind as they say." For the musical laugh belonged to such an irresistible little specimen of humanity, and beside her walked a tall youth who was saying—well, Cupid would not have told, if he had heard. If eyes have a language surely, Cupid, a welcome awaits you here! A golden dart swept through the air but alas! had no effect.

Astonished beyond words, Cupid levelled his powerful glass and saw outside the organ called the heart, a connective tissue, through which ran fine bright lines forming the words, "Directions to the Occupants of the Boarding Halls."

THE CHARACTER OF IDA. - TENNYSON.

The question of woman's rights, of woman's position, is not fully settled. We still differ much on this question. The Princess Ida hoped by example and sacrifice to do much for the position of her sex; but though we may hold different views from her, we can all agree that the Princess herself is a beautiful woman.

How pleasing to the eye and heart is a beautiful woman rarely and exquisitely mold-ed! What pleasure there is in a face, rich with the tints of nature, wellrounded, and having upon it the delicate, almost invisible tracings of a strong, noble, beautiful soul. Such a face is a vision, a faint outline of a soul true to its convictions. There is a pleasure unspeakable in feasting on this material expression of the soul beneath. "'All beauty compass'd in a female form, The Princess.'" She is full of the beauties nature bestows.

The beauty of the Princess is deeper than the surface and greater than that of face and
Her mind is strong by nature. But in youth, she was not allowed freedom in forming her own beliefs; but instead, beliefs foreign to a true woman’s heart were put before her to the exclusion of other thoughts, and were thus engrafted in her soul. “They fed her theories, maintaining the woman ‘vere an equal to the man.’” The Princess is of an affirmative nature, unwavering, undaunted, strong, and steadfast. “Better not be at all, than not be noble.” We cannot but admire her courage in the execution of her plan for the benefit of her sex. With minds less strong and rare, such a plan would have been but a “castle in the air.” Though we admire her strength, we smile to learn that “among them all was not found one anatomic,” and that a special prize was offered for work in metaphysics.

What a womanly woman after all! All her theories could not change her heart. “Would children grew like field-flowers everywhere! We like them well!” What a noble purpose, and how beautifully expressed is this!

“But we that are not all,
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession: thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow,
Time;
But in the shadow will we work, and mould
The woman to the fuller day.”

Ida’s beauty has strength. She has always been fond of nature and music, and so both have made much more than a part of her life. Music made that harmony in her soul, which we feel, even while beliefs are at war in her mind. In her heart the love of Nature had, from that innate spark which is in every human breast, grown, developed, and made her like Nature itself in strength of beauty. These two—nature and music—united with the Princess’s individuality make her what she is. She is self-reliant and equal to the crisis of difficulties, because of her power over herself and others. She holds fast under a severer test, harder for a woman than for the sterner sex. She sacrifices her real feelings for the one who saved her life to her principles.

She was sincere in her beliefs, and the experiences necessary to change them were accordingly strong. We love her and we pity her when

“sadness on the soul of Ida came,
And hatred of her weakness, blent with shame.”

Amid her troubled thoughts, her doubts and questionings, in her heart silently,

“Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears,
By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gather’d color day by day,” and grew to “something wild within her breast,
A greater than all knowledge.”

Thus she became a true woman, “became her former beauty treble,” and like a creature native unto gracious act, and in her own clear element, she moved. She fulfilled herself. The sweet dream was perfect.

“And all her falser self pliit from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovely in her mood.”

This beautiful woman, now herself, who had been so gently, persistently, and lovingly wooed by the Prince, was, in this consummation of her beauty, “Like perfect music set to noble words.”

E. L. W.
FOREIGN LETTER.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, April 14, 1896.

My Dear Friends,

Today we can readily believe the philosopher's claim, that the friends a thousand miles away may be nearer than the stranger who sits next us, for we are anchored in the Mediterranean Sea with a Scirocco storm beating us with clouds of sand, alternate hail and rain storms, and a fearful gale.

The steamer was scheduled to sail yesterday at five P.M.; our sojourn here will depend upon the kind of Scirocco this storm proves to be. The steamers have a peculiar custom of dropping anchor a few rods from the wharf—I fancy for the purpose of giving employment to the many rowers and their little boats.

While we were riding out to our steamer yesterday, the wind that had been freshening for the past hour suddenly swept with a fearful blast, covering everything with fine sand; it was with difficulty that we climbed up the steps. The wind increased and the passengers discussed much, but as none of us understood Italian we could only guess at the meaning of the captain's surveys and non-committal answers. Finally one called a boat and insisted upon descending to go ashore; this was a general signal for the passengers to question and decide what they would do, and for the boatmen to put out in large numbers, mount the deck and plead with us to return as the night would be very unsafe, etc. After some deliberation we decided to remain on the boat, as the captain assured us that as soon as the forces were spent we would start.

At dusk the steamer was turned and anchored in the bay. From hour to hour the storm has increased; all night and through the day sand-blasts, tempests with lightning and hail, alternate with fearful gales have swept over us. We have slept, played games, tried the different languages of our fellow-passengers and received a call from our good boat-man of yesterday—"Ah, signore, you no wants me to go you back—most bad night, Scirocco is not all here yet." But the wet, the wind and the waves seemed more hopeless than the sturdy little steamer and heavy anchor.

This is in conclusion of a most delightful trip through Sicily. We entered the island by way of Reggio and Messina, followed the coast to Syracuse and Girgeriti, then overland to Palermo.

This island is somewhat away from the beaten path of the tourist, consequently our experiences have been interesting, sometimes curious, and a few times a complete entanglement of misunderstandings.

One morning we needed some small change and went into a store to ask for coppers in exchange for a lira. The proprietor professed not to understand me, so called his family. By this time the room was filled with loungers and those curious to see the transaction. We explained again to the fast increasing numbers what we wanted; the proprietor's wife refused to make change unless we would make some purchase and we readily agreed to that. They offered us a variety of edibles, and finally we made a bargain for boiled eggs at the rate of three for two sous. We pocketed the eggs and handed the proprietor the lira; the interest of the gathered multitude had intensified and kept the rate of exchange in such fluctuation, that at times we despaired of any quotations even; the exciting moment came for us when the exchange was finally made with the return of only sixty centesimi. We returned to first considerations and by degrees ninety centesimi were made up. The moment the transaction was finished another member of the family suggested that the eggs should cost three sous, and all the excited throng again agreed. We refused and walked across the street to the station, but one member of the business still followed, insisting upon the other sou while the supporters followed; at the station a new circle gathered and a guard with great politeness explained.
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to us in French that "one sou was needed from the Signore."

With a determination developed from former experiences, we locked the eggs into our bag and walked away; again the guard overtook us, and urged the one sou. With a new thought we turned and made the proposition, "Give us two sous and we'll give you three eggs." This bargain was met with a loud wail from the multitude. Again we walked on. After a step or two the shop-keeper was after us, holding up two sous. We signalled to him to hand the money to the guard, then we placed the eggs in his hands and he made the exchange.

In an instant the excitement was all over, the shop-keeper and his family went to the shop, the beggar to his begging, the loafer to his loafing, and we turned to the train, content at last with our coppers in exchange for the lira.

The island of Sicily with its interesting people is so small, that after passing over it, one may have a mental picture of the whole island. The central figure of it is Mt. Aetna, with so dark and threatening an appearance that one expects cyclops to pop out at any moment, but all around this Hercules are smaller mountains with green slopes; the lowlands of the island are the gardens, and here and there great fields of green, besprinkled with red poppies, or slopes blue with flowers, and again great stretches of yellow marguerites. Everywhere the cactus and aloe grow in great abundance; they are placed to serve the purpose of hedges.

The abundant supply of food so easily provided by the cactus, and the belief that the luxuriant growth is a purifier of the atmosphere, make the cactus especially venerated by the natives as their preserver from famine and malaria.

Three-quarters of the whole island is under cultivation and produces for the world orange and lemon groves and the scattered sulphur mines, etc., all require a more separate dwelling of the people than is found in the crowded cities of Italy. The transportation of products from all parts of the island to the few coast ports is the means of a social order much more conductive to the interchange of thought and the development of moral codes than aimless wandering and bartering.

While poor Sicily has all this wealth of material goods in its midst, it has no knowledge of ways and means to appropriate them for home use. Their staple food is macaroni, fish and lemons. Their industries are largely for the foreign markets, and the world scarcely recognizes the cost—that poor Sicily is the mere slave for the world-markets!

While this life and all the forms of activity were so interesting, we found the ancient towns even more fascinating. There are many traces of the B.C. existence of the towns, many of the temples and tombs are in excellent state of preservation.

The tales of Virgil and Homer are no longer mere myths to us, for we have wandered through the temple of Concord and Juno, measured the petrified giant, made the tyrants' prison give forth groans by the mere tearing of bits of paper, seen the dwelling caves of the sirens from which it is claimed they still exercise their influence upon mind and nature, passed the slope where "No-man" fled from the irate giant; and perhaps most real of all, we climbed to the depths of Venice's garden and through her grotto, where we picked lemons and flowers in abundance.

And we abode as Paul did for two days at Syracuse. In the ancient towns there are still well preserved Greek and Roman amphitheatre, the street of tombs, old fountains, remnants of an old temple.

At Girgenti there are remains of several temples, and two are preserved in perfect form.

There are but few works of art remaining on the island. Most of the sculpture and marble carvings from the ancient buildings have been carried as booty to Greece and
Rome, and are preserved in their galleries.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Since writing the above we have made the port of Naples. The steamer we boarded carried mails, freight and passengers; so the second night, even though the Scirocco was still in its fury, the captain started at five o'clock.

Immediately on starting we plunged into the deep, and certainly our course was not "between" Scylla and Charybdis this time.

I can remember even now that the rainbow which was thrown up for our blessing as we entered the raging waters was doubled and a perfect bow, also that the coloring of the sky and water was a superb blending of violet and green, and that in twenty minutes after starting each one on board had taken his respective place for the following twelve hours. No dinner was served, all furniture was strapped up, no words were spoken.

The fury of the water continued until next morning, and at six o'clock the sturdy little steamer sailed into the quiet pink and blue bay of Naples.

Undoubtedly we are all happy to have seen a bona-fide "Scirocco," but the fury of one will abide without a single repetition.

With greetings to all,

"a virederci,"

EMILY FISHER.

NAPLES, April 22, 1896.

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MAY THOUGHTS.

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THE WORLD of poetry has always seemed to me a higher world,—a source of inspiration,—a sort of winged chariot, which serves to bear us over many of the rough places in life's road, without our feeling the jolt. And at this time of the year its influence always seems especially potent. There is a subtle connection between nature and poetry. The one is the other. As nature dilates and expands around the man, and influences his physical sense, poetry attains a deeper meaning, and exercises a broader influence upon the inner sense.

In each there is a beauty of expression. In the world of nature, it is the beauty of God's thought expressed in form and color and sound. In the world of poetry, it is the beauty of man's thought expressed in language; and it approaches the perfect beauty of nature in proportion as the mind of the author advances toward the comprehension of God's thoughts. So the two are united, and one augments the other, and together they lead men's minds upward toward that which is highest and best. Shelley beautifully expresses this relation when he compares the song of the skylark with that of the poet:—

"Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

It is only after a beautiful summer afternoon spent out of doors in God's free air, with no roof but that of the arching blue, and no carpet but the velvet grass, where trickling waters and twittering birds form the orchestra, that one can appreciate Lowell's magnificent eulogy of June. But after such an experience he realizes in his inmost soul that

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."’

Then his heart must throb in response to the poet's thought:—

"Now is the high tide of the year
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay."
Somehow such an experience imperceptibly enters one’s very fibre, and the whole man rises to a higher plane, and ever after the life is purer and better for the touch of nature. There is a tenderness and a spontaneity in those who are familiar with nature’s ways, who hear and understand the whisper of the breeze and the patter of the rain, that we vainly seek in that man, no matter how great a scholar he may be, who is not a student of nature. Wordsworth, speaking of the training of a child, says:

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round;
And beauty, born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.”

Emerson, too, was nature’s poet. One can almost catch the fragrant breath of the woods, and hear the song of the oriole as he reads these lines—

“Then I said ‘I covet truth.
Beauty is unripe childhood’s cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth’—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet’s breath;
Around me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of duty;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling rivers, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.”

Why not get out from our narrowness into this dual world of beauty, and enrich our lives and increase our power to comprehend God’s thought? I think that as one spends more time with nature and comes to understand her varying moods, he cannot help feeling with Byron:

“I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.”

W. W. S.

RAPHAEL.

It is generally conceded that the central figure of the Italian masters is Raphael. His short life, begun when the art of painting was at its very zenith and closed just as materialism and lowered aims were about to usher in its decadence, is one reason for this. But more than all, he is so considered because in him the good qualities of the various schools were combined. We often hear the expression, almost a formula, “Venice for color, Florence for line.” Raphael does not surpass the great Venetians nor the great Florentines in their special provinces, but more than any other painter, he possesses the excellences of both without their defects.

Raphael Santi was born on Good Friday, April 6, 1483. His father, Giovanni Santi, was an artist whose talent was not great, but who was so modest and generous that he was much loved and respected by his contemporaries. In the house where Raphael was born, is a fresco of a madonna and child painted by his father. The madonna’s face is that of Giovanni’s wife, Magia, and the infant probably represents the child Raphael. No other children born to this family lived beyond infancy, and the beautiful boy was idolized by his parents. Thus was passed an
ideal childhood. The home in the quaint old town guarded by the sharp peaks of the Apennines, and looking out upon the blue Adriatic, the atmosphere of culture and gentle courtesy all combined to influence and give to the world “Raphael the Divine.”

No one can tell just when the boy began to paint. Brushes and easels were his first playthings, and it was foreordained that he should be an artist. His first instruction came from his father, and he soon learned to assist him in his work, but there were only a few years of this loving association given to him. In 1491 his mother, Magia, had died, and the death of the father, who had remarried, occurred three years later. Raphael was thus left under the guardianship of his stepmother and one of his uncles. Repeated quarrels between the uncle and stepmother about the management of the estate led to his being taken by another uncle who appreciated his talent and sent him to study with Perugino. From this time his whole life was devoted to art.

At first he had something of the timidity of his father, and not questioning the superiority of Perugino, he copied him with such faithfulness that it is almost impossible to tell his early work from that of his teacher. Then followed a series of visits to Florence, during which he studied the frescoes of the older masters, and came in contact with Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolommeo, and other artists of the day. From that time his manner of painting began to change, and, in fact, never stopped changing, for Raphael, like Shakespeare, had the power of making his own whatever came in his way. He is always Raphael, but Raphael charged with influences from ten thousand different sources. No artist except Michael Angelo ever seemed to feel the least resentment toward him for appropriating, as he did, their best qualities. His modesty and teachable spirit made it a pleasure to help him, and it is said that Fra Bartolommeo, out of friendship, gave him instructions in coloring, arrangement of drapery, and grouping.

He did not, on his first visit to Florence, meet Leonardo da Vinci or Michael Angelo, but his style was more or less modified by their work, especially by that of Leonardo, for whom he felt a strong sympathy. He painted at this time the “Madonna of the Goldfinch,” so called because in the picture the infant Jesus caresses a goldfinch which St. John holds. This picture was painted as a wedding present for his friend Lorenzo Nasi, and it abounds in the simplicity and sweetness which are the characteristics of his second, or Florentine manner.

In 1508, probably through the influence of Bramante, who was his kinsman, he went to Rome and was commissioned by Pope Julius II. to decorate the walls of four chambers in the Vatican. The Vatican is still the largest palace in the world, and at that time it was the most beautiful. The halls which Raphael was to decorate had already been painted by famous artists, but after seeing one wall from the hand of the new favorite, the Pope ordered that all should be replaced by his work. It is only one of many instances of the generosity and courtesy of Raphael that he refused to destroy one of the frescoes which was by his old master, Perugino, and at his request it was retained.

Raphael worked for nine years upon these chambers which are now called from his name. The most famous one is that of the Segnatura, containing four frescoes representing Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Jurisprudence, and the “Expulsion of Heliodorus” in the third chamber is said to be the most richly colored fresco in the world.

During this same time he decorated a gallery in one of the courts of the palace with scriptural pictures which are now known as “Raphael’s Bible.” This corridor which led to the papal apartments, is a very beautiful and interesting place even apart from its pictures. It is in the middle story and looks out upon the colonnade of St. Peter’s, and beyond to the Sabine Mountains. All the wood was carved by a famous engraver of gems, and the floor was paved by Luca della Robbia with exquisite colored enamelled tiles.
After the death of Bramante, Raphael was appointed architect of St. Peter's. He became very rich, and, as Vasari says, "lived more like a prince than a painter." He had a magnificent house where he entertained many famous people, among them Leonardo da Vinci who came to Rome in 1513. He had also a large following of pupils who were deeply attached to him and used to accompany him in his walks as a body guard. It is said that the only ungracious remark ever recorded as Raphael's was on one occasion when thus attended he met Michael Angelo, who accosted him, and said in his severe way—"Where are you going surrounded like a general?" to which Raphael replied, "And you, alone, like the hangman?"

Success did not make Raphael self satisfied nor hinder his attaining new excellence. His two greatest pictures, the "Sistine Madonna" and the "Transfiguration" were painted during the last two years of his life, and the latter was scarcely finished at the time of his death.

He died in 1520, on April sixth, his thirty-seventh birthday. His body was laid in state with the unfinished "Transfiguration" hung above it, and all Rome mourned his loss. So ended a life unique among great names, in that it was filled with an advancement that never knew decline. Other men lived and died, were young and grew old, but Raphael will always remain the same youthful, gracious spirit, awaking new enthusiasms, finding new friends, as long as his name shall endure.

M. F. Bosworth.

EDITORIALS.

ONE of the articles in last month's Atlantic Monthly, discussing the teacher's social and professional status, should be of great interest to Normals. It would seem at first thought that its author was decidedly pessimistical when he frankly declares that the average teacher lacks general culture, scholarship, and professional training, that they have no influence outside their school-rooms, and are not a power in the community. He assails the Normal schools as inadequate to the real needs, deprecating what he believes to be their tendency to diefy method and their lack of discretion in the admission of persons to train for the profession.

He calls attention to the fact that a large proportion of teachers take up the profession in a half-hearted way, often from inability to succeed in any other calling and often as a step leading to some other profession. As a result, he declares incompetency to be the rule, and competency the exception, and since such a state of affairs exists, the calling is rather a makeshift than a profession.

Such a view as this rather grates on the nerves of those of us who are preparing to go forth into this work, who have been taught to look upon the privilege of moulding the youth of this nation as a rare privilege; who have formed our idea of the ideal teacher from those standing high in educational work, who return to Bridgewater with the optimistic view of the question which success is accustomed to give. While we, who are especially favored in our opportunity for professional training, cannot agree with all he says, still, looking the matter squarely in the face we are obliged to admit that there is some truth in his harsh criticisms which should stand out as danger signals to us.

From our own experience we can say that in many cases those teachers whom we have met in society need no introduction to proclaim their profession. We certainly do not aspire to become members of a distinct caste of society, and such articles as these are forcible arguments against a one sided academic education. They point out the lines along which we should develop in this period of preparation, in order to become the opposite of what has been depicted,—a well rounded, cultured, progressive, professional teacher,
whose light is strong enough to shine beyond the walls of his schoolroom and claim for him a recognized standing in the community.

The following sentiments concerning the Offering expressed by one who considers himself an alumnus of this school, have recently come to our ears.

"It is about as useless a sheet as could be published. I exhaust all that can possibly help me in two minute's reading. It is money thrown away for a graduate to take such a paper; what we want is news of the workings of the school, symposiums of new methods, and outline lessons on new subjects introduced into the school. At least one third of the paper ought to give direct help to the graduates of the school."

Last term a similar compendium of good advice was received by our predecessor, and since this second has come to our notice from the same person it may, perhaps, be well to attempt to answer it through the pages of the Normal Offering.

The Offering is, and always has been, essentially a school paper, whose editors have been chosen from the school, and which has with few exceptions been supported by contributions from the attendant students. It has never in its history made any attempt to pose as an educational journal. A careful perusal of similar papers published by the Normal Schools of this and other states, will readily convince an unbiased observer that ours stands high among them. The only exception to this statement is in the case of such sheets whose editors are members of the school faculty, of which the sheet published by the Normal School at Emporia, Kansas, is an example, whose editor-in-chief is president of the institution, with the degree of Ph. D., and whose business manager is likewise a member of the faculty. This paper holds the same place in Kansas that our Journal of Education does in Massachusetts.

In regard to the outlines of new courses etc., we may add as a word to graduates that during our connection with the paper both in this and the term preceding, the teachers have been canvassed and notice of changes in method and increased facilities have been noted under the head of "Departments;" and as the outline of new courses can be readily secured for a small consideration, the Offering has never thought it necessary or advisable to do more. To the members of the alumni who subscribe to the Offering in lieu of an educational journal, we regret that we cannot meet their wants; but so long as they subscribe from a desire to keep in touch with the school life and thought as expressed in the columns of our paper, and through interest in their alma mater do not wish to lose sight of that portion of their life spent here at Bridgewater, we feel that their support will not be withdrawn.

On the evening of June 29th., we are to receive our annual spring intellectual treat in the form of a lecture on Macbeth by Mr. Henry A. Clapp, whose reputation as a Shakesperian lecturer is well known. To the majority of us he needs no introduction, and those who have not heard him should take special pains to embrace this opportunity. Let us all turn out and give him the hearing which his exceptional powers deserve.

Departments.

A number of fossil remains have lately arrived as an addition to the geological collection, and are now being classified. They comprise both large mammal species and fossil shells.

A new still and condensing apparatus have recently been set up in the chemical laboratory. Six new individual equipments for water-analysis have also been purchased for the same department. A contact-goniometer is a recent acquisition for work in determinative mineralogy.
The new set of papers recently gotten out by Mr. Murdock to supplement our hand book in Swedish gymnastics contains valuable additions to the course. They give an outline of the philosophical side of gymnastics, as we have considered it in connection with our active work in the gym more completely considered and supplemented. They form a brief résumé of the objects of the course, special ends to be secured, and the relation of physical training to education in general as viewed by the latest and best authorities on the subject.

**EXCHANGES.**

We received a neat paper this week from the Normal School at Chico, California, whose frontis piece contained a fine cut of the school base ball team. We notice in this most western of our exchanges a custom which prevails in many of our eastern papers, namely of beginning the sheet with some helpful poem or selection suited to the season. The one with which this number began entitled, "I'll Find a Way or Make It," is one whose sentiments the editor probably recognized as having the true Normal ring, and we believe that it is a custom worthy of imitation, especially as some productions of merit are written by attendant students in the institutions with which the papers are connected.

A good common sense, up to date article appeared in one of our last exchanges entitled, "Municipal Government," which deserves the attention of any who have access to the sheet. We are not truly students of history and civil government whose knowledge, acquired from test books, is all of the past. The greatest problems are before us today; great reforms demand our attention and sympathy. See Vidette.

The class in natural history being asked the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy answered: "A tree is covered with bark while a dog seems to be lined with it."

"I love you," she murmured to Jack, "you are the light of my heart."

"I'm sorry," said her father from the head of the stairs, "but you'll have to put your light out, for it's late."—H. S. Herald.

**PERSONALS.**

'95. Miss Annie E. Crowell has resigned her position in Norton, and is now teaching Drawing, Science, Geography and Arithmetic in the sixth grade of Monuatiquot School, Braintree.

'95. The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Webster Safford of Milton, and Mr. Herbert W. Paine of Elmwood.

'95. Miss Inez Lucas has resigned her position in Bridgewater and is teaching in the sixth grade of the Cohannet School, Taunton.

Miss Belle Dooce who entered with the June class of '96 is teaching in Dartmouth.

Miss Marion E. Weld has been substituting in the Dunbar Street School, Abington, for a few weeks.

'95. Miss Mabel Harris has taken Miss Lucas's position in Bridgewater.

'95. Mr. Harry Gardner is teaching a grammar school at Pembroke.

'96. Miss Clapp is teaching in Newton Center.

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