

best, and if I have made any success whatever of my work, the talks given in my own room are largely responsible for that success. My whole experience in teaching all subjects has proved that nothing helps as much as the few minutes of personal work. Then misunderstandings are cleared away, and pupil and teacher work from the same standpoint.

In the short story work, I use the same methods, write, read, analyze and then write again. Sometimes I give the plot. Sometimes my pupils bring their plots to me. We search the newspapers, for suggestions, and sometimes all work out the same story. Some of these are read in class and we pronounce on the quality. On the library shelves I place all the good short stories I can find and by reading and studying and most of all by trying to do for themselves, the girls get the idea of a good story.

We study pictures as methods of expression. Sometimes I hold classes in the art gallery. I think one of the most impressive lessons I give is from DeVinci's "Last Supper." The picture is a typical short story. The characters are pictured as acting in a crisis—the terrible moment when Christ has pronounced the words: "One of you shall betray me." There is the Central Figure, claiming and holding the interest—the minor characters, each by his attitude, bringing the Central Figure into greater prominence the details of the picture, all forming a back ground to the theme, all the points of a good short story. We read the story as the Evangelists have written it, and wonder if we would have pictured the characters as the painter did.

In the Senior year, we study Essays proper and the students prepare more formal papers, using a plan. In the last term I have no responsibility in this class, except as adviser and critic. The "Excelsior Club," as the

class is known, is now of three years standing, and I hope it may continue long after the present teacher gives up her work. The constitution and by-laws of the club are worked out by the students themselves, with a copy of another club for a model. Each member of the class in alphabetical order takes in turn the position of President, Secretary, Critic and Reporter. The President is required to give a five minute address on some subject in connection with the program. They work out a varied program, debates on live subjects, the study of the life and work of great painters, anything they may choose. Once in two weeks I am formally invited to give an address. I am introduced by the President, and given a vote of thanks at the end. I consider that class my very best. In it the girls get a knowledge of how to do. They develop self-reliance, self-respect and self-control, the three things that mark the educated woman.

And do you ask, if in my work I have produced writers and thinkers? Well—no! And very few girls who in every day language hold to the law of purity. College is the great meeting place for slang expressions. Girls come from the different parts of the world, each one bringing her contribution. They are careless and thoughtless in their speech, just as are your pupils, just as you and I were once, before we put on the dignity of teachers. All we teachers can do, is to place before the students the high ideals of life, and help them to think for themselves. Then when school days and college days are past, and the stern realities of every day living come, when the superficial nonsense drops away, and the real man and woman is revealed—then the success or failure of our work will show, in the ability of those men and women to fight life's battle—in their attitude in the struggle of right against wrong—in the citizens we have helped to train.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE GRADES

Grade I.

SPRING.

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over—
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daises
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O, happy little children,
God made them all for you.

—Celia Thaxter.

I. Preparation.

This lesson should be introduced by an informal conversation between teacher and pupils about the signs which tell them that Spring has come.

II. Presentation.

The teacher should quote this poem in an enthusiastic manner to inspire the pupils to enjoy the beautiful gifts of Spring.