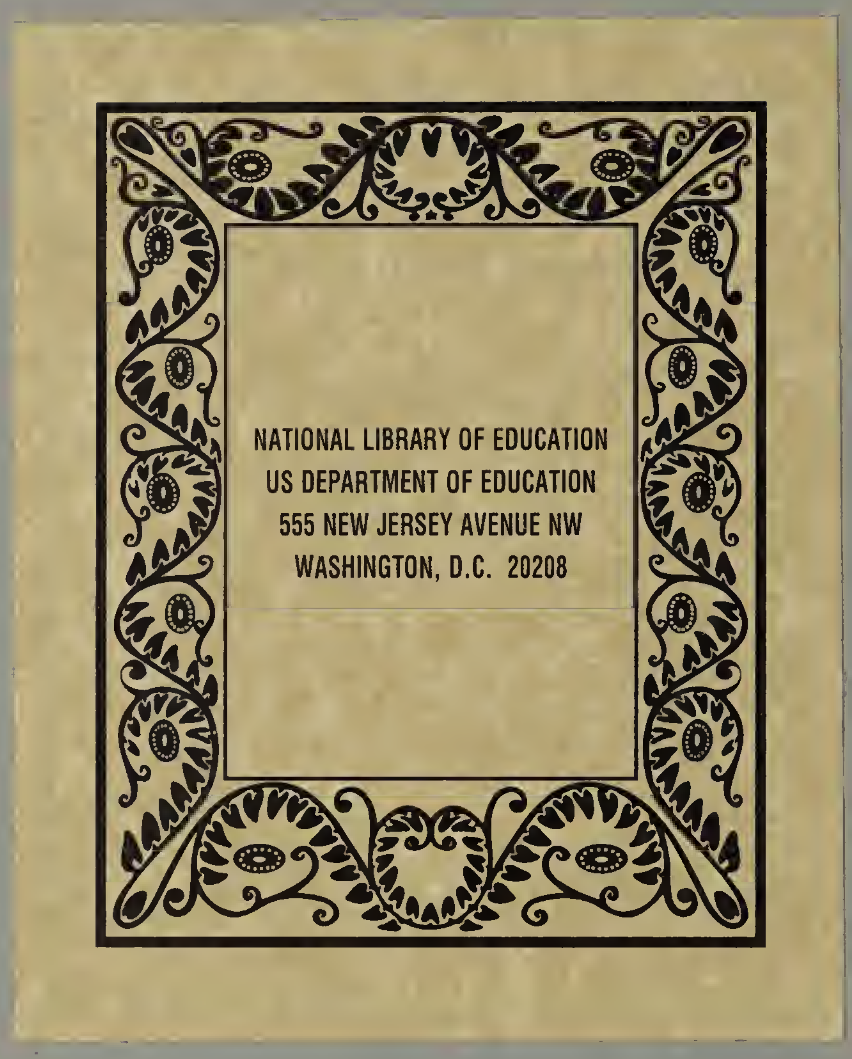
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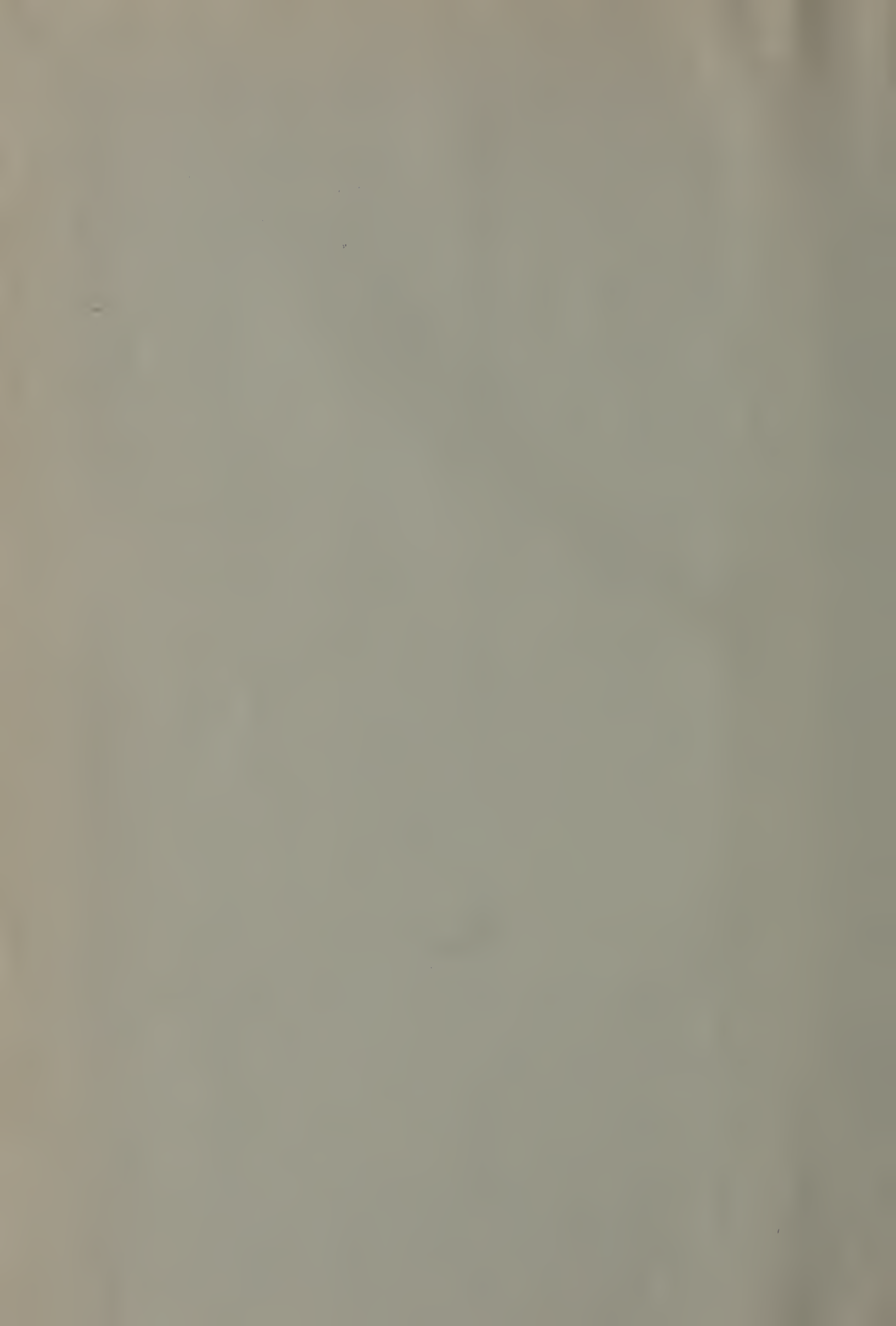

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VOL. XXIX SEPTEMBER, 1906 No. 1

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THE PROGRAM FOR NEXT YEAR—1906-1907

TEACHERS MAGAZINE will try in the new year to merit more fully all the kind words that have been spoken about it. The publishers are determined that it shall maintain the reputation of being the most helpful, most interesting, and most beautiful magazine published in the interests of teachers. The following is a partial list of the many good things planned for next year.

Miss Ada Van Stone Harris, supervisor of primary schools and kindergartens at Rochester, N. Y., is one of the great primary teachers of the country. She has wonderful skill in the practical working out of new ideas. She will have in TEACHERS MAGAZINE a double department of graded games for the school and of educational occupations (sometimes called busy work or seat work). Here will be found the results of her best thought.

Equally well known is Miss Alice T. Reynolds, supervisor of the primary schools of New Haven, Conn. One of the best papers ever presented at the National Education Association was written by her. She is particularly strong in the subjects which have been for years considered the essentials of school work, subjects which will continue to be the principal anxiety of teachers.

Music is a great uplifting force. No one realizes this more keenly than Miss Alys E. Bentley, director of music in the schools of Washington, D. C. Her inspired efforts in introducing the children to the best music of the world have given her a distinctive place in this field. One who has never heard the children of Washington sing the songs they have learned under her direction will find it difficult to believe that such results can be obtained in the common schools. Her monthly articles in TEACHERS MAGAZINE will prove helpful to teachers everywhere who are desirous of obtaining from music all the education it affords to children. Charming songs will be published in connection with the articles.

Miss Eugenie DeLand has done remarkable work in teaching drawing and painting in the schools. The striking cover on the June number gives a foretaste of a series of treats planned for next year that will please both teachers and pupils. With every one of her cover designs will be given a lesson plan suggesting how the picture may be reproduced in the class-room.

Dr. James Parton Haney, director of manual training, has worked out plans that have given the New York City schools an enviable distinction. He will be our editor of "School Arts and Crafts."

Dr. Jacques W. Redway—millions of children have seen his name as author of school geographies—will look after the geography lessons.

Professor Woodhull, of Teachers college, has completely revised his book on "Home-made Apparatus," the most helpful publication that was ever brought out on this subject. He will also be a regular contributor.

Miss Lillian C. Flint is the principal of a fine public school in St. Paul. Nature study is her particular delight. In her department she will have in mind especially the children of the earlier years.

Dr. Edward F. Bigelow, editor of the department of nature and science of *St. Nicholas*, and universally popular as a speaker and writer on nature study, will give us help and inspiration thruout the year.

Miss Bertha Bush, of Iowa, has favored us in the past with the best of her many charming exercises for the celebration of special days in the primary school. She will give us a whole department of these treats next year.

Miss Grace B. Faxon was at one time connected with the editorial department of TEACHERS MAGAZINE. She is now the literary editor of *Suburban Life*. She is unusually well qualified by training and experience to supply entertainments especially suited to the needs of rural schools. Her pages will be found helpful by teachers everywhere.

Mr. Thomas E. Sanders, of Tennessee, has written a practical book on school management and method, which hundreds of teachers have found very helpful. He will be a regular contributor next year. His articles will appeal to teachers in every grade of school.

Language teaching will always be a great problem. That is why we want to specialize on it more than ever. Two teachers who have won their reputation by unusual excellence in this work will divide between them the responsibility for this department. Miss Harriet E. Peet, of the famous Forestville school of Chicago, will look after the higher grades, that is, from the fifth year up; Miss Agnes C. Gormley, of Rhode Island, will take care of the little ones, from the first to the fourth year included.

Primary teachers will be especially interested in a monthly series of articles describing in detail the actual work done in the first year in a splendid New England school at Watertown, Mass. In connection with these outlines will be published a series of articles describing some of the school excursions for which that city has become noted far and wide. Supt. Frank R. Page, of Watertown, will be the editor of this double department.

All the features that have endeared themselves to the readers this past year will be retained. There will be stories, hundreds of "Pieces to Speak" and "Hints and Helps," reproduction stories, calendars, blackboard designs, thoughts for teachers, and what not.

Oh, yes,—the Child World. Of course, this will be there, and better than ever. The stories—well, you know yourself how fond the children are of them.

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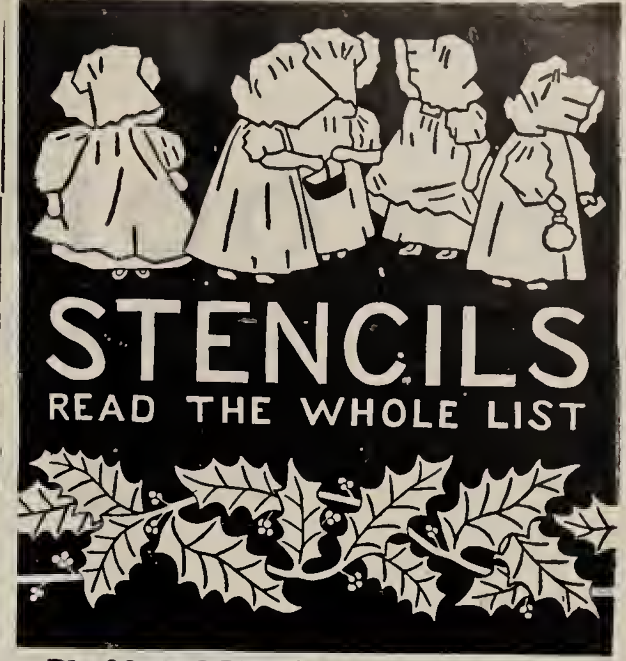

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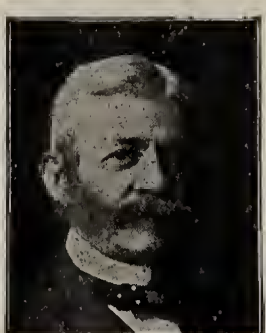

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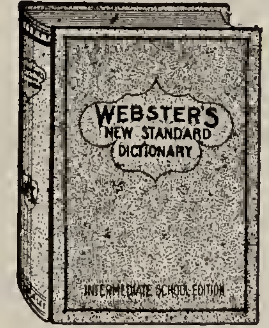

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Vol. XXIX SEPTEMBER, 1906 No. 1

At the Beginning of the Year

SCHOOL begins again.

Open the doors wide to let hope enter in; hope that the year may reveal new opportunities for enriching the lives of others; hope that there may be no regrets; hope that enthusiasm will hold out to the end, never weakening, never doubting; hope that we may never cease to grow.

Open the windows wide that the sunshine of good cheer may enter in; cheer that sustains youth; cheer that keeps the heart young, and the eyes bright, cheer that makes the "grown-up" a comrade of the children.

Open the hearts wide, that a kindly spirit may enter in: Kindly affection toward every child, that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, hopeth all things. It is this spirit which gives to teaching its true worth, which leads the young to the fountains of life. The kindly eye can see the gold that grime and dirt hide from other eyes. The kindly eye sees, not a class, but many individual children, each with a nature, with ambitions, with feelings, of his own. The kindly eye sees in teaching what the eye of Horace Mann saw in it: "Co-operation with God in the education of mankind."

With hope and cheer and kindliness, the new school year must yield rich fruitage. For the teacher himself the gain will be even greater, if possible, than for his pupils. All the wealth of the nations cannot buy a cheerful heart, a heart that draws its strength from hope, and grows by kindly thoughts and kindly deeds. This cheerfulness is not to be found in the market-places of the grown-up world. It is something that was born with us all, but fades away when we lose our youth. In no occupation are the fountains of this youth so abundantly fed as in teaching, if we but knew. The more's the pity, if the teacher fail to grasp these opportunities.

What are the danger signals? Loss of the sense of humor, irritability, self-sufficiency.

Sense of humor is the fruit of highest wisdom. It is a twin sister of kindliness that smiles because it sees all the world smile, and the passing cloud is no more than the ugly mask thru which the knowing child sees the merry eyes of his loving father. The cross words spoken by a pompous "grown-up" and the self-appointed judges of creation can no more subdue it than can poor digestion—your own or that of your superintendent—or the cock crows at early dawn. Good humor is free of the pettishness which sees an affront in every remark and every letter, in every unfortunately framed request. It is well to make for the thoughts and actions of others even more allowances than we would have them make for ourselves. Good humor is the best allowance there is.

Irritability is death to happiness. It is the meddlesome gossip that is constantly whispering to us of evil plans and evil persons arrayed against us. Fun-loving youngsters may cheer the lives of the cheerful, but to the irritable they are annoyances which the old Adam has brought into the world. The sun was created for the express purpose of freckling the face, and the rain for spoiling patent leather shoes, and the wind for ruffling the hair about the head.

Could anything be worse than irritability? Yes. And its name is self-sufficiency. There is hope that irritation may exhaust itself, but self-sufficiency never. Irritation interferes with the business of the world to be left undisciplined. Self-sufficiency is left to itself.

There is no hope for the teacher who is self-sufficient. How can he awaken a thirst for knowledge in others when he himself no longer thirsts? Cessation of growth is death. If I had the making of the laws I should decree that a teacher who stops growing forfeits his position thereby. There never can be a time in teaching when one can say to one's soul, "Soul thou hast much experience laid up for many years. Take thine ease and read no more of the ways of other teachers, nor listen to the voice of him who has thought much of what is good for the children of men."

School has begun. Have you opened the doors to let in hope? Have you opened the windows to let in the sunshine of cheer? Have you opened your heart to let kindliness take up its dwelling therein? Will you keep on growing? Can you smile? Will you smile?—for a whole year?

Then good luck to you on the way.

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The Prayer of the Honest Worker.

I want my work to be as perfect as a tree. The longer it lives and the older it grows, the more use it is to the world. In its infancy its shade may harbor nought of more consequence than the merest bug crawling over the sand to hide from the searching rays of the summer sun. But the time is sure to come, if the growth continue unmolested, when birds may build their nests in its branches, or hop from limb to limb whilst they sing their morning songs. The weary traveler may rest beneath its sheltering boughs. The mighty tree shall be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

I want my work to be as perfect as the arbutus flower. At first it is only a bud utterly inconspicuous among the brown leaves of the last year's growth; but ere long it opens wide its tiny petals and all the completeness of its sweetness and beauty stands revealed.

I want my work to be as perfect as the song of the Hermit thrush. Far away in the depths of the forest he sings for his Maker and his mate, unconscious of the listener who stands below, entranced with the marvelous melody.

I want my work to be as perfect as Grace Church. It stands in the midst of the busy street, silent, unobtrusive, inconspicuous save to him who studies its wondrous detail, but ever its presence tells us that despite the business, the mad rush for that which satisfieth not, God is always there. His watchfulness is untiring; His all-seeing eye is turned upon the just and unjust with a never-failing love.

I want my work to be God's work. May it never be done for its own sake or for mine, but always and ever for the good of others, the righting of the world and the glory of Him who blessed human labor thru the curse of Adam's Fall.

Trials and Triumphs of the First Week

THE day was hot. Upon the long, steep road the dust lay thick. Two little children skipped along it, unminding, chattering unceasingly; but the Teacher toiled slowly upward, her eyes on the ground.

The yellow dust of the road and the chalk dust of the school coated her face and clothing. Her skirt trailed behind and her hair was falling down, unheeded. The Teacher's face was twisted strangely sometimes, and if she spoke to the children her voice was husky. The Teacher was very young and she had never been away from home before. But a few days ago she had come here, eager, hopeful, scorning the idea of homesickness, and now, tired, aching in every muscle, discouraged, at the end of her third day of teaching, she was longing for home, home, home—for her mother and sisters—and it would be eight long, long weeks before she could see them. She had prided herself on being unsentimental,—but two hot tears plowed grimy furrows down her cheeks.

One week later. The same Teacher climbed the same hill, alone this time. It was a warm day, bright and sunny. The road was dusty, but one does not see the dust when the eyes are on the sky,—to-day a vast dome of fleckless blue, dark in the center, fading imperceptibly to the palest tint at the horizon. The road was steep, but the Teacher was not thinking of that. Bright-leaved sumach bushes in all shades of red and green edged the way, and she was gathering bunches of them, and also red and brown berries. She drew in long breaths of the delightful air and glanced over the many-tinted fields on one hand, and the woods of tall white poplars on the other. Even the unpainted telephone posts were things of beauty, for in the afternoon sunlight they shone like burnished silver.

Yet not one thing was different from what it had been the week before. Nothing had changed but the mood of the girl who looked at them.

Ada Forest was not one to remain long in the dumps. She had come hopefully to this little out-of-the-way place, vaguely intending to put into instant practice the elaborate plans and theories she had spent years in forming, and expecting immediate success. Altho three days in that little tumble-down school-house had resulted in the downfall of all those brilliant air-castles, she had picked them up carefully, she had tucked them away for future use, had shed a few tears, and then had set eagerly to work making new ones more suitable to the work in hand.

She could not have been blamed if she had been a little discouraged, for many difficulties confronted her, and there were few compensations. Nearly all the people spoke a foreign language, thus cutting Ada off from any social intercourse with them. For this she did not much care, except that it completed her isolation, and, removed from all culture, seldom hearing events discussed or seeing a newspaper, she felt herself growing as far behind the times as the others in this "backwoods," as she called it.

The little school-house stood at the top of a gentle slope, which, being large and grassy, made an ideal place for play. The building itself could hardly have been any worse. If there had ever been any paint on it, time and weather had worn away every vestige of the color, together with a large part of the siding. Inside the original color of the paint had disappeared under a thick coating of the smoke that had poured for many winters from every crack in the battered stove. What there was of the blackboard was good, and there were some excellent maps, but there was nothing else in the way of conveniences. The few library books were continually sliding from a sloping, insecure shelf put up by an inexperienced teacher. But Ada's greatest trial during all the months she was there, because it was lasting, was the floor. Pieces of the boards were up, and there were great cracks between others, while all the dust of fifty years had been ground into the wood, and was continually wearing off, so that it could never be swept clean.

But all this was only by the way. The Teacher's interest was naturally centered in the children. The girl who smiled "good-morning" every day into the even dozen of upturned faces was little more than a child herself in appearance, lately stepped from a graduating platform. Naturally she received something of a shock when one of her pupils addressed her with a confident, "Say, kid." It was not the last shock she was destined to receive, for the children, tho not bad, or wilfully disobedient, were an undisciplined and unruly set. Indeed Ada, who had found their parents very friendly and "nice," marvelled at their total want of manners.

The room was continually filled with a buzz and hum, a passing back and forth, occasional altercations, until the Teacher's head was in a whirl. During the first few days she was too busy organizing to notice it, and then, mindful of advice against scolding, temper, impatience, punishment, and the making of rules, she overlooked as much as possible, gently (and ineffectually) remonstrated, and patiently tried to bring order from chaos. She felt herself too inexperienced to know just how much liberty to grant them. It was only after many weeks that she decided that nothing but heroic measures would do. Then, setting her foot down, she made strict rules regarding the annoyances that had been most prevalent, kept a sternly watchful eye on the room, ready to punish (mildly) the first attempt at breaking them. She was delighted to find that success attended her efforts.

She was kept from erring in the other direction by a tender heart, which made it hard for her to be severe. She could not help sympathizing with the boy who had to stay in at recess while the rest ran out to play, however much he deserved it, and her heart ached for the little girl who cried when made to stand on the floor, altho she had been warned beforehand what she might expect if she continued her disobedience.

All kinds of children were represented in the school,—the very bright and the very slow, the too forward and the excessively shy. With the bright ones Ada was delighted, with the slow ones she was patient but the shy ones at times nearly brought her to despair, especially one little girl. The child was a pretty little thing, just starting to school, and Ada was especially interested in her; for she felt that with the little ones just learning to read she could make the best test of her ability to teach. But for many days the child could not be induced to speak a word, to attempt to draw or write, scarcely to move from her seat. Ada had nothing to give her as busy work, and the poor child would sit in her seat until tired out, and then begin to cry.

The Teacher often felt inclined to do the same; but a brilliant idea struck her one day. She gathered bright sumach leaves, and red and brown berries and seeds. She gave the leaves to the little ones to be pasted on paper in pretty designs, and the berries to be used as beads, strung on threads. They used these as counters also, and the Teacher's greatest trouble of her first few weeks was banished by the lighting up of the child faces as they bent over the bright things Mother Nature had provided.

They decorated the old school-room until it was scarcely recognizable. Every child was interested in this work. Indeed, the Teacher was touched by the fondness they showed for the few pictures, stained and discolored as they were, which were on the walls, and she made haste to supplant them by others she had brought from home.

Ada threw her whole soul into any work she undertook, and she was soon bound up in her "dozen." She hailed with delight the slightest improvement in them, and was a prey to anxiety because they did not improve faster. In truth, she was so little experienced that she did not know just how much they should learn in a given length of time. It was hard for her to realize that problems and words that seemed so ridiculously easy to her, were as hard to these children just beginning to encounter them, as the hardest parts of her geometry and physics had been to her.

Most of the children were not good readers. They spoke among themselves a foreign language, and were unfamiliar with the pronunciation and meaning of the simplest English words. So they halted and stumbled, and would not raise their voices above a low murmur. Ada was a beautiful reader herself, and any defect in that direction distressed her. She read aloud and taught the children to recite little poems.

It was nearing Thanksgiving now, and the end of the fall term Ada decided, as a means of exciting interest among the parents in the school, that she would give a simple little closing entertainment. Every child had some part, and the Teacher spent hours trying to infuse into their speaking some expression, with but only partial success. They issued invitations decorated with pictures of pumpkins and corn, written by the children themselves. These aroused much excitement. Ada herself was more excited than she had been when she was graduated, and when the last day came, the whole school worked with a will cleaning up the school-house and filling every available corner with pine boughs. The children were all dressed in their best. The day was one of warmth and sunshine, of soft, balmy airs and Indian Summer haze, bringing the mothers out in full force with all the little brothers and sisters.

Ada always remembered that "entertainment" with a smile. She could never tell whether to call it a success or a failure. It was certainly entertaining, as a happy social time it was a success, but—

The exercises began at two o'clock. Up to that time there were lessons as usual, and the Teacher took the utmost pride in showing off her youngest class, which had really made remarkable advance.

The children sang all their songs exceptionally well, and the Teacher's heart thrilled as they stood on the floor in a semi-circle and recited "The Children's Hour," and again when they went thru a physical culture drill. The four boys in the "Corn Song" exercise got thru it, no more could be said. The little girl with the "Harvest Hymn" to recite, recited it. She did not hesitate over a word,—nothing could shake her memory, but nothing could have induced her to put a shade of expression into it. "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" was also recited by a little girl who could have spoken it beautifully had she not been so embarrassed. As it was, the Teacher and the child's mother were both disappointed.

One of the best little singers, a boy whom no one had ever suspected of shyness, was to have sung a Norwegian school-song, as a special "hit," but when he stood before the audience, his voice failed him. He opened and shut his mouth several times, and then was allowed to sit down, amid some laughter.

The youngest child in the room, the little girl who has been mentioned before as very shy, was to have spoken the "good-bye" piece,—four lines that Ada had composed herself. She had learned it and spoken it many times before the school, and moreover, in a way inexpressibly sweet.

But alas! after she had stared at the people for some time, after Teacher and mama had both softly coaxed her, Ada saw that she was on the verge of crying and led her to her seat.

This finished the exercises. The visitors were shown specimens of the pupils' work, including the Thanksgiving booklets. The souvenir cards were distributed with farewell words by the Teacher,—they were an invention of her own, being post cards with a picture of her own beloved high school on the back, and her visiting card tied on with baby ribbon, red for the boys, blue for the girls. Then, with laughter, talk, congratulations, and good-byes, the visitors and children departed, and the Teacher locked the school-house, her heart leaping as she thought that to-morrow would bring her home,—home—for the most thankful and happy of all Thanksgivings.

The School Program

Edited by Alice E. Reynolds, New Haven, Conn.

BEFORE the first week of the year closes, the teacher whose school housekeeping is good will prepare a working program.

Perhaps some of you remember your first country school where you did your level best but made queer blunders. My program was a long list of all the subjects all the classes were supposed to study—but there was no time limit for recitations. I can remember now how long it used to take to explain all the hard examples to the pupils in the first class who had reached "Review and Miscellaneous Problems" at the end, before they had comprehended many of the principles on the foregoing pages. There was no clock which insistently commanded "Leave the arithmetic — it's time for reading." So morning after morning we pored over those fractions and stocks until they were finished. I tremble to think how many noons the whistle blew before the sixth class had read, or the two oldest boys recited history.

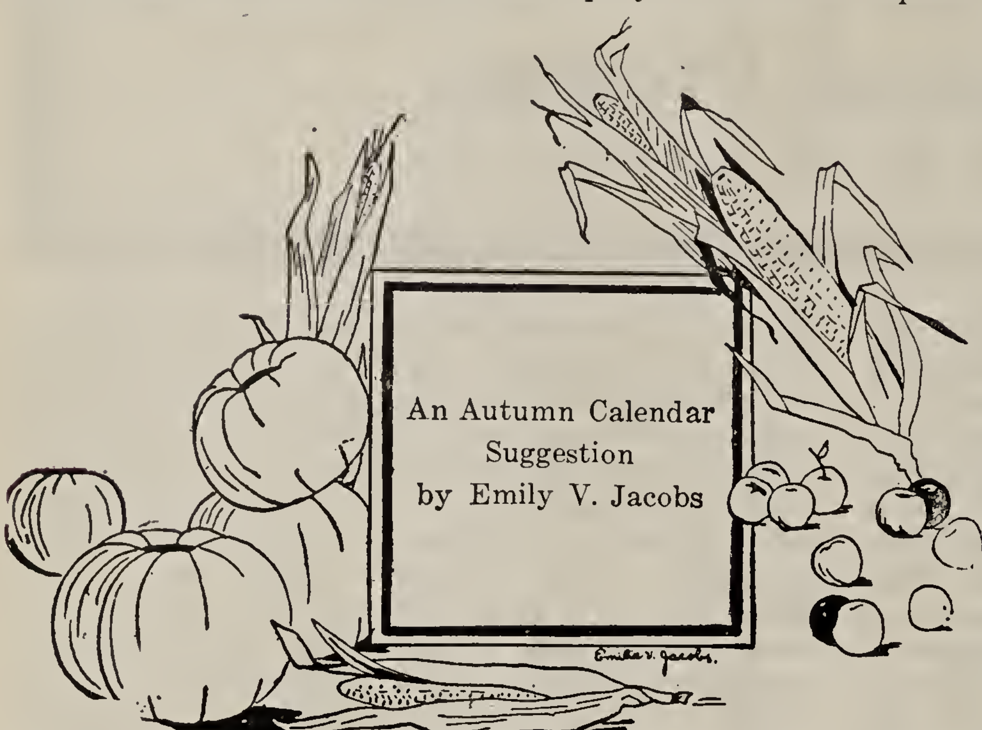
Often since then I have found girls doing just as I did, or worse. Sometimes they fail to make even an order of exercises; sometimes they have had one, but can't find it; sometimes a sheet of white paper flaunts its precise arrangement for the sake of showing that the teacher can *make* a program, when all other indications suggest that she cannot *use* one.

A good school program is one mark of a progressive teacher. It ought to be her statement of what experience has taught her in regard to the subjects pupils need, the desirable length of the recitation period, the necessary amount of daily or weekly repetition, the frequency and length of recess and recreation. A beginner's program should represent some expert's opinion on these matters, for a good order of exercises properly timed is a necessity if economy of effort is to be considered or if the laws of fatigue are to be heeded.

Two fundamental excellencies in a time table are its simplicity and its appropriate character. Reading, language, and possibly arithmetic are constant factors in primary grades; drawing, penmanship, and music have an indisputable place; games, rests, and plays are *absolutely necessary*. We can easily afford to dispense with the terms civics, botany, physiology, zoology, mineralogy and the rest of the ologyhood. When you teach boys to respect the school fence, to throw waste paper into refuse cans, to allow a cash-paid-for-rags man the privilege of the street without snow-balls or mimicry as an accompaniment, you are giving them a civics lesson, tho the impulse to do so comes during the devotional exercises. Clean faces, combed hair, erect shoulders, early hours for retiring, turning away from the longest stick of the pinkest candy, emphasize the hygiene of clear living without a capital "P" on the program sheet. The shifting of the wind, the change in the morning shadow, the return of the birds, the care of the window box, the metamorphosis in the chrysalis, the development of the tadpoles, the miniature dam in the gutter,—all need to be studied; but the familiar and all-embracing term nature study names one period each day when your line may go out into all the world. The story of Columbus may be history, The Bell of Atri may be literature, Pandora's Box may be mythology, and the recent eruption of Vesuvius may be current events, but each will lend itself to the language lesson. There is scarcely a crumb of information worth giving which may not naturally come in under cover of either the morning talk, nature study, or language. We need to remember that it is not necessary to multiply terms, titles, and technicalities in order to widen a child's interest and quicken his understanding. Keep the program short and simple; let the teacher be as broad-minded and versatile as possible.

The value of an impression depends on the degree of attention secured. The demand for effective hard work during recitation must be set off by the short period and by constantly recurring opportunities for physical change and free play. The unthinking teacher makes a dreary list: "Reading, Reading, Number, Writing, Number, Reading;" the up-to-date teacher says rather, "Reading, Reading, Games, Arithmetic, Music, Reading, Gymnastics." Thruout the primary grades twenty minutes should be regarded as the extreme limit of a recitation period; in first and second grades I should take fifteen minutes as a maximum for reading, and give but five or ten minutes to very many other exercises. The tendency to give twenty-five and thirty minutes to fourth grade arithmetic classes is questionable, and the somewhat universal plan of taking an entire room for thirty minutes, rather than two divisions for quarter of an hour each, is quite wrong. Not only should recitations be short and definite, but hard and easy work like arithmetic and music should alternate, and frequent opportunity for free movement between classes should be provided. Once during each session pupils

should be sent to the toilet-room and into the school yard. Genuine outdoor play is most desirable; but if the size of the yard makes this impossible; then marching thru the fresh air, and meanwhile letting the fresh air blow thru wide-open windows in the empty room, is a feasible substitute. Every sixty minutes in grades three and four, and about every half hour in lower grades, a five-minute period for games or gymnastics will *gain* time rather than *take* time. These convictions need to be stated very explicitly, because so often one finds the large class and long period, so often eleven-year-old pupils have no outdoor recess, so often thoughtless teachers place gymnastics at 9:10 or 11:50, so often the chances to stretch are infrequent, and running, bean bags, and contests are omitted altogether.



A program-maker must consider carefully how children are to occupy their time during all the minutes when other classes receive the teacher's special attention. If there are two or three classes in the room, she must plan profitable seat work for each child during one-half or two-thirds of his day. Long ago some of us did exactly what we had a mind to when once the class was dismissed. According to our varying degrees of piety we studied, or read, or sat idle, or colored the pictures of horses in the reader with vivid green pencils, or ate apples under the desk, or played cat's cradle. Just now the best teachers plan to establish a close relation between what the child is learning and what he is doing. The desk work reinforces and supplements the class work. This means words and letters in reading, pictures and sentences in language, pencils and crayons in writing and drawing, board work in number. The program of the future will recognize in *every* grade a time for manual training, and after this much needed addition the seat work will take on greater variety and new dignity. It is impossible to speak of program-making without lamenting one common weakness,—the character of our manual training in elementary schools. All progressive cities and towns should support a system of manual training which suffers no interruption from the time the kindergarten child uses his weaving needle to the time a high school pupil works in Venetian iron. There is now no organized effort in these lines; and therefore no continuity. Most teachers give some hand work which is more or less effective; but with vague demands, there must always be vague results, and at present, even the best teachers seem to be feeling their way towards a satisfactory solution of the problem. When a practical expert shall outline simple exercises for the youngest children, with inexpensive materials, all programs can be improved.

After the school day has been thoughtfully planned, as it always should be, the arrangement is worth using persistently and accurately. Good programs are not made to hide in teachers' registers, nor to adorn the wall space, nor to show to principals. They are made to follow closely nine days out of ten. We call a teacher extremely inexperienced or shiftless who doesn't *make* a program, but we are inclined to wink at its non-use, and even to insinuate that "Miss A" is so broad-minded that she has a soul above time tables." It was once my pleasure to attend a conference of school officers who discussed this subject. One or two advanced the poignant argument, "The best primary teacher I have, simply cannot use a program; she *loves* children; they always run to meet her, and the parents never complain about her discipline—but she *can't make out a report correctly, she can't follow directions exactly,* and she *can't be on time.*" We all recognize the type and call her Blessed, but the presiding officer later summed up the matter in these words, "A school program definitely laid out is essential to efficient work. It is best for the teacher and it is best for the pupils. It gives a business spirit to a room and promotes orderly work. There are very few teachers who will not accomplish more by following a definite program. Now and then there will be found a teacher of really good ability who finds working under a program irksome and who chafes under it all the time. Such a teacher is not *more* useful, but *less* so, because of this characteristic, and school officials should not be deceived in regard to her." His conclusion seems to me to touch the crux of the whole matter as it bears on the efficiency of the teacher. Those who are most superior add to their knowledge sympathy, and to sympathy businesslike methods.

They know when to begin, what to do, and when to stop. Their energy is free to enliven the lesson since none has to be spent on makeshift plans. One who is driven by the clock, and whose pattern fits the clock so poorly that she is forever hurried and harrassed, has a great deal to learn from one who has "a time for everything and everything in its time." Children enjoy regime when it is sweet and sane—and calm regularity is a physical safeguard. I plead for this peaceful steadiness as one means of overcoming the nervous strain which always follows fluctuation, spasmodic attempts, and noisy hurry.

In the long run, progress in all subjects is promoted by steadfast promptness. There is often a temptation to extend the arithmetic at the expense of penmanship, or to finish the reading and to omit the drawing. Teachers "get to going," as we say, and forget all about time. This always means an unbalanced day and it is apt to mean fatigued children. Or, again, the lesson period is at an end, and unless one more nail is driven, you feel that the point is missed. Drive that nail of course sometimes, it would be nonsense not to—but try not to form the habit of driving reading nails into the nature study lesson. If you do, you are letting your own power to foresee degenerate, you are robbing one subject of its due, and you are very often driving that all-important nail in so much haste that it doesn't touch the spot. Most variations have no valid excuse for happening, and weaken rather than strengthen the school day. "Being bound to finish," "Not noticing the time," "Hating that work, anyway," "Wishing to make out my register," are reasons which can scarcely win approval from the most ardent advocate of the freedom of the teacher.

After making it clear that definite planning and businesslike promptness are imperative, that ill-considered programs or free-and-easy laxity in operating them are equally deplorable, and that most excuses for irregularity are illogical and flimsy, it behooves me to urge on you the importance of departing from your fixed order whenever the call to change is louder and clearer than the call "to proceed as before." Custom should always give place to courtesy. When John's mother comes to visit for half an hour, she wishes to hear John, and doesn't really care a snap for Tom, Dick, and Harry. If John's class has just been dismissed, play a stirring game, have a little marching, or send his group out for a short recess, then call it to recite again. Satisfy that mother, if you waive several other considerations. When a teacher comes to visit you, she doesn't care to be treated to twenty minutes' worth of penmanship, nor to a study period, nor to a written exercise in language or number. How can one teacher enjoy greeting another with announcements which amount to "nothing doing?" Does this bit of dialog sound at all familiar?

"We are just going to have a writing lesson."

"What comes after that?"

"Next—oh, next we have a study period."

"And then?"

"Then we dismiss—there is a meeting, and we have to go early."

"I am sorry, but we aren't having any more real lessons this afternoon."

No town, nor superintendent, nor principal, can be proud of that schoolmistress; for a wise teacher would not have planned such an afternoon; a resourceful teacher would have known how to make a quick and acceptable change; a gracious teacher would have been glad to inconvenience herself, if by so doing she could have made her visitor's day pleasant and profitable. *Never*

Three Good Programs.

Grade I.

Time	Subject
9:00–9:10	Opening Exercises.
9:10– 9:25	Nature Study.
9:25– 9:40	3rd Class Reading.
9:40– 9:45	Recreation.
9:45–10:00	2nd Class Reading.
10:00–10:15	Penmanship.
10:15–10:25	Recess.
10:25–10:35	Language.
10:35–10:50	1st Class Reading.
10:50–11:00	3rd Class Reading.
11:00–11:10	Gymnastics.
11:10–11:20	2nd Class Reading.
11:20–11:30	1st Class Reading.
11:30–11:35	Games.
11:35–11:45	Music.
1:45– 2:00	Language.
2:00– 2:10	Phonics.
2:10– 2:25	3rd Class Reading.
2:25– 2:35	Recess.
2:35– 2:50	2nd Class Reading.
2:50– 3:00	Songs.
3:00– 3:15	1st Class Reading.
3:15– 3:30	Drawing.

Grade III.

Time	Subject
9:00– 9:10	Opening Exercises.
9:10– 9:15	Number Drill for Rapidity.
9:15– 9:35	1st Reading.
9:35– 9:55	2nd Number.
9:55–10:10	Nature Study.
10:10–10:30	1st Number.
10:30–10:40	Recess.
10:40–10:50	Phonics.
10:50–11:10	Drawing.
11:10–11:15	Gymnastics.
11:15–11:35	2nd Reading.
11:35–11:50	Spelling.
11:50–11:55	Teaching of Songs.
1:45– 2:05	Language.
2:05– 2:25	2nd Reading.
2:25– 2:30	Recreation.
2:30– 2:50	Penmanship.
2:50– 3:00	Recess.
3:00– 3:15	1st Reading.
3:15– 3:30	Music.

Grades I.—V.
In an Ungraded Country School.

Time	Subject
9:00– 9:05	Opening Exercises.
9:05– 9:15	Nature Study.
9:15– 9:30	4th Arithmetic.
9:30– 9:45	3rd Arithmetic.
9:45– 9:50	Games.
9:50–10:00	5th Reading.
10:00–10:15	2nd Arithmetic.
10:15–10:30	1st Arithmetic.
10:30–10:40	5th Reading.
	Recess—Dismiss Beginners.
10:50–11:05	4th Reading.
11:05–11:20	1st Geography.
11:20–11:35	Music.
11:35–11:45	2nd Geography.
11:45–12:00	Spelling.
1:00– 1:15	Penmans'p or Draw'g
1:15– 1:25	4th & 5th Language.
1:25– 1:35	2nd & 3rd Language.
1:35– 1:40	Games.
1:40– 1:50	5th Reading.
1:50– 2:00	4th Reading.
	Recess—Dismiss Beginners.
2:05– 2:20	1st Language.
2:20– 2:30	3rd Reading.
2:30– 2:35	Gymnastics.
2:35– 2:50	2nd Reading.
2:50– 3:00	1st Reading.

allow a preconceived scheme to interfere with your best conception of hospitality.

It is not always outsiders who crave variation. There are times when the children, without saying a word, cry out for change. There are the stormy days when any close work after 3 o'clock strains the eyes. Put away desk work and try a spelling match, which makes no demand on the optic nerve. There are your own dispirited days when every child seems perversely stupid; instead of shutting your lips tightly and deciding, "They shall sing that exercise if they stay till midnight," it is better to abandon music altogether, or to return to the well known songs which are always sung with spirit. There are those restless days when in spite of courageous leadership, pencils break, boxes fall to the floor, the boys fidget, the girls giggle, and the spirit of confusion stalks abroad! On such an afternoon, if a simple change avails nothing, let "the stage-coach break down," as the old game has it. After a general move, you *may* accomplish something; without it the session is sure to be wasted.

Then there is the day when Isaac speaks—that boy is your problem—nothing seems to interest him—he never moves a muscle for reproof—he scuffs his feet when you try praise—he scarcely glances at the pictures you brought with the secret and express purpose of fixing his attention. But one day just as the reading lesson should end, at the mention of the word "whale," Isaac brightens; "I seen dat wale wid mine fader on de big boat." Who that is wise dares to say "Never mind that now, Isaac; it's time for the lesson to be over"? If the sluggish, reticent Isaac has the least desire to tell his true fish story, give him time.

The very school-room *beans* conspire to force your hand. You mean to return to germination on Monday—but lo, on Friday morning there are those beans! The outer skin has burst, the seed leaves are parting, the tiny green plumule is in sight—exit physiology, enter germination. Or you decide to deal with the subject *quartz*, and by ten o'clock the gray clouds which have been brooding over the November landscape meet and fall in great white flakes. Put away the quartz crystals, bring in the snow crystals, or go out to them. Nature refuses to respect your program, but see to it that you respect hers. Three types of legitimate interruptions must be recognized: the cordial teacher seeks by all means to please her guest; the sympathetic teacher keeps her fingers on the composite pulse; the versatile teacher makes use of the psychological moment.

Success with the program, like all other success in teaching, harks back to the personality of the teacher. If we could make and follow and vary our schedules by rule, a printed book of directions and an electric clock would insure inspiring results. On the contrary, no type of instructor is quite so great a failure as the apostle of a fixed routine. Have you any idea of working in your subjects merely to fit the day as one packs a picnic basket? The whole will be unsatisfactory. Have you decided to let the class play "*some game*" on Monday, while you clean the cabinet? You'll wish you hadn't. Do you play *games* because you have to, and preside over them like a martinet? If so, no one has any fun, and no one is rested. In a primary room the right teacher is one who can keep her face toward the sun and become as a little child. If you involuntarily catch your own breath lest the platter stops spinning before the small boy catches it, every one will enjoy himself. Does the mere thought of *promptness* make you feel nervous and hurried? It isn't the prompt man who runs to the station and jumps on the train out of breath just as the conductor sings "all aboard." True promptness implies ease and placidity; the real master of his craft, tho he manage a locomotive, a pilot wheel, or forty wiggling children, walks serenely, because the way is charted and he knows the course. Do you hope to interest your pupils in nature study by taking no thought for the morrow, and by relying on snow-storms, or on what is brought in? This is not improving your opportunity—it is rather living from hand to mouth.

Summary.

Four points to keep in mind are these:

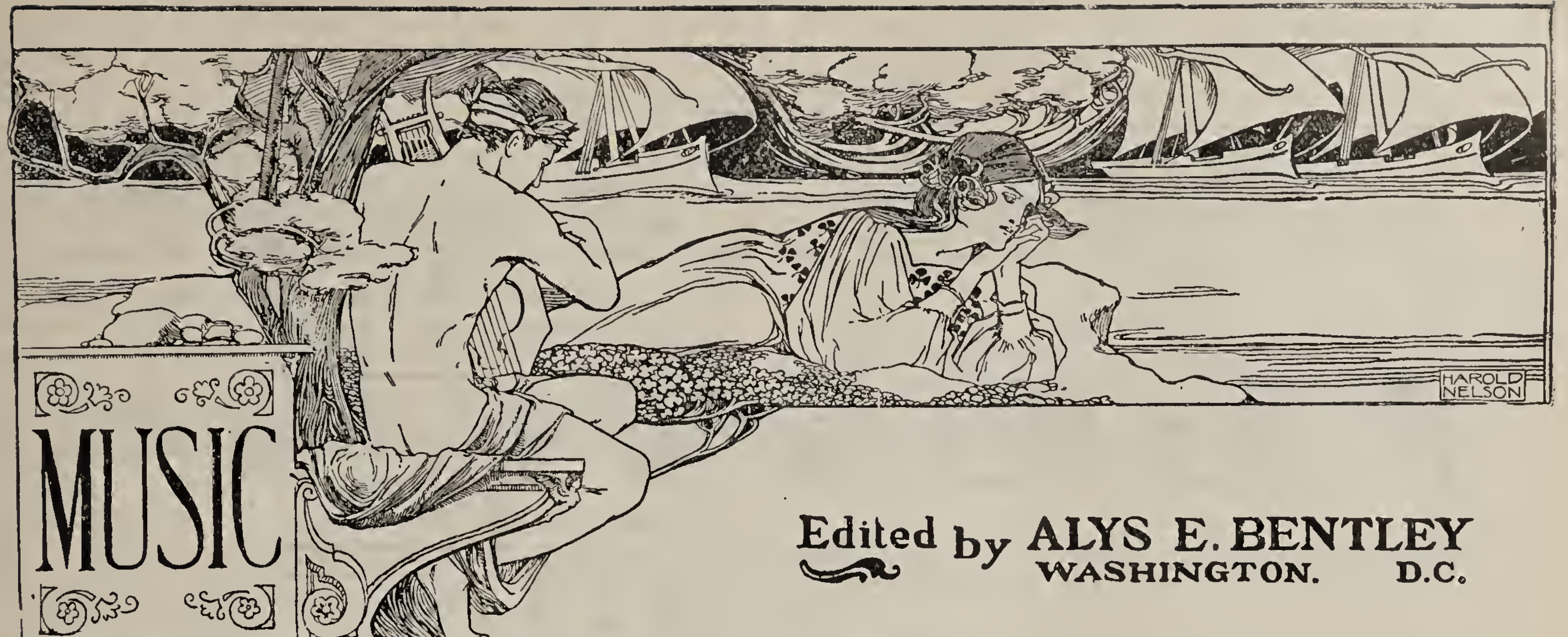
(1) Make a simple, suitable program which will allow you to introduce many interests without running to absurdity, and which recognizes that bodily movement is a necessary supplement to mental concentration.

(2) Follow your program nine times out of ten, and never turn aside for reasons which will not hold water.

(3) Always abandon the program for reasons which involve brotherly kindness or common sense.

(4) The successful teacher is she who can cause the dead rock of the best program to pour forth living water.

Dr. William T. Harris has resigned, and Prof. Elmer E. Brown of the University of California has been chosen to succeed him as United States Commissioner of Education. Dr. Brown has for many years made a specialty of the study of educational systems, and he has on several occasions served as special commissioner abroad.



Edited by ALYS E. BENTLEY
WASHINGTON. D.C.

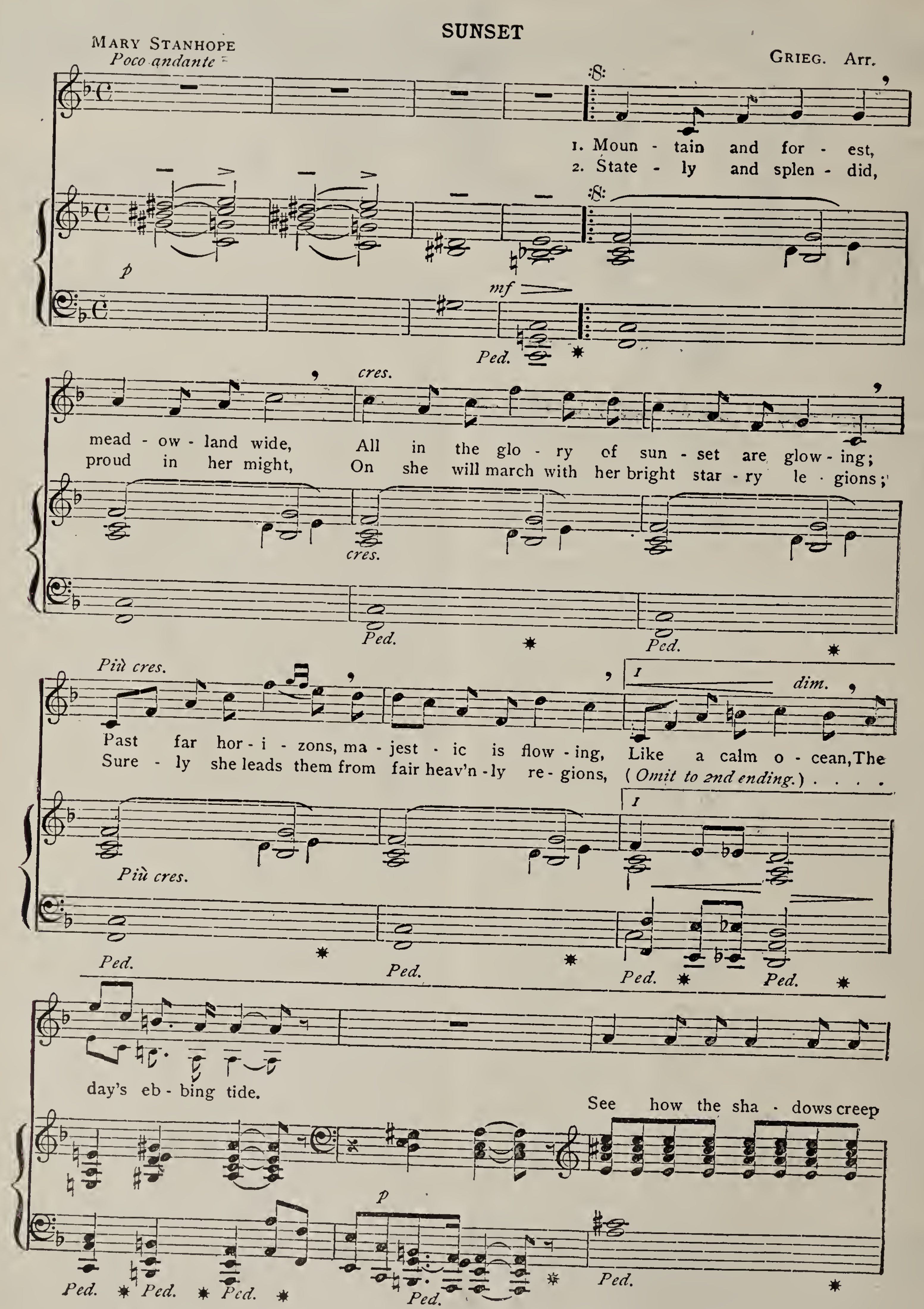
Voice Training in the Primary Grades.

ONE reads and hears so much these days about voice culture for children, yet no two people seem to agree upon anything save the one point that children should sing softly. Now, as to this, I think that we are making a sad mistake. To be sure, children should sing without danger of forcing or straining their voices, but nothing is so tiresome and uninteresting to a healthy, lively child, as to be told to sing softly all the time, and to be held down by the constant "hush" of the teacher. Children have a great desire and need to express themselves in singing, and this can not be done if they are habitually suppressed and held down to soft singing. Now, I would not have it understood that I would let little children sing in a loud, noisy manner, tho I should much prefer even this to the soft, piping, goody-goody singing that we get in some classes. The singing of many good songs, sung in the right spirit and pitched in the child's natural voice, will do much to develop sensitiveness in both the singing and the speaking voice. We need the use of a whole magazine to talk upon this latter, the speaking voice. When will teachers awake to the realization of the mighty power of the right use of the speaking voice? "Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her shall I follow."

But we were to talk about children's voices in connection with the singing of songs. Here are a few simple devices that will surely hurt no one and may be used to great advantage to both children and teacher. The power to imitate is strong with most children, so let us see what we can do with this. First of all, children should form the habit of sitting and breathing naturally and freely, and this we must get unconsciously from them, but very conscientiously from the teacher. Let us say to our class of first, second, or third grade children, "See if we can make the sound that the steam engine makes when it comes up to the station all tired out and says 'puff-f-f-f' " You must imitate the sound of the steam. Do this two or three times, until you get the attention and the ear of every child. This will not be difficult if you go at it in the spirit of play. "Now, altogether, let us see if we can make the sound of the steam engine." Let them do it two or three times and you will observe that you have children taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly. Right here you may encourage them to sit up straight so that they may be able to do it better. Now let us try to make the sound that the bees make when they are in a big swarm. You will give them the sound first, "zzzzzzzzzz," letting the sound come very, very gently and prolonging it always until you get their attention. With any class of thirty or forty children you can get the absolute sound of the bees and that can be converted into a very pretty musical sound. "Now let us talk about the wind. Some days the wind will say 'oo <> oo' " and with this, if it is done properly, you will get a hearty laugh, which is best of all. The sound of the wind can be made in so many different ways. Another way is to let the breath buzz thru the teeth gently, giving that peculiar whistling sound that we sometimes hear. All this can and should be made great fun and you will find your children sitting and breathing very naturally and spontaneously.

The principal fault with children's singing, is the short, jerky way in which they sing their songs. To overcome this we must aim to get the breath and the tone to flow along gently, and this can be accomplished with just a little attention. Try this experiment: Tell them to run their fingers or the palms of their hands around the edges of their desks, very lightly, and try to get them to be very careful of the manner in which they turn the corners. Then give them a soft, humming tone about G or A flat. Be sure to attract the attention to the fingers and never say "Hold the tone," or "Make it long," or anything that would suggest a limit. You will be very much surprised at their ability to sustain the tone.

You may also suggest that they are playing on violins. First, let them talk freely about the way a violin sings. They will tell you if you give them a chance. I have never said to a class of children "How many have ever heard a violin?" without getting "My brother—he" or "My sister—she," etc. Show them how carefully a violinist draws the bow over the violin,—never in a rough, jerky way. Here is something that can be made most



From "The Educational Music Course: Teachers' Edition for Elementary Grades." By permission of the publishers, Ginn & Company, Boston.

interesting to children; and out of it we can get really beautiful, sustained tones. Talk about the bells—the big bell in the steeple that rings so that we can hear it such a long way off. We can all pull the rope, and make it sing "cling, clang, cling, clang." Work with this until you get the real sound of a far-away church bell. Then we can talk about the big iron tongue that hits the bell; we can use our arm for that and sing "ding, dong, ding, dong," as we sway our arms to and fro. Now we can talk about the little desk bell; very likely we have one in the room. Strike it and let them hear its faint, clear ring that is not a bit like the church bell. Let them play hitting a bell in their hands and follow its imagined curve with the right hand round and round, to keep the impression of the ringing. With this we may sing "ring, sing."

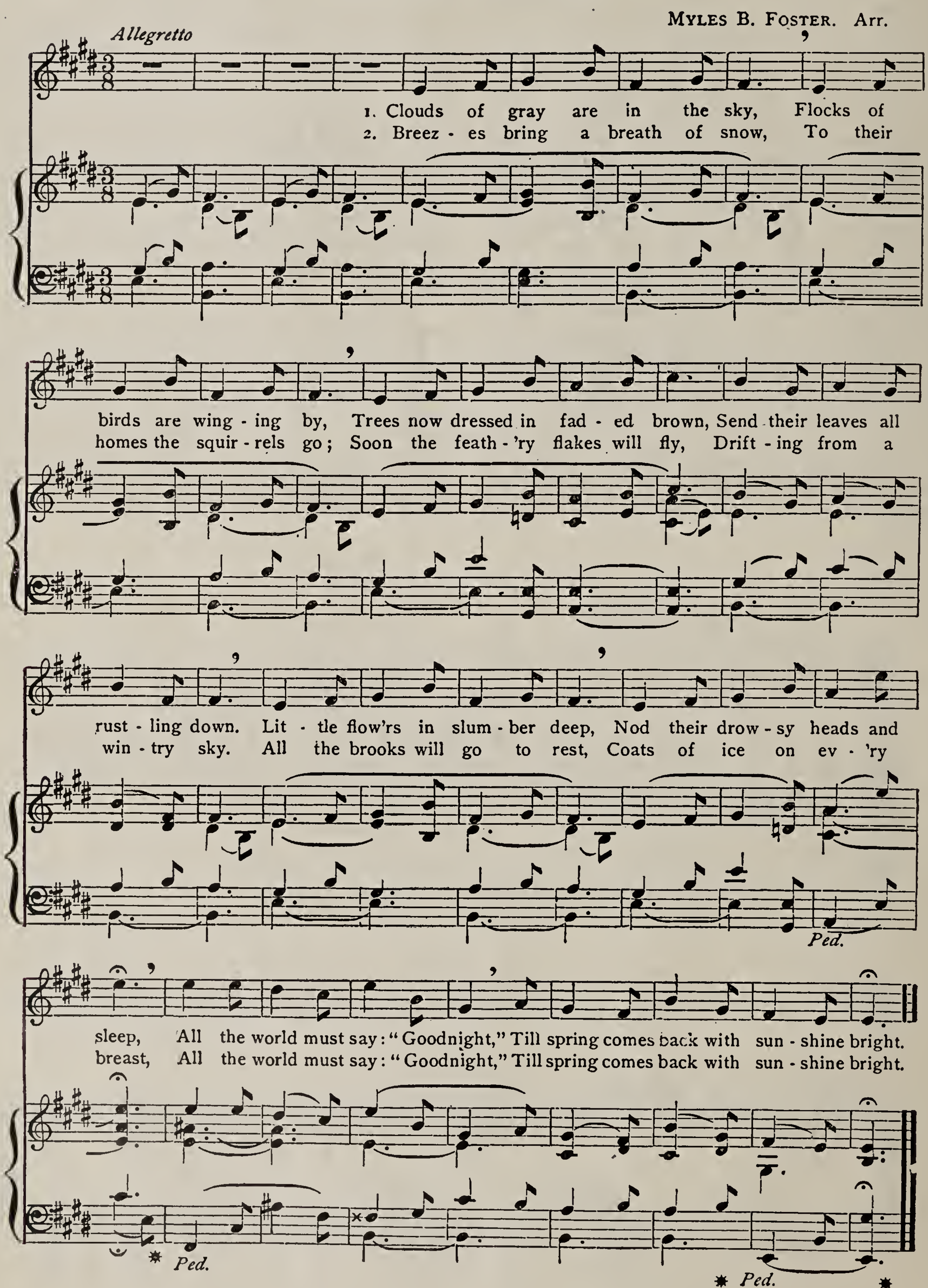
When you have started this work, you will be surprised to find out how many sounds in nature may be imitated and converted into real musical tones. This is a great way to interest the boys. They are instantly caught and held by the idea of imitating the sounds of bells, steam engines, the wind, etc. This seems worth while to a boy, because he can do it, while singing tones does not at all appeal to him; simply because he can see no reason. Another thing that we must take into consideration is the fact that healthy, normal children need to express themselves all over. They feel the desire to put the whole body into singing. This they will always do, unless they are told to sing softly; then eagerness and pleasure are all taken out and we may get pretty, soft singing, but we never get the whole child.

In all this work I have tried to make you see that the child does something with his arms, hands, and body, and he starts out from the first to gain a definite thing. In the doing, he works off a lot of noisy overdoing and nervousness thru the moving of his arms and hands. Let him pull the rope to ring the bell at hard as he likes, but see to it that the bell sounds clear, soft, and ringing. After a very little of this sort of work, you will have a good working basis for tone. Children are very much interested in seeing what they can do with their voices if the teacher will only go about it in the right way.

Now let us try this: Say to your children, "If you wanted to put a little baby to sleep, you would stroke it, I fancy, ever so gently; maybe this way,—look at me. "Take a child and, holding his hand in one of yours, run your other hand down gently over his arm, from the shoulder to the finger tips, so that the other children may see. Repeat this action three or four times, calling their attention to the gentle way in which you stroke the arm, never roughly or in a jerky way,

This song is reprinted from "The Educational Music Course: Teachers' Edition for Elementary Grades," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston.

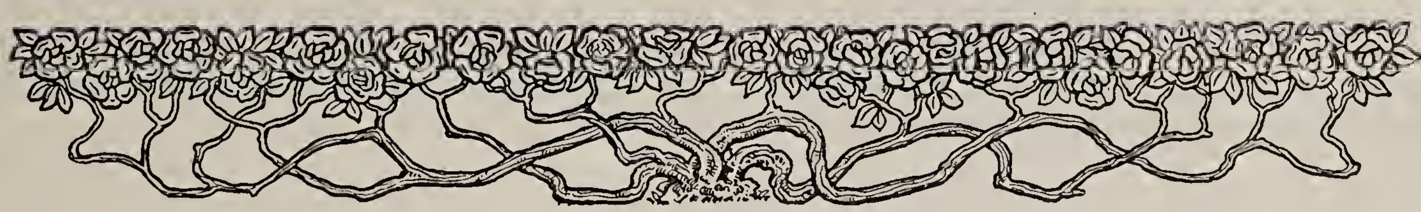
NATURE'S GOOD-NIGHT



Now do this again, and in a soft tone sing the word "sleep," continuing the tone as you pass your hand soothingly and caressingly from the shoulder down to the very tip end of the child's finger. Get all the children to do this together. The left arm is held out, and is gently stroked from shoulder to finger tips by the right hand, the voices sustaining the word "sleep."

Immediately you have better upright position. Now with the same movement let them press the hand and sing the word "creep." Repeat this, using the other arm and press down a little more, getting more of the feeling of "creep" into the singing. Now quickly sing the word "sleep" and you will find a different quality and quantity of tone. After this, when we take the same stroking movement, but using this time only the tip of the finger and singing "peep, peep, peep," very lightly, we have still a different quality and quantity of tone from either "sleep," or "creep." Are we not now making a very feeble but sure beginning for that strange and wonderful thing known to singers as tone color? I say "known," but I really mean "unknown," as very few singers get any real tone color. They begin too late in life, victims of the time-honored theory that one must study forever, before he can say anything with his voice. How many singers can convey to their hearers while singing, say, about a rose, the color, odor, or beauty of a rose? No, no—they are thinking about a lovely tone, so that the "sweetest flower that blows" has a very little chance.

I believe a splendid beginning can be made with little children, if we simply utilize their imitative power, in the spirit of play. The quality and quantity of tone should always change as the songs change, from "Rock the Baby" to the "Drum Song," etc. Another thing, use your songs to play upon each other by way of contrast. Some teachers just get into the habit of letting children sing all lullabies or all lively movement songs. That is wrong. They should have a great variety, but, excuse me, I am off again on my fad; you see I can't help it, I do so want children to sing songs.



The School of a Hundred Years Ago

The September Cover of Teachers Magazine

By Eugenie De Land, Washington, D. C.

THE cover design this month represents the quaint American school of a hundred years ago. The historians tell us that the schools were then held in little red school-houses, scattered about the country, and, indeed, they were scattered, for many of the children had to walk miles to school, thru deep snows, and often thru woods infested with bears and wolves. There were more school-houses in New England than in any other part of the country—in fact, almost the only free public schools were in New England. About this time the first free school was established in the capital city.

In those days the school teacher was usually a man, oftentimes a divinity student who, having graduated at an academy, wished to obtain money enough to pursue a more advanced course at Harvard or Yale, and so accepted the position of village and country schoolmaster. The compensation was small, but he was never called upon to use any amount of it for his "keep," as he usually lived with the parents of his pupils, regulating the length of his stay by the number of children in the family under his instruction. He thus became acquainted with the home life and surroundings of the entire school. The schoolmaster was much beloved and respected by the whole community in which he taught. The best room in the house was given to him, and the best food and dainties were set before him at the table. During the long winter evenings he would often read aloud to the ever interested family, or would hold yarn for the aged grandmother, who was sure to knit him a pair of mittens or pulse-warmers. Many a pleasant evening was spent attending quilting parties, spelling matches, and singing schools with the young daughters of the household.

His method of instruction was direct, simple, and embraced the essentials. He taught his pupils to read with quite a degree of expressive fluency, to write legibly, to spell with the new rules then laid down by Noah Webster, and to know enough of arithmetic to enable them to calculate the interest on a debt, to keep the family accounts, and to make and receive the right change in their business transactions.

In this simple school the education of the girls ended, but with the boys it was often different, for a few of them passed on to a seminary kept by a minister or an Oxford graduate, and some found their way to Harvard or Yale; among those few were often found the statesmen of the Nation.

If we could, at the present time, open the school-

room door on these quaint little people of long ago they might be just as surprised with us as we would be with them; for, after all, it is chiefly our apparel that changes our personal appearance. The manners and customs of those bygone days were simple and genuine. How hard they worked, and how they feared the master's wrath! If their problems in arithmetic were wrong, or if they forgot to dot an "i" or cross a "t" they were punished more than sufficiently. The birch rod hanging on the wall behind the teacher could tell many stories of this.

Here, before us, we see there is quite an interesting time, for they are "all down but two" at the end of the spelling match; and who shall win is yet to be determined. Before the master rings the school bell for noontime, let us make a sketch of sturdy little Amos and sweet Esther, as they stand before his desk, side by side, to end the exciting contest.

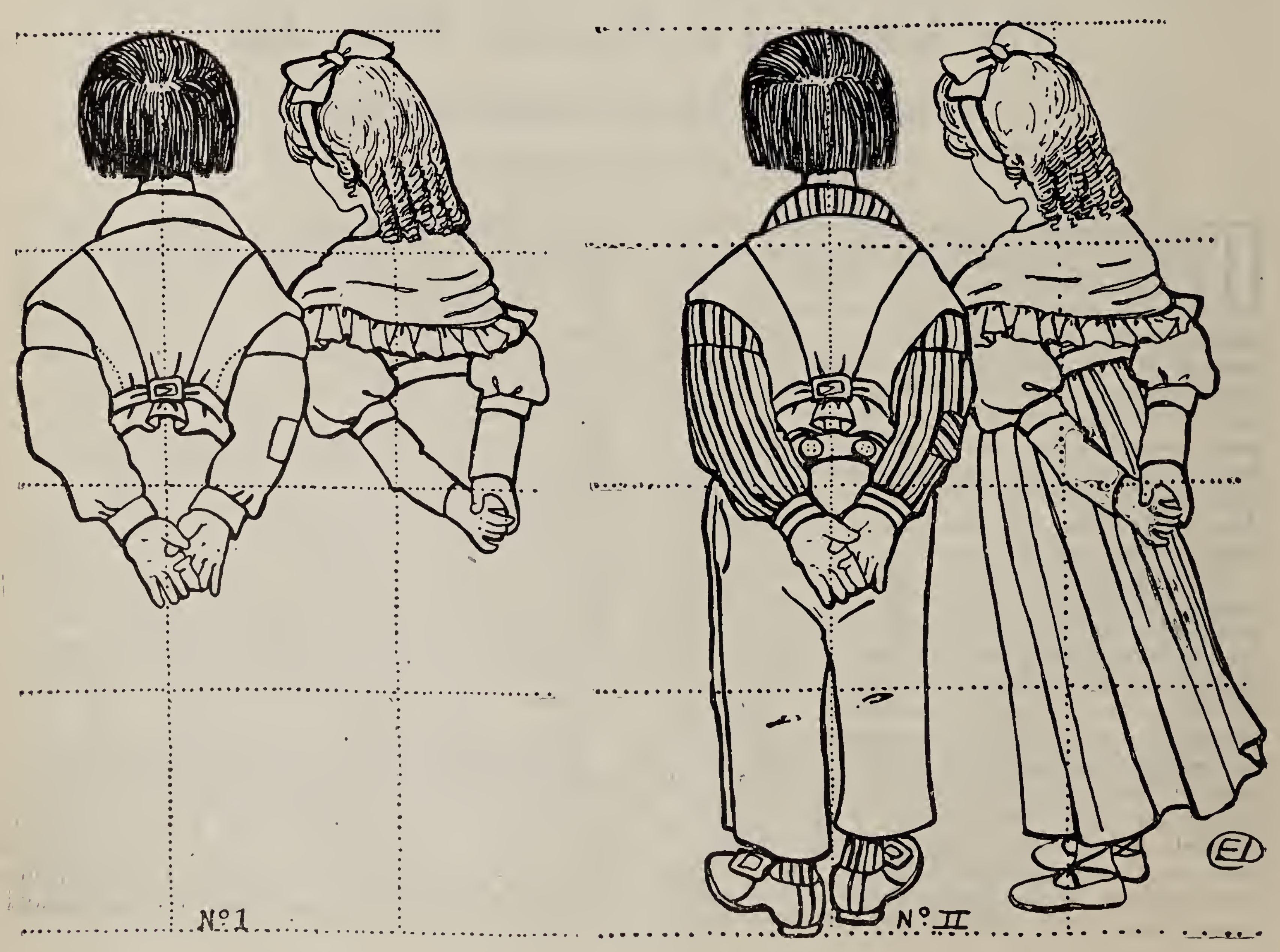
We will begin with Amos, as he is the nearer to us. First,—you will remember that we always begin with this—we will draw our faint vertical line as tall as we wish our little hero to be. After placing his bushy head at the top of the line we will mark down the important spaces suggested, from his head to his feet. About half way will be found the big white bone buttons on his trousers. Just above the buttons sketch in his nankeen vest and the hickory shirt sleeves hanging from the long sloping armholes, after that we have the two wristbands attached to his short sleeves, with the neat patch on the right elbow.

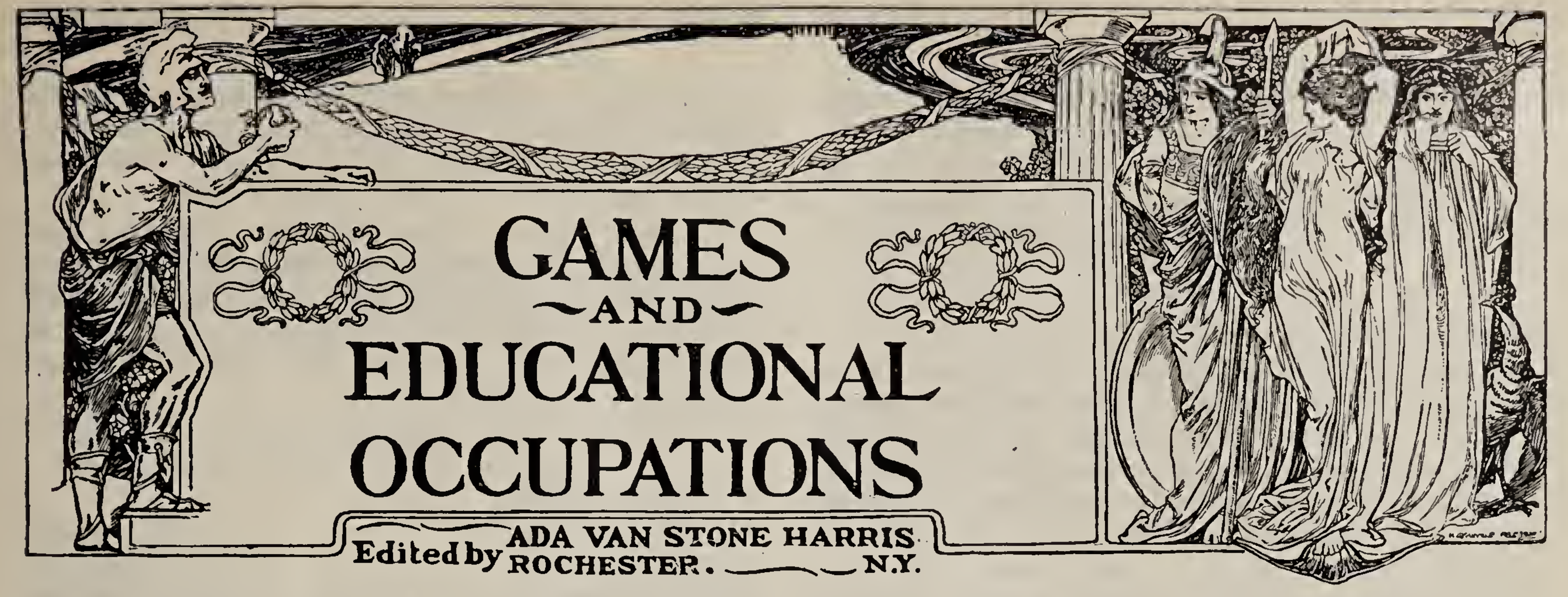
We will not sketch his hands. Poor little fellow! See how his injured finger is tied in a rag!

Now we will sketch his full long butternut trousers and show his ankles, covered with striped wool socks.

When we have indicated his big, strong, leather shoes, with their shiny buckles, we will have little Amos standing on the floor.

Now we will place Esther beside him. In drawing our faint vertical line for Esther we observe that she is not so tall as Amos. When we have determined her height, compared to his, sketch her head of golden curls tied with the blue ribbon; then measure where the clasped hands will come on the line. If we are careful, we will see that they do not fall on the line, but a little to the right of it. Now we will sketch her kerchief and the puffy blue sleeves above the elbow; then the long portion of her sleeves, letting them join behind her. We will show her hands clasped. Now we are ready for her long flowing skirt, down to her little ankles. When we have finished her cute little strapped slippers, we will have Esther, too, standing on the school-room floor, by the side of Amos.





Rhythmic Exercises.

By Marion Bromley Newton, Supervisor of Physical Training, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR reasons of convenience the following are classified and arranged according to their similarity to others in a certain group. Most beneficial results would be attained for the children if the instructor in planning her lesson were to select exercises which would bring into play all the great muscular regions of the body in turn, following some such order as this:

1. For the arms.
2. For the legs.
3. For the whole body.
4. For the legs.
5. For the arms.
6. For the whole body.
7. For the legs.
8. For the arms.

This is to avoid a succession of similar movements, which would tend to bring about an over-development of certain parts of the body at the expense of others.

Ten- or fifteen-minute lessons were in mind when these exercises were planned.

Lesson I.

March. (Light march music.)

1. In circle. 2. In zig-zag, across the hall. (Children stop with piano; means to face and march the other way.) 3. In long straight line; by "twos"; by "fours"; taking hold of hands. 4. With short steps. 5. With long steps. 6. On tip-toe. 7. Backward, with short steps.

(No. 4, music quickens. No. 5, music becomes slower. No. 6, light music.)

Lesson II.

(Teacher leads, children imitate.)

Military Imitations. (March music.) Eyes to the front and spacing such that no one will step on another's heels.

1. *Infantry parade. Soldier hats.* Hands are placed on heads with fingers meeting in a point. *Drums*—hands holding imaginary sticks, beat the drums; *bass drums*—beaten with right hand and held with left. *Drum Major*—child with tall paper hat, and stick or pointer for baton. *Trumpets*—tooting thru hands. *Epaulettes*—hands at shoulders. *Knapsacks*—arms folded behind. *Fifes*—hands hold imaginary fife, and fingers move as if playing. *Cymbals*—using palms of hands.

Guns—Command, "Charge!" children run in line, carrying guns.

Guns—Command, "Aim!" children kneel on one knee, and take aim.

Guns—Command, "Fire!" children say, "bang" then rise and march.

Tactics—Mark time; forward march; about, march; halt.

2. *Cavalry Parade. High Stepping Horses.* (March music.) Knees are lifted high at each step, heads tossing in air. *Pawing horses*—(waltz music) pawing twice with each foot before stepping. *Trotting horses*—(quick march music), running lightly on toes, still keeping good formation. *Galloping horses*—(two-step music).

3. "King of France" game and "Soldier Boy."

Lesson III.

Animal Imitations—(Have pictures or silhouettes of all animals imitated.)

1. *Dancing Bear.* (Two-step music), sliding step taken in circle, hands held up like fore paws, heads wagging from side to side. (Children may stand in circle; one or two at a time, having strings around necks, held by teacher or another child, dance around inside of ring.)

2. *Elephants* in circus parade. (Slow march music.) Children march in circle, bodies bent forward so that hands come together as the arms fall forward, to form the elephants' trunks; trunks are swung from side to side with music as procession marches along.

3. *Rabbits.* (Slow two-step music.) Children in long line side by side; they leap on all fours as rabbits leap, keeping in time with the music.

4. *Birds.* (Waltz music, played quickly for robin, sparrow, and other small birds; more slowly for crows and large birds.) Very light running on feet with side movements of arms to represent wings.

5. *Kangaroos.* (6-8 time). Hands are held bent up to chests like fore paws; from squatting position long leaps forward are taken. Children may stand in circle, and chosen ones may imitate animals around inside.

6. *Turkeys.* (Waltz music.) Arms are stretched down, away from sides, fingers spread apart, to

represent wing feathers; heads carried proudly with chins in, steps taken are long and stately.

7. *Ducks.* (Slow march music.) Children advance, sitting almost on heels; hands placed on knees; bodies sway as ducks waddle forward.

Lesson IV.

Rhythmic Plays. (First Series.)

1. *See-Saw.* (Waltz music.) Children in two divisions, one on either side of teacher; teacher stands with arms outstretched, left toward one group of children, right toward the other; she lowers one arm as she raises the other, while children bend their knees, then rise as her arms indicate.

2. *Rowing a Boat.* (Waltz music.) Children stand in circle; reaching forward, they grasp imaginary oars and pull them back in time to the music; one foot is placed ahead of the other, and body sways forward as arms reach for the oars.

3. *Skipping.* (Schottische music.) Hoppity-skip, single file, in twos and in threes.

4. *Running.* (Quick march music.) Run lightly on tip-toe, swing the arms easily.

5. *Circle Tag.* (Music to suit the activity.) Children in circle, one "it" hops, runs, flies, or chooses another activity, while the person tagged must imitate as he chases player around inside of circle.

6. *Skating in twos.* (Hands joined in usual skating way.) Slow march music, long sliding step forward.

Lesson V.

Industrial Imitations.

1. *Blacksmith.* ("Anvil Chorus" or march.) Have piece of iron in center of circle for children to strike in turn. Rest imitate one in center, keeping time to music.

2. *Shoemaker.* (Slow waltz music.) Children sit on floor. Left fist represents shoe,—right hand picks up nail (one) sets it in shoe (two) thus, with blow of right fist the nail is driven in (three). (One movement for each beat of the measure).

3. *Gardener.* (March music.) Pretending to hold shovel, children dig, then throw the dirt in a pile,—"shovel" and "throw."

Hoe the ground, each child in line hoeing a straight row.

4. *Farmer.* Sowing seed—carrying bags of seed under the left arm, children scatter seeds with right hand as they march along.

Reaping grain with a scythe, in time to music.

5. *Carpenter.* (Music, march.) Sawing,—two children join left hands to form board which is held still,—right hands joined across above left hands, then drawn back and forth over the board like a saw. Hammering, — hammer in right hand, pounding floor or palm of left hand. Planing,—two hands holding plane, as it is pushed along an imaginary board.

6. *Janitor.* (March music.) Roll up rugs, hang them on the line. Sweep the floor; wash windows; beat the rugs hanging on the line. Take rugs down, carry them in, and place on floor.

7. *Ditch Digger.* (March music.) Children may sit in squatting position in two lines, facing in; others, as diggers, march between lines, and throw shovelfuls of earth to side; children in lines rise as diggers pass by to form banks. Before shoveling, break up earth with pick axe.

Lesson VI.

1. *Playing House.*

Washing clothes,	Polka music.
Ironing clothes,	Waltz music.
Sweeping floor,	March music.
Sewing clothes,	Waltz music.
Stirring bread in a bowl,	March music.
Rocking dolls to sleep,	Waltz music.

(Bodies sway as the arms swing.)

2. *Folk Dances.*

Hand clapping. (March, polka, and waltz music.)

Stamping with foot; as line marches accenting left (right).

Standing in circle, polka music, stamping three times—(left) (right) halt.

Jig,—(Music "Irish Washerwoman.") Leaping from one foot to other, lifting foot high.

Minuet,—Three walking steps forward, then face partner and bow; girls hold out skirts, boys bow with feet together.

Lesson VII.

Rhythmic Plays. (Second series).

1. *Swing.* (Waltz music.) Children in circle, hands joined.

Run forward lightly, three steps, (1 measure.)

Run backward lightly, three steps, (1 measure.)

2. *Jumping Rope.* (Two-step music.)

a. In place, without advancing. Swing arms as if holding rope.

b. Advancing, leaping along, one foot leading, as if going over the rope at each step.

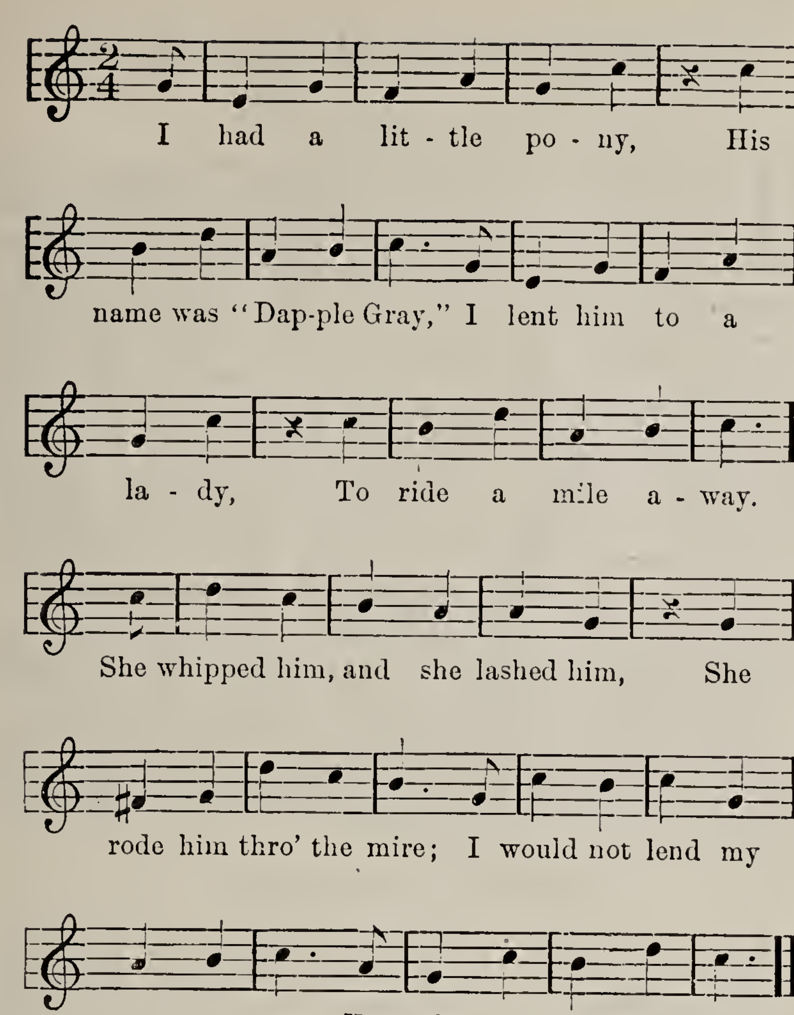
3. *Rolling Hoop.* (Waltz music.) Carrying hoop stick, and going thru the motion of rolling a hoop. One or two real hoops may be used in turn by the children, while others watch standing in a circle.

4. *Walking on Stilts.* (Quick march music.) Walking on heels, with hands against thighs, as if grasping stilts.

5. *Bicycle Riding.* (Schottische music.) Holding handle bars, run lightly, lifting knees at each step.

6. *Jumping Jacks.* (Slow march music.) Children in circle with wide spaces between each. With the music they jump in the air, spreading arms and legs, and bringing them down again as they land on the floor.

7. *Rocking Horse.* Children in circle.



I had a little pony,
His name was "Dapple Grey;"
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him and she slashed him,
She rode him thru the mire;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all that lady's hire.

Hold reins. One foot in front of the other; rock forward on that foot, then back on the other.

Lesson VIII.

Social and Nature Plays.

I. Greeting. (Waltz or march music played softly.) About ten children are arranged in line, standing side by side, a step or two apart. The rest march in single file, and as they pass the first ten, they shake hands with each in turn, saying, "How do you do, Mary," giving child's name. Another line of children may then receive.

2. *Bowing.* (Music, three-quarter time, "One, two, three, bow.") Children march in circle, two by two; on the three beats of the measure, three slow minuet steps (i. e. walking steps, with ifting of the feet in front, and care in placing them forward), are taken, advancing; then on the word "Bow," which occupies one full measure, each child turns toward his partner, and bows gracefully girls holding their dresses out with thumb and forefinger; boys, with heels together and hands at sides.

3. *Windstorm.* Formation of class,—children in lines one back of another, with lines two or three steps apart. To arrive at this formation, children may march in fours, sixes, or eights, according to the floor space; hands joined, and arms reaching to sides as far as possible; when class is in place, drop hands.

Teacher leads, chi dren imitate.

a. *Fluttering Leaves.* (Light, quick music.) Children raise arms up and down, moving fingers quickly to represent leaves.

b. *Wind.* (Waltz music.) One child, for the wind, may stand in front of class; with the music, he runs a few step to the left, then turns about and runs a few steps to the right, and as a child runs the trees sway from side to side in the wind. Children raise arms to right and left sides alternately for branches of trees, and step to the side as they sway, crossing one foot over the other.

c. *Whirling Leaves.* (Waltz music quickens.) Children begin to turn and whirl lightly about, with a running step.

d. *Rain Drops.* (Light music, quick, suggestive of falling rain.) Children stoop down and tap on floor with fingers.

e. (b. repeated). Trees swaying in the wind.

f. (a. repeated). Fluttering leaves as the storm dies down.

After the storm, all march home.

Lesson IX.

March. (Light march music.) Class marches around room in single file as teacher chooses.

1. March of the soldiers, straight and strong.

2. March of the tall men lean and long. (Hands stretched high over heads, and steps taken on tip-toe.)

3. March of the short men. (Slower music.) With knees bent in squatting position, hands at sides.

4. Blind man's march. Each child places hand on shoulders of one in front.

5. Lame chicken march. All hop on one foot in time with the music, which must be quickened to suit the children's movements.

6. The winding path. (Quick waltz music, or march.) Children stand in circle, every other one a girl, and every other one a boy. At first the boys sit on the floor, facing the center of the circle, while the girls march around all going in the same direction, winding in and out, in front of one boy and behind the next. Girls walk once around, then run lightly once. Boys repeat; while girls sit in circle.

Lesson X.

Folk Dances.

1. *Virginia Reel.* Adapted. (Music, suited to activities of children, or the customary reel music.) Children in two lines, facing in. Two at one end step toward each other and bow, then join hands, skip between the two lines to the other end, where they drop hands, bow again to each other, and each takes a new place at the end of his own line. When the first two have bowed, the next two at the head of the line repeat the bowing and skipping. Different activities familiar to the children may be introduced as well as the skipping, such as: flying, high stepping horses, skating, walking on heels, running, hopping on one foot, etc. When

all have passed between the lines, the march begins. The two leaders turn from each other, lead their lines toward the foot of the hall, and when they meet, join hands and raise them high to form a bridge. The couples following pass under the arch, then form one on the other side with their own hands, for the rest of the line to pass under. When this has been accomplished, the "reel" is done.

2. *Heel and Toe Polka.* (Polka music.) Executed in single file, or in twos, with inside hands joined, outside hand placed on the hip. It is better, however, with small children not to insist on form; their hands may swing, that as many of their muscles as possible may be exercised.

Method of development. Children in circle, clap in time with the music, "one, two, three," etc. Then stamp lightly with right foot to same counting; then with left foot; next, stamp alternating the feet; gradually lead to doing this on the toes with a light springing motion; then advance in line around the circle, running the three steps, then stopping. (You will find it very hard at first for the children to take but the three steps; having them count aloud will help. Teach them to be still on "three.") To develop the "heel and toe" part, have children in circle put right foot inside the circle (without music), then the same toe back—outside the circle. Change to the left, then alternate, waiting for the children to change feet. Later, take "heel, toe, and one, two, three," just with right foot, and stop; same with left; finally work into taking the step continuously around the room.

3. *Sailor's Hornpipe.* (Adapted.) (Music for Sailor's Hornpipe.)

a. Children in circle, in marching order. Arms folded in front, with elbows raised high; as jolly sailors; the children skip around the circle with the "one, two, three, skip," step, and tip their heads from side to side jauntily, as they skip once around and stop, facing in.

b. *Hoisting the Sails.* Raise hands diagonally high over head, as if grasping a rope, and, with the music, pull down; raise the arms again and pull down diagonally across in front of the body; repeat pulling from left side.

c. *Sighting Land.* Children face outward in circle, and with long leaping steps, they quietly approach sides and corners of room. Here, they raise hands to eyes and peer out into the distance, as if trying to spy land; then turn and peer toward center of room, after which they return to circle as they left it.

d. *Hauling the Halyards.* Children in circle in march order, one following behind another. Take very short, quick steps on the heels, at the same time looking up and pulling hand over hand on an imaginary rope.

e. *Finale.* Landing ashore. Children skip around circle, waving caps jubilantly in air.

Weaving in the School-Room.

By Florence V. Farmer, New Jersey.

TEACHERS who must supply profitable occupation work for several classes in a room find an abundance of material in weaving. There is such an indefinite variety for the ingenious teacher to use that the child always has something new to combine with the old and well-known. The work is easy and useful and is of equal interest to boys and girls. The required equipment is small and the materials are inexpensive but beautiful. It affords an excellent opportunity for making the products of the child's activity useful and for him to express his love for others with presents prepared by his own hands.

Paper is the usual material for weaving in the kindergarten, but for older children, weaving with splints, cloth, or raffia is to be preferred.

Simple weaving, that is, one over, one under, is used for weaving carpets, matting, and blankets. More elaborate patterns may be worked out with paper, splints, or oilcloth.

Weaving Without Looms.

Table oilcloth is a good material for weaving without a loom. It is easily handled, durable, and inexpensive. The same mat may be used over and over again to teach new patterns. This is advantageous, especially for the first lessons.

To make these mats, cut thin table oilcloth into oblongs eight by ten inches. On the under side, draw a border one inch wide. At the top and bottom of border line mark off strips three quarters of an inch wide. Cut on these lines with a sharp pointed knife or scissors. The mat is then ready for weaving in the woof. For this, cut strips of contrasting color three-quarters of an inch wide and eight inches long. Ten strips will be required for each mat.

If desired, colored slats may be used in place of the strips.

In the weaving, care must be taken that after putting the first strip *over* the first strip of the mat, *under* the second, *over* the third, and so on, the second strip must be put *under* the first strip of the mat, *over* the second and so on. If this is not done, the loose strips of the woof will slip over one another with the slightest handling and the mat will drop to pieces.

When finished, the strips are removed, laid in a pile crosswise on the mat, and all are kept in a flat box, or a portfolio, ready for use again.

Holland Mats.

Holland and glazed muslin may be used in the same manner as the oilcloth. These mats are not as durable, but are very attractive when made up into book covers, napkin rings, covers for blotters, and catchalls.

Felt and Cloth Weaving.

Heavy cloth and felt may also be utilized for weaving.

Cut the mats as described above, or cut the material into separate strips. Tack six or eight strips side by side on an old slate-frame to hold them in place, and weave in strips of contrasting color. When completed the tacks must be re-

moved and the outer ends of the strips sewed to keep them from falling out.

Carpet binding may be used in the same way.

Slat Weaving.

Ten-inch white and colored slats give great variety in color and design. Many color schemes may be worked out, thus giving the child some knowledge of space relation and the making of plaids.

Take six slats. Hold them in the left hand in the form of an open fan. Weave in other slats, keeping firm hold of those in the left hand so that they may not be displaced. When woven, the whole is firm but can be moved into various shapes,—fan shape, diamond, and square.

Crepe Paper Mats.

Cut the crepe paper into strips of any desired length and width, being careful that the crinkles of the paper run lengthwise of the strips. This keeps them from stretching while being woven.

Lay in place and pin or tack one end of each strip to a board. Weave in strips until a square mat is formed. Paste the ends of the strips and remove the pins. Narrow ruffles of crepe paper may be pasted around the sides of the mats, or they may be folded like a cornucopia, a loop of paper being pasted on the upper corner for a handle.

Two woven mats with a sheet of cotton and a little scent between, make an attractive sachet.

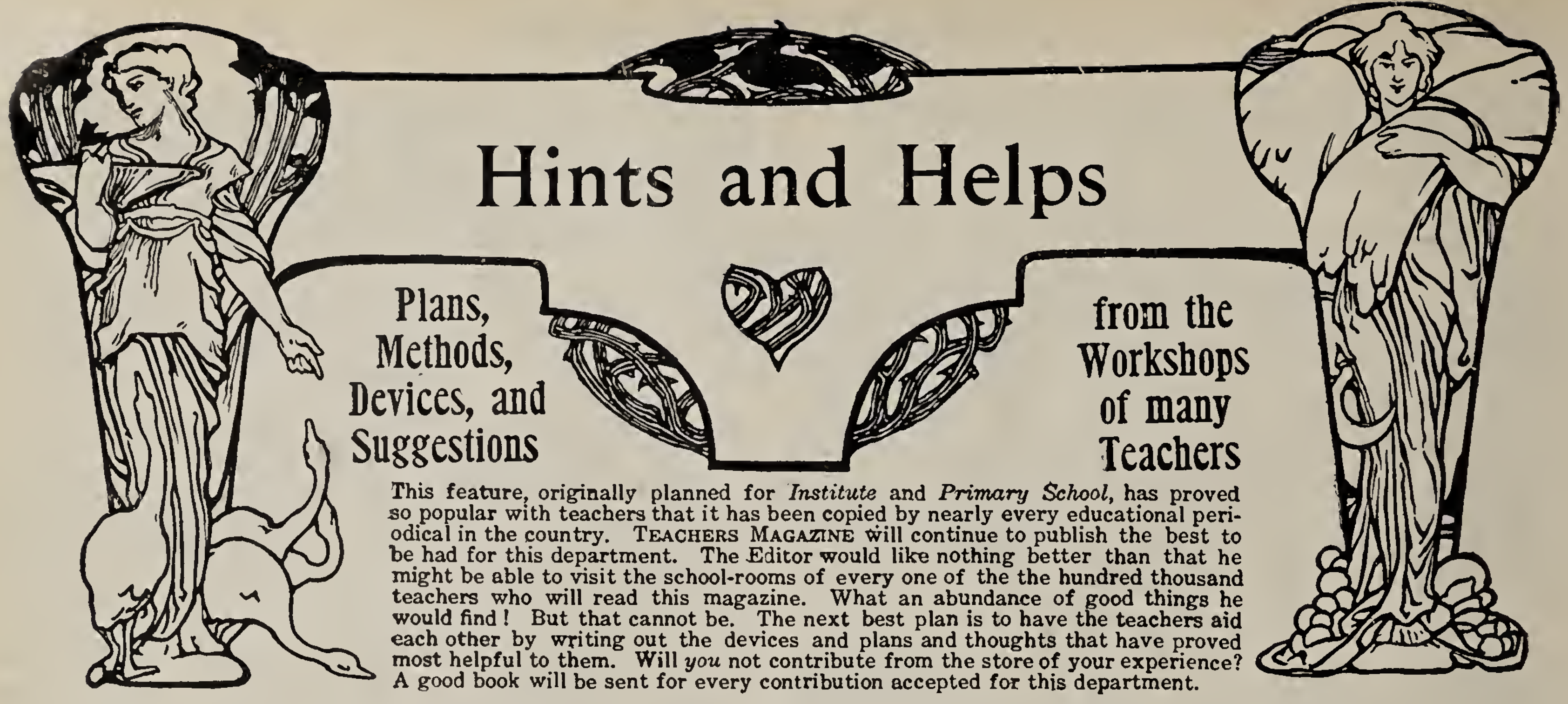
Woven Baskets.

To make these a great deal of preparation on the part of the teacher is necessary.

From neutral colored stiff paper or bristol board cut an oblong box, without laps or cover. Fold up the sides. With a sharp knife cut slits in each side one-quarter or an inch apart and reaching nearly to the top and bottom. Weave in strips of colored paper one-quarter of an inch wide and long enough to reach entirely around the basket. When one strip is woven in, the ends must be pasted together to hold the sides of the basket in place. Make a handle of colored paper.

Next month Miss Farmer will suggest plans for "Weaving with Looms."—EDITOR.

Calendar Design, by G. H. Sharey.



This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will *you* not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.

A Useful Record.

So many things are crowded into the first school days of September, that there are sometimes loose ends left untied and it may be weeks before the busy teacher finds time to attend to them.

Roll-books are rarely distributed before the second or third week of school, and even then the careful teacher hesitates to enter the names of her class therein, feeling sure there will be stragglers coming in until October, and even later. I spent the last Saturday one September, in making my roll-book ready for the year. Imagine my dismay on the following Monday to find four new pupils. B's, E's, and H's. They had to follow W and Y; many a time their written work had to be searched for, and those names at the end of my list were a constant reminder of the old adage "make haste slowly."

I am going to profit by that experience this year. I brought with me on my outing a large blank book which is going to be devoted to devices for saving time and tying loose ends.

The first pages are prepared as a roll-book for September—and October. I have allowed space for sixty names, and can extend the time indefinitely, if necessary.

Following this is the record of names, names of parents, fathers' occupation, residence. This will save time required to look over the individual slips when it is necessary to send notices of absence or tardiness, or to call on pupils or parents.

Window Gardening.

Our school-room has four large windows, three of which we filled with flowers. All last winter we had hardy blooming plants which gave the room a pleasant, bright appearance. The best blooming plants are the geranium, sultana, and primrose.

The children enjoyed the flowers so much that we planned a spring garden in one window and decided to plant nasturtiums. We got a box, filled it with rich dirt, and each child helped to plant the seed. Each child will also take his turn in tending to the garden.

I think this plan has helped to encourage a love for nature and the beautiful.

Indiana. NELLIE E. PLEASANTS.

Splendid Composition Plans.

I just want to say how much I enjoy reading TEACHERS MAGAZINE. I think every teacher, especially in the rural districts, ought to have the paper. Where schools are not graded, the teacher has so many classes to prepare for, that she needs all the help she can get. I find that TEACHERS MAGAZINE supplies that need to a great extent. I do not want to be without it as long as I am teaching.

When I opened school last fall, I requested each pupil in the two higher grades to get a five-cent blank book. I told them that I wanted every one to make a book. On the first page each wrote his name, the name of the school, and the date. Space was left for the index, which they inserted before the close of the term.

They took notes on grammar, arithmetic, history, and other subjects. They also had songs, Scripture verses, and compositions.

About two weeks before Washington's birthday, I suggested that they should write a chapter for their books, on the very appropriate subject, George Washington. (Children do not like to hear the word "composition.")

I then showed them the pictures of Washington and of his home, Mt. Vernon, given in the January and February numbers of TEACHERS MAGAZINE, promising to give one of each to every child that would try to write an interesting chapter. It is needless to say that not a pupil failed to get the two pictures.

I collected the compositions a few days beforehand and corrected them. On the twenty-second, I returned the papers to be copied in the blank books, and all of the fourteen pupils were delighted to have the pictures to paste at the top of their work. For the nineteen younger pupils, I pasted the two pictures on plain white cardboard about 3x4 inches, making very acceptable souvenirs.

I used Longfellow's pictures in the same way. I think other teachers would find the plan very helpful.

In preparing for compositions I think it is well for the subject to be discussed in the class; and while the children are becoming familiar with the subject they are also learning to express their

thoughts. An outline of the topics to be considered proves very helpful in my school.

I should like to hear from some one on how to teach reading in the primary grades.

Virginia. MATTIE W. HARRIS.

To Make Writing Interesting.

It is usually with a sinking heart that pupils hear the words, "Prepare for writing"; but even this dreaded lesson may be made far from disagreeable, if care is only taken. The following is my plan of securing better writing. It has proved very successful with my pupils.

For our Monday lesson I place on the board a sentence something like this: "Always do your very best." This they are requested to write five times; the pupils writing it that number of times, making no mistakes, are permitted to hang their paper in a corner of the room reserved for that purpose.

Our rules for good papers are: No misspelled words; no erasures. Lines ending at an equal distance.

For Tuesday and Thursday I pass around slips of copies that I have cut from old writing books, having a different copy for each day. All good papers are pinned up the same as for Monday.

Wednesday they copy their best composition of the week into a note book kept for that purpose. This is to be done with no erasures.

On Friday, those who have had good papers all the week are permitted to choose a copy from the slips I cut from the writing books, and are required to write it once only, with their name and date; this is proudly carried home to present to mother.

All papers are taken down from the corner on Friday, thus leaving space for the next week's papers.

Vermont. FLORENCE PERRY.

Quotation Match.

As a stimulant to the memory, and at the same time interesting and instructive, I find no exercise better than a quotation match.

This exercise is conducted in the seventh and eighth grade reading classes. The boys and girls, if equal in number, are arrayed against each other, and the teacher gives out the name of some author or selection, and the pupil is required to respond with a quotation from that author or that selection.

The author or selection is given out first to one side and then the other, in the same manner in which words are given out in the old-fashioned spelling match. The pupil failing to respond is seated the first or second round according to agreement.

The strife is usually an exciting one and it is a source of much delight to a teacher to note the mental effort put forth by the pupils, for he knows the value of it, and the benefits derived therefrom.

I would advise that the first match or two be announced beforehand, after which the pupils will become so interested that they will always be prepared, and the teacher can have a quotation match when he chooses.

If the boys and girls are not equal in number, then select captains and have them choose sides, and proceed as above stated.

Missouri. O. M. SHACKELFORD.

Quaker Meeting.

At recess time I often space my board for spelling words thus:

______	______
______	______
______	______
______	______

and when the little people come to the class I tell each one to get a piece of crayon, and we will play "Quaker Meeting." The spaces are the seats in church and I say "Edna may take *blossom* to church," or "Helen may take *hatchet.*" They do this by writing their word very carefully in any space they choose. When the church is filled, some one goes around and speaks to each Quaker (points to all words and pronounces them).

Last of all, some little farmer lad comes along with his sleigh (eraser) and takes them all home.

Play! Yes, of course, but real play at that, and the kind of learning that sticks.

Pennsylvania. E. MAIE SEYFERT.

A Pond Full of Words.

An exercise I have found helpful for finding out how many of the words the children remember is what we call fishing.

I draw a pond on the board and fill the pond with words. I call each word a *fish.*

I have the children look in the pond to see how many fish they see in the water. I ask them if they would like to catch big or little fish. The answer will invariably be "big."

The children take turns in going to the board. They take the eraser to get the fish out of the water. Those who do not miss any fish receive "perfect cards."

We catch fish Friday afternoons. We use the new words we have had thru the week.

New York. HELEN G. LAINHART.

Some Rural School Hints.

One of the most successful devices I have used to interest boys in the writing of business letters is to give each child an illustrated magazine, allowing him to answer any of the advertisements he wishes. This is much more interesting to the average pupil than the prescribed course on letter-writing given in most texts on language.

The rural teacher who finds it so difficult always to secure fresh material for busy work will find that she can put to almost innumerable uses, the glazed paper samples of paints and varnishes which one can secure at paint or drug stores for the asking. These come in all the br ght colors that appeal to the children. They may be used for counting; for simple designs drawn on the board and the children copy on the desk with

these; or simple designs in weaving may be made from them. Just give the children a handful of them and they will be quiet for some time.

Iowa. BELLE HUSTED.

A Bright Arithmetic Drill.

When I wish to drill on the "four rules" in arithmetic I arrange the pupils with slates and pencils, around my desk. I then dictate a question, putting it down in my note book at the same time. The first pupil to finish it turns his slate over and puts it on my desk. The second puts his on top of the first. When all have finished I turn the pile over and mark.

Suppose there are seven pupils in the drill; the first right answer gets seven marks, the next six, and so on. The children become quite enthusiastic about it and often ask for the drill.

Canada. MARGARET LAPP.

Word Suggestion.

The spelling device given by Alice Baker in the April number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE somewhat resembles a plan I use. I give a word, such as "spring," and let the children write all the words suggested by it.

After these have been given and corrected they use the words in sentences. Here are a few of the sentences given me:

March, April, and May are spring months.

March has thirty-one days.

There are showers in April.

The children are always glad when we have time for this exercise.

Mississippi. JENNIE O. NELSON.

A Resemblance Game.

The following resemblances may be torn from a piece of paper and form an amusing play for the little folks. They may then be used for language work by having the children tell "make up stories" with them.

Man walking.

Bell—Indian tent.

Flower—Steeple.

Scissors—Arrow—Oars.

Chicken foot—Tree—Roots of tree.—Hand.

Wisconsin. ALMA CASEY.

Ways of Winning Pupils.

I wish to mention some ways of winning pupils in their work.

Let them do water-color work with all their drawing, but teach very carefully the correct colors to be used.

Let them rewrite "Evangeline," "Snowbound," "Hiawatha," "Thanatopsis," and many more popular poems in prose, neatly, for daily language and grammar work; then place the stories between cardboard covers with their own paintings in appropriate designs suitable for the reproduction. Tie these with inch-wide ribbon and let them be preserved as souvenirs of lower grade work.

A truly interested teacher can devise many inexpensive little things to help her in her work.

Iowa. ALETHA L. THOMAS.

To Vary the Reading Lesson.

Sometimes I tell the children that we will play a game during the recitation period. After the class is called I select some one of their number to take the chair at my desk and be "Teacher," while I become a visitor. In order to make a success as "teacher," each pupil will eagerly prepare for the recitation.

Or, after reading and discussing a story, I request each pupil to be ready to read any part of the subject to the others during their reading period. The pupil, when reciting, should stand upon the platform facing the remainder of the class, who sit with books closed.

Wisconsin. PEARL WILSON.

To be Tried Next Spring.

Much has been said with regard to the advantages of the rural school for the study of nature and the elements of agriculture, yet there are many teachers in small schools, on small sandy plots of ground, who, having had no training along these lines, do not know what application of the principles can be made by themselves. To this class, I offer a few suggestions, so simple that any teacher can follow them.

THE SCHOOL GARDEN.

Allow each boy and girl on a Friday afternoon to bring a hoe, and use the time after 2:30 P. M. in first dividing a given measured rectangle of the school ground, preferably as remote from the center as possible, into as many smaller rectangles as there are pupils. If the number of pupils is small, the divisions would best be from front to back of the large rectangle.

The measurements could be made with stakes and string.

If the number of pupils were sufficient,the large rectangle could be bisected lengthwise, doubling the number of small cross-sections.

The pupils might then be invited to go on Saturday afternoon with baskets and pails for woods dirt, or, if the teacher could not accompany them, they might be instructed where it could be obtained and requested to bring some to school on Monday, when, at recess, it could be spread above the loosened sand.

Each child might then be requested to bring seeds for planting, and if a child were too poor to afford this, he might bring ferns from the woods, which would add to the effect of the whole when growing and in bloom.

The seeds would best be those that bloom in the fall, for the earlier plants would bloom during vacation, and the pupils would lose much pleasure. Each child should care for his own plot, and to do this he could bring an old steel fork to school to loosen dirt and weeds, and a teapot or dipper, if a watering-pot could not be procured. for watering his section.

Such a little garden plot will afford the pupils much happy occupation which in a small school yard would otherwise be more or less purposeless, and void of interest.

Vermont. ALICE A. FLAGG.

Writing in Primary Grades.

To obtain good results the child must be interested. This is especially true of the use of copy books. The pupil is apt to hurry, and in his hurry, he misspells words and is not careful about his lettering and punctuation.

To correct these faults we pretend that every line is a company of soldiers. A line that presents every word spelled correctly and every letter standing straight and strong with proper punctuation, we call a well-drilled company of soldiers. A line that has slouchy and straggly appearance, we call a poorly drilled company.

This method instills a great deal of enthusiasm in the child, for each is eager to have his copy book look like a regiment of well-drilled soldiers.

Indiana. NELLIE E. PLEASANTS.

Freehand Cutting by Pupils of the Primary Room of Miss Zena R. Mitchell, Iowa.

Harriet's Society.

Harriet never walks, but runs, with her head thrown back so that frequently she does not seem to know just where she is going. I was coming home the other day and discovered her making for me down the street. When you are feeling well and strong, and are ready for it you can stand on your feet while she throws herself at you. But this day I was tired, so I leaned against a tree until the home run was made. Without breath or hat, she exclaimed: "We are going to have a society and get money for the poor." By this time other children had gathered and all began to talk; some very much excited, some seeming not to care, just standing around watching the others.

Something was surely under way, tho just why it should be aimed at me I could not see, yet I could see that I was expected to say something. "What kind of a society, and what poor?" I ventured. "Why, a society where they come together and bring money and buy things for the poor." "Oh, I see. Where are you going to meet?" for I had a premonition that they might want to meet right away, that minute, in Harriet's room, and if that were the case, I contemplated going over to the dentist's, just for fun. "Why we are going to meet at different children's houses," came very slowly from Mary, and she pronounced "different" and "children" and "houses" just as a school teacher does. This quieted me somewhat and I felt right then and there that Mary would be a most valuable member of any society. Following this explanation they seemed to land on the other side of the street like a flock of birds, and I was left alone leaning against the tree.

At dinner that night Harriet was flushed but silent. Without waiting for dessert she asked if she might go, because she had to "fetch Lewis to the meeting as he is too small to come alone." From seven o'clock on, they came, I should say twelve or fifteen of them, of all sizes, and they were in secret conference until about eight. They seemed much subdued and oppressed as they went home and all were very quiet. Several meetings followed in quick succession and as Harriet was secretary and treasurer of the society, we found in all parts of her room high piles of pennies. These she finally collected to put in a box, at our suggestion.

One evening she came into my room and said with more or less anxiety: "Aunt Edith, don't you think that every child should have a chance to say something in our society?" "I certainly do," I said and then waited for more, but no more came, and she went back into her room. After she went to bed that night, we found the following, but not in her very best leadpencilship: "Children must not talk when we are reading the Bible. If you want to speak, ask Laura." Within the next few days the whole society blossomed out with gorgeous ribbon badges and following this was a considerable falling off in attendance at the meetings, the reason being that "some children quarreled."

My interest in Harriet's Society was very real from the beginning, because I had always wanted to be a member of some society, and this seemed to me like a splendid opening. So I began to ask questions. They were going to buy coal for a poor family, but so far they had no family and no coal. Now even no coal for no family did not seem quite right to me, so I said, "Why coal?" "Why, you see, Frances is vice-president, and her father sells coal." This argument seemed to be conclusive enough, or at least as it surely is for grown-ups it ought to be for children.

Finally this came out: Harriet asked if she could put her $3.00 which she had deposited in the bank into the treasury of the society, to help the poor. We agreed that she might if she wanted to do so, it was her money and she could do what she liked with it. But when she replied: "Well, you see I would only put it in for a little while to get the others to put in, and then I would take my $3.00 out," we became afraid that this was really becoming a thoroly organized society to help the poor, and that it must be stopped. So here I am, still doubting whether I can ever become a member of any society.

Washington, D. C. ALYS E. BENTLEY.

Extent of Teacher's Authority.

[A Rejoinder by Amos M. Kellogg.]

A letter from Mr. E. F. Colwell, in the April TEACHERS MAGAZINE, discusses the extent of the authority of the teacher. It is plain that this has not the breadth it once had. Cases have been known in which a citizen complained to the teacher of improper remarks from pupils on their way to school, and punishment was meted out. But the teachers have felt that they had enough to do in maintaining order in the school-room and on the school grounds, and that the parents and the community must be responsible for disorder beyond these limits.

A letter from the New York State Education Department, dated April 2, 1906, says:

"The general trend of court decisions and of supervisory school officers vested with judicial powers, is to the effect that the authority of teachers over pupils does not begin until the pupils have arrived at the school grounds in the morning, and ends when the pupils have left the school grounds at the close of the school and started for their respective homes. This is the view taken by the Commissioner of Education and by the State Superintendents of this State, from Superintendent Gilmore down to and including Superintendent Skinner.

"When Commissioner Draper was State Superintendent of Public Instruction, he even held that the authority of a teacher was not absolute during the noon intermission, and that a pupil possessed a legal right to leave the school grounds during the noon intermission with the consent of his parents. The present view is not to hold teachers responsible for the conduct of their pupils to and from school. Offenses committed by pupils when not under the jurisdiction of school authorities are to be regulated by parental and police authorities."

(Signed) THOS. E. FINEGAN.
Chief of Law Division, New York Education Department.

Labor Day Quotations

Compiled by W. L. Benedict

It is impossible for a man attempting many things to do them all well.

—*Zenophon.*

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life is done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets.

—*Owen Meredith.*

When the ancients said that a work begun was half done, they meant that we ought to take the utmost pains in every undertaking to make a good beginning.

—*Polybius.*

Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Worry is rust upon the blade.

—*Beecher.*

Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.

—*Bovee.*

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by time, is the only one whose prizes are worth taking up and carrying home.

—*Theodore Parker.*

Rest is sweet after strife.—*Owen Meredith.*

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

—*John Dwight.*

Joy to the Toiler!—him that tills
The fields with plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound;
Him that all day doth sweating bend
In the fierce furnace heat;
And her whose cunning fingers tend
On loom and spindle fleet!

—*Benjamin Hathaway.*

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

—*Lowell.*

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing.

—*Mrs. Francis S. Osgood.*

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that ordinance be broken down. Toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

—*Rev. Orville Dewey.*

If it were not for labor, men neither could eat so much, nor relish so pleasantly, nor sleep so soundly, nor be so healthful, nor so useful, so strong nor so patient, so noble nor so untempted.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Be aware, therefore, that every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.

—*Marcus Antonius.*

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it.

—*Carlyle.*

What is there that is i lustrious, that is not also attended by labor? —*Cicero.*

The gods give nothing really good and beautiful without labor and diligence. —*Xenophon.*

A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

Work is no disgrace, but idleness is a disgrace.

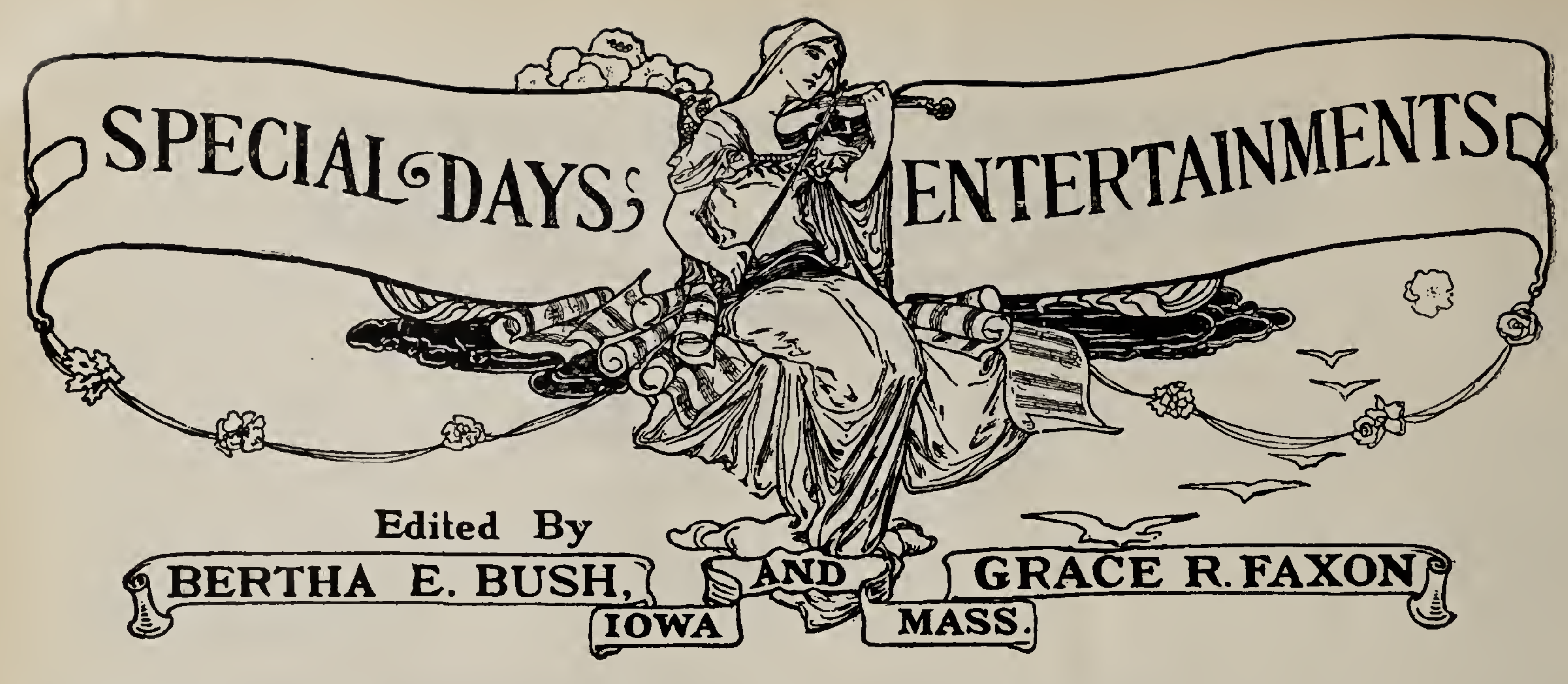
—*Hipparchus.*

He who would eat the kernel must crack the shell. —*Plautus.*

Life is accustomed to give nothing to man without a world of toil. —*Horace.*

It is not with saying "Honey, honey," that sweetness will come into the mouth.

—*Shakespeare.*



September Entertainments.

Fore-word.

It is not so much speaking a piece of considerable length that is beneficial to the small child, as the discipline of standing up before an audience and speaking easily and naturally, and so distinctly as to be well heard. Very short pieces may do a great deal of good to the little children who recite them. If the following are given to first grade pupils, it may be quite as well to give each child only one stanza to speak. In such a case the required number of pupils go upon the floor together, and one stanza follows another, with no break between.

A Rainbow Exercise.

September is just the time to talk about the rainbow and teach the colors. The glowing garden beds are rioting in color, and opportunity for its study is everywhere. There are seven colors in the spectrum, but the teacher who succeeds in leading small children to distinguish six will do well. In these exercises, no attempt has been made to bring to notice indigo and violet. The last color has simply been called purple.

A Sky Rainbow.

Some little drops of water
  That lay upon the ground,
Once started off for cloud-land
  To see what could be found.

They climbed up on a sunbeam,
  But when they reached the sky
They saw a great black rain-cloud
  Whose thunder rumbled by.

And oh, they feared the thunder,
  And the lightning flashing so,
And back to earth they tumbled
  As fast as they could go.

Then when they saw the green earth
  They laughed with all their might;
And John and Katie shouted,
  "Oh, see the rainbow bright!"

A Sunshine Rainbow.

To be dramatized as spoken. One boy holds a looking-glass or prism in the sunshine in such a way as to make the colors dance upon the wall and floor. Another boy—a very small one—tries to put his hand over the bright spot which continually darts away. At the line "There came a cloud," the curtain is pulled down or the glass removed.

Six pretty colors
  Dancing on the door,
Climbing on the ceiling,
  Falling on the floor.

One little boy
  With his hands held high,
Tried to catch the colors,
  But oh, how they did fly!

Roguish Johnny held the glass
  In the morning sun.
Tommy chased the colors
  As fast as he could run.

But when he put his hands up
  To catch the colors bright,
John would give the glass a tip
  And then they'd all take flight.

"Now get them, Tommy," Johnny said,
  "This time I'll make them stay."
But oh, just then there came a cloud
  And stole them all away.

A Flower Rainbow.

Let the first child and the last child hold long sprays of trailing vines. When the verses are spoken, the row in which they stand changes itself into a semi-circle and each child takes hold of the vines with the hand that holds the flowers, thus looping themselves together with bands of green. Then they sing with the whole school the following song:

First Child:
  Up in the sky where the rain-clouds pass
    Shines a fair rainbow bright.
  Down in my garden a rainbow, too,
    Shines in September's light.

Second Child (with scarlet geraniums):
  This is the red; see it burn and glow
    In my geranium bed;
  Bright vivid scarlet, so warm and rich,—
    Look at my beautiful red!

Third Child (with nasturtiums):
  This is the orange, as clear as flame,
    Hiding in leafy bowers;
  Oh, how I love their sweet, spicy smell,
    Gorgeous nasturtium flowers.

Fourth Child (with a yellow dahlia):
  This is the yellow, this dahlia here,

Delicate, fair, and fine;
Fit for a princess or queen to wear;
See my pale yellow shine!

Fifth Child (with a branch of green leaves):
Circling each flower in the garden bed,
Look at my tender green!
Color of hope, of the spring's first blade;
Dearest of colors seen.

Sixth Child (with a blue pansy):
This is my blue, this sweet pansy here,
Lovely and fragrant, too,
Early to blossom and last to go,
Look at my true, true blue!

Seventh Child (with purple asters):
This is my purple, these asters here,
Kings' robes were colored so;
Bravely they blossom and linger late,
Tho the chill winds may blow.

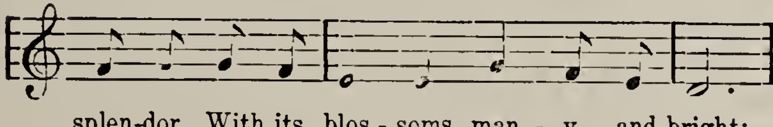
Eighth Child (joining all the colors with the vine sprays):
Purple and azure and scarlet and gold,
All the bright hues together,
Bloom in our gardens in beauty rare
In the September weather.

Song (by the school).

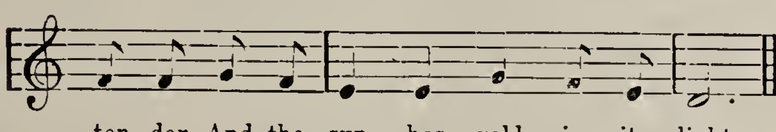
Oh, the Glad September Day.

Song by the School. *"Old Air."*

Oh, the gar-den shines like a rain-bow in its

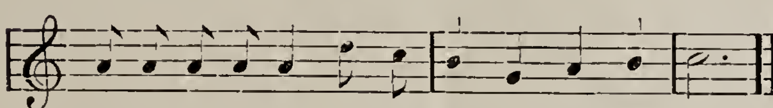


Oh, the earth is warm and the breeze is soft and



Chorus.

Oh, the glad Sep - tem - ber day! Oh, the



(Chorus repeated very softly for echo.)

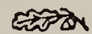
ECHO—To be sung very softly or by hidden singers placed behind a closed door.

Oh, the glad September day!
Oh, the glad September day!
Oh, the glad September day!

Now the school bell rings and we gladly hear its greeting,
For the long vacation is done.
And the children hasten with joy to merry meeting;
Work and play at school are begun.

CHORUS—Oh, the glad September day! etc.

B. E. B.



A Sketch of Frances Willard.

To be given to the school on Miss Willard's birthday, September 28th.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who was always called Frank. I do not think they called her this because it was a boy's name, altho she did love boys' plays. She lived out in the country where she could climb trees and run and shout as much as she liked; and she played with her brother and grew up strong and round-cheeked and brave-hearted. But I think they called her Frank because she was so honest and true and friendly to every one. She had a long name. It was Frances Elizabeth Willard. But her brother and her schoolmates and even her mother and sister called her Frank.

When she grew older, some people called her "The White Ribbon Woman." She was president of the World's "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," and the white ribbon she wore stood for temperance and purity. Now that she is dead, she has been called, "The foremost woman of her time." Her statue has just been placed in the Hall of Fame in Washington. That is a great honor, for it is the first woman's statue that was ever put there. But Miss Willard deserved the honor, and all the girls will be glad that they have so good a representative in the Hall of Fame. As the little children say in their piece:

Her deeds were all kind ones, her words were all true. She was the embodiment of love and sympathy and charity. She was gentle and gracious. She saw something to love in everybody who came near; and she was brave and forceful, too.

We have not time to-day to speak about all her life; but I want to tell you something about her, so that when you read her name you will feel that she was a real woman who was with us only a few years ago, and who loved our land and tried to make it a better place for children to grow up in. The school children ought to love her, for she loved them very much, and was always thinking of them and planning for their good.

When she was a little girl, she loved to run outdoors just as you do, and she learned about the birds and the squirrels and the flowers and all the live creatures of the prairie and woods. She had a good chance to do this, for she lived on a farm on the banks of a river, with wooded hills to the left and right, and the prairie stretching miles away to the east. The family had come there across the country from Ohio in white-covered mover's wagons. They were miles away from school at first, and the father arranged a study room for them in the farmhouse. He made the desks and the benches himself. There the mother taught little Frances and her brother Oliver and her sister Mary; and a little later a teacher came and taught them there with the nearest neighbors' children. When Frances was fourteen years old, a little brown school-house was built a mile away, and the Willard children were so eager to go that

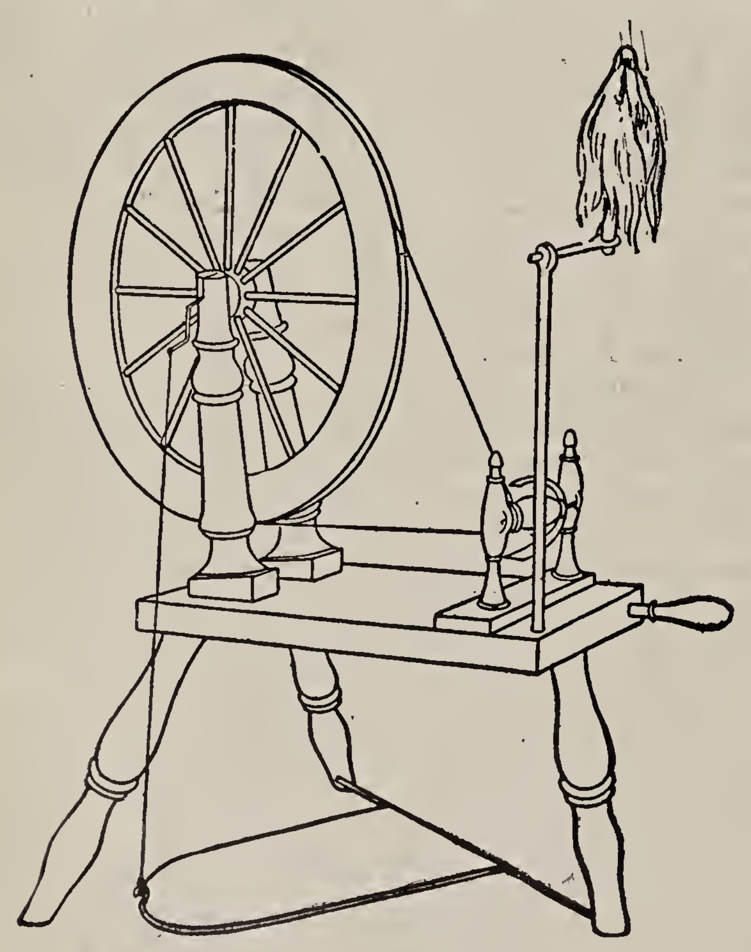
they got up before daylight the first day to get ready. Here they used to make the rafters ring by singing,

> Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
> God speed the right!
> In a noble cause contending,
> God speed the right.

Wasn't that a good song for her to sing? It seems as if the teacher guessed what Frances Willard's life work would be when he taught them that song.

In this school, Frances always stood near the head of her classes, and she studied hard to keep her place. In the page of her journal that tells about the first day of school, she says: "I study arithmetic, geography, grammar, reading, and spelling, which takes up every minute of my time. Stood next to Pat O'Donahue in spelling and Pat stood at the head."

Would you like to know about the plays the children used to play on the farm, which they called "Forest Home"? They liked to play Indians, and they had big paper hats trimmed with peacock feathers, and belts of red flannel in which they stuck their wooden swords and bunches of arrows. Often they played Indian fight. They would build a make-believe fort, or call the house a fort, and the mother and two little girls would try to hold this against the Indians—that is to



say, two boys and a dog—who came against it. Once in this play, when Frances was commanding general, she got ahead of the "Indians" in this way: she issued an order to have ready a piece of meat to coax the dog away from the boys into the house with them, so that he would be on their side and the Indian force would be weakened.

They had a play city, too, with a mayor, secretary, treasurer, tax collector, and postmaster. They had streets to their city, a city hall, a post office, and stores, and they published a paper which they wrote themselves. You may be sure that they had no saloons in this city, and they did not need a jail, for every one obeyed the laws.

Frances liked to write. She had a seat in a tall black oak tree, and in a branch above it she fastened a box in which she kept her paper and pencil. She nailed a big sign on the tree on which she had printed "THE EAGLE'S NEST—BEWARE." No one could climb up to it unless she let them. In this tree the little girl Frances wrote a novel—at least she called it a novel—four hundred pages long.

Again, Frances and her little sister Mary made a ship out of a hen coop and a big plank and played sail the sea for hours. The hen coop was pointed on top. They put the plank across it to make a see-saw. Frances stood on one end and Mary on the other with an old rake handle apiece to steer it with. Up and down they went, slow when they played the sea was smooth, and fast when it was rough; and they made rules about how to navigate when the weather was good and when it was bad. You can imagine what fun it was.

There is much of interest that we might tell, but we must hurry on. When Frances Willard was a young girl, she was troubled because she wanted to be very beautiful and she was not. Her mother comforted her by saying, "Grandfather Hill was the noblest looking man I ever saw, and you are very like him, my dear." Then the little girl resolved to be noble looking and very wisely perceived that to do this she must act and feel nobly. After this she tried with all her might to do this and she certainly succeeded, for every one who looked upon her face felt an impulse to be better and kinder.

When she grew older, she went away from home to boarding-school and college and graduated as valedictorian of her class. This was a great honor and showed that she had been one of the best of students, with the highest marks. Then, for a number of years, she taught, first in a little country school, then in city schools, then in women's colleges and seminaries, and finally as Dean of the Woman's College and Professor of Esthetics in Northwestern University. She was a fine teacher and better positions were offered her each year.

About this time the Temperance Crusade was begun and Miss Willard was interested in it, as she was in every good work. But she thought she could do nothing to help it along because she was so busy teaching. Then a new thought came to her. She says, "It occurred to me, strange to say, for the first time, that I ought to work for the good cause just where I was—that everybody ought." So she began to work for temperance.

Her heart warmed to the work. "To serve such a cause would be perfectly enthralling," she exclaimed, "if only I had more time—if I were more free."

Before long she was free to choose one work or the other. In one day she received two letters. One was from a man in New York City offering her the position of lady principal of his elegant school with a salary of $2,400 a year and such duties as she might choose. The other was from a Chicago woman begging her to take the presidency of the Chicago W. C. T. U. Both positions

would take up all her time. In the one she would get $2,400 a year; in the other she would get no salary. She chose the position that paid nothing and became a worker in the temperance movement. She chose it because she thought it was right to do so. She knew it would be hard when she chose it, and it was hard. For a while she lived on faith. Sometimes she was actually hungry and had no money to buy food. Often she walked because she did not have a nickel to pay her street-car fare. Often as she went about the great city searching for the friendless and forgotten, she said to herself, "I am a better friend than you dream, I know more about you than you think, for, bless God, I am hungry, too."

When the women of the Union found out how it was, they provided a salary for the office. Miss Willard never had so much money as she would have had if she had chosen the other work, but she was never sorry for her choice.

She worked for the temperance cause for twenty-four years after this, and each year she did a larger work. She traveled from one end of our country to the other again and again in the interests of the temperance movement. She made hundreds of speeches and helped hundreds of people. She crossed over to England and did the same kind of work there. She died on Feb. 17, 1898. In many places they celebrate this day in February as Frances Willard's heavenly birthday. Is it not well for the school children of our land—and the grown people, too—to honor her memory? The most fitting honor we can do her and the one that would please her best, is to make our lives stand as hers did for temperance and purity.

B. E. B.

Entertainment Helps for the Rural Teachers

By Grace B. Faxon

A Word of Introduction.

Your editor, Mr. Lang, has invited me to write a few columns every month intended to prove helpful to teachers in rural districts as relate to entertainments both inside and outside the schoolroom.

The rural teacher is an important factor in the social and religious life of her community. I do not speak theoretically, for I have taught in district schools in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. As I write this last line I am reminded of a young woman I once met, who told me she had conceived the idea of teaching in every State in the Union. At that time she was teaching in the *eleventh!* I have often wondered whether she is still pursuing the notion. If any of you ever meet her, let me know. It was such a unique idea it greatly interested me.

To return to the subject in hand, the part the rural teacher has to play if she would be sought after, looked up to, and loved by the townspeople. Certain it is that if she possess any little accomplishment and is willing to use her talent in entertaining at socials, lodges, lyceums, and the like, her popularity will be greatly augmented. Any tiny accomplishment means so much to country people, and the girl who can sing a little, or play the piano, organ, or violin is to be congratulated, for she has it in her power to win her way into the hearts of her pupils and their families.

If you have a talent for music or elocution do not be chary of using it. Accede gracefully to the demands made upon it. In one little Maine town in which I taught a term of nine weeks, I "appeared in public" at least as many times. The Masonic lodge, the temperance society, church socials, Daughters of Rebekah, etc., all wanted me in their programs for one or more recitations. I always have felt glad I assisted freely and willingly, for I often have heard that the townspeople, even after these many years, speak most pleasantly of my very short stay among them. Next best thing to being able to take part in a literary or musical program is the ability to "get up" entertainments. Oftentimes it will happen that altho a girl may not be anything of an actress herself, she is quite capable of directing amateur dramatics. She may have picked up knowledge of stage-craft from witnessing "real" theatrical productions in the city.

The Popularity of Prize Contests.

From my knowledge of entertainments given by schools of rural communities it is my belief that the most popular of all, and the one calculated to arouse the greatest interest among all classes and all ages, is a prize speaking contest, and it is my intention to devote this, my first article of "Helps to Rural Teachers" to this subject.

I find in my correspondence with teachers, that tremendous interest attaches itself to these yearly events. In some regions there are county contests. The several leading towns of a county hold contests and the successful speakers meet to fight for the honor of oratorship of the county. Some of the old New England towns who gave up prize oratoricals for a number of years are reviving them. Indeed, my advice on suitable pieces for prize contests is asked oftener than on any other subject.

I am aware that these contests occur, for the most part, in mid-winter or early spring, but I am purposely taking up the subject now so as to urge the teacher who knows that one of the duties ahead of her is to prepare several boys and girls in their recitations for the Annual Prize Contest to begin so early that her charges will be a credit to her, the school, the town, and themselves. Many times I have received a letter from some worried teacher who urged me to "select a piece and send by return mail as there were only *seventeen days* before the contest."

Seventeen days! There ought to be seventeen weeks!

Choosing the Selections.

First and most important, is the selecting of pieces. You know the ability of your pupils. Do not overtax it. Let us consider some of the best prize selections and the pupils to whom they are suited.

Dramatic Pieces. A girl of dramatic or emotional temperament stands a good chance of obtaining a prize, because there are many selections that "show off" her ability, and moreover, are pieces that are likely to appeal to her audience. It would seem that such a pupil had unfair advantages over the other contestants, but oftentimes a girl of this temperament does not possess a strong voice, and, very likely, she, in her emotional passages, misses or stumbles "in her lines."

"The Royal Princess," by Christina Rossetti, "Zingarella, the Gypsy Girl," by E. McDowell, and "Lasca," by F. Deprez, are three extremely dramatic selections, written in the first person, which should be attempted only by boys and girls who have elocutionary talents of high order. All are very "showy" pieces and are great favorites.

The most popular theme for dramatic poems is a daring ride, and it is safe to say that pieces descriptive of a ride have taken more prizes than all others put together. For a boy, I may especially recommend "How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost," tho it often is recited by a girl; but there are so many pieces that seem to belong rightfully to the girl it is only just to let the boys claim this one. "As the Morn Rose" is a girl's piece, a prose selection, as is the "La Rue Stakes," and it has taken dozens of prizes all over the country. The scene is laid in Revolutionary days, and the story is that of a girl riding to save her lover who is to be put to death by the Tories. "The Ride of Great-Grandmother Lee" by Eben Rexford, has a similar theme, but is in verse; the same theme, too, is in "The Ride of Jennie M'Neal" by Will Carleton. Then there are "How Salvator Won," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," by Robert Browning. These are all old prize winners.

I would put in the same class the following pieces: "Kentucky Belle," by Constance Woolson, "Flash," by Will Carleton; "Sheltered," by Sarah Orne Jewett (this excellent piece is little known, by the way), "Briar Rose," "How He Saved St. Michael's," and "Karl the Martyr." These are narrative poems with climaxes where some emotional ability is called for. "The Soul of the Violin" and "The Fiddle Told" are two famous prize pieces that are more dramatic in character.

Some Simpler Pieces.

But the average boy or girl is possessed of little imagination and oftenest of no dramatic power. They have qualities, however, that more than make up for the lack of these from an elocutionary standpoint,—a good presence, a clear ringing voice, a fine memory, and a general air of self-repose. For my part, I would rather deal with this type of boy or girl. Many teachers make the mistake of choosing selections for them that call for a display of emotion which they cannot give and therefore, failing in that point, make a generally poor impression.

There are many fine selections that, altho non-dramatic in character will hold the attention of the audience in the interest of the theme. Dickens' "The Child's Dream of a Star" is always good. "A Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale, may be cut to proper length. Then there is the old favorite, "One Niche the Highest." A cutting from "Snow Bound" is fine for either a boy or girl; so is a cutting from "Evangeline." "An Order for a Picture," by Alice Cary is a fine non-dramatic piece. Orations belong in this class, of course, and there are so many fine ones from which to choose I shall not attempt to name them, but I want to suggest "The Message to Garcia," which I never have seen on a contest program.

Selections Showing Voice Capabilities.

There are sometimes pupils in common schools who have received instruction in elocution and whose voices have been so developed as to possess great flexibility. There are a number of "show" pieces for these boys and girls. There is the old favorite, "The Creeds of the Bells." Then there are "The Cataract of Lodore," Poe's "The Bells," "The Charcoal Man," and the bird-tone piece, "Robert of Lincoln."

Humorous Selections.

It seems to be a fact that humorous selections seldom win prizes in contests, altho there are notable selections. "Mr. Traver's First Hunt," I remember, won either first or second prize two years ago in the Prize Speaking Contest of the Salem (Mass.) High School. Cuttings of suitable length from "Patsy" and "The Birds' Christmas Carol," both by Kate Douglas Wiggin, have often won prizes. "How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed the Fence" will never grow stale and is a particularly good selection for any boy who inclines to the humorous. Selections from "Emmy Lou" are very popular just now.

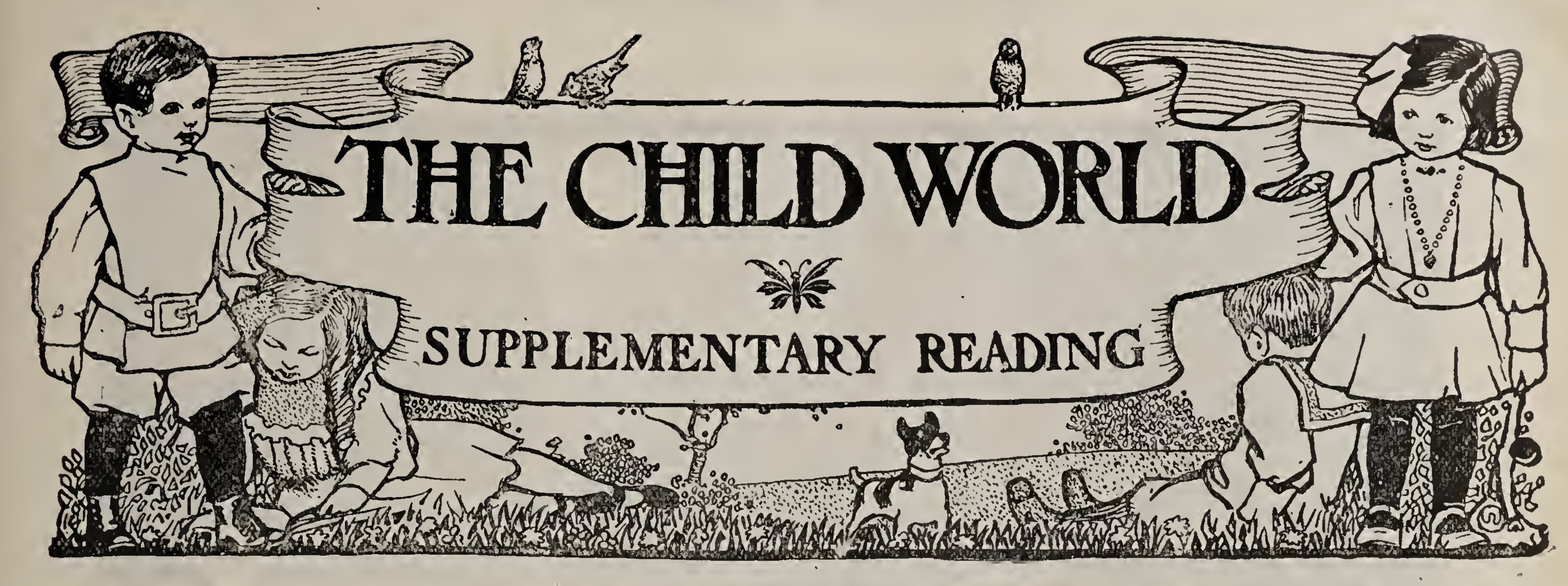
Cuttings from New Books.

The selections that I have named are not new ones. They have been known to the elocution world for many years. But I have "kept tabs" on contest programs for a number of years and I find that seventy-five per cent. of the winning selections are the old-time favorites. However, if a teacher desires something new, let her watch the magazines and new books of fiction. It is not always easy to cut a story or chapter to recitation length. Take out everything extraneous to the main interest or plot; also the "said he's." Cut most of the descriptive matter that mingles with the conversational parts.

Preparing for Contests.

In the first part of this article I have spoken of the great need of choosing a selection for the contestant many weeks before the contest. Now I may add that a few simple breathing and voice exercises will do wonders.

The teacher who knows that a prize contest is ahead of her during the course of the school year, will doubtless be able to judge during the first month what pupils are likely to enter. As a part of the preparation, give these pupils



The Farmer and the Fox*

By Margaret and Clarence Weed, Massachusetts.

A farmer was once vexed because in winter the meadow mice under the snow ate the bark off his young fruit trees so that they died. He tried to hunt the mice and kill them, but he was so clumsy that they generally got away from him.

One day the farmer saw a fox in the corner of his wood lot, and, thinking that it would be a fine thing to have the fox's fur to make a rug for his parlor floor, he set a trap where he had seen the fox.

That night the fox came to the corner of the woods again and in prowling around in search of something to eat he put his foot into the trap and was caught. He tried in every way to get his foot out, but the trap held fast, and the poor fox was in danger of being killed by the man, or else of starving to death.

The night that he set the trap the farmer was taken sick and he was unable to leave the house for a whole week.

The night after the fox was caught he called to another fox which he saw running through the woods, "Come and help me. I am caught in a trap "

*See note under the Department of "Among Ourselves", on page 69.

"So the second fox went through the woods and fields and told all the foxes" * * * *

The other fox knew what that meant for he had once himself been nearly caught in such a trap, so he came to the fox and dug away at the chain and tried in every way to get the trap loose, but he could not do it. Then the fox in the trap said,

"I am so hungry! Please bring me something to eat."

"All right," said the second fox, "surely I will, and I will get the other foxes to bring you something, too."

So the second fox went through the woods and fields and told all the foxes whom he met that their brother was caught in a trap and that they must keep him supplied with food. Then they brought to the fox in the trap as many mice as they could catch and laid them down on the ground where they could be reached by him. The fox feasted royally and that night had all he could eat.

The next night the foxes came again, bringing the mice with them. They brought so many that the fox in the trap could not eat them all.

Each night after that the other foxes brought mice for the fox in the trap to eat, so that in the morning he would have eaten all he wanted and would still have many mice left beside him on the ground.

When the farmer got well again he thought of his trap and went out to see if he had caught a fox. Sure enough! When he came to the place he found the fox. He got a club and was going to kill the poor fox, when he saw all the dead mice upon the ground beside it.

"Oh-ho!" said he. "And do you foxes kill those awful mice?"

"Yes" said the fox, "we kill mice all our lives."

The farmer was surprised to hear the fox reply to him, and said, "Very well, then, I will let you go free, for these mice are always killing my trees."

So he let the fox out of the trap, and it ran away to thank the other foxes for their help in keeping him alive.

THE HAY

From the pain

ER'S REST

y Julien Dupre

The Adventures of a Royal Bumble Bee

By Nina L. Marshall, New York

How the Queen of the Jolly Rovers Went On a Voyage*

Far, far, away in the Land of Australia some farmers sowed clover-seed. The seeds sprouted and grew into fine plants. As their parents in the mother country used to do, they prepared a banquet and sent out invitations to Jolly Rovers. No Jolly Rovers came, for none lived in the Land.

The pink clover cups faded, the honey dried up, the game of Give and Take was never played and the Red Clover made no seed. The cattle ate up the old Red Clovers and the farmers were discouraged, knowing there would be no young Red Clovers for the coming summer.

While the farmers were thinking what they should do, a botanist came along and told them the secret of the game of Give and Take. He said that the flower cups and wands and pollen-powder-boxes for the game were all planned for Jolly Rovers. They were too large for Honey Bees to play with, and too small for Butterflies. The botanist advised the farmers to send invitations to Jolly Rover Queens to come over to Australia. The Queens alone could be invited, as you will see when you read of the habits of Rover families.

Jolly Rover court-ladies and the husbands of Jolly Rover Queens do not live very long. The husbands are jolly and harmless and cannot even show fight to an enemy, for they have no sharp stingers and no poison bags. The court-ladies are small and are great fighters if disturbed, but they cannot stand the cold of winter and usually die when the flowers die.

The Queens are so large and strong that they can endure both cold and hunger, and are content to stay all winter in their snug houses in the ground, while their eggs grow and grow to be ready for the spring.

The farmers listened to the botanist and decided to try again. They sent for more seed and for a number of Jolly Rover Queens with bags of eggs.

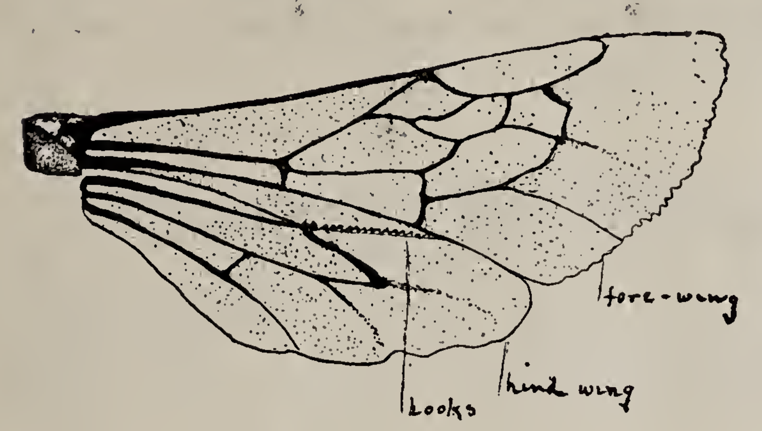
The Queens went on board ship and sailed and sailed until they came to the great Land of Australia. I think the Queens were glad to reach land and stretch their gauzy wings which had been folded so long.

All Jolly Rovers have a habit of slipping one pair of wings under another pair when they are crawling or resting. I am sure this is to make the wings take up as little room as possible when the Rovers want to enter flower-cups or honey-comb cells.

If the Rovers wish to fly up in the air, they slip the under wings out

*The illustrations in the text are explained on page 61.

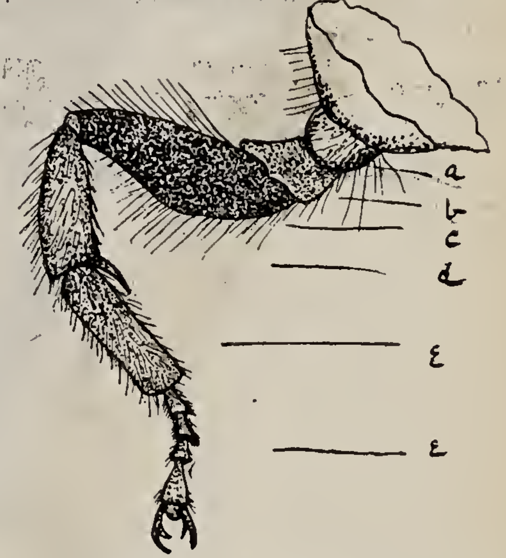
and hook their edges to the edges of the upper wings. Then two wings look like one wing, and the Jolly Rover seems to have two wings instead of four. The two wings made by hooking together four parts, two and two, are very strong. With them Rovers can travel miles and miles in a very short time.



When the Queens were given their freedom in the Land they buzzed and hummed and crawled in and out of every mouse-hole they saw until each found one which seemed good for a house.

As soon as a Queen decided upon a house, she went out and gathered some honey and yellow pollen powder from some Australian flowers. She mixed the two and rolled them into a ball and put the ball away in a safe corner of her new home. Then she put a number of eggs on the ball.

After a time many Baby Rovers came from the eggs. They were queer looking things, white, and made up of rings, and with no feet. They did not at all resemble their Queen mother, nor their fathers, who had died with the flowers in the old country.



They did not look very much like the white grubs which spoil our chestnuts. The only thing they could do was to eat their pollen and honey cradle until they were so fat they could eat no more. Then each spun a silken veil about him and went to sleep.

As soon as a baby went to sleep a Queen mother came along and covered his silk veil with fine wax and left him to sleep safe and sound.

While they slept, wonderful changes were wrought in them so that one sunny day they all awoke to find themselves Jolly Rover girls. They were not as large as their Queen mother, but they had sharp stings just like hers, which they could thrust out from the ends of their bodies when they were disturbed.

As soon as the Jolly Rover girls were out of their silk and wax cradles they had to work in earnest. Their Queen mother devoted herself to laying eggs and left the Rover girls to tend the Rover babies. They had to provide honey and wax for them, and do all the work of the house.

No Rover boys appeared in the home until toward the end of the summer when there also appeared some Rover girls who were the image of their mothers, large and very handsome. They did not have to work at home, but could spend all their

time playing among the flowers with the Rover boys. Their turn to work came the following spring when they had to go house hunting and care for all the early babies.

How Rover Boys and Girls go to Parties Uninvited

You knew that Red Clovers always invite Jolly Rovers to their banquets and that they are very polite to their guests and make everything comfortable for them.

There are other flowers which also invite Jolly Rovers, and make them happy and play different games of Give and Take. But there are flowers which invite only long-billed humming birds or long-tongued butterflies and these flowers always consider the comfort of their special guests. They do not want the Jolly Rovers about. They do not do as the fox did to the long billed crane, serve food on platters, but always make the flower-cups of just the depth to suit their guests. And so they play their game of Give and Take.

The beautiful pink Weigela which blooms in all of our parks does not serve her honey in these deep trumpets for short-tongued Jolly Rovers. But they come, I am sorry to say, and truly like thieves they do not enter in by the door but climb up some other way. With their strong biting jaws they pierce the base of a trumpet and suck out the honey. When they do this the beautiful Weigela cannot play her game of Give and Take.

You may see thieving Rovers at work on the honey horns of Red and Yellow Columbine, which grow on the Palisades along the Hudson, and in rocky places in many parts of the country, or you may see them on the blue and pink or white ones which grow in parks and gardens.

It is fun to watch them; they do not know what harm they are doing to the flowers they rob. These flowers will have to put some stiff hairs or thick walls about the bases of their honey cups, as certain flowers have done, and then only invited guests can get the honey, and the game of Give and Take can be played. Then good seed can be made.

the following simple exercises as a help in breathing control, urging them to practice them faithfully ten minutes every day.

Exercise I. Stand in an erect but easy position, with raised chest. Draw in slowly thru the nostrils a full breath; hold it a second and expel it thru the nostrils slowly and evenly.

Exercise II. Draw in a deep, full breath very slowly thru the nostrils and expel it so gently thru the mouth that a lighted candle held in front of the mouth will not flicker. In fact, practice with the candle.

Exercise III. Ask the pupils to practi this exercise when walking. Expel the breath while walking five steps; keep the lungs empty another five steps; inflate them during five more and retain the breath while walking five more. This makes one inhalation and one exhalation for every twenty steps.

To acquire flexibility of voice the following stanzas from Mrs. Hemans' "Bring Flowers" are valuable. Give the first in a light, joyous, highly pitched tone, with rapid word action, the second in a deep, solemn tone with slow word action.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured!
Bring flowers, they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this thru its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
Tho they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift, bring ye flowers, pale flowers.

Calendar design by G. H. Sharey.

How Watertown Does It

By Supt. Frank R. Page, Massachusetts

[Last year Teachers Magazine published a report of work done in the schools of Watertown, Mass. The readers were so well pleased that the editor asked the Superintendent to supply each month an account of the plans carried on in his schools. This first installment is somewhat more general in nature than succeeding articles will be—of necessity so, in order that the reader may obtain a survey of the field before specializing. However, there is a wealth of suggestions which thoughtful teachers will know how to utilize for the good of their pupils.—The Editor.]

We have been interested for some time in Watertown in planning an elementary course of study designed to relate school work more closely to life. At the outset we accepted the definition which makes education mean preparation for life by acquainting the child with the world in which his life is to be lived. Acquaintance with the world, adjustment to environment is another name for it, means of course acquaintance with its history and geography, with its literature, music, and art, with business life and industry, with nature and civic life. In the elementary school this will be only an elementary acquaintance. The boy or girl deprived of it is likely to live a life that is dwarfed and narrow and empty, and if he does not get it in school it is a matter of chance if he gets it at all.

We need, in school, to acquaint pupils with the world so that they *can* live in it, but we need, too, in school to wake pupils up so that they *will* live in it, using "live" as opposed to "exist," live fully and completely, participate in life. The two words in our educational creed are *acquainting* and *awaking*. We believe that the things taught in school must be *real things*, things presented vividly and capable of being put to use outside school. We do not believe in the supreme efficacy of text-book study. We believe in cultivating the investigating attitude. Things reached for and grasped by the pupil count for more in his education than things poured in by the teacher. We believe in education thru self-activity. We do not believe that everything done for the pupil in school is the right preparation for a life in which one must shift for himself; we believe that the pupil must be set on his own feet in school. The school, we believe, should give boys and girls an impetus that will land them in the world alert and open-eyed, ready to take a thinking, acting part in the affairs of life.

These are the ideals which we have for our elementary course of study. In a fair degree they are being attained. In succeeding articles I hope to tell more of some of the best features of that course, among them our school trips, our plan for first grades, the plan for literature, the plan for composition, and the plan for geography.

School Trips.

Tradition demands that children who are being educated should stay in school and mind their books. If we believe, however, that education means getting children really to live in the world, tradition handicaps our efforts, for it isolates pupils within four walls, separating them from the world outside where life is, the world they should learn about. Nor are books alone the best material for education. There is a serious danger to be constantly guarded against in their use by children, the danger that idea-getting may be usurped by word-remembering. Remember Don Quixote's ridiculous adventures. He thought he could get adjusted to his environment by reading books. So he shut himself up and read, and the story of his mis-adjustment has convulsed three centuries of readers.

When we undertook to supplement the books by excursions for the study of nature, geography, industry, or history, we found it resulted in making the children more wide-awake, it opened their eyes and loosened their tongues and it supplanted word-memory with idea-getting. We have been taking these trips for five years and the teachers are agreed that they are invaluable aids in school work.

We got around the objection that is apt to be made by the school authorities, that children are sent to school to study, not to go off on trips, by going into this sort of thing very gradually. The first year we took only three trips. Now by going slowly we have the townspeople interested, whereas there would likely have been objection

Watertown Pupils, Fourth Grade, Studying the Animals at Norumbega Park.

had we not felt our way along. The expense of the trips is not a great objection. A round-trip carfare is usually but ten cents, and when children are too poor to afford it, it is quietly paid for them. Our trips have become so well established now that rarely is there refusal to provide the necessary fare when the parent is able.

We insist that these expeditions shall not be in the nature of a picnic. Children are not allowed to buy candy or peanuts to eat on the way. In traveling about they walk quietly, two by two. If a pupil does not behave on a trip he is not allowed to take the next trip. A single warning is usually sufficient. Generally a school is divided into two sections, one in charge of the teacher, the other in charge of the principal. In taking a difficult trip, like the one around Boston, for example, the class goes in three divisions, the extra one going in charge of the superintendent. On a short trip for nature study near the school the class-room teacher alone is generally in charge. When the class is large and is going some distance, a special car is usually chartered. Our trips are always taken in school time.

For the success of a trip it is essential that careful preparation be made by the teacher. Even if the ground is well known to her she ought to go over it again just before the trip. She must know the ground perfectly. The children, too, must be carefully prepared. On all but the short nature study trips they take note-books with them which contain the results of their previous study in school, with spaces for noting results of observation at the time of the trip. In preparing, for example, for a trip to Abbey's Holy Grail pictures in the Boston Library, the pupils study reproductions of the pictures beforehand, and know the story of each one of the series before they leave the school. Such things as the color of Galahad's dress, the style of his armor, the device on Launcelot's shield, etc., are noted in the books under headings already made, at the time of the visit. On many of the trips of course there is no opportunity to talk. Explanations must be made beforehand and when this is not done the trip is a fizzle.

The following comprises our present list of trips; trips for nature study are not included: First grade, a trip to the blacksmith, a visit to the farmer; second grade, a trip to the museum at Harvard for a study of Indians in connection with Hiawatha; third grade, a visit to the carpenter, a visit to the grocery store in connection with arithmetic lessons, a trip to Waverly Oaks; fourth grade, Norumbega Park for animal study, freight and express office, engine house, police station, public library, in connection with geography lessons; fifth grade, a visit to the Art Museum for history, a visit to City Point for study of marine life; sixth grade, trip to Boston Public Library for Abbey pictures after reading King Arthur stories, a trip about Boston for geography and history, trips to a market garden, to woollen mills, to the foundry for study of industries in connection with geography; seventh grade, visit to the Peabody Museum for study of Indians in connection with history, a trip to Agassiz Museum for study of animals in connection with geography, a trip to the rubber factory in connection with geography; eighth grade, a visit to an ocean steamship in preparation for an imaginary journey in geography, a trip to Concord and Lexington for history and literature; ninth grade, a visit to the Athenæum Press, a visit to the Art Museum for picture study, a visit to the State Legislature in connection with civil government, visits to the gas works, electric light station and t lephone exchange for study of industry.

After a trip is taken it is written up by the pupil from the notes taken in preparation for and during the trip and the account is illustrated by drawings, half tones, or photographs. When the children have something to write about that they are interested in we find that not only do they want to write, but that they write well. I. we could find justification for school trips in no other way, we could surely find it in the admirable material they give for compositions.

In succeeding numbers of TEACHERS MAGAZINE I shall describe in detail the preparation for and the plan of conducting some of our more important trips.

The First Grades.

The most important work in our first grades is a series of lessons, given in the form of morning talks based on *real things*, lessons or talks, for example, about the farmer and blacksmith, with visits, the story of Thanksgiving and Christmas, lessons about the seasons and what they bring, lessons on the cat and dog illustrated by living specimens, the story of Eugene Field and Robert Louis Stevenson, the classic literature of childhood, The Three Bears, Red Riding Hood, etc. I call these real things not because they are always things that can be handled but because they are things that the children are deeply interested in, that they can readily grasp and comprehend. They are things that to children seem worth while. If we wanted to we could classify these lessons into literature, history; art, music, nature, and industry. They constitute the child's introduction to his environment, the beginning of his acquaintance with the world he lives in, and I believe we are right in making that first acquaintance easy and pleasant.

In the formal first grade the forms rather than the substance of education are emphasized. The three R's are the essential things. In such a first grade things of this sort are read: "Do I see a girl? You do not. You see a dog. Not a girl do I see. Not a boy does Jack see. Does a girl see? A girl sees well. Does a boy see? A boy looks and sees"; or this—"What ails the dog? What does ail him? He is ill. That is what ails him. He does not look ill. He looks well. He is ill. He does not eat. Does he not eat that bread? He does not. He does not want to. Well, what ails that girl? She is ill like the dog. She likes bread. She eats it and eats it. Is that what ails her? That is what ails her. Is it good to eat like that? It is not good"; then come number work with additions and subtractions of meaningless symbols,

writing lessons of rows of "i's" and "a's" and "min's" and "nim's," formal music lessons, formal drawing lessons, and then, to cap the climax, "busy work," pegs and splints and split peas, split peas and splints and pegs. A grown-up wouldn't stand it. Our victims are little children. Their lives up to now have been concerned with real things. Plunged in the formal first grade they flounder about. Their attitude is one of wondering what the teacher wants them to see and think and do. This sort of thing persisted in thru the grades would make our schools breeding places of idiocy and stupidity. That children do recover from the process is due to the fact that about the third grade they generally have begun to master the forms and get at the substance of education. The picture may be a little overdrawn but the formal first grade does exist here and there even to-day. Perhaps in Watertown we have gone to the other extreme, but even if our morning talks were the only work of the grade I maintain that at the end of the year we should turn out children brighter, more wide-awake, more intelligent than those who had passed thru a school of the formal type.

We do have formal work in our first grades. We teach reading and writing but we teach them in correlation with the morning talks. The reading lessons, based on the subject of the talk, are put on the board, then copied by the neostyle on a punched sheet of paper and bound into books by the children. They illustrate these primers themselves with paper cuttings and drawings. We have phonetic drills for practice in word discovery. Thru our method we find that children learn to read more readily because they are *interested* in what they read. In the same way the writing lesson refers to the subject of the talk. It is likewise illustrated for busy work and bound into the child's book. The writing lesson like the reading lesson is a *real thing*.

One thing more, we believe in expression rather

Designed by U. G. Wilson.—Use either gentians, asters, or school, with calendar, or combine them all as is here shown.

than repression. The children retell to each other the stories that the teacher tells them, they do a great deal of free illustrating in paper cutting and drawing for their primers and written stories, they dramatize stories, they furnish playhouses, they have sand-piles furnished with blocks and toys where they play and make things, they play games, and sing many songs. More than half the time in our first grades is spent in *doing things*.

A child coming to a first grade like this from the home or the kindergarten does not find himself taking a great leap where he must land in a strange world where the three R's reign and where he must sit up straight and fold his hands. Our first grades are what their name signifies, first grades, that is, first steps, pleasant and easy to take, but still first steps toward education.

We have tried both kinds of first grades in Watertown and the verdict of the teachers is that in the first grades as they are now conducted not only do the children read better and write better, but in other things which are even more *essentials* there is no comparison in results, in ability to see and think and do, in ability to express themselves, in wide-awakeness; and in happiness. And these I maintain again in first grade education are the essentials.

Pages from the Watertown Primer

Made by THE CHILDREN THEMSELVES

See the moon.

It is very small now.

By and by it will grow into a big, round moon like this——

I see the moon when I go to bed.
It peeps in at my window.
Sometimes mother rocks me and sings:
When the moon begins to peep
Little folks should go to sleep.
The great round sun shines all the day
That little folks may see to play.
But when the moon begins to peep
Little folks should be asleep.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!
Toot-toot! Toot-toot!
This is the Shut-Eye-Town-Train.

It is all ready to start.
This is the early train.
The passengers are all little folks.
They are going to spend the night in Shut-Eye-Town.
Perhaps they will visit the Sugar-Plum tree before they come home.
Would you like to go to Shut-Eye-Town?
Then you must be ready to go at six o'clock.
It is getting late now.
The train has started.
Good-night! Good-night!
Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!
Toot-toot! Toot-toot!

Once there was a very silly boy.
His name was Simon.
People called him Simple Simon.

One day Simple Simon met a baker.
The baker had been to a fair.
He had sold most of his pies.
"Please sell me a pie," said Simon.
"Where is your money?" said the baker.
"I haven't any money," said Simple Simon.
"Then you can have no pie," said the baker.

Construction Work for September

By Anna J. Linehan, North Carolina.

Grade I.

First Week.—Cut red, green, or yellow apples.

Second Week.—Make picture of same, water color or crayon.

Third Week.—Cut and paste design of leaves.

Fourth Week.—Illustrate some incident of the summer.

Grade II.

First Week.—Review models learned in first year.

Second Week.—Draw grasses in color from nature.

Third Week.—Design simple book cover of grasses.

Fourth Week.—Illustrate some out-of-door games; or some story of the summer.

Grade III.

First Week.—Review twelve colors of the spectrum.

Second Week.—Make oblong pencil box.

Third Week.—Decorate and complete box.

Fourth Week.—Make border of leaves in color; or, story to be illustrated.

Grade IV.

Large free drawings of leaves.

A single leaf like burdock or plantain; or, two or three leaves on stem.

Select leaf to be worked out in clay on square or oblong tile in half relief; or, design for calendar in color, either from nature or something conventional.

Grade V.

Divide oblongs into different dimensions for

little water scenes, either from pictures or from memory of some place visited.

Drawing of large sea-shells.

Cover design for some book; or, a poem or essay about the sea.

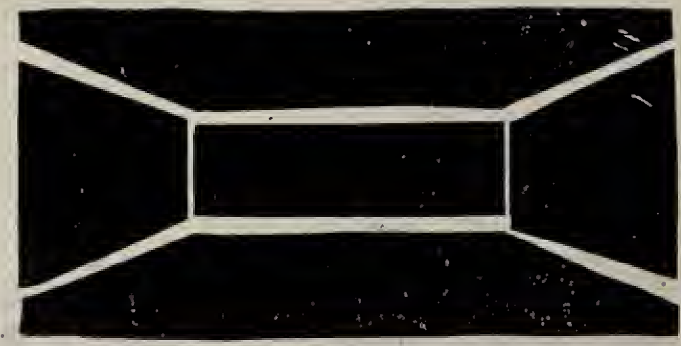
Grade VI.

Study some fall flower such as nasturtium, marigold, or poppy, from nature.

Make design for candle shade, using colors suggested by flower drawn by pupils.

Draw pear or apple on branch, with leaves. (Large sheets of paper should be used and the work done with crayon or soft pencil with blunt point.)

If the children have never used scissors, it is well to let them cut circles, before attempting



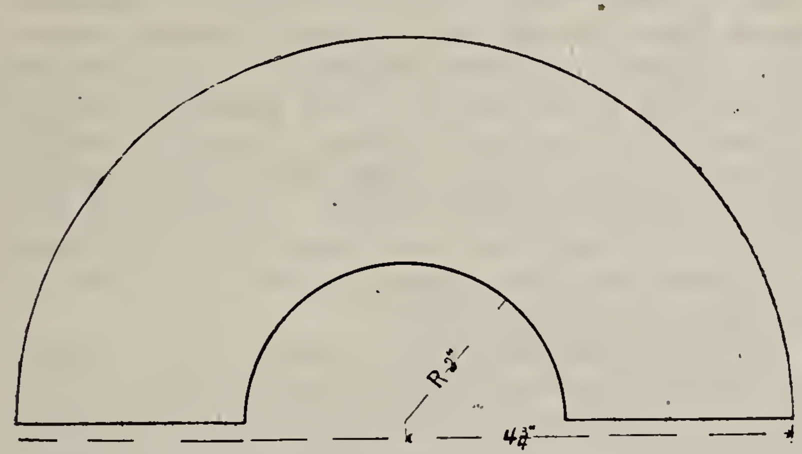
apples. Attention should be called to the size of the stem in comparison to the apple, and it is well to pass a pencil around the apple to let them see

that tho the fruit differs from the circle, in being flattened, there is no reason for the indentations so commonly found among the work of children. (See right-hand illustration of apple paper cutting.) If the children touch their green or yellow apple with dashes of red, they will be pleased with the result, as this gives a more natural appearance to the picture.

In cutting leaves, fold on the two diameters, and leave the paper folded. Then four leaves can be cut at one time. If done carefully the design left after the leaves are cut may be mounted. This will teach the children to be economical with their material.

If the children have had kindergarten training they will find no difficulty with this, but if not, a simpler leaf than the maple should be chosen.

For the illustrative work the children should



Pattern for Candle Shade.—6th Grade.

be given something definite before they start to draw, then let them begin work with crayon or large pencil on large sheets of paper.

In the second grade, the grasses should be drawn from nature, having the work in color. The cover could be used for the written language lesson pertaining to nature work or out-of-door life. Their illustrative work should be done on large sheets and if they worked in the first grade there should be decided improvement here.

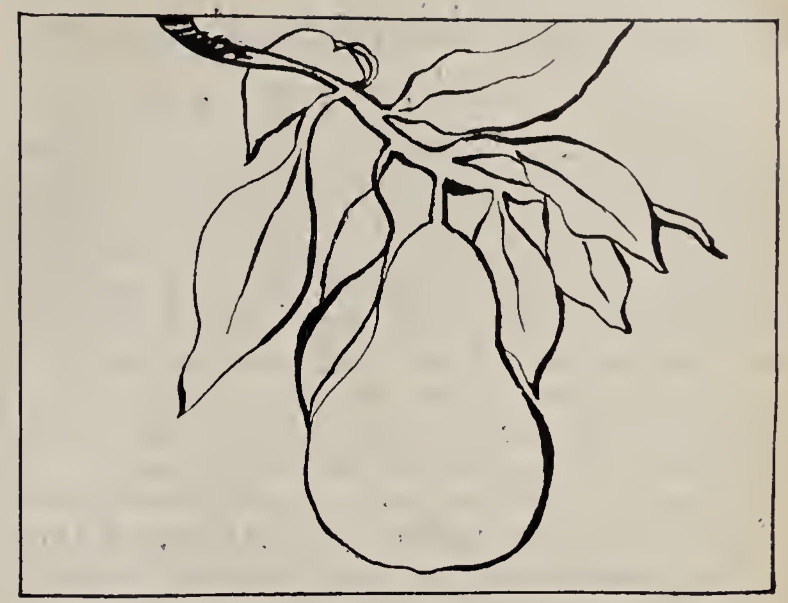
The diagram for the pencil box is here given, planned to be worked out in cardboard or something that will keep its shape. A number of changes may be suggested by the children, in the cover, etc., and the design for the top should be their own. If the design is worked out in tint and shade of one color, or in one color outlined in black, it will be satisfactory.

In teaching the colors, the class will have them fixed more indelibly on their minds if they color a box, than if they simply review from the large model hanging in the room.

If the children are to make a border of leaves, try to have them cut some at home, for one lesson in the school-room will be insufficient to produce good results.

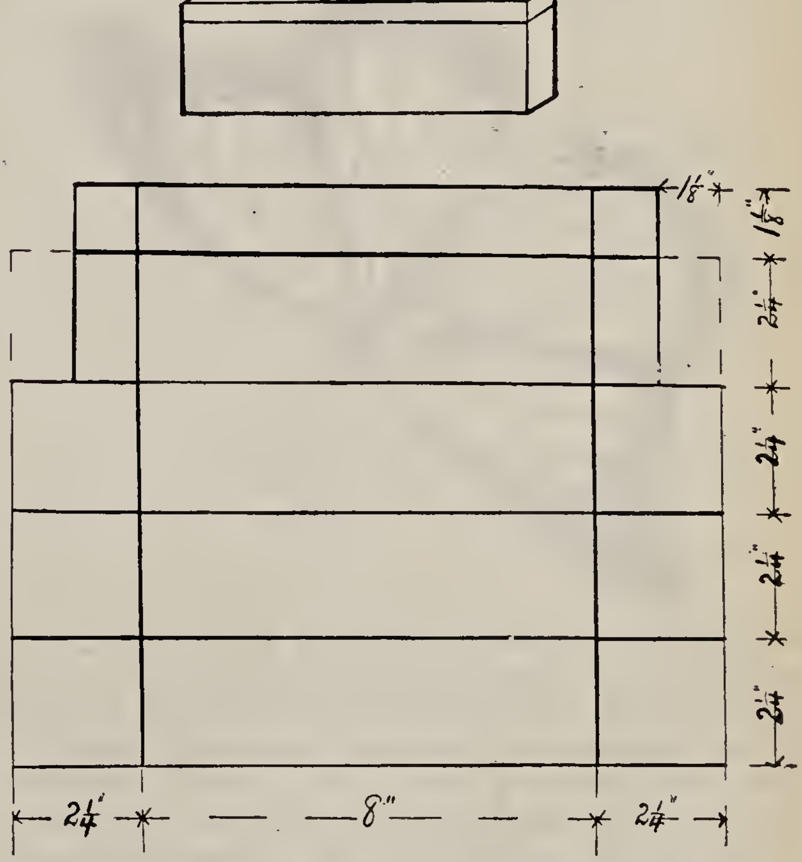
In the fourth grade have the drawing paper in sheets of not less than 6 in. by 9 in. A soft gray is pleasant, with the green of the crayon for the leaves.

In the fifth grade the pupils may select their little views from pictures, taking just the part desired,—a pier, a bit of rocky shore, or a cliff over the water. This will give them a tendency to observe pictures closely.



In studying the sea-shells, it may be new to some of the class to know that many beautiful buttons are cut from the shells. Their attention should be called to the exquisite blending of color on the inside of the shells.

To decorate the candle shade for the sixth grade, the natural growth of the nasturtium, woodbine, etc., may be used, or some conventional design with the colors suggested by the flowers or vines.



Pattern for Box.—3rd Grade.

Unfurl the Flag.

O'er every school-house in the land
  Now let that banner wave.
It made us first a nation,
  Brought freedom to the slave;
'Twill teach our children loyalty
  To God and country dear,
As in the field of heavenly blue
  The shining stars appear. —*True Blue*

The Milkweed—An Autumn Butterfly.

By Mary A. Stillman, Massachusetts.

The Monarch or Milkweed butterfly is a most interesting insect to study in school. Within four weeks it can be seen in its three stages of caterpillar, chrysalis, and butterfly. Caterpillars may be found on the milkweed leaves at any time during the summer, and well into September. They are without hairs, and are banded with black, white, and yellow stripes. They are perfectly harmless, tho it is said that birds do not like to eat them on account of their acrid taste.

It is well to let the insects attain nearly their full growth of two inches before bringing them into the school-room, as they develop better in natural surroundings. When they are nearly full-grown, put them into glass fruit-jars, each covered with a piece of fly netting tied down over the opening.

Keep the jar thoroly clean, and put in plenty of fresh milkweed leaves, as the caterpillers are voracious feeders. The children will enjoy watching them move their jaws, taking perceptible bites from the edges of the leaves.

When you remove the netting to put in fresh leaves be careful not to disturb any silk that the caterpillar may have spun, as it may be that he is ready to change to a chrysalis. In that case he

will not eat anything more, but will suspend himself by his last pair of legs from the button of silk he has spun. About twenty-four hours after he takes this position the striped skin splits down the back and leaves a green body which gradually shrinks to the size of a large thimble. Fortunate are those children who are able to see this transformation and the gradual brightening of the golden spots upon the light-green chrysalis. It is like witnessing a real fairy story, and all other school work may well be stopped for the length of time necessary to see it. The chrysalis must not be handled at all, but may be hung up above a blackboard where it will remain unchanged for about two weeks.

I well remember my astonishment over my first chrysalis when I came in one morning and found that it had turned black. My first thought was that it had been frosted, but on examination I found that the butterfly's wings were developing, and that the black and orange-brown stripes could be seen thru the thin covering. I believe it was the next day after this change of color that the butterfly crept out of his shell; but I always watch a chrysalis pretty carefully after it has changed color if I want to see the butterfly emerge. Of course I do want to see it, as I know of no other place in nature where growth can really be seen so well as in the wing of a butterfly or moth just out of a chrysalis.

The butterfly usually remains clinging to the empty shell for an hour or two, folding and unfolding his beautiful orange and black wings until they are thoroly dry before he attempts a flight. A butterfly that emerges in a school-room is perfectly fearless and will light upon the hands or the heads of the children as readily as if they were flowers, for he knows no other condition.

One autumn I had a pet Monarch butterfly that was brought into the school-room somewhat numb from the cold, on a frosty Thursday morning. When the other milkweed butterflies had flown away to the South, as it is supposed they do in the fall, this one had evidently been left behind. He soon revived in the warm room, and began to flutter his four beautiful wings. He had also four shiny black legs well developed, and two small legs which he kept folded against his chest, as all Monarch butterflies do.

We knew that food must be scarce out of doors, so we quickly supplied our little visitor with such late flowers as we could find, and for two days he made himself quite at home on the school window-box, altho he did not seem to find much nourishment in marigolds and asters. When Friday night came it seemed too bad to leave our guest alone for two days in an empty school-room, so I carried home the bouquet on which he was resting, thinking that when he felt the fresh out-door air he would stretch his wings and sail away into freedom. On the contrary the little Monarch seemed to have no inclination to leave his flowery bed, but rode into my house upon it quite contentedly.

I then decided to give him a supper of maple syrup, so I placed a large drop on a marigold near him. He soon uncoiled his long proboscis, which he kept rolled up like a watch spring, and sucked up all the syrup, much as a boy drinks lemonade thru a straw. I gave him two more drops before he was satisfied. One of these he drank from my finger. After the gas was lighted in the evening he persisted in flying into the flame, so we were obliged to put our little friend out of doors to save his wings from being scorched.

In the night we heard it raining and we wondered how the butterfly fared. As soon as it was light we looked out of the window and saw him clinging to the underside of a nasturtium leaf, as dry and comfortable as if under an umbrella. We gently picked the leaf and brought him in to breakfast, but this time he refused both syrup and honey after walking thru the drops once or twice. His supper seemed to satisfy him for more than twenty-four hours.

On Sunday morning I found him on the window sill apparently dead, but when I took him into my hand his wings gave a slight flutter and then I discovered what the matter was. His feet were quite stuck together with dried syrup so that he

was very much in need of a bath. A foot-bath for a butterfly! Whoever heard of such a thing? Some warm water was poured into a butter plate and the butterfly was placed upon the edge. As soon as he discovered the water he jumped eagerly into it, and gave his feet a good washing. Standing in the water he reached out his proboscis and rubbed each foot in turn, until all were free from the sticky substance. Then he crawled out upon my finger and dried himself, as I had no towel of the right size to offer!

On Monday my dainty pet went to school again, where he spent the rest of his short life very contentedly among his many admirers. We gave him all the syrup he would eat, but he seemed hungry only on alternate days.

Just one week after we had made his acquaintance we found our Monarch dead, with his wings nicely spread, all ready to go into our insect cabinet. There he occupies a central place where you may see him any day if you will visit my school-room.

Primary Geography

By J. H. Rohrbach, A. M., Supervising Principal, Philadelphia

As the Crow Flies.

A Lesson in Direction.

"HOW many members of this class have seen crows?"

There is a flutter of hands; for notwithstanding the fact that the crow is not a city bird, he is one of the birds best known to city children.

"This morning as I came to school, I saw a crow perched on the topmost limb of a maple tree. He was saying something in crow language which meant 'Good morning! Step lively, or you will be late!' I said 'Shoo! Shoo!' and away he flew. In which direction do you think he flew? You could not guess. I will tell you. Please do what I do."

The teacher holds up the right hand, with the index finger extended, ready to point when the signal is given. A few pupils will use the wrong hand; indeed, it is surprising how many pupils, in spite of the strong imitative instinct, experience trouble in trying to imitate with exactness simple movements like the one indicated. It requires but a few moments to raise every pupil to the tiptoe of expectancy.

"When I tell you which way the crow flew, I want you to point, quick as a flash, in that direction. The crow said, 'Step lively!' then flew toward the—EAST!"

The mistakes made will invest the exercise with good cheer and wholesome laughter.

"On that same tree was another crow. What do you think he said? I said 'Shoo! Shoo!' Get ready, children, he is raising his wings to fly,—there he goes, towards the—NORTH!

"You may now sit properly, soles flat on the floor, hands folded on the desk. Face the front. Instead of pointing with the hand, you may turn your faces in the direction designated. In other words you may point with your noses.

"When the crows had flown away, the old mother crow flew right over my head, saying 'Caw-caw! Where are my children?' Turn your faces so that you can see her before she disappears—she is flying toward the —SOUTH!"

If the direction which the class is facing is chosen, most of the pupils will turn, no matter how well they may know the direction. The expectancy of movement is so strong that it is apt to spill over into movement.

Two or three minutes of this exercise will enliven the class and produce a receptive frame of mind. It is then economical to carry the lesson a step farther.

"Stand, John. You may point to your home. Name the direction. In which direction will you travel when you go home? When you come to school?"

Call up others so that the several points of the compass may be covered in this way.

"In which direction does A Street run? B Street? C Street? The boards in the floor? The fence along the park?"

Care should be taken to avoid, at this stage, the confusion caused by the introduction of tortuous streets and winding streams.

Illustration of direction by shadows is more difficult, inasmuch as it involves a reversal of the simpler process. It employs an extra link in the mental machinery.

"Where does the sun rise? Where does it set? Where is it at noon?

"In the morning, in which direction does your shadow lie? In the evening? At noon? When is your shadow shortest? When longest?"

Pupils will now be interested to learn that before people had watches and clocks, they used shadow clocks, or sundials, to tell the hour of the day. Tell them where they can see a sundial. They can be found in most all of our public parks. Children can construct sundials that are quite satisfactory.

From these concrete illustrations we pass to those less tangible, as the wind.

"How can you tell which way the wind blows?" It is astonishing how many ways a class will think of. Let them write these different answers.

"Which wind do you like the best, Mary? Why?"

Put the same question to other pupils, bringing out the four winds and the weather that each is likely to produce. The class is now ready to appreciate one of the numerous good little poems on the wind, of which Edmund Clarence Stedman's "The Four Winds," is perhaps the best adapted to our purpose.

Course in Glass-Working—Part III.

No. 22. Apparatus to Generate Hydrogen by the Action of Sodium upon Water.—A dropper-tube bulb is placed upon the end of a short delivery-tube. Several pieces of sodium are crowded into the tube. The bulb may be manipulated so as to control the flow of gas by admitting more or less water to the sodium.

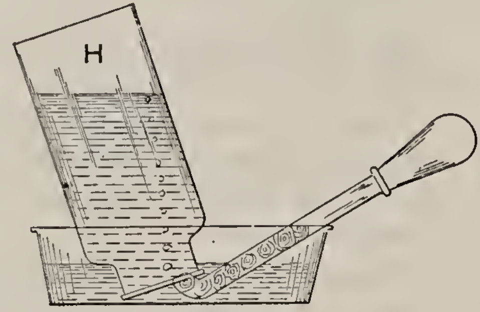


Fig. 34.

*No. 23. Apparatus to Show that Oxygen or Chlorine will Burn in Hydrogen.—Hydrogen is collected in the eight-ounce bottle by using apparatus No. 6. The material to generate oxygen or chlorine is put into the flask and heated. The hydrogen is lighted at the mouth of the bottle and the delivery-tube slowly thrust up into it, when a flame will be seen burning at the end of the delivery-tube. The upper end of the bottle is held in one hand, while the neck of the flask is held in the other. The apparatus is tilted to prevent the burning of the hands by the flame.

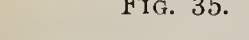


Fig. 35.

To burn hydrogen in oxygen or chlorine, we have merely to substitute the delivery-tube from the apparatus represented in figure 31, collect oxygen or chlorine in the eight-ounce bottle by using apparatus No. 6, and generate hydrogen in the flask. The hydrogen must be allowed to flow rapidly for a few minutes to remove air from the flask, in order that there may be no explosion. We fill the flask one-quarter full and add about one-third as much sulphuric acid. Drop in granulated zinc while the mixture is warm, and the hydrogen will flow rapidly. The hydrogen flame burning in the bottle produces a musical sound.

All the pieces of apparatus described in these pages and marked with * were prepared by the author and placed on exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. The State of New York purchased from him the entire set, and it is now installed in the Educational Museum, State Capitol, Albany, N. Y.

Cost.—8-oz. wide-mouthed bottle, Rubber stopper No. 1, } From App. No. 6.
2-oz. flask, from apparatus No. 19.
Delivery-tube . . . . 1 cent

No. 24. Apparatus to Show the Mutual Combustion of Air and Gas.—Illuminating gas is led in by the tube *a*, figure 36. The end *d* is at first closed and the chimney is inverted. The gas issuing from *b* is lighted, the flow of gas is adjusted, and the chimney again inverted, as shown in the figure. When *d* is uncovered the flame appears at *c*. The tube *b c* is at least one-quarter of an inch internal diameter. The excess of gas escaping at *d* is also lighted to show that the chimney is filled with gas, and the flame at *c* shows an air-jet burning in an atmosphere of gas.

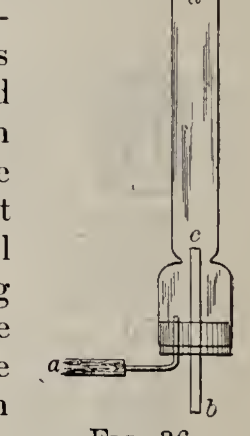


Fig. 36.

No. 25. Apparatus to Show the Production of Ammonium Chloride from Ammonia and Hydrochloric Acid Gas.—A solution of hydrochloric acid is put in one flask and ammonia in the other. These communicate by short tubes with an argand lamp chimney. The flasks are lowered into a basin of hot water which is kept hot by a flame turned low. The ammonia and hydrochloric acid gases issuing into the chimney form very dense clouds of ammonium chloride, considerable quantities of which will collect upon the walls of the chimney. This is scooped out and put in two test-tubes, to one of which lime is added reproducing ammonia, and to the other sulphuric acid is added reproducing hydrochloric acid gas.

Fig. 37.

No. 26. Apparatus for Etching Glass.—Two small tumblers which fit well together are chosen. In the lower one is placed a little calcium fluoride and sulphuric acid to generate hydrofluoric acid gas which etches glass. The upper tumbler is warmed over a flame and coated thinly with paraffin by rubbing it over with a paraffin candle. Lettering or some design is scratched thru the paraffin upon the bottom of the tumbler, care being taken to lay bare the glass where it is to be etched. The

Fig. 38.

second tumbler is then placed in the first as shown in figure 38 and both are put in a basin of hot water to hasten the action. The design will be etched into the tumbler in the course of a few hours and the paraffin may be removed by immersing it in hot water. Of course the lower tumbler is also etched wherever it is exposed to the gas but this does not prevent its being used for the same experiment many years.

Hydrofluoric acid gas may be collected in water as hydrochloric acid gas is by the use of apparatus No. 19. This is usually kept in hard rubber bottles, but it may be kept in a glass bottle for a time and handled with a dropper-tube, figure 6. By means of this the aqueous solution may be dropped into the design cut in the paraffin and the experimenter may thus etch some parts of the design more deeply than others, at pleasure.

By this method copper may be etched by nitric acid, and zinc or iron by sulphuric acid, etc.

No. 27. Apparatus for Exploding Mixtures of Gases.—Eudiometers.—Use preferably a glass tube graduated and having platinum wires fused into the upper end. If this is not available a straight tube may be used closed at the upper end by a solid rubber stopper having two short platinum wires inserted thru it as follows: First drive a stout needle thru the stopper and by the use of forceps force the platinum wire thru the hole, immediately following the needle. The graduations may be etched upon the tube by hydrofluoric acid solution as described under apparatus 26, or a paper scale may be glued to the side of the tube and protected with waterproof varnish. The rubber stopper will introduce difficulties in the matter of measurement, and the interpretation of the scale must be determined by pouring in a measured volume of water after inserting the stopper.

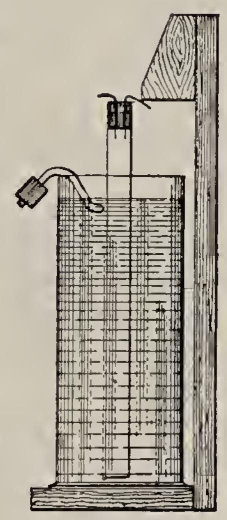


Fig. 39.

A vessel of wood, tin, or preferably glass is chosen which shall have a depth at least three-quarters the length of the tube. This sets upon a wooden base carrying a support as shown in figure 39.

The tube is filled with water and inverted in the vessel, which also contains water. The gases are generated in a small (2 oz.) flask and conducted into the eudiometer tube thru a very short delivery-tube. For this purpose the eudiometer is raised so that its mouth is near the surface of the water. It is lowered until the level of the water is the same in both tube and cylinder for reading the volume of gas. When a mixture of gases is ready to be exploded a thin piece of wood, leather, or pasteboard is "water-logged" to remove the air and then sunk to the bottom of the cylinder to act as a cushion for the tube. The upper end of the tube is covered with a cork and then forced under the block at the top of the support, and the mixture is exploded by the electrophorus or Leyden jar Nos. 96 and 98.

Part III. PHYSICAL APPARATUS.

*No. 28. Apparatus to Show that Air Occupies Space to the Exclusion of Other Things.—The funnel is made of paper. The opening in the lower end is about one-eighth of an inch. Dip the funnel in water and fit it air-tight in the neck of the bottle. The funnel may be filled with water, and after about a tablespoonful has passed into the bottle, it will cease to flow, unless a bubble of air comes out, when only an equal amount of water will pass in. Put water on the top of the bottle, outside of the funnel. (If the funnel was sufficiently wet this will collect there of its own accord.) Now press in the side of the funnel a little, so that you may see a little air bubble out thru the water. Notice that at the same time a small amount of water flows from the funnel into the bottle.

Fig. 40.

*No. 29. Apparatus to Show that Invisible Substances May Have Weight. —Make a paper box five inches long, three inches wide, and two and one-half inches deep, from a sheet of writing paper, letter size, or 8x10. Place this upon one end of a foot rule, laid across a three-cornered piece of wood, the thickness of which should be not more than one-quarter of an inch. While it is impossible to balance the ruler across this piece of wood, it may be so nearly balanced as to tip either way with the addition of an exceedingly small weight. Put a few drops of ether into a tumbler, and let it stand a few minutes until they evaporate and the tumbler is filled with ether vapor, then hold the tumbler as if in the act of pouring something from it into the box. Soon the box will press its end of the ruler down, and if a lighted match is brought to its mouth a flash occurs, showing that the ether vapor was poured into it.

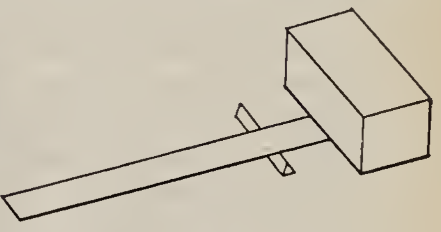


Fig. 41.

No. 30. Apparatus to Illustrate the Porosity of Wood.—A block of wood boiled in water will soon lose the air which it contains and sink to the bottom. This may be kept indefinitely in a bottle of water to illustrate water-logged wood and to show that the specific gravity of wood is really greater than unity. Sawdust will water-log immediately without boiling.

No. 31. Apparatus to Illustrate Viscosity.—Chunks of asphalt, sealing wax, or rosin, kept in dishes of various shapes will flow to fit the shape of the dishes containing them while remaining brittle solids all the time; thus presenting an analogy to glaciers.

No. 32. Apparatus to Illustrate the Creeping of Salt Solutions.—A concentrated solution of ammonium chloride in water kept for a few weeks in a tumbler will encrust the entire surface, both inside and out, when it has evaporated to dryness. If a portion of the tumbler is very thinly coated with oil or paraffin, that portion will be protected from encrustation; thus illustrating the method of treating a battery cell to prevent the creeping of its solution.

Primary Nature Work

Edited by Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota

Asters.

EVERYWHERE are blossoming the asters, the most numerous of autumnal wild flowers. By the wayside, in rocky pastures and green meadows, they stand with their bright dresses and shining faces, like the stars whose namesakes they are.

The asters belong to a vast family of plants that have developed very clever devices for getting on in the world and setting forth their offspring well provided with a start in life.

This family of plants found that it was much better to keep house together, than to try it each one by himself.

The brothers and sisters of the family are known to every little boy and girl. They begin with the dandelion, go on thru the daisies, golden rod, and thistles, and finally end with the sunflower in the autumn.

If one looks at the head or flower of the aster, it will be found that it is not just one flower, but a great many tiny blossoms, all crowded close together on one stalk, and each blossom with a dainty fringe of colored leaves around it.

They differ as to the number of colored leaves that they have been able to grow, some having but five or six. Others, who have managed to get ahead in the world, have as many as thirty.

They might be called wee daisies, for they grow just like them, except that the daisies are one on a stalk, while the asters are many.

The community of little trumpet flowers, as close together as possible, are usually yellow. Those on the outside of the round yellow disk open first, those near the center are still tightly folded together like little greenish buds. Around this are what botanists call the "ray-flowers" and they are strap-shaped.

If one of the little yellow throats is examined with a magnifying glass, something like a second bud will be seen. It is not really a bud, it is a little row of stamens that has grown together so as to shut the pistil in. The pistil wants to grow, and, pushing the stamens that hold the pollen as hard as it can, finally out it springs, driving the pollen before it. Any fly that chances to be crawling about on the aster, gets a liberal sprinkling of the pollen, flies away, and drops it off on another aster, which is just what the first flower wanted.

Now why do these tiny flowers join together to grow? Because they make a much braver showing and are more likely to attract insects. The chance to gather honey from so many flowers at once is greatly appreciated by the insects, and they visit these large families frequently.

The rays, or bright part of the flowers, answer to the office of a cloak. The white, purple, and yellow rays bend over and cover and protect the little flowers in the head like nurses, for fear that they should suffer frost, or be spoiled by the rain and dew, and then the country children say that the asters are sleeping.

Then the outer leaves have another office. They show for a great distance, and advertise to any rollicking insect flying about, the fact that here he may get good honey,—not in just one sip, but in many.

There are quantities of the asters everywhere, some with large rays, some with small, some deep purple, others pale, and other again with a pinkish hue or quite white.

This family, which has the long name of Compositae, is something like the ants, who are said to have the largest brains in proportion to their size of any insect. The family is regarded as the most highly organized of plants. The members have banded together and each part does a different, but necessary work.

There is another marvelous thing that this family has done. The flowers have laid themselves out for wind agency in sowing them.

The trick has answered most successfully, as is seen from the fact that this family stands at the head of all others in number and variety, both in species and individuals, and in the marvelous manner with which its members have adapted themselves to almost any physical condition on the earth.

The arctic, antarctic, tropical, and equatorial regions include them among their chief plants. They grow in the arid region of the Cape; on the dank hillsides of Brazil; in salt marshes, bogs, rich alluvial soils, on barren rocks, desert, and plain.

They are woody or herbaceous as the occasion seems to require. No place is too cold or too hot, too wet or too dry for the species of this elastic order. They are found everywhere and make a good living wherever found.

They do not all resort to wind dispersion, but many of them do to a great extent. The slight breeze lifts one of the feathery seeds and carries it away with its fruit, dry and light, hanging beneath and balancing it like the car of a balloon.

Sometimes the cloak or feather hair has a long stalk like the dandelion. Sometimes it is without any stalk at all like the ragwort.

Sometimes the seeds are like a screw propeller which is caught by the wind and works round and round like the blades of a screw. Everywhere the wind has been called upon to send the seeds, and a few trust to still more accidental agencies, the currents of the sea and rivers. These seeds remain in water for a long time whether it be salt or fresh, but others die and rot when wet.

The cotton seeds, altho not related to the asters, have copied their way of sending out seeds, and are now clothing more than half the human race with the long cottony hairs with which their seeds are covered.

It is the calyx in all seeds that does these mani-

fold things. The calyx is a regular Jack-of-all-trades, and it is astonishing what different forms it assumes.

Questions about the Aster.

Are there many flowers or a single one in an aster?

Name some other flowers that have followed this plan.

Why are there many flowers instead of few in one head?

What is the difference between the flowers on the outside of the head and those in the center?

What office do the colored leaves around the yellow flowers in the center have?

Of what advantage is it to insects to visit them?

Describe the place where these are found.

Describe the seeds.

What device have they developed for getting sown?

What agency is active in sowing them?

How does this family compare with other plant families in number and variety?

Is it an inhabitant of all parts of the world?

What plant with similar seeds clothes nearly the whole of the human race?

The Corn.

We have a pretty corn plant.
The corn plant has roots.
The corn plant has a stalk.
The corn plant has leaves.
The corn plant has two blossoms.
The blossoms are silk and gold.
The roots look like threads.
The stalk has a rind.
The stalk has joints.
The joints look like rings.
The leaves come from the joints.
The leaves clasp the stalks.
What a long, long leaf the corn plant has!
It is a narrow leaf, too.
I see a big mid-vein.
I see other veins.
The veins run up and down.
We say they are parallel.
What a big word that is!

I forgot to tell you how the leaves are placed on the stem.
They are first on one side and then on the other.
We call them alternate.
The corn plant has one blossom at the top.
We call this blossom the tassel.
It holds the powder.
It shakes the powder on the silk.
It wants to make the seeds grow.
Each seed has a silk thread.
The thread will carry the powder.
It will carry the powder to the seed.
The seeds grow on a cob.
The cob looks like a cylinder.
The cob is wrapped in green leaves.
We call these leaves husks.
Mice and rats like to eat corn.
Cows and sheep like to eat corn.
Chickens like to eat corn.
We like to eat corn, too.
The farmer likes to plant corn.
When the corn is ripe the farmer cuts it down.
Then he takes the grains to the mill.
The mill grinds it into meal for us.

F. C. L.

The Milkweed.

We have a pretty milkweed pod.
It grew on a milkweed plant.
I found a milkweed plant by the roadside.
I found a milkweed plant on the hill.
I found a milkweed plant in the woods.
The pod has burst open.
It is split down the back.
It is full of silk.
I see a little brown basket.
It is trimmed with silk.
The silk is soft and pretty.
The silk will help to carry the basket.
Mr. Wind likes to have silk on the basket.
It helps him in his work.
Let us take a peep into the basket.
Oh, see the little seed!
How snug it is!
How did you get into the basket, little seed?
Do you like to travel?
Yes, little children, I like it very much.
We do not travel in baskets.
Sometimes we ride in the cars.
Sometimes we ride on horseback.
Sometimes we ride in a wagon.
Sometimes we go on boats.
Are you not afraid, little seed?
Will you not get hurt?
Oh, no, I am safe in my basket.
Mother Milkweed took care of that.
She wanted me to grow like herself.
If I fall I shall rest on the soft earth.
Soon the earth will cover me.
The sun and rain will come to see me.
I shall be a plant like Mother Milkweed.
My roots will look like threads.
My stem will have a milky juice.
My leaves will grow opposite each other.
They will be quite large.
They will be smaller than the corn leaves.
They will not clasp the stem.
Their edges will be very plain.
I shall not trim them with scallops.
Will their veins run up and down?
No, their veins will look like a feather.
Shall I have pods?
Yes, I told you I should grow like Mother Milkweed.

F .C. L.

Homely Talks to Young Teachers

By THOMAS E. SANDERS, Tennessee.

Common Sense in the School-Room.

IN the June number I spoke of "The Fitness for Teaching." I want to say something this month on the value of common sense in the school-room. Common sense is characteristic of the great middle class of people, and is the saving grace of the country. Good common sense is one of the greatest endowments of a good teacher. It keeps him from fads and follies, gives him a true perspective of his worth and work, enables him to distinguish between a March wind and a tornado, and to discriminate between a piece of boyhood thoughtlessness and open rebellion.

Common sense will keep you from attempting the impossible and then worrying because you cannot accomplish it. Common sense keeps you out of difficulties in the school-room and in the community. How many teachers are lacking in this particular! In a fit of anger they set a punishment impossible to be inflicted, and then compromise themselves by withdrawing it. How often do teachers make arbitrary rules without any thought of conditions and consequences which would follow the enforcement of the rules! Setting a specific punishment for all pupils who go outside the school grounds, forbidding a child to leave the room, locking the doors regardless of the weather at a certain time in the morning, these and scores of other similar rules show a lack of common sense, or actual weakness in the teacher.

Most of the trouble in the school-room comes either from lack of action on the part of the teacher or from action which is hasty and hence injudicious. There are many cautions which might be given teachers, all of which summed up forebode lack of common sense. Experience with common sense, observation, and a real desire to improve will teach you valuable lessons. Among the most valuable of such lessons may be enumerated the following:

1. Order in the school-room does not mean stillness. I have seen that secured thru fear of punishment; and after years of such routine drill to quietness under the eagle eye of a so-called disciplinarian, the pupils were on the borderland of anarchy. Order means opportunity for effective work. There must be mental unity, perfect contact between the mind of the pupil and the mind of the teacher. When a pupil is preparing a lesson, the text takes the place of the teacher for the time being. Order permits the closest possible contact of mind with mind. The criterion, then, of that which may or may not be permitted is how the act will affect the unity of mind between the teacher and the class.

2. Do not lose your head. Composure counts for as much in the school-room as anywhere else, if not more. A nervous teacher makes a nervous school. Some teachers pace the floor like wild animals in a cage. Sit down to hear a recitation occasionally. When you stand, stand with composure. The reason many teachers cannot govern pupils is because they cannot govern themselves. They are scared half the time for fear there will be disorder. Many teachers cannot sit or stand with composure during the whole of a recitation. John is doing something, and she must walk back to see what it is. Let me suggest that you let John do the walking, if it must be done. Then she fears John will be in mischief if he is not carefully watched. If I were John, I would not disappoint you, and the chances are he will not. How often have I heard teachers say to some pupil, "Sit down and be still" and I wanted to say, "Go thou and do likewise."

"Look for goodness, look for gladness: You will
find them all the while."

3. When you hear a teacher declare that she has the meanest lot of "kids" in the world, you may be sure the children have one of the poorest teachers in the world. Pupils will give you in the long run all the respect you deserve. I think one of the most lamentable things that can happen to a child is to be shut in school six hours a day with a swivel-souled, pessimistic, sour-grained, fault-finding teacher, one of those who imagine the world is all upside down and they were born to set it right.

4. Keep your knowledge fresh by study. The teacher who has ceased to learn is a phonograph, and can do nothing but repeat. Do you know how eagerly you look forward to that recitation for which you have made special preparation? Our best teaching is not done by our oldest teachers, because so many have ceased to learn. They lack the enthusiasm so essential to reach children and depend upon an old stock of goods. The growing mind alone is fit to teach.

5. The school-room is a good barometer. When I first began to teach, bad days came, and I worried about it. Things went wrong, difficulties occurred on the playgrounds, boys were listless and noisy, and girls giggled. I felt on the verge of despair. The next day after a bad one might be a most delightful day. It took me several years to discover the relation of the weather to the conduct in school, but it exists. The weather barometer which hangs on the wall is no better in its predictions than a careful observation of the conduct in the school-room. Ask a dozen teachers in the same town if it has been a good or a bad day for them, and see what a majority of them will vote the same way. A bright morning, clouds gather and thicken—a bad day; clearing weather—good work in the school-room. Observe if it is not true.

6. The personality of the teacher is the greatest force in the management of a school. With one teacher the pupils run riot and anarchy prevails. The same pupils under a different teacher are respectful and orderly. The difference is in the personality of the teacher. One scolds, punishes, threatens, bribes, coaxes, and it is no wonder pupils are disorderly. The other with quiet composure, earnest and gentle firmness, gets down to business, and the pupils are orderly and happy.

7. One of the greatest disorder breeders is the long-winded teacher who talks and talks and talks, and explains and explains and explains and never gets done. She insists that she must be thoro, and in threshing over and over to make sure the pupils leave no grain of knowledge, she threshes all the life out of the subject. Who has not seen the recitation time wasted, class interest drag, pupils get into mischief, and general disorder prevail while this teacher was reviewing, lecturing, and repeating over and over again, talking herself hoarse, and using so many words that even the brightest pupils could not understand her? That monotonous sound of her voice drowns all interest, and dulls the minds of the children. Beware of the long-tongued teacher!

8. A pleasing voice, freshness and vivacity about the teacher, quickens and inspires the school. The questions come as if she were seeking information. They are crisp and to the point. Her face beams at a good answer, and leaves an impression on the class that she is learning something from them. Discussions are bright and animated and full of life, yet always respectful and courteous. She is just the reverse of the teacher who is always pouring in information instead of calling out and getting pupils to express their own thoughts on the subject. One dulls the intellect, the other sharpens it.

9. Systematic placing of the seats of pupils, the calling of classes, the distribution of wraps, the collection of scraps, the passing of classes, the dismission of school—all these do much to make or mar the success of the school. A well-arranged program that indicates not only the time and order of the recitation, but also the study periods, has much to do with the success of the school. Woeful failures are made because the teacher does not plan carefully in advance just what to do, how to do it, and when it should be done.

10. Dismission of the school in the afternoon has its effect upon the whole school. Often teachers hurry to dismiss the children quickly to be relieved of the responsibility. Pupils leave the building with a jump, a shout, and as boisterous as a lot of Comanche Indians. Of all the periods of the day, the one just preceding dismission is the one when the teacher should be the most deliberate. If ever pupils are at the teacher's mercy it is at this period. Let them understand that quiet precedes all dismissions. If it requires fifteen minutes or half an hour to get quiet, let them understand they do not leave until they are quiet. Then at a gentle signal the pupils rise in orderly manner and pass out respectfully.

11. I might enumerate a number of other things detrimental to school work. One is of special importance, and that is the running and jumping in the school-room at playtime. Without exception, I have always found that a noisy room at recess was a noisy room after recess. The school-room should be a place for work, or quiet, home-like conversation, but never a place for romping and rudeness.

Prize Problems.

A prize in mathematics is offered annually by Carlos Barry, Jr., to the pupils of the Nathan Hale Grammar School, New London, Connecticut, for excellence in mathematics. Only the members of the graduating class are allowed to compete for this prize. The problems given are not easy ones. Here are the problems used as questions in the competitive examination a year ago. The prize winner solved twelve of them correctly. Pupils in other schools may enjoy trying their skill at solving the problems.

1. A farm and buildings cost $5,000. The farm cost 50 per cent. more than the buildings. What was the cost of each?

2. Bought land for $765.20, April 1. Paid $450 cash, and for the balance gave a three months' note, the proceeds of which would cancel the debt. When must I call at the bank to settle, and how much must I pay?

3. A can do a piece of work in six hours, B in eight hours; but working together with the help of C they can do it in two hours. How long will it take C if he works alone?

4. Find the side of the largest square that can be cut from a circle 28 inches in diameter.

5. A man having $2,655 invests it in 3½ per cent. bonds at 88½. Afterward, when they are 93, he sells out and invests his money in a 5¼ per cent. mortgage. What difference has he made in his income?

6. How many square inches are left of a sheet of paper 14 inches by 21 inches after the largest possible circle is cut out of it?

7. Borrowed $500 at 6 per cent. on June 10, 1902. When it was paid it amounted to $546. On what date was it paid?

8. From a sheet of zinc weighing 16 pounds, and measuring eight feet by four feet, a square was cut out, reducing its weight to 11½ pounds. How long was the square?

9. By selling a farm for $4,800, the owner lost ⅛ of what he paid for it. Find the per cent. of loss.

10. The extremes of a proportion are 49 and 196, and the means are equal to each other. What is the proportion?

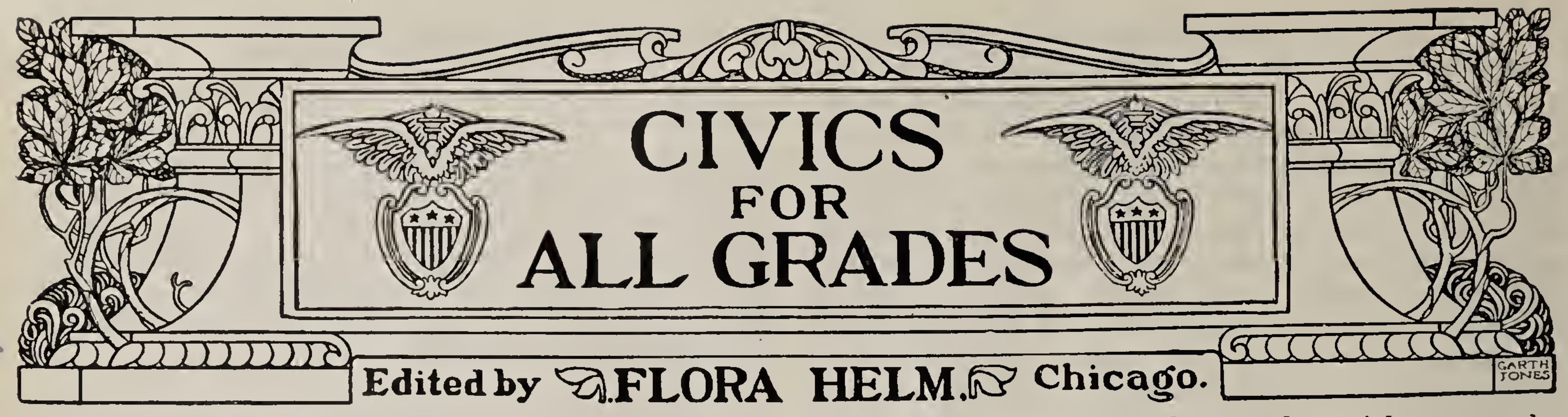
11. If B's money is 33⅓ per cent. more than A's, A's is what per cent. less than B's?

12. B has a cubical bin whose contents are 778,688 cubic inches. What will it cost to line the bottom and sides at 12 cents a square foot?

13. A man left $9,000 to his wife, which was ⅝ of the sum he bequeathed to his children. The rest of his estate or 25 per cent., he gave to a hospital. What per cent. of the whole estate did his wife receive?

14. The discount on goods at ten per cent. and eight per cent. off is $90.30. What is the list price?

15. A tree broken off 30 feet above the ground, fell so that its top struck the ground 40 feet from the foot of the tree, the end resting on the stump. What was the height of the tree?



Charities.

[Especially suited to the needs of the Fifth School Year.]

READ the story of the widow's mite. Tell the story of St. Martin, who, riding along a country road, sees a beggar without sufficient clothing. With his sword he cuts his cloak in two and gives half of it to the beggar. Then a vision appears of Christ wearing the half-cloak in heaven. Tell the story of Sir Launfal, how, with indifference and contempt he throws to the beggar the coin while on his journey to seek the Holy Grail. He travels thru the world till he is old, intent on the search, but unsuccessful. On his return to his home, spent and disappointed, he shares his crust and cup of water with the beggar. Lo! his pur ty of purpose—his brotherly love in the act of giving—sanctifies the deed and he is blest with the vision of the Holy Grail.

Then, having strengthened sufficiently the idea of the *loving intent*, make equally strong the necessity that charity must be based on a *knowledge of circumstances*. That charity only is right which brings about good results.

Barbarous races starved or put to death the aged and helpless; Indians deserted them.

In the Middle Ages there was so much giving to the poor that "great swarms of beggars arose and threatened to overrun Europe."

With these two extreme illustrations, point out that charity must be given feelingly, charity must be given knowingly. In order that charity may be based on a knowledge of circumstances, these institutions are organized by city, county, state, or nation.

These institutions make it their especial duty to find out the circumstances where charity is to be dispensed.

These institutions work together to prevent repetition and confusion.

These institutions work for two purposes,—to protect and help the unfortunate, to protect and help society, which would otherwise be annoyed or endangered by the unfortunate.

Charity Organization Society.

Every large city has one of these.

Its aims are:

I. To cause co-operation among the various charitable institutions, public and private, in any one locality so that they will not duplicate or overlap in their work.

II. To furnish information about these charitable institutions to those who wish to make gifts and bequests.

III. To bring about circumstances that enable the following to help themselves:

(*a*) The ignorant.

(*b*) Foreigners who do not understand the laws and conditions of the country.

(*c*) People who do not know how to help themselves.

(*d*) People out of harmony with their conditions.

(*e*) Widows, orphans, crippled and deformed persons.

IV. To care for the sick.

V. To pension the aged or others absolutely helpless.

VI. To find employment for the unemployed.

VII. To get transportation for those dependents having relatives in other cities.

VIII. To remedy unsanitary conditions.

IX. To give economic advice to the ignorant and helpless.

X. To give moral encouragement.

The officers are of two kinds, paid officials and volunteer visitors.

Besides these, a number constitute the "advisory board."

Every case that comes up for help is investigated and outlined by the officers to determine the causes that led to its existence.

Emergency relie is given where necessary, pending investigation.

The officials and advisory committee discuss each case in all its bearings and decide what shall be done.

In this decision the paid officials and advisory committee have a good reciprocal influence.

The paid officials represent the cautious, conservative sentiment; the advisory committee, being private citizens, are apt to be more tender-hearted.

The organization is supported by voluntary contributions but authorized in its actions by the State.

The prime aim of all its workings is to be educative; to teach people (who do not know); *how to live.*

(Almshouses and Hospitals will be presented next month.)

George Washington's Military Career

By J. T. Headley

[Part III of "Life of Washington"—Revised for Teachers Magazine]

IMMEDIATELY on the return of Washington, Governor Dinwiddie called his council together and laid before it the letter of the French commander, and the report of his commissioners. It was resolved at once to repel this invasion of the King's dominions by force of arms. To effect this, an enlistment of two companies of one hundred men each was advised, which should proceed without delay to the Ohio, and erect a fort on its banks. If there were not a sufficient number of volunteers to make up the quota, drafts were ordered to be made on the militia. Washington was appointed commander of this small force, the chief object of which was to bisect the operations of the French, and prevent them from completing their chain of posts from Canada to New Orleans. He was stationed at Alexandria, to enlist recruits and dispatch forward the cannon for the fort which the Ohio Company had agreed to build.

The Legislature met in February, 1754, but the feelings of the members were not at all in harmony with the warlike spirit of the Governor—indeed some of them declared they could not see what right England had to those lands. The loyal old Governor "fired at this," to think that "an English Legislature should presume to doubt the right of His Majesty to the back of his dominions." Ten thousand pounds, however, were voted for the defence of the colony, which gave the Governor great satisfaction, but his ire was again aroused when commissioners were appointed to superintend the disbursement of this fund. He nevertheless went diligently to work, and ordered four more companies to be raised, making six in all. Col. Joshua Fry was appointed commander of these, with Washington raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, the second in command. The Governor was authorized to call for two independent companies from New York, and one from South Carolina. These were immediately sent for, and in the meantime the cheering news came from North Carolina that she would soon have a force in the field to help repel the common invader.

Washington having completed two companies, in all one hundred and fifty self-willed, ungovernable men, left Alexandria in April, and marched for the Ohio. He was ordered to complete the fort there which a party of men under Captain Trent were erecting, and to make prisoners, kill, and destroy all who interrupted the English settlements. His march was slow and difficult, and before he reached Will's Creek, the French had descended from Venango, and summoned the force under Captain Trent to surrender. The latter was absent, but Ensign Ward, then in command, agreed to give up the fort if he was permitted to retire with his troops. This was acceded to, and the French took possession, and immediately set about strengthening the works. The trees were felled around the fort, which they named Du Quesne, barracks of bark were thrown up, and before the smoke of the burning trees had scarcely cleared away, the first foundation of Pittsburg was laid.

Immediately on the reception of this alarming news Washington sent off expresses to the Governors of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, for reinforcements, and then called a council of war. Beset with difficulties, liable at any moment to be surrounded and cut off, he nevertheless resolved to push boldly forward, and if possible, reach the Monongahela and erect a fortification. With his little force swelled to three hundred men, he entered the forest and began to cut his way thru the wilderness. This was slow and tedious, for all the deep streams had to be bridged, the swamps filled up, dugways made along the sides of the mountains, and a sufficient grade and smoothness obtained to allow the passage of baggage wagons. Reaching at length the Youghiogheny, a halt was made, till a bridge could be built across the stream. Being told here by some Indians that the river was passable to its junction with boats, Washington took with him five men and proceeded down, to ascertain if it were so.

The navigation of the stream was extremely perilous, for he became entangled amid rocks and shoals, and was borne thru dangerous rapids. At length, however, he entered a gorge made by two high precipitous mountains, where the stream, compressed between the cliffs, became very deep, and, ceasing its tortuous course, flowed on in a straight, rapid current. Borne swiftly and smoothly along, Washington proceeded for ten miles, when he came to a fall. This abruptly terminated his exploration, and he returned to his army. He had scarcely reached it, when a string of wampum was received from his old friend, the Half King, telling him that the French were advancing, and saying, "Come soon, or we are lost, and shall never meet again. I speak it in the grief of my heart."

Washington immediately ordered the troops under arms, and pushed forward. Without tents, scantily supplied with clothes and provisions, encamping under the open sky, pelted by the rains, fording the streams, and wearily dragging their cannon after them, they marched slowly on, while insubordination and complaints swelled the evils that encompassed the young commander.

On the 25th another message was received from the Half King saying, "Be on your guard, the French army intend to strike the first English whom they shall see." The same day a second messenger entered the camp, reporting that the French were but eighteen miles distant. Ignorant of their number, or from what point they would attack, he hastened to the Great Meadows, an open plain between two ridges, covered with grass and low bushes. Near the center, where it was about three hundred yards wide, and beside a rivulet that flowed thru it, he hastily threw up an intrenchment, and prepared to meet the enemy. As he looked around and saw what a broad stretch lay between his rude works and the covering forest,

he felt satisfied with the spot he had selected, declaring it a "charming field for an encounter."

In the meantime he sent out some men on the wagon horses to reconnoiter, and all eyes were directed toward the forest, in constant expectation of seeing the scouts burst into the opening, bringing the enemy with them. But they returned without having seen any traces of the invaders. In the night, however, the sentries became alarmed and fired their pieces. In a moment the little camp was in commotion, and the troops stood to their arms till morning. Soon after daylight a single man was seen moving across the plain toward the fort. This was Gist, who reported the French near by. The day wore on without further cause for alarm; but at nine o'clock at night the camp was again thrown into a state of excitement by the arrival of a messenger from the Half King, who lay with his warriors about six miles distant, reporting that the French detachment was close by him. It was pitch dark, and the rain fell in torrents, but young Washington, as he stood by the fire listening to the statement of the swarthy messenger, forgot both, and instantly selecting forty of his best men started for the camp of the Half King.

Utter blackness filled the forest, and it was impossible to keep the right direction. Stumbling over the rocks and fallen trees, the little band staggered about in the darkness, the pattering of the rain drops above and their constant dripping on the foliage below were the only sounds that broke the surrounding stillness, save when the musket barrel of some poor fellow tripping in the gloom, rung against a tree or rock, or the low words of command fell from their intrepid leader, as he felt his way toward his first battle. They wandered about in the woods all night, and did not reach the camp of the Half King till sunrise.

A short council was then held, in which it was resolved to send forward two Indian scouts to ascertain the precise locality of the French. Following up the trail, these soon discovered the enemy concealed among the rocks. Streaming along in Indian file Washington, with his savage allies, at length came in sight of the party. The latter, immediately on discovering the hostile approach, seized their arms and prepared to resist. "Fire!" cried Washington, and at the same moment discharged his musket. A rapid volley followed, and for fifteen minutes it was sharp work. Jumonville, the French commander, and ten of his men were killed, and twenty-two taken prisoners. The remainder fled. Washington had but one man killed and three wounded. It was his first battle.

Probably there never before turned such vast consequences on a single musket shot as on that fired by Washington in the commencement of this skirmish. Its echo went round the globe; it was the signal gun breaking up the councils and diplomatic meetings of Europe, and summoning the two greatest powers of the world to arms to struggle for a continent. It began the long war which drove France out of America, and made a warlike people of the colonists, who were jealous of their rights. When the revolutionary struggle afterward commenced, France was but too glad to help despoil England of the rich possessions of which the latter had robbed her, and saw with undisguised pleasure an independent government rise on these shores. But the French army, in helping republicanism, became republican, and scattered the doctrine of human rights thruout France. Her bloody revolution was the result. Met by the feudalism of Europe, it went rolling over the French borders, deluging the continent in its rash flow. The shout of the oppressed masses was heard rising amid the din of battle.

What a long and frightful train of events that single shot set in motion! When the news reached France, it threw both Government and people into a state of high excitement. War had begun, and the name of Washington was heard for the first time in the salons of Paris, and loaded with opprobrium.

Washington knew that as soon as the news of his attack on Jumonville should reach Fort Du Quesne, a heavier force would be sent against him. Therefore he retired at once to his little fort, which he named Fort Necessity. While compelled to prepare for the exigencies growing out of a superior force in his front, he had also to contend with the insubordination of his troops, especially the officers, whose pay had been reduced so low that it would not meet their necessary expenses, and who, indignant at the meanness of the Government, declared they would go home and leave the army to take care of itself. Washington, in this dilemma, put on the "hypocrite as far as he could," and endeavored to convince them it was better and more honorable to remain where they were, while at the same time he wrote to Governor Dinwiddie, stating the feelings of the officers, and remonstrating boldly against the insane policy which made them inferior to the King's officers.

While thus surrounded by a murmuring army,

Washington Giving Up His Horse.

threatened by a superior enemy, and destitute of the necessary provisions for his detachment, he received word of the death of his senior in rank, Colonel Fry, at Will's Creek. He was now commander-in-chief. But soon after, an independent company from South Carolina arrived, commanded by Captain Mackay, who, having a royal commission, out-ranked Washington. Here a new difficulty arose, and had not Mackay been a thoro gentleman, it would have been a serious one. The latter, however, contented himself with a mild refusal to obey the Colonel's orders, and with his one hundred men encamped by himself.

Washington, foreseeing the embarrassment in which this divided command would place the entire force, wrote to Governor Dinwiddie to settle the difficulty by a direct, explicit order. The latter refused to take the responsibility of deciding on so grave a matter as who should command four hundred men; and Washington, in order to avoid a quarrel, determined with his troops to leave the fort and advance to the Monongahela, while Captain Mackay remained at Fort Necessity. The nearest practicable route to Gist's settlement, thirteen miles distant, was thru a terrific mountain gorge. Compelled to hew and dig a road that would admit the transportation of cannon, he occupied two weeks in making this short march.

Having at length arrived there, Washington sent out scouts who kept him informed of all the movements at Fort Du Quesne. Being at length convinced that large reinforcements had arrived from Canada, he called a council of war to determine what course should be pursued. At first it was resolved to make a stand where they were, and a fortification was commenced and a messenger dispatched to Mackay to hasten forward. The latter, like a true soldier, immediately marched to their relief, when another council was called, in which it was decided that the enemy being in such heavy force, it would be more prudent to retreat. This was no easy matter, and at the same time drag nine swivels over the rough road that lay between the settlement and Fort Necessity. There were but few horses, and those comparatively worthless, so that soldiers were compelled to man the drag-ropes. To set a good example, and encourage and render cheerful the men, Washington gave up his own horse to carry the public stores, and paid the soldiers for transporting his necessary baggage. By dint of great labor they got back to the Great Meadows in two days. They could, however, go no farther, for they had been without bread eight days, and, weary and half famished, found only two bags of flour at the fort. The want of horses and provisions, together with the news that two New York companies had twenty days before arrived at Alexandria, and hence must now be very near them, induced Washington to order a halt, and begin to intrench himself as best he might where he was. An express was sent to these New York companies to hurry forward, and every effort put forth to strengthen the impromptu works of Fort Necessity.

At length, on the morning of the 30th of July, a musket shot was heard, and soon after a sentinel, who had been wounded by the enemy, came limping in. Scouts who had been sent out returned breathless with haste, saying that the enemy, nine hundred strong, was only four miles distant. This was stirring news, and Washington immediately drew up his little band of four hundred outside the trenches and gave the order not to fire for some time. Seeing that they had no intention of attempting to carry the works by assault, as he expected, he marched his men in again, and told them to fire when and how they pleased. That little breastwork was soon blazing with the irregular volleys. The French remained at a safe distance and were sheltered by the trees. The rain fell in torrents all day, drenching both armies and filling the trenches round the fort with water. This, however, did not cool the combatants, and a sharp fire was kept up the whole day, and as twilight deepened over the drenched forest, its dark arcades were lit up by incessant flashes.

At eight in the evening the French called a parley, and requested an officer to be sent to them. Vonbraam, a Dutchman, being the only one that could speak French, was dispatched, and soon returned with a paper containing articles of capitulation. Washington and his officers knew it would be impossible to hold out long against their adversaries, for the latter could starve them into submission in a short time, and, as the terms proposed were honorable, he accepted them. He and his band were allowed to march out of the fort with drums beating and colors flying, and retire without molestation to the settlements, taking everything with them but the artillery. Washington, on the other hand, agreed to restore the prisoners taken in his attack on Jumonville and not build any more forts west of the mountains for a year. These articles, when they were afterward published, were severely criticised. They contained things Washington should not have consented to, and of which he was entirely ignorant at the time of the capitulation. The Dutch interpreter had intentionally, or thru ignorance, deceived him. When he returned with the articles of capitulation it was raining so heavily, that a candle could with great difficulty be kept burning while he gave a free translation. Under the circumstances a written translation could not be made, and Washington had to depend on the faithfulness of the verbal one. In this, nothing was said respecting the erection of forts "west of the Alleghanies," but the specification on that point was rendered not to attempt building or improvements on the lands belonging to the French King. To this general promise there could be no objection, as no limits were designated. Again, in the written articles the "death of Jumonville" was called an "assassination"; while the interpreter used the former expression in translating them.

Twelve of Washington's command were killed and forty-three wounded. The former he buried in the forest, and with the latter took up his weary march back to the settlements.

The Governor and Council approved his course, and the House of Burgesses, when it assembled, passed a vote of thanks to him and his officers.

Washington rejoined his regiment at Alexandria, where he was ordered to fill up the diminished companies and march to Will's Creek, to join

Colonel Innies, who was then building Fort Cumberland. In short, the ardent Governor had planned a winter campaign in a country where there were no roads, no supplies, no forts, expecting it to be carried forward by troops without arms, ammunition, provisions, or tents. Washington told him the thing was absolutely impossible, and the order was countermanded.

The Assembly,when it met, voted twenty thousand pounds for the public service. This, with ten thousand sent over by the English Government, put Dinwiddie in funds again, and he set about enlarging the army by the addition of ten companies of a hundred men each. These were to be independent, and the officers of them to rank those of the same grade in the Virginia regiment, while the highest officers of the latter were reduced to captains. Resenting this degradation as a personal insult, Washington threw up his commission and left the army.

Shortly after, Governor Sharpe of Maryland, being appointed commander-in-chief of the forces destined to act against the French, solicited Washington to takehis place again in the army, hinting that he might retain his old commission. The latter took fire at this, and wrote a tart reply to the Governor, saying, "If you think me capable of holding a commission that has neither rank nor emolument annexed to it, you must entertain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me to be more empty than the commission itself."

It was with deep regret that he gave up his profession, for he was exceedingly attached to it, and was ambitious of military distinction. He did not, however, long remain idle, for the next spring (March 15th, 1754), General Braddock arrived from England, with two regiments of regular troops. These were expected to crush all opposition and sweep the French from the frontiers. Washington, who had thus far effected all that had been done, was requested by Braddock to form one of his staff, holding his former rank in the army. To this he acceded, solely, as he avowed, for the purpose of serving his country; for he expected no emoluments, whatever the result of the expedition might be, as he had resolved to accept no commission from Braddock.

The march of this army of more than two thousand men was looked upon as the forerunner of certain and utter destruction of the French, and a subscription paper was actually circulated in Philadelphia to raise money for the celebration of the victory on its return.

Washington joined it at Winchester, and was received in a flattering manner by the officers. The army then started for the interior, and reached Will's Creek about the middle of May. Soon after Washington was sent to Williamsburgh to procure money. On his return the main body was put in motion, advancing slowly, dragging its artillery with difficulty over the uneven roads, and stretching for four miles thru the forest, as if on purpose to invite an attack. Washington urged on Braddock the necessity of greater dispatch, and began already to feel uneasiness at the unwieldiness of this straggling army, giving his own horse to assist in transporting the baggage.

At last he was taken sick with a fever, which raged with more or less violence for fourteen days. At the expiration of that time he endeavored to overtake the army. Unable to sit on a horse, he rode in a covered wagon, but the jolting so distressed him that he was compelled to stop on the road, under the charge of a guard. His restlessness under this delay was very great, and nothing but the solemn promise of General Braddock that he should be brought up before the attack on the French at Fort Du Quesne was made, quieted him. To have the finishing battle take place and he not present, was a thought he could not endure.

At length, tho in a weak, exhausted condition, he came up with the army, on the last of June, at the Great Crossing, a few days before the battle of Monongahela. On the morning of the 9th of July, Braddock forded the Monongahela, just below the junction of the Youghiogheny, and moved in beautiful order, to the sound of stirring music, along the bank of that quiet stream, the scarlet uniforms of the soldiers contrasting richly with the wealth of green on every side. As Washington's eye fell on this military pageant, new to him, and saw nearly two thousand bayonets flashing in the morning sunbeams, and moving in steady undulations over the plain, as to the tread of a single man, while the summer forest echoed to the roll of the drum and bugle blast, his young heart kindled with enthusiasm, and he declared it was the most glorious spectacle he ever beheld.

About noon the army again waded the Monongahela, and began to move over the triangle toward the forks of the two rivers, where, seven miles distant, they united to form the Ohio. A detachment of three hundred and fifty men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, was sent in advance, attended by a working party of two hundred and fifty more. Braddock followed with the artillery, the main army, and baggage. The French had selected an admirable place for an ambuscade. A gentle slope, gashed by two ravines that extended from top to bottom on either side, covered with trees and long grass, furnished a secure hiding place, while, at the same time, it enabled them to pour a double flank fire on the ascending force. Suddenly, while Gage was moving up this gentle slope, along a path only twelve feet wide, a close and deadly volley smote his uncovered ranks. Volley after volley followed in quick succession, and encircled, with fire rolling on them from an unseen foe, the soldiers broke and fled down the hill. Falling on the artillery and baggage, struggling up from below, they threw these into confusion also. Braddock endeavored in vain to restore order. The fire, which seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth, closed on them closer and deadlier, and the ranks melted away like frost work.

The Virginia regiment wished to take the trees, and fight the Indians in their own fashion, but Braddock forbade them and endeavored to form close columns, which only allowed death to traverse his ranks with more rapid footsteps. Confused by this new mode of fighting, and by the unearthly yells of the Indians, the regular troops lost all discipline—they fired wildly without seeing the enemy, and would not obey their officers. A few discharges of grape up those ravines would

have forced the enemy from their place of concealment, or a single steady charge of bayonets, scattered the Indians in affright. But neither was done; and for more than two hours those bewildered troops were held by their officers to that fatal spot, only to be shot down. Braddock had five horses killed under him in succession, and at length was hurled to the ground by a ball thru his lungs. The officers struggled bravely, charging together like common infantry, to stimulate their followers to bear up against the storm, and presented a sublime spectacle of devotion on that ill-fated field.

Braddock's two aides were borne wounded from the battle, leaving Washington alone to distribute orders. Here his military qualities shone forth in their greatest splendor. Tho pale and feeble, he forgot his exhausted condition in the excitement of the moment, and with his fine face lit up with the fire of enthusiasm, he galloped thru the disordered host, his tall form presenting a constant mark to the sharpshooters, whose bullets rattled like hailstones around him. Men were falling on every side, almost entire companies at a time, yet reckless of danger he spurred his steed over the dead and dying alike, straining every nerve to save the battle and the army. Two horses were shot under him, but he rose each time from the earth unharmed. Four balls passed thru his coat. An old chief singled him out and bade his young braves do the same, but after striving in vain to hit him, he became alarmed, and told his men to desist from firing at one who was plainly under the care of the great Manitou. Cool and self-possessed the young aide stood like a rock on that turbulent field, and to see him endeavor to stem the panic and disorder, one would have thought he had been tried in a hundred battles, instead of being, as he was, in his first field fight.

Of eighty-six officers, sixty-three had fallen; while half the entire army was stretched on the field. Of three Virginia companies, only thirty were left standing, and scarcely a single officer remained unwounded. Washington saw his brave Virginians thus uselessly sacrificed with a bursting heart. But faithful to the orders given them, they formed a glorious example to the cowardly regulars, on whom threats, entreaties, and the noble devotion of their officers were alike thrown away. At length the turbulent mass turned in flight, and over the dead and dying, and over their own cannon, went streaming along the road like a herd of frightened animals. All the provisions, baggage, even the general's private papers, were left behind in the panic. Washington rode hither and thither, endeavoring to rally a rear-guard; but was borne helplessly along in the living torrent.

Braddock was carried from the field in a tumbrel, but being unable to bear the motion, was transferred to a litter and hurried forward. All day long he never spoke, but at night he seemed to rouse for a moment and exclaimed in amazement, "Who would have thought it?" Reaching Dunbar's camp, the panic was communicated to the garrison there, and burning the public stores and baggage, and destroying the artillery, the entire army fleeing from its own shadow streamed on thru the forest.

Life was fast ebbing away from the stunned and discomfited general who lay in a half stupor, as if struggling with some dreadful dream. At night he at length roused again, saying, "We shall know better how to deal with them another time." But he had done with all future time, and was already entering that calm world where the sound of battle never comes. The litter on which he lay was set down, and his remaining officers gathered sadly round it. As a last token of gratitude to his young volunteer aide, for his noble devotion and heroism, he gave him a splendid charger and his own body servant. A brief farewell, a faint gasp, a weak struggle, and Braddock lay a corpse in the forest. A grave was hastily dug in the center of the road, to conceal it from the Indians, into which, with his sword lain across his breast, he was lowered. Young Washington read the funeral service by torchlight over him, the deep tones of his voice interrupted only by the solemn "amen" of the surrounding officers. The motionless torch bearers, the encircling forest, with its dimly-lighted corridors, the long line of receding bayonets flashing in the light, the uncovered officers, the open grave, and beside it the pale face of the sleeper, formed a solemn scene. A mark was left to designate the spot, and the army again defiled thru the wilderness. Alone the defeated warrior lay in his rude grave; safe from the mortification and anguish that awaited him in the settlements and in the army. The place of his burial can still be seen, a little off from the national road, and about a mile from Fort Necessity.

* * * * * * *

The English army at length reached the settlements, sending consternation and affright thru the colonies, and Washington retired to Mount Vernon.

It was well for Braddock that he reposed in the forest, for it would have been worse than death to have met the deep and utter condemnation of the people. But from the general obloquy that fell on nearly all connected with this ill-fated expedition Washington was not only exempted, but received instead laudations innumerable. His gallantry, his chivalric bearing, and his miraculous escape, were the theme of every tongue. Said Davis, a distinguished clergyman, in referring to this defeat in a sermon, "I point out that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved, in so signal a manner, for some important service to his country." A remarkable prophecy was thus uttered from the pulpit.

Washington must have possessed even at this early age, that strong power over others which later in life formed one of his great characteristics. He was a mere provincial officer and a volunteer, yet his dying commander bequeathed to him his faithful servant, and his superiors selected him as the most fitting officer to act as chaplain. His bearing, language, actions, all must have possessed extraordinary attractions.

(To be continued.)

Child Life in France.

Dorothy Wells undertook to do too much work last year and so had to go on her vacation at an earlier date than she had planned. That is why her article on "Child Life in Rustic France" was not completed in time for publication in this number. The life of the city children was described in June. Meanwhile you and your pupils will enjoy the charming sketches by M. B. de Monvel presented here for your delectation.

Here are also a few games which are favorites of French children. They reveal a side of life which your pupils will thoroly appreciate.

The little girls of France enjoy *le cerceau* which is similar to our game of hoops, they play with dolls, and skip the rope, just as American children do. Of course, they have swings, too, and play all sorts of ring games. *Les jonchets* is a game similar to our jack straws. *Les osselets* is played with bones, and is French for "jacks." The boys have tops and are especially fond of a game resembling "Prisoners' Base."

Blind man's buff is the chief winter game for indoors. *Colin-maillard a la silhouette* is a delightful variation of it. One player is chosen, who must sit with his face toward the wall while the rest of the players pass between the light and the wall so that their shadows are thrown in front of the "blind" man. When he recognizes any one by the shadow cast upon the wall, that one must take the place of the guesser.

The French game *cache-cache* is our hide-and-seek, while *cache lampon* resembles hide-the-thimble. One player takes some such article as a thimble or ring and hides it while the others are out of the room. The one who hides the object calls, "*tu brules,*" "you burn" when the seekers come near the hiding-place, and "*tu gèles,*" "you freeze" when they are far away from it.

Next month readers of TEACHERS' MAGAZINE will have the regular installment by Dorothy Wells.

La Pêche.

Jacqueline et Miraut sont des vieux amis.

Catherine aime les fleurs parce que les fleurs sont belles.

La Reine.

Conducted by William E. D. Scott, Curator Department Ornithology, Princeton University, and Director of the Worthington Society for the Investigation of Bird Life.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Thru this department it is hoped that teachers may be kept informed of the happenings in the world of birds. Not only the names and appearances of birds are matters of interest, but their whole life economy, especially the human side of it, is of vital import to the students of this branch of nature study. The comings and goings of birds, their nesting time, locality, and season, their food and how this varies with the time of year, their song, their behavior, and particularly their attitude to man will form a basis for the discussions which will appear in these columns.

To add to the value of the work, correspondence from teachers and students is solicited. In this way the particular information that each individual is seeking may be supplied, and where the topic suggested by the inquiry is of broad interest, it will serve as an indication of how best to meet the wants of workers thru these columns. In writing please enclose a stamped envelope in which the reply may be forwarded. Correspondence should be addressed to William E. D. Scott, in care of the editor of Teachers Magazine, 11-15 East 24th Street, New York.

Seasonal Comment.

September is the season of travel and new clothes for birds. Most of the throng that graced our orchards, yards, and woodlands have long ere this finished their family duties and many have left us on the annual journey to their winter homes. The goldfinch is about the only bird still breeding in the vicinity of New York, altho I have found young in the nest at Princeton as late as the 20th of September, when they were about ready to fly; but the breeding season for all our Northern birds may be said to be past. A few robins of the later broods still sport the plumage with the spotted breast that distinguishes the first seven weeks of their lives, and at the same time proclaims their relationship with their spotted breasted kindred, the hermit, the wood thrush, the veery, and the olive-backed thrushes. Perhaps the feature that is most salient and characteristic of this month and the succeeding two is the association of birds in large companies. We are familiar with the host of blackbirds that appear at this time, both the grackles and the maligned cowbirds, and we notice flocks of bluebirds and large assemblages of robins, both old and young.

Go to almost any piece of woodland and you will find other gatherings which are not so conspicuous as those of the open. If you were out a few days before the first of September, nay, even now, you might meet a large company of Baltimore orioles hunting thru the branches, and you might distinguish not only the sexes by their different costumes but the young male birds you will perceive in the exceptionally beautiful plumage which they wear till early in the following spring. But while "birds of a feather flock together," especially at this time, birds of distant kinship also form alliances that will endure till the next breeding season. Warblers of several kinds, kinglets, vireos, and tanagers, are associated in great bands roaming thru the woodlands and orchards on their beginning of the long journey they are about to undertake. The chickadees in small flocks are forming a compact of interests, a fraternity, with a pair of downy woodpeckers, a pair of white breasted nuthatches, and a brown creeper; this will endure till next spring, and in the winter a bluejay or so, or perhaps some golden-crowned kinglets may join this society. There is much to be looked after this month outdoors in the bird world, hence these few hints.

What Happened to Wild, Domesticated, and Pet Birds in the Great Catastrophe Which Overwhelmed the City of San Francisco in April.

In the excitement of the three crucial days of fire which succeeded the earthquake, few observers had time or occasion to note the effect of the conditions which obtained among the birds of the city, and it is therefore of special interest to get the testimony of careful spectators. As an expression of the pervading love and sympathy for those birds of which we make pets and friends, the exhibition of solicitude for these creatures in the stress of escape from the great perils which encompassed the multitude of homeless human beings is alone heroic.

Dr. F. W. D'Evlyn, a resident of the city, writing in *Bird Notes* for June 1906 (a magazine devoted to pet birds, published in Brighton, Eng-

land), describes his personal experience regarding birds at this time. Speaking of the human hosts fleeing from the flames, he writes:

The cavalcade was a sad sight—smoke-begrimed, fire-scorched, nerve-wrecked; the sad procession, almost at times shut in by the flames, made for the wider streets and parks. My hotel faced one of these latter, and the late occupants and refugees soon crowded it to its utmost capacity.

Canaries in cages, parrots on broom-handles, cockatoos in gilded aviaries from the wealthy homes, already claimed space among the palms and semi-tropical foliage plants. But when the stream of humbler folk joined the current, one saw demonstrations of nature study and "out-door life" in the pets of all varieties lugged along—precious but serious impedimenta in the struggle to save the bits of things that went to make up worldly effects.

One dear old lady, whose white hair hung unkempt upon her pallid face, carried a coal-scuttle in one hand and in the other a breeding-cage, with nests, seed-boxes, and two terror-stricken canaries. The hygienic condition of the cage would have struck dumb the editor of *Bird Notes*, and it proved beyond argument that the honeymoon of the fair songsters was not an ideal one. Next came a little Italian boy with a stump-tailed parrakeet hanging by beak and claws to his coat collar, while he tugged along a demijohn of "foot wine." Later one met with a businesslike mechanic with a paper-protected, red-stained cage. In one corner crouched a "grey linnet" who at that time, no doubt, yearned for the quiet, gorse-covered moors of dear old Albion.

By noon the flames had devastated an area one mile long by one and a half miles in width; the water mains were broken, the fire absolutely beyond control, the big mercantile houses, banks, churches, and public buildings one sea of seething, blast-furnace conflagration.

On the opposite side of the main street stood the famous "Call" building, a magnificent stone structure capped by a restaurant, the loftiest in the world and the resort of all tourists, who enjoyed from its windows an unequalled panoramic view of the city, bay, and foot-hills. Alongside this structure were a number of smaller ones, one of which was the famous "Old Crow Whiskey Saloon." The window of this saloon was entirely at the disposal of two crows, who always had a numerous audience outside as they disported themselves on a ten-foot tree stump, ate raw beef, and drank whiskey. One was especially a celebrity; could talk, whistle, and when drunk outrivalled a vaudeville comedian. This specimen had a crippled wing.

The fire was very intense, and the heat was magnified by the dense smoke-clouds and great showers of sparks. At this time I was in my office, almost directly opposite, and was surprised in the midst of the trouble by the appearance of a large bird, which at first I took for a pigeon, flying out of the fire zone and lighting upon the window sill. On closer inspection I recognized the sound specimen of the two crows. The poor thing was terror-stricken and hung to the heated window for only a moment, and then flew over the corner of the building to an adjacent housetop, simply to experience, I am afraid, but a temporary respite from the fiery fate which befell his loquacious companion. The bird had escaped when the heat broke the plate glass window of the saloon.

One of the most extraordinary bird escapes was the case of a canary. Its cage had been crushed by the falling in of a building. It was absolutely flat except at one corner, about the size of the bird, in which was imprisoned the canary. This still lives and sings, a bright speck amidst the debris of the stricken city.

My office building lasted, like an oasis in the desert of flame, until after midnight. I was on special duty. I retreated then by the one avenue of escape, already deserted, and ultimately reached the park I spoke of above, and found everything abandoned, birds, chattels, and baggage alike. The military had driven the populace just ahead of the fire as it advanced. Here I had to drop my personal effects—you could have walked a mile or so on the tops of the abandoned trunks.

I am pained to relate that half an hour later the poor birds were burned amidst the baggage which had taken fire from the heat of the burning buildings (the famous St. Francis Hotel being among them). I escaped with a partial suit of clothes which I was wearing, and in which I stowed the April, 1905, copy of *Bird Notes* and the March number of *Cage Birds* which had been lying upon my desk, and which I snatched up as I said good-bye to my office.

Another writer, Henry Anderson Lafler, in *McClure's Magazine* for July, 1906, supplies further details. This is an extract from Mr. Lafler's admirable personal account of his experience in the catastrophe, entitled, *My Sixty Sleepless Hours :*

One thing that struck me was the number of pets the people saved. I have seen several men and women who were bearing only a canary in its cage. I saw (this is unbelievable but true), a Chinaman in a vivid green coat bearing a vivid green parrot. And I saw a fat negro in a white sweater carrying two canaries, each in its own cage, the cages being neatly enveloped in white flannel so that the birds might not be frightened.

Few cats were saved. People do not care enough about cats to save them at an hour like that. But I never saw so many dogs per capita.

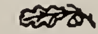
I recall seeing on Telegraph Hill, a little boy with a wooden cage of birds of which included two pigeons. Another boy called to him: "Say, Will, wuz your pigeons all killed?"

"All but two," he said wistfully.

"Killed? Who is killed?" cried an old lady who overheard but the one word.

"My pigeons," said the boy, and the old lady glared at him.

The behavior of pigeons in the air was curious. They flew about and about, plunging into the smoke and out again. I thought I detected in the flight of some, uncertainty as if they had been burned. A flock of twenty wild geese circled about Russian Hill for hours the second night, honking faintly, the white plumage of their breasts showing clearly in the light of the flames. It seemed to me that they flew feebly when I saw them last, and I still wonder if, blinded and bewildered by the smoke, and weakened by the heat, at last they circled from their airy height and plunged into the flames. Bats came from among the trees and shrubbery on Telegraph Hill, and flew about in that strange night made day by flame.



Good Night's Sleep

No Medicine so Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in day time. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night and a wide awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating, to Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank.

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloating feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely.

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhea before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts she is well, and says she don't think she could live without it.

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a "bad stomach." There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Composition Week in the Upper Grammar Grades. II

By Harriet E. Peet, Chicago

The Development of Technique.

SOME has said that successful teaching consists in leading a child to unconsciously do the right thing: that is to say, a perfect environment will bring about perfect results. A child who hears only the best of English, one who is trained to think logically, and who has a desire to communicate his thoughts, will, without much assistance, write well; but a pupil of this sort is so rare that the teacher of English composition cannot totally neglect the technical side of his or her work and trust to natural impulses for the elimination of errors and a final perfection of form. He or she must have a definite plan for this side of the work.

Before leaving the grammar school a child should be somewhat conscious of the means of making a composition clear, interesting, and pleasing, and be able to use more than one form of discourse. Knowledge of the structure of a composition as a whole, of the paragraph and of the sentence should be his. He should be discriminating in his use of words besides being able to punctuate well, to use capitals where they belong and to spell correctly.

This knowledge of technique is not often taught economically thru drills and exercises; still less by committing rules to memory. Facts learned in this way are not closely associated with any of the active interests of the children, and because of their isolation are seldom used and soon forgotten.

The things which a child does remember are things which, because he has used them in order to accomplish some purpose of his own, are closely interwoven with his experience. Habit is strong, and memory keen when it comes to vital personal activities. The best place to teach the technique of English composition is, therefore, in connection with the pupil's expression of his own thought.

Rhetoric and grammar should be handmaidens to composition and composition a spontaneous and an individual expression of thoughts gleaned in a wide field of experience, literary and personal.

But little writing should be done for the sake of form or with that uppermost in the pupil's mind. When a child has been interested, and an impulse to express his thoughts is within him he should be given an opportunity to express himself either orally or in writing and such help as he needs to accomplish his purpose should be given him.

To teach form incidentally seems difficult. The danger is that, unless the teacher has a definite plan in mind, the work will prove desultory and profitless, but this need not be so. It is surprising how satisfactorily things will work themselves out, let once a teacher grasp the problem and set about to accomplish definite ends. Different things in literature and daily experiences lend themselves to different forms of discourse and these forms of discourse to different phases of composition.

If the children have been reading interesting books, the natural thing for them to write will be a review or a series of character sketches; if they have been on an excursion, a narration or a description; if a local question is calling forth a good deal of discussion, a debate; or, if some special occasion is to be celebrated, a simple poem.

In writing reviews, the emphasis will fall naturally on the structure of the composition as a whole and the things which make for clearness. With the character sketch unity, coherence, and continuity in the paragraph may be developed. Wonderfully interesting work on the sentence both from the rhetorical and grammatical standpoint can be done in description. Here emphasis will be toward the elements of beauty. Narration will call for all that has been used in the other forms of discourse and contribute, besides, an opportunity for developing suspense and climax and the use of dialog. Tense and person can be taught here. Easy work in poetics will call for close discrimination in the choice of words as well as give a training in rhythm and rhyme.

A good way of developing the forms mentioned above and many other facts which will come in, one here and another there, is this: (1) Let the children write freely under the stimulus of a thought to express with but few directions to hamper them; (2) Let them criticise their productions from some one special standpoint. Most papers should be read to the class for enjoyment but it is well to have at least one each day written at the board for class criticism.

By following some such plan as the one outlined above, the whole field of composition can be covered in an elementary way and the children acquire without the use of technical terms a working knowledge of the fundamental things in the subject.

The following outline for Matthew Arnold's

poem "Sohrab and Rustum" may make the point of this paper clearer. It is supposed to be used after the children have read the poem thru.

Subjects for Compositions—Form Studies.

The Purpose of "Sohrab and Rustum"—The Paragraph.

A Setting for the Story—Suggesting the Four W's.

Character Sketches of "Sohrab and Rustum"—The use of Similes Portray Character.

A Father's Grief—The Relation of Paragraphs.

A Son's Love for his Parents—The Relation of Paragraphs.

Ruksh, Rustum's Great Horse—The Relation of Paragraphs.

Some Pictures Suggested by the Similes in "Sohrab and Rustum"—Vividness in Description.

A Review of "Sohrab and Rustum"—The Relation of Paragraphs.

Note.—The next article of this series will carry out this subject from a practical standpoint with detail.

Children's Compositions.

From "Sohrab and Rustum."

RUKSH.

Rustum's truest friend was Ruksh his horse, who followed him thru thick and thin like a faithful hound at heel. When Rustum was unhappy Ruksh would mope, and when Sohrab, Rustum's son, lay upon the ground dying, Ruksh with his head bowing toward the ground, his mane sweeping the hot sand, came near, and the tears from his great brown eyes rolled upon the sand and moistened it. He turned to one and then to the other as if inquiring the cause of their sorrow.

Then Rustum, with a stern voice, said: "Oh, Ruksh, thou art sorry now, but wherefore didst thou bring me here?"

But Sohrab felt sorry for poor Ruksh and spoke to him with words of comfort.

A CAMP SCENE.

(A Study in Atmosphere.)

The sand rose in great sheets like waves, but oh, how different! One was hot, sultry, and glaring, the other blue-green, splashing, and cool. From the copper sky, burning down upon the camps of the Persians with a fierce light, shone that blinding ball of light, the sun. Inside of the crimson tents some of the generals of the army were eating, amidst the aroma of coffee, and others, sitting with crossed legs on silken and satin pillows, were smoking with grave content their nargilehs.

LOVE OF FATHER FOR A SON.

Of course all fathers are fond of their sons and daughters, but the love shown to Sohrab by Rustum after he knows that he is his son, is certainly heart-rending. He is full of anguish at the thought of having killed his son, the son that he had been so anxious to have. He wants to kill himself with his own sword so as to end his grief. Hard, experienced soldier that he was, he had a soft spot in his heart for his only son, brave and strong. When Sohrab tells him that he is his son, he beats upon his breast, and covers himself with dust, in his grief at having wounded him, wounded him so mortally that he knows that he will die.

This is only one example of the love of a father for a son. There are, of course, many other examples that could be given.

Seventh Grade, EDNA KANTROWITZ,
June 12, 1906. Room Four.

Don't Be Afraid, Little Boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy,
From your stolen day in the wood,
Tangled and tousled and ready to cry,
Don't be afraid, little truant, I
Would run away too, if I could;—
Don't be afraid, little boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy,
But tell me how far you fared,
Where lilies sway by the singing brook,
Don't gaze at me with that frightened look,
I would run away if I dared;—
Don't be afraid, little boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy,
Were the trilliums tall and white?
And the salmon berries a paly gold,
And the frisky squirrels pert and bold?
I would run away if I might—
Don't be afraid, little boy.

Don't be afraid, little boy,—
For truants at heart are we
In the school of life, but we'll do our best
To stick to the task, and leave the rest
To the Master's charity,
Don't be afraid, little boy.

—CARRIE SHAW RICE.

Postum.

DUBIOUS ABOUT WHAT HER HUSBAND WOULD SAY

A Mich. woman tried Postum Food Coffee because ordinary coffee disagreed with her and her husband. She writes:

"My husband was sick for three years with catarrh of the bladder, and palpitation of the heart, caused by coffee. Was unable to work at all and in bed part of the time.

"I had stomach trouble, was weak and fretful so I could not attend to my housework—both of us using coffee all the time and not realizing it was harmful.

"One morning the grocer's wife said she believed coffee was the cause of our trouble and advised Postum. I took it home rather dubious about what my husband would say—he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the table and we haven't used a cup of it since. You should have seen the change in us and now my husband never complains of heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after I began Postum. My children love it and it does them good, which can't be said of coffee.

"A lady visited us who was always half sick. I told her I'd make her a cup of Postum. She said it was tasteless stuff, but she watched me make it, boiling it thoroughly for 15 minutes, and when done she said it was splendid. Long boiling brings out the flavor and food quality."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table

Teaching is essentially a giving of one's self for others, a daily dying that others may live, and yet renewing one's life again that there may be more to bestow the next day. No matter how obscure and modest the place may be where one is at work, if its opportunities be but utilized in the right spirit it may be center from which the mankind of the future draws strength and health. The joy of the teacher is that his ideas, his plans, his dreams live on in his pupils. Others may jealously guard their possessions, the teacher takes pride in the abundance of his gifts. He does not talk about patents and copyrights. It pleases him to see his thoughts and derive pleasure and profit from them.

Yet in our crude state of professional development it is possible for one to be regarded even as fit to teach other teachers who clings selfishly to the little plans and devices which she believes to have drawn from the original fountains of her inner consciousness. How petty such a contention appears when placed against the background of the true teacher's attitude! Still I know of an instance where a teacher not only denied to a pupil the right to make public use of the instruction received and paid for, but threatened with persecution those who took a more liberal view of the rights of individuals to honestly acquired possessions. I trust I shall never have to be more specific in trying to illustrate the point at issue, though a very recent experience would almost seem to demand it. For in the twenty years of professional communion with teachers the example alluded to is really an exception. Teachers as a rule are of the right spirit. It would a be sad day for our country if they were not. They give freely and grow richer the more they give.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE seeks to be a storehouse of the most helpful thoughts and the most gratifying experiences of the teachers of the young. It is the periodical for those who have decided in their minds never to stop growing, and to be forever searching for the things that will benefit others. And having received much, they are willing to give much. The attention of new readers is especially called to the department of "Hints and Helps." Will you not send at least one contribution during the new school year?

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is a magazine for teachers and by teachers. Even its covers are of a character to be reproduced in the school-room, with the materials that are near at hand. Miss De Land has the true art spirit. Moreover, her pictures are full of life and appeal strongly to the children. In this they differ from the ordinary pictures made by professional designers. Our covers are distinctive. We want them to be so. A cover that might just as well appear on the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Collier's Weekly* or *The Century* is not suited to our needs. We must have something that has been developed in the regular work of school and can be turned to practical use by teachers in other schools. Now here is a proposition.

Miss DeLand's covers are the best I know of for the purposes of TEACHERS MAGAZINE. They are school-made, easily copied, and colored with the materials supplied in the ordinary three-color paint boxes which are used in the schools and may be readily obtained. (Consult the advertising pages.) The subjects are interesting and place the teacher and school activities in the center. They show the poetry of teaching. The children enjoy looking at them and reproducing them. Any teacher or pupil who will supply something equally good or better is invited to send in a design. In order to start the ball rolling TEACHERS MAGAZINE will offer a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best design received before January 1, 1907. Participation in this competition is limited to those who are actively engaged in elementary or high school work. This includes the pupils, of course. Every school can take part. The more the better. Remember, only the materials supplied in the ordinary three-color paint boxes must be used.

Each one of the department editors of TEACHERS MAGAZINE will be delighted to hear from subscribers. Let them know your wishes. Please address them in care of the editorial office in New York City that I, too, may share in the pleasure of reading your letters.

New resolutions established by the postal authorities necessitate the continuous numbering of pages, permitting of no exception for the *Child World*. As a result there may be experienced by the readers of this number a disappointment on reading the last line of page 44 and finding that page 45 does not connect with it. Here is one way of avoiding the difficulty. Open the magazine in the center, raise the ends of the wire staples with a knife, lift out the eight pages constituting the *Child World*, and press down the staples again. Now your magazine is complete, tho page 44 is followed by page 53, which connects with it, and the *Child World* is complete, too. Next month the article preceding the *Child World* will end before the center pages are reached. This month the editor was not prepared for the exigencies created by the new regulations.

An Exercise for Frances Willard Day

By Bertha E. Bush, Iowa

(For other material for use on Miss Willard's birthday, see page 41.)

SEPTEMBER 28, the last Friday in the month of September this year, and speaking day in very many of our schools, is the birthday of Frances Willard. What could be more fitting than for the school children to pay a tribute to the noble woman who loved the children of our land so much and worked so hard to make their lives safer and happier. Take a large sheet of card-board and print in letters plainly read and the prettiest that you can make,

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD,
Born Sept. 28, 1839.

Place this on a small stand in front of the school (letting it lean against the wall if no other way of support is convenient), and arrange it so that the children may lay down flowers before it. Either the speakers may lay down bouquets of flowers before the cardboard tablet, or the whole school may march past and each one may put down one flower. For a morning talk on this day, tell the children something about Frances Willard's life. A little sketch of it is given on page 41.

A Tribute to Frances Willard.

It would seem well to let each speaker wear a little bow of white ribbon or a white flower. If you do so tell them beforehand what the white ribbon means, and what is meant by the "white flower of a blameless life." At the close of the recitation, let the children march around and place flowers before the tablet.

First Child:

'Tis somebody's birthday this day in September,
Somebody the children should surely remember,
A woman good, gentle, and brave-hearted too,
Whose deeds were all kind ones, whose words were all true.

Second Child:

She wore the white ribbon; it meant purity;
She strove from great wrongs our dear country to free;
With heart and with strength and with all of her might,
She battled with evil and worked for the right.

Third Child:

She loved all the children, the girls and the boys;
She wanted to have them good women and men,
Be strong, pure, and noble; and year after year
She labored to help them with voice and with pen.

Fourth Child:

She loved all the children and we love her, too;
We'll try every day to be pure, strong, and true;
And we bring these fair flowers as a tribute to-day
To the woman whose dear name together we say,

All the school (rising):

Frances E. Willard.

(March around to decorate the tablet bearing her name.)

Some Little Temperance Recitations.

These are taken from the little book "Temperance Helps for Primary Teachers," by L. Mabel Freese. The teacher of lower grades will find it very helpful in the required temperance work.

Miss Willard's Pledge for Boys.

God helping,
I promise not to buy, drink, sell, or give
Intoxicating liquors while I live.
From all tobacco I'll abstain;
And never take God's name in vain.

A Temperance Verse for Girls.

"For right and light e'en girls can fight,
Example, work, and prayer unite,
And help to bless the world so wide,
By standing on the temperance side."

A Verse for all School Children.

(By Miss Willard's Mother.)

The world is what you make it,
Little people;
It will be as you shape it,
Little people.
Then be studious and brave,
And your country help to save,
Little people.

What Miss Willard Taught about Temperance.

For blackboard and concert recitation.

"Temperance is to use not too much of good things, and none at all of bad things."

The strong eat well, sleep well, look well. The weak don't. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the weak strong.

The Renewal a Strain

The school vacation is over, and the hardest kind of work has begun again, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain.

The medicine that should be taken at this time, by pupils and teachers, is Hood's Sarsaparilla which gives strength and tone and builds up the whole system.

Accept no substitute, but insist on having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Get it today and begin treatment at once.

Sarsatabs.—To meet the wishes of those who prefer medicine in tablet form, we are now putting up Hood's Sarsaparilla in chocolated tablets known as Sarsatabs, as well as in the usual liquid form. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 100 doses one dollar. C. I. HOOD CO., Lowell, Mass.

Pieces to Speak

for

Young and Old.

Enunciation Exercise.

"Betty Botter bought some butter
'But,' she said, 'this butter's bitter,
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better.'
So, she bought a bit of butter
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better,
So, 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter."

A Castle in the Air.

Featherly-flutter and fidgety-wing,
Twitter and flitter and warblety-sing,
Were five little birds who lived, one spring,
In a castle in the air.

Each was as happy as queen or king,
Without a care about anything;
When the mother bird a worm would bring,
Each birdling had a share.

If a bee came by with a flip and a fling,
They welcomed him gaily, nor feared his sting;
And they cheerily chirped as they sat in a ring,
While the bee flew here and there.

When their little air-castle would sway and swing,
Then closer together the birds would cling,
And merrily chirrup a ting-a-ling-ling,
For the gladness everywhere.
Edwina Robbins in May *St. Nicholas.*

Grandma Al'a's Does.

I wants to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails—
Jus' two free will be plenty—
We're goin' to haul our rails;
The splendidest cob fences
We're makin' ever was!
I wis' you'd help us find 'em—
Gran'ma al'a's does.

My horse's name is Betsy;
She jumped and broke her head;
I put her in the stable,
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor—
We didn't make no muss;
I wis' you'd let her stay there—
Gran'ma al'a's does.

I's goin' to the corn-field,
To ride on Charley's plow;
I 'spect he's like to have me;
I wants to go jus' now.

Oh, won't I gee up awful,
And whoa like Charley whoas!
I wis' you wouldn' bozzer—
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter—
I's hungry worstest kind;
But Taddie mus'n't have none,
'Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it;
I tell you what, I knows
It's right to put on sugar—
Gran'ma al'a's does.—Selected.

The Quiet Way.

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying
And scurrying
Everybody flurrying
And breaking up their rest,
When everything is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best!
The rain that trickles down in showers
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers,
And gentle zephyrs gather up
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup.
There's ruin in the tempest's path,
There's ruin in the voice of wrath,
And they alone are blest
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove by their serene estate
That quiet ways are best.
—Josephine Pollard, quoted in the Philadelphia *Teacher.*

The Influence of Dress.

When Flora puts her school dress on
(It's such a pretty red!)
With that small frock she seems to don
The very wisest head.
She'll learn and learn and learn and learn,
To spell and read and count, in turn;
It really seems, I must confess,
As if there's magic in that dress!

When Flora wears her play-day gown
(It's just the sweetest plaid!)
There's scarce a child in all the town
Has spirits half as glad!
She plays and plays and plays and plays
She'd like to play all night, she says!
So can you wonder that we guess
There must be magic in that dress?

When Flora wears her party frock
(The pale blue silk, you know)
You ought to see her watch the clock
Until 'tis time to go!
And then her manners are so grand!
It's really hard to understand,
And so it seems, I must confess,
As if there's magic in that dress!

Suppose that play-day plaid should go
By some mistake to school?
Then would our playful little Flo
Break every single rule?
Would the red frock on Saturday
Make her too studious to play?
I really hope, I must confess,
She'll always wear the proper dress!
—Hannah G. Fernald in *The Youth's Companion.*

On the Ferryboat.

With bated breath I watched that child
'Twas just an average little boy
Of six or thereabouts;
I left him full of picnic, and
He left me full of doubts.

He ate bananas, sandwiches,
Sweet pickles, cake, and jam,
Fried chicken and potato chips,
Ice cream and tea and ham.

To these he added pink pop corn
And quarts of lemonade;
Of what, then, was his little tum
So wonderfully made?

With bated breath I watched that child,
Expecting him to burst,
But presently, tho still I gazed,
I ceased to fear the worst.

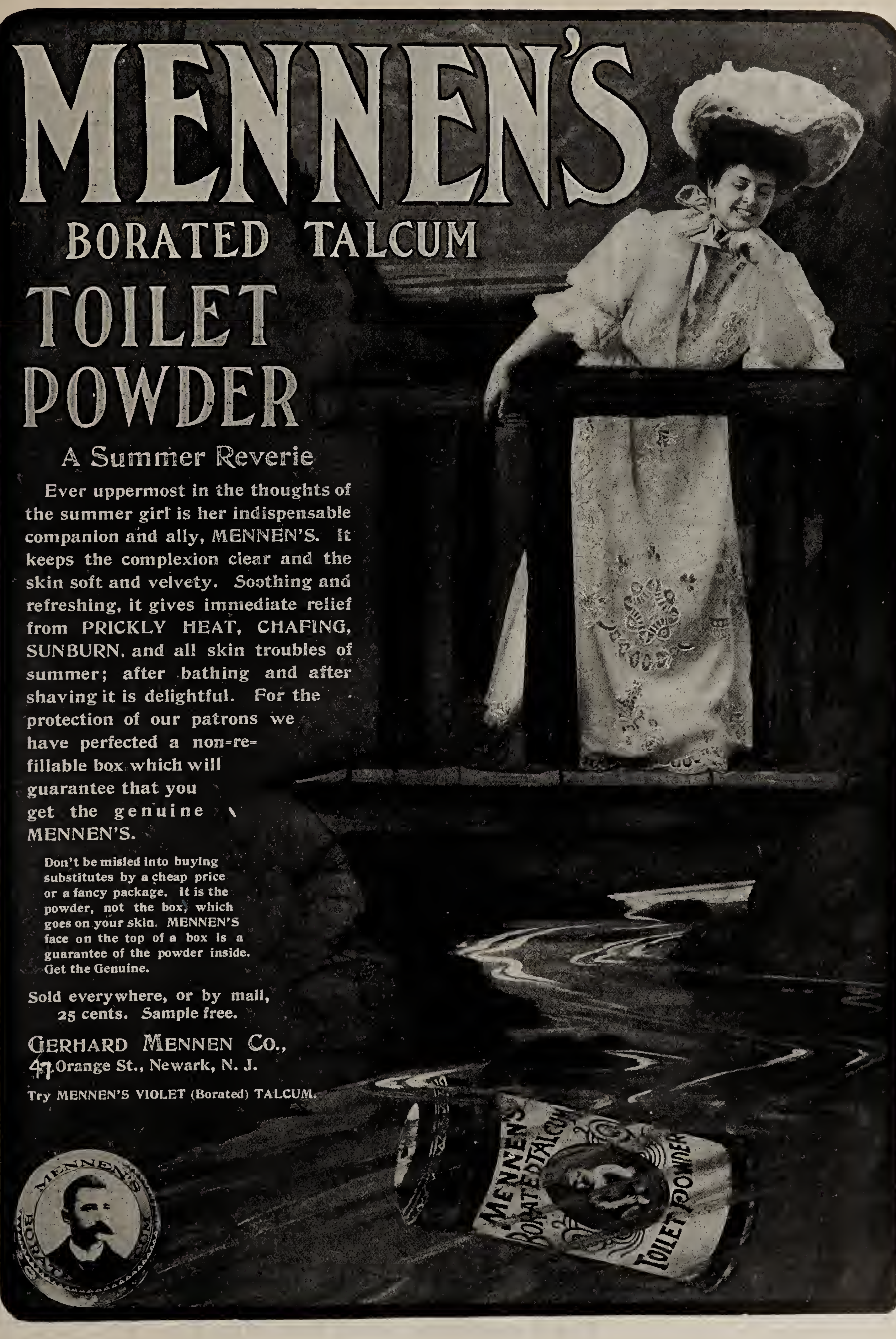
For after endless candy from
A green and sticky heap,
That sated infant sighed and yawned,
Then, smiling, fell asleep!
—Edna Kingsley Wallace in *Woman's Home Companion* for March.

The Bluebird.

Among the windy boughs of March
A silver note I heard,
And saw against the morning sky
A blue and bonny bird,
A feathered soldier, bright and brave,
Who faced the chilly hours
Of early spring to sound again
The roll-call of the flowers.

O, violet in the withered moss,
Awake from sleep once more,
Come, daffodils and crocuses,
The winter snows are o'er,—
And tulip, light your flaming torch,
And snowdrop, meek and pale,
Arise, and strew your dainty bells
Like pearls o'er hill and dale.

Then forth from every spot of earth
Where rootlets ever grew,
With silken banners floating free,
And plumes of varied hue,
And slender spears of living green,
And tiny golden shields,
The army of the blossoms came
And took the woods and fields.
—Minna Irving in May *Lippincott's.*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BORATED TALCUM
TOILET
POWDER
A Summer Reverie
Ever uppermost in the thoughts of the summer girl is her indispensable companion and ally, MENNEN'S. It keeps the complexion clear and the skin soft and velvety. Soothing and refreshing, it gives immediate relief from PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, SUNBURN, and all skin troubles of summer; after bathing and after shaving it is delightful. For the protection of our patrons we have perfected a non-refillable box which will guarantee that you get the genuine MENNEN'S.
Don't be misled into buying substitutes by a cheap price or a fancy package. It is the powder, not the box, which goes on your skin. MENNEN'S face on the top of a box is a guarantee of the powder inside. Get the Genuine.
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Vinol contains all the medicinal elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cods' livers, but no oil. The oil, having no value as medicine or food, is thrown away.

Vinol is therefore better than old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions to restore health for

Old people, delicate children, weak run-down persons, and after sickness, colds, coughs, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

Get it at THE Leading Drug Stores Everywhere

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Words and Music by CLARENCE T. STEELE

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An Interesting Story

Inexpensive but effective costumes. This is one of the easiest operettas to "get up" that can be found, and the bright novelty of the story will appeal to "grown ups" as well as children.

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WM. A. POND & CO.,
148 Fifth Avenue :: New York

Poems by Robert Louis Stevenson

I go to Bed by Day.

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

A Night Show.

All night long and every night,
When my mama puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the Town of Sleep.

Rain.

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

My Shadow.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter cup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Children of Every Land.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine;
You must often as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

The Moon.

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

The Cow.

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

WE ARE MORE THAN PLEASED WITH THEM

This was said of ESTERBROOK'S PENS

Slant, Modified Slant, Vertical. The special reason, their easy writing qualities.

Ask Stationer. The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co. 26 John Street, New York Works: Camden, N. J.

Questions and Answers

By Amos M. Kellogg.

Parsing.—It is universally conceded that a study of the classification, arrangement. and relation of words in sentences furnishes an excellent training for the mental powers. This was once undertaken in the elementary school but is now generally relegated to the secondary high school. E. M. B. says that a speaker at the Michigan, Chautauqua last summer denounced the use of objects after passive verbs as bad usage; and that such a construction as "He was offered a book" should rather be, "A book was offered to him." Such constructions are, however, employed by the best writers.

Goold Brown, an eminent authority, is opposed to such constructions (p. 522 Grammar of Grammars); but they are employed by Milton, Dryden, Addison, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Macaulay, Dickens. Thackeray, in fact, the best writers of the English language. Some grammarians allow that "passive verbs govern an objective" in certain cases.

Current News.—"Is it worth while to spend fifteen minutes each day in discussing the news of the day?" This question is asked by several. Some say that the superintendent asks the pupils concerning important matters. It is clear that such an exercise has become a part of the daily work in the most progressive schools. The informational element in school work aims to acquaint the pupil with life. To attempt merely to pack his memory with tables of number combinations, names of mountains, cities, etc., is to miss the mark. He is to be a citizen of the world,—that is a good reason for study of current events; another is to give him something to think about besides the little mean things that will otherwise occupy his mind. *Our Times* is the paper for schools; send to the editor of Teachers Magazine for a copy.

Arts and Crafts.—This term has come into use since the manual training movement was inaugurated. It is applied to work done by amateurs, which work often requires a knowledge of several manipulations. Thus a boy who makes a picture frame must not only cut out the wood properly but must also gild it himself.

George Junior Republic.—This is an organization on a farm of 300 acres nine miles from Ithaca, New York. It was organized in July, 1895, by Mr. William George, a business man of New York City who was deeply interested in boys. It has at present ninety boys and fifty girls from various States. Some of these come of their own accord, some are sent by courts, and some by their parents, —usually because unmanageable at home. Everyone is given an opportunity to learn a profitable trade. All must work five hours daily and attend school five hours· while one-half labor the other half go to school; then the latter work and the others go to school. There is a good deal of play also. There is a chapel which is well attended on Sunday. A well-equipped printing shop does a good deal of job printing and issues a monthly paper. There is a fine bakery whose products are sold in Ithaca and elsewhere; a carpenter shop which turns out furniture; also a laundry.

But the feature that attracts such wide attention is that it is a self-managing affair. The boys and girls are real citizens; in the school the boys attend to the discipline. When it is remembered that very many of these are considered as vicious, the earnestness, industry, obedience, and progress will arouse enquiry from the thoughtful teachers. As an educational institution it is attracting attention even in Europe.

Art in the School.—An Ohio teacher, who is a frequent correspondent of the Magazine, tells at some length the improvements made in the school building. She determined it should be a pleasant place. It had pictures of Washington and Lincoln on the walls, and these she removed because she thought them "hideous." The walls were kalsomined in a reddish yellow tint; the ceiling in white; the desks were scraped and varnished; four large pine frames, painted white, had each nine good chromos of flowers in them and these were hung on the walls. The windows and doors and frames were painted in buff to match the walls. All this was done by the efforts of women who had been interested. Is every teacher doing something to make the school-room attractive? It ought so to be.

Two Compositions.

Sent by Marguerite Kramer, Teacher.

THE ROBIN.

The robin goes south in autumn and comes back in spring.

Mr. Robin builds his nest in the tree.

He makes his nest of feathers, straw, hay and thread.

The robin lays two or three eggs.

Mrs. Robin sits on the eggs and Mr. Robin hunts the food for Mrs. Robin.

The robin likes to eat fruit. He likes cherries very well, he likes bugs and worms.

The robin eggs are blue.

When the babies are hatched Mr. Robin hunts worms for them.

The robin's feathers are colored brownish black and his breast is red.

The robin has small feet.

It has a very round body.

The robin sings cheerup, cheerup, cheer-cheer.

In autumn they fly south and come next spring again.

Flora Althoff, Age 10.

THE BEAVER.

The beaver spends most of his life in the water.

In the winter the beaver builds a dam of stones, mud, and trees.

He gnaws the tree with his teeth.

The beaver builds his house with stones, sticks, and mud.

The house is round at the top.

He stores his food away like the squirrel.

His body is covered with fur.

His teeth are very sharp.

The beaver has a bushy tail.

Sometimes a couple of families live together.

There are five or six beavers in one family.

The people shoot the beavers and make ladies' furs, men's overcoats and mittens.

They have many beavers in the shows.

Flora Althoff, Age 10.

May School.

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Hints and Helps

Methods in Geography

To many children geography seems to be *such* a far-away subject; it is difficult to get a class interested in foreign countries, or in states three thousand miles away. But once get the interest, and you will have no trouble in keeping it.

With older pupils I have been able to do quite good work with foreign postage stamps. You can buy packets of mixed foreign stamps for twenty-five, fifteen, or even five cents, according to condition of stamps, from almost any dealer in stamps. Postage stamps bought thus would be of no value to a scientific collector, of course.

Pictures are a necessity. I have obtained most of mine from old magazines and from the advertising pages of new ones, from railroad folders offered free by many companies, from hotels and theater bills, and I also have a few photographs. When I write to a railroad company for books, folders, etc., I always tell them frankly why I want them and enclose some stamps. I have found in every instance that they were willing and glad to send them to me.

The pictures, which are larger than 3x4 inches, should be put on mounting-board, cut a little larger than the picture. I have cut sheets of dark green ingrain paper fifteen by eight inches and at the top of each sheet I have written the name of some country and under the name I paste all the smaller pictures which pertain to that country. Get an old atlas if you can and cut out the foreign flags and coats-of-arms, and paste them where they belong.

Another interesting article is a doll dressed in the costume of the country which we are studying. I have only "Eskimo" and "Jap" dolls just now, and these I bought, but we have dressed dolls in Indian, Chinese, Spanish, French, Irish, German, and Netherland or Dutch costumes. We did most of the work noons and recesses as our program was already crowded.

I am afraid my article is too long now. With best wishes to the "MAGAZINE" and its readers.

Michigan. JESSICA HUBBARD.

Language for Third Grade

We do not use a text-book for language in the third grade, but our lessons every day are very helpful. We have oral work and written work and each child has learned to write letters.

I am very careful not to allow the children to use ungrammatical forms or words that are not good English—I have had a great deal of trouble with the words "haint," "aint," "hern," "hisn."

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AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells THAT is something, but if it is asked to recommend a teacher and recommends you, that is more. Ours RECOMMENDS.
C. W. BARDEEN Syracuse, N. Y.

"yourn," and "heerd," and the form "done been." We correct each other when any mistake is made.

Indiana. NELLIE E. PLEASANTS.

Teacher on the Playground

An ounce of prevention is worth a whole ton of cure. You surely believe that. Well, then, do you know that Tommy and Johnny might not have been painting each other's eyes black if Teacher had been out doors playing with the children? Did you say Teacher is going to play hide-and-seek? Oh, no she isn't, not if she is the right sort. Some teachers may think they are too big, but maybe they are not so big as they think. Did you say the boys and girls don't like to have Teacher play? Oh, yes, they do like it, if Teacher plays fair and doesn't cheat, and Billy likes to know that he can run faster than Teacher even if she can't say the multiplication table so well as she can. Teacher won't be so cross, either, if she gets her blood stirred up and filled with oxygen, and she will have lots more patience in showing Susy how to do fractions if Susy let her out of prison at recess. And if it comes to leap frog, which she really can't play, she can stand by the fence with the little girls and clap her hands when Frank makes a big jump. Do you suppose it is any fun to push the new boy into the puddle or to pin a slate rag to his coat tail when Teacher is right beside you? And if Teacher runs and plays she won't get wrinkled and gray near so soon as she will if she sits by the stove and scowls all recess, and says, "What a racket those kids do make; I wish they would shut up."

Teacher doesn't want to get wrinkled and gray, I know that, because she hopes to "resign" some day, and the prettier she is the sooner she will have a chance to "resign." So, Teacher, at recess you just run out doors and play like a good little girl.

Iowa. MISS M. K. BENSON.

Busy Work.

While this subject may strike the novice as trivial and worthy little thought the experienced teacher knows that it ranks, in importance, above anything in the school curriculum. A school well-employed is a school well-governed,—self-governing. The old and well-known lines of Dr. Watts to a bee,—"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is as true to-day as when written. Young America cannot be long kept in a state of waking passivity, and, when not employed, is either asleep or in mischief—usually the latter.

In its proper and better sense, "busy work" means profitable employment for the pupil between recitations and after the study of the lesson proper. In its more commonly accepted,—and practiced, sense, it means anything to keep the little ones employed—quiet—while the teacher attends to other classes. In plainer English, it too often means, in ungraded schools at least, something to keep the little ones out of the way while the ambitious teacher is stealing their time and giving it to the larger and more show-offable pupils. Its successful employment in this wise is the key to the success of the "successful" teacher. Little ones, so they are amused, "never tell tales out of school," while the larger ones do.

This injustice parents themselves fos-

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The conviction is growing in the minds of those who direct educational affairs that *unless a teacher keeps on growing she has no right to preside over a classroom.* This sentiment finds wider expression every year and in time *will affect your welfare.*

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ter,—unless their children are all small,—urging that the small ones have yet plenty of time, while that of the older pupils is limited. No greater educational fallacy is extant, seeing that "as the foundation, so the wall," and further, the fact that tens of thousands of children, boys especially, have to leave school for bread winning at not over fourteen, urges us to give our attention to this problem.

Let the busy work of the children be work with a purpose to educate, not to amuse. Twenty years' experience, mostly in ungraded schools, has taught me something about the quality and quantity of this work which I beg to offer my fellow teachers, especially the conscientious beginner.

The best "busy work"—best in results as well as in practice,—is writing—writing their every lesson possible to write. Beginning with my second year pupils, I have them write out the lesson they have just read, every word of it if the time allows, paying strict attention to capitalization, indentation of paragraphs, and punctuation, every point, for those of the higher grades. Then I have them write out carefully their language and number work and their spelling lessons if speller is used.

My beginners I of course put to writing, copying, their first learned words. I also have my more advanced pupils write every lesson in which writing is possible,—topics in history, civil government, geography, physiology, science; while my grammar lesson consists more of written than oral recitation. In fact, I base my oral recitation upon their written work almost exclusively.

Then I carefully go over and check errors in every paper; if I cannot do so in school, I take them home with me. This is all-important, for if the teacher does not examine their work, pupils will lose interest and soon neglect the work. By showing this interest myself, I have little difficulty in getting them to do the work. The elder pupils, as a rule, are glad to "correct" the little ones' papers.

I claim that this species of "busy work" is profitable from the fact that nothing in the curriculum is more important than good writing—which this practice insures. Then psychologists tell us that no work calls into play more faculties of mind and muscle than writing, and my long experience has verified their claim.

At any rate it "gets there,"—fully answers the purpose,—and in this matter-of-fact day this is the one thing *par excellence.*

Illinois. E. F. Colwell.

The Gingercake Man

The Gingercake man was a lump of brown dough
Till a great rolling pin was run over him, so!
To flatten him out, and he lay there so thin,
His bones almost popped thru the holes in his skin;
Then they sifted him over with flour and spice,
And made him some eyes with two kernels of rice,
And took some dried currants, the biggest and best,
To make him some buttons for closing his vest.

The Gingercake man wobbled this way and that,
When they seeded a raisin and made him a hat
That was stuck on his head in the jauntiest way,
For a Gingercake man is not made every day.
They stuck in some cloves for his ears; yes, indeed!
And made him some teeth out of carraway seed,
And when he was finished they buttered a pan—
The biggest they had—for the Gingercake man

Then into the oven they put him to bake
Until he was hard and could stand and not break
His legs when he stood; and they set him to cool
Until all the children should come home from school.
And oh! the delight and the wonder and glee,
When Mother invited the children to see
All sifted with sugar and out of the pan
The good-natured face of the Gingercake man.

But alas and alas! 'Tis a short life and sweet
Is the Gingercake man's—for they ate off his feet,
They broke off his arms with the hungriest zest,
And picked all the buttons from out of his vest;
They nibbled his legs off and ate up his hat,
And everything edible went just like that,
Till the cloves and the kernels of rice you may scan
As all that is left of the Gingercake man!

—J. W. Foley in New York *Times.*

Time to Rise.

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed you sleepy-head?"

Antikamnia tablets have been tested and found superior to any of the many pain relievers now used in the treatment of neuralgia, sciatica, and rheumatism, also in headache and other pain due to irregularities of menstruation. Administered in doses of two tablets, they secure the best results. A dozen tablets in your family medicine chest may be found useful.

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"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent to the drug store and got a cake of the Soap and a box of the Ointment, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D. No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1905."

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An Unkown Angel.

She walks unnoticed in the street;
  The casual eye
Sees nothing in her fair or sweet:
  The world goes by.
Unconscious that an angel's feet
  Are passing nigh.

She little has of beauty's wealth;
  Truth will allow
Only her priceless youth and health,
  Her broad, white brow;
Yet grows she on the heart by stealth
  I scarce know how.

She does a thousand kindly things
  That no one knows:
A loving woman's heart she brings
  To human woes;
And to her face the sunlight clings
  Where'er she goes.

And so she walks her quiet ways,
  With that content
That only comes to sinless days
  And innocent:
A life devoid of fame or praise,
  Yet nobly spent.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

TO LADIES ONLY.—The wish to be beautiful is predominant in every woman, and none can say she does not care whether she is beautiful or not. Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from Tan, Freckles, or Moth Patches, and so closely imitating nature as to defy detection. It has the highest medical testimony, as well as professional celebrities, and on its own merits it has become one of the largest and a popular specialty in the trade. FRED T. HOPKINS, Sole Proprietor, 37 Great Jones street, New York. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers thruout the United States, Canada, and Europe.

Robin Is Here.

Robin is here, robin is here!
  O, give him a crumb.
Robins are here, robins are here!
  And O, the spring has come!
In the orchard robins sing,
  On the branches see them swing,
Bringing to you, bringing to you,
  Promises of spring.—*Selected.*

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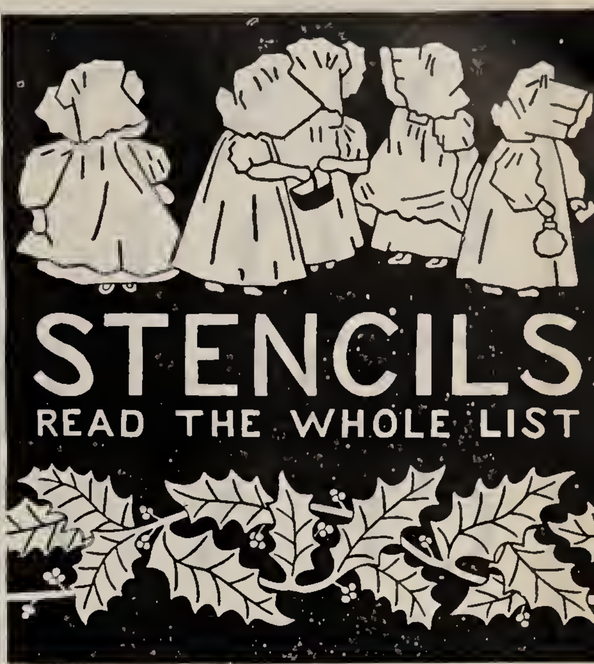

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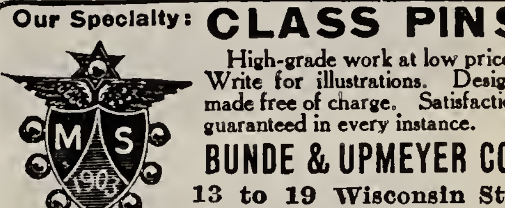

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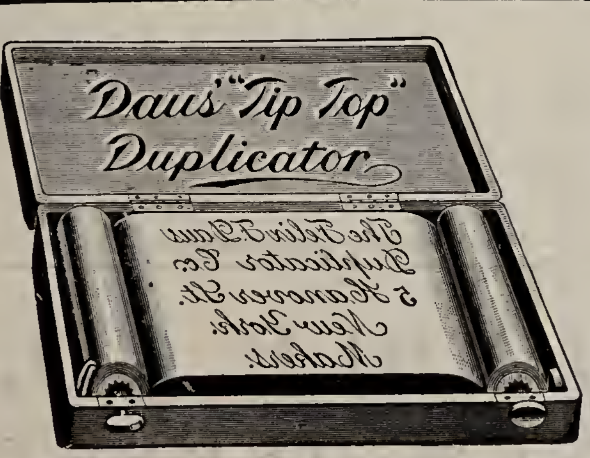

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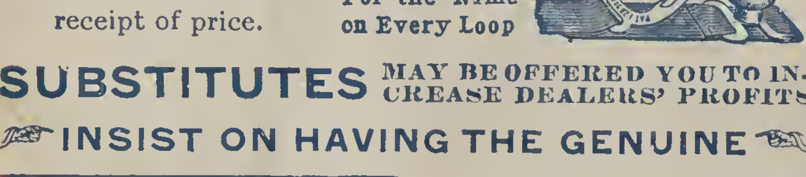

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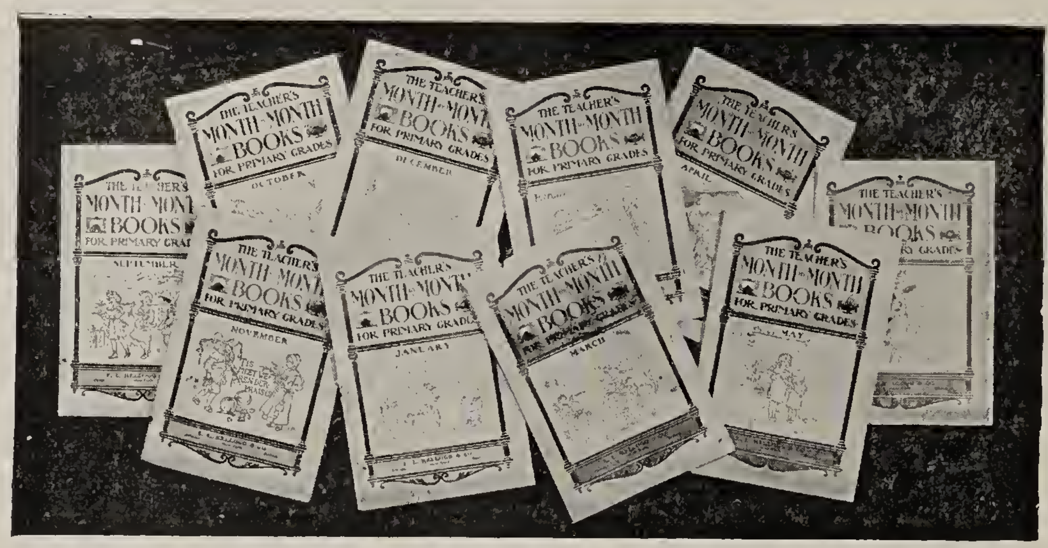

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Joseph S. Taylor, author of the very practical manual on Class Management, will conduct a department on "Principles of Teaching."

J. M. Rice, editor of *The Forum*, has done great work for the schools of America by his remarkable investigations of the results produced in the schools. His researches have supplied the outlines of a new science of education. A complete revision of his most important articles will be published in Educational Foundations beginning in September.

Charles B. Gilbert will discuss the course of study of the common school.

Thomas M. Balliet has no superior in the work of training teachers for their profession. He will contribute three articles during the year.

Geo. S. Messersmith, of Newark, Delaware, has prepared an excellent discussion of the problem of "Composition in the Lower Grades."

Albert Snowden, who has specialized for some years upon the study of educational systems, will write a series of articles describing the school systems of France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and probably also Switzerland.

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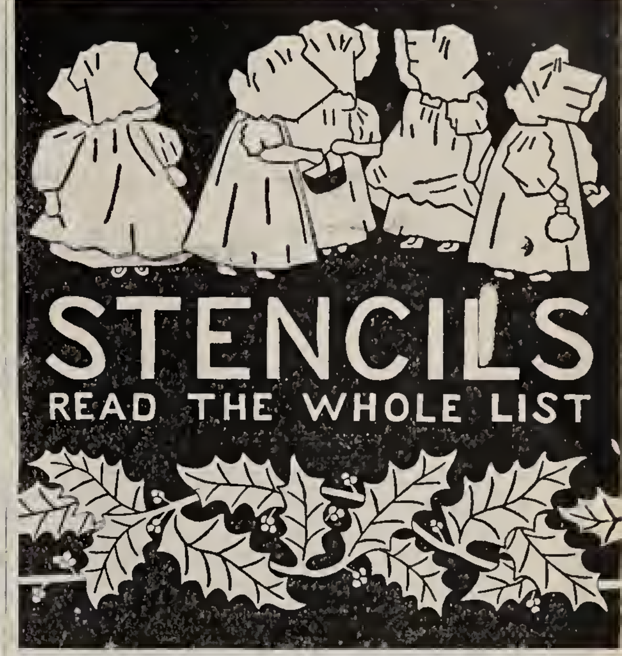

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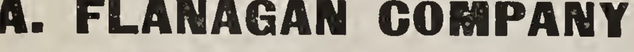

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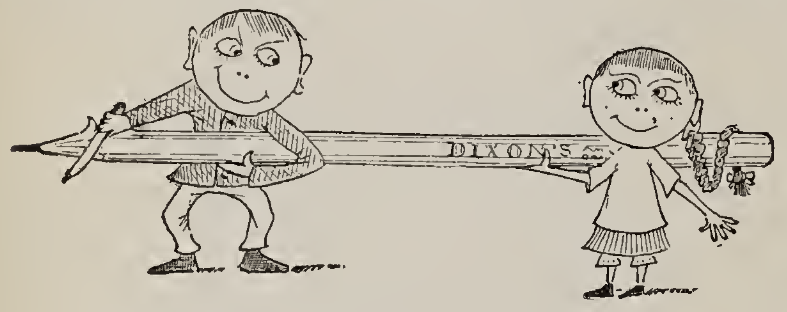

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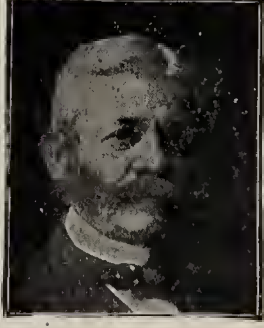

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COMBINING
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PRIMARY SCHOOL ✻ PRIMARY SCHOOL ERA

Vol. XXIX OCTOBER, 1906 No. 2

The Teacher's Enthusiasm.

THE story is told—you may have heard it before—of a horse which was drawing a heavy load up hill. A passer-by said to the driver, "She doesn't look as if she liked it. Does she?" To which the driver replied, "She don't have to like it; as long as she does it."

There is the difference.

A teacher must like his work.

I am not now thinking of those unfortunate ones who drifted into teaching because they could find no other and more congenial employment. Nor do I have in mind those who become teachers for the "short working days" and the "long vacations." No, I am speaking of those who are teaching because they want to teach. All others are in a class with the poor horse of our story.

Now, there is such a thing as starting in from choice and then losing interest, but keeping at it simply because—well, because; this is a state of mind that any healthy mortal may get into, but it is a wretched one, nevertheless, and should be overcome as speedily as possible.

Let us take for granted that we are every one of us teaching because that is what we most like to do. This is the most cheerful attitude to begin with and the only one worthy of a leader of the young. Only slaves—and that includes the horses—do not do their work from choice. The question is how you and I can make sure that the joy we now get out of our work will live and increase rather than grow dim as the days go on.

The first most fundamental condition is *health*. When the body is hale and hearty, and the mind bright and vigorous, any sort of work is pleasure, and the labor of one's choice is a delight to the heart. Let us be careful, then, of our bodies, and let us keep the mind free of cobwebs.

The work of the year having only just begun, let us agree that we are all in splendid trim and full of cheer and rosy hopes for the future. We may lose this fine equipment very soon if we overdo things at the start. And if we underdo, we will fail just as surely.

Let us plan wisely.

A cold plunge, a sponge bath, or a douche in the morning is an excellent tonic for the nerves. A short, brisk walk before school begins will brace up the heart. Home-ing at some distance from the school-house is a wise precaution. What if the winds tousle the hair; in a few moments after school is reached all may be made to look as tidy as a Dutch tulip field. Take another walk after school hours. Don't let anything persuade you to plunge at once into tutoring and study. Walking or wheeling, or any other form of out-of-dooring is a sensible investment. If there is a gymnasium in town, avail yourself of its privileges, by all means.

So much for health.

What about the *mens sana?* The one thing that will keep the mind in good health is *growth*. Shall we who are laboring for the growth of others let our own minds lie fallow? One who does not labor for a fuller understanding of his work, and of the world he lives in, is not fit to teach the young. Example is a mightier factor in education than pedagogic know-how.

The teacher who is himself a seeker after truth will be a daily inspiration to his pupils to strive for greater achievements. His enthusiasm will accomplish mighty things.

Think of Pestalozzi. His own education was very defective; he had failed in everything he had undertaken. Finally, when past the age of fifty, the inspiration seized him to become a teacher. He labored and searched with all his might, and soon the education of little children on two continents came under the sway of his ideas.

What a wonderful power enthusiasm is!

If you possess it, value it as you do your life. Let nothing deprive you of its glow. Riches are as the dry dust of the desert compared with it. Enthusiasm has united men into nations; it has filled the world with art treasures; it has built hospitals and school-houses.

Enthusiasm is creative. That is why the teacher is most in need of it. Others *may* do their work without it; he *cannot*. It is essential to his success.

It is little consequence to the world whether the druggist prepares recipes with enthusiasm; expert knowledge and care, and close following of directions are all that is required of him. The plumber, the undertaker, the shoemaker, the baker—what matters it to their clients whether they find joy in their occupations? When the teacher attempts to get along by merely going the rounds, the children are cheated out of an essential concomitant of the education the school is supposed to give.

"Methods" cannot make up for lack of enthusiasm. Without enthusiasm "learning" becomes barren rote work, "discipline" a training in dissemblance. If it were not for the need of enthusiasm in school there would be no need of teachers: human ingenuity could soon provide a mechanism for the transmission of information.

More depends upon the enthusiasm of teachers than upon any other one factor in school education. This being granted, what think you is the

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chief function of school boards, superintendents, supervisors, and principals?

To keep alive by every means in their power the enthusiasm of the teachers.

Indifferent school boards, discouraging superintendents, nagging principals, are a blight upon education. If they were worthy of their honors they would bend their energies to the searching for ways to increase the comfort, the health, the happiness of their teachers.

Enthusiasm is the straight road to efficiency.

At the same time, the teacher who waits for his superiors to do their part is—there may be a milder term in Roget's "Thesaurus," but he is—a fool. If he is wise he will say to himself, "Go to, 'let dogs delight to bark and bite,' *I* will happy be." He will smile, smile, smile. Every sunny smile will make the world brighter. And the children of men will love the teacher for it.

Now, won't you smile? And keep it up thru the whole year? At least once each day? Every night before you go to sleep count over the number of smiles to your credit for that day, then smile once again before closing your eyes.

If the powers that be are sour-visaged, join in with other smiling teachers to keep the heart young. Let us have a society of H. P. O. E.; happiest people on earth, and let the charter members be the teachers of the young.

The Beauty of the Commonplace.

By Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Conn.

WHY is it that we go to the menagerie (to which we take the young folks, of course, for their instruction!) to see the wonderful and interesting animals from some *distant* country, when we have never seen or at least never studied the more wonderful and more interesting animals in our own dooryard? The members of the nearby fauna are not so large, indeed some of the most interesting are so small that they require a microscope with which to see them. But who ever went to a menagerie because the animals are big? We hardly admit that even with Jumbo, the attraction is chiefly in the size. We like to talk of the great intelligence of the beast and the wonderful adaptation of the "trunk" or proboscis. And this, too, when perhaps we have not even admired and have never learned anything about the complex structure of the more wonderful proboscides of the flies or the bees, or the probing bill of the woodcock.

Don't misunderstand me as decrying or belittling the gigantic animal, nor the interests connected with the worn-out rope at one end and the limp, writhing piece of hose pipe at the other. What I do decry is that we won't admit that we went to see mere size only. When it comes to intricate structure and wonderful adaptation of means to ends, your Jumbo is excelled by many an animal near your own doorstep.

Another much advertised feature is the gaping, cavernous mouth of the evil-smelling hippopotamus, or the rending jaws of the lion, or the vicious tiger. And yet, wonderful as these organs really are, they do not equal those of the pouched gopher, the chipmunk, the wasp, the cricket, or the grasshopper. The point I wish to make is that we are too apt to think of beauty and interest as qualities belonging to the rare and the distant, rather than to the near and the commonplace. Not long age I asked some young folks what were their favorite birds;—especially young birds. The answers included robins, Baltimore orioles, scarlet tanagers, gold-finches. Yet when I called their attention to it, they all agreed that a little chicken is the most attractive, lovable, hugable, young creature that flies. They were, indeed, surprised at themselves, because they had not thought of the chicken as a bird. It was so near at hand, so familiar, and indeed by some so much loved that they had even forgotten, and could with difficulty realize, that a chicken is a bird. They had become accustomed, probably as the fault of some adults, to think of the chicken as too commonplace, too utilitarian to be entitled to any attention as a bird. But your true fancier, true lover of the back-yard fowls, never forgets the fact. Over his favorite he exclaims to you, "Isn't that a beautiful *bird?*"

Again, I inquired of the young folks, "What is the most decorative and attractive member of the vegetable kingdom?" Preferences included violets, daises, lilies, forget-me-nots, roses, and carnations. Then to change the current of thought, I put the question in this form: "The most beautiful must be the one that the owner of a handsome estate, or that a lover of country walks or country drives would be least willing to dispense with." Then the answers (some not carefully considered, and eliciting laughter),ranged thru geraniums, century plants, ivy, apple trees, maples, elms. Yet when I questioned them, each admitted that it would be possible to have outdoor beauty without the one that he had chosen. There could be a beautiful estate without a geranium, or a century plant. Any special kind or even all that had been mentioned might be omitted.

Think for a moment, you grown-up lover of nature and of suburban life,—what is the most decorative, most indispensably decorative plant?

Isn't it the grass? The young folks were pleasingly surprised at the suggestion, and wondered why they hadn't thought of it, for they unanimously agreed that the grass is beautiful, not only when in flower, but in leaf. Yet why wasn't it the first to come into their minds, and into yours also, when questioned about the most decorative plant?

Ruskin has written a magnificent eulogy of grass. Here is a quotation from what he says:

"The Greeks delighted in grass for its usefulness; the medieval, as also we moderns, for its color and beauty. But both dwell on it as the *first* element of the lovely landscape. . . . Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. . . . And yet think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine,—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of fluted green."

(Read the whole of his loving eulogy of grass. "Modern Painters," Volume III. Part IV. chap. XIV. sec's. 51 & 52)

About Birds

Conducted by WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT, Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University; and Director of the Worthington Society for the Investigation of Bird Life, Shawnee, Pa.

Thru this department it is the hope of TEACHERS MAGAZINE that teachers may be kept informed of the happenings in the bird world. The comings and goings of birds, their nesting time, locality and season, their food and how this varies with the time of the year, their song, their behavior, and particularly their attitude to man are to be treated in these columns. Prof. Scott is desirous that teachers should write him, giving him any items of interesting information and telling him just what they would like to find out about birds. Write him, in care of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

WHILE perhaps the variety of migrants is not so great thruout the month of October as it was in the last two weeks of September, yet the throng of travelers is more evident. There are many thrushes consorting where the food supply attracts them. The gumberries are still a part of the great harvest of wild fruits which the birds gather annually. The scarlet berries of the flowering dogwood draw great companies, particularly robins, hermit and olive-backed thrushes; for the veery and wood thrush have passed on to the southward early in the month. Flickers too are fond of most of the wild berries and the two kinds of fruits are eagerly sought by them. The now silent thrasher is an occasional visitor to the dogwoods and the scarlet tanager, no longer in his brilliant summer dress but clothed in green, is a member of the guild of fruit harvesters. These tropical-looking birds linger in the vicinity of Princeton till late in the month, being recorded till the 20th, daily; they are very unlike the orioles, who leave us more than a month earlier. Allies of the tanager, the red and white-eyed vireos, both are here till well into the month, usually being seen till at least the third week; the solitary vireo stays even longer and the tree swallow thruout the month into the first week of November. The cliff, bank and barn swallows, on the other hand, are rarely seen after the 10th of October. The chimney swift has about the same date of departure.

The hedges are filled with companies of sparrows which gradually increase in numbers as the month wanes; their numbers are great, but there are only nine kinds that frequent this sort of cover, while three others are common in the fields and pastures. It will be a good problem to discover the identity of these twelve sparrows that are to be met with in the localities noted above and which are characteristic of the season between New York and Washington. Like comparison will show similar groups thruout the several regions of this country and the hints here given as to the feeding-grounds and points of rendezvous may be applied in other localities

Methods of Feeding Birds Throughout the Fall and Winter.

Now is the time to begin to place provisions and shelters for the birds that will remain thruout the Winter in the vicinity of our homes and about the school-grounds. It is not so much a matter of purchasing this and that kind of food and putting it where it is available, as personal attention to the needs of each situation.

All of us know that suet, scraped bones and bits of meat attract the chicadees, nuthatches, downy and hairy woodpeckers as well as jays and certain sparrows. Few of us realize, however, that the exact situation of the baits are matters of importance. On the same apple tree in my yard this past winter I discovered that the birds much preferred the food fixed in certain positions to that close at hand. At first I thought that the meat or suet was of better quality, a daintier morsel to the bird epicure, than was the other nearby; but when I divided a large piece of suet into smaller fragments and distributed these in the same places as before I became assured that it was a matter of locality and position rather than one of selecting the best bit. Certain trees were much preferred to others; also the method of securing the meat-foods made a great difference in the way in which the birds used them. Suet nailed to the tree or post was selected in preference to the same material hung in netted bags and, in short, there were problems as to what suited the bird-boarders best presenting themselves at every hand. Several points stand out clear however: Of first importance is the fact that if you wish to have birds about you this coming winter you must begin your hospitality *now* and not delay it till the big snowstorms come. At first you will not perceive salient results, but each week will bring increasing reward in the arrival of more guests to your restaurant. The supplies for the larder of this free dining-room will be about as follows: Good suet in thick pieces taken from over the beef's kidneys, any bones that are not too bare of meat, bread, oats, and wheat as well as millet. This grain should be furnished in two ways: threshed out and cleaned it may be spread in a sheltered place on the ground near to one of your south windows if possible; or in small sheafs or bundles, it may be hung on a pole erected for the purpose, or tied to the limb of some convenient tree. In either event the bundles, six or eight in number should be arranged and fastened so as to form a sort of thatch, the heads of the grain protruding. Where it is feasible a small stack, that can be renewed from time to time as the season progresses and the grain is used up, is a great attraction to many birds of the sparrow kind as well as to both nuthatches and chicadees. Sunflowers dried when the seeds are ripened and kept for this winter table are much appreciated by all comers. The heads containing the seeds can be fastened to any point of vantage.

Those who can afford a more luxurious table may add dried fruits, currants, raspberries and a good quality of raisins, these last chopped in rather small pieces. There are certain wild berries, notably those of the smooth sumach, whose clusters can be readily gathered, and fastened to

tree branches and favorable places. These berries are much sought for by robins and bluebirds in the late winter or even after the season is broken.

It is entirely practicable to plant shrubs about our houses and in our school yards that, while ornamental in a high degree, add to their esthetic value an economic one, in affording fruits of a wild kind that attract birds to the localities where they grow. Foremost among these is the common elder, whose flowers and fruit are alike beautiful, and the latter a favorite food for catbirds, robins, bluebirds, tanagers, and grosbeaks. The true dogwoods, the cornels, are a group of shrubs that are of prime consideration from both points suggested and among them the alternate-leaved is of special worth and beauty. These shrubs will furnish wild fruit to birds thruout the late summer and early fall. The flowering dogwood will be equally attractive in the late fall and for the early summer the several kinds of mulberries will bring hosts of birds, even the kingbirds, whose normal food is largely insects. All of the trees and shrubs, except the mulberries, are native and grow wild in every piece of woodland, along our fences and in the meadows. Each of them can be easily transplanted in the late fall just before the ground freezes, or early in the spring. A little reflection will add to this list materially and an effort along this line of work will yield a reward to students, teachers, and bird-lovers hardly to be imagined.

Shelters and Breeding Houses.

A word more as to shelters and breeding-houses. In the cold winter nights every chickadee, each downy woodpecker, and the nuthatches all seek some natural or artificial hollow or refuge in which to sleep. These, by your help, need not be far from the new feeding grounds which you have established. Best of all are sections of branches or tree trunks in which are deserted woodpeckers' nests or natural cavities caused by decay. All birds fond of this kind of retreat will quickly avail themselves of such domiciles. It is probable that the chickadees and nuthatches will become so attached to them as to use them later in the coming spring to breed in, and when the warm days bring back the bluebirds and house wrens they too will welcome these places as summer homes. Such havens of refuge from the storms of winter can be fastened, the entrance to the south, to any convenient tree, may be hung on a fence post or attached to the side of the house itself. In any case they should not be much higher above the ground than one's head. In my own door yard chickadees, bluebirds and house wrens have bred the past season and in all cases in houses not above six feet from the ground and very near the house. The English sparrows which are here reasonably abundant, rarely care to avail themselves of nesting sites so low down as to be easily looked into from the ground, while this circumstance does not deter the other birds from using the sites. Manufactured bird-houses are good and experience will soon teach which are preferred by different birds, but after the natural refuges which have been described some of the calabash gourds seem to be best liked. These gourds are the crook-handled kind which have bowls varying in size from four to six or seven inches. A round hole can be cut in one side near the top of the sphere and the dried seed and pulp of the interior removed; then the gourd is ready to be hung up as a bird shelter or for nesting. Nearly every farm-house in parts of the South has these gourds hung on tall poles and here they form breeding places for colonies of purple martins. Bluebirds and house wrens are fond of these sites wherein to rear their young. In an ordinary yard at least six shelters may be erected.

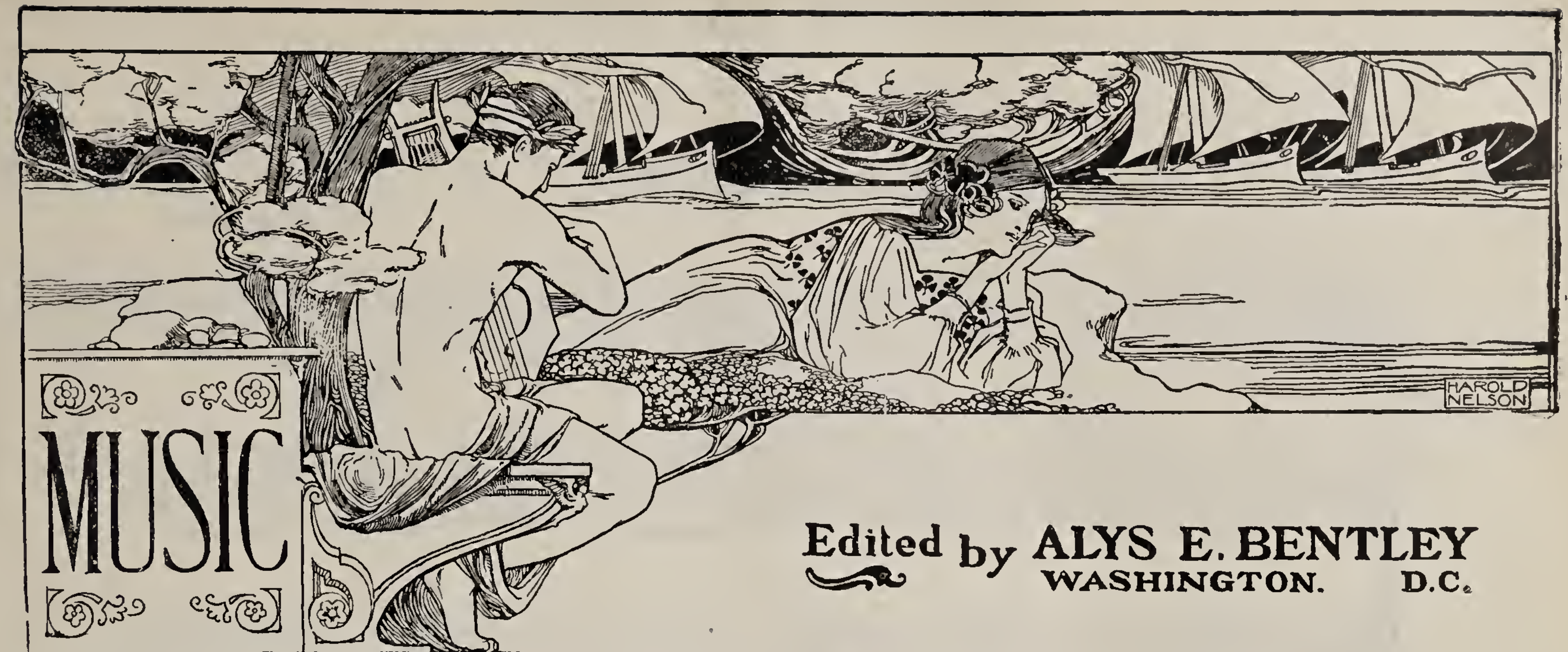
The bluebirds returned to the locality where the writer lives early last season and there was some very severe weather after their arrival. Passing an apple tree one night just before dark, many of these birds were seen seeking refuge for the night in a hollow protected from the weather. Forty odd birds it was ascertained slept in this one cavity. Nor was this exceptional; a martin house having six rooms was so crowded that from a point of vantage, an upper window, the bluebirds which sought refuge here for the night were to be seen assembled and crowded together so that *they stood on one anothers' backs;* they were literally packed into this retreat till no more could effect an entrance. Many who sought to get in were forced to sleep in evergreen trees and hedges near by. When this martin house was cleaned out for the coming of the breeding birds eight bluebirds were discovered that had probably been trampled to death or suffocated by the mass of their kindred crowded in upon them. So that the necessity of providing a large supply of shelters and retreats is apparent, for such emergencies as have been cited must be of occurrence whenever weather conditions are untoward. Perhaps only one or two of the bird houses put up in the yard may be used to breed in, but in the winter all will find tenants who are seeking such bedrooms.

The Most Wonderful Bird in the World.

"I have been frequently asked, 'Which do you consider the most wonderful bird in the world?' It is a difficult question to answer, and I always shirk the reply, for in my opinion *every* bird is wonderful, and the more we study their habits, and try to understand their inmost lives, their thoughts, their instincts, the more wonderful do birds appear."

(Dr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, Keeper of Birds in the British Museum, thus opens his discussion of birds in his book, "Wonders of the Bird World.")

(See also the item about "Fear in Birds," page 163.



Individual Singing in the Lower Grades.

ALL teachers will agree that it is a simple matter to get very little children to sing alone; but that it is most difficult to get individual singing from children in the upper grades. I wonder if we are trying to get at the real cause of this. In the kindergarten and lower grades the eagerness and delight to sing a solo is a joy to any teacher. Sometimes these very little children will sing all on one tone, but that does not at all detract from their real pleasure in trying, nor from the value of the effort. Hands come up with such enthusiasm all over the room, and little boys and girls alike are most anxious and sincere with their "Please let me."

How have we managed to kill this eagerness to sing alone? If in the upper grades we ask for a solo, nearly all of the girls and all of the boys look as tho they very much wanted to slink away anywhere from compliance with such a strange and unheard-of request. There must be a reason for all this.

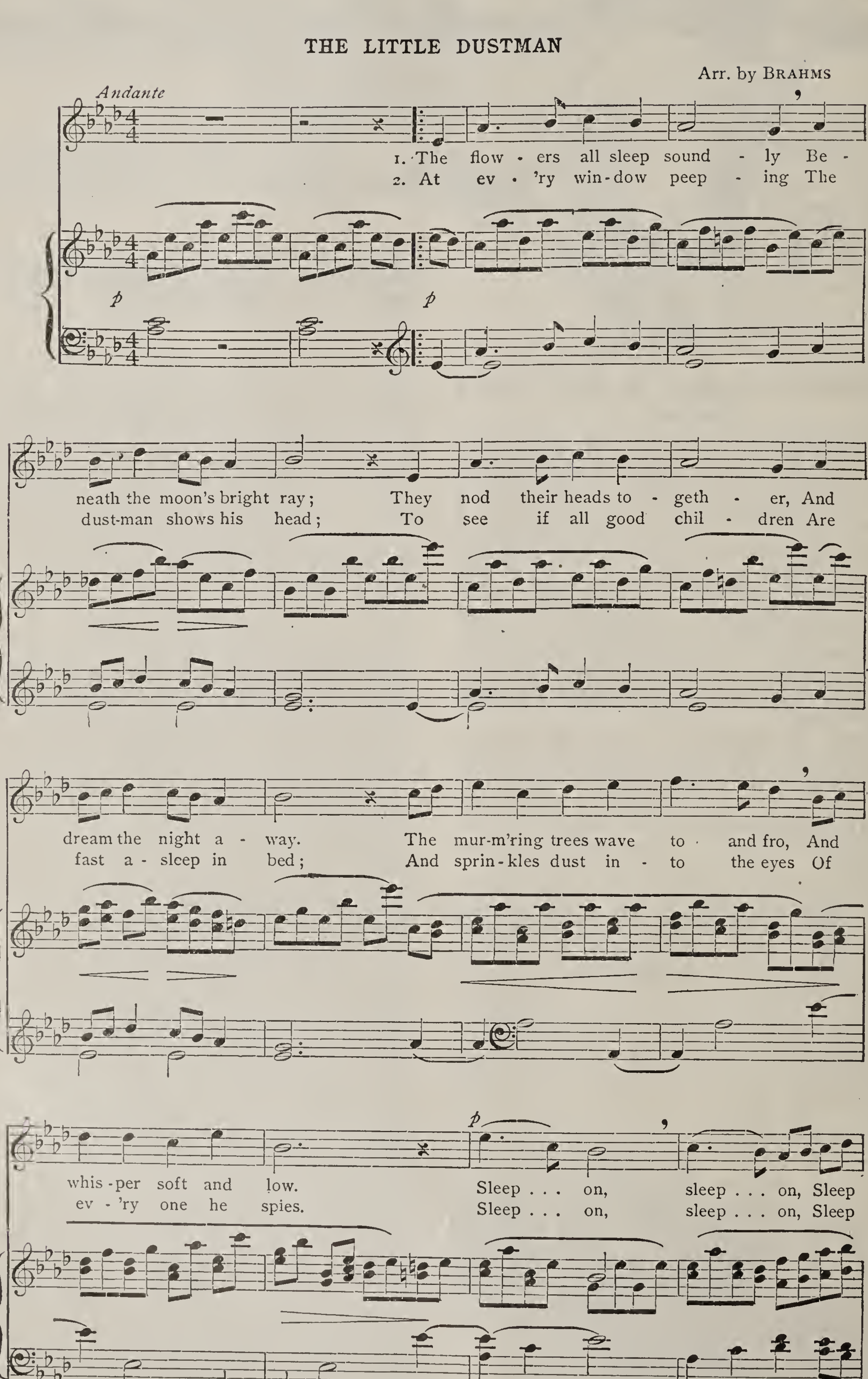
In the first place we are not giving enough attention to individual singing, even in the primary grades. Right here you will say that there is no time for this. Let us talk about it. Surely you will grant that individual reading and reciting is absolutely necessary for every child. Children do this work as a matter of course and the child's improvement in these subjects is very largely proportional to his eagerness to try. Now the value of this eagerness to try is very much underrated in all subjects, but especially is it quite misunderstood in singing. We can all recall many cases where little children have been called monotones, have been made to listen to the singing of others, and have in some way been impressed with the fact that something was wrong about their singing. Such segregation of the "tuneless" children develops an exaggerated self-consciousness from which it is doubtful whether any ever make any further effort to sing. I could tell many stories that would prove it a serious mistake to eliminate these "monotones" from participation in the class singing.

A second grade teacher once said to me that a certain little boy in her school was spoiling her music. Upon further inquiry into this sad state of affairs, I found that this little boy sang everything on one tone, and so loudly that it was ruining the singing of the school. He was most interested and had great pleasure in singing, but at times the discord was more than the teacher could endure. I asked her to please let Freddie alone for a time, as, according to her own statement, he was evidently getting more pleasure out of singing than all of the other children put together. She said she would do as I asked. Fortunately for Freddie's future pleasure in music, she was a sympathetic teacher. A few months after this incident, she came to me to say that something interesting had happened. One day, during the singing, the children had all exclaimed, "Oh, Freddie went up!" and there had seemed to be great rejoicing for this among the other children. Since that time he had improved day by day, until now he could sing up and down as all the other children did, and was a great help in the song singing.

There is something very suggestive in this experience. I believe that all children will "go up" in time if they are given a fair chance and a rich experience in song singing.

There must be some reason for the innate desire to sing. How many times, and from what unexpected sources have we heard it voiced—the longing to sing. Timid, self-conscious men and women will say "I would give anything to be able to sing, just for my own amusement, but I was told that I had no voice when I was young," or, "My teacher made me stop singing in such and such a grade." Have you ever watched a large congregation sing very familiar hymns or the Doxology? The pride and pleasure that takes possession of certain people during the singing is such that they hardly seem the same people. This simple hymn may be the only thing that they can ever express in song, but what an uplifting to them is their participation for the time being!

Now this power for emotional expression thru song is a vital need to all people, and this I believe we are killing in little children, tho quite unwillingly and unconsciously. Let us take a class of little children in the first, second, or third grade, and let us take it for granted that they know a great many songs. (You see all along I am trust-


THE LITTLE DUSTMAN
Arr. by BRAHMS
Andante
1. The flow - ers all sleep sound - ly Be - neath the moon's bright ray; They nod their heads to - geth - er, And dream the night a - way. The mur-m'ring trees wave to and fro, And whis - per soft and low. Sleep . . . on, sleep . . . on, Sleep
2. At ev - 'ry win-dow peep - ing The dust-man shows his head; To see if all good chil - dren Are fast a - sleep in bed; And sprin - kles dust in - to the eyes Of ev - 'ry one he spies. Sleep . . . on, sleep . . . on, Sleep
p

From Ginn & Co.'s "Educational Music Course." By courtesy of the publishers.

ing that you believe in giving the children a rich song experience.) Let us say to these children "Who wants to sing a solo for us?" or "Who would like to sing a song alone?" You will be sure to get volunteers. Now you must see to it that nothing happens to embarrass the child while he is singing. If, thru self-consciousness or nervousness, he gets it all wrong, you must be there to help him, to see that he gets it fairly right. You must never let other children laugh at him or embarrass him in any way. Keep the *effort* always in mind. The great thing, at first, is to make the child lose all self-consciousness. Let us imagine, for example, that he starts to sing a song and sings it all on one tone. It is best for the teacher, without saying a word, to hum it along with him and encourage the child to follow along with her if possible. Never tell him that it is wrong, or that he does not know the song, or that he does not sing up, or that he is a monotone, or any of those dreadful things. Rather praise him for his effort and let him take his seat unembarrassed by consciousness of his partial failure; then let another child try. You will find in experience that in almost every case where an upper grade child or a grown person protests that he cannot sing, at some time someone has laughed while he was trying. Sometimes the self-consciousness has resulted from good natured teasing by some member of the family at home. However that may be, or wherever the stultifying may have come, I think we shall all agree to this strange sensitiveness to criticism when we sing. This danger, therefore, cannot be too strongly safeguarded against with little children.

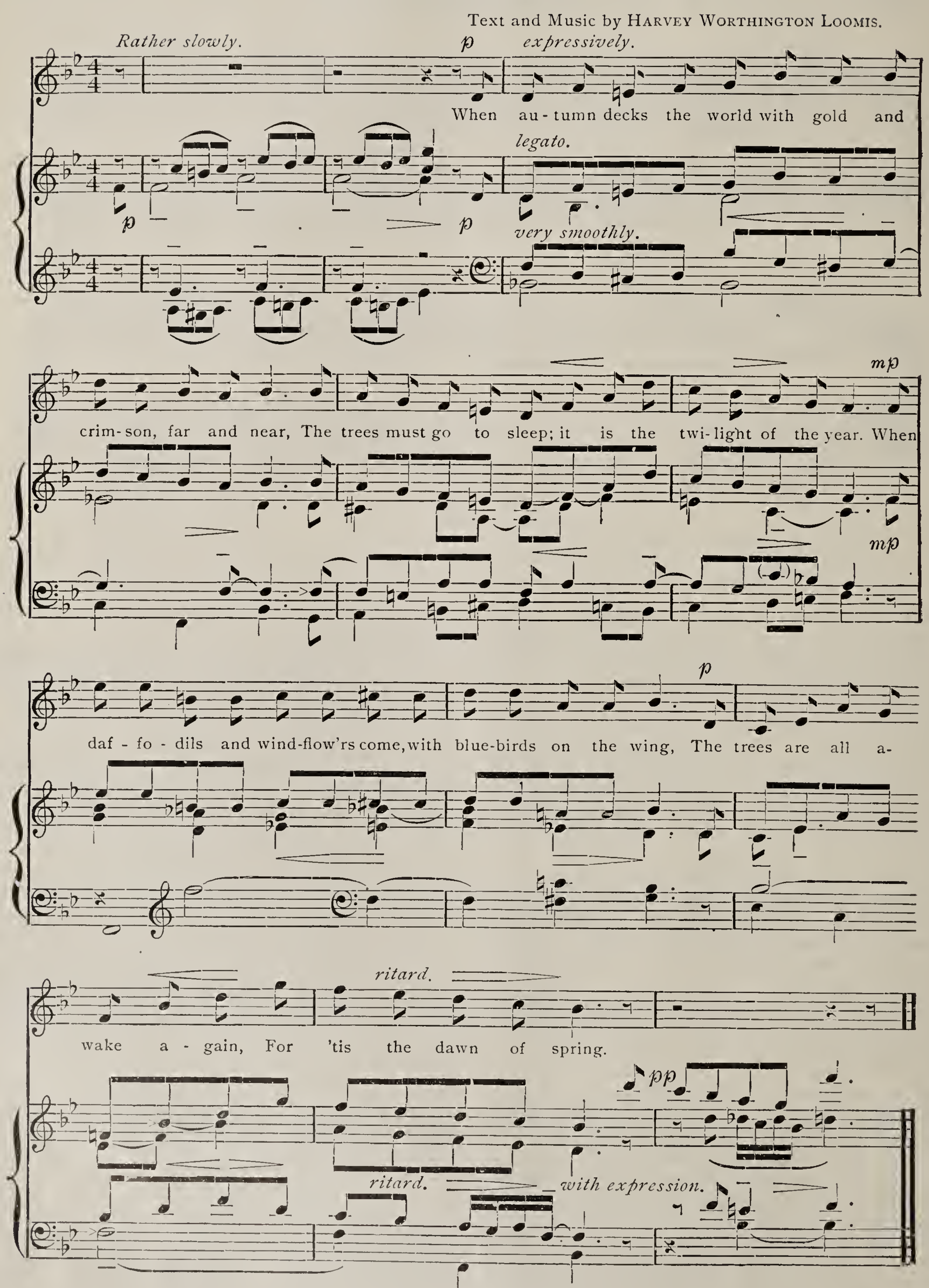
If a great deal of individual singing could be done in the lower grades, I believe that it would do away with the over-sensitiveness in solo work in the upper grades.

Have you ever tried this plan? Once a week at some convenient period, have a concert. Let different children select the songs they want to sing. Have the boys sing the "Drum Song," "Bring the Comb," "Hurrah, Hurrah, for the Flag," and let the girls sing the dainty, light songs. Sometimes let two or three children sing a song together. In all this let your school be the audience and give them freedom to applaud and ask for encores just as they would do at a real concert. This will prove a very interesting exercise and if you are a wide-awake teacher you will get a point of view.

You will find the children are much less embarrassed in singing songs alone than they would be in singing the scale alone. One superintendent of schools in the far West told me once that in their town they had more cases of discipline resulting from boys' refusal to sing the scale than from any other cause. It seems that the supervisor of music in that place believed in individual singing, but exclusively along technical lines. Now, I do not blame a boy for not wanting to sing the scale. There is no reason, so far as I can see, why a boy or a girl should be required to sing the scale. But in the lower grades, if they have a large repertoire of songs, you will find that many children are eager to sing alone. Do not undervalue this desire to try. If you do, you destroy that enthusiasm which is the foundation on which to build our success with these very children grown older. Let your children sing alone every day. It takes but a little time, and in this work you are developing poise, self-reliance, and self-expression, quite as much as in the reading lesson.

THE TREES KNOW.

Text and Music by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.



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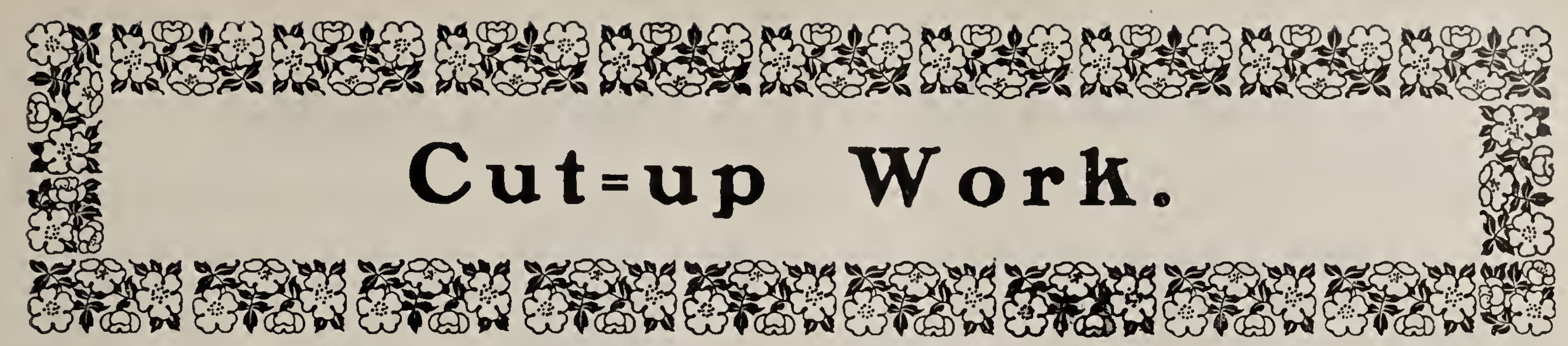


Cut-up Work.

Sky Flowers.

By Mary Lewis Harris, North Carolina.

This morning when Janie came in she had roses in her cheeks.

Jack Frost had put them there. How fresh and bright they looked!

I am glad Janie had them in her cheeks, because there are no roses out of doors now. All the flowers are gone.

Jack Frost kissed the flowers and they withered. He blew his cold breath on the leaves, and they turned all sorts of bright colors, and danced away.

The trees are sleeping, standing up. Many little seeds are lying under the ground and in warm fence corners, waiting for the sun to wake them up.

But tho it is bare out of doors, there are some flowers that bloom the year round. They look brighter than ever in the cold weather.

They are not like the roses in Janie's cheeks, nor like the sweet flowers in mother's garden. But yet they are very beautiful.

They blossom in the sky at night. What are they? Yes, the stars, and we call them the sky flowers.

Look up to the sky to-night, and see how many there are. There are more than you can ever count. There are tiny baby stars, and big, beautiful bright ones, twinkling all night long.

In one part of the sky, you may find seven tiny stars close together, twinkling, twinkling so you can hardly count them.

Do you know who they are? They are the seven sisters, and there is a pretty story about them, that I will tell you.

I said there were seven stars. There are, but you can count only six.

Long ago, there were seven sisters who loved each other very dearly. One of them had to go away from home, but her sisters could not bear to have her leave them. So they were all changed into stars, and put together in the sky.

One day there was a dreadful battle down on the earth, and the seven sisters saw it. It frightened one so much that she hid behind her sisters.

And she must be still hiding, for to this day you can count only six stars.

There is another story, about the Big Dipper. The Dipper is a bright bunch of sky flowers in the Northern sky. When you find them, you shall hear the story.

Here is a little verse for you to remember:

"'I cannot do much,' said a little star,
'To make this dark world bright,
My silvery beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night,
Yet—I am a part of God's great plan,
And so I will do the best that I can.'"

Child Life In Other Lands

Farm Life in France.

By Dorothy Wells, New Hampshire.

THE boys and girls of Paris are probably as dainty children as can be found anywhere on earth. They learn to dance when they are very young; they learn to take good care of their clothes, and they learn all the airy little graces of the grown-up Parisians. But meanwhile, the children in the country districts of France are having their fun in their own way. They are running at will thru the woods and over the fields. They are fishing in the little streams, or picking berries by the roadside, never stopping to think whether they are dressed in fine clothes or not. Perhaps if the children of Paris had their way they would themselves choose the freedom of country life, rather than the stiffness of the city.

The life of the French farmer's child is one of hard work, but it has its delights as well. Any French boy or girl would tell you that the hardships are more than made up by the joys.

In the first place, there are the animals. There never was a child yet who did not enjoy looking at the pigs. And the pigs of France are the joy of the whole household, for the fatter they grow, the more of clothing and other desirable articles they can be exchanged for, after they have reached full size. The pig is fed without stint. In the autumn he is taken to the woods, to feast on the acorns and beechnuts. The French farmer speaks of his pig as his "darling," and never calls her by any less fancy name than "silky skin." In stormy weather the pigs find a good supper and a warm bed in the stable. They are served with generous helpings of potatoes and grain.

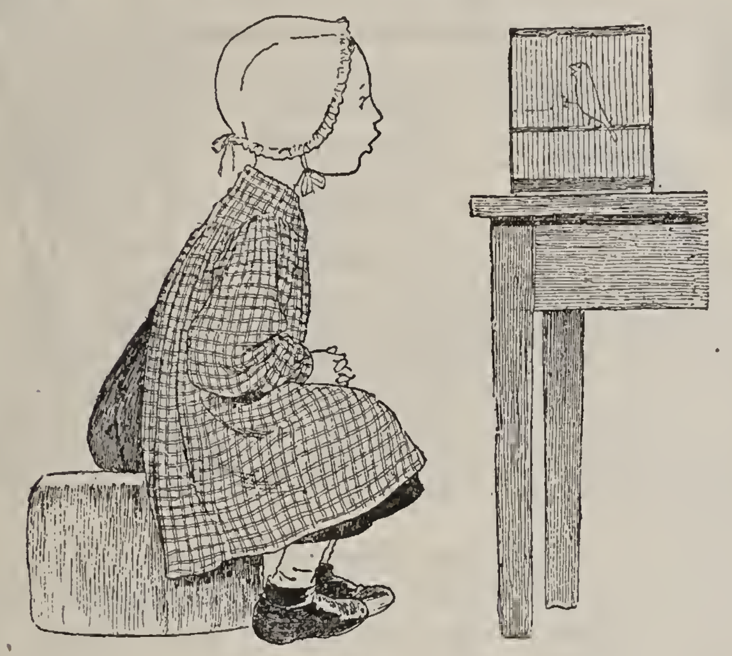
Next in importance to the pigs in the farmers' families are the cows. If we go out to the barnyard to visit them, we shall see them standing about, with their soft brown and white coats as clean as water can make them, looking at us with their beautiful fawn-like eyes. Feeding the poultry is the children's own work. With apron or pan filled with grain, they scatter handfuls of the barley and wheat, to be picked up by the noisy flock. All kinds of hens may be found in France, besides plenty of geese and ducks. The pigeons from the dove-cote at the top of the barn see the chickens feeding, and down they come into the midst, picking a grain here and one there as they may, among the larger fowls who are too busy to notice them.

At this time of the year, the country children are making almost daily excursions to the woods for nuts. Walnuts and chestnuts have been ripe for the last month. You ha veprobably seen in the windows at the grocery, or very likely have tasted, the large French chestnuts preserved in sugar, called *marons glaces*. These large chestnuts, an inch in diameter, all come from France. They are what the boys and girls are finding these cool October days, and picking from under the large brown leaves, or running to catch as they fall to the ground with gentle patter.

The chestnuts will part of them be eaten at home, but many of them will be sold and the money will help to buy the winter clothing. Earlier in the season, French children earn their sous by picking flowers in the woods and selling bunches to be carried to the cities. The city people are very fond of lilies-of-the-valley, and large bunches of these flowers often bring as much as ten sous each. To many poor families in the country villages, ten sous are a large sum of money. Then there are wild strawberries and wild raspberries and wild blackberries. In April white anemones bloom among the dry leaves; buttercups and cowslips dot meadow and field with their yellow eyes, and daffodils blow in the breezes along the brook-side. Oh, there is

always something for country boys and girls to pick.

Early in September the beechnuts are ripe. Women, old men, and children come to the woods



to gather these queer little three-cornered nuts. They spread large white cloths under every tree and shake the branches until the nuts come falling down in showers. Beechnuts are good to eat if one has plenty of patience, but they are so small it would take all day to open enough for a meal. This is the way they are used in France: A large linen bag is filled with the nuts and then pressed with machinery. This brings out an oil that tastes much like olive oil, but which can be kept without spoiling for several years. The beech-nut oil is part of the food of the country children of France.

As in our own country, wheat, which is made into bread, is the principal crop. In the late summer the stalks turn from green to a beautiful brown, and then comes the time of harvest. In the early dawn, long before the sun is up, the farmer and his children start for the fields. The sun is too hot in the middle of the day to allow them to work, so most of the labor must be done in the early morning hours. The wheat is reaped with a sickle, or cut to the ground with a scythe, and then it is tied into sheaves. A few hours can be given to work in the morning. Sleep is taken during the hot hours around noon, and then labor continues again until sunset. This is the harvesting day. It is hard work, but it must be kept up until all the fields have been reaped.

The last sheaves to be gathered in the village are piled upon a wagon trimmed with flowers and weeds. In front of the team is tied what is called the "queen sheaf," the very last one of all to be cut. The harvesters follow the wagon back to the house, the old farmers following close behind. Then come the reapers with their sickles over their shoulders; then the young folks who have tied the wheat into sheaves, and last of all, all the little boys and girls of the whole region, bare-legged and frowsy-headed, rejoicing with the others in the gathering of the wheat.

After the wheat has been reaped and made into sheaves, it is put into stacks or stored in one of the farm buildings. Here great care must be taken to keep out the rats. In years gone by the people used to think that the rats were sent to them by the witches. They wrote on pieces of paper such words as the following:

> Rats, you who have eaten the heart of St. Gertrude, I conjure you in her name to go away into the plain of——

Or,

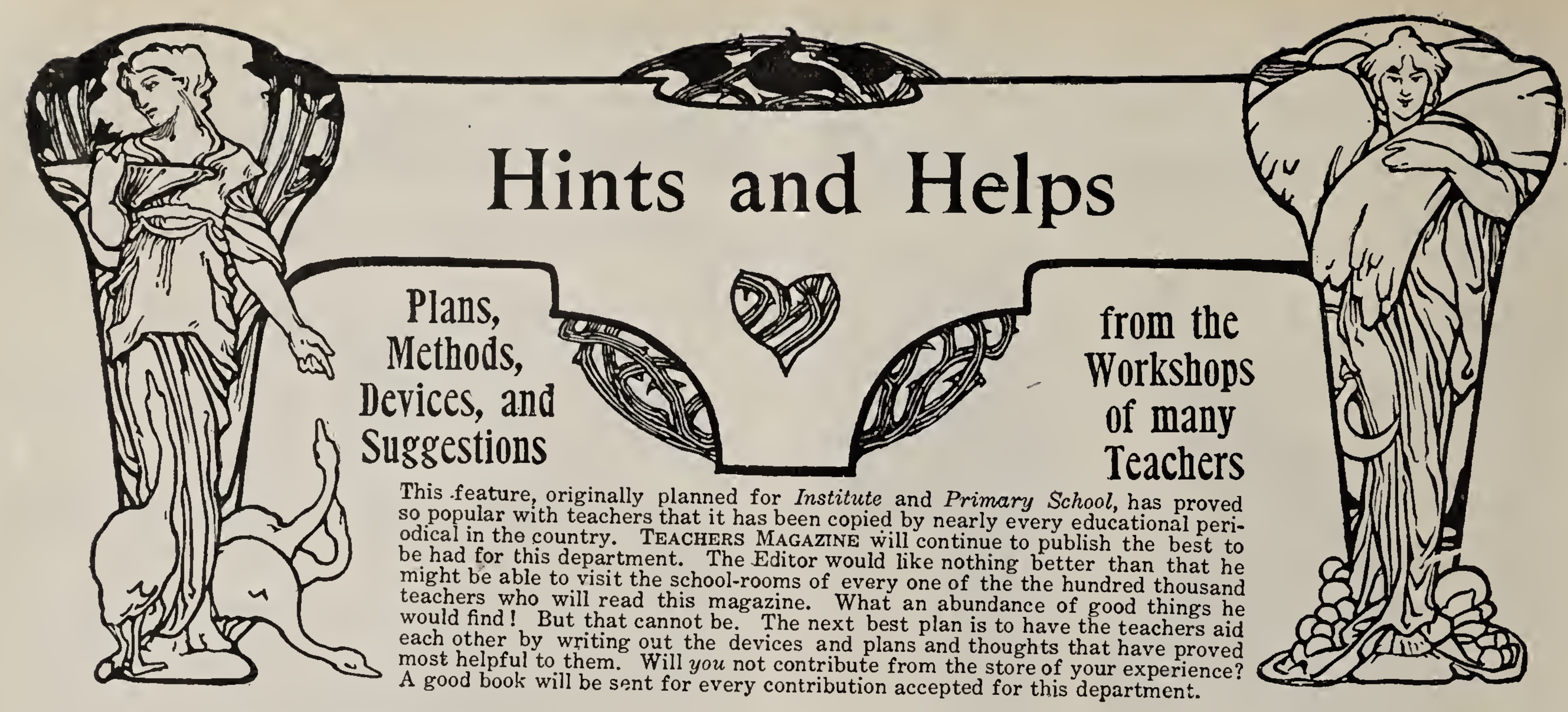
> Field mice and moles,
> Come out of your holes,
> Go to the curé
>   And eat at your ease
> Butter and milk,
>   As much as you please.

They put these pieces of paper in the rat holes and thought then the animals would keep away.

In some parts of France there is a common oven in which the bread is baked. The housekeepers take turns in baking their own bread there. Enough for a week or a fortnight is made at once in large thick loaves. These, when done, are put away on the shelves and are used very sparingly. To lose a piece of bread by throwing it away is considered almost a sin.

There is something else that autumn brings to the French country boys and girls. Just about the time the leaves are beginning to turn brown or reddish on the trees, the purple grapes are ready to be picked from the vines. And there are so many, many vineyards in France that there is something for every farm boy and girl to do. As at wheat gathering time, everybody rises early when the grapes are ripe, and the children start for the vineyards at dawn, with the grown-up men and women. Each carries a willow basket. From dawn until night the grapes are cut, in sunshine or in rain. At night the gatherers, many of them, sleep in a building close by the vines, that they may be ready when morning comes to begin their work at once. It is very sweet, clean work, and everybody enjoys it in spite of the weight of the grapes and the heat of the sun. Often one can hear the gatherers singing the old French songs, as they stand among the vines, cutting as they sing. When the baskets are full, the grapes are emptied into large hampers. When these are filled they are carried to the farmhouse, where the fruit is made into wine.

Supper is prepared in the farmhouse each night, for the hungry boys and girls to enjoy when they come back from work. It is a simple supper, but there must be plenty of it. Cabbage soup, dishes of potatoes flanked with mutton and salt pork, and cheese, washed down with some of the pale new wine—this is what they expect when the day's work is done.



This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will *you* not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.

Musical Program.

SOMETHING which was quite new in our school was the "Musical Program" which the pupils of my room gave one afternoon in the latter part of June.

We had had Decoration Day, Arbor Day, Thanksgiving Day, Washington's Birthday, Mothers' Day programs, and almost every other kind of program that one might mention; but not until this time had a purely musical program been given.

We selected our songs from any source where suitable ones could be found. They were, however, all appropriate to the season and vacation time. Some of the songs were sung by the whole school, some individually, and some by only four or six pupils for variety.

Several of the pupils had taken music lessons sufficiently long to enable them to play a few pretty pieces, which added much to the program.

Then we had studied about some of the great composers such as Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Papers were written on these composers telling, simply, the story of their lives. Each paper taught that "Perseverance will conquer" and that "Practice makes perfect," lessons to be learned from such great masters as these.

Now I write this with the hope that others who had not before thought of this kind of program, will try it and report the result.

We invited the teachers and pupils of the other rooms to listen to its rendition, that the children might be sure of an audience and feel that their efforts were appreciated in a measure at least.

Vermont. MAE E. ADRIEN.

Scrap Books.

I always save every interesting picture that comes my way and make scrap books for the babies. They are particularly useful for the first days of school, when the child's attention cannot be held long to any one subject and when the little fingers grow tired of pegs, splints, etc.

A scrap book is a never-failing source of delight if not seen too frequently. Many dull days later in the year are brightened by these books. Indeed, they are considered a great treat by my second graders when, a few times in the year, on rainy days, it is so dark that writing strains the eyesight.

I find many interesting advertising pictures in the backs of magazines, and cut many from illustrated papers. I get as many colored ones as possible. Many come from covers of seed catalogs and other advertising pamphlets.

When the children find that I am collecting pictures, they usually bring some that they cut out at home. Many of theirs, of course, are unsuitable for use.

When I have a sufficient number I paste them

"Jack-O-Lantern." [See hint by Miss Linn on the opposite page.]

into an old magazine. I usually make three or four each year, and as the children soon learn to handle the books carefully they last a long time. I have on hand at present twenty-five or more. Pictures of animals, children, Santa Claus, and any pictures with action in them are the most interesting to children.

Massachusetts. LAURA F. ARMITAGE.

Jack-o-lanterns:

Trace or hektograph as many copies as desired (have at least one for each pupil, with one or two extra copies). Leave a margin of at least one inch all around Jack-o-lanterns.

Have pupils color the eyes, nose, and mouth black, brown or any dark color.

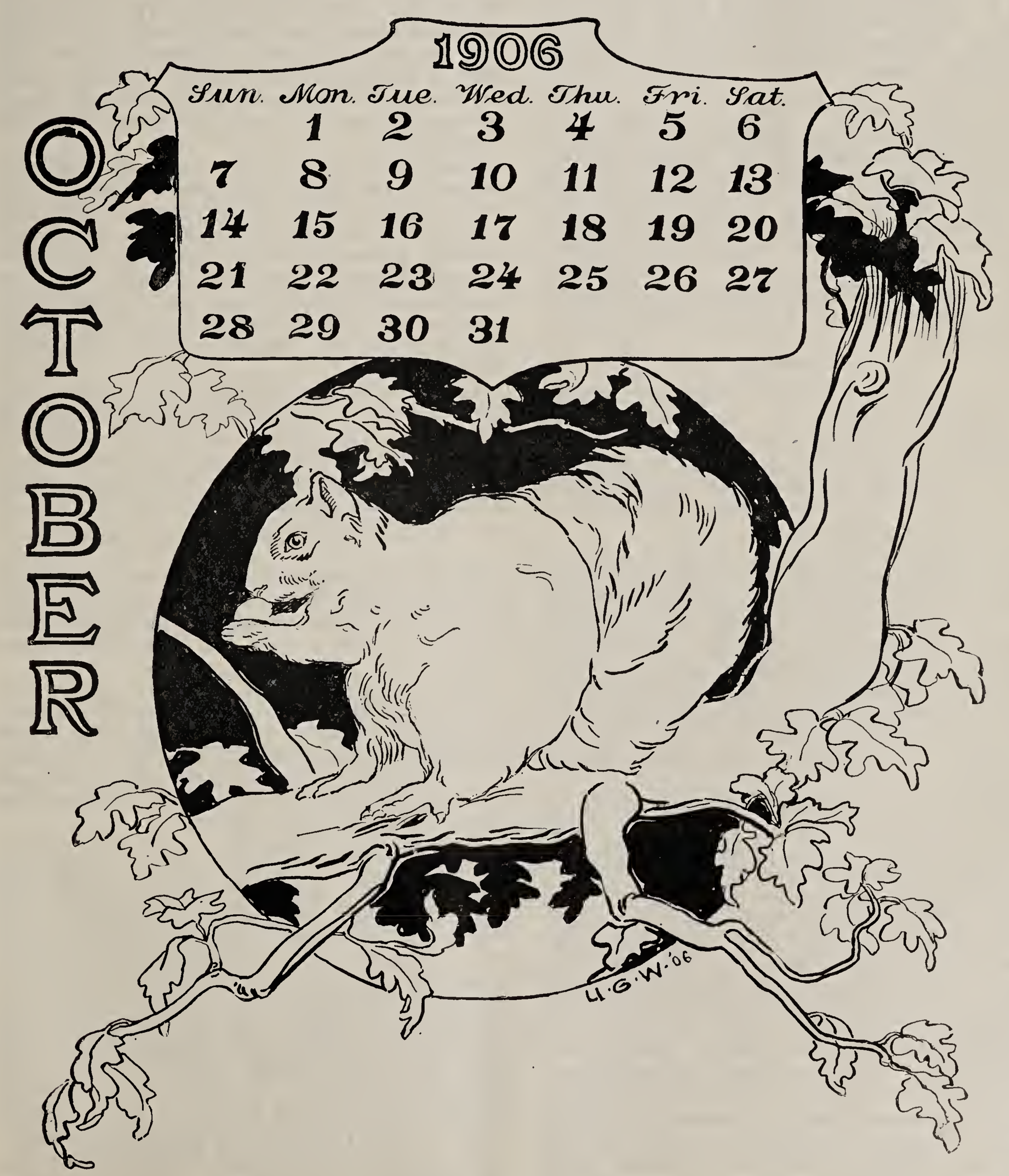
Color the lantern yellow; stem green-brown.

Some of the lanterns may be colored green with yellow eyes, nose, and mouth.

Use the curved stroke in coloring, following the sections marked on the pumpkin.

MINNIE B. LINN.

☞More Hints and Helps will be found on page 160.



Designed by U. G. Wilson.

English Composition in the Grammar Grades

Conducted by Harriet E. Peet, Forestville School, Chicago.

The Review and the Character Sketch.

THE review and the character sketch lead the pupil to look for the significance of what he is reading and force him to see that some of the essentials to good writing are: (1) observation and thought; and (2), an honest, logical, and well arranged expression of the same.

All subject matter should be selected to fill some moral or intellectual need of the children. All composition work should be done from a desire to communicate thought. The review and the character sketch should not, therefore, be used as objects in themselves, altho there should be with them and thru them a gradual development of the technique of composition. They should be used to re-inforce thought, and that they may do so, and do so well, the study of form should be introduced.

The Review.

The purpose of a review is to convey an idea of the general character of a book, article, poem, or story. It should deal with the author's purpose; the means which he has employed to show his purpose, such as characters, plot setting and incident; and the manner with which he has handled his means.

The subject matter which will call for reviews in the school-room is broad. The value of the regular literature lesson will be greatly enhanced if, when the selection is being looked upon as a whole, the review is asked for. This may be after the first reading of a selection or it may be at the time when the work is being finished and a re-inforcement of the general point of view is desired. The home reading and the stories read at school for recreation also form excellent material.

Some of the best short stories which the children will enjoy reviewing are those by Charles Dudley Warner, Ernest Thompson Seton, Joel Chandler Harris, and Rudyard Kipling (the Jungle Books). Some of the poems are the Robin Hood ballads; the humorous and the patriotic poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes, such as "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," "The Broomstick Train," "The Deacon's Masterpiece," "The Height of the Ridiculous," "The Flower of Liberty," and "The Pilgrim's Vision"; some of Lanier's exquisitely musical poems, besides Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray," "The Pet Lamb," "Poor Susan," "The Sparrow's Nest"; Burns' "To a Mouse," "To a Mountain Daisy,"; Browning's "Herve Riel," "Ratisbon," "Ghent to Aix," "The Boy and the Angel"; Tennyson's "Bugle Song," "Ulysses," "Galahad," and the best known things by Longfellow, Whittier, and Bryant. The home reading used for reviews should be kept on as high a plane as possible. The children should be encouraged to read the really good things, but if they are in the stage where they crave school and home stories they should be allowed to read Mrs. Johnston's "Little Colonel" series, the Barbour books, and those by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Louisa M. Alcott. If they crave adventure, encourage them to read Stevenson, Parkman, and Cooper.

The mind works from the vague general to the particular and then to a clearer general. If a review is more than one paragraph long, the introductory paragraph should, in some way, give the general point of view from which the review is written; those that immediately follow be explanations of the same, and the final paragraph swing back to the first point of view, thru a summary or by a general remark. This is the natural method.

The introductory paragraph of a review may give the theme of the story and those that follow, describe the characters, the plot, the setting, or some incident which the author has used to show his purpose. The following eighth grade composition illustrates this kind of a review:—

A Review of "Saul," by Robert Browning.

"Saul," a poem by Robert Browning, tells the story of the discovery of the new law and light, God's tender love for man, thru a shepherd boy's efforts to arouse a king who had fallen into a stupor.

The two characters of the story form a contrast. Saul, the king, is a warrior great in stature and power. David, the shepherd boy, cares nothing for the gayety and splendor of the court as did the king. He is a dreamy boy, loving to lie in the meadows with his sheep, thinking and singing of Nature and God.

King Saul has committed some sin for which he is repentant. He falls into a revery from which no one can awaken him. David, the wonderful singer and player, is sent for. He comes and with heart and voice tries to arouse Saul. Finally he is successful. The King's condition seems so pitiful to David that he is full of love for him. He thinks: "If my love for Saul is so great, how much greater must God's love be! If I could save and redeem him how much more willing must God be!" The discovery is made; the new law of love has entered the world and God is no longer thought of as a fearful God but as a tender loving one.

The poem has been made famous by its wonderful thoughts and passages. The various songs

sung by David are beautiful, so, too, are the descriptions which are given. The thought is very deep, but if it is once understood, it is always understood.

The introductory paragraph may be a brief general description of the thing reviewed, and those that follow enlarge the thought as in the following:—

The Cricket on the Hearth.

"The Cricket on the Hearth" is a cleverly composed story in which Charles Dickens has woven three stories, complete in themselves, that he may show many interesting things.

One of the three stories is about Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter Bertha. Caleb loves his daughter so much that he is unwilling that she should know the hardship and poverty of their life. He deceives her by telling her that they live in comfort and that their master is a kind man. This in the end brings her sorrow, but Bertha, because her love is strong, forgives her father for the sorrow which he had unintentionally brought her. This story besides showing how willing to forgive are those who love each other, shows how deceit will be found out in the end and sorrow will follow.

The second story, that of Dot and John, is less sad. We have here the picture of pleasant home life and then later the story of a false suspicion aroused in John's mind. He is made unhappy, but he is willing to forgive, just as Bertha did, all the wrong he thought had been done. This story teaches us not to believe ill of any one on first suspicion.

The story of May and Edward and Tackleton teaches a lesson about being faithful to a promise and not being easily led. Here again we find forgiveness, and this time where you would least expect it; from Tackleton who was selfish and gruff.

Thus we see that many lessons of great worth have been brought out in "The Cricket on the Hearth," yet to me the real point of the story is forgiveness.

Eighth Grade.

If an interpretive review is wished, the introductory paragraph may be an exposition of the theme, and those that follow be concrete examples of the same. This composition illustrates this form:—

A Mother's Love.

There is not a living creature who has as much love and sympathy as a human mother. She takes all the burdens of both herself and her child, and is never so happy as when she is doing for others. How anxious all mothers are when their children are in trouble!

It was so with Achilles's mother, Thetis, who was goddess of the gray deep. When Achilles was grieving over the loss of his maid, he prayed to his dear mother and she came to him out of the dark waves and stood before him stroking his brow with her gentle hand and soothing him with words of kindly cheer. Her heart went out to him so that she could not express herself in mere words, but she did so in the gentle caresses which showed that her heart was overflowing.

Some mothers are not treated as well as they ought to be. A child should help his or her mother by doing the little deeds which make life easier for her.

It can readily be seen from the above what educational value the review may have on the thought side in developing the critical judgment; and that, on the form side, an excellent opportunity is offered for teaching the pupils how to outline a composition by paragraphs so that the composition as a whole has unity, coherence, and continuity. The principle underlying paragraphing, tho difficult, is easily grasped here because its use is apparent.

Before writing elaborate reviews, it is well to have the pupils form the habit of writing characterizing or interpretive paragraphs, which are, when the review is longer, the unifying element. When they have succeeded with these they will be able to see what needs elaboration and therefore what should be the topics of the paragraphs which follow. One book will call for character sketches, another for a brief abstract of the plot, and another for incident.

While reading, the pupils should ask themselves such questions as these: What is this about? What does it show? What scenes and characters has the author used to show his purpose? What events has he used? What are the good points of the story? Why? What might have been improved?

After writing, each child should criticise his own paper with such questions as these: Is my paragraphing such that my meaning is clear? Is the paper straight to the point? Is it interesting? Is anything more needed? Could anything be omitted?

After the children have had more experience in writing reviews, it is well to clinch the matter of paragraphing by asking for a paper on "How to Write a Review."

The Character Sketch.

The character sketch helps the children to define their ideals of right and wrong as exemplified in people, and is a great help to them in their own character building.

Both history and literature furnish an abundance of material. The lives of musicians, artists, statesmen, poets, and scientists are full of heroism, and show in many cases what perseverance under adverse circumstances can accomplish. The noble characters portrayed in literature such as those of Galahad, Parsifal, Brutus, Portia, Cordelia, and Evangeline are full of inspiration to the boys and girls.

A character may be portrayed in a number of ways. It may be done thru description, thru exposition, thru narration, and thru dialogue. These forms may all be used by the children, altho the simplest form is probably a combination of description and exposition. The following character sketch is a typical one:—

Dolly Winthrop.

A Character Study from "Silas Marner."

In almost every little town there is one woman who is a kind of mother to the town. Dolly Winthrop was such a one to Ranveloe. She was a very good woman. She was loving and kind and always ready to help any one in trouble. She could read and write very little,

but yet she loved God and made friends easily. She it was who helped Silas Marner in his trouble. I think Dolly Winthrop had a very fine character.

Just as the review offers an opportunity for working out the principles of unity, coherence, and continuity in the composition, as a whole, the character sketch provides a chance for bringing out the same principles in the single paragraph. The children may be led to see that each paragraph has its topic sentence, either expressed or understood, and that it is this that unifies it.

The character sketch should not always, of course, be one paragraph long, but it may be written so to serve our purpose. The following exercises with it will serve to illustrate the principles under discussion. (1) Describe a character in a single sentence. Write other sentences showing the reasons for the statement made in the first. (2) Compare two characters, showing what the comparison is in the first sentence and how it is shown in those that follow. (3) Tell what you like about a character in a single sentence, and in those that follow the reasons for the same. The first sentence in each of these exercises will be the topic sentence of the paragraph.

The time to write a character sketch is determined by the thought of the selection studied. If this principle is kept in mind with both the character sketch and the review, the motive for writing will be strong and stereotyped writing avoided. Individuality and spontaneity in expression is that which we seek, and as a means to this end a practical knowledge of the principles of composition. These are acquired only where thought predominates form.

The next of this series of articles will deal with description and thru description the technique of the sentence. The one following will be on poetics and the choice of words.

Autumn Leaves.

In the hush and the lonely silence
Of the chill October night
Some wizard has worked his magic
With fairy fingers light.
The leaves of the sturdy oak trees
Are splendid with crimson and red,
And the golden flags of the maple
Are fluttering overhead.

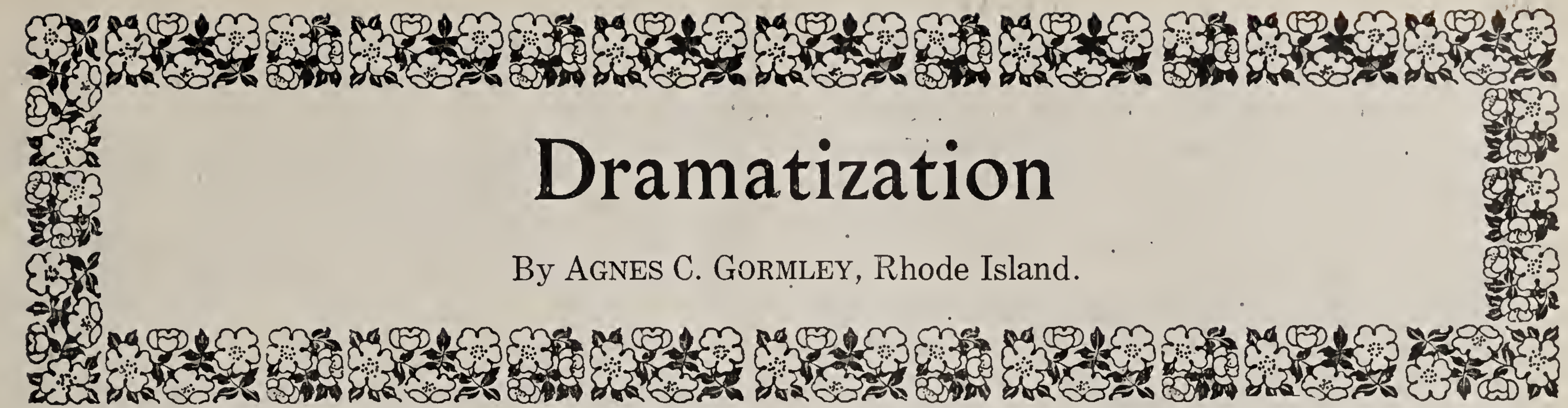
Thru the tangle of faded grasses
There are trailing vines ablaze,
And the glory of warmth and color
Gleams thru the autumn haze
Like banners of marching armies
That farther and farther go;
Down the winding roads and valleys
The boughs of the sumacs glow.

So open your eyes, little children,
And open your hearts as well,
Till the charm of the bright October
Shall fold you in its spell.

—Angelina Wray.

An Autumn Leaf Party at School.

Arranged by Miss Rose R. Archer, Kindergartener in Public School No. 137, New York City.
A description of this party, with directions for costumes and decorations will appear in Teachers Magazine next month.



Dramatization

By Agnes C. Gormley, Rhode Island.

THE language interest of the hour for all primary grades is centered about dramatization. Need it be said that the first essential for its successful operation is spontaneity on the part of the teacher? To get the best results she must be unhampered by any sense of self-consciousness. Let her cultivate faith in herself; in her power of getting ideas *into* children and of getting work *out* of them; then and not till then, is success assured.

The first attempts will be halting, perhaps discouraging; but where there's a will there's a way, and if the teacher wants the pupils to succeed they certainly will.

The above story may take a week or more even with two lessons a day; but there is little possibility of its losing flavor since each lesson is given some fresh impulse. The final telling of the story by individual pupils is, of course, the end that crowns the work.

It is not necessary to write either of the stories here given, as they contain too many technical points for the average primary pupil. Let the dictation of the selected sentences suffice. If the written work of primary children is unsatisfactory may it not be that the teachers are asking for too much? Is it not also true that the initial stages are not planned for with a sufficient degree of closeness? Let us aim for what is within the grasp of the child and see that that much is well done.

Oral work should always take precedence of written since we talk more than we write. Many times as much practice, therefore, should be given in the former as in the latter. The average child is making good progress if he writes one story a month.

How to take a written story will be the subject of a later talk. It has been found that by planning the text for written work on a different basis from that intended for oral presentation that the results are very satisfying.

Order of Procedure.

Read or tell story as dramatically as possible trying for good voice effects and facial expression.

Read again.

Ask the questions.

Spell words.

Have dictation on sentences from story.

Play story.

Tell individually.

Best of All.

One day a prince went into his garden to see how things were growing. He came to a peach tree and said, "What are you doing for me?"

The peach tree said, "In the Spring, I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance. In the fall men come and gather my fruit and carry it into the palace for you."

"Well done!" said the prince.

He then came to an elm tree and said, "What are *you* doing for me?"

The elm tree answered, "I am making nesting places for the birds and giving shade to the cattle with my thick leaves and spreading branches."

And again the prince said, "Well done!"

He next went down to the meadow and put the same question to the grass.

The grass replied, "We are giving our lives for others, for your sheep and cattle that they may be nourished."

Once more the prince said, "Well done!"

Last of all he inquired of a tiny daisy what *it* was doing? The daisy hung her head and said, "Nothing, nothing!" I cannot send fruit to your palace; I cannot make nesting places for the birds, nor give shade for the cattle. They do not even want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy and said, "You are the Best of All!"

I.

What is a king's son called?

What is the house that a king lives in called? [As each word is obtained, write it on the board.]

What is the part of your yard where the flowers grow called?

What kind of a smell do flowers have?

The sweet smell of flowers is called this: [Write "fragrance."]

In what season do the blossoms come?

What do the blossoms on the peach tree turn into?

Instead of saying I pick flowers I often say I do this to them: [Write—"gather."]

For what else do we plant trees besides for the fruit they give us?

Tell me some shade trees you know. [Write—"elm" when given.]

Does any one know what one name we have for sheep, cows, and horses?

We call them this: [Write "cattle."]

What flower often grows with the clover, that the cattle do not like—that you often make into chains?

We eat food every day, children, so we may be what? Instead of saying we may be strong we say we may be nourished. [Write "nourished."]

After I tell you this story I'm going to ask you to give me a good name for it. [Read story again.]

Where is the prince going to be? How will we know what the prince thinks of doing? *When* is he going to his garden?

Now someone may play he's the prince and say all that just as the prince would have said it. [Have several try.]

Now let's suppose the prince is *in* the garden. Whom does he come to first?

How do I let Charles know that I'm talking to him instead of to John? How will the prince let us know that he is going to talk to the peach tree? You may speak to the peach tree, Tony, just as the prince did it. [Have several try.]

What is every peach tree giving in the spring? [It the word doesn't come point to it on the board —or say "If you look you'll see it on the board."] And what did that do? Then what happens in the fall? Where do the men carry it?

Make believe you are the peach tree and answer just as *it* did, Gladys.

What does the prince say?

To whom does he then come?

Think how we knew how the prince spoke to the peach tree. Speak to the elm tree just as the prince did it.

For what persons does the elm tree say it is making nesting-places? And to whom was it giving shade? How was it giving shade? Tell all that just as the tree said it.

What does the prince say to show that he likes the elm tree?

[Continue with similar questions for the remainder of the story. They are invaluable for breaking in the text to the children. When the story has been gone over thus, read the whole again. It may be necessary to ask the questions several times. If the teacher finds a pupil who is too timid to take part in the work, have such a child either repeat a statement after some spontaneous pupil, or else write what has been said. Let the more responsive ones take the initiative; then, after the standard has been given, invite the quieter ones to imitate it. It is absolutely necessary to bring out the quieter ones, remember; next to the gift of originality let us cultivate the virtue of imitation.

After the spirit has been caught and the text well broken in, assign a certain place in the room for the palace; others a little apart, for the trees; and at some distance a place for the meadow.

Station six children in places somewhat similar to those indicated in plan. Two children may stand for the grass, tho only one may speak, if so desired; simple gestures add to the effect of the story and give it a "touch and go" for the individual telling.]

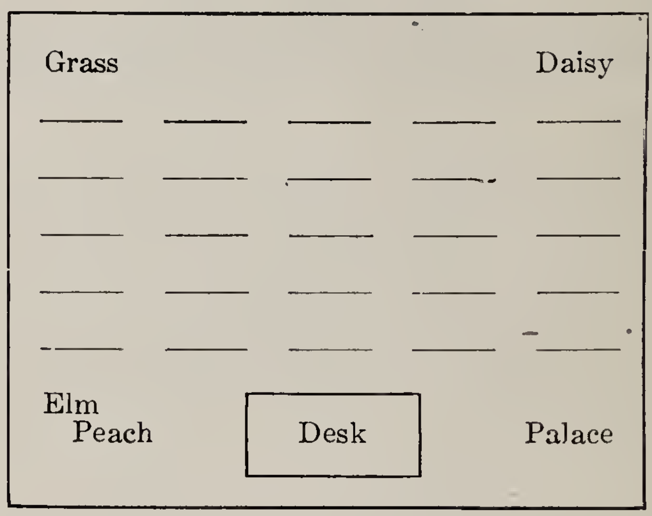
When the children begin to play the story, it will be something like this:

Prince: To-day, I will go into my garden to see how things are growing. [Walk across room; head in air, glancing about to right and left. Pauses before child impersonating "peach."] Well, peach tree, what are you *doing* for me?

Peach tree: In the spring, I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance. In the fall men come and gather my fruit and carry it into the palace for you.

Prince: [Touching her lightly on the shoulder) Well done! [Walks on to other tree.] Elm tree, what are you doing for me?

Elm tree: I am making nesting-places for the birds and giving shade for the cattle with my



thick leaves and spreading branches. [Extends arms.]

Prince: You have done well, too! I will go down to the meadow. [Walks off to distant meadow and looking about him.] Grass, what are you doing for me?

Grass: We are giving our lives for others; for your sheep and cattle that they may be nourished.

Prince: You have done well! [Walks on.] Here is a tiny daisy. I will inquire of her. Little daisy, *what are you doing for me?*

Daisy: (Hanging her head) Nothing, nothing! I cannot send fruit to your palace; I cannot make nesting-places for the birds, nor give shade to the cattle. They do not even want me in the meadow (clasps her hands and looks very dejected). All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can.

Prince: (Putting his arm about the daisy, taking her hand and kissing it] You are the best of all!

[Exeunt.]

SPELLING.

garden	cattle	shelter
gather	fragrance	meadow
palace	blossoms	bent
nesting-place	nourished	kissed
lives	nothing	question
inquired	daisy	asked

The writing of sentences like the following for dictation give the children a grasp on the unfamiliar constructions.

Do not keep too long on any one step. It is better to move on, as each part is intended to assist the others. Begin the spelling immediately.

DICTATION.

My blossoms fill the air with fragrance.
In the fall men come and gather the fruit.
The prince put the same question to the grass.
Last of all he inquired of a tiny daisy in the meadow.

Cornelia's Jewels.

Many hundred years ago, in the old city of Rome, two boys were standing in a summer house. They were looking at their mother and her friend who were walking in the garden.

"Did you ever see so handsome a lady as our mother's friend?" asked the younger boy. "She looks just like a queen!"

"Yes, she is beautiful," said the older one. "She wears a fine dress and beautiful jewels; but her face is neither noble nor kind. It is our mother who looks like a queen."

"That is true," replied the other. "There is no woman in Rome so like a queen as our own dear mother."

Soon Cornelia, their mother, came to speak with them. She was dressed in a plain white robe and her hands and feet were bare. Her hair was coiled in long soft braids about her head and a tender smile lit up her face as she rested her hand on the shoulder of her elder son.

"Boys," she said, "I have something to tell you."

"What is it, mother?" they said, bowing low as Roman boys are taught to do.

"Our friend has promised to dine with us," answered Cornelia. "Then she is going to show us her wonderful casket of jewels of which you have heard so much."

"Can it be," whispered the boys, as they followed their mother, "that she has more jewels than those she is wearing?"

After dinner a servant brought in the casket. While the visitor opened it the boys drew close about her, admiring the different gems. She showed them strings of pearls as white as milk; a heap of rubies red as glowing coals; sapphires as blue as the summer sky; and diamonds that sparkled like dew-drops in the sun.

"How I wish you could have such beautiful things, mother!" said the younger boy, while the lady was handing the casket back to her servant.

At this the visitor turned to Cornelia, "Is it true, my friend, that you have no jewels? I have heard it whispered that you are very poor!"

"No, I am not poor," answered Cornelia. So saying she drew her two boys to her side. My children are *my* jewels. They are worth more than all your gems."

The boys never forgot their mother's pride in them.

How many persons in this story?

Who are they?

What is the mother's name?

When did the story happen? Where did it happen? What were the two boys doing? At whom were they looking?

[Answer each question aloud. Then ask all again; have them answered silently; then tell in sequence without stopping.]

What does the younger one ask of his brother? What does she say she looks like?

(Same as above.)

What does the elder one answer? What does he say she wears? But what about her face? What does he say of their mother?

What does the other then reply? How does he think of his own mother now?

Soon who came to speak to them? How was she dressed? And how were her hands and feet? How was her hair? Tell about her face as she did something.

What does Cornelia say to the boys? What do they ask? As the boys ask what do they do? What has our friend promised to do? Then what will happen? As the boys followed their mother, what does the younger one whisper?

After dinner what did the servant do? While the visitor opened it what did the boys do? What did she show them?

What does the younger boy say to his mother? When? At this, what did the visitor do? What does she ask?

What did Cornelia answer? So saying what did she do? What does she say her children are to her? [Use her words just as she said it.] What are they worth?

Tell me how the boys felt ever afterward toward their mother?

A spelling lesson helps to get hold of the story. There is a sub-conscious process goes on which links words and thoughts.

hundred	coiled	drew
Rome	braids	strings
walking	tender	glowing
handsome	lit	sapphires
queen	shoulders	diamonds
older	bowing	handing
jewels	dined	turned
neither	casket	gems
noble	whispered	pride
Cornelia	followed	world
robe	visitor	

DICTATION.

No woman in Rome looked so like a queen.

The face of the visitor was neither noble nor kind.

Our friend will show us the wonderful casket of jewels.

II DICTATION.

There were strings of pearls in the casket.
The sapphires were as blue as the sky.
The diamonds sparkled like dew-drops.
There were heaps of rubies.

Characters: Two boys,
Two girls,
One servant, preferably a boy.

Apparatus: desk or table; two chairs; slate; box containing letters or tablets.

Two boys standing in a garden and looking at their mother and her visitor who are walking in the distance.

Younger Boy: Isn't our mother's friend beautiful! She looks just like a queen!

Older Boy: Yes, she is beautiful. She wears a fine dress and beautiful jewels, but her face is neither noble nor kind. It is our mother who looks like a queen.

Younger Boy: That is true. There is no woman in Rome so like a queen as our own dear mother.

[By this time Cornelia with her friend have reached the boys. She smiles and puts her hand on the shoulder of the older one.]

Cornelia: Boys, I have something to tell you.

Both Boys: What is it, mother? [bowing.]

Cornelia: Our friend has promised to stay to dine with us. Then she is going to show us her wonderful casket of jewels of which you have heard so much.

[They move on out of room—apparently to dinner—boys follow.]

Younger Boy: (whispering) Can it be that she has more jewels than those she is wearing?

Re-enter by another or by same door. Mother and visitor seat themselves in front of a table or desk at which two chairs have been arranged before story begins. Use teacher's desk if no table is at hand. Enter servant with box of letters on a slate (a tray). Presents same with box. Boys draw close to visitor as she lays out, one at a time, the contents of the box.]

Visitor: Here are strings of pearls.

Boy: They are as white as milk.

Visitor: Here is a heap of rubies.

Boy: They are red as glowing coals.

Visitor: These are sapphires.

Boy: They are blue as the summer sky.

Visitor: These are diamonds.

Boy: They sparkle like dew-drops in the sun.

[Puts all back in box; hands same to servant who bows and retires.]

Boy: How I wish you could have such beautiful things, mother!

Visitor: (turns to Cornelia). Is it true, my friend, that you have no jewels? I have heard it whispered that you are very poor.

Cornelia: No; I am not poor; my children are my jewels.

[As she speaks she puts her arm about both boys.] *They* are worth more than all your gems. *Boys:* We will never forget your pride in us, mother.

[Exeunt.]

In taking the lessons move right on thru the several steps. Don't drill too long on any special one as each helps the other. Get the impression of the whole first and of the relations of each part. Then special drill may be in order.

Other stories easy of access and suitable for dramatization are:

GRADES I—II.—Ant and grasshopper. Country mouse and city mouse. Little half chick. Three bears. Hen Pen. Hare and Tortoise.

GRADE III.—Three Kingdoms. King Midas. Lion and mouse.

GRADE IV.—William Tell. Boston Boys. Golden apples.

Each grade above may use stories suggested for the grade below.

Always choose a story where something is happening all the time. The more action and conversation in the story, the better it will be for visualizing.

The story of "Cornelia's Jewels" is adapted from "Fifty Famous Stories."

"Best of all" was found in an advertising bulletin published in Providence.

Designed by G. H. Shorey.

Elementary Nature Study

Conducted By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota

Thistles.

THERE is no weed weedier or more common than the thistle. It has managed to diffuse itself over the habitable globe so that there scarcely remains a spot without its local representative of this conquering genus. Garnered and harvested yearly with the farmer's corn, its seeds have been gratuitously distributed by its enemy, man, in all climates.

The thistle is one of those warlike plants which specially lay themselves out in the struggle for existence for the occupation of the soil, and they are compelled to defend themselves and their stems against the constant attacks of the larger animals, the horse, the cow, and the sheep.

In open plains grazed over by cows and donkeys, one notes that the most defensive plants have the best chance of getting a livelihood. The unarmed specimens get eaten down by the browsing cattle, while the prickly ones are left to occupy the stubborn soil and produce seed for future generations.

The term thistle means almost any herbaceous plant of a spiney character. Now in the plant world, leaves may be changed into almost anything, petals, stems, tendrils, thorns, spines, and anything else that occasion may require, without interfering with the chief reason for existence, which is to assist in building up the plant.

The clever thistle possesses leaves whose edges curl and stiffen into defensive spines, so that no animal will eat them, and they get on in an astonishing degree.

Close up to the Arctic circle you find him defying the reindeer with his prickly wings, under the equatorial sky, you may obsevre, it accommodates itself, mostly with a sardonic smile, to a tropical existence, and battles with the prickly acacias and the thorny cactuses for its fair share in the dry and arid uplands.

There are gradual steps in the defensive process thru thistles that grow with prickly leaves, and those in which the prickly margins begin to run down the stem, to those which have clad themselves from top to toe in a perfect mail of sharp spines, so that it becomes impossible to grasp them anywhere with the hand, and they can only be cut down with the plow.

The most primitive thistle plant is the little sawwort that grows by the sea. The *flower* is first to be specially protected, because upon it depend the future seeds and the hope of coming

The Butterfly

By Lillian C. Flint

My first home was an egg and it was round.

The warm sun opened the egg and I came out.

I was not then a butterfly.

I was a tiny little worm.

I found myself on a rosebush.

I was hungry and I began to eat.

I ate and ate and grew larger and larger until I was not hungry any more.

I felt quite sick. After a while my coat burst and I was a bright big worm.

I was hungry and ate again; this I did until I had five new coats.

I had a great many eyes, six on each side of my body.

My jaws were very strong because I had to eat so much.

I did not open them up and down, they closed from side to side.

I breathed thru little round holes that ran all thru my body.

I had thirteen rings.

After a while I hung myself up on a sunny wall.

Then I began to spin, and wound round and round the soft silk until I had a tiny brown house.

After a while, the little brown house split and out I crept, a butterfly.

My wings were all folded up. I could not fly.

I crawled out on a leaf and the sun warmed me.

I spread my wings and flew about among the flowers.

generations of thistles. Just as instinct teaches animals to fight fiercely and bravely for their young, so the plant teaches the threatened buds to arm themselves against the enemies that would destroy their seeds and blossoms.

All the thistles live in constant expectation of being browsed on by donkeys, trampled under foot by ruthless cattle, picked by children, or uprooted by the ruthless farmer, yet their armor cleverly grown, has so protected that there is no part of the earth that escaped their pre-emption, or the pre-emption of their nearest relatives.

Their temper has become permanently soured, their formidable spines give you instant warning of their presence and induce you to keep well away from them.

One would have thought that this trick of spine was enough, without having to make the sowing of their seeds sure, but not content with this device, the thistle has adopted the most successful method of sowing seeds that is known to the plant race.

The brambles, wild rose, and others have the thorns, but they have not the same device for sowing their seeds as the thistle has adopted.

A plant and its seed are in much the same position as such cities as Carthage, whose small size rendered it necessary that the increase of population should periodically emigrate to other quarters. Otherwise they would be killed off by famine and pestilence in the mutual endeavor to exist.

The particular kind of plants that seem to have laid themselves out for wind agency in sowing, seem to be the compositae, and to this family belong the thistles. They found that it was cheaper to crowd their families in heads, just as people find it cheaper to live in flats, instead of in separate houses. So they have a head full of tiny blossoms, and the one spiny stockade around the blossom serves for the safety of all.

But to go back to the wind-sowing. How successfully the trick has answered is to be seen from the fact that they stand at the head of all others in the number and variety, both in species and individuals, and the marvelous manner with which members have adapted themselves to almost any physical condition on earth. Look at the feathery seeds; the slight breeze lifts one of the feathery pappi and carries it away with its fruit dry and light, for the purpose of hanging beneath like the car of a balloon.

Along with its defensive prickles and its way of sowing its seeds, the thistle has developed another device.

Look at the back of the leaves of one of these ingenious plants. It is covered with a coat of soft slender hairs. The main stem, the branches, and the entire under surface of the leaf is provided with a dense coat of cotton.

If the young leaves and buds are pulled apart, many of the threads stretch out, finer and finer, until they break.

At the roots of these hairs are little cups filled with thick mucilage. As the leaves grow, at the end of each the threads are drawn out until it looks as tho a spider had spun her web around it. This web adheres closely to the leaf. The mullien has a crop of spun hairs as the thistle does.

Why does the thistle spin? To protect itself against sudden changes of the weather, to keep the rain from wetting it; and to keep its enemies from injuring the plant.

The Cricket

By Lillian C. Flint

I belong to the Straight-winged family.

There was a large family of us, as many as four hundred.

Mamma Cricket first laid the eggs down deep in the earth.

In summer I live on the green grass and bushes.

I eat the roots of the grass.

I eat leaves and blossoms.

I have six legs.

My hind legs are very long and strong, and I can jump a great way.

I have a dark brown coat and it is very hard.

It is strong and hard so that when I jump and fall on the sharp spears of grass they do not hurt me.

I have two pairs of wings.

On the front pair of my wings there is a place rough like a file.

I scrape my front wing upon the back wing and make music.

This music calls my mate.

Children like to hear me sing.

Mamma Cricket does not sing, she is too busy.

I have many cousins, some live in houses, some live in barns.

When my coat gets too small I drop it off and grow a new one.

In winter I get under a stone or the bark of a tree and sleep till spring.

The Rabbit.

She has a long coat of hair.
In winter she has an under coat of soft fur to keep her warm.
She is very shy.
She has bright eyes and long ears.
Her back legs are very long.
Her long legs take her away very fast when she is afraid.
She makes her soft nest of fine grass.
The rabbit has a white coat in winter.
This is so that you cannot see him on the snow.
Foxes and dogs cannot see her on the white snow.
They would kill her if they could.

The Cat.

The cat sleeps by the fire.
She has soft fur.
Her fur is short.
She is cool in summer and warm in winter.
She has four feet.
She has five toes on her front feet and four toes on her back feet.
Her tail is round.
She moves it from side to side like a snake.
She has whiskers on each side of her nose.
Her tongue is rough like a file.
She can lick the meat from a bone with her rough tongue.
She can keep her fur smooth and clean with her tongue.
She keeps her claws in little pockets.
We do not hear her walk for there are soft cushions on each foot.
She likes milk.
She likes to catch mice.
She walks on her toes.
Cats like to hunt at night.
Cats do not like to be with other cats.
Cats like to hunt alone.
Cats do not like to get wet.
They like fish for dinner.
Cats do not hide away bones as a dog does.
Wild cats are fierce and strong.

LILLIAN C. FLINT.

The Cow.

The cow eats grass.
She does not chew the grass.
Her teeth are not sharp.
She swallows her food without chewing.
She lies down when she has eaten all the grass she wants.
When she lies down we see a lump in her mouth.
It is a ball of grass.
It is called a cud.
She chews it on her flat back teeth.
The cow gives us milk.
We make butter and cheese from the milk.
Our beef comes from the cow.
Our shoes are made from her skin.
We take her to the meadow in the morning.
We bring her home at night.
The cow's foot is not like the foot of the horse.
What does the cow use the brush on her tail for?
What do we make from the hair of a cow?

The Mouse.

The mouse lives in the wall of a house.
He has four long teeth.
He cuts his food with these.
His head is pointed.
He has long legs.
He has soft hair or fur.
There is no hair on his tail.
He has four toes on his front feet and five on his back feet.
He is found in all parts of the world.
The mouse builds a soft nest like a bird, in the wall.
Sometimes he gets in a bed and builds a nest.
The mouse eats cheese.
He likes corn, too.
A large mouse is called a rat.
All rats and mice gnaw.
Some mice live out in the fields.
Some mice are white.
A mouse will not stay in a house with a cat.

LILLIAN C. FLINT.

GAMES AND EDUCATIONAL OCCUPATIONS

Edited by ADA VAN STONE HARRIS
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Games for General Activity.

1. RUNNING.

ALL the children may run together, or only a few at a time. The line moves up and down the aisles and around the room, running lightly on the toes, knees lifted high at each step, and arms swinging freely at the sides.

a. Run as if on soft grass.
b. Run as if thru fallen leaves.
c. Still running in place without advancing.

2. RUN AND JUMP OVER POINTER OR ROPE.

Care should be taken that each child waits for his turn, and if possible the pointer should be placed between two chairs so that the teacher may receive the children as they jump.

3. CAT AND RAT.

The children join hands in a circle; one is chosen to be cat and another rat. All the players try to help the rat run away from the cat, and the cat runs around the ring, breaks thru it where he can, and tries in every way to catch the rat. It adds zest to the game if there is more than one rat.

4. CROSSING THE BROOK.

The brook may be represented by chalk lines on the floor. One row of children at a time run and jump in turn, trying to cross the brook. If any touch the floor between the lines their feet get wet and they cannot go home without drying them in the front of the room, while those who crossed successfully may go home to their seats. The width of the brook may be increased, and the child who can jump across the widest brook wins the game.

5. JACK BE NIMBLE.

Some upright object, to represent a candle, may be placed in the front of the room. One row runs in turn, jumping over the candle, and trying not to knock it down. A variation may be arranged in this way: A candle may be placed in front of every other row, then one row and the next to it may use a candle together. The second row faces the back of the room, and follows the first down its aisle; while the first row, after it has jumped over the candlestick, runs up the aisle of the second row. So the game is continued up and down the two aisles, while all sing or repeat the nursery jingle, "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the candlestick!"

6. VAULTING OVER SEATS.

The children face either side of the room, place their hands on two desks, or a desk and chair, and vault over the chairs. They should try to land quietly on their toes with bent knees, and should take their hands very quickly from the desks when they have jumped thru.

The whole class may turn and jump back again, always at the teacher's command, "Ready, Jump" or this may be done: When those in the extreme left or right hand row have vaulted over their own chairs, they run in line around to the row on the other side of the room, and start again, vaulting across the room, each row finishing and starting again in succession.

7. VAULTING OVER LOW BENCH.

Children in turn place both hands on the bench and vault over, trying to land well on the other side.

8. RACE, TOUCHING THE WALL.

All in the first row of seats stand facing the back of the room. At a signal from the teacher, the children run to the back, touch the wall and return to the front, where they sit in good position in the very front seats, or in small chairs placed in front of the rows. The following starting rhyme often pleases the children:

"One to make ready,
Two to prepare,
Good luck to the rider,
And away goes the mare."

9. FOLLOW THE LEADER.

This game differs slightly from the one by the same name under "Games of Imitation." The teacher preferably, but occasionally a competent child, leads the class in a line around the room, up and down the aisles, over the seats, walking, running, skipping, lifting knees high, flying, waving flags, and many other activities, changing quickly from one to another, in order to make each child keen in observation, and quick in response.

Rochester Children at Play in School.

10. FEATHER FLY.

A feather is kept in the air by the children's blowing. They may stand in a circle or in two lines, or remain at their seats, and the child who is blowing when the feather falls to the ground is out of the game.

11. SNOW MAN.

One child who is chosen to be the snow man sits on the floor in the center of the circle. The others pretend to roll balls of snow around the circle, each ball getting larger and larger as they go. At last one is rolled to the center, and the snow man stands on his knees; next he stands on his feet; then his head is made; and finally his arms. The children in the circle make snow balls and throw them all together at the snow man, knocking off his arms, head, etc.; and at last the snow man himself falls.

12. HOT BALL.

The children sit in a circle on the floor. One of them holds under his hands a small ball which he pretends to be heating, while the rest of the children clap their hands in rhythm. When the ball is hot the child who has been heating it, hits it with the back of his hand, sending it across the circle. The one nearest to whom it goes, hits it with the back of his hand, and so on back and forth across the circle the ball is sent. The children should keep their places and touch the ball only when it rolls to them. If the ball stops in the center of the ring, it has become cold, and has to be heated again. After a time two balls may be used, a large one and a small one. Judgment and control are taught by this game.

13. MR. SLAP JACK.

A circle is formed as if for "Drop the Handkerchief." One child runs around the outside and taps another gently on the shoulder, then continues running in the same direction. The child whom he has touched immediately turns, runs in the opposite direction, and tries to reach his own place before the first child can. They pass each other on the right when they meet, and the one who fails to reach the vacant place becomes the next Mr. Slap Jack. Quick and accurate response to stimulus are required in this game.

14. FOX AND RABBIT.

A white bean bag may be used for the rabbit and a red one for the fox. One child in the circle is given the rabbit, which he sends around the circle by passing it on to the one next him, and so on. A moment later the fox is started, giving chase to the rabbit. The latter must reach the child's hands from which it started, before the fox overtakes it. The players sometimes forget that a fox is coming after the rabbit and do not help it along. Attention and co-operation are called into play.

15. HANDS UP.

Players are formed in a circle, each holding up his hands. A child in the center tries to touch one of the pairs of hands before their owner can drop them. When dropped they are quickly raised again for the play to continue, and the child whose hands are touched changes places with the one in the center. Judgment and control are taught.

Rochester School Children Playing "Three Deep."

16. PRINCESS TIP-TOE.

The children stand silently in line while the leader says in an impressive whisper:

"Hark! here comes the Princess Tip-toe."

"Where?" whispers the second player.

"Here," answers the first one, and leaves the line to appoint two "guards," then walks away on tip-toe. The whole line, excepting the guards follow in single file, also on tip-toe, and the leader gradually increases her speed until all are running, always on tip-toe. Any player discovered by the guards touching the round with his whole foot is "sent to prison, "which may be a chosen corner of the room or playground, and the last one left on tiptoe is declared the new Princess when the game begins as before.

Weaving With Looms

By Florence V. Farmer, New Jersey.

[Suggestions on Weaving in General and Especially on Weaving Without Looms Appeared in Teachers Magazine Last Month.

LOOMS may be made in a very simple way. All of the following have been used by first-grade children with some degree of success.

1*st*. Take an oblong of heavy cardboard; eight by ten inches is a desirable size. One inch from the top and bottom perforate lines of holes one-half inch apart. Thread a coarse needle with cord and put in the warp thru the holes.

2*nd*. Slate frames make very good looms. Put brads on two opposite sides one-half inch apart. On these the warping may be done. Twist the card around the brads and pull tightly so that it will not slip off when the weaving is done.

3*rd*. Wooden boxes answer the same purpose, if, instead of brads, slits are cut in opposite sides thru which the warping cord is put

4*th*. Wooden looms of any desired size and style may be made by a carpenter, or by the pupils in the manual training department.

Rag Carpet.

Cut long strips of cotton or woolen materials as for the old fashioned rag carpet. The older children can sew these together "hit or miss," and wind into small balls. This part of the work must be prepared for the younger children.

String up the looms with cord and weave in the woof, pushing firmly into place. The cord should not show when the work is completed. As one ball of rags is woven, the end must be sewed to the end of a new ball. The finished carpet makes a suitable rug for a doll's house. Iron, or pot holders may be made by folding over and overhanding the sides.

Blankets and Afghans.

String the looms as for rag carpet. Use yarn instead of rags, weaving stripes of color for the borders at the ends and plain color for the center; or, the various colored yarns may be tied together wound into small balls and woven with little regard to color. It is well, however, to use many neutral tones to avoid violent and unpleasant combinations of color.

Matting.

Raffia should be soaked in water before using to make it soft and pliable. It need not be *wet*, but it is more satisfactory if worked while *damp*. Put in the warp with either cord or long strands of raffia. No knots should be tied in the woof. The first piece may be tied to the end of the loom to make a firm beginning, but after that start each piece near the middle of the mat rather than at the sides so that the ends are worked in and will not show when the mat is completed.

The matting is more attractive, if some colored raffia is used. String the looms with stripes of color and white, and weave the woof in stripes of color. Or after the white mat is completed put, in the color with a needle, forming Japanese figures.

School Bags

Weaving a loom full of matting. Remove it from the loom and fold end to end. Sew the sides together with a needle and thin thread of raffia. Braid a long strip of raffia for a handle and fasten it at the sides with a tassel of colored raffia.

Colored Raffia

Ordinary diamond dyes for silk will be found to produce satisfactory results in coloring raffia. Wash and soak it in hot water before dying it.

Bunches of colored raffia may be brought for a small sum at most fancy goods stores.

Weaving Rhyme

Over, under, here we go:
Watch the pretty pattern grow.

Back and forth, from side to side,
See our busy fingers glide.

Watch them take the strips along
Carefully, none may be wrong.

Happy, busy weavers we
Busy as the honey bee!

Kindergarten Magazine vol. 5

A Game of Weaving.

Six children stand in a row; a tall one at each end for the border of the mat and the other four representing the strips. The child who is to be the weaver holds one end of a long tape, while the other is fastened to the left shoulder of the first child. The weaver weaves the tape in and out among the children, placing the second row lower down. It will be easily seen that the children who had it passed in *front* of them in the first row, had it *behind* them in the second, and vice versa.

—Lois Bates, in *Kindergarten Guide.*

Stories.

Weaving Song. Songs and Games. Hailmann. Baby's Cotton Gown. Holiday Songs. Poulsson. Weaving. Songs of the Child World. Gaynor.

Songs.

A Visit to the Weaver. In the Child's World. Poulsson. Weaving and Printing. Normal Course. 2nd Reader. Penelope. Arachne.

Homely Talks to Young Teachers

By Thomas S. Sanders, Tennessee, Author of "Management and Methods"

Keeping Conditions Good.

YOUR school began some weeks ago. Pupils returned to school, most of them with high resolutions. They were determined to do the best years' work they have ever done. If your beginning was good, the first few days strengthened these resolutions. If your work was well planned, if your program was thoughtfully prepared, if the lessons were carefully assigned, in fact, if by your actions you showed without saying it that you knew what to do, why you wanted to do it, and how you wanted it done, the first few weeks moved delightfully.

October's frost has painted the landscape a myriad hues, and November's hazy days are fast approaching. The novelty of the thing is beginning to dull. School is now settled down to the real thing. Some of the high resolves are weakening under the daily routine. Some pupils, like some people, must have a spiritual revival every few months or their good resolutions fail them. The dropping nuts have caused a few to miss once or twice,—missing will now be easier for them in the future. Some of the larger boys are entering from the farms, and while most of them are excellent additions to the school, it has to some extent broken into the class organization and unity. The truth is that school is growing to be a genuine business for both teacher and pupils. The problem of government begins to face the teacher in earnest. Then too, interest must not be allowed to drag, else the holiday season soon coming may overshadow the school and some become so infatuated with Santa Claus that they cannot study, and will begin vacation a little early. Lost time is hard to recover, and lost interest is seldom restored during the term.

It is to be hoped your beginning was good. It is so much easier to *form* than to *re-form*. Definite standards of conduct, system without red-tape, common sense, good judgment, a knowledge of boys and girls, insight into the spirit and motive that prompts a thing, frankness with pupils, the saving grace of a sense of humor in the teacher, and an appreciation of the purifying and vivifying power of a hearty laugh,—if these have been understood and exercised from the first, reforms are not necessary. They will also serve as correctives, and prevent necessity for reform later.

What then are some of the things to guard against, and to do to keep the school atmosphere wholesome, the interest good, and the order up to the standard? There are a few things so essential to continued interest, good conduct, and a successful school, that it may be helpful to discuss some of them.

I. Good Order in the School-Room.

What is good order? It does not mean simply quiet. There are two kinds of noise in the school-room,—the noise of work, and the noise of confusion and idleness. To the thoughtful observer they are easily distinguished. There are two kinds of quiet also in the school-room,—the quiet that comes from interest and study, and the quiet that comes from the fear of the teacher. These two are easily distinguished. Children are controlled by internal and external motives. You may be the poorest of a disciplinarian, and yet have almost death-like stillness in your study room. It is the discipline of fear, the discipline of the tyrant, the discipline that is so often an incubator of lawlessness and anarchy later.

Can you leave your school-room for ten minutes or half an hour and when you return find that things have gone on in an orderly manner? If you can not, why not? Wherein lies the fault? Good order in the school-room implies that each pupil is able to do the best possible work at any time without external disturbance. This should be your criterion. Constantly study how this and that may affect the proper work of your pupils, and it will answer as well as can be answered what you may permit and what you can not permit.

Good order in the recitation demands that the mind of the teacher and the mind of the class be in perfect contact, that they focus on the same point. Upon this are based the reason of school rules. How does this affect the unity of the mind of the teacher and the class,—this is the criterion by which you must measure the saneness of the things permitted and the things not permitted. During the study period the author takes the place of the teacher, and the same criterion may still be used. Now let the young teacher measure by this. "Shall I permit whispering?" "Shall I permit pupils not in the recitation to ask questions about lessons, etc., while a class is reciting?" "Shall I permit a child to get a drink during school hours?" "Shall I stop the recitation to reprimand a boy?" These are the little things which are big to the young teacher. The best answer is to be found in the criterion. "Do that which will result in the closest possible contact between the mind of the teacher and the mind of the class."

It is true we must often choose between two evils. The above criterion is, nevertheless, the best possible guide. If the conduct of a pupil is such that it will disturb the mental unity of the class and the teacher more than to stop and reprimand him, then reprimand by all means, but see that it is done so effectively that it will seldom, if ever, be necessary to do so again.

2. The School-Room at Recess.

Recess is a critical time for the teacher. Often he may feel that it is a detriment to the school. It is in many ways the test of the governing power of the teacher. At this time too, if he is observing and quick to interpret, he may have some of the deepest insights into the real character of the pupils—their best and worst traits. Much of the disorder of the school-room results from the conduct in the room at intermission. The playground and the open air are the places for sport. The school-room may be all right for relaxation and reasonable conversation and jest at play time.

From the first pupils should enter the school-room as if it were sacred ground: I do not mean with a long face and a woe begone look, but with a feeling that all frivolousness must be laid aside. Running and jumping, and boisterousness in the room at recess make the pupils familiar with such things until it is no longer shocking to them when repeated after recess. There should be a feeling of impressiveness and yet cheerfulness on entering the school-room which is conducive to study and right conduct. Much of the sacredness, the calm, restful sweetness which comes on entering the church would be lost if all kinds of noisy games and boisterous carousals were permitted in it.

The teacher should be at school at least half an hour before time for opening school. If the teacher is habitually late he should reform or resign. The disorder, not to say pandemonium, which reigns in the school-room before he comes, is detrimental all day. Some of the worst disturbances of the school will often be prevented if the teacher is on time. If it is the custom for pupils to bring lunch to school, as at most schools, the teacher should remain at the school building during the noon hour. The extra work and tax on the teacher is far less than the nerve force required to straighten things out which will occur during the year while he is absent, and which will not occur if he is only present.

Proper decorum must be insisted upon as pupils enter the room after recess. All racing and games should stop at the ringing of the first bell and pupils prepare to enter the room. The plan of entering will depend largely upon the size of the school. In the larger towns and in cities where hundreds of pupils must be handled, the regular march will be necessary. In smaller schools, falling in line without regard to grade, may be all that is necessary, while in schools between these, falling in line by grade may be best. At a second signal, after all is quiet, the lines pass quietly to the room, the boys removing their hats at the door as if they were entering a church or a home. No pushing, shoving, or racing is permitted. The teacher, by his kindness and conduct and insistance, can readily prevent anything of the kind, without appearing to do so.

3. Order in Calling and Dismissing Classes.

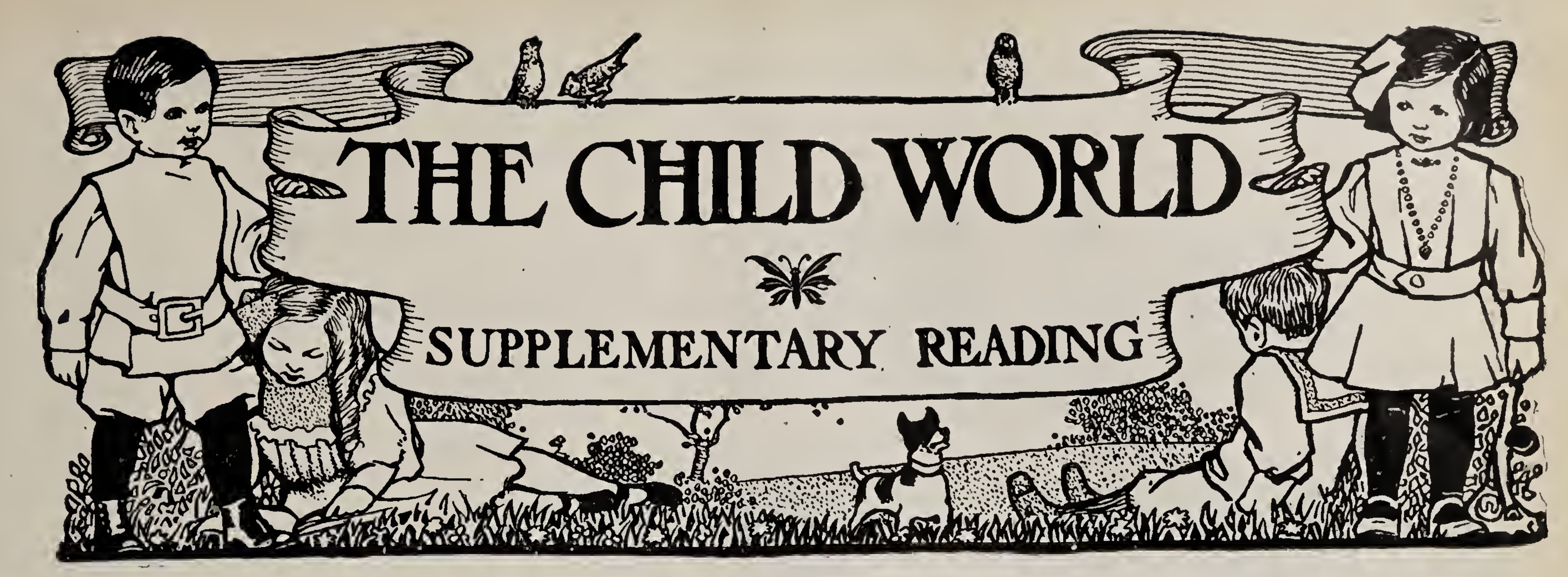
No teacher can maintain order and decorum long in the school-room without system in calling and dismissing classes. One of the most signal failures I ever knew a teacher to make in government could be traced, I believe, to the lack of order in calling and dismissing classes. As one class was dismissed, the next started to the recitation seat without any signal. They raced, scrambled, and rushed helter-skelter, pell-mell, each trying to get some favored place. Each pupil should have a certain definite place in the recitation period. If the class pass to a recitation seat this place will be determined by:

1. The location of the pupil's desk and the consequent position as the lines pass to the recitation seat.

2. The kind of pupil with which he will be thrown at the recitation. Some congenial spirits cannot be close together without causing disturbance. Two reasonably good boys may not be able to sit near one another without pinching, kicking, or disturbing one another, and the others in the class. Separate such as far as possible during the recitation. Good order at the recitation and during study periods is influenced much by the good judgment of the teacher in seating pupils.

There should be a definite signal for calling classes. This may be a gentle tap of the bell, a gentle stroke of the pencil on the desk, or it may be the calling of "One" by the teacher. I have always preferred the last, although the call bell went unused on my desk. At this signal each pupil begins promptly to get ready to rise, if the class is to pass to the recitation seat, or to lay aside all books and papers not needed in the recitation if the pupils are to remain in their seats. The second signal, "Two," is given, and each pupil stands quietly by the desk, each knowing in which aisle to stand. When all have risen, the third signal, "Three," is given, and the pupils pass quietly to the recitation seat where, with a gentle nod of the head, or a fourth signal, all are seated. If the recitation is to be conducted with the class at their desks, all papers pencils and books not needed in the recitation are laid aside. These are always disorder breeders, and serve only to distract the attention. Flowers in the spring time may even be a nuisance, as they come so often between the pupil's mind and the lesson. The same is true of perfume cards and numerous other little things.

The same plan of dismissing a class may be used as in calling it. When a class is seated, give ample time between the seating and the calling of another, for each to get ready to work. Never seem to hurry; it is simply a waste of time. Promptness of action is all right, but haste is waste of time.



Little Red-Cap.

Retold and Interpreted by Ossian Lang.—Illustrated by Herm Vogel

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There was once a sweet little lassie whom everybody loved. She had blue eyes and golden hair. She could feed her chickens, wash the dishes, sew on buttons, and help her mother in many ways. And she was always glad to help.

Her grandmother just doted on her and liked nothing better than to give her presents. One day she bought her a cap of bright red velvet. This cap was so becoming that the little girl would wear nothing else out of doors, and soon all people called her Little Red-Cap.

One day her mother said to her: "Come, Little Red-Cap, here is a basket with some milk and butter and a piece of cake in it. Take this to grandmother; she is ill and very weak. Be a good little girl, and take a handkerchief with you, and don't forget to say, 'How do you do?' when you go into the room. And when anyone gives you a present always say, 'Thank you?' Now run along and don't break the milk bottle or else grandmother will have no milk.'

Little Red-Cap took the basket filled with good things, and said, "I will be careful, mother." Then she kissed her mother good-bye and started off.

Grandmother's house stood in the wood, half an hour's walk from the village.

Little Red-Cap had not gone very far when she met a wolf who lived in the woods. Little Red-Cap did not know how bad he was, and so she was not afraid.

The wolf came up and said: "Good morning, Little Red-Cap."

"Good morning, Mister Wolf."

"Where are you going, Little Red-Cap?"

"I am going to see my grandmother, Mister Wolf."

"What have you in your basket, Little Red-Cap?"

"Sweet milk and new butter, and a fresh cake which my mother baked yesterday. My grandmother is ill and very weak, and she will enjoy these things."

"Where does your grandmother live?"

"Oh, she lives a quarter of an hour from here. Under the biggest oak tree in the woods stands her house, and there is a hedge of hazelnuts around it. Don't you know here it is?"

"I am sorry your grandmother is so ill. You ought to pick some strawberries for her. They will make her well. Good-bye, Little Red-Cap!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Wolf!"

The wolf walked away. When he was out of Little Red-Cap's sight he ran as fast as he could to grandmother's house.

Little Red-Cap put her basket on the ground and picked a whole quart of sweet strawberries to take to her grandmother.

Meanwhile the wolf had come to grandmother's house. "Tap, tap, tap!" he knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the grandmother.

"It is I," said the wolf in a soft voice, "Little Red-Cap. I have brought you some sweet milk and new butter and some fresh cake, and I am so sorry you are sick."

"Lift the latch and walk in, my dear," called the grandmother."

The wolf did lift the latch. He ran right up to grandmother's bed, and said, "How do you do, grandmother?" Then he ate her up just as fast as he could.

Now the wolf put on grandmother's nightgown and tied her clean white nightcap on his rough old head and jumped into her bed. "Now I am all ready for sweet Little Red-Cap," he said.

COLUMBUS AT THE

(From a Painti

OURT OF SPAIN
Brozik)

After Little Red-Cap had picked the strawberries she sat down to rest a while. It was so bright and fresh in the woods. She heard the birds sing in the tall trees and she watched the brook as it hurried merrily over the rough stones. Everything was happy and she was happy, too.

"Poor Grandmother is ill," she thought, and cannot come out into the woods; I'll take her some flowers, too." So she picked some dandelions and violets and put them into her basket, and, singing gaily, ran on to grandmother's house. "Tap, tap, tap!" she knocked at the door.

"Lift the latch and walk in, my dear," called the wolf, trying to make his voice very soft. Little Red-Cap opened the door and walked in.

"How do you do, grandmother."

"Put the basket on the table and come to the bed and kiss me," said the wolf.

"Thank you, grandmother!"

Little Red-Cap thought grandmother's voice very hoarse. "She must have a cold," she said to herself. So she put the basket on the table and ran up to the bed.

When she saw the long, hairy arms she began to be afraid, and said: "What long arms you have, grandmother!"

"The better to hug you with, my dear."

Then she saw the long ears under the nightcap, and she said: "What great ears you have, grandmother!"

"The better to hear you with, my dear."

"What large eyes you have, grandmother!"

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What a big mouth you have, grandmother!"

"The better to eat you up with, my dear."

And the bad wolf jumped out of bed and ate Little Red-Cap. He smacked his lips and said, "Wasn't she sweet?" Then he climbed into the bed again. Soon he was fast asleep and snored so loudly that the windows rattled.

The next morning a hunter rode past the house. "What is that strange noise?" he said; "it certainly cannot be the old lady." So he opened the door and went into the house. There on the bed lay the wolf.

"Oh! it is you, old grayskin! I have been looking for you many weeks!" The hunter cut the wolf open with a sharp knife, and out walked grandmother and Little Red-Cap.

Then the little girl found some heavy stones and grandmother put them into the wolf and sewed up the skin. When the wolf awoke he wanted to run away. But the stones were so heavy that he fell down and died.

The hunter took the fur coat of the wolf, grandmother ate the cake and drank the milk, and Little Red-Cap was glad she was in the world again.

Is It True?

Have you ever watched the sun go down in the West and color the sky a beautiful red? If you have, then you have seen Little Red-Cap. She is that wonderful afterglow.

The wolf is the night. Little Red-Cap is swallowed by darkness.

In the morning the sun rises like a mighty hunter. His rays pierce the darkness. The red glow of the morning sky is Little Red-Cap come to life again.

BLOSSOM, ENLARGED. PETALS GOLDEN YELLOW.
LIMB OF CALYX, ENLARGED.
STANDARD. ENLARGED.
WING, ENLARGED.
KEEL OF COROLLA, ENLARGED.
STAMINAL TUBE OPENED, ENLARGED.
VERTICAL SECTION OF STAMINAL TUBE, ENLARGED.
PEANUT
LEAF
TRANVERSE SECTION OF SEED.
A SEED
THE CALYX-TUBE CUT AWAY TO SHOW THE OVARY AND LOWER PART OF STYLE, ENLARGED.
GATHERING THE PEANUT PLANTS PREPARATORY TO DRYING.
PEANUT PLANT ARACHIS HYPOGAEA
U·G·WILSON
THE PEANUT
The peanut called also ground nut, earth nut, monkey nut, goober and Manilla nut is extensively cultivated in all tropical and subtropical countries especially in America, Africa, India, Maylayan Archipelago and China. In tropical countries the seeds ard also the oil extracted from the seeds are much used for food, the oil is also used by the natives for lamps. The leaves of the peanut plant resemble clover and form good food for cattle Large quantities of seeds are imported to Europe for their oil. Peanut oil forms an excellent substitute for olive oil.

October Entertainments.

By Bertha E. Bush, Iowa.

An October Rhyme.

Sing a song of autumn leaves,
  Yellow, red, and brown;
Sing of squirrels chattering,
  Ripe nuts rattling down;
Bird-flocks flying southward,
  Beauty far and near.
Don't you think October
  The best month of the year?

In Honor of Columbus.

An exercise for Discovery Day, October 12, or the speaking day nearest it.

The Boy Who Loved His Geography.

(This may be sung by the school or given as a recitation, three pupils reciting the three stanzas and the whole school joining in repeating the chorus.)

Let other folks tell of mad pranks in school,
  Of idling and mischief and antics free;
We speak of a boy who obeyed each rule,
  The boy who loved his geography.

CHORUS.

Columbus, Columbus, yes, that was his name;
He'd rather draw maps than to join in a game;
And yet he was strong and as brave as could be;
The boy who loved his geography.

He studied each lesson most eagerly,
  He learned of each country and longed to explore
The ocean beyond and new wonders see;
  Each day he thought of it more and more.
    Chorus—Columbus, etc.

And when he grew older he went, in truth,
  And in exploration he found his joy;
He gave us our new world, this studious youth
  And all men honor the name of the boy.
    Chorus—Columbus, etc.

Columbus and his Men.

A Little Dialogue for Discovery Day.

Characters:
  Columbus,
  His sailors,
  The women of Spain.

Columbus should be one of the oldest and brightest boys in the room. If possible, he should be dressed in costume. An old fashioned courtier's suit with gay jacket, knee buckles, and lace ruffles would be very pretty and appropriate, but if that is not practicable let him be wrapped in a long dark cloak. The sailors may come in in groups, as indicated, or one at a time. Only one is expected to speak each stanza.

Columbus (entering):

I sail o'er the ocean dark,
  Where none have sailed before,
To lands marked in no chart,
  To a far and unknown shore.

My men are full of fear;
  They urge me to go back,
For terrors seize us here
  And death lurks by our track.

But onward still I speed;
  My steadfast way I hold
To where the west winds lead
  Through dangers manifold.

No threats can make me quail,
  No terrors move my mind,
But westward still I sail,
  An unknown world to find.

A Sailor (Running in and kneeling before Columbus):
  Master, master, I have come,
  Sent by all the rest
  To entreat you to turn home;
Columbus—Sail on to the west!
Two Sailors (Rushing in in great excitement):
  Master, we have seen a mountain
    With a burning top,
  Evil sign, we all agree,
    Master, let us stop.

(Columbus shakes his head in refusal. Enter another group of sailors, very much terrified.)

Sailors—Master, fearful monsters near
Rear up horrid crest.
They will kill us! Pray go back!

Columbus—Sail on to the west!

(A larger group of sailors enter. They look angry as well as terrified.)

The Leader—
Master, now the wind has ceased!
We shall be becalmed
We shall starve unless we turn.

(Looks pleadingly at Columbus, but Columbus shakes his head. Then the leader turns to the other sailors, saying threateningly):
We are strong men, armed;
If he turns not back today,
Heeding our request,
Let us throw him in the sea.

(All make threatening gestures.)

Columbus (sternly)—
Sail on to the west!

(The sailors step back and look at Columbus as if they feared but did not dare disobey him. Then they begin to sing while Columbus watches them sadly in his loneliness apart.)

SONG BY THE SAILORS.

Tune "The Boy and the Lark." Modern Music Series, First Book, by Eleanor Smith, page 18.

O mournfully and fearfully
We're sailing, sailing on,
In terror o'er an unknown sea;
With hope and courage gone.
Our master heeds not threats nor prayers;
He will not cease the quest.
Impelled by his unyielding will
We're sailing to the west.

Another Sailor (Rushing in with branch of a tree bearing red berries)—See! See! This came floating by the ship! We must be near some land!

(All crowd around and examine it. While they are looking, another sailor comes in with a bit of wet wood. He cries out)—

Look! Look! We found this floating on the water. It *must* have come from land, for, see, it is cut with a knife!

Another sailor in the group (pointing)—And see: There is a land-bird alighting on our mast! And there is another! Those birds could not get here if land were not near.

All (Suddenly becoming very glad)—It is true! Land must be near! (Going to Columbus) O, master, forgive us that we doubted so and were so discouraged.

Columbus—Surely, my men. You have had much to make you discouraged, and you have worked bravely in spite of your fears. Now that we have seen such signs, I feel sure that land is at hand. We have succeeded in our enterprise. We have crossed the great, dangerous, unknown ocean and sailed west until we have come to land. Can you not think how the women of Spain will sing songs in our honor? Listen, I can fancy I hear them now!

(Boys led by Columbus go to one side and stand there as if listening. A number of girls come to the front and sing to the tune of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.")

O Columbus, so brave, crowned with glory,
O crew, sorely troubled and sad,
The ages shall tell of your story,
Your deed has made distant worlds glad.
With heart never failing nor faltering
You conquered the sea's threat'ning wave
And gave us the land that we live in,
Columbus, so steadfast and brave.

REFRAIN.

Columbus, so steadfast and brave!
Columbus, so steadfast and brave!
You gave us the land that we live in,
Columbus, so steadfast and brave!

(At the close of the song, the boys march to the girls, with Columbus in the place of honor in the center, and all repeat the chorus together. If desired, Columbus may then be crowned with a wreath of laurel or oak-leaves. They then march off in couples down the center aisle, turning at the back of the room to go to their seats. Let the organ play or the school sing while they march.)

Recitation—To the West Wind.

Oh, western wind, that softly blows,
These bright October days,
When Autumn's red and yellow leaves
Set all the woods ablaze:

Oh, western wind, when long ago
Columbus sailed away,
You brought him hope, you brought him cheer,
One glad October day.

You brought the fragrance of the flowers
Across the salty seas,
And told him that a land was near,
Oh, merry western breeze!

We thank you for the help you gave
Columbus long ago.
Oh, give to us his courage brave
Whatever winds may blow!

An Exercise for Apple Time.

First Child (Wearing a wreath of apple blossoms)
I am Spring; I touch the trees,
They blossom into flowers.
All the air is fragrant then,
Happy all the hours.

Second Child (Wearing a crown of green leaves)
I am Summer; 'neath my leaves
The apples swell and grow
Though you may not see them,
They are hidden so.

Third Child (With apples on a branch)
I am Autumn; when I come
Their cheeks grow rosy red;
Blushing, maybe, to be seen
In branches overhead.

Fourth Child (With leafless bough and plate of apples)—
When I come, the trees grow bare
But my fires are warm.
Ho, for plates of apples then;
To eat in winter's storm.

Entertainment Helps for the Rural Teacher

By Grace B. Faxon

Last month I named, among the finest prize contest pieces, "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," by Robert Browning. Some suggestions on how to render this wonderful poem might prove helpful, so I have decided to "talk" about it this month. I shall be pleased to hear from you as to whether you like these lesson-talks on recitations. Don't forget to write me. Address. (Miss) Grace B. Faxon, care of A. S. Barnes & Company.

How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three:
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

What is most unusual in a poem happens in this one. The action starts in with the first line. There is no introductory stanza or stanzas. From the first line to the last one of the poem the interest of the audience is intense, because there is action thruout. Remember that we are not studying the poem from a literary standpoint, but from the elocutionary, though, of course, the reciter must study the meaning of the words unfamiliar to him, or he will not render the selection intelligently.

The poem is written in the first person, and therefore becomes an impersonation. Many more liberties may be taken with an impersonation than with a narration told in the third person. The reciter becomes the person telling the story. He must, then, endeavor to tell it as nearly like the person that the author intended to portray as is possible.

In this selection a vigorous, hearty, bluff old soldier, of, say, fifty, is telling of a dramatic episode in his life. Put strength and vigor into the story. Let your enthusiastic and convincing manner compel the interest and admiration of your audience.

Give a galloping movement to the first two lines by making pauses as follows:

I sprang—to the stirrup—and Joris—and he—
I galloped—Dirck galloped—we galloped all three—

Emphasize "I," "Joris," and "he" in line one, and "I galloped," "Dirck galloped," "galloped," and "three" in the second. It is usually in poor taste to begin a recitation with a gesture, but, as I said before, this is an unusual poem and the enthusiasm of the first line seems to require a movement of the hand. On "sprang to the stirrup" let right hand, palm down, be carried outward from mid-front and slightly ascending, a quick movement. Hold through line one and then let it fall at side in line two. Call out the "Good speed" cheerily, prolonging the "ee" in "speed." Indicate the "watch" by extending the right hand, palm down, out at right, half way between mid-front and the side. (We may call this right oblique.) Give the "speed" in the next line more softly, but prolong the "ee" sound also. Drop right arm at side in the beginning of this line, at the same time raising left (palm down) hand at left oblique, thus locating the echo.

Increase the word action on line five. In the sixth line use a lower pitch and a stronger tone. If you desire a gesture in the last line, let both hands sweep front in a swift gesture.

Not a word to each other: we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

Rapid word action through the first two lines of this stanza, using a sustained monotone, which will suggest the steady beat of the horses' hoofs. The eyes look out into the audience in a concentrated gaze. The left hand is held, closed, in front of the waist-line,—as though holding the reins; the right hangs at side.

With line three drop the monotone but do not decrease the word action. Make several short, quick gestures, first with one hand, then the other, as you describe arranging the harness. These are not accurate movements, but will serve to make the story more vivid.

Now, with the last line, use a slow tone that is tinged with admiration for your noble horse. "Less steadily" has value. "Whit," too, will receive emphasis as full falling inflection is given to it. The three lines preceding the last take rising inflection, to suggest the steady speed.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear:
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlin church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

With this stanza we take up a conversational narrative tone, which calls for a new pitch at every change of thought. The word action is moderately slow. "Moonset" and "starting" are emphatic words, as are each of the towns mentioned. Use no gestures; indicate the "star" by looking up. Emphasize "could" in line four. Tip the head a bit as though listening to the chime from the Mechlin church in the next line. Increase the force in the last line to convey the significance of the sound of the clock, and let Joris's words come in an aspirate, gasping, eager tone, with one clinched hand brought up near chest.

At Aershat, up leaped, of a sudden, the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

Make the word movement of line one hurried and jerky, and use, if you like, a quick ascending gesture. Lower the hand in the next line, making the tone a monotone. Keep the voice up

at the end of the line; as it is closely related to line three. "Mist" and "us" are the emphatic words. Put great pride in the fourth line and look down a little as on the horse, as you describe him. Put intensity and sincerity into this description. Use no gestures. If you choose, take the rider's attitude with the reins in the left hand. The voice falls only half-way on the last word, "spray," as the description is continued into the next stanza.

> And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
> For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
> And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
> O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
> And his thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
> His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

Continue the description with love and tenderness in the voice. Look down affectionately at the horse. Do not pause after "back." While the word action is fairly slow, the manner is full of enthusiasm and is intense. Pause slightly between subjects and predicates, except when the subject is a pronoun. A slight pause, for instance, between "other" and "pricked" is valuable. Let the voice fall on "track." Use a new pitch of voice on "ever." Give the *a* in "aye" the long sound. Let "upwards" take rising inflection. A jerky movement of words will carry out the sense of the line.

> By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
> Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
> We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
> Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
> And sunk tail, and horrible heave of her flank,
> As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

Joris is out of breath with hard riding and would cry to Dirck, who is about to use his spurs, in a breathless tone,—a hoarse whisper, at the same time raising a hand of protest. Remember that a command takes falling inflection, so on "Stay spur!" let the voice fall. Then in some alarm, "Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in *her*." Give emphasis to "remember" and "Aix." Break off suddenly to describe the fall of the horse. If you like, stretch out the right hand at right oblique thru the description, the face and voice expressing horror. Color and emphasize the adjectives. In the last line let the hand descend quickly on "down."

> So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
> Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
> The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
> 'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble-like chaff,
> Till o'er by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
> And "Gallop," cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

Give the first part of line one almost brusquely, the last part, "Joris and I" gravely. The hands hang at the sides. "Looz" takes rising inflection; "Tongres" falling. Look up at the "sky" and the "sun." Color the word "pitiless" and let the face be expressive of the meaning. Lines two and three take falling inflection, but four and five rising. Use a new pitch on line five, and point to the "spire" with hand. The word action thru this stanza is rapid, the manner is intense. Bring out "gallop" excitedly, in a hoarse whisper. Show the aspirate quality strongly, also in "For Aix is in sight," throwing up the hand over the shoulder in the relief of being so near the goal.

> "How they'll greet us!" And all in a moment his roan
> Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
> And there was my Roland to bear the full weight
> Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
> With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
> And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

"How they'll greet us!" comes hoarsely, but with eagerness. Give the exclamation falling inflection. Break off suddenly and extending left hand at left oblique, to indicate the position of the rider; describe the fall of the horse with horror in your face and voice. "Dead" is the all-important word. Let the voice have an aspirate quality on this word. Give "stone" falling inflection and pause a little after it. Drop the left hand at the side at the beginning of the third line, but put out the right hand, as though you are touching the horse lovingly. Emphasize "my Roland" and "whole." Do not pause after "weight," but "news" is of so much emphasis that the voice will naturally fall on it. "Alone" also has value. As you describe Roland in the last two lines, increase the word action, and show the horror of it all in your facial expression and in your voice, which becomes aspirate in the last few words of the last line.

> Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
> Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all;
> Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
> Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
> Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
> Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

Now the movement becomes very swift; the manner full of excitement. Give rising inflection to each of the phrases; that is, rising voice on "coat," "fall," "boots," etc. Make quick hand movements, to help make vivid the picture. Bend the body over on "leaned" and carry out the words, "patted his ear," with admiration in tone. Give rising inflection to each of the phrases of line four, emphasizing "pet-name" and "peer." Change to a brusque, excited manner on "clapped my hands," carrying out the words. Give rising inflection to each of the phrases. "Any" is an emphatic word. The last line comes with admiration and joy shown in the voice. Give decided rising inflection to "galloped," and as decided falling to "stood."

> And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
> As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
> And no voice was but praising this Roland of mine,
> As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
> Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
> Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

A reminiscent, bluff tone and manner, and, of course, slower word action. Give "remember" emphasis. Bow the head in relaxation in line two. Raise it with line three. The voice is full of pride when you mention the horse. Give the last two lines in a lower pitch of voice than the preceding, as they are parenthetical. Make the last line very sincere and convincing, giving value to "his due" and "good news" and "Ghent."

Construction and Illustrative Drawing in Hiawatha Work

By E. FERN HAGUE, New York.

The following objects can be made from exact measurements or by folding the paper and cutting. Oak tag or any other strong drawing paper can be used.

Figure I.—After the canoe is cut out the ends can be closed by pasting together or by sewing with raffia. Strips should be cut out and pasted across for seats.

Figures II. *and V.*—In making these objects, in order to have the proper length, paste two pieces of drawing paper together. In Figure V a strip of paper should be pasted along the back of the head-dress, to keep the feathers in place.

Feathers can be made of paper and colored, but if they can be procured, real feathers are best.

Figure VI.—If the class can use the ruler accurately, it is better to have the wigwam constructed by exact measurement. Otherwise, it can be folded in the following manner: First fold in half,—fold each half diagonally from the apex, then fold each diagonal portion and cut.

The following subjects are suggested for illustrative drawing.

I.—Hiawatha's Home. A—A wigwam by the shores of Githe Gumee, the pine trees behind it. II.—Hiawatha in the cradle. A—Rocked by Nakomis. III.—Hiawatha among his pets. IV.—Learning to shoot. V.—Learning to paddle. VI.—Learning to ride. VII.—Making his wigwam. VIII.—Making his canoe.

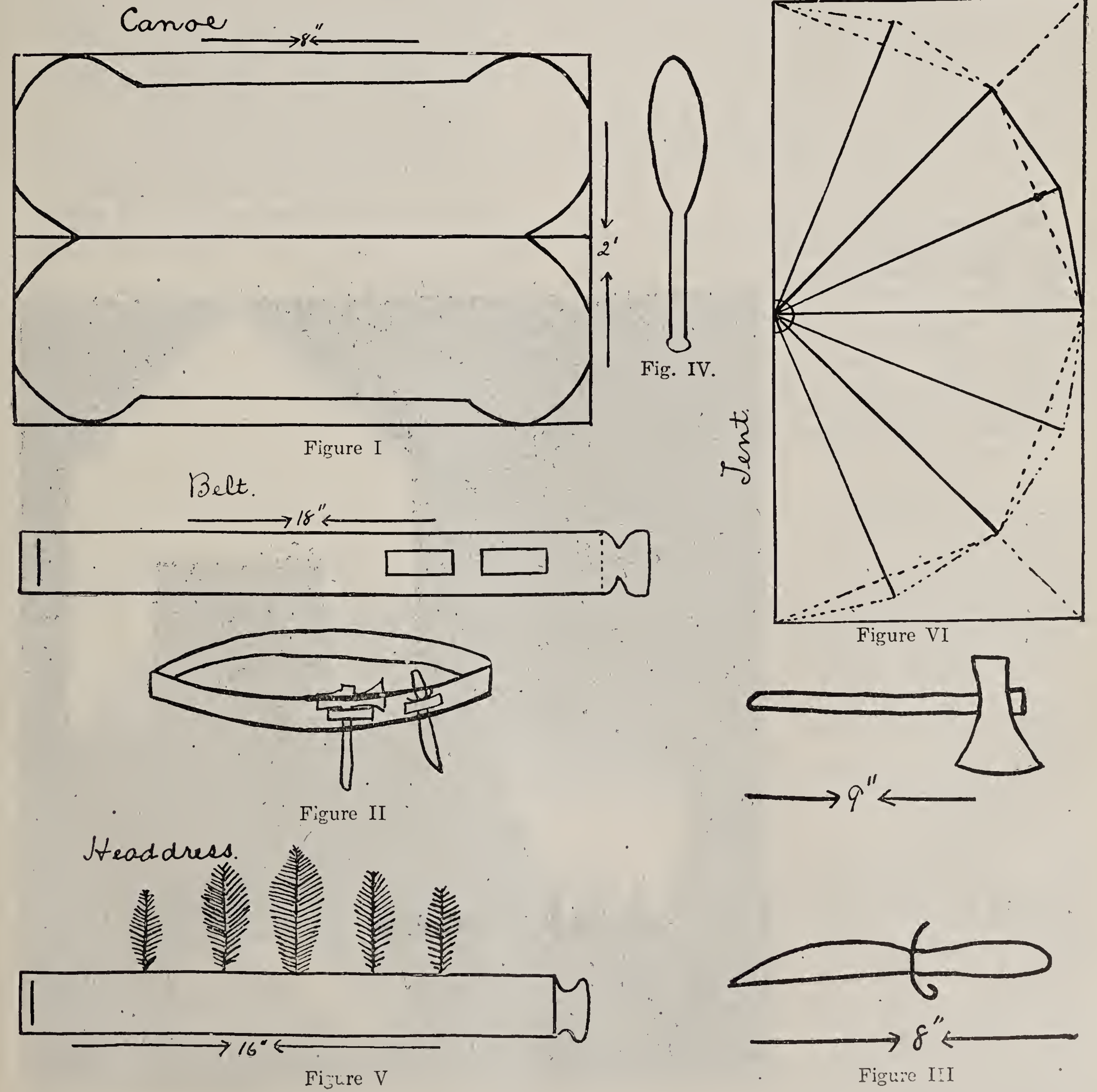


Figure I

Fig. IV.

Figure VI

Figure II

Figure V

Figure III

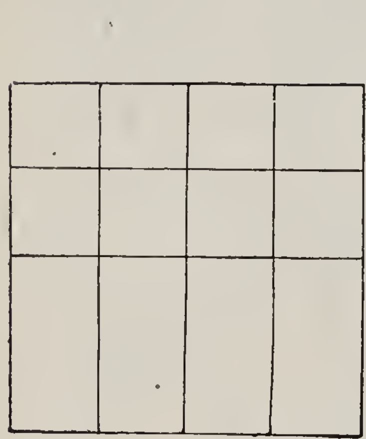
Drawing and Constructive Work for October

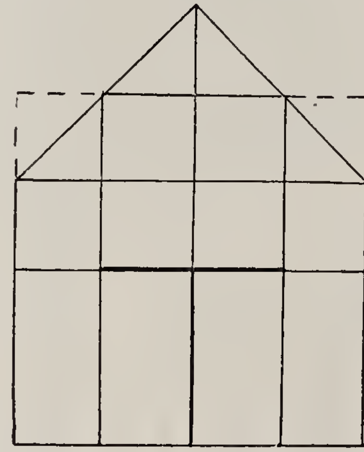
By ANNA LINEHAN, Supervisor of Manual Training, Asheville, N. C.

Grade 1.

FIRST WEEK—Studying color in fruit and vegetables.
Making sheet of Fall vegetables.
Either color work, or cutting.
Or, modeling in clay.

SECOND WEEK—Study of cube—its corners, sides, and edges. Modeling same.
Making pictures of cube on blackboard, or





Plan for Barn.

large drawing on paper. A square with table line is sufficient at the time.

THIRD WEEK—Folding square of paper for barn. Mounting same on large sheet.

FOURTH WEEK—Cutting cows, horses, sheep, or other animals suggestive of farm life. These may be added to the picture of barn, and used for story.

Grade 2.

FIRST WEEK—Making seed envelope.

SECOND WEEK—Cut, paste, and mark envelope.

THIRD WEEK—Study of ellipsoid and ovoid. Cutting or drawing fruit or vegetables of this general shape,—such as pears, olives, pineapples, cucumbers, watermelons, etc.

FOURTH WEEK—Illustration for Hallow-e'en, or some familiar story.

Grade 3.

FIRST WEEK—Have class familiar with twelve colors of the chart.

SECOND WEEK—Drawing trees in reds, greens, and yellows.

THIRD WEEK—Using same colors for design.

FOURTH WEEK—Illustrating some story with brush, pencil, or scissors.

Grade 4.

Drawing branch of Autumn leaves.
Using same colors for design of cover for some poem relating to Autumn. These words from Longfellow's "Autumn" could be used.

> His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
> A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.
> There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
> Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
> And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
> Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Through the trees the golden robin moves. The purple finch,
> That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
> A Winter bird comes with its plaintive whistle
> And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
> From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,
> And merrily, with oft repeated stroke,
> Sounds from the threshing floor the flail.
> O, what a glory doth this world put on
> For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
> Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
> On duties well performed, and days well spent.

Studying cube with regard to three dimensions. Make large drawing.

The Barn, with Two of Its Inmates.

Grade 5.

Making perspective drawing of triangular on square prism. Try to have large models and enough, so that they may be seen by every pupil.

Let the class copy some pictures of houses of simple design.

Have them bring in a large drawing of their own home, or one in their vicinity.

A simple design for a pad or writing tablet is given. Let them consider the merits, or lack of them, in that, and design one from that.

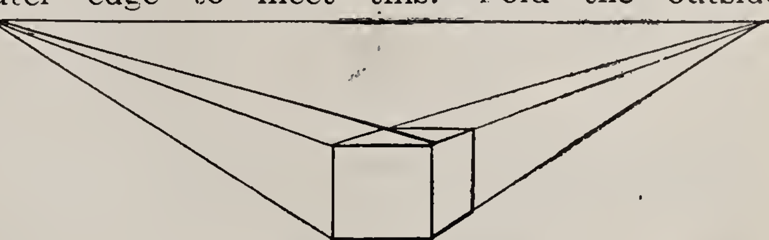
Or, a calendar for the month, of Fall flowers, such as bitter-sweet, purple aster, golden rod, thistle, etc.

Grade 6.

Study vases as to shape and decoration; the size and shape depending on the use to which it is to be applied. Let the class design some tall vases appropriate for chrysanthemums. At another lesson have them draw vases with chrysanthemums,—just one full-blown flower with buds and foliage will be sufficient.

Have drawing sheets at least 10″x12″; of soft gray or white, and the flowers done in any of the colors offered by this many-hued flower.

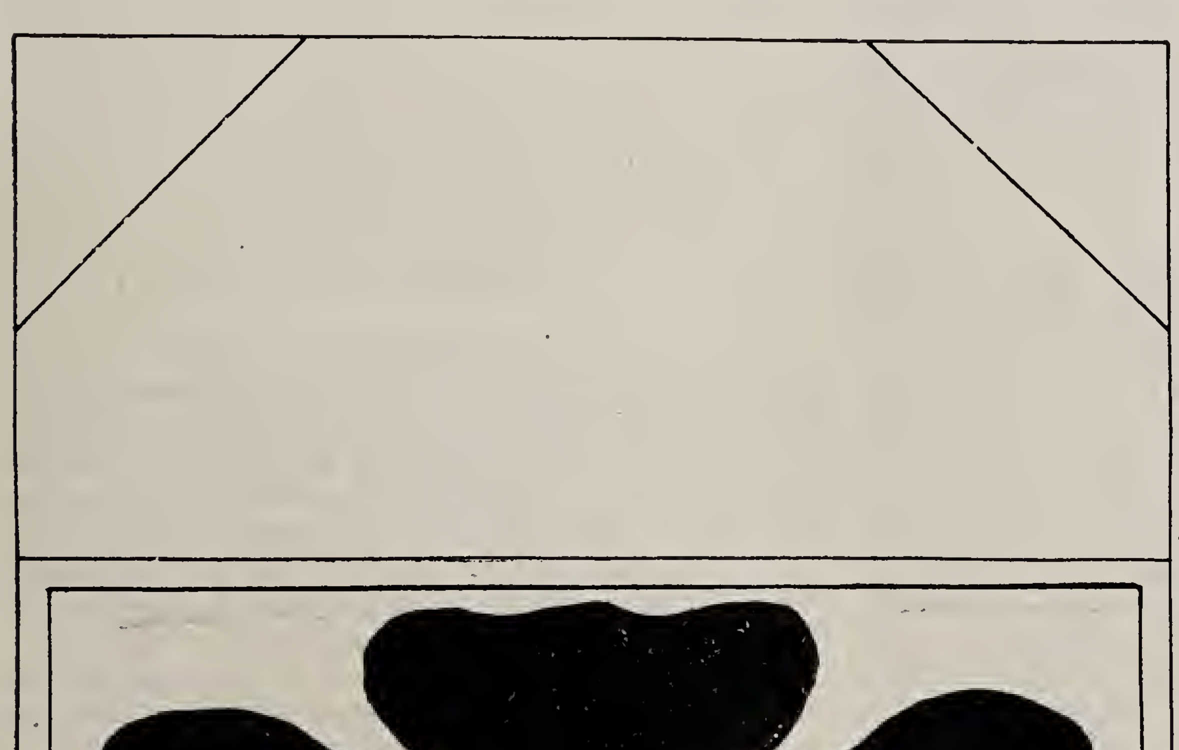
For the barn, fold a square of paper in halves; then fold the outer edges to the center line. Fold thru the center the opposite way, then one outer edge to meet this. Fold the outside



Cube Below Level of Eye.

corners on the diagonal of the little square; and cut. These can be placed to make the angle at the top of the barn. Cut thru the darkened lines for the doors, then mount on sheet of paper. If manilla paper has been used for the folding, it could be mounted on green paper, and the cows, sheep, or whatever the teacher decides; cut of the same color as the barn. In the lower grades it is the general shape that is to be worked out. An occasional exercise like the above helps them in placing their own story pictures.

If the children in the second grade have collected seeds to be put away until Spring, they can make their envelopes at much less expense than buying them, and they have more sense of possession if they have made and marked them.



The fruits or vegetables should be done in color on large sheet—gray is satisfactory for this work.

The story of the boys protecting the house from the Indians by the use of a number of lighted "Jack-o-lanterns" is generally fruitful with illustrations.

If the children in the second grade have not learned to use the ruler, a lesson on it should be given before the lesson on the envelope. Sometimes it fixes the divisions of the ruler more firmly in the child's mind if he makes one. Use narrow strips of paper, an inch or an inch and a half wide, and either six or twelve inches long, marking the divisions as far as quarters.

In the third grade have the paper moist before starting the trees and drop the colors on the paper to form the shape of the trees—either a single tree or a group.

Books 1 and 3 of the Prang Text Books of Art Education contain illustrations that will amuse the children and will suggest a story and further illustrations.

By the time pupils have reached the fourth grade they should be ready for the perspective of rectangular solids. The foreshortening of a circle is simple enough for the third or even the second grade to understand. The foreshortening of the vertical diameter is generally seen if shown to a class at the top of a cylindrical body. The perspective of the cube can be introduced by calling the attention to the apparent meeting of telegraph poles, railway tracks, or tunnels. An excellent example can be seen in arches of the New York subway. They will get the idea of center of vision, then the vanishing points at the right and left can be explained. Although the teacher will make the large drawing on the board, each pupil should make the diagram on a large sheet of paper and keep it for future reference. Enough time should be given to this subject to have it thoroughly understood, and if that were done, one would not come across such execrable object drawings in the exhibits.

If the pupils in the fifth grade have had perspective explained in the previous year, they will take up the subject of houses very easily.

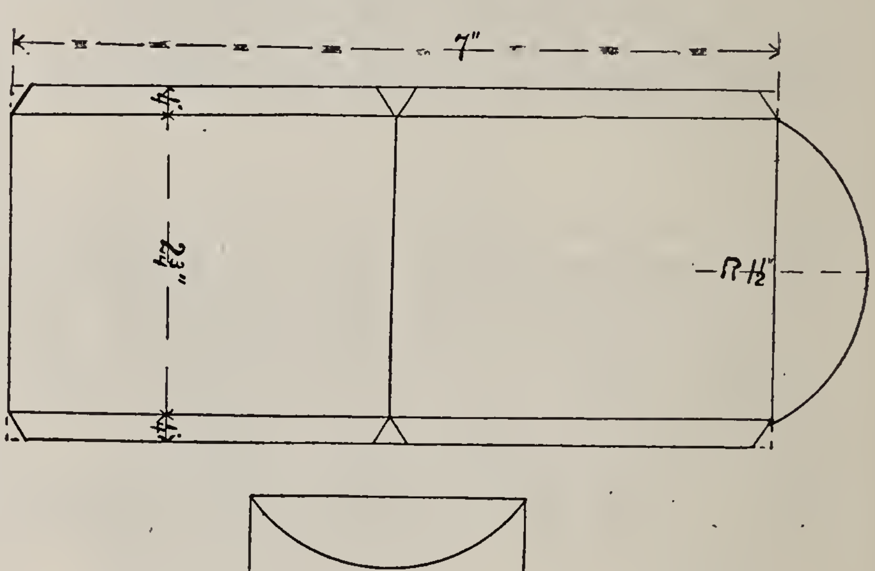
For the writing tablet have heavy pieces of cardboard, 6½″x8″. Cover one side with tinted or water-color paper, or book linen. Make a pocket for the writing paper of a piece 5″x6½″, then one for the envelopes, 3″x6½″. All these should be cut with half-inch margins, that it may allow for the pasting on the reverse side. On this side may be pasted blotting paper, white or colored, as may be chosen. The pockets for writing paper and envelopes should be decorated with the pupils' own design.

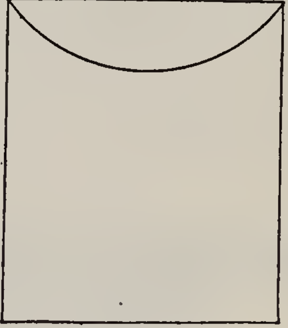
In the sixth grade the pupils will enjoy cutting a number of vases from paper before finally deciding on the shape. Examples of beautiful vases are seen in the magazines from time to time; also, catalogs published by firms dealing in art goods have suggestions that will be helpful.

For the illustrative work the child should have something definite in mind before he starts. If a poem is chosen, have one with which the children are familiar, and one whose words are understood by them. Children are generally pleased with the Mother Goose Jingles. Any unusual event happening in the vicinity provides material. Excellent results were secured by a teacher in a small town by feeling the pulse of the class, as it were. The day preceding the lesson, a very unusual event had occurred in town in the shape of a pony show. It seemed as though every child in the class had either attended the performance or had seen the parade, and all were most desirous to tell what had been seen. So the teacher told them that instead of telling the story with their lips, they could use pencil and paper, and draw pictures of what they had seen. It is not necessary to say that there was action in those pictures.

Sometimes a fire ocurring in the neighborhood will furnish material. A few may only draw the fireman's hat, but others are sure to make some representation of horses and engine, or even the house with flames bursting from windows and doors, or roof. Holiday parades or customs will suggest themselves to the adaptable teacher. The story-telling may be done with paper and scissors, pen and ink, colored crayons or water colors, as the teacher prefers. The medium matters little, for it is the clear expression of the thought that we are working for.

At present the tendency is to use the large muscles of the hand in drawing, as in writing, but there is no reason why the small muscles should be over looked, so the teacher will do well to vary the size of the folding papers, drawing sheets, etc., to give play to muscles and imagination.

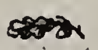




Seed Envelope.

In drawing and constructive work, the fact should be bourne in mind that the percentage of children who will become artists is very small in comparison to those who adopt other occupations in life. So in general school work the art side should not have more emphasis than accuracy and neatness, as well as care of material used. The cry of employers everywhere is the lack of these attributes in their employees.

Blackboard work gives freedom, and the teacher who can give five minutes a day even, either for drill on lines or other work, will be rewarded by the general results at the end of the term.



A practical reflection may well be urged, namely, that the teacher should never be content to secure a desired result by appeal to a lower motive than necessary. The child should be kept, so to speak, on moral tiptoe, though caution should be exercised lest he lose the needful contact between his feet and the ground. We must keep within the range of his possible and genuine emotional experience, and sedulously exclude all affectation or pretense. The pupil who cannot be reached by the highest motives must be met with on his own plane, but his highest plane.

—Albert Salisbury.

Civics for All Grades

Edited by FLORA HELM, Chicago.

Charities.

[Especially suited to the needs of the Fifth School Year.]

Almshouse.

THE institution established by the county for the aged and helpless is given the name almshouse or poorhouse or county farm.

It is generally located in the country or suburbs. There is a farm or garden run in connection with the establishment so as to make it self-supporting to some extent. Those that are able must work on this farm and also help in the housework.

The products of the farm are used by the inmates of the house and sold to help pay expenses.

The superintendent is at the head of affairs and lives at the place. He has assistants under him to do the work and care for the inmates.

The farmer superintends the cultivation of the farm or garden.

The county physician examines, when necessary, those to be admitted to the house, and is called upon in case of sickness.

The county agent looks after the poor of the county not at the house.

The whole is under the management of the board of county commissioners. A committee of this board makes regular visits to the house.

Persons are given over to the care of the county almshouse after an inquiry by the county court into the circumstances and conditions of that person.

Hospitals.

In all ages since history began to record, there has been a humane instinct sufficient to cause society to establish refuges for the sick and disabled. Of course, in ancient times these were very simple; generally a wooden hut. They were supported by the kings or rulers.

Sometimes the temples were used as hospitals. Beth Saida mentioned in the Bible was a Jewish hospital.

"Spitals" for lepers were among the earliest forms of hospitals.

At the times of the Crusades certain knights formed into bands whose special duty it was to look after the sick and wounded. These knights were called "Hospitalers."

Many orders, such as Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, which exist at the present time, go back for their beginning to this period.

The oldest hospital in the United States is The Pennsylvania. Benjamin Franklin was a clerk in it. The hospitals of the United States are said to be the best in the world. The most noted are: Johns Hopkins in Baltimore; The Philadelphia, in Philadelphia; Bellevue in New York city; City hospital, New York; Massachusetts General, Boston; Boston city, Boston; Cook county, Chicago.

The Children's hospital of Chicago is the best Children's hospital in the world.

Hospitals are to-day for various purposes:

I. Emergency cases, accidents, sudden illness, faintness, fits, etc.

II. Continued sickness.

III. Contagious diseases, so that the patient in this case may be separated from the public and not endanger it.

IV. The sick and wounded of battle during war; during peace, for those who incurred lasting illness in camp or battle.

V. Special diseases, as tuberculosis, eye and ear trouble, etc.

Their support may come from the national government, state, county, or city, or from private donations.

Hospitals are maintained for the benefit both of the patients and the public. Of the patient, for his care and protection. Of the public, to prevent contagion and infection.

There are two parts to a hospital, the dispensary and the hospital proper. In the dispensary, patients who are able to be up are treated.

The hospital proper is divided into wards. In these are the beds for the patients. These last are under the care of nurses. The nurses receive instruction in the care of the sick from the internes who are young doctors just graduated and who live at the hospital and serve free for the practice they get. Then there are attending or visiting physicians who visit at specified times.

The person at the head of the management is called the warden.

The board of managers is the body which appoints the officials, doctors, and attendants and looks after the financial affairs and the general management.

In large cities there are generally two or more hospitals controlled and supported by the city. In addition to these there are others operated by special societies or organizations and the churches.

The main necessities of a hospital are that the site should be elevated and the ground clean and well-drained. The wards, however many beds they may contain, should arrange to give 3,000 cubic feet of air for each patient. The ceilings should be high and the walls and floor of such material as to be cleaned readily. There should be little woodwork, no carpets, cloth curtains, or superfluous furniture. The three hygienic principles should be cleanliness, ventilation, and sunshine. The three moral principles purity, kindness, and ability.

As it is now generally recognized that it is as important to prevent sickness as to cure it, these six principles should be inculcated in every child. Teach him not to take sickness from others and not to give sickness to others. Let him frame in his home, his heart, and his memory this motto:—

Cleanliness.	Purity.
Fresh Air	Kindness.
Sunshine.	Ability.

George Washington as Soldier and Lover

By J. T. Headley.

[Part IV. of "Life of Washington." Revised for Teachers Magazine.]

DISGUSTED with the ignominious termination of Braddock's campaign, still feeble and wasted from his five weeks' fever, followed, as it had been, by much exhausting labors and mental anxiety, Washington hailed the quiet retreat of Mount Vernon with the pleasure that the long-lost mariner greets the sight of land. Nothing but the frame of prodigious strength, and a constitution to match it, could have carried him thru what he had undergone. On the tranquil shores of the Potomac, his health gradually recruited. For a time he seemed little inclined to enter again the stormy scenes into which he had been thrown for the last two years. He was now but twenty-three years of age, and yet had passed thru vicissitudes and trials sufficient for a lifetime.

* * * * * * *

He was not, however, long allowed to lay becalmed in the bay where he had sought shelter. His conduct in the battle of Monongahela, coupled with his former services, made him the most marked military man in the colony, and pointed him out as the proper leader of its forces.

The Assembly was in session at this time, in Williamsburgh, and several of the members, one being his elder brother, wrote him, requesting his presence there, as it would facilitate a plan they had formed to get him the appointment of commander-in-chief of the forces of the colony. To these invitations Washington replied that if there were no other reasons to prevent his complying his health alone would be a sufficient excuse, as it was with the utmost difficulty that he could ride over his different plantations. To his brother he wrote that he was always willing to render his country any service he was capable of, but never upon the terms he had done, impairing his fortune, and ruining the "best of constitutions," and receiving nothing but neglect in return. Said he, "I was employed to go a journey, in the winter, when I believe few or none would have undertaken it, and what did I get by it? My expenses borne! I then was appointed, with trifling pay, to conduct a handful of men to the Ohio. What did I get by that? Why, after putting myself to a considerable expense in equipping and providing necessaries for the campaign, I went out, was soundly beaten, and lost them all! Came in and had my commission taken from me, or in other words, my command reduced under pretence of an order from home! I then went out a volunteer with General Braddock, lost all my horses, and many other things. But this being a voluntary act, I ought not to have mentioned it, nor should I have done it, were it not to show that I have been on the losing order since I entered the service, which is new nearly two years." A sorry picture, truly, of his past experience, and the young and fiery commander, now thoroly aroused, will have nothing more to do with a government so reckless of his rights and so destitute of common justice.

To Warner Lewis, another member who had written him on the same subject, he declared he would never accept the command if tendered, unless something certain was secured to him, and he was allowed to designate who should be his subordinate officers. He would not again put himself in positions where his life and honor depended on the behavior of his officers, unless he could have the selection of them. A small military chest, he also considered indispensable to the proper management of military affairs.

In the meantime, however, his appointment had been made out. Forty thousand pounds were voted for the public service; three hundred pounds to Washington, and appropriate sums to the subordinate officers. It was resolved to increase the Virginia regiment to sixteen companies, and grant to Washington all that he had demanded, besides giving him an aide-de-camp and secretary. As soon as the news of his appointment reached him, he set off for Williamsburgh, notwithstanding his feeble health, to consult with the Governor about

Washington advancing Braddock.

Braddock's Death.

future operations. He was too sick to ride a hundred and sixty miles to beg for office, but not to fulfill its duties when given him. He was too sick in the Alleghany Mountains to have traveled back to his home, where he could find comfort and good nursing, but not too sick to hurry forward to the battle of Monongahela, and rage like a lion over the lost field. He never was too sick to do his duty or to save his country.

* * * * * * *

Having settled upon a plan with the Governor, Washington immediately made every department of the military organization of the State feel his energy. Fixing his headquarters at Winchester, he sent out recruiting officers to fill up his regiment, the estimates of which he sent to the Governor, and then once more turned his horse's head toward the Alleghany Mountains, which from boyhood had been the scene of his thrilling adventures. Once more, elate with hope, he entered their rugged passes, and going from post to post, visited every one on the frontier from Fort Dinwiddie, on Jackson's River, to Fort Cumberland. He observed everything, learned everything to be gained, and issued orders to each in turn. He then started for Williamsburgh, to consult with the Governor, but had proceeded only a part of the way when he was overtaken by an express declaring that the Indians had suddenly burst upon the settlements, murdered the inhabitants, blocked up the rangers in small fortresses, and were spreading devastation and terror on every side. He immediately galloped back to Winchester, summoned the militia, called on the recruits to hasten to headquarters, and soon had a respectable force under his command. The report, however, was exaggerated, but nothing could allay the terror of the inhabitants, who swarmed in droves across the valley between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies; many not stopping till they had put the last mountain barrier between them and the enemy. The colonies, at this early period, were so tenacious of their liberties, that very little power was given to the commander over the militia or civil authorities. The evil of this Washington soon felt in the insubordination of his troops and the stubborn refusal of the settlers to assist him in transporting his troops and baggage. He was compelled to impress wagons and men into the service, and enforce every order by his "own drawn sword" over the head of the delinquent, or by the bayonets of a party of his soldiers. This so exasperated the inhabitants that they threatened to blow out his brains. He, however, by his strong arm, kept down open mutiny and rebellion, and pushed forward his plans with all the energy he possessed. Meanwhile (Oct. 11, 1755), he wrote to the Governor, detailing the difficulties under which he labored, and requesting that more power should be delegated to the commander-in-chief.

* * * * * * *

He repaired himself to the seat of government, and, by dint of perseverance, prevailed on the Assembly to pass a bill giving power to the commander to hold court-martials and punish mutiny, desertion, and disobedience. After having accomplished this he returned to headquarters in better spirits, and began to prepare for an early spring campaign. Sometimes at Alexandria and again at Fort Cumberland, going from post to post, and placing everything on the best possible footing that his means allowed, he passed the latter part of autumn and the first half of winter. His duties were laborious and harassing in the extreme, and he here had an admirable training in the school of patience, which enabled him afterward to bear with the meanness, dilatoriness, and inefficiency of Congress.

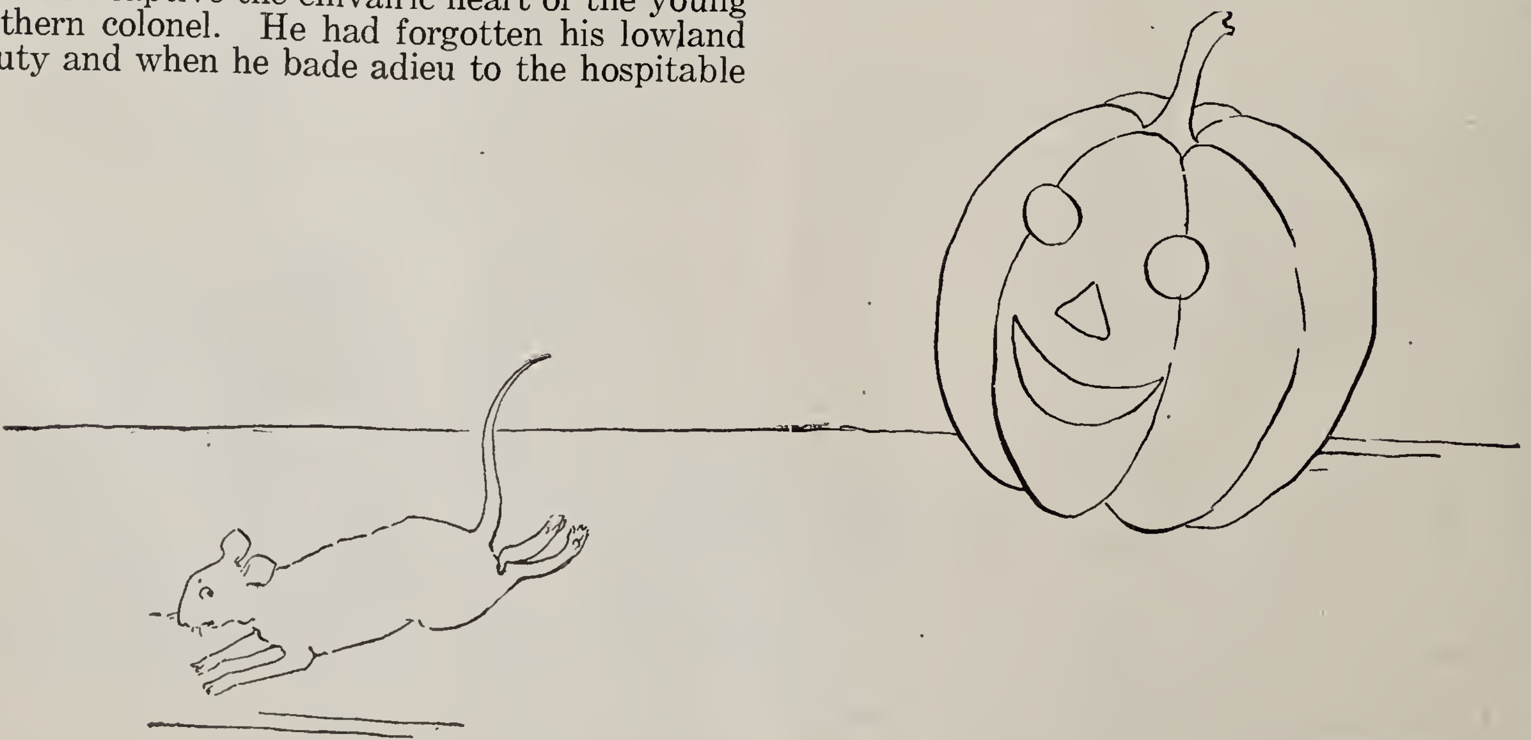
In the meantime an event occurred which shows to what a ruinous point the petty rivalries and jealousies of officers and the spirit of insubordination had reached in the colonies. At Fort Cumberland was stationed a Captain Dagworthy, who had been put there by Governor Sharpe of Maryland. Having held a royal commission, he considered himself superior in rank to any provincial officer, and hence refused to pay any regard to Washington's orders. This, of course, the latter would not submit to, and wrote to Governor Din-

widdie for express orders on the subject. But the wary Governor, remembering that he himself had formerly sanctioned this very assumption of rank of the regular commissioned officers over the provincial of higher grade, and reflecting, too, that the fort was in the province of Maryland, whose Governor he knew upheld the captain, he refused to give any orders. He did not hesitate, however, to intimate pretty clearly that Washington had better arrest the refractory captain. But the latter was not thus to be caught, and wrote back that his authority must be confirmed or he should at once resign his commission. As a last resort, it was proposed to refer the matter to Governor Shirley, in Boston, who at this time was commander-in-chief of the British forces in the colonies. Washington was appointed bearer of his own petition, and on the fourth of February, accompanied by his aide-de-camps, Captain Mercer and Captain Stewart, set out on horseback for Boston. That a paltry captain, commanding only thirty men, should thus arrest the military operations of a whole State, and send the commander-in-chief of its forces five hundred miles, in the dead of winter, on horseback, to settle whether he should obey orders given for mutual benefit and the common good, seems, at this day, quite incomprehensible. But this peculiar sensitiveness respecting individual rights, tho often exhibiting itself in absurd forms, was nevertheless necessary to the development of that spirit of resistance to the encroachments of the mother country, which afterward secured our independence.

Accompanied by his two subordinates, the young colonel took his long, cold, and dreary journey northward. The report of his chivalric and gallant character had gone before him, and he was everywhere received with courtesy and honor. Useful acquaintances were formed and useful knowledge gained. Mr. Beverly Robinson, a strong loyalist, and, in the Revolution afterward a Tory, received him at New York as his guest, and entertained him with rare hospitality. A sister of Mrs. Robinson was staying in the family at the time, whose beauty and winning manners soon took captive the chivalric heart of the young Southern colonel. He had forgotten his lowland beauty and when he bade adieu to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Robinson, to prosecute his journey to Boston, he felt that he had left a large portion of his happiness behind him.

Having obtained full and ample authority from Governor Shirley, he returned to New York and was again placed under the influence of Miss Phillips' charms. Lingering here as long as duty would permit him, he at length turned his reluctant footsteps southward. Whether he gave the lady any indications of his passion, or whether he resolved to wait till more leisure would furnish him a better opportunity of renewing his suit, does not appear. At all events, he was deeply in love, and could not leave until he had confessed it to a friend and engaged him to keep watch of her movements, so that if any rival appeared he could be informed of it at once. In a short time a young officer, one of Braddock's aides and an acquaintance of Washington, became a suitor of Miss Phillips. Washington's friend immediately wrote him of the dangerous state of affairs and told him, if he wished to win the lady, he must come on at once. But whether the duties of his command detained him at home, or whether, having ascertained the name of his rival, he was too magnanimous to endeavor to supplant him, was never known. She, however, passed away with the "lowland beauty," leaving the young colonel to forget his passion in the exciting scenes of the camp.

Reaching Williamsburgh about the time of the meeting of the Assembly, he set about arranging with the Governor a plan for the Summer campaign. The want of artillery, means of transportation, etc., rendered offensive operations impossible, and it was resolved simply to defend the frontier already occupied by British outposts. The jealousies of the separate States preventing them from uniting in a common campaign against the French Virginia, which now was most threatened, was left alone to defend her extensive borders. A bill was therefore passed to raise the army to fifteen hundred men, and another for drafting the militia, when recruits were wanting.



For Hallow E'en—Designed by Miss B. B. Cleaveland, Ohio.

Chicken Luck

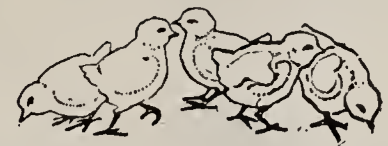
Ten little chicks hatched out so fine;
Old hen trod on one—then there were nine.

Nine little chickens, hungry—couldn't wait—
But one died with pip—then there were eight.

Eight little chickens (I wish it was eleven!),
For the cat caught one—leaving only seven.

Seven little chickens, learning cunning tricks;
Cholera among them—glad it left us six!

Six little chickens, very much alive;
But a hawk came swooping down—leaving only five.



Five little chickens, yipping round the door;
Butcher's dog snapped up one—then there were four.

Four little chickens, happy, glad and free;
But one had the gapes—next day there were three.

Only three chickens the best we could do;
Butcher's dog snapped up one—then there were only two.

Two little chickens basking in the sun;
Wagon wheels rolled past them—leaving only one.

One little chicken for the hen to call;
Last night a skunk took chicken, hen and all!

MATTIE W. BAKER, in *Farm and Fireside*. Used by special permission.

Pieces to Speak

for

Young and Old.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
'Tis nearly nine o'clock,
And ringing clear,
The bell we hear.
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
'Tis *striking* nine o'clock;
Obey the rule,
Haste into school.
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
'Tis just *past* nine o'clock;
Our prayers are done,
Work is begun.
Hickory, dickory, dock.

The Traveled Bumble-Bee.

A bumple-bee, belted with brown and gold,
On a purple clover sat;
His whiskers were shaggy, his clothes were old,
And he wore a shabby hat;
But his song was loud, and his merry eye
Was full of laughter and fun,
As he watched the bob-o'-links flutter by,
And spread his wings in the sun.

A butterfly, spangled with yellow and red,
Came flying along that way;
He had two little feathers on his head,
And his coat was Quaker gray;
He carried a parasol made of blue,
And wore a purple vest;
And seeing a bumble-bee down he flew,
And lit on a daisy's crest.

Then from the grass by a mossy stone
A cricket and beetle came;
One with black garb, while the other shone
Like an opal's changing flame.
A swaying buttercup's golden bloom
Bent down with the beetle's weight,
And high on a timothy's rounded plume
The cricket chirruped elate.

The bumble-bee sang of distant lands,
Where tropical rivers flow;
Of wide seas rolling up shining sands,
And mountains with crowns of snow;
Of great, broad plains, with flower-gems bright,
Of forests, whose fragrant glooms
Showed crumbling ruins, ghostly and white,
Old forgotten nations' tombs.

Then wisely the beetle winked his eye,
The cricket grew staid and still,
The butterfly, in his great surprise,
Went sailing over the hill;
The beetle scrambled beneath his stone,
The cricket, he gave a hop,
And there the bumble-bee sat alone
On the purple clover top.

—*Dumb Animals.*

Making Calls.

When I go to call with Mother
I sit still in a chair,
While ladies talk about my clothes,
And wonder at my hair.
They ask me silly questions,
And I don't know what to say:
And there isn't anything to eat,
Nor anything to play.

I like to call on Annie,
And go all by myself.
For down in Annie's kitchen
There is a lovely shelf
Where live big scalloped cookies,
All sugary and sweet,
And peppermints and lozenges,
For Annie's friends to eat.

And there's a dancing Johnny;
She winds him with a key,
And sets him on the table
To whirl and hop for me.
She doesn't ask me questions,
Nor talk about my dress,
But Annie knows what children like,
And loves them too, I guess!

—ABBIE FARWELL BROWN in *The Churchman.*

Thanksgiving at the Moon.

By MABEL T. ROUSE, Michigan.

When Tommy spent Thanksgiving Day
Away up at the Moon,
They asked him, "Why he came so late?"
When he arrived too soon.

They hospitably bade him rest,
And showed him where to stand;
It seemed to Tommy quite a bit
Like Topsy-Turvy Land.

They served a sumptuous dinner
From a table up-side-down.
The cranberries were roasted
To a most delicious brown.

The turkey sauce was lovely,
Tied with violet and pink;
Ham sandwiches, in sherbet cups,
Were placed for all to drink.

An oyster stew, passed piping hot
Was served as lemon ice.
Then came some pickled candy,
And some popcorn salad nice.

Plum pudding stuffed with olives,
And a generous mince cake,
With chocolate pie, the very best
That Madam Moon could make.

And when, at last, Tom said good-bye,
The Moon Man at the gate,
Declared he must not go so soon,
Because he stayed so late.

Something Unusual.

He hunted through the library,
He looked behind the door,
He searched where baby keeps his toys
Upon the nursery floor.
He asked the cook and Mary,
He called mamma to look,
He even started sister up
To leave her Christmas book.

He couldn't find it anywhere,
And knew some horrid tramp
Had walked in through the open gate
And stolen it, the scamp!
Perhaps the dog had taken it
And hidden it away,
Or else, perhaps, he'd chewed it up
And swallowed it in play.

And then mamma came down the stairs,
Looked through the closet door,
And there it hung upon its peg,
As it had hung before.
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,
Astonished was his face.
He couldn't find his cap—because
'Twas in its proper place!

—EMMA E. MAREAN, in *Youth's Companion.*

The Paper Parasol.

This little poem may be given as a concert recitation by four, six, eight, or ten boys or girls. Each should have a Japanese parasol, and the poem should be acted out with the aid of these.

Will you watch us while we play, with our parasols so gay;
Each boy and girl can lightly whirl their sunshade with a gentle twirl.
Then hold it up so high and wave it to and fro;
We love to make a rainbow wheel as round and round they go.

And, oh! it is such fun, when walking in the sun;
Beneath its shade we gladly creep, and round its edge we slyly peep.
And when too warm to play with skipping rope or doll,
We take a book to a shady nook with the paper parasol.

It really looks too good for paper, glue, and wood,
Yet if a spot of rain it felt, we're much afraid that it would melt.
But while 'tis bright and fine 'tis better than a ball;
There is no toy that we do enjoy like the paper parasol.

But if the wind should blow, then inside out 'twould go,
And then I think that we should cry, to see it sailing up so high;
Yet when I come to think, 'tis likely, after all
That the best of the lot when the sun is hot, is the paper parasol.

W. R. F., in *The Teachers' Aid.*

When Mother Looks.

I 'member such a lot of things
That happened long ago,
When me an' Jim was six years old,
And now we're ten or so.
But those that I remember best—
The ones I most can see—
Are the things that used to happen
When mother looked at me.

One time in church, when me an' Jim
Was snickerin' out loud—
The minister was praying, and
The people's heads was bowed—
We had the biggest kind of joke
About the bumble-bee,
But things got quieter rather quick
When mother looked at me.

And then there's sometimes when I think
I've had such lots of fun
A-goin' in swimmin' with the boys,
Down there by Jones's run;
But when I get back home again—
Just 'bout in time for tea—
There's a kind of different feeling comes
When mother looks at me.

The time when I was awful sick
An' the doctor shook his head,
An' ev'ry time pa came around
His eyes was wet an' red,
I 'member her hands on my face,
How soft they used to be—
Somehow the pain seemed easier
When mother looked at me.

It's funny how it makes you feel—
I ain't afraid of her—
She's about the nicest person
You'd find most anywhere;
But the queerest sort of feeling,
As queer as queer can be,
Makes everything seem different
When mother looks at me.

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Calf Path.

One day, through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead;
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby, reader, hangs a tale.

* *

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way,
And then a wise, bell-weather sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-weathers always do.
And from that day o'er hill and glade,
Through those primeval woods was made
A path, and men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh!—
The first migration of that calf.

* *

This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again,
The lane in time became a road
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun
And traveled some three miles in one.
Still passed the years in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,
And then, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thorofare.

* * *

'Tis true! Two centuries and a half
Men trod the footsteps of that calf;
Each day a hurrying, scurrying rout
Followed that wobbly calf about
And o'er his crooked trail was sent
The traffic of a continent—
A hundred thousand men are led
By one calf; near three centuries dead!

—*The Suburbanite.*

When Johnny Spends the Day

When Johnny spends the day with us, you never seen the beat
O' all the things a-happenin' in this ole house and street.

Ma, she begins by lockin' up the pantry door an' cellar,
An' ev'ry place that's like as not to interest a feller.
An' all her chiny ornaments, a-stickin' 'round the wall,
She sets as high as she kin reach, fer fear they'll git a fall.
An' then she gits the arnicky an' stickin'-plaster out,
An' says, "When Johnny's visitin' they're good to have about."
I tell you what, there' plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us.

When Johnny spends the day with us, pa puts his books away.
An' says, "How long, in thunder, is that noosance goin' to stay?"
He brings tne new lawn-mower up, an' locks it in the shed;
An' hides his strop an' razor 'tween the covers on the bed.
He says, "Keep out that liberry, whatever else you do,
Er I shall have a settlement with you, an' Johnny too."
Says he, "It makes a lot o' fuss
To have him spend the day with us!"

When Johnny spends the day with us, the man acrost the street
Runs out an' swears like anything, an' stamps with both his feet;
An' says he'll have us 'rested 'cause his winder glass is broke,
An' if he ever ketches us it won't be any joke!
He never knows who done it, 'cause there's no one ever 'round,
An' Johnny in perticular ain't likely to be found!
I tell you what, there's plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, the cat gits up an' goes
A-scootin' crost a dozen lots to some ole place she knows;
The next-door children climb the fence, an' hang around for hours,
An' bust the hinges off the gate, an' trample down the flowers;
An' break the line with Bridget's wash, an' muddy up the cloze;
An' Bridget she gives warnin' then—an' that's the way it goes—
A plenty noise and plenty fuss,
When Johnny spends the day with us!

—Elizabeth Sylvester, in the *Century.*

Meddlesome Matty.

One ugly trick has often spoilt
The sweetest and the best.
Matilda, tho a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed!

Which, like a cloud before the sky
Hid all her better qualities;
Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid
To peep at what was in it,

Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute;
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake, she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay,
Too near the little maid.

"Ah! Well!" thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."
Forthwith she placed upon her nose,
The glasses, large, and wide;

And looking around, as I suppose,
The snuff-box, too, she spied;
"Ah, what a pretty box is that,
I'll open it," said little Mat.

So thumb and finger went to work,
To move the stubborn lid,
When presently a mighty jerk,
The mighty mischief did.

For all at once, ah! woeful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.
Poor eyes and nose and mouth besides
A dismal sight presented.

In vain, as bitterly she cried,
Her folly she repented;
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing, now, but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma, she spied.

"Hey-day, and what's the matter now?"
Said grandmamma, with lifted brow.
Matilda, smarting with the pain
And tingling still and sore,

Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling any more;
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

—JANE TAYLOR.

The Evolution of Light.

When Grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a "tallow dip,"
Held high above her head.

When Mamma used to go upstairs,
After she'd said, "Good-night,"
Her mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.

As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mamma would light the gas.

Now, when the sandman comes for me
I like to have it bright;
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe, my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see thru the darkness
With the magical X-rays!—

—*St. Nicholas.*

The Water Drops.

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But, oh, they were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And thru the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them,
And carried them all home.

—*Philadelphia Teacher.*

1. Explanation.
2. Expectation.
3. Execution.
4. Execration.

Memory Gems

Collected and Classified by JULIA M. GORDON, Massachusetts.

These "gems" are taken from the little mimeographic magazine which the teachers of Milton, Mass., arranged for mutual aid in school work.

The following gems have been used in the fifth and sixth grades.

The selections are placed on the blackboard and discussed by the class for the sentiment and elucidation of thought. They are then memorized by repeating in concert or singly, or by silent study. Further use is made of them in dictation and penmanship.

Habit.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it. —PROV. XXII, 6.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it. —HORACE MANN.

Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny. —BOARDMAN.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken. —JOHNSON.

Character consists in little acts well and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hew the habits which form it. —SMILES.

We first make our habits, then our habits make us. —DRYDEN.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas. —DRYDEN.

Perseverance.

I will find a way or make one. —HANNIBAL.

God helps them that help themselves. —FRANKLIN.

All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying. —P. CARY.

Be firm! One constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old, Teutonic pluck. —HOLMES.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.—HERRICK.

"We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe golden ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the flowers with tears."

"It is not just as we take it,
This wonderful world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it.
A harvest of thorns or flowers."

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.—HOLLAND.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

"We rise by the things that are 'neath our feet,
By what we have mastered of greed or gain;
By a pride deposed or a passion slain;
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

"You will find that luck
Is only pluck
To try things over and over;
Patience and skill,
Courage and will,
Are the four leaves of luck's clover."

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak. —CARLYLE.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. —CONFUCIUS.

Failure after long perseverence is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure. —GEORGE ELIOT.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed. —LLOYD JONES.

In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail. —LYTTON.

Many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak. —SHAKESPEARE.

Work.

Blessed is he who has found his work;
Let him ask no other blessedness. —CARLYLE.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work
And tools to work withal for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil. —LOWELL.

"Work, work with all your might,
Never be idle from morn till night;
For nothing in all the world can compare
With honest labor free from care."

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! All labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God. —FANNY S. OSGOOD.

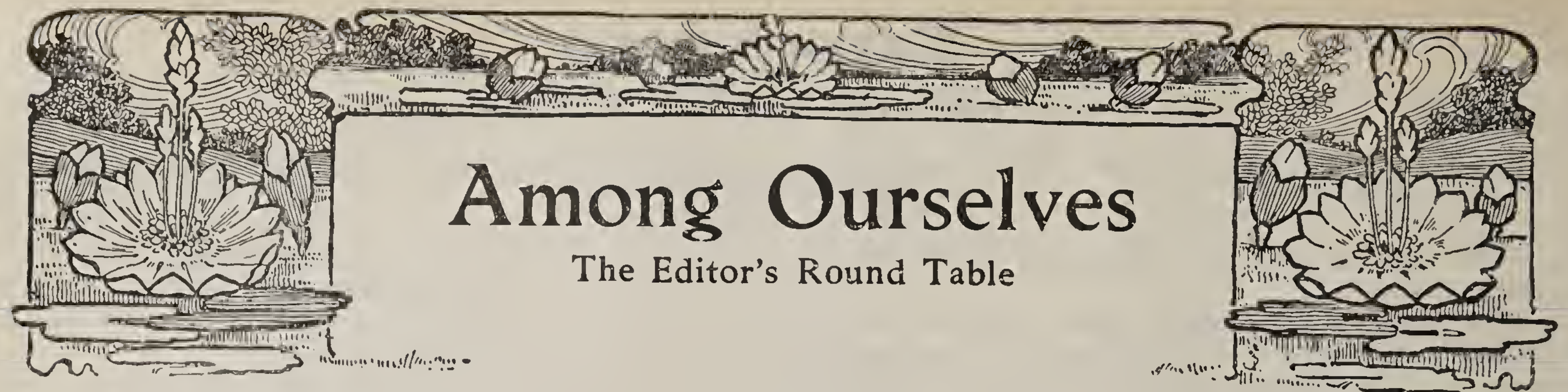
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait. —LONGFELLOW.

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say—
"Head, you may think: Heart, you may feel;
But, Hand, you should work alway." —L. M. ALCOTT.

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be obtained without it. —SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

No one can neglect his own work without injuring some one else directly or indirectly. —MARIAN HARLAND.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarcely overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. —FRANKLIN.



Our boasted pride of contributing as a people most liberally to the support of schools has received several rude shocks in recent months, by the revelations published by visitors to our shores in regard to the salaries of teachers. It has been demonstrated that the material reward held out to our teachers is not only very inadequate, but does not compare well with other civilized countries. Let us impress this point upon the civic conscience of the people. And while we are about it, let us talk about the need of providing for the pensioning of the superannuated.

Teaching is the greatest work there is on God's earth. If you believe that with all your heart your community will soon believe it, too.

Of course we have the best songs that were ever brought together for use with school children. Why should we not? Miss Bentley selects them for us, and she is a teacher of unusual power, who loves children and loves music. As the months go on you will appreciate more and more the surpassing value of our music department. Have you tried "The Trees Know," on page 108, the song that was written especially for TEACHERS MAGAZINE—both words and music—by a well-known composer? Copies of this charming song by Harry Worthington Loomis can be obtained on separate sheets, from the publishers of this magazine, for fifteen cents each, or $10.00 a hundred. Another new and equally enjoyable song called "Seven O'Clock," by the same composer, will appear in these pages next month.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE will have another regular feature that is sure to be received with delight by those who are looking for new ideas for school parties. While developed in the kindergarten of a great city, these parties are easily adapted for every grade of the elementary school. The author of these articles is Miss Rose R. Archer, a teacher of much originality and creative enthusiasm, who wrote for us the interesting story of the coal mine, published in the June number. Having little or no material supplied, and dealing with children of whom the majority are poor, Miss Archer's ingenuity has developed ways for costumes and decorations that are within easy reach of every teacher. The best thing about it is that each year will add new treasures to these "properties," with the possibility of supplying so many more opportunities for a good time. Miss Archer says that she has been very much aided in her efforts by children in the higher grades—which suggests yet another educational result in which the whole school may share. The picture on page 116 will give you a foretaste of the November treat.

Mr. G. H. Shorey has given us some splendid blackboard calendars. He is himself a teacher, and he knows just what kind of designs teachers want. In the September number the printers twice spelled his name Sharey, but that does not change the fact that he calls himself Shorey. We are going to have from him at least one calendar each month thru the present year.

The victory won by the teachers of Pittsburg over a board of education which tried to obstruct the payment of the increase of salaries, has called attention to the niggardliness of the Keystone State in the matter of remuneration of teachers. In the matter of school expenditures generally, Pennsylvania does fairly well, comparatively speaking. But with respect to teachers' salaries, it ranks shamefully low. The average salary paid women teachers in Pennsylvania is only about $40, which is about $2.50 less than the average for the whole country.

There is not so much need for devices in making children do certain things in a certain way, as there is for supplying opportunities for creative self-expression. A little anxiety for systematic propriety would do no harm. Children's minds are not yet the logical machines that the minds of the builders of pedagogic theories are—thank Heaven!

The spelling reform excitement appears to be conjuring up a revival of old-fashioned debating. Several teachers' institutes have already wasted their substance in pro-ing and con-ing.

Little Talks on School Management

By RANDALL N. SAUNDERS, New York.

Home Lessons.

WITH your classes reduced to the smallest possible number, you have gained the great advantage of a larger allotment of time for each recitation, but at the outset you will be checked in the ampler devotion by the knowledge that you are encroaching on time which should be spent in study. You are a college or normal graduate and you long to revel in the pleasure of playing the professor who has forty or sixty minutes in which to lecture, to experiment, or to amplify the day's lesson. You see so many opportunities for adding collateral strength to the recitation,—so many things suggest themselves for making the period interesting. You loved your note-books and clasped them close, forgetful of the midnight oil you burned in pouring, delving, hoarding, that you might prepare yourself to appreciate the hour in the classroom in which your knowledge has increased and your intellect expanded in the manner ever new and delightful, and you naturally long to treat your boys and girls to the same enjoyments; and here let me say, it is possible for you to create a taste for such pleasures in your pupils, provided you can inspire them to a sacrifice of time in study at home.

There may be but four or five of your twenty classes that you would or could treat to amplified recitations, and, perhaps, but two of the four or five lessons need be prepared at home; but the alacrity with which your pupils in advanced grades acquiesce to the proposition and the assiduity with which they maintain the home study will depend on your ability to make the need of extra work apparent and to keep the text conned an enticing prelude to the larger interest awaited in the class-room.

I used to think it would be a grand thing if all of my pupils could come to school with lessons prepared in the way in which I early went to school, but I overlooked the possible condition into which the younger and more mischievous would fall while unoccupied with recitations. Therefore, I have come to think it unadvisable for the lower grades to have more than one or two lighter lessons,—preferably exercises,—to prepare out of school, as the time which can be devoted to a just development of their recitations necessitates small allottments from text-books, very easily mastered in the various branches during inter-recitation periods. We all know what a real nuisance the smart little fellow becomes,—the one who gets all his lessons at home, and so idles and plays in school that he has forgotten them by the time he is called upon to recite. We all know it is better for him to do the larger part of his studying in the schoolroom under our eye and subject to our guidance.

But for the older pupils, to whom you could and should give more time, as you feel that their days in the school-room are growing fewer and still fewer in the majority of cases, the more lessons you can get them to prepare at home the better, if you are going to exert to the utmost the broadening effect of thoroly developed lessons, and do your utmost to inspire a desire for higher education. With a high school in every large village and a university with state assistance in free scholarships, we are not doing our duty if we do not do our very best to inspire our advanced pupils to their best endeavor for that education which will enhance their pleasure in living and broaden their influence and usefulness in the world.

This is done most effectually, not so much by direct appeal as, subtly, by the hidden power of knowledge which, the more uncovered is its beauty the stronger becomes its attraction for the pupil, until met by barriers of limitation, until unsatisfied; the pupil, grown student, finds the courage to lift the veil,—to leap the wall and stand face to face with mysteries more enticing than those practised by the Egyptian pastophori. They came to college, raw country boys, from the furrow and the sheep trail,—from the hills of the charcoal pits and the obscure valleys,—with the quenchless light of a Maccabeean miracle, their only attraction, a gleam in their eyes, and, to-day, they are preaching, pleading at the bar, teaching, experimenting with natural forces, amply repaying those who, in log cabins and little red schoolhouses, on hillside and in valley, took the time and trouble to make learning so attractive that the light of pine knot and tallow candle falling on the page of reason illumined a vista that did not vanish in the labyrinth of calculus.

Common school progress is necessarily slow. "It is the resultant of a multitude of forces aiding and opposing one another," says Peabody. But the individuality of the teacher is the strongest force amid the multitude. That altitude, where home lessons become a necessity in your country school, can be reached only by a long, steady pull,—by an unoppressive, but ever-expressed zeal,—by a constant exercise of all the faculties and artifices that are the attributes of a good teacher. When you have stimulated the conception of a desire, a new necessity is soon born.

We shall have children physically too weak to make home lessons advisable for them. We shall be opposed by parents who think their Willies and their Kitties work hard enough in the school-room, and discourage them from home study; and we shall ever have those whom nothing but a stroke of lightning would inspire to grasp the higher thought; but, never discouraged because of the limitations of specimens that defy theories and exhaust invention, we must ever strive to do the best we can with the means and material with which we have to work; and, planting and watering incessantly, at last lie down in trust that the increase, some thirty, some forty, and some one hundred fold, will be granted by the powers we have striven to evoke, but which in the last analysis, we are forced to admit are absolutely beyond our control.

The Brown October Days

By EUGENE DE LAND, Washington, D. C.

[The story of our colored cover for October]

EVERYBODY knows that the most enchanting paths of the world are hidden in the forests. Thousands of years ago they were full of romance and wonder as they are to-day. It was in such secluded, dark recesses that the wicked giants and good fairies of old ruled and roamed. Yet these woodland paths are often some distance from our large cities; but is there a boy or a girl who does not know how to find the path to the nearest woods? When "The Brown October Days" come we often meet a bright, happy group of school children out with their teacher, gathering leaves, flowers, and nuts for the autumn table in the schoolroom. Their faces glow with the fresh autumn tints of nature, and they are healthy and vigorous. As they wander thru the beautiful fragrant woods, they seem versed in the mystic songs of the woodland birds, and possess the secret happiness which belonged to Robin Hood and his band. Under the seconditions, the school children of to-day are developing into health and vigorous beauty.

The "Autumn Table" should be found in a corner of every school-room. Once established, the children will be anxious and willing to keep it well supplied with fresh specimens which will suggest new nature talks, compositions, or spelling-matches. When the children of the class are quite familiar with what is found in so cheerful a collection, it will be very simple and easy for them to write a little composition on their recent outing, and illustrate it with a sketch done with the two colors, brown and red, suggestive of autumn tints, like the October cover design. This they may do with colored crayons or water colors, whichever is more convenient to obtain.

Let us turn back and look at the teacher and her pupils on the cover, as they are strolling along the woodland path. They would each make a picture, passing before us. We will watch them

Fig. II

wander along, listen to their merry voices and to the sound of the fallen leaves on the ground as they crush them with their busy feet. Our attention is called to a little girl and boy on the hillside, in the distance, under the trees. Suppose we write a composition about them, and illustrate it, copying them, as they appear on the cover design. Imagine them to be real children and forget we are copying. Our work will become so interesting that we shall be surprised with our results. If we were out in the woods sketching from nature, we should have to work rapidly, for the busy fingers of the little girl gather the branches so fast and the boy's efforts to pull down the boughs are so strained that they will soon be done and away from us.

Fig. I

Mark on the drawing paper an oblong frame about as large as we wish our illustration to be; then we will, with care and ease, sketch in outline our picture with a lead pencil. Never work so carefully and pains takingly in such sketches that our efforts become slavish in appearance. If we study with our eyes and observe the proportion of our composition before we attempt to use a pencil or brush, we shall know what to do. Begin with the little girl, just as we have done with the children on the previous cover designs, by suggesting a faint dotted line to support her back. Notice, as in Fig. 1, how much of her figure touches the dotted line.

This done, at the proper distance, suggest another dotted line for the boy, and observe how much taller he appears than the girl. He is nearer to us and looks taller because he is standing tip-toe, and is reaching up as high as his arms will allow. We will now tell the story, as illustrated in Fig. II. which shows what the children are trying to do. Begin with the trunk of the tree, and observe where it sinks into the ground, as compared with the place on which the boy stands. Sketch in the main branches with the cluster of bright leaves.

This done, we are ready to paint, as in Fig. III. First, with a clean, soft rubber, go over our whole picture, to erase the dotted proportion lines, but be careful to leave the outlines. With a faint mixture of red and brown wash over our picture, leaving the children's faces and hands, the girl's dress and the boy's blouse and cap, free from color. When perfectly dry we are ready to paint. Clean the brush and, with a very faint touch of red, wash over the children's faces and hands. Now we will fill our brush with a deep touch of red and are ready to paint the girl's cap, coat, stockings and shoes, and the trimming on the boy's sailor collar. Then here and there, as it pleases us, we may color the leaves red. Now, with our brush, full of the rich brown color, paint the children's hair and the boy's stockings and shoes, then outline the whole picture, including the outside frame. This done, we will have a bright illustration for our autumn story.

A Walk in Late October.

By Sara Hicks Willis, New Jersey.

William Cullen Bryant called this season the "melancholy days," and asked "Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?"

While out for a walk on the eighteenth day of October, I found that altho most of the flowers had lain "down to sleep" there were still a large number that were making an effort to keep awake just a little longer. In fact I found no less than twenty different flowers still in bloom.

I was not surprised to find a few flower-heads of golden-rod, as that is a fall flower.

> The golden-rod lights slowly
> Its torch for the autumn breeze.

Other flowers belonging to the same family still lingered—for the

> Asters by the brookside
> Made asters in the brook.

There were purple and blue asters, and white ones. Then there was the bur-marigold with its friends along the dry roadside.

The bur-marigold is not so attractive a blossom as its sisters, consisting of disk and ray flowers, the former a dingy brown, surrounded by golden rays. The smaller variety of this flower has no ray flowers, and is therefore even less attractive. The flowers form the barbed seeds that stick so tightly to one's clothes—thus the common name, "Stick-tight." Thoreau says of it, "How surely the desmodum growing on some cliff-side, or the bidens on the edge of a pool, prophesy the coming of the traveler, brute, or human, that will transport their seeds on his coat."

The common yarrow is still blossoming along the roadsides and in the fields. This is so common a weed that its beauty is not appreciated. In Madeira, where so many and rare beautiful flowers grow, it is cultivated for its beauty. It is said to possess medicinal properties; it has been used in a tea to dispel melancholy, and its leaves, well chewed, to cure toothache. It is claimed that the wounded soldiers under Achilles used it to soothe pain.

Another flower as common as the yarrow and even prettier is the wild carrot, which has been called "Queen Anne's Lace." The farmer has a particular antipathy for this weed. The blossoms now seen are smaller than those of the summer. The carrot which we raise in our gardens was probably produced from this plant.

Another midsummer flower peeped from the roadside. Before coming near I thought it was a common field-daisy, but as I reached the blossom I found it to be the Mayweed or chamomile, a plant whose flowers are brewed by country people and used as a tonic.

A very bright and conspicuous flower is butter and eggs. It grows in out-of-the-way places. I is an interesting little flower when looked at closely. Each corolla consists of two lips or

lobes, and if pressed lightly between the fingers will open like a mouth.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

At the base of the corolla there is a very long spur or honey bag, which is a delight to the bees.

In July we may find the starry campion quite abundant in our woods. Even late in October a few of the fringed white flowers are still to be seen. The flowers are arranged in clusters in the shape of a pyramid.

While stopping to pluck a branch of golden-rod along the road, my eyes glanced downward into the grass, when lo!

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

The violet seems to be the one flower beloved by all. It was the favorite flower of the prophet Mahomet. We pluck the first flower of spring-time with pleasure, but there was an added joy to find at this season of the year a half dozen of the blossoms.

Golden Rod.

A few sprays of Bouncing Bet next greeted me. The blossom is white with a delicate rose tint. It is sometimes double, but more often we find the single flowers. Another name for the plant is soapwort, so called because the juice mixed with water forms a lather and is said to have been used instead of soap.

The moth mullen is not so unusual a sight in October. It grows rather tall, with lyre-shaped leaves. Its flowers are a delicate yellow with a little tinge of red. They look like tiny butterflies.

Like all faithful, homely things,
Pussy clover lingers on
Till the bird no longer sings,
And the butterfly is gone.

When the latest asters go,
When the golden-rod drops dead,
Then, at last, in heaps of snow
Pussy clover hides her head.

There are still blossoming three varieties of this flower—the common pink clover, the common white clover, and the white, sweet clover or Melilot. The latter looks quite different from the other varieties of clover with which we are most familiar. It grows tall—from two to four feet high. It has a very pleasant odor, and people used to gather and keep it in linen chests. It has also been used to prevent moths from eating woolen goods.

Another roadside flower is the evening primrose, which is still giving its delicate fragrance to the evening air. If one looks for it early in the day, he will find a rather rough-looking plant of rank growth with faded blossoms. But toward evening we are surprised to find a mass of bright yellow flowers on the same plant. As the season advances, and the sun's rays have less power, this plant will blossom earlier in the day.

Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory.

The partridge pea, commonly known the sensitive plant, flourishes where little else is to be seen—in sandy places and even in the gutters along some of our streets. The leaves of this plant are so sensitive that a very little handling will cause them to wrap their tiny leaflets close about the stem. The blossoms are a bright yellow, spotted with red. The seed-pods of the plant are peculiar. When dry the little seeds will rattle in the pod like a rattle-box.

The wild morning glory, very much resembling our garden flower of the same name, is covering many an unsightly spot. Its bell-shaped flowers are white and pink.

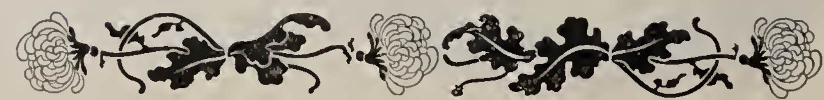
They swing and rustle, the dainty bells,
Their sheltering leaves between,
Low by the grass and high by the roof,
And beautiful all the way.

The self heal, a bluish-purple flower, belongs to the mint family. It is found in fields or on the edges of a wood and even by the side of the road. Its stem is square instead of round, as are most of our flower stems. This is characteristic of the mint family.

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold!
First pledge of blithesome May.

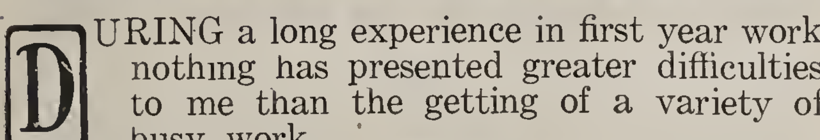
But not alone a Mayflower, for it is still scattering its gold along our streets, the blossoms of the dandelion burst forth amid the grass, nodding a welcome to the passers-by. Children are especially fond of this plant. They hold the flower under one another's chins to see who likes butter. They make curls and chains of the hollow stems, and when the flower fades, and the little round white balls of seeds appear, the children use them for clocks.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more
Than thought can say.



Busy Work for First Year

Helene Murr.



DURING a long experience in first year work nothing has presented greater difficulties to me than the getting of a variety of busy work.

That variety is necessary, anyone who has taught this grade knows. "Are we going to do this again?" "I'm tired of this," and such expressions greet the giving of the same occupation two or three times in succession, while the listless taking hold of it is a reproach to any teacher who knows how eagerly the little ones welcome any new task. No matter how interesting the work is at first, they will tire of it, so don't wait until they get an actual nausea for it before you give them anything new.

Here are some suggestions for busy work. Some you know, perhaps, are culled from journals, some from observation, and some were invented by one who has used them all so much, that she cannot tell which she is responsible for. I use Cyr's Primer. The first words given are "mamma," "baby."

1. Give each child the picture of a lady and a baby from an old magazine; also two cards containing words "mamma" and "baby" in script. Let them cut out the outline of the figures in the picture, and place below each the name. This occupation shows you how many know the words.

2. If they have for their lesson the name of an animal, as horse, draw a picture of a horse on a card. Let the child prick it on the drawn lines, or he may cut it out, lay it on his slate, and draw around.

3. Write words on paper. Let child prick them. It is necessary to have a board or some kind of a mat to preserve the desk from pin-pricks.

4. Write new words on each slate—children trace many times.

5. Write new word with crayon on slate—children lay shoe-pegs on lines.

6. Write names on board—pupils make picture with sticks, of objects written on board.

7. Select known words from box of word cards.

8. Form words from letter cards.

9. Give each child a paragraph cut from a newspaper, preferably one having large print—children underline known words.

Later in the Season.

When the class is farther advanced and can write some, the children may be given this work with advantage. Always precede the written exercise by an oral one, so that the children will understand what is expected of them.

1. Copy name-words from board or book.
2. Copy name-word and qualifying word.
3. Copy action-words ("Things you can do.")
4. Copy names of persons.
5. Copy names of boys in one column; those of girls in another.
6. Write names of animals in one column; and names of things in another.
7. Make lists of bipeds and quadrupeds.
8. Teacher writes sentence on board, as, "The bird is in the tree." Children illustrate. This should be done silently as it is to test the child's ability to read the sentence.

Some of the tasks given will take the teacher a good while to prepare, and of course she does all her preparations out of school hours, and perhaps she will object on that score. But here are some of the good things that may come to her if she has intelligent and varied busy work.

Discipline easier, for children who have congenial employment are quiet.

Knowledge gained in class, fixed.

No strain on children's minds, as there certainly is when they are kept at the same thing.

Gathering Time—An October Song.

By Bertha E. Bush.

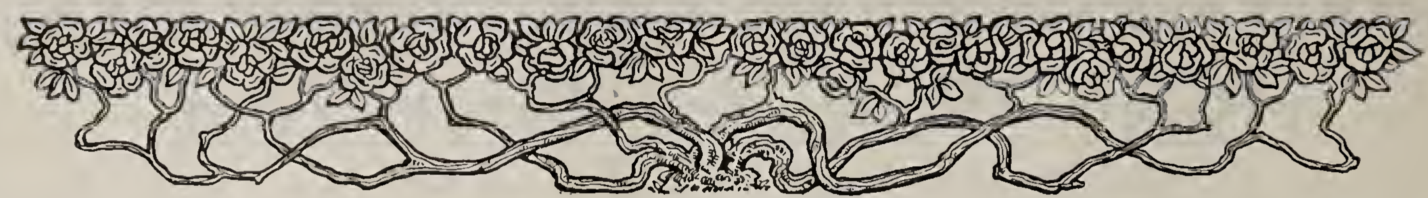
O, the trees are fair in merry May,
When blossom time is here,
But fairer still this Autumn day,
And bringing better cheer.

CHORUS.

Then laugh and sing and whistle and call,
This blithe October day;
For gathering time is the best of all.
So work, lads, work away.

O, the roses bloom in balmy June,
Most red and fair to see,
But redder still the ripe fruit shines
Upon my apple tree.
Chorus—Then laugh and sing, etc.

O, the birds have sung all summer long
In branches overhead,
But sweeter still Jack's whistle shrill,
Gathering apples red.
Chorus—Then laugh and sing, etc.



More Hints and Helps

To Cultivate the Imagination.

Children are by nature imaginative. Mother Nature has not given them this tendency in such a ripened state that they can produce regular Hans Andersen stories, yet it is wonderful to how great a degree they do possess the imaginative power.

To increase this tendency and turn it in the right direction, I have found excellent results from this plan:

Tell the little people that you are going to send them away for a holiday. First they are all to go out into the country, then come back and tell you and the class what they saw.

When the bell taps, every head goes down on the desk to stay until it taps again. At the end of about two minutes the heads rise at the tap of the bell, and all are eager to give their word picture of what they saw. If the children are diffident, it is well for the teacher to go first, in order to show them how. When she comes back she can tell a story something like this: I have just come from the country. It was a beautiful day. The sun was very bright and everything was calm and peaceful. I stopped beside a little brook which ran thru a meadow. The water was very clear. The birds were singing in the trees, and when the wind blew the tall grass by the brookside waved to and fro, and I could see that the little brook and the birds were very happy.

The power that children gain in increasing their imaginative ability is valuable, of course, but it is nothing compared to the feeling they experience in seeing all these things in their mind's eye.

They may go to different places: To a large city, to a railway depot, to a steamboat wharf, or into a beautiful house or garden. Encourage them in having beautiful little thoughts. In every room there is one pupil at least who has a great fund of originality. If there is but one, emphasize that thought when it is brought out. The last time my class were allowed to stray into an imaginative garden, one child brought out this beautiful thought. She told how pretty all the flowers in the garden were, and added that the violets were dead, and that the roses growing near had dew drops on them which looked like tears!

Virginia. RUTH O. DYER.

The past, present and future of Hood's Sarsaparilla are: It has cured, it is curing, it will cure.

Writing Devices for the Primary Room.

I.

How hard it is for the little people in our schoolrooms to remember things, and blessed indeed is that teacher who knows how to stimulate the memory! There is a tendency among small children to write words without joining the letters. Simply telling them to join all the letters in a word does not appeal to them, but try this plan and see if the result isn't better: Tell the children that each word is a line of letters playing "crack the whip" and you want all the letters to hold hands very nicely.

II.

It has fallen to my lot to have charge of the grade where the copy book is used for the first time, and I know how discouraging it is to see the letters projecting above the line they are supposed just to touch. I have found it helpful to tell the children that there are big people and also little people in nearly every family, and that in cold winter weather, when Jack Frost is around, the little people are kept in the house, but the older people may go out.

It is just so with our letters, the capitals and tall letters like *l* and *t* can put their heads out in the cold and it will not hurt them, but the others must keep inside the house, and as the lines are the letters' houses, they must just let their heads touch the top.

Virginia. RUTH O. DYER.

Letter-Writing.

An excellent plan for getting children to write letters is that followed in the schools of Indianapolis. Some notable person, preferably one whose residence is in Indianapolis, but who is now away visiting, is asked to write a letter addressed to all the children in the school. The letter is printed and a copy is presented to every child, with the direction to write an answer. This gives a feeling of reality to the correspondence, bringing about better work than results from the ordinary procedure. Here are examples of these letters:

Eighth Year Letter-Writing.

January, 1906.

NEW YORK, November 10, 1905.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I had planned to write and tell you all about this wonderful city, but the other day I had occasion to visit the great Columbia Library, where I chanced upon a book on the sights of New York that looked like an unabridged dictionary. I decided that, perhaps, it would not be wise to attempt a description of this big world of New York in

the compass of a letter. Besides, you expect to come here and see it for yourself some day.

The crowds, the bustle and hurry of traffic, the great "sky-scrapers," the wonderful under-ground railroad, the fine art galleries, the beautiful parks, the ships in the harbor are an endless source of wonder, and I have met people who have been living here three or four years and are still busy sightseeing.

I wish that you could see the view from my window! Below is the beautiful Hudson River and those high, rugged hills on the opposite shore are the Palisades, which stretch away to the north until they merge in the purple haze of the distance. To-day I am spending a great deal of time at the window, for twelve of the great white battleships of the United States are riding at anchor side by side with the gray warships of England. Prince Louis of Battenberg, the English admiral, is the guest of the city and for once those grim old sea monsters are the messengers of peace and good will.

I heard Dr. Henry van Dyke of Princeton University preach on Sunday last. Do you know his "A Handful of Clay" and that beautiful little prose poem, "The Footpath to Peace"? Some of his most delightful stories are in a book called "The Blue Flower."

One afternoon I visited the picture galleries of the Metropolitan Art Museum, where I saw two paintings by Corot and that wonderful picture, "The Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonheur, besides many others by the world's great masters.

Perhaps you have had just as good a time staying at home. Anything that you can tell me of yourself will be interesting to Your sincere friend,

KATHERINE STEVENS.

Answer this letter using your knowledge of books and pictures together with such information and experiences as can be used in making an interesting reply. Some pupils may wish to tell about their visit to the new Federal Building.

Seventh Year Letter-Writing

January, 1906.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

January 3, 1906.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Some one has said that only after we have seen them painted do we love the common things about us, and I have been thinking that this is especially true of roads and streets. How many of you, I wonder, have ever really appreciated the beauty of a woodland path until after you had seen one in a beautiful picture or had tried to put one into one of your own little color landscapes?

The prettiest roads, the ones that live longest in our memories are never straight nor level. I am thinking now of a long road which in its course makes the principal street of a quaint New England village. I saw it first one autumn morning long ago. The mists still hung like a silver veil in the distance, but the sun shone thru and lightened the trees and rocks. Close at hand were groups of happy children playing, while thru the open doors of the cottages we heard the low singing voices of the mothers at their work.

Beyond the village we paused in our walk to gather the nuts of the hazelwood which grew close to the roadside. The music of birds and the soft sound of distant hurrying waters came to our ears; the fragrance of flowers and of ripening fruit filled the air; in our hearts there was sweet content.

Have you not seen a road in some respects like this one? Perhaps you saw it in another season or in another part of our country; perhaps you rode instead of walked; you may have seen it in a picture or traveled it in a book. Write me about it. Your sincere friend,

KATHERINE STEVENS.

Sixth Year Letter-Writing

January, 1906.

LUDLOW, VERMONT,

January 1, 1906.

Dear Children:

As you see from this letter I am living in one of the mountainous regions of our country, where both the surface and the climate are very different from what you have in Indiana. Our State is sometimes called the Green Mountain State. I wonder if you could guess why. Here we have such long, cold winters that the snow comes in the autumn and stays until late in March and sometimes is so deep that we have to be shoveled out of our houses.

My life is spent with children and I am interested in the games which they play, after being housed so closely during the school hours of the day. I know some children who spend all their spare hours in winter, coasting. No, not with sleds as you imagine, but with long, flat boards, shaped like tennis racquets. These are called skees and are strapped to the feet. Down the children come from the top of a hill, standing erect when they start; some keeping so all the way to the foot, others falling midway in their flight and rolling to the bottom. Their rosy cheeks and bright eyes tell how much fun there is in the sport.

In summer these same children coasted, too. Can you guess how, without any snow or ice? Let me tell you. You have noticed how slippery your shoes become when you run in the grass a long time. Well, these children used a broad, smooth board or a kind of toboggan; two or three would crowd on, and away they would go over the long grass, on this self-same hill where they coast all winter. The path in the grass was almost as slippery as when covered with snow and ice; and the children's cheeks were almost as red, too.

You see I understand how children play whose homes are among the hills, but I am wondering what games you have where the country is so level, and the winters are so mild. Write to me about your favorite out-door game and how you play it and believe that I shall read your letter with great pleasure.

Always your friend,

ELIZABETH HARTLEY.

Answer the above letter.

The Way Out

CHANGE OF FOOD BROUGHT SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go thru school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost, I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine, and who were being cured by eating Grape Nuts.

"I had little faith, but procured a box, and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night, and in a few days began to grow stronger.

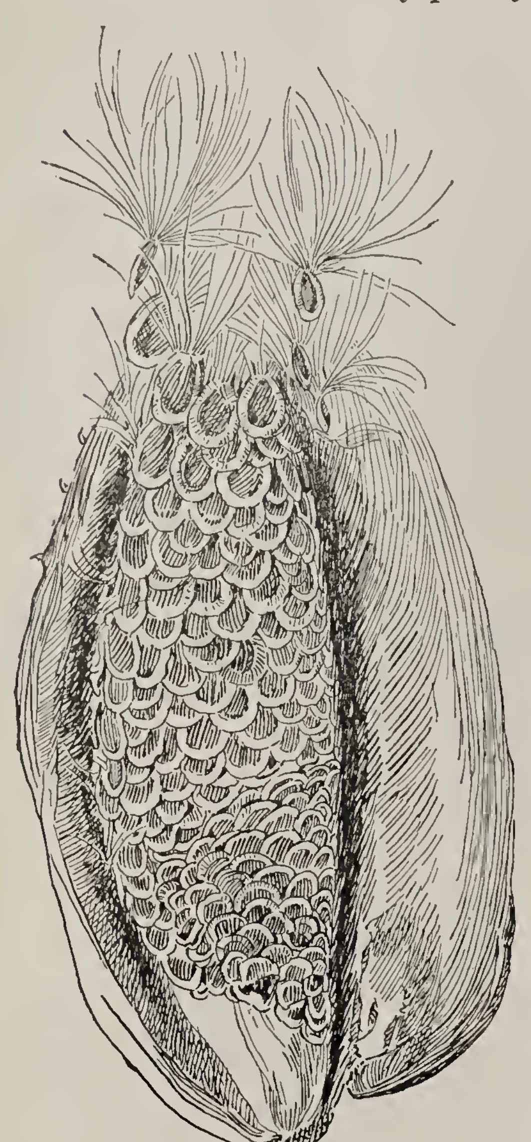
"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease —of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts. I am the mistress of a happy home and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

The Milkweed Pod.

In the fall we gathered milkweed pods and learned the little song, "Dainty Milkweed Babies."

After studying the milkweed in our science work we used it in a very pretty way for drawing.



The Milkweed Pod.

The pod and stem were drawn with green crayon, leaving the long slit in the side, white.

On this we pasted the real seeds with their "slips of sheeny white," giving the drawing a touch of life.

JESSIE M. ALEXANDER.

Illinois.

Multiplication Device---Lighting Candles.

To relieve the monotony of the constant multiplication drill of four times two are how many, and six times three are how many, I gave my class a little lesson on lighting candles. I had twelve candles drawn on the board and these were numbered from one to twelve. At one side of these were drawn twelve matches scattered about and numbered from one to twelve also.

When I announced that I wanted to see who in the class could light the most candles every face brightened,—quite a contrast to the day before, when I had announced that I wished each pupil to recite a table. I took charge of the candles and when I called on one to try, I pointed first to a match and then to a candle. If the match were numbered two and the candle ten the child would read as I pointed, "two times ten are twenty."

They continued to light the candles, using first one match and then another, until they had used all the matches and lighted all the candles, or in other words, said all the tables. But if a child made a mistake he was forced to sit down, for it was then understood that his match had gone out.

RUTH O. DYER.

Virginia.

Conundrums for Review.

I selected these conundrums and wrote them upon the blackboard one Friday afternoon. They proved a very interesting review for my history class, and aroused enthusiasm in several pupils who did not usually manifest much interest in the history work.

The following is the list with the answers:

1. A very remarkable discoverer,
   Mixed up somehow with an egg, I hear.
   Ans.—Columbus.

* * *

2. From a curious blunder arose his fame,
   To the biggest thing ever found he gave a name.
   Ans.—Amerigo Vespucci.

* * *

3. Gold, armor, and retinue all could not save;
   His mighty discovery was changed to a grave.
   Ans.—De Soto.

* * *

4. He felt of the headsman's ax and said, "This is sharp medicine, but a sure cure for all diseases."
   Ans.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

* * *

5. He read a great poem before a great fight,
   He climbed up a cliff and died on the height.
   Ans.—Wolfe, Gray's Elegy.

* * *

6. Amid many a nation and peril he strayed,
   Saved once by a compass and once by a maid.
   Ans.—John Smith.

* * *

7. Shrewd and miserly, witty and wise,
   He drew down flame by a string from the skies.
   Ans.—Franklin.

Family Runt

KANSAS MAN SAYS COFFEE MADE HIM THAT.

"Coffee has been used in our family of eleven —father, mother, five sons, and four daughters— for thirty years. I am the eldest of the boys and have always been considered the runt of the family and a coffee toper.

"I continued to drink it for years until I grew to be a man, and then I found I had stomach trouble, nervous headaches, poor circulation, was unable to do a full day's work, took medicine for this, that, and the other thing, without the least benefit. In fact I only weighed 116 when I was 28.

"Then I changed from coffee to Postum, being the first one in our family to do so. I noticed, as did the rest of the family, that I was surely gaining strength and flesh. Shortly after I was visiting my cousin, who said, 'You look so much better—you're getting fat.'

"At breakfast his wife passed me a large sized cup of coffee, as she knew I was always such a coffee drinker, but I said, 'No, thank you.'

"'What!' said my cousin, 'you quit coffee?'

"'Postum,' I said, 'or water, and I am well.' They did not know what Postum was, but my cousin had stomach trouble and could not sleep at night from drinking a large cup of coffee three times a day. He was glad to learn about Postum, but said he never knew coffee hurt anyone.

"After understanding my condition and how I got well he knew what to do for himself. He discovered that coffee was the cause of his trouble as he never used tobacco or anything else of the kind. You should now see the change in him. We both believe that if persons who suffer from coffee drinking would stop and use Postum they could build back to health and happiness." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

8. He wrote the words in a fiery hour,
That freed the nation from foreign power.
Ans.—Jefferson.

* * *

9. The Sage of Monticello. *Ans.—Jefferson.*

* * *

10. Two men engaged in a fiendish plot;
The one was hanged, the other was not.
Ans.—Andre and Arnold.

* * *

11. The Swamp Fox. *Ans.—Sumter.*

* * *

12. He won a certain mighty game;
His opponent bore his Christian name.
Ans.—George Washington.

* * *

13. The American Fabius. *Ans.—Washington.*

* * *

14. He made what would separate fiber from seed;
His mighty machine caused the nation to bleed
Ans.—Eli Whitney.

* * *

15. The Rail-Splitter. *Ans.—Lincoln.*

* * *

16. He canned up words, he gave speech wings,
A glorious light from his arches springs.
Ans.—Thomas Edison.

* * *

California. ANNA McLANAHAN

Fear in Birds.

"The rhea, or South American Ostrich, philosophers tell us, is a very ancient bird on the earth; and from its size and inability to escape by flight, and its excellence as food, especially to savages, who prefer fat, rank-flavored flesh, it must have been systematically persecuted by man as long as, or longer than, any bird now existing on the globe. If fear of man ever becomes hereditary in birds, we ought certainly to find some traces of such an instinct in this species. I have been unable to detect any, though I have observed scores of young rheas in captivity, taken before the parent bird had taught them fear. I once kept a brood myself, captured just after they hatched out. With regard to food they were almost, or perhaps quite, independent, spending most of the time catching flies, grasshoppers, and other insects with surprising dexterity; but of the dangers encompassing the young rhea they knew absolutely nothing. They would follow me about as if they took me for their parent; and whenever I imitated the loud snorting or rasping warning-call emitted by the old bird in moments of danger, they would rush to me in the greatest terror, though no animal was in sight and, squatting at my feet, endeavor to conceal themselves by thrusting their heads and long necks up my trousers. If I had caused a person to dress in white or yellow clothes for several consecutive days, and had uttered the warning cry each time he showed himself to the birds, I have no doubt that they would soon have acquired a habit of running in terror from him, even without the warning-cry, and that the fear of a person in white or yellow would have continued all their lives."

(W.H. HUDSON, in "The Naturalist in La Plate." Mr. Hudson has spent many years of his life on the pampas and no one can be in a better position to arrive at a conclusion on this mooted subject.)

Thoughts for Teachers.

The final result of a true education is not a selfish scholar, nor a scornful critic of the universe, but an intelligent and faithful citizen who is determined to put all his powers at the service of his country and mankind.—HENRY VAN DYKE.

The materials for effective moral instruction are found largely in literature, including history and the ballad. Literature abounds in this ethical material, and what is needed is its wise selection and impressive presentation in school instruction.—DR. EMERSON E. WHITE.

The skill of the teacher reaches its highest level in the ability to have the pupils draw the spiritual essence out of all facts and things, and therewith quicken their true ethical life.—PROF. RURIC N. ROARK.

As to language, there surely is no necessity of our children knowing any language but English, or any literature but English, because thru English we may get all that is most valuable in every other literature.—CHARLES W. ELIOT.

There is a fundamental principle that may well be enunciated: That in all moral, intellectual, and esthetic progress there is a movement upward from lower to higher incentives. The moment the inferior means of advancement has served its purpose it is to be discarded and higher and better means are to be substituted. Thus the personality is trained, disciplined, and brought nearer to perfection.—SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

No school training will stand the decisive test of right living that does not subject the will to habitual subordination to what Coleridge calls the imperative ought, the last word in the vocabulary of duty.—DR. EMERSON E. WHITE.

No, it is faith in the exhilarating touch of the mind with living truth that saves both teacher and pupil from the quackery of superficial and temporizing devices, as against natural and constitutional procedure.—ARNOLD TOMPKINS.

The Blood Medicine

That "puts a new life into your veins, a new strength into your muscles, a new lightness into your step; makes you feel better, look better, eat and sleep better; strengthens your shoulders for the burdens they must bear and makes the hardest work lighter and the darkest day brighter"—that medicine is

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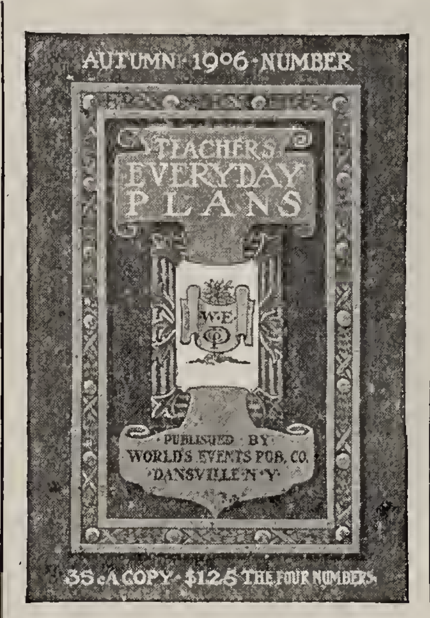

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Questions and Answers

By Amos M. Kellogg

Writing.—Readers are requested to write on one side of the paper, and if an answer by mail is desired, to enclose a stamped and directed envelope. It must not be expected that answers will appear at once, nor can all questions sent in be dealt with in these columns. Merely curious queries ought not to be sent, nor those that only need consulting the dictionary or cyclopedia. Right here we urge every teacher to have both these on his school desk. A well-equipped teacher will have both in his personal library.

Reading Fiction.—The fact that some parents object to the reading of fiction does not prove it to be objectionable or injurious, but they are entitled to a respectful hearing, nevertheless. We understand that the objection is a general one against the reading of fiction by teacher or pupil. If nothing is known of the teacher's literary habits than that she reads novels, we must confess to a prejudice against her ability as a teacher. No one ever grew intellectually, fed on fiction alone. There is such a thing as intemperate reading.

Notable Characters.—A reader in Montana (E. R. A.) gives a list of two hundred notable personages whom she introduces to her pupils, and concerning whom she requires investigation. The idea is a most excellent one, and we wish we had room for the list. One of these names is reported on each day, there being forty weeks in the school year. The pupils write compositions concerning them. This list may answer for some schools during eight years (this covers the grammar school course).

Limitation of Teacher's Power.—As was stated some months ago, the teacher's power over the pupil is limited to the school building and grounds. When the pupil steps into the street, the municipality and his parents are responsible. A. W. D. asks if she is responsible for injury done to fence pickets by pupils of her school. She is not; but she is censurable if she has not given instructions relative to right conduct on the way home. If the pupils, despite such instructions, damage property, the parents are to blame.

Reward Tokens. — S. L. G. writes concerning a practice she battled against successfully, of giving a gold pencil and books to pupils who had achieved a certain rank. In the place of this she kept a record, which was published in the village paper. The hard feelings that had prevailed were not aroused, and it was decided to lay aside the former plan permanently. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the entire community that getting an education is a sacred work, a righteous business, and not to be interfered with by offers of gold and silver.

Cure of Lying.—"Shall the teacher expose a case of lying in school?"

This is asked by M. R., of Maine, and the details of the incident are given, also the resulting censure of the school board. We think she was not pedagogically wise, in fact, that she was wrong. Did she

Maple: Leaf, Flowers and Seeds.

We extract the following from the *Medical Reprints:* The value of antikamnia tablets consists in their rapid effect in alleviating pain. Two tablets almost instantly relieve headaches or neuralgia. A dozen tablets should at all times be near at hand. Twenty-five cents will get a dozen from your druggist.

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Don't use breath perfumes. They never conceal the odor, and never absorb the gas that causes the odor. Besides, the very fact of using them reveals the reason for their use. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges in the first place stop for good all sour brash and belching of gas, and make your breath pure, fresh, and sweet, just after you've eaten. Then no one will turn his face away from you when you breathe or talk; your breath will be pure and fresh, and besides your food will taste so much better to you at your next meal. Just try it.

Charcoal does other wonderful things, too. It carries away from your stomach and intestines all the impurities there massed together, and which causes the bad breath. Charcoal is a purifier as well as an absorber.

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Send us your name and address to-day and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address, F. A. Stuart Co., 60 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Questions and Answers.

(Continued from page 166.)

expect thus to cure the pupil of lying? Was not the main result the lowering of the pupil in the school scale? Is not that a bad result? The offense was private (between teacher and pupil), but it was dragged out before the whole school. Cases like this demand much love, tact, and good judgment. You may let the person know that you doubt his word, but do not feel obliged to tell others your opinion.

Just What to Do.—A letter comes from Canada saying that a pupil was reprimanded, and then on going away at the close of school refused to say "Good Night," as was the custom. He was called back and kept in for half an hour, and he again refused. "What should I have done?" asks the teacher. Ten different teachers, possessing tact and judgment, would have done ten different things. We should not have kept him in. When he failed to say "Good Night," we might have called him back gently (for it is not a heinous fault), and might have said, "John, you do not like it because I reprimanded you, but surely you can wish me a 'Good Night' can you not, for all that?" You must look into the pupil's heart and see what is there in order to manage such cases.

Games.—I agree with J. L., of Ohio, that children need to be taught how to play and what to play. Froebel saw the need of this and devised suitable games. The colleges limit themselves to football and baseball and rowing; there is a powerful influence in them that almost compels students to take part. Play is not organized in the primary, grammar, and high schools; but every teacher should plan for play. It is not enough that he allow the pupils to go out of doors to play or not, as they may choose. There ought to be a good-sized building for play purposes adjacent to every country school; in this the teacher should appear with the pupils and give instruction and take an active part. But this being wanting on rainy days, work should be suspended, and games announced, the windows and doors thrown open. A good teacher will give much thought to this matter.

College Education.—It is perfectly right that you encourage even the poorest of your pupils to aim at a course in the university. California has many students at the State University that were as poor boys as any you have. Do not mind the declaration that some self-made men offer as to the needlessness of a college education. They have succeeded without it; they would have succeeded better with it. All the Congressmen from Indiana are college-bred men. Once this was only true of Massachusetts; now ten men out of fourteen are; twenty of New York's delegation are.

Public Sentiment.—It is well said by a South Dakota correspondent, "The basis of the teacher's government is laid in the sentiment of the pupils; he must keep them along with him; it is not a one-man government."

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Pieces to Speak.

Autumn Fires.

In the other gardens,
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bon-fires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over,
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Wind.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing thru.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

The Cloud.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Badgered, snubbed, and scolded on the one hand; petted, flattered, and indulged on the other,—it is astonishing how many children work their way up to an honest manhood in spite of parents and friends. Human nature has an element of great toughness in it.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for any one else.

—Charles Dickens.

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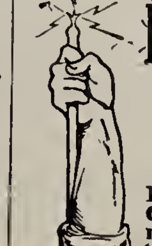
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Pieces to Speak.

Flower Lullaby.

All of the flowers are going to bed,
Daisies are nodding their pretty white heads,
Clovers have softly just whispered "Good night,"
Soon Mother Nature will tuck them up tight.

"Lullaby, lullaby," now the winds sigh,
"Mother will watch you while winter is nigh;"
Over them softly she spreads a white sheet,
"Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, babies, sleep."

Softly, so softly, she's calling them all;
"Hasten, oh, bluebells, or night shades will fall;
Buttercups, buttercups, come to your rest,
Little forget-me-not is all undressed.

"Maples are taking off dresses of green,
And in bright dressing-gowns now can be seen;
Oak trees are going more slowly to bed,
With pretty night-caps of dark brown and red."

Addie Litchfield.

Sing a Song of Sixpence.

Sing a song of sixpence!
Pussy had a dream;
That within the pantry
She was drinking cream.
Early in the morning
Jane the housemaid found
Dreaming little pussy,
In the milk-pail drowned.

Sing a song of sixpence!
Such a wee brown mouse
Finding pussy absent
Frisked about the house.
Ere the night was ended,
Mousie ran away;
Taking from the cupboard
Sweets to eat next day.

The Wind.

The wind has a language I would I could learn;
Sometimes it is soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern;
Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,
And all things grow calm as the sound floats along;
And the forest is lulled with the dreamy strain;
And slumbering sinks down on the wandering main;
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

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A Question of Preparation

The position in which you find yourself in the school system of your county for this coming school year was largely determined by your attitude toward school interests during the past year. Probably every teacher who studied to improve herself has been eagerly sought for a more responsible position.

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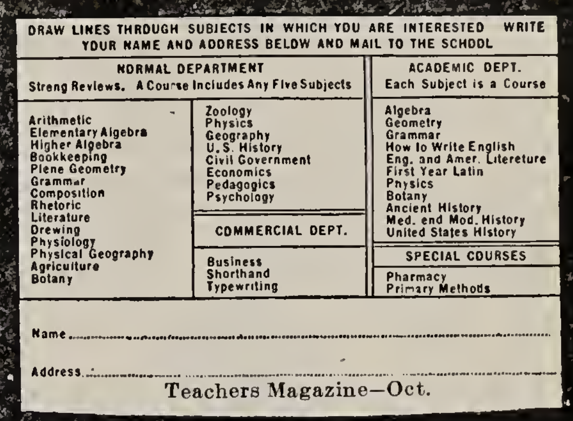

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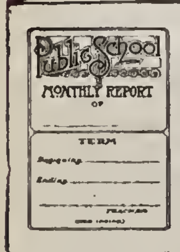

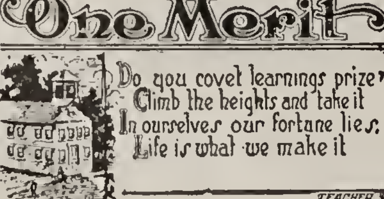

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A prominent educator in a recent speech in Chicago laid emphasis upon the fact that a large percentage of those who enter the profession of teaching make no further effort to improve themselves after they get into the business. They seem to count the flight of time, the mere work of the clock, as a means of promoting them in position and advancing them in salary. Experience in teaching counts for nothing, aside from skill in the mechanics of school management, unless the teacher makes improvement right along in his or her work. More and more promotions and advancement in salary are made on the basis of the teacher's growth, the teacher's improvement in academic and professional attainments.

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Some school principals and county superintendents insist that the teachers under their supervision shall pursue some correspondence course of instruction each year for their own sake and for the benefit of the schools which they teach. In addition to added ability acquired thru such study, the mere fact that the teacher is herself taking a course of study has a remarkably good influence upon her pupils, as they can see that teachers as well as pupils are, and ought to be, students. In all parts of the country teachers are working for advancement of salaries, and along with this movement the teacher must equip herelf to be worth the wages demanded.

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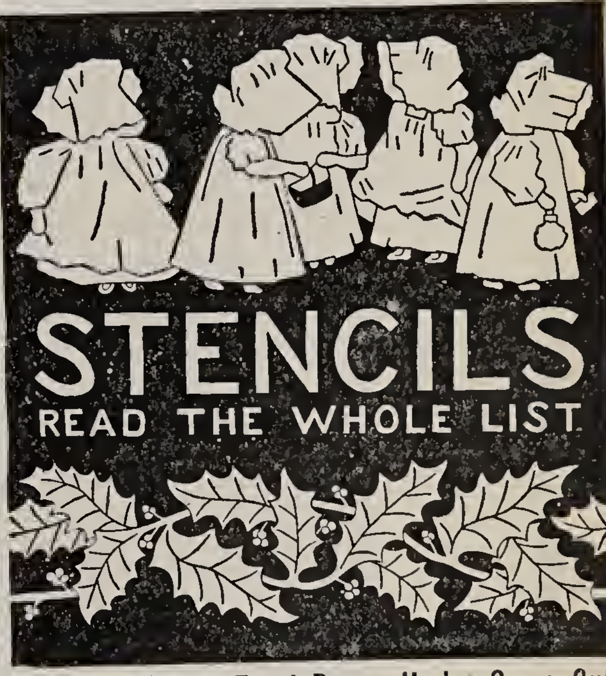

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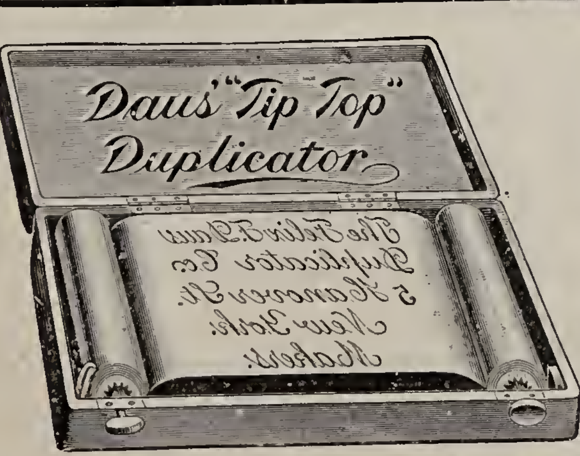

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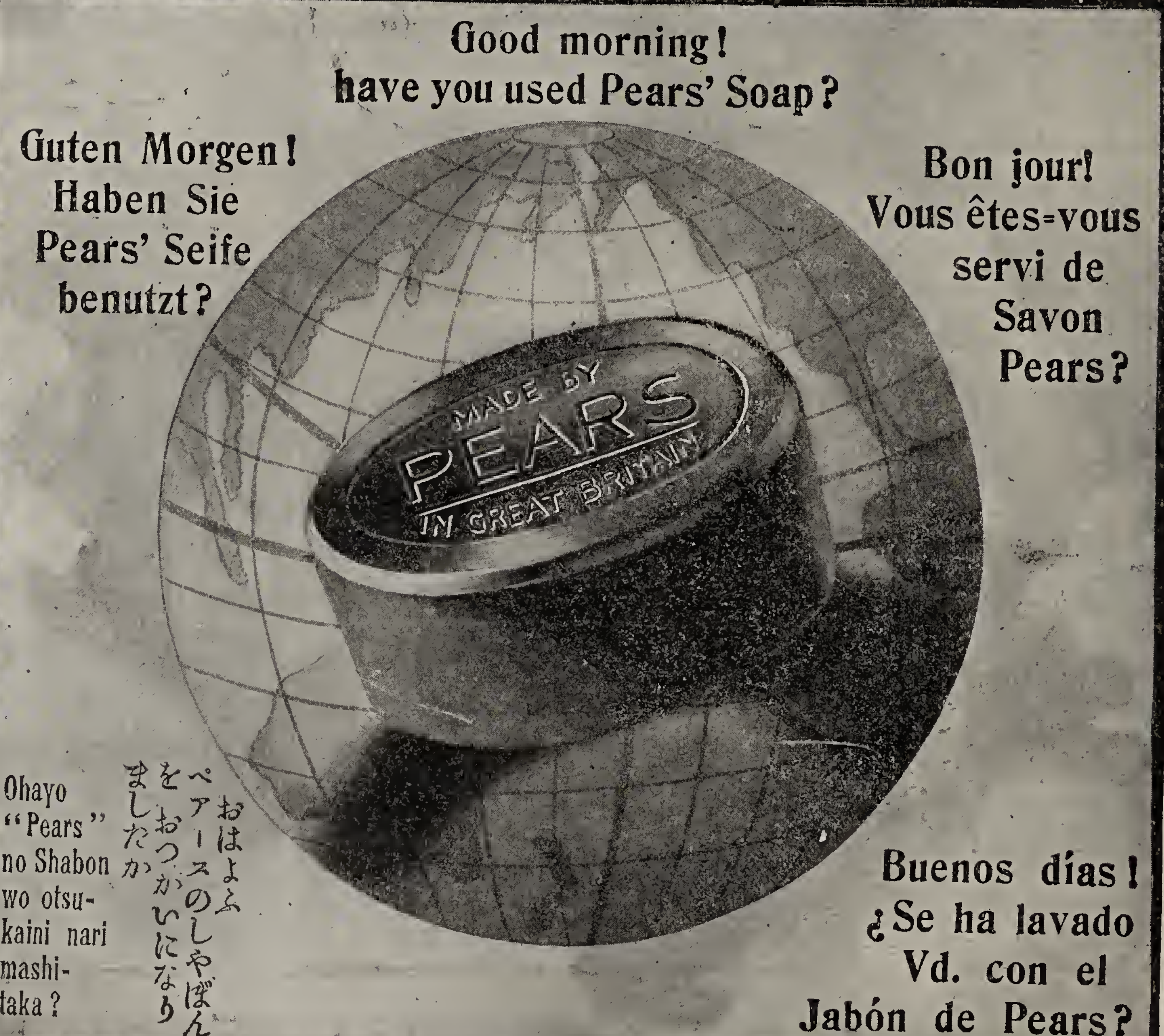

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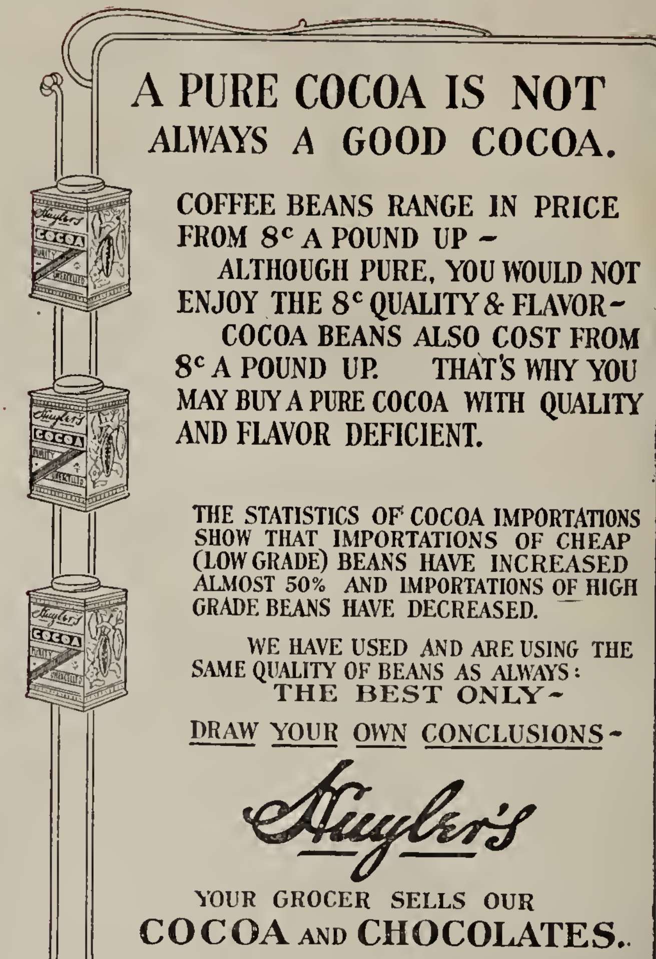

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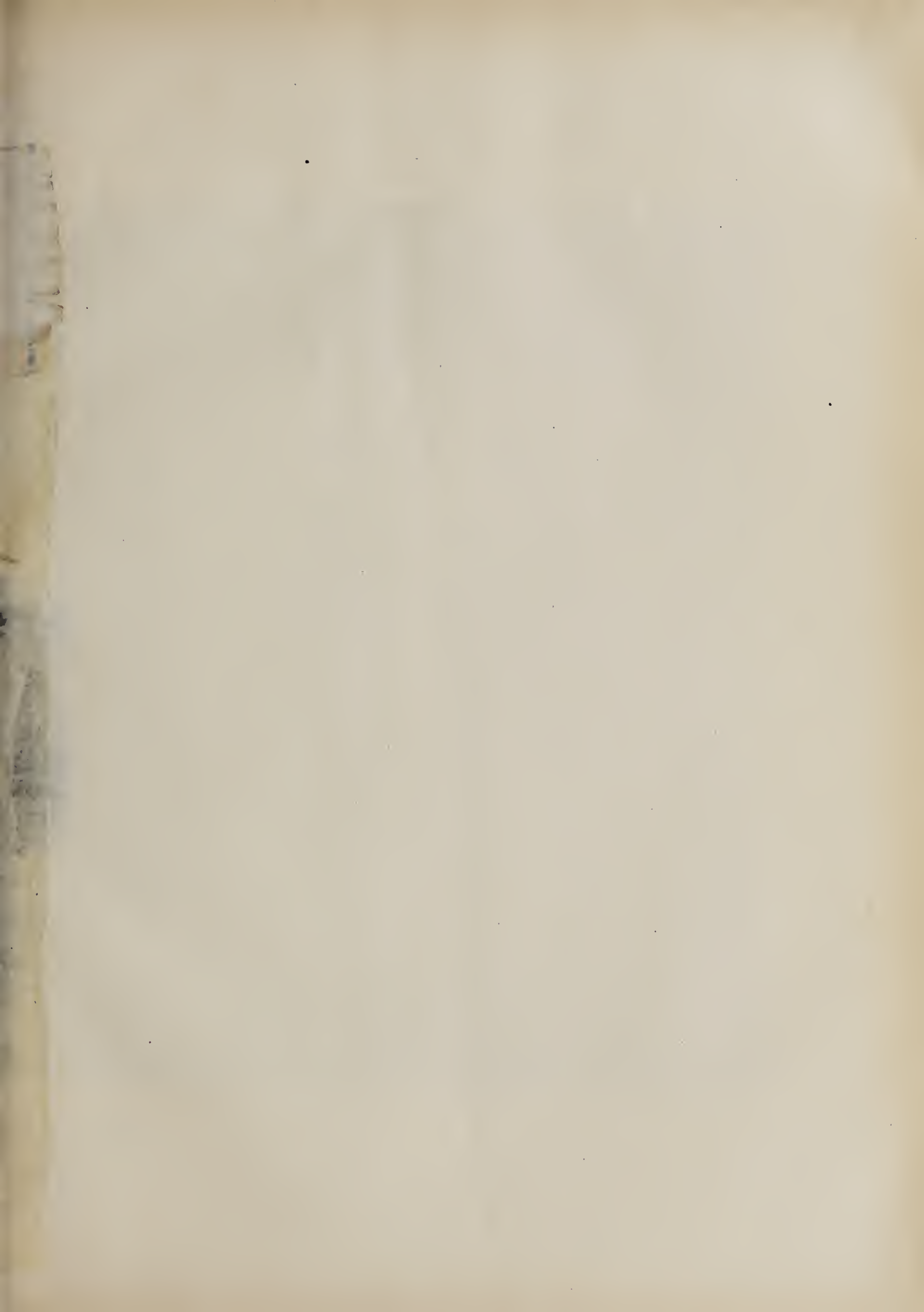

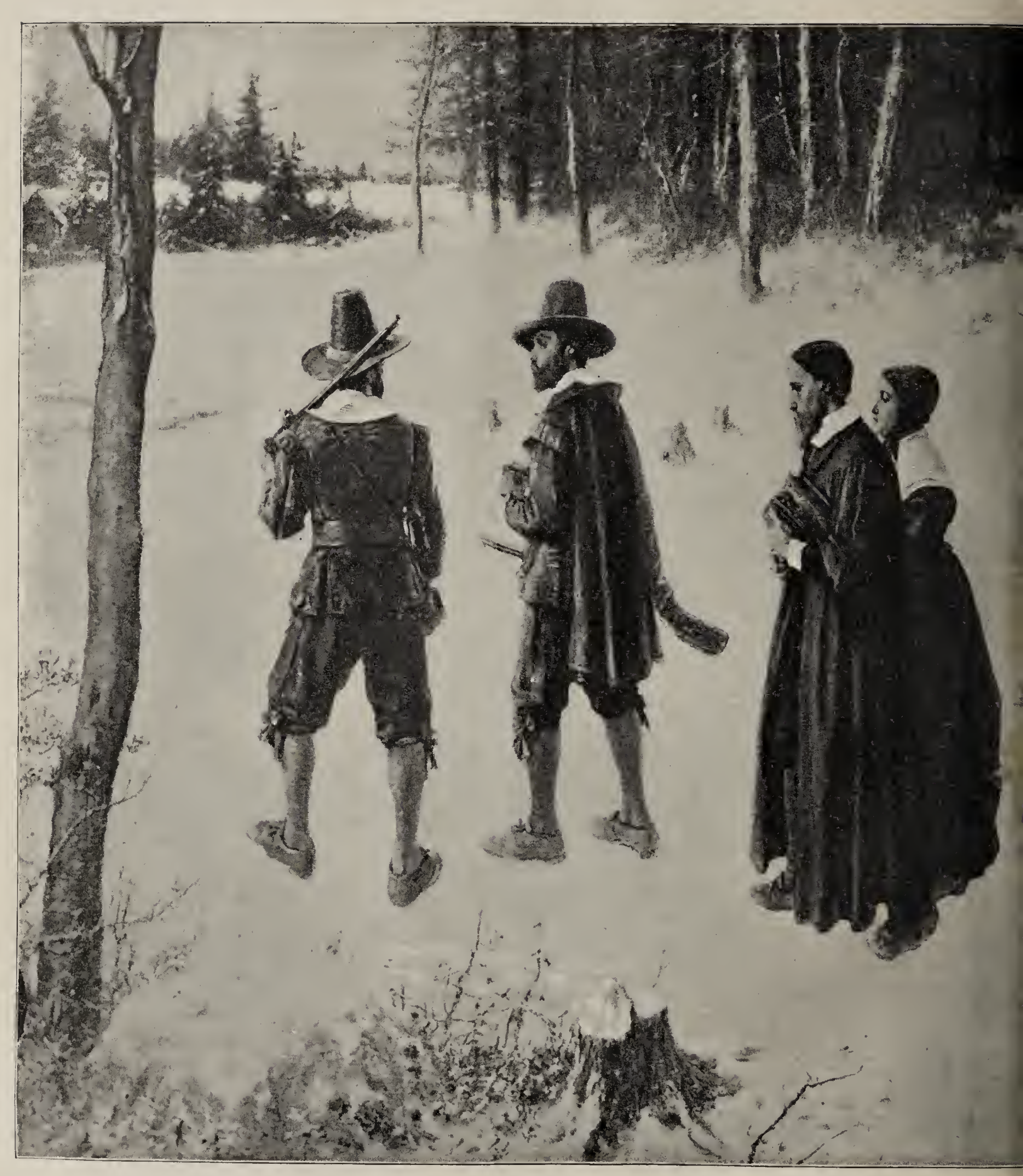

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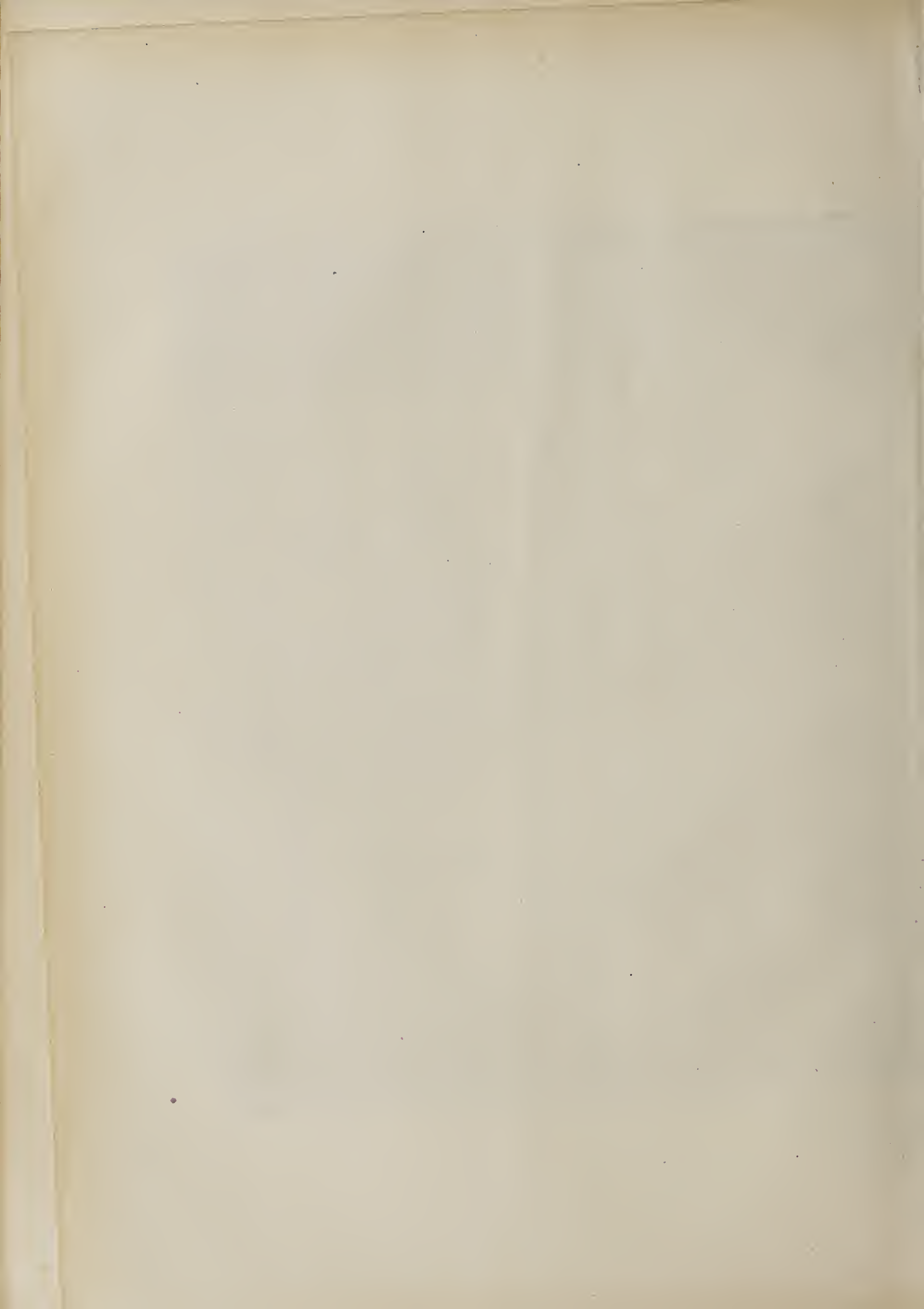

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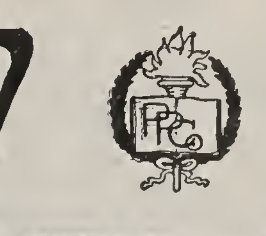

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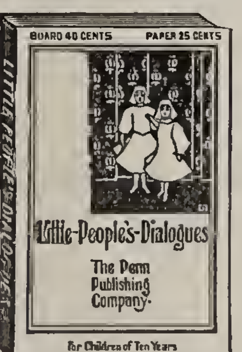

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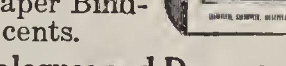

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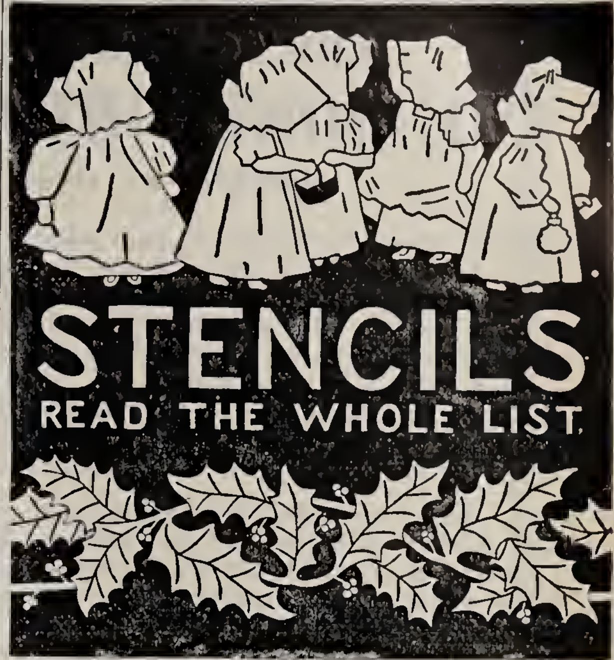

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Song Music

Conducted by ALYS E. BENTLEY, Director of Music in the Schools of Washington, D. C.

The Monotone

From all sides teachers are sending in the queries, "What shall I do with the children who cannot sing?" "What shall I do with my unmusical children?"

Perhaps I can answer these teachers in no better way than by putting the questions: "How do you know that these children cannot sing?" "Are you quite sure that they are unmusical?" "Are you quite confident that you are giving these so-called 'unmusical' children a fair opportunity to discover latent musical gifts or traits before branding them for life as 'unmusical'?" This question challenges the serious consideration of all teachers of little children. Besides the children who cannot sing, or are unmusical, there is the other class of those who do not sing. In the latter group may possibly be found the most musical child in your school.

"What!" I hear you exclaim, "that little boy who never sings, and that little girl who sings all on one tone, you call *them* musical?"

Yes; the little girl may be the most musical child in your school, and the little boy may one day be a great composer.

The story is told of a child who could not sing as his teacher wished. When the class sang, he would invariably sing another part. The teacher thought him wilfully disobedient, and punished him. As for the child whose exquisitely musical nature did not suffer him to hear the unadorned simple melody, but clothed it with rare harmonies beyond the understanding of an unmusical teacher, he suffered as only such children can suffer, from the undeserved rebukes.

This child was Robert Franz.

Some people consider him the greatest writer of songs that the world has known.

I have heard some music lessons, so called, that must have been a torment to any real musical child, and it would be small wonder if such a child absolutely refused to take any part in the performance.

You have all heard music lessons that would have done credit to the teacher of arithmetic, and others that were three-fourths physical culture lessons, and the other fourth hodge podge.

All this is just another way of saying that we must be very sure that the music lesson we are giving has real value from the standpoint of music. It is very easy to be deceived on this point. Perhaps it would be well occasionally to call in a musician (we all count many of them among our friends), to ask his frank judgment of the so-called music lesson. A more musicianly standard for the music lesson might open the sealed lips of some of these children whom, so far, you have been unable to arouse. I venture to predict that it would.

Now for a word regarding the children who sing all on one tone. Frequently these are children whose interest in the music lesson is liveliest, and who seem to get the most enjoyment from participation in it. Don't crush that interest. The situation is a delicate one, I admit, but if you are a sympathetic teacher you can handle it artfully. There are many devices for suppressing the monotone, without suppressing the child. Gently suggest to him that he listen this time. Get him to sing softly, *just for you*. Never, on any account, let him sing alone before the other children, as they are sure to be amused, and little children are strangely sensitive about trying a second time, once they have been the victim of a hearty laugh from other children. Above all, *never* call the child a "monotone." This name must sound as unfriendly to every child as it did to the little boy who sobbingly said to me, "That's the name she called me."

The best possible remedy for the monotone is thru hearing music. Give these children the best songs sung in the best way. Tone deafness in a child should be treated on the same scientific basis as total deafness. There can be no possible defense for the plan of treating an unmusical child in an unmusical way.

Keep the child in the atmosphere of the best music, at the same time prevent the child from becoming self-conscious about his singing, and you are pretty sure to develop real musical appreciation, if not actual musical ability, in this tone-deaf child.

As for the unmusical children, the same rule applies to them. Stop teaching *about* music, and teach the thing. Get away from the music lesson, and let the children sing.

It is surely a very serious thing to mark a child for life as tone-deaf or a monotone, or unmusical, thereby denying him, perhaps, one of the greatest delights in life. We have no right to make so grave a decision for any child, and it should be our greatest care to encourage the unmusical child, and open the world of music to him.

The Squirrels' Thanksgiving.

Frank H. Swett.
From St. Nicholas.
By per. of the Century Co. and the Author.

Eleanor Smith.

Allegro. *p cresc.* *dim.* *p cresc.* *dim.*

Up in the top of a walnut tree Squirrels are having a ju-bi-lee, And, bright and gay, They frisk and play, And hold their harvest hol-i-day, And show their thanks In squirrel pranks For gather'd nuts they've stored away.

From "First Book, The Modern Music Series."
By permission of Silver, Burdett & Company, Publishers.

NOTE.—Last month TEACHERS MAGAZINE contained a cunning little song by Harvey Worthington Loomis, called "The Trees Know." Another new and equally enjoyable song, called "Seven O'Clock," by the same composer, was promised for this month. At Miss Bentley's suggestion, "The Squirrels' Thanksgiving" is substituted this month because of its timeliness. "Seven O'Clock" is a delightful song that will keep.

Watertown Plans

Conducted by Supt. FRANK R. PAGE, Watertown Mass.

(Last year TEACHERS MAGAZINE published a report of work done in the schools of Watertown, Mass. The readers were so well pleased that the editor asked the Superintendent to supply each month an account of the plans carried on in his schools. There is a wealth of suggestions which thoughtful teachers will know how to utilize for the good of the pupils, wherever they may be.—The Editor.)

A Sixth Grade Trip to Boston.

THE trip to Boston is taken by the sixth grade early in November. It is a geographical and historical trip. Its purpose is threefold: first, to study Boston as a typical large American city; second, to study those characteristics which differentiate it from New York, Chicago, New Orleans, and other big cities, characteristics to which frequent reference is made for comparison in studying the other large cities of the country in the geography lessons of the year; third, to study concretely landmarks associated with American history.

The preparation for the trip takes between three and four weeks. In this preparation the periods in the daily program assigned to geography and history are used. As with all our trips careful preparation is important. The teacher however well she may know the ground, should walk over it carefully before beginning the preliminary lessons. The pupils must know just what they are to see and must understand the historical events associated with certain places and buildings before they start.

Watertown is eight miles from Boston. A special car is taken from the school to the subway. There the class transfers to an elevated train which leaves them at the South Station. The class walks from there to the State House, and takes from there another special car on the return. The expense for a class of forty-five is about seventeen cents each. The trip takes about four hours, an hour and three-quarters of which is spent on the cars. A class of forty-five is divided into three sections, one in charge of the teacher, one in charge of the principal, and the third, the superintendent. The children walk two by two, quietly, but not necessarily in military order. Gum, peanuts, candy, and all eatables are forbidden. School trips cannot be picnics. Each pupil has a note book and pencil. In the note book is a list of the things to be seen made out in school with a space after each for noting observations on the trip.

For preparing the trip each teacher has a typewritten account of the places to be seen, a guide book, a copy of "Bacon's Historic Pilgrimages in New England," a good map of Boston, and a complete collection of pictures of the points of interest on the trip. One of the boards in each of our school-rooms is covered with burlap. On this the map is fastened, and on it each picture as it is talked about is put up. As the preparation progresses topics, one for each point of interest, are entered in the blank books by the pupils, with, especially in the case of historical places, brief descriptive notes. Things which pupils can find out for themselves at the time of the trip are not told them, but sufficient space is left under each topic for the record of these observations. The pupils know just what these things are, and on the trip they have their eyes open and their pencils ready for them. After the trip has been taken the story is written up from the notes and illustrated in the form of a miniature guide book.

This is a list of the things seen. Mt. Auburn St., Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Lowell's Home, Longfellow's Home, Longfellow Park, Charles River, Harvard Stadium, Harvard College, Massachusetts and Harvard Halls, Johnson Gate, Wadsworth House, College Library, Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge City Hall, Harvard Bridge, Back Bay, Beacon St., Commonwealth Ave., Statue of Leif Ericson, Copley Sq., Boston Public Library, New Old South Museum of Fine Arts, Trinity Church, Institute of Technology, Public Gardens, the Subway.

Transfer in the subway to an elevated train.

North Station, Navy Yard, Ferry Boats, Steamship lines, Constitution Wharf, Commercial Wharf, T. Wharf, Long Wharf, South Station.

Here the class leaves the train and passes in. They note its size, the waiting-rooms and offices, the number of tracks and train boards. They visit the two o'clock train for Chicago, and are shown how the berths are made up. Later, when studying Chicago, they take an imaginary trip on the same train.

Summer St., Jordan, Marsh & Co., Old South Meeting House, Washington St., Old Corner Book Store, Newspaper Row, Post Office, Globe Press Room, Old State House, site of Boston Massacre, Ames Building.

The pupils ride to the top of this, the tallest building in Boston, and see from the roof the next three places.

Fanueil Hall, Old North Church, Bunker Hill Monument, Scollay Sq., Tremont St., King's Chapel.

The class goes in and sees the things of interest.

Tremont Building, Old Granary Burying Ground, Park St. Church, Subway Stations, Shaw Memorial, Common, State House, Civil War Flags, Hall of Representatives, Senate Chamber, Governor's office. If the Governor is in and is not too busy, the trip comes to a memorable end with a brief reception at which each pupil is presented to His Excellency.

One or two examples will show how the topics are used. Take for example Lowell's House. The preparation in class would consist of information regarding the age of the house, the time of Lowell's birth, and how long he lived there, a review of already known facts about Lowell and his poetry. Notes on these points are taken down in the book. Then these questions are asked, and space left for answering them at the

time of the trip. What is the shape, size, and color of the house? Who else besides Lowell lived there? Why is it called Elmwood? Take the topic Washington St. The pupils are told that it is the main shopping street, It is left for them to find out at the time of the trip the names of some of the important shops, the width of the street, the width of the sidewalk, the narrowest part of the street, the busiest corner. Under the topic, Old State House, the pupils are told beforehand the part played by the building in history. They are asked to find out these things. What is the coat of arms on the rear of the building, and why is it there? What is the building used for to-day? What is the device on the front; What is the motto, and what does it mean? How does it compare in size with the Ames Building, with the new State House?

The mere enumeration of the topics give out little idea of the scope of the trip. A small volume could be written on it. The things seen are referred to again and again all thru the year. Each name in the list is a key which unlocks any amount of real history and concrete seeable geography. And for educative value such history and such geography must not be mentioned in the same week with the text-book kind.

A November Day Program in the First Grade

The morning talk holds the most important place in our firstgrade programs. The subjects of these talks are drawn from the fields of literature, art, history, science, industry. They are interesting and within the little child's comprehension, and more than that they are worth while. They are things he ought to know; they constitute the first steps in his acquaintance with the world he lives in—and that acquaintance is education. We find that we can make formal subjects, such as reading and writing, more interesting to the children and much more easily taught by relating them to the subject of the morning talk. We make use of correlation in a common-sense sort of way, not correlating for the sake of correlating. It can be made a ridiculous and wretched master, but it may be used in moderation, a most efficient servant.

The accompanying day's program, while it tends toward an extreme of correlation, is one, however, that has been successfully tried. It was prepared and taught by Miss Mary Knox of the Francis School.

In the month of November our morning talks naturally direct the children's attention to the weather, shorter days, colder winds, falling leaves, harvest time, approach of Thanksgiving, storing of nuts for the winter, the squirrels in the woods.

The following program shows how possible it is to correlate a day's work—that is, to base the reading, writing, language, busy work, songs, and games upon the morning talk in a perfectly natural sequence.

The subject selected for the morning talk is the Wind, and after the usual opening exercises the teacher gathers the children about her, as is the custom, and by tactful questioning turns the conversation to the wind. After talking about different winds, north, east, west, south, the children decide that it is the north wind they felt on their way to school this morning, and so it is the north wind which is emphasized, and the children are led to tell about the things which the north wind does—both harm and good—makes ships go down, turns wind-mills, etc. This recalls the Mother Goose rhyme.

> The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow,
> And what will poor robin do then? Poor thing!
> He will sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
> And tuck his head under his wing, poor thing!

This litle rhyme has been set to music and is sung by the children several times. After the talk is over, they decide that they would like to play they were the north wind, so they go rushing and blowing to their chairs. It is now time for the writing lesson, and instead of writing unrelated words or letters, the teacher writes on the blackboard the first line of the rhyme, which the children copy. These papers are put carefully in the desk, ready to be mounted on a page for the books which they are making. This lesson is followed by a few minutes of free time and the children are allowed to choose which of the four winds they would like to be, and each group, in turn, runs around the room and back to their chairs.

The whole rhyme is now printed on the blackboard and the children are asked to come to the board and pick out the words, some new, and others that they already know; this comprises the word drill for the day.

The following sentences are printed and compose the reading lesson.

> It is very cold.
> I think it is going to snow.
> What will the poor little robin do?
> I know what he will do.
> He will go in the barn.
> It will be warm in the barn.
> He will go to sleep.
> Poor little robin! Go into the barn.
> Tuck your head under your wing.
> Sleep, sleep, little robin.

While one group is reading, those who remain in their seats are illustrating the rhyme with scissors and colored paper, and from their little hands are evolved the snug, warm barn and robin. Some of the children are building the barn with blocks. Still another little group is at the sand table, where they are molding the barn for the robin. After the reading lesson, the children are given sheets of white punched paper upon which they mount the picture and the morning writing lesson which tells the story of the picture. This completes the page for their book. In the story-telling period the teacher tells the story of Father Eolus and the Four Winds, his sons. During the day this story is retold by the children and dramatized. The poem for the day

is "The Wind," by Robert Louis Stevenson, and the song selected is "The Wind," by Jessie Gaynor, in "Songs of the Child World," No. 1.

It will be noted that there is no provision in this program for number work. That is not because number in not taught in this first grade, but I see no reason why the number lesson for this day could not be related also by a resourceful teacher. However, this is not necessary, as number is distinctly a formal study and rather impossible to correlate.

This program is for only one day but every day's work can be carefully planned in a similar manner and be full of interest and meaning to the children.

They are doing real things and are developing strength. Because they have this real interest and not merely an imitation one, their power to do increases in the same degree as does their interest in what they are doing.

Designed by G. H. Shorey.

A Second Grade Plan for Hiawatha

OUR children in the second grade spend ten weeks with Hiawatha. It is the most popular piece of reading that the children do, and the popularity alone would justify its use. Following are the outline suggestions given the teachers when the reading begins.

The aim of the work in Hiawatha is to arouse real interest in the children and to develop their creative and imaginative powers, and, perhaps, to sow the seeds of a liking for poetry. As aids in furthering this aim there should be, first, a collection of Indian things at the school; have pictures of Indians, arrow heads, bows and arrows, moccasins, pottery, baskets, models of canoes, and anything else that will add to the vividness of the subject. Encourage the children to bring things from home. Keep the collection neatly arranged in a corner of the room. Second, there should be a good deal of constructive work. Have an Indian village made on the sand table. Have the forest, wigwams made of cotton cloth or birch bark, canoes of paper or birch bark, pottery of clay, Indian figures made of clay, and so on. In the corner of the room, have a big wigwam made of burlap decorated in colors with poles for support. Have it large enough to accommodate several children. Weave the Indian blankets as busy work on simple looms made by the children or on the looms made by the sixth grade pupils. Third, dramatize parts of the story; have the children dress up as Indians; encourage playing Indian out of doors. Fourth, have the children write stories and copy the poetry, and have a good deal of free drawing and paper cutting done as busy work to illustrate their stories. Commit to memory all the poetry in the Hiawatha primer and have the songs sung. Fifth, visit the Peabody Museum at Harvard. Carefully prepare this trip beforehand and know just what you are going to show the children.

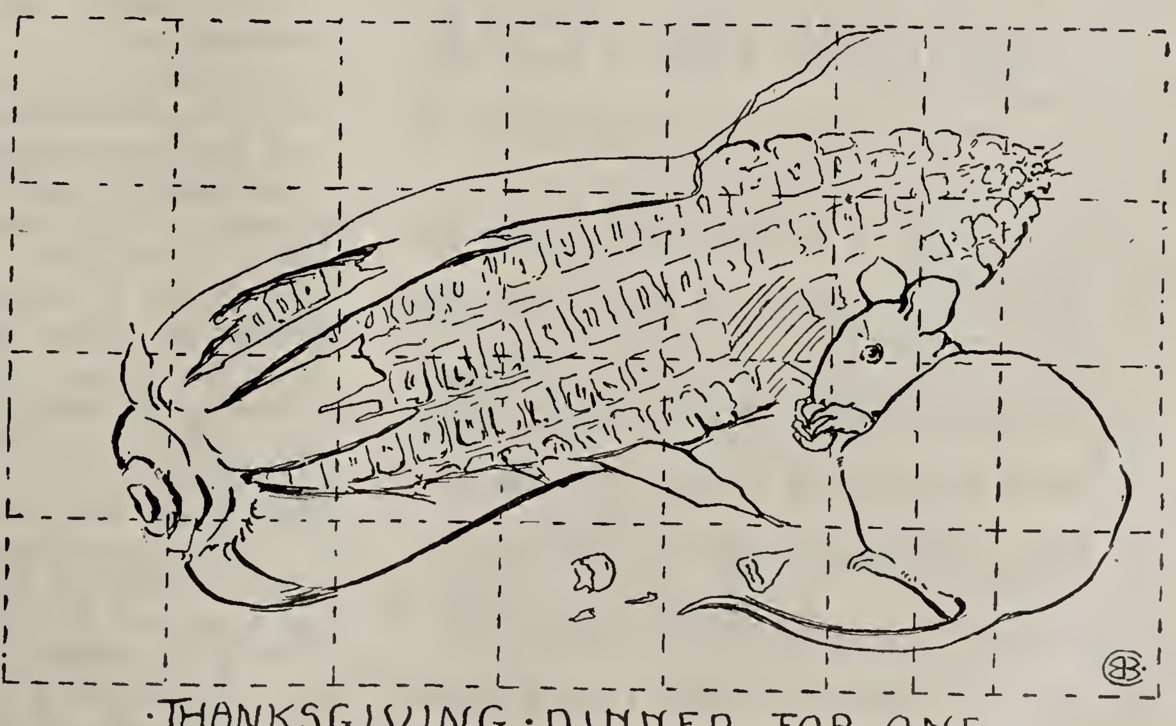
As the reading goes on, the children should be told a good deal about the habits of the Indians. A good little book of reference for the teacher is Starr's "American Indians," published by Heath. What the Indian looks like; his dress; Indian blankets; moccasins; beads; the primitive conditions in which he lived; fishing; hunting; fighting; war bonnets; scalp locks; Indian canoes; the wigwam; the Indian baby; cradle; Indian writing; Indian baskets, and pottery. Remington's "Hiawatha" has good Indian pictures, and so has the Riverside edition of "Hiawatha." Both of these books should be in the school-room.

Begin the work by telling about the Indians who once owned this country, and how the white man came and drove them farther and farther west. Tell them where the Indians live to-day. Tell them about Mr. Longfellow and his poem. A good deal of Hiawatha in the original should be read to the children. If it is well read, they will enjoy it even if they do not grasp all the meaning. In their own reading try hard to have them imagine the scenes. Read to the children very slowly "Hiawatha's Childhood." Dramatize scenes.

Have the Indian village gradually constructed. Then from the poem read "Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis." Tell the children that this is the story of how Hiawatha visited his father, and of what Hiawatha's father told him. Read this slowly and dramatically to the children. Try to have them picture some of the scenes. Have some Indian corn in school and explain how the Indians used it. Read the story of Mondamin from "Hiawatha's Fasting" in the poem. Have the children make the Indian canoe. Then form the poem. Read selections from "Hiawatha's Sailing" and "Hiawatha's Fishing." Tell the children the story of Minnehaha, and read selections from "Hiawatha's Wooing" in the poem. Tell the children about the picture writing, and read selections from "Picture writing" in the poem. Tell the children about the famine, the death of Minnehaha, the coming of the white man, and Hiawatha's departure. Read selections from the poem.

Towards the close of the work the children will be interested in having a Hiawatha afternoon to which some of their parents may be invited. Have the children recite and sing from Hiawatha. Have them read from the books they have made. Have them explain the Indian village. Have them show the blankets they have woven. Give a dramatized selection. Let the children wear Indian costumes.

Take a trip to the Peabody Museum at Harvard, to see the Indian curiosities, before the reading is quite finished. Have them notice the Longfellow House, and walk thru the yard at Harvard, and let them feed the squirrels.



·THANKSGIVING·DINNER·FOR·ONE·

Designed by Miss. B. B. Cleaveland, Supervisor of Drawing, Washington Court House, Ohio.

English Composition in the Grammar Grades. IV

Conducted by HARRIET E. PEET, Chicago.

Work in Description.

THE image holds an important part in all mental processes, for it is the basis of all thought. If images are weak or indefinite, there is a corresponding failure in thought; if vivid, there is a vigor of thought and an inclination toward a dramatic quality in the expression of the same. The endeavor to communicate an impression helps to clear it up. The ability to do so in graphic language gives a person power and influence. Therefore, both from a psychological and from a social standpoint work in description is valuable. To make the social aim more explicit, since rhetoric has that excuse for being, attention should be called to the fact, first, that description is not only a form of discourse in itself, but that it performs an important function in exposition, narration, and argumentation; and that, second, just as the experimenting with water colors or crayons gives a child knowledge of those mediums, the experimenting with language with a similar aim in view, the picturing of a thing, gives a knowledge of a medium far more subtle, flexible, comprehensive, and valuable.

Power in description may be developed in the children by stimulating them to write down their impressions of things in their daily experience, and by giving them, as occasions may arise, opportunity to describe from their imagination scenes in literature, history, and geography. Excursions will furnish material, as will, also, nature's recurring phenomena, such as in storms, fogs, summer rains, the first snows of the season, the first signs of spring, and the advent of Indian summer. Further, works of art will be found a source of inspiration when used in this connection. The children will not only become familiar with them but in their endeavor to interpret them they will come very close to the heart of them. It is well to have copies of the great masterpieces at hand with the stories connected with them. This may be used in connection with the regular studies, or for special holiday work.

From a mechanical standpoint a tendency will be found among the children to catalog items instead of making their descriptions organic wholes. They are inclined, also, to take it for granted that their mental pictures exist in the minds of others and to leave their descriptions accordingly indefinite.

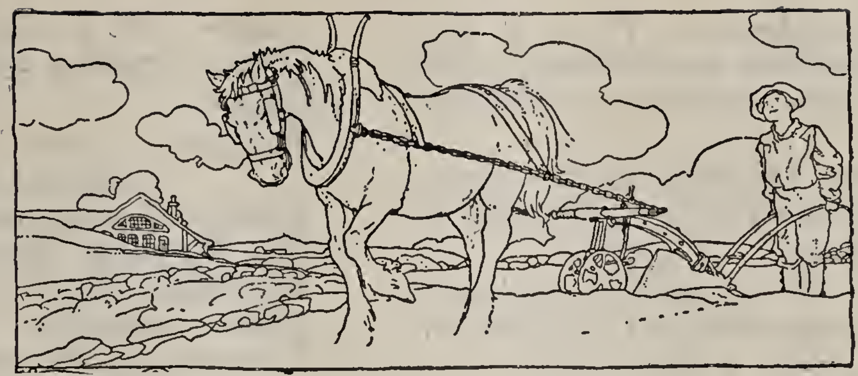
The correction of the first tendency seems difficult, in that success in description depends upon the expression of what has been perceived in the order of perception. The general or large masses are seen first, the large details are next perceived, and then come the fine and finer details. To impart these in this order from an analysis requires more introspection than is possible in a child; but, if the impression is made strong, and the pupil made conscious of the fact that he is to have an audience, he will instinctively follow this order. Interest in the impression and a social motive in the expression are, in short, the mainsprings to success. The second difficulty may be prevented by suggesting that the children criticise their work from the standpoint of the four w's,—the when, the where, the who (or what), and the why.

The expression of thought in this form of discourse will call for great discrimination in the use of words and a vital knowledge of the figures of speech, but the greatest opportunity offered here, from the standpoint of technique, is the work that it is possible to do with the sentence. This may be done here because it is in description that the sentence can be easily seen to be a miniature composition, that it, too, as well as the composition as a whole, must have unity, coherence, and continuity; that is, it must contain only one thought; this must be clearly expressed, and its parts follow each other in a regular order. They must further see that its form must suit the mood of the author, that the description of a fire, for example, will call for one kind of a sentence, and that of a twilight for another.

That this work upon the sentence is important can be inferred from the fact that college professors make the statement that a student may enter college with no knowledge of the forms of discourse and no knowledge of the paragraph, but if he has no knowledge of the sentence his doom in English is sealed. The way to prevent the stunting of this growth, let it be said here, is not to limit the pupils in the primary grades to short, simple sentences, as is often done, but, from the first, to train their ears to rhythmical flowing English. This will give them a feeling for language out of which will grow a definite knowledge of its possibilities and skill in its use.

The form of discourse which is most natural

to the children in the primary schools is narration. Work in description will not appeal to them unless it is in the form of a guessing game. One of these may be played in this way. A child asks his schoolmates to guess what he is thinking about. He describes some object by giving its characteristics, or its surroundings.



The following series may illustrate what may be done in the grammar grades.

Series I. Variety in Form.

1. One summer morning when the sun was hot,
   Weary with labor in his garden-plot,
   On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves,
   Sir Federigo sat among the leaves.

Describe a scene naming the four w's, as has been done in the verse above.

2. Whirling sand suggests a desert, the sound of a whip-poor-will twilight. Describe a setting for a story in such a way that some of the four w's are suggested.

In the following description by a seventh grade pupil, time is suggested:

A chill wind swept across the wide sandy plain. The stars hid themselves behind light clouds so that the only light visible was the moon, which sent its dim, tho cold, rays down upon the camp. The soldiers lay in their tents, and were as dreary as the scene, not knowing what the morrow would bring forth.

3. In "Evangeline" Henry W. Longfellow has described the appearance of his heroine partially thru the use of comparisons. He says:

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that fed in the meadows. * * * *

Describe the characteristics of a scene, such as its wildness, its remoteness, and its peacefulness, with the use of any appropriate comparisons which come to your mind.

Describe some character in the same way.

The following seventh grade composition illustrates this:

Rustum, the champion of the Tartars, had a voice to hush the wildest, loudest beasts of the desert, and he was as tall and straight and strong as an oak which bends not with the wind. He was somewhat proud, thinking of his bravery, strength, and straight-forwardness. He looked like a great tower standing off in the sand. He stood there as tho to prevent robbers from disturbing the quiet night.

4. Personify some object and let it describe its own appearance, its surroundings, or let it tell its own story.

Personify some of nature's forces and describe their work. Example:

Seventh Grade.

Yes, it surely must have been Jack Frost, the artist, that did such masterful work. Not one little branch escaped the slash of his brush, and it seemed as tho his paints would neve be exhausted, even tho he was extravagant.

Everything was changed, even the small shanties that we never noticed before, were rare palaces now, having long, changeable pendants that looked in the sunlight very much like diamonds.

Every one admired Jack Frost's work, even the wind spared him, but alas, Jack Frost had an enemy, who was rather jealous, and peering out, saw Jack Frost's artistic work, and all the admirers. He did not like this and we found that a little later Jack Frost's paints were melted and drawn up by his enemy—the Sun.

Series II. For the Discovery of the Possibilities of the Sentence.

1. For the picture quality of a single sentence. Describe in a single smooth-sounding sentence whatever is suggested to you by any one of the following topics:

   Breasting the Mountain Breeze.
   A Gathering Storm.
   Where the Salt Breezes Blow.
   In Grandmother's Garret.
   A Sunset over the Hills.

Read thru your sentence. Try other arrangements and see if it can be improved.

2. Re-write a story from which the graphic element has been eliminated. Put in the things necessary to make the picture vivid. (This will show the picture quality which a sentence gains thru the addition of modifiers. Stories written for younger children may be used as material here.)

Example: The Rhine-gold was hidden in the depths of the river. It shone. Three maidens guarded it. They swam. They played. They kept the gold in sight.

The same rewritten: Far down in the translucent depths of the river, the Rhine-gold was hidden. It shone thru the water as the sun shines thru a fog, with a dim golden glitter. Three fairy maidens guarded it, swimming hither and thither in play. They would float to the top of the clear, cool water, where the sunlight played, dive into its depths, or follow each other in play, but the Rhine-gold, their precious treasure, they kept ever in sight.

3. Write sentence compositions on the following topics, keeping the main thought of the sentence until the end:

   Roaming the Prairie.
   Galloping Down the Street.
   At the Break of Day.
   Beside the Lake.
   In the Forest.

What is gained thru this arrangement?

4. Write a paragraph describing one of these:

   A Day at the Seashore.
   A Lonely Lighthouse.
   A City Street.

Try combining the sentences. What is the effect? Study to find the best ways of doing this. What advantage has a long sentence over a short sentence?

5. Describe: The Fire Department at Work; The Escape of a Bear from the Zoo, Twilight in the Woods, Sunset at Sea.

What difference in the prevailing sentence form in the first two compositions from that of the last two? Why is there a difference?

Series III. For Tense.

1. Describe a scene as if you were now looking upon it.
2. Describe a scene in such a way that you show that it was a past experience.
3. Describe next year's Christmas tree for some little boy or girl of your acquaintance, showing how you think it will be decorated.

Notice that in all your descriptions the time with which you started must be kept up thruout the description.

These series have been made definite in order that the principle underlying the work might be made clear. They should not be followed *verbatim.* All work of this kind should be a part of some definite thought work, an incident to the main purpose of our composition work, the reinforcement of experience. They would be of little worth followed as a series or as a group of series. Interwoven as part of a larger purpose, and made subordinate to it they serve to enlarge the children's knowledge of the medium which they are using. Without hindering the many motives for the expression of thought, they are especially helpful as criteria in the correction of the regular composition work.

As has been said elsewhere in these articles, a large proportion of the compositions written by a class should be read for enjoyment, the communication of a particular child's particular point of view, but with this work one composition may put upon the blackboard daily and submitted to the most rigorous criticism which the class can muster. In this way progress from more than one point of view will be made.

The following list of pictures may be used as a basis for work in description:

Italian:
- Raphael—Sistine Madonna.
- Michael Angelo—David.
- Botticelli—Coronation of the Virgin.
- Titian—Madonna of the Rabbit.
- Correggio—Diana.
- Guido Reni—Aurora.
- Bellini—Angel.

Spanish:
- Murillo—The Immaculate Conception.
  Beggar Boys.

Flemish:
- Rubens—Garland of Fruit.
- Van Dyck—Spaniels of Charles I.

French:
- Bastien Le Page—Joan of Arc.
- Millet—The Angelus.
- Dupré—The Ballom.
- Corot—Orpheus and Nymphs.

English:
- Reynolds—Lady Anne Fitzpatrick.
  Countess Spencer and Lord Athorp.
- Turner—Polyphemus.
- The Fighting Téméraire.
- Leighton—Helen of Troy.
- Burne-Jones—The Vestal Virgin.
- Tadema—A Reading from Homer.
  First Steps.

American:
- Abbey—The Holy Grail.

Children's Compositions.

Grade Eight.

INDIAN SUMMER.

After the last glow of summer has faded, and we are almost prepared for winter, there comes a memory of the last season. The air is again warm with the warmth of the sun. The leaves on the trees become yellow or russet. Indian summer comes in the West in a form which almost rivals the beauty of spring.

OBSERVATION ON FLOWERS.

Not long ago I went to the Flower Show, and I think of all the beautiful things, the flowers there were the most beautiful I have ever seen. There were chrysanthemums much larger than a twelve-inch circle. There were red, yellow, white, and green ones, and also a yellow one whose petals inside were red. These leaves curled and the red and yellow together were most beautiful.

"Daisy—First Prize" was a sign on a pot of daisies. They were so large that when I tried to put my thumb and second finger around them, I could not do so.

Baby Ramblers grew in pots about an inch high, thick and deep. The flowers were no bigger than a circle a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and they grew in the tiny pots as well as they would have in the ground.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

BY MURILLO.

The "Immaculate Conception" is a picture of a woman robed in white, with a blue mantle thrown over her. Her hands are pressed lightly to her bosom, where she holds her garment in place. She is surrounded by clouds, with a crescent moon at her feet. Her hair hangs around her shoulders like a veil, and she looks upward. A heavenly light shines around her, while in the fleecy clouds about her and around her feet play the angels, some look up at her. This picture is one of Murillo's best, and is now in the Louvre, Paris.

Thanksgiving Suggestions by Miss B. B. CLEAVELAND, Supervisor of Drawing, Ohio.

About Birds.

Conducted by WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT, Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University, and Director of the Worthington Society for the Investigation of Bird Life, Shawnee, Pa.

Thru this department it is the hope of TEACHERS MAGAZINE that teachers may be kept informed of the happenings in the bird world. The comings and goings of birds, their nesting time, locality and season, their food and how this varies with the time of the year, their song, their behavior, and particularly their attitude to man are to be treated in these columns. Prof. Scott is desirous that teachers should write him, giving him any items of interesting information and telling him just what they would like to find out about birds. Write him, in care of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Seasonal Comment.

BY the first of November the great wave of bird-migration may be said to have passed on to the southward. This applies, of course, to all the region between Boston and Philadelphia, and if due allowance be made, the relations of the country to the north and south of these points can be readily established.

There are a number of birds, however, that have lingered along into this month, and a list of the more notable ones will embrace:

Robin	Rusty Blackbird
Bluebird	Red-winged Blackbird
Hermit Thrush	Purple Grackle
Vesper Sparrow	Cowbird
Field Sparrow	Kingfisher
Chipping Sparrow	Mourning Dove
Swamp Sparrow	Meadowlark
Purple Finch	Flicker

This is the common song-bird fauna with the dove and kingfisher added, and there are, of course, such birds as the song sparrow and goldfinch which may be regarded as resident, altho their numbers are small in the dead of winter.

The hermit, as we meet it this month, belies his name; no longer solitary, the bird appears in small companies or even now and again in flocks of considerable numbers, as high as fifty being noted feeding together. And his vaunted powers of song are a memory of the summer, for now his silence is only broken by a sharp *chip*, generally indicative of some intrusion on his society.

The group of blackbirds so well represented at this time, are on the whole the most tuneful of the migratory band; to be sure, one might say the most noisy, but birds' songs are a matter of taste, and to those who listen, the notes of the blackbirds are a welcome break in the stillness which is beginning to wrap up the outdoor world, preparatory to the winter sleep.

The rattle of the kingfisher as he is disturbed from his sentinel watch over some pool or pond, is as gay, as wanton, and of the same tone as in springtime, yet it is one of the bird-sounds associated with the falling leaf, and with an even more bleak season, for he watches the waterways, where he presides, till they are icebound.

Overhead, the plaintive call of the bluebirds to one another and the blither cadence of the passing goldfinches add to the bird voices of the season; across the field the piccolo of the meadowlark sounds faintly, while from that piece of woodland the cries of jays and flickers are ringing. These bluejays are at their best vocally at this season; their repertoire is not only more varied, but their loquacity is more pronounced than in the spring, as with the coming of family duties this is a singularly silent and secretive bird. His nest may be in your door-yard or in the fastnesses of a forest, yet by no sound can you detect this, at other seasons, most vociferous of a garrulous family.

Each region has its own charm this month, and the birds and late flowers may vary in greater or less degree with the locality, but a walk anywhere in the woods and fields will discover a band of feathered people, which, tho differing from the party of my walk, present as much to arrest the attention.

A Word on Bird Morals.

Certain birds, for varying reasons, appear to have suffered criticism for what we have been pleased to regard as their moral obliquity! Others are extoled for attributes of virtue, bravery, affection, constancy. In our own land the cowbird, and, in other parts of the earth, the cuckoo are almost synonyms for abandoned and vile parents. Because they place their eggs in the charge of foster parents to be hatched; because they forsake all duties save the egg laying in the rearing of their children. The bald eagle, the emblem of freedom, is highly regarded. The concern of robin redbreast for his young is manifest, and we all admire the strategy employed by the mother grouse as with an apparently broken wing, and limping leg, she by arousing our savage side, decoys us from the presence of her brood, or the vicinity of her nest. That bird vices and virtues are not to be predicated by human standards is what I propose to present to teachers of nature.

We have gone too far in our blame and praise; the cowbird and cuckoo not to be judged without understanding. All inherit certain proclivities and the evolution of reproduction by eggs laid by the parent animal has to be taken into account in the two birds. All of us are aware that most fish lay their eggs and abandon them to their fate. They do not even attempt to provide for them in any way. Most reptiles, the frogs and turtles and lizards proceed on similar lines. Do you regard the few fishes and reptiles who, in a way, look after their eggs and young as more moral than the majority who pursue the other courses? Is a black bass or a catfish, because of their attention to eggs and young, respectively, of a higher moral type than the other fishes, or an alligator a more virtuous creature, because she guards her nest and young, than are the lizards who leave the elements alone to care for eggs and young alike? And yet it is but a step that most birds have progressed in the family relation, beyond the catfish and the alligator. Further, there are certain birds which, if care of the young is indicative of animal morals are absolutely

without any attribute of this nature. The brush turkeys of Australia rear great mounds of vegetable matter and earth, incubators for their eggs which are there deposited. These brush turkeys have no further regard for either eggs or young. The young, when they escape from the earth-incubators, are absolutely uncared-for and unknown so far as we can tell by their parents. They emerge fully feathered and able to fly, and the family relation of parent and child do not obtain with these birds. Would any one think of the brush turkeys as immoral? By comparison the cowbird and cuckoo are solicitous parents, for they at least seek foster kin for their children.

Murder is one of the crimes of the gravest nature and by consensus is considered beyond the moral pale. Yet all live animals live by killing something, and among birds certain hawks feed almost wholly on their kindred, which they kill. Murderers and cannibals! Our eagle is a well-known robber, stealing his prey from his smaller ally, the fish-hawk or osprey. This is no moral obliquity; it is the law, and the eagles would perish did they neglect their duty.

We have but the most vague idea of the mental processes of those with whom we are best and most intimately acquainted and with whom we exchange impressions, but of the mental view of the wild creatures our perception is too undefined to be described. To these it has been the custom to ascribe the human point of view, and the human standard of morals, and it would seem a time to call a halt on the part of all teachers.

The Pleasure of Bird Study.

For several years past I have contrived, even on the busiest or the rainiest Oxford mornings, to steal out for twenty minutes or half an hour, soon after breakfast and in the Broad Walk, the Botanic Garden, or the Parks to let my senses exercise themselves on things outside me. This habit dates from the time when I was an ardent fisherman, and daily within reach of trout; a long spell of work in the early morning used to be effectually counteracted by an endeavor to beguile a trout after breakfast.

By degrees, and owing to altered circumstances, the rod has given way to the field glass, and the passion for killing has been displaced by a desire to see and know; a revolution which I consider has been beneficial not only to the trout, but to myself. In the peaceful study of birds I have found an occupation which exactly falls in with the habit I had formed—for it is in the early morning that birds are most active and least disturbed by human beings; an occupation, too, which can be carried on at all times of the day in Oxford, with much greater success than I could possibly have imagined when I began it. Even for one who has not often time or strength to take long rambles in the country round us, it is astonishing how much of the beauty, the habits, and the songs of birds may be learnt within the city itself or in its immediate precincts.

The above quotation is from a little book "A Year With The Birds," written by William Warde Fowler, a classical tutor in Lincoln College, Oxford University. So many are deterred from effort in the study of live things because of their town or city environment, that this may point a new path to them. All of our largest cities, even in their most crowded parts, offer opportunities for the study of nature, and in every square and park there are native birds to be observed. A careful list has been made of birds observed in the churchyard of Saint Paul's, which faces on Broadway, extending from Fulton Street to Vesey, and the "constant rumble and roar of the elevated road" at the rear of the grounds makes this about as busy a point as any in the city thruout the day. The observations extend over a portion of two years, and the list embraces forty-one different kinds of native birds. Practically all the commoner and many rare species were seen, some of them many times. Bluebirds and robins were not common, while the hermit thrush was noted thirty-two times. Wilsons, the olive-backed and wood thrushes, both kinglets, many warblers, a single scarlet tanager, nine kinds of sparrows, and other notable birds go to make up this list. Now this small churchyard, an oasis in a sea of traffic, cannot in the nature of things, be a better field for bird study than is any open square or park in the city, so that no child is far away from the source of inspiration. Many backyards are frequented at times by birds on their migrations and in the larger parks most of the common native species breed.

On the Value of Observation.

Mr. Fowler further says in the opening pages of the book above referred to:

There are many families of children growing up in "the Parks" who may be glad to learn that life in a town such as Oxford is, does not exclude them from some of the pleasures of the country. And I hold it an unquestioned fact, that the direction of children's attention to natural objects is one of the most valuable processes in education. When these children, or at least the boys among them, go away to their respective public schools, they will find themselves in the grip of a system of compulsory game-playing which will effectually prevent any attempt at patient observation. There is doubtless much to be said for this system if it is applied like a strong remedy, with real discriminating care; but the fact is beyond question, that it is doing a great deal to undermine and destroy some of the Englishman's most valuable habits and characteristics, and among others, his acuteness of observation, in which, in his natural state, he excels all other nationalities. It is all the more necessary that we should teach our children *before* they leave home, some of the simplest and most obvious lessons of natural history.

A Letter From a Birdlover in Mississippi.

Dr. W. P. Barton, the writer of the letter from which extracts are here appended, lives in a small town called Hill House, in Mississippi. Some time ago he wrote regarding a bird which he described by the very appropriate title of "the bird of many notes without a song." This description enabled me to tell him what to look for, and here is what he says of the Yellow-breasted Chat and other birds of his region.

After a long silence, I am on hand again to thank you for the information you so kindly gave me some months ago that enabled me to identify the Yellow-breasted Chat. He had returned to his haunts fully six weeks

before I had time to stalk him, tho two pair are so near my house that I can hear them all day and night. But one perfect morning in early June I dropped everything and went in quest of the elusive voice that is not where it sounds by a good deal. I had seen the bird before but did not know him. The game was absorbing to a bird-lover. I at last ran him to earth, so to speak, and *saw* him pouring out his innumerable notes. I might have identified him from Coues' description had I been a better student.

Again referring to the swifts (chimney swifts), I see that Coues takes my view that tree building is by no means uncommon. We just do not look for them in the right places. I have not had the opportunity to study them this season, tho I have seen some in localities very suggestive. If I dwell too much on swifts I plead Gilbert White as my example and excuse, tho I believe his swifts and ours are not the same bird. The old negro who found the last swift's nest for me explained their tree building by saying that tho chimneys were plentiful here, people cooked in them all summer, and the swifts had to take to hollow trees.

One thing I noted some weeks ago was the increase in the numbers of Nonpareils this year. The Nonpareil used to be a rare bird, but sparkles on every ditch bank this year. The day I stalked the Chat was a field day for color; in a few yards of tangled bayou bank, I saw several Cardinals, two or three Nonpareils, an Indigo Bird, two cuckoos, and other birds galore. Another thing worth reporting as rare. In March we had days and days of rain and this flat country is like a lake during such spells. The black soil here is full of earth worms, that come to the surface and crawl everywhere at these times. I was standing at my window looking out upon the bleak soaked earth when, to my astonishment, I saw a Woodcock right in my door yard. I watched him probing the wet earth, when two others came out of the weeds and began their solemn probing. A half hour later came a flock of eight or ten Jack Snipes, and several noisy Killdeers. Now how is that for our front yard? I have never seen the Woodcock since, nor had I seen one before in years. The Snipes and Killdeers are here all spring and the latter all the time.

The last of March we had a severe and unlooked for cold spell that arrested many of the larger birds in their migration North. I saw Brants light for the first time in my life, tho I see them pass by tens of thousands every year. I stood upon the levee and looked toward the river, about half a mile away, and watched the bewildered birds of passage. Delaware Gulls by thousands, ducks innumerable, a large flock of Brants, and an old Bald Eagle that lives near here and always haunts large flocks of water birds when they light here, tho I have never seen him catch or eat any of them. The gentleness of the gulls was a surprise to me. They found plenty of shad in the borrow pits, and remained with us a week or two after the weather had become warm. My presence did not seem to alarm them, and they would swoop down and catch a fish within twenty feet of me. I never knew what grace was till I spent an afternoon watching those gulls. I wondered then and I wonder yet what a fish was about when he allowed a gull in his leisurely way to pick him up. * * * * * *

My next bird study will be to identify the Vireos, of which we have several. I hate to kill a bird, so am a poor student.

This notable set of records and observations is made by a particularly busy physician, and is of real value both as a contribution to our knowledge of birds, and for its grace of presentation. A few years ago it became impossible to sell the Nonpareil in the bird stores on account of the laws passed in various States; and the bird which had become rare on account of the persistent trapping, which was carried on chiefly in Louisiana, is once more an attraction often seen in the regions it inhabits.

The Ground Robin.

From a low birch-free just outside my window,
Here in the wind-fresh green New Hampshire
  country;
I never hear his notes in other places;
But when June comes and I return to live
Among the birches and memorial pines;
Lo, faithful to the tryst, alert and buoyant;
His strain familiar greets my welcoming soul;
And seems the type of all time-keeping things;
Rebuking chance and change. Illusion sweet
Uprises with the sound: of all the birds
I know, this songster speaks most plain to me;
Making impermanence a very myth.

So carol on, ground-robin! each green year
I listen for you, and 'twould be a grief
Beyond mere words; some June, some fragrant
  morrow,
To sit and hearken by the open window
In vain, for in a flood of fond regret
Would come a sense of loss, of unrequited
Love, of faith broken at length, of fickle
Friendship, and joy too beautiful to last:
  Sing on, ground-robin, sing!
All thru the day, and even at the nightfall,
Cheery, distinct, his heart a home for hope,
His throat full swollen with desire of music,
A little ground-robin sits and sings;
Symbol of summer, neighbor dear to me.

—RICHARD BURTON, in *The Outlook.*

A Nutting Party in a New York City Kindergarten

By Rose R. Archer, New York.

ON the lower East Side of New York City, in the heart of Grand Street, the kindergarten children of Public School No. 137 enjoyed a most delightful "nutting party." On the day before the party, six big boys (from the higher classes), were invited by the kindergartner to go with her for leaves and branches with which to decorate the kindergarten room. The kindergarten children themselves helped to decorate. They painted autumn leaves and strung them closely on long lines of green worsted, which were festooned across the room from the walls to the chandelier in the center.

The north side of the room was decorated with branches of autumn leaves, massed solid against the woodwork and extending almost half way to the ceiling. Above this was a border of squirrel pictures, painted by the children.

The two blackboards on the east side of the room were decorated by the teacher and portrayed a picture of the country and of the city respectively. The country picture represented life remote from the East Side child's experiences. In order to give the children an adequate mental picture of the country in autumn the teacher had found it expedient to draw in September what is called in the kindergarten "A Growing Scene." Starting with a picture of the sky and grass, trees were added, brooks, rivers, a pond, a road, fences, stones, a country house, barns, cornfields, etc., and as the season advanced, changes in the foliage were made with deft strokes of the chalk and the green trees put on their dresses of red, yellow, orange, or brown. The picture was completed with a group of country kindergarten children out gathering nuts and leaves with two teachers.

The "city picture" represented the busy life of Grand and Ludlow Streets, on an early October evening, and was a continual source of amusement to the children during the fall, as it portrayed the life to which they were daily accustomed. Additional interest in this blackboard was also excited by the fact that the pictures of the little children walking on the street were tiny sketches of actual children in the kindergarten.

The south side of the room contained two large window sills, filled an inch deep with sand, and representing veritable corners of the country. Stones and bits of rocks were placed on the sand, and leaves and nuts scattered over the entire surface to give a realistic fall appearance to the scene. Wild grasses, branches of trees, thistles, sumach, and stalks of milkweed (with bursting pods), made a natural surrounding for some stuffed birds placed in lifelike attitudes among the foliage.

The west side of the room was decorated with beautiful branches of oak and maple trees, and a border of "migrating" bluebirds, cut out of paper by the teacher and painted by the children.

The floor of the kindergarten room was covered with loose autumn leaves, under which were hidden quantities of acorns, chestnuts, hickory nuts, horse-chestnuts, and walnuts.

The first part of the program consisted of some fancy marching. The children came in "two by two" from the hall, carrying yellow chrysanthemums, each little boy escorting a little girl thru all the different figures. The entire class then played the "snail game," dear to all kindergarten children, but especially dear to these little tots, who have a real, live snail living in the kindergarten room. Twelve little boys were placed in two equal lines near the door of the adjoining playground, where they formed a series of arches (by facing each other, with both arms raised and hands clasped as in the "Virginia Reel"). The kindergartner then completely covered these little boys with a large piece of soft gray-green cambric, just the tint of a milk weed pod.

Five little girls, hidden from the audience in the adjoining playground, slipped quietly, unobserved, one after another, under the green cover, at the end of the arch nearest the door. The assistant kindergartner then played some waltz music on the piano, and the little girls in fluffy white dresses and little brown caps, emerged (one by one) from the end of the arch which was nearest the spectators. While they were dancing and twirling around in the "Kindergarten Ring," Morris Spector held a stalk of real milk weed pods, and Emanuel Godinsky tossed some of the real "milk weed babies" afloat in the air.

The dance of the "fall butterflies" came next. Five little girls with orange colored wreaths and wings decorated with black spots, like the real butterflies the children had seen in the kindergarten during the autumn, flew around and sipped honey from the flowers held by all the little children standing in the circle.

After this, all the children marched into the next playground and came back with tiny chairs, which they arranged in a circle. They then sung the hymn, the greeting, and the clock song which they sing every morning in the kindergarten. The squirrel song, by the entire class, pantomimed by Ulysses Goldberg, received great applause.

The "grasshopper game" came next. For one week during the early part of October a real grasshopper had lived in the kindergarten room and made things lively. He ate the leaves of a tall, green cornstalk and hopped all around the floor, and was as good as any little grasshopper could be. After his departure to grasshopper heaven he was missed so much that the little children made up this game in honor of his memory.

See the little grasshoppers eat the farmer's corn!
Stop, stop! Stop, stop! Stop, stop! Stop, stop! (very staccato.)
Stop, stop! Stop, stop! Stop, stop! Stop, stop!
Naughty little grasshopper to eat the farmer's corn!
Now, hop away on the nice green lawn.

Funny little grasshopper hopping on the ground.
Hop, hop! Hop, hop! Hop, hop! Hop, hop!
Hop, hop! Hop, hop! Hop, hop! Hop, hop!
Cunning little grasshoppers, hopping round and round;
They've hopped away and they can't be found!

Sketch of Oak-Leaf Costume. (Fig. 1).

Five little boys in green crepe paper masks, to which were fastened green paper antennae, impersonated the grasshoppers. They attacked a real cornstalk with a voracity that would have put even a famished grasshopper to the blush, and when the farmer came along with a rake over his shoulder, and shoved them, they hopped away and disappeared into the janitor's broom closet.

After this the children sang a beautiful song about the owl. One tiny tot stood in the center of the circle and held a little stuffed screech owl, which Oscar called a "chicken cat" the first time he saw it in the kindergarten, because, as he said, "it has eyes like a cat and feathers like a chicken, so it's a chicken cat."

The prettiest game of all was reserved for the last. Five little girls, dressed in crepe paper costumes, trimmed with leaves (painted by the children), came dancing into the room. The first child was dressed in light green, trimmed with dark green, over which orange-colored oak leaves were scattered. In her hand she carried a little crepe paper basket filled with acorns; one of these she held up and the children were asked to tell which tree that nut came from.

The five little children then dramatized a pretty leaf song, which was sung by the class, while the "leaves" danced around and were pursued by a boy who impersonated the North Wind.

Crepe paper baskets were given to the children, who were allowed to go into the kindergarten room in groups of five at a time to hunt for the nuts hidden under the leaves on the floor.

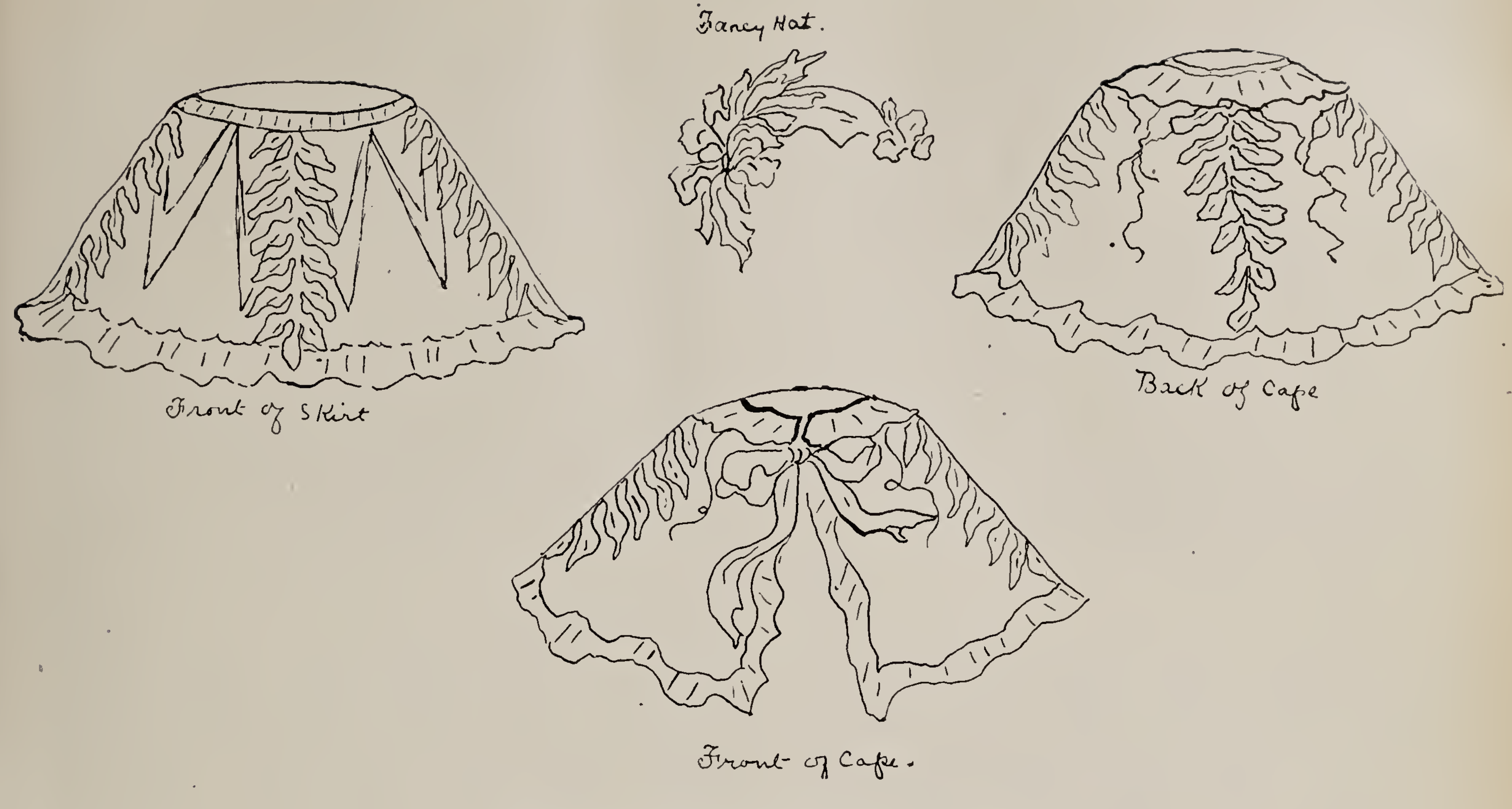
The foregoing was a report of one of our "Autumn Parties," as seen by a reporter, and published in the New York *Tribune*. I have never seen happier little folks than are our children at these parties. For the benefit of other teachers, I have written out minute descriptions of the costumes and other accessories.

Costumes.

In making the "crepe paper costumes," the following measurements will be found helpful, altho slight alterations in the length of cape and skirt may have to be made to suit individual children. Four rolls of crepe paper are required for each of the leaf costumes, two of one shade and two of the contrasting color for trimming.

Altho children of a uniform height, dressed in these costumes, make a more artistic appearance when standing together, it is more practical to have costumes of different sizes, and then after the "party" is over the children who did not wear the dresses may use them on succeeding days when the "leaf song" is played at game time.

The skirt of each costume should be of the uniform width of three yards, and the capes the same. The length of each must be determined by measuring the number of inches from the child's waist to the bottom of her own dress skirt. (For our tallest six-year-old the length was eighteen inches.) The cape should be long enough to reach from the neck and hang two inches below the waist-band of the skirt. Both cape and skirt are trimmed with a ruffle of the contrasting crepe paper, two and one-half inches wide. The ruffle should be one and a half times as long as the goods upon which it is sewed (*i. e.*, the ruffle on the skirt, which measures three yards, should be four and a half yards long. The ruffle on the cape (see sketch of "Oak-leaf Costume," Diagram I), extends around the bottom, sides, and neck (but the ruffle is not sewed on at the neck until the cape has been shirred at



Sketch of Walnut-Leaf Costume. (Fig. 2.)

the top and sewed to a neck band of soft muslin one inch wide and eighteen inches long.)

Besides the ruffle, the capes are trimmed with yards of one-quarter-inch wide crepe paper, festooned from the neck, to which a few paper leaves are fastened. A fancy bow or bows sewed at each side of the neck completes the cape. After the skirt is cut and the ruffle sewed on the bottom (with thread the same color as the ruffle), the pointed trimming is added, before the skirt is shirred on a soft cotton waist-band (which should be one and one-half inches wide and twenty-six inches long. This last measurement allows for a two inch "lap" on each side of the skirt, as, for convenience and celerity in dressing, the skirts are not sewed up the back seam, and this generous lapping conceals the fact.)

These little strips of soft cotton goods are indispensable at the neck and waist band, as they take all the strain off the crepe paper, which would otherwise be torn. Moreover, if the costumes become torn while in the process of making or after they are worn, they may be mended so that the tear will scarcely show, by placing a piece of crepe paper (a trifle larger than the size of the tear), underneath the torn edges and fastening the patch in place by means of tiny stitches, using thread the same color as the torn paper. The way to cut the "pointed" crepe paper trimming, used on the decoration of the skirt of the little "leaf costumes," is as follows: From the second roll of contrasting crepe paper used for the trimming, cut off three yards. Double this three yard strip thru the center, at right angles to the "crinkled" lines of the paper. This folding then makes a double strip of paper ten and one half inches wide and three yards long. Fold this strip lengthwise into thirds, then into halves (giving six layers of paper). Make four cuts with a sharp pair of shears into this folded paper, as indicated by heavy dark lines marked *a*, *b*, *c*, *d* in Figure 3, being careful not to cut further than within an inch of the top of the paper. The paper when opened will give a series of twelve double points. Refold the paper at the top in order to obtain the effect of one set of points below the other, as in Figure 4.

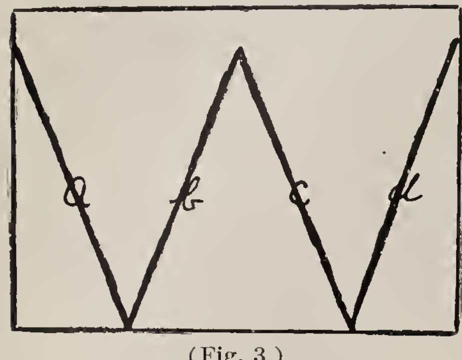
The folded top edge of this pointed trimming is then fastened to the top of the skirt, spacing it evenly by means of pins. Then shirr the top of the skirt, running the shirring thread thru both the skirt and the top of the pointed trimming at the same time. Fasten with pins to the waist band of cotton and sew with strong thread. Then remove the pins. A little crepe paper sash sewed over this shirring and finished with bows and streamers at the back, completes the skirt and hides the sewing.

The colored autumn leaves are added as shown with diagrams of Figures 4 and 5. When the children wear the costumes, use a large sized safety pin to fasten the skirt-band together and another at the neck-band (fastening both pins so that they are invisible). Keep these pins (even when not in use), in the costumes, otherwise, to borrow Mark Twain's expression, with the "perversity of inanimate things," they will be missing the very day that distinguished visitors appear in the class-room unexpectedly.

The little fancy hats which complete the costumes are made from a piece of crepe paper, fourteen inches long on the side which is parallel with the "crinkled" lines of the paper, and eighteen inches long on the other side. (See diagram, Figure 6.)

With a coarse needle and strong thread run a gathering string thru one of the sides, measuring eighteen inches from *a* to *a* (see diagram). The stitches should be far apart and the paper shirred into as tight a compass as possible, and fastened securely. Do the same with the other side (measuring eighteen inches) at *b*, *b* (see diagram, Figure 6). This sewing transforms the oblong of crepe paper into a sort of "skull-cap" foundation. Conceal the sewing (where the cap is gathered on both sides), with bows of crepe paper, and trim the hats with a few leaves. (Avoid over-trimming.) The best way to secure an artistic effect is to place the "foundation skull cap" on

the child's head, the places where the gathers are sewed being directly above the child's ears. Then add the bows and leaves, by means of tiny safety pins.



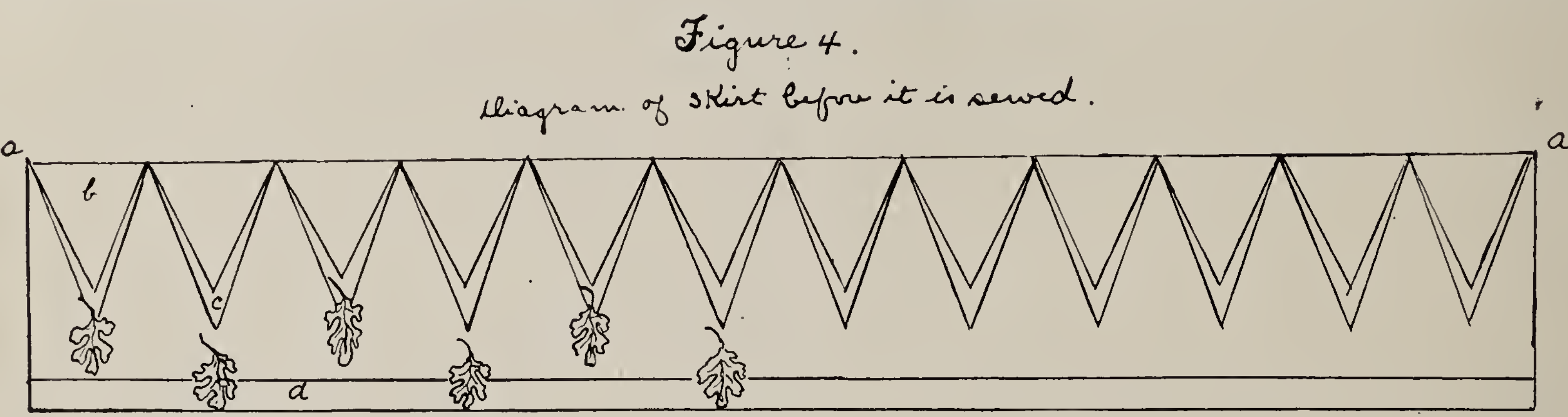
(Fig. 3.)

In fact all the leaves on all the costumes, should be fastened to the crepe paper by means of the tiniest safety pins, and a little one inch square of thin victoria lawn should be placed underneath the crepe paper, to prevent the pin from tearing the costume. This method is more satisfactory than sewing the leaves. Use four wire hair pins to fasten each hat to the children's heads. (Keep these in a box with the hats when not in use.)

leaves join together, slightly larger than they really are in nature, to prevent the sections from tearing apart. (Conventionalize slightly.) Use only four of these large leaves on the skirt, three on the cape, and one (crushed) on the hat. (See ink sketch of "Walnut Tree Costume").

It is wise to make a few extra leaves for each costume, at the time when the leaves are being painted, so that in case any of the leaves should be accidentally torn they can be replaced by others of the exact color or combination of colors.

The teacher who was supposed to impersonate "October" at the party, wore a fancy costume made of soft clinging material, in color a delicate tan. The skirt was trimmed with a row of small orange colored maple leaves on each flounce. Moss-green vines, made of yards and yards of one-quarter-inch wide crepe paper encircled the teacher's head, and a few orange-colored maple leaves were fastened on the left side of the hair. The ends of the

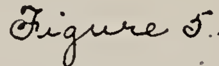


Line a-a—Top of skirt.
Line b —Top points of dark green crepe paper trimming.
Line c —Lower points of dark green crepe paper trimming.
Line d —Ruffle points of dark green crepe paper trimming.
DIAGRAM.—Showing on a reduced scale the manner in which the skirt of the "Oak Leaf Costume" is made.
Twelve oak leaves are used as a decorative border. They are attached as indicated, six on the ruffle directly below points marked c, and six on alternate lower points marked c.
NOTE.—Trim the "Chestnut Leaf Costume" in a similar manner, using small sized chestnut leaves.

The leaves with which the costumes are trimmed are made by using natural leaves as samples. The outlines of these leaves should be traced by means of a lead pencil on water color paper and then cut out. The children should paint some of the leaves in one color only, and others in two colors. When two colors are used the second color should be applied around the edge of the leaf before the first color is quite dry, the effect of the blending of the two colors will be quite like that of autumn leaves.

vine were then brought around back of the neck across the right shoulder to the upper right hand side of the waist, where they were caught in an artistic knot, with a bunch of orange-colored maple leaves. Then the ends of the vines fell straight from this knot nearly to the floor. The hair should be worn very low at the back of the neck and very fluffy around the face, to make this vine trimming appear effective and graceful.

The "grasshopper masks" worn by the children in the

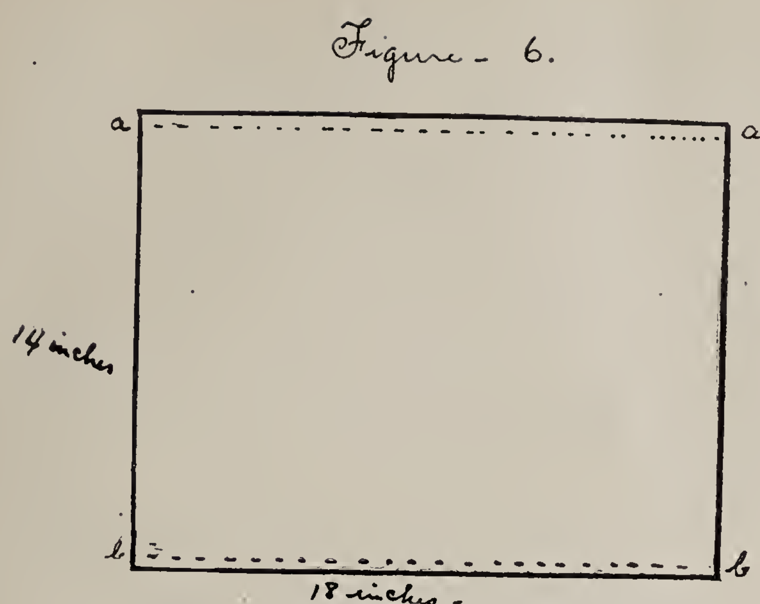


Line a-a—Top of skirt.
Line b —Top points of green crepe paper trimming.
Line c —Lower points of green crepe paper trimming.
Line d —Ruffle of of green crepe paper.
Diagram—Showing on a reduced scale the manner in which the "Walnut Leaf Costume" is made.
Four leaves only are used, the last one at the right being directly in the middle of the back when the skirt is finished and fastened together.
NOTE.—Trim the "Hickory Leaf Costume" and the "Horse Chestnut" in a similar manner.

Use small size (2 in. x 3½ in.) oak leaves to decorate the "Oak Leaf Costume," also small size chestnut leaves (slightly longer) for the "Chestnut Leaf Costume."

For the "Hickory," "Horse-chestnut," and "Walnut Leaf" costumes use large sized leaves. Make the leaf stem, and the places where the smaller sections of the

group photographed, are made as follows: Cut an oblong of green crepe paper eighteen inches long and sixteen inches wide (on the side parallel with crinkly lines of the paper). Fold the paper thru the center, dotted line *c, c, c,* then reopen. This crease forms the profile line of the grasshopper's head (as seen from the side). Run



Dotted lines indicate stitches where hat is sewed together on each side.

a gathering thread thru the paper near the edge of side *A*, *A*, *A*, and gather the paper into as small a compass as possible, fastening the thread securely. Do the same with side *B*, *B*, *B*. Put this helmet-like mask over the child's head and with a piece of white chalk carefully indicate, by means of dots on the crepe paper, the exact position of the child's eyes, nose, and mouth, as shown by letters *x-x*, *y*, *z*. Remove the mask and cut small holes in the paper to allow the child to see and breathe. Whenever the children wear the masks place a fresh piece of soft white tissue paper or a little wad of absorbent cotton between the child's nose and mouth and the mask, as the moisture destroys the paper mask.

The "antennae," sewed to the mask as indicated by the two dots (*w w*) in the diagram, are simply two pieces of crepe paper, each nine inches long and one inch wide, tapering gradually to a point (see diagram *E E*, Figure 7), twisted lengthwise into a thin pointed roll, and fastened to the mask so that they stand out from it like the antennae of a real grasshopper.

This comical little head-dress, which is so easily made, imitates to perfection the solemn little countenances of "grasshopper green."

The pretty brown caps worn by the little girls in the game of the milk-weed babies, were made of brown crepe paper in the same manner as the hats belonging to the crepe paper costumes, with brown crepe paper bows on each side of the head. The bow should be larger and the ends longer on the right side.

The "butterfly wings" were each made of a piece of orange-colored tissue paper which was gathered together in the hand along the central fold of the paper. (See Figure 8, line *bbb*.) A strip of straw-colored raffia was tied tightly around this and knotted securely. (See Figure 9, at *b*.) The loose ends of the loop of raffia (*d*) were then tied in a knot (see *e*). This raffia loop can be easily adjusted over the child's head, bringing the wings back on the shoulder blades.

The children readily learn how to adjust the wings themselves and grasp the two corners *a* and *c* with their finger-tips. (See children in front row of photograph.) By moving the arms up and down, and running on the tips of the toes, keeping time to waltz music, the airy flight of a butterfly is successfully imitated.

The "black spots" (eight in number, for the underside of the wings is trimmed exactly like the upper), were made of white water color paper circles (two inches in diameter), cut by the teacher and painted by the children.

The edges *aaa* and *ccc* are not cut to represent the edges of a butterfly's wings, but when the child is flying the motion of the air causes the curved effect.

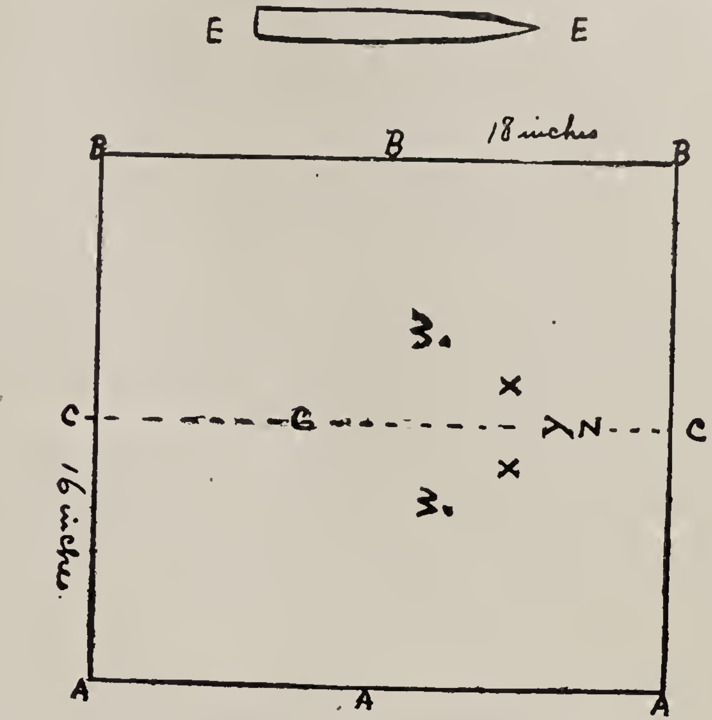
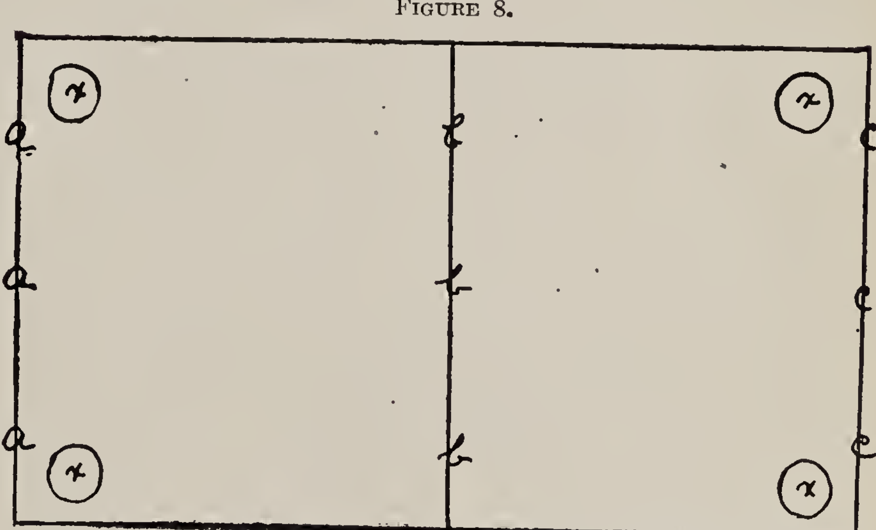
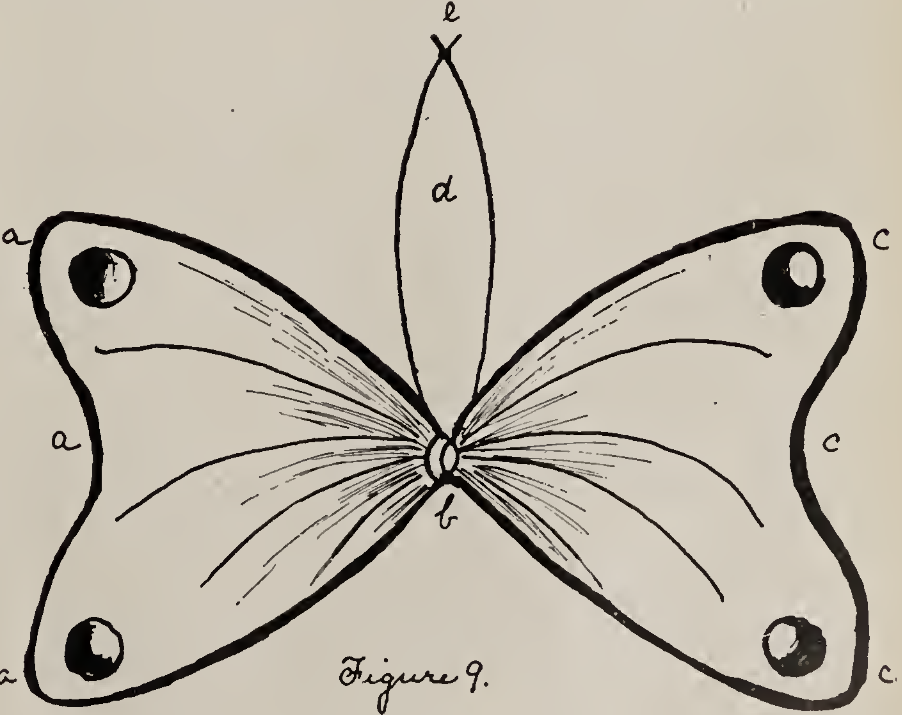


FIGURE 7.
The dotted line indicates center fold and should be at right angles to wavy lines of crepe paper.
x-x-y-z indicate places for eyes, nose, and mouth.
The dots show where to place antennae.

FIGURE 8.



a-a-a—Side of tissue paper. b-b-b—Center crease of tissue paper. c-c-c—Side of tissue paper. Circles marked with x show where to place black circular spots.



d—Loop of raffia. e—Ends of raffia tied in knot. b—Raffia tied around tissue paper, on center crease.

The Spirit of November.

By Elizabeth K. Flittie.

"The book of Nature getteth short of leaves."

THE languor and dreaminess of hazy Indian summer is over, and the cool bracing atmosphere of November is here again, giving to every one a real longing for something of hard work to do! The glorious days of September and the golden ones of October were full of spirit and delight, and much of the time was spent out of doors learning the lessons of nature. But grave November does not woo us so lovingly and persistently, so now seems the accepted time for the beginning of the hard, intense work of the year.

The rather dull and saddening spirit of these seemingly cheerless days should by no means pervade the school-room, but should be kept out by interesting games, cheerful books, and bright stories.

During all the beautiful days that have gone the thanksgiving spirit of this famous month has been slowly and silently worked toward, and the children have been led to see the reason for thanksgiving in the plentiful abundance about them. The inspiration of thankfulness is not acquired at once, but is of slow growth and in exact proportion to the appreciation of what is enjoyed. The children should be taught to observe nature's plan in bringing the summer's work to perfection; the abundant harvest and the ingathering of the same, and that it is not a matter of chance, but the working out of a divine plan for their growth and happiness.

Make this month a festival of story telling, and begin early in the month, so that none of the desirable stories will have to be omitted. No matter how small the children, tell them the Puritan stories, painting dramatically the parts played by the Indians, especially at the first Thanksgiving dinner. The children can understand enough to make it worth telling of the oppressions of the Puritans in England; their voyage to Holland; their reception and life there; their reason for leaving; then their long, stormy and perilous voyage across the great ocean in their frail ship, the Mayflower.

The hardships and privations they suffered after landing, their trouble with the Indians, the long cold winter, the scanty supply of provision, and the sickness and death of many of those brave people, will all be lived and appreciated by the children if told in the right way, with spirit and the assurance of its being a *true* story. "Little Ruth Endicott" and her hard-earned gold beads should by no means be omitted, neither should the friendly, good Indian, Squanto, nor sturdy Miles Standish.

This story-telling festival, however, will scarcely be complete if the beautiful and suggestive myth of Ceres and Proserpina is omitted; and that of Bacchus is perhaps equally good.

The children will now have grown quite independent in their reading by reason of their increasing vocabulary. They have unconsciously learned many words which have necessarily repeated themselves in the nature lessons. They read naturally and with expression; for it is their own thoughts they have been giving to others. Their ability to read script recommends the introduction to print. This may be accomplished in a few lessons, if these lessons are devoted to that one end. First present a given lesson in the usual script form and have it read. Then introduce the same lesson in print and have children compare with regard to similarities and differences. Have them select the word from the print corresponding to the chosen one in script. Then have the lesson re-read from the books. A few such lessons and they will be able to read print with perfect ease.

It seems wise to have no blackboard printing; for it cannot be like press work, no matter how skilful the teacher, and the children would then have three forms rather than two to learn.

The great cry in the primary grades to-day is to read, read, and the children, in general, do read and read well. The generation in the primary schools to-day ought certainly to be accomplished and intelligent readers at least.

Some of the Thanksgiving stories may be utilized in the reading work, but care should be exercised that it be not carried too far. The hash and re-hash of a story in the reading work is often of little value, and certainly robs it of much of its beauty for the children. They love the story for the story's sake. Let them have plenty of real stories in this their first school experience.

Then, too, this month is full of the spirit of "ye olden time," and the children should be given a taste of it. They must get it in the school-room, if at all. It would be enjoyable to bring into school as many of the old time things as possible. A real, old-fashioned pewter porringer would please the little ones. To know that little boys and girls used to eat bread and milk from it a hundred years ago will inspire the thought of how those little boys and girls looked and dressed and lived. Old-fashioned mirrors with the gay picture at the top, blue plates with the Thirteen Original States or Lafayette scenes pictured upon them—many things like these can be bor-borrowed for a day at school. That would be teaching history *truly*.

This month should also bring to notice nature's preparation for winter, in the careful wrapping of the birds and in the protection of the seeds; the use manifest in the fallen leaves in keeping warm and alive the roots of the flowers and trees.

In the animal world the same careful preparation is seen. Many of the animals prepare their winter homes and store away sufficient food for several months. Others migrate to warmer climes; and still others bury themselves and lie dormant until the warm spring sun awakens them.

The study of the birds is another delightful line to follow thru the year, and this month will witness the flight to warmer climes of many of them. Then note the ones who stay thru the winter and also those who come, and talk also of their food and homes.

Even this grave, dull month has much of interest in it for study, both indoors and out, and the real common-sense teacher will give the needed impetus to the work.

School Entertainment and Special Days

Edited by BERTHA E. BUSH, Iowa, and GRACE B. FAXON, Massachusetts

November Entertainment.

By BERTHA E. BUSH.

A Song for November.

(Tune, "Seeing Nellie Home.")

November, gray November,
November now has come;
The trees are bare, but fires are glowing
With their cheer in every home.
The nights are long and frosty;
The days are short and drear;
But oh we love the gray November
For it brings Thanksgiving near.

REFRAIN.

For it brings Thanksgiving near;
For it brings Thanksgiving near;
Oh yes, we love the gray November,
For it brings Thanksgiving near.

A Rhyme of Thanksgiving Week.

For four little girls. To be given with gestures imitating the actions described.

First Girl.

On Monday we wash and dry the clothes,
And scrub the floors up, too,
For Thursday is Thanksgiving Day
And there is much to do.

All Together.

Oh rub and scrub, and scrub and scrub!
Oh rub and scrub away;
For all things must look clean and nice
Upon Thanksgiving Day.

Second Girl.

On Tuesday we heat the flat-irons hot
And iron with might and main,
And polish up the silver, too,
Until it shines again.

All Together.

Oh press and fold and polish, too;
And work with all your might,
Till snowy tablecloths are smooth;
And forks and spoons are bright.

Third Girl.

On Wednesday we heat the baking oven
And bring out flour and spice.
All morning long we cook and bake.
Oh doesn't the room smell nice!

All Together.

Oh sift and mix with careful hand
And deftly stir and beat;
Bake pies and puddings, cakes and meats,
And all things good to eat.

Fourth Girl.

On Thursday we wake up very glad;
Thanksgiving Day is here.
The company that we love best
Will very soon appear.

All Together.

Oh laugh and sing and have good times;
All loving, glad, and gay,
And thank God with a happy heart
On this Thanksgiving Day.

Why We Give Thanks.

An exercise for seven children.

First Child.

"Why should we thank God on Thanksgiving?"
Cried little Johnny Bell.
Every one of us knows an answer;
Listen and we will tell.

Second Child.

We thank Him for the harvest past;
All safely gathered in at last.

Third Child.

We thank Him for the sun and rain
That ripened all the fruit and grain.

Fourth Child.

We thank Him for our daily food;
It all comes from His hand so good.

Fifth Child.

We thank Him for our houses warm;
To shield us from the winter's storm.

Sixth Child.

For water clear and cool and fair;
For all the fresh, health-giving air.

Seventh Child.

For all these things and much besides
Which His kind loving care provides.

Song (In which all the school joins. Tune: Bluebell).

Father, we thank Thee;
Father in heaven;
Each blessing from Thy loving hand is given;
Thy tender watching
Guards all our way;
Praises we give Thee on Thanksgiving Day.

Little Pilgrims.

A Thanksgiving exercise for seven boys and girls in Puritan costumes.

This exercise will mean little to the children unless they catch the spirit of the Pilgrims of old. Tell the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, the voyage, the landing on Plymouth Rock, and all the first year in the New World, and let them dramatize it some time before the speaking day. Let them sail over the ocean in an improvised ship. Let them step out on a box or stool which shall represent Plymouth Rock, and sing a hymn of praise. Then let the young Pilgrim Fathers pretend to chop down trees, build log houses, and range thru the woods with guns (pointers) on shoulders, looking for game for food, while the

little Pilgrim mothers occupy themselves in appropriate ways. Let a part of the school be Indians, with feathers in their hair, who creep softly thru the forest and are much astonished to behold white men. Let them enact the scene where the Pilgrims were gathered to pray for deliverance from starvation and in the midst of the services a ship bringing provisions was sighted.

Lastly, let them spread a make-believe feast and invite the Indians. Be sure to have them sing or repeat reverently, while around the table, the song above, or some similar one for a grace.

For exercise period the next few days, have the sports which the settlers and the Indians held after the dinner, the running, jumping, and throwing contests and so forth.

The costumes may be easily arranged. White caps made from large white handkerchiefs with one edge turned back to form a flap, and the opposite edge gathered to make the back of the cap; white kerchiefs, and long skirts will transform the girls. The boys should wear dark suits with deep collars and cuffs of white paper or cloth. Pilgrim hats may also be made of stiff dark brown wrapping paper, with wide brim and bell crown if desired.

First Pupil.

We are little Pilgrim folk;
Far across the sea
Weary weeks and months we sailed
That we might be free.

Second Pupil.

Where we landed from the ship
Chilling icy spray
Dashed upon a frozen shore,
Moaning night and day.

Third Pupil.

Cold the snow lay all around;
We were hungry, too;
But we did not fret or cry
As young cowards might do.

Fourth Pupil.

No, we set to chopping trees;
Worked to keep us warm,
Built great fires and huts of logs
To shield us from the storm.

Fifth Pupil.

Then, with gun on shoulder
We ranged the frozen wood,
Brought in turkeys, deer, and bears
For our daily food.

Sixth Pupil.

Bearing hunger, danger, cold,
Trusting God alway;
So we opened this new land
Where you live to-day.

Seventh Pupil.

We are little Pilgrim folk
Faithful, brave, and true;
And we want you all to be
Brave and faithful, too.

Recitation: A November Playmate.

Little Jack Frost
Came out one day
With Polly and Ned
To have a play.

He rode with them
On the bright new sled;
He pinched their cheeks
And made them red.

He hid in drifts
Of snow so white
He made their eyes
Shine clear and bright.

He went with them
On the clear, smooth ice;
He helped them skate;
Oh, wasn't it nice!

He took a hand
In all their joys;
Oh Jack Frost loves
The girls and boys!

Recitation: Gay Jack Frost.

A merry little fellow
Is gay Jack Frost;
The blighted gardens know him
At bitter cost.

But, really, he is friendly
To every one,
And many are the good deeds
He has done.

He drives away diseases;
He makes pure air,
All clear and crisp and sparkling
Everywhere.

He paints the pretty pictures
On the pane.
He turns to fair snow crystals
The drizzling rain.

He makes the shining track where
The children skate.
Oh little Jacky Frost is
A fine playmate.

Closing recitation: Good Night.

Our pieces now are spoken,
And silence soon, unbroken,
Shall reign within the school-room walls,
For we are going home.
To-morrow is a holiday;
To-morrow is a jolly day;
We bid a gay good-night to all;
Thanksgiving time has come.

To the school. Good night!
School responds. Good night!
To the teacher. Good night!
Teacher responds. Good night!
All Together. Thanksgiving time has come.

Entertainment for December.

By BERTHA E. BUSH, Iowa.

A Song for Christmas Time.

(Tune, "A Little Birdie in a Tree.")

Stars shine bright and keen winds blow;
Laughingly children go;
Merry bells make tuneful chime
At the Christmas time.
All the world is happy;
Full of love and cheer;
Children sing in gladness;
Christmas time is here.

REFRAIN.

Stars shine bright and keen winds blow;
Laughingly children go.
Merry bells make tuneful chime
At the Christmas time.

Flickering with glancing beam
Gay balls shine; candles gleam;
Sparkling fruit hangs fair to see
On the Christmas tree.
Happy, happy voices
Raise the song again;
Hark! the echoes answer
Peace, good-will to men.
Refrain: Stars shine bright; etc

Making the Records.

(A little dialog for Christmas time.)

CHARACTERS.

Santa Claus, in dressing-gown and skull-cap, or any suitable indoor costume.

The *Brownies*, each working on a toy, except Scribble, who carries a very big book.

Teacher, in any grown-up costume, with a primer in her hand.

SCENE.—Santa Claus's work-shop. Half a dozen Brownies working on toys and Scribble writing in the record book. They work a moment in silence, then begin to sing as they work, Scribble beating time with his pencil.

Song of the Christmas Brownies.

(Tune: "Winter-time," Modern Music Series, First Book, by Eleanor Smith.)

Early we rise at peep of day
And to our labor haste away;
Pounding, and gluing, and making toys;
We work for all the girls and boys.

Summer and winter all day long
We ply our tools with merry song;
Steadily working all the year
To bring about the Christmas cheer.

(Enter Santa Claus.)

Santa Claus: Well, my brownies, how are you getting along?

First Brownie: Finely; Santa Claus; finely. The toys are almost done.

Second Brownie: My toy wagon will be finished when I have fastened on this tongue.

Third Brownie: My tin trumpet only needs to be painted.

Fourth Brownie: This wooly dog is all done but the squeak.

Fifth Brownie: This doll only needs to have her cheeks painted and she can be set up to dry.

Santa Claus: (Heartily), Well done; my brownies; well done. Scribble, how are you getting on with the records?

Scribble: I have just finished writing down all that you have given me.

Santa Claus: Very good! I will get some more items for you. (Goes to the telephone, which may be made of two tin cans connected with a string, if no better substitute is obtainable, and rings up Central.) Hello Central! Give me the school-house! (To himself) I used to have to get out my spy-glass and climb up in my high tower and look all over the world to see how the children were doing, but these modern inventions do certainly make life easier. (Thru the telephone) Hello, teacher! Is that you?

Teacher: (speaking into her part of the telephone at the other side of the room.) Hello, Santa Claus. Glad to have you call me up. What can I do for you?

Santa Claus: Will you please tell me just how your children have been doing the past week. I must tell Scribble, my secretary, what to put down in the records.

Teacher: Certainly I will. I am glad to report to you, for they have all been good. Here are a few little items I jotted down particularly to tell you. Johnny Jones has been trying very hard to break that bad habit of whispering and turning around, which bothers the school so much. He has studied his lessons this week like a man.

Santa Claus: Good. My brownies are making a little steam-engine for a boy who tries, and I'll give it to Johnny. How is Bettie Brown about her writing now?

Teacher: Oh, Bettie Brown is learning to make beautiful writing and number work. Her work is so careful and her paper so clean that it is a pleasure to look over it.

Santa Claus: That is fine! Bettie shall have a beautiful doll in the prettiest kind of a dress to reward her for being so neat.

Teacher: Tommy Trotter is much ashamed of the tardy marks he has made, and he has resolved not to be late at school once more this year.

Santa Claus: Good for Tommy! I'll give him a Waterbury watch to help him be prompt.

Teacher: Susie May is ever so kind to the little ones at recess and before and after school. She takes care of them like a little mother and makes them very happy.

Santa Claus: That is one of the best things I have heard. I love any one who is good to the little children. I will bring something very nice in my pack for Susie. Have you any more items for me?

Teacher: Yes, ever so many. But the school-bell has begun to ring and I must take up school. I'll tell you the rest when school is over. Good-bye, Santa Claus. You'll bring all my boys and girls presents, won't you?

Santa Claus: Yes, indeed. I bring presents for all good children and your pupils are surely very good. (Rings off on the telephone and turns to Scribble.) Scribble, can you put all these items down on the record?

Scribble: Yes, sir, every one.

Santa Claus: Very well, put them down. There is no place better than a school-room to find out how children behave. And I have found the teachers very kind. They save up all the

good things to tell me. Come now, my brownies, it is dinner time. We will go into the dining-room and eat roast polar bear, snow pudding, and ice-cream.

Recitation: A Rest for Santa Claus.

"Dear Santa Claus is very good,"
Said Clarice Doris May;
"He works so hard the whole year thru
Until the Christmas Day.

"And then he stays up all night long
To drive his sleigh around,
And bring his great pack to the roofs
Where children may be found.

"I'm sure he must be very tired
When Christmas morning comes
And he has given the presents around,
The dolls, and sleds, and drums.

"I think that he must want to sleep
The whole of Christmas Day
And not get down his books to write
What bad girls do and say.

"And so I mean to be as good
As ever I can be,
That Santa Claus may have a rest
After his work, you see."

Recitation: Which Made the Best Present?

Three little girls with sunny curls
Sat sewing busily;
They were all making Christmas presents
As any one might see.

"I mean to give this to Aunt Kate,"
Said chattering little Bess,
"Because she'll give me something nice,
Some new gold beads, I guess."

"And I'll give this to grandpapa,"
Said skilful little Flo;
"He'll pat my head and say, surprised,
'Why, dear, how well you sew!'"

"I shall give this to mother dear,"
Said patient little Julie;
"I want to make her something
Because I love her truly."

Which of these presents would you rather have,
What Bessie or Flo or Julie gave?

(Closing Stanza to be repeated just at dismissal.)

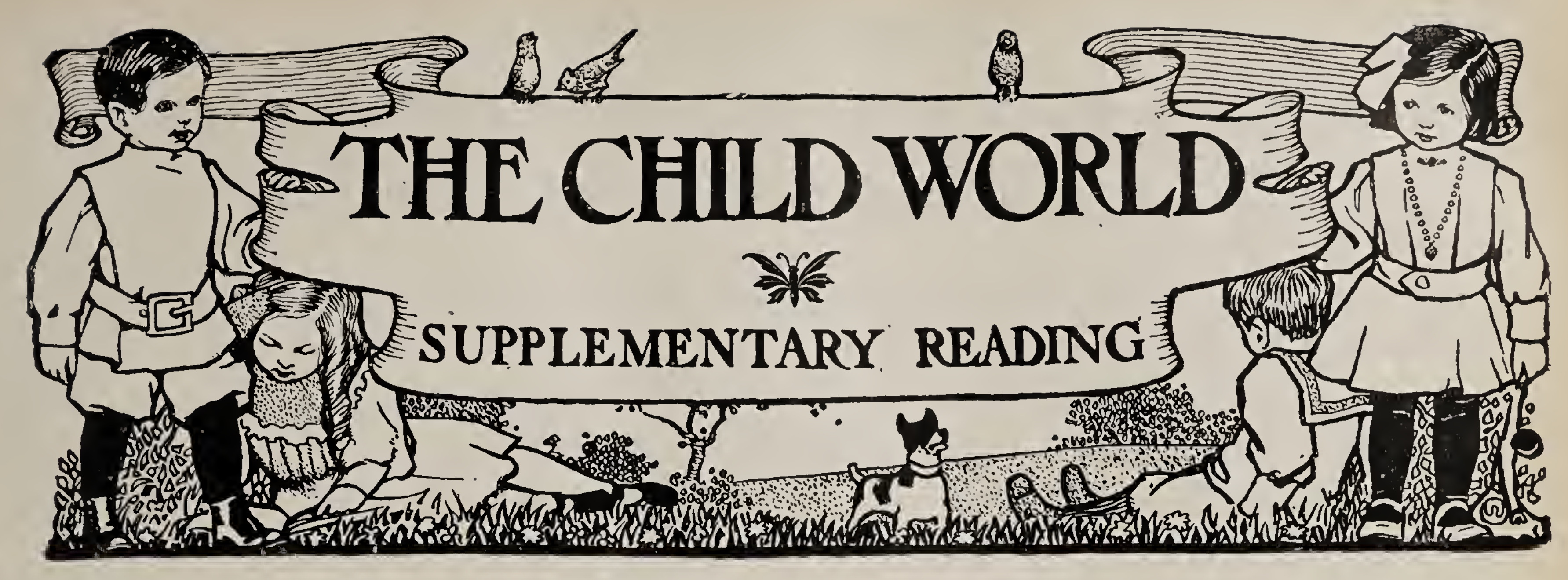
Girls: Vacation has come and we're glad as can be;

Boys: Hurrah, now for frolic and festivity.

Girls: With love to each playmate, then, softly we call,

All: Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas to all!

"Old Bob Crow arrived dressed in his best clothes and with a stovepipe hat on his head.
"The animals all cheered him for they saw he had his fiddle under his wing."
[This illustration by Mr. Shorey is to go with his delightful story in THE CHILD WORLD this month.]



Bunny=Rabbit's Party

A Story for Thanksgiving Time

By G. H. Shorey

Illustrated by the Author.

Bunny Rabbit who lived in the lane, gave a party one day, and invited all of his many friends to come.

So the Bull-frog and the little Mud-turtle from the brook, after washing their faces for the tenth time, started off for the party—the Pollywogs being much too young for parties were left behind, to play hide and seek with the little fish.

On their way, the Frog and the Turtle met first the grey Squirrel, in his beautiful grey coat, and then the Chipmunk, who flirted his busy little tail every time he spoke. A lot of other animals joined them as they went slowly along.

Of course they couldn't travel very fast, on account of the turtle, but after a time they reached the old hollow tree, where Bunny's party was to be given.

Over the doorway, Bunny had formed with some wintergreen berries, the word "Welcome." To be sure some of the letters were wrong end to, but just the same all of the animals admired the pretty thing.

Inside of the tree, Bunny-Rabbit, with an apron on, was setting the table and getting things ready.

He used two long benches on each side of the table, instead of chairs. The benches were much higher on one end than the other, so that the little short animals, like the mouse and the chipmunk could sit there, and their heads would then be level with the heads of the larger animals on the low end of the bench.

Pretty soon old Bob Crow arrived dressed in his best clothes and with a stove-pipe hat on his head. The animals all cheered him, for they saw he had his fiddle under his wing.

As he was much older than the other creatures, Bunny brought out a three-legged stool for him to sit on.

After filling his pipe, Bob Crow talked in very wise fashion to the animals grouped about. "'Pears to me we're having the 'growingest' weather for corn I ever see," said the Crow, lighting his pipe and glancing sideways at the sky.

No one ever thought of disputing the crow, so they all agreed that it was a remarkable year for corn.

"And that reminds me, I never saw you with so many freckles as you have this year," said the Crow looking at the Frog.

"Yes, it is an awful good year for freckles," said the Frog not knowing what else to say.

At this the Raccoon tittered and started the Chipmunk laughing, which made the Crow angry at both.

"Your manners are as bad, if not worse than they were last year, 'Coony," said the Crow crossly.

"They are much worse than they used to be," said the Fox, who on account of the tricks he had had played on him by the 'Coon was not very friendly with the roguish fellow.

At this remark, the 'Coon laughed so heartily that he lost his hold on the stump, where he had been trying to stand on his head, and fell straight on top of the Maltese Pussy, who was just finishing washing her face for the party.

He scrambled to his feet, and in his haste to get away from the Pussy's sharp claws, he rushed past the opening in the hollow tree, just as Bunny-Rabbit was coming out to say that the party was ready.

'Coony's head butted poor Bunny in the middle of his soft furry stomach, sending him head-over-heels backwards—the words "Supper is ready" sounding very funny being knocked out of Bunny in the way they were.

The 'Coon was now in disgrace on account of his rudeness, and was left outside the tree, while the others all trooped in to eat of the good things on Bunny's table.

He was told he might stand at the door and sniff of the dainties, but he couldn't come in.

He made so much noise sniffing, however, that they finally sent him away entirely.

'Coony was such a good-natured rascal, that he really didn't care much, but he at once set his wits to work to think of some way to get even with the animals who were having such a jolly time and leaving him out.

He happened to think that his old friend the Owl lived up in the tree,—in fact his home was in the hollow part almost over the Bunny's table.

As the Owl was a very shy fellow, no one knew he lived in the tree, except the 'Coon, who scrambled up the trunk and looked in the window of Mr. Owl's home and saw him sitting inside, fast asleep.

'Coony reached in and tapped him on the head, to wake him up, which he did in a hurry, snapping his great bill at the little brown paw of the 'Coon before he noticed what it was.

"Hoo! Hoo!" laughed the Owl. Lucky your hand was just out of reach, 'Coony, or I might have bitten it off."

"Hush!" said the 'Coon, I can get you something much nicer than my hand to eat, if you'll do as I tell you."

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" laughed the Owl again.

Then the 'Coon and the Owl whispered for a few minutes, with their heads close together, and in a moment or so the 'Coon slid down to the ground.

He peeked in the door of the tree, and saw the merry animals were just finishing the first course, so he galloped off to a nearby field as hard as he could go, where he found a little pumpkin. Hollowing this out, and putting eyes, mouth, and nose in it, and a couple of cat-tails out of the side for ears, he hurried back to the tree.

Putting his head inside the pumpkin, he stepped into the doorway, and waving his little brown paws, he groaned as loud as he could—at the same time Mr. Owl who was waiting up in the dark hollow of the tree sung out mournfully, "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!"

At first the animals were too frightened to move, and they made a rush for the little window, not daring to pass the frightful looking figure in the doorway.

It was really disgraceful to see the rude way those frightened animals snarled and scratched to get out of the little opening.

The Pussy, the Crow, and the Bunny-Rabbit all tried to squeeze through at the same time, and got stuck; and those behind, casting fearful glances at the dreadful figure in the doorway, reached up and with a mighty shove, pushed the three kicking, scratching creatures out of the window and then scrambled out themselves.

In a jiffy, the place was cleared, and the 'Coon walked in, took off his pumpkin mask, the Owl came down, and the two rascals ate and ate until they could eat no more. When Bunny-Rabbit crawled back, later on,

and peeked through the window, he saw the 'Coon and the Owl leaning up against each other fast asleep and snoring, the 'Coon's arm resting in his plate of pudding.

Running swiftly from the place, the Bunny soon got all the animals together again, and they went back to the tree, where the 'Coon and the Owl were still sleeping.

The Crow took a piece of string out of his pocket, and very carefully tied the 'Coon's legs to those of the Owl.

The animals then stood around in a circle and altogether each cried, squeaked, barked, or crowed according to his way, and as loudly as possible.

The tremendous racket awoke both the sleepers, who tried to jump up from the bench where they had been sitting, but their legs being tied they fell under the table, kicking and struggling.

"Leg-go-my-leg! Leg-go-my-leg!" one would squeal; and the other would say, "I aint a-holdin' it," until the animals were rolling on the floor with laughter.

Finally the string broke, and the two tumbled head-over-heels backwards where both sat up and looked stupidly at each other, and at the laughing animals.

"I guess we are even now," they shouted, "so we'll finish the feast, and let the Owl and 'Coon have some."

After every crumb was eaten Bob Crow fiddled his brightest tunes, while they all danced together, 'Coony the liveliest of them all.

Finally the Sun said he was tired holding his light up any longer and was going to bed, and they had better go home; so off they went shouting and singing, while Bunny-Rabbit stood in the doorway and waved 'Coony's pumpkin mask at them.

Poems Worth Memorizing

Boats Sail on the River.

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozing, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—JOHN KEATS.

Little Brown Hands.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up thru the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so, from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—MARY H. KROUT.

Jack Frost.

The Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, thru the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest.
He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things! There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair
He peeped in the cupboard and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare;
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking."

—HANNAH GOULD.

Lullaby.

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

While the birds are silence keeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Poems for Thanksgiving Time

The poems given below are all taken from a booklet arranged for the several "special days" of the school year, under the auspices of the Nebraska Department of Public Education.

Kind friends, to all a greeting,
From far and near so gay,
To this our joyous meeting,
This glad Thanksgiving day.

November fields are dreary,
November skies are gray,
But every voice is cheery,
This glad Thanksgiving Day.

The First Thanksgiving Day.

Children, do you know the story
Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
Founded by our Pilgrim Fathers
In that time so far away?

They had given for religion
Wealth and comfort—yes, and more—
Left their homes and friends and kindred,
For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log cabins,
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often e'en the bravest
Felt his blood run cold with dread
Lest the wild and savage red-man
Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
Met their eyes on every hand;
And before the spring had reached them
They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
Was not exercised in vain;
Summer brought them brighter prospects,
Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,
As the harvest time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
At the full corn on the ear.

So the governor, William Bradford,
In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all His mercies,
Set a special day apart.

That was in the autumn, children,
Sixteen hundred twenty-one;
Scarce a year from when they landed,
And the colony begun.

And now when in late November,
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
Of those Pilgrims long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
That they braved years, years ago;
But for all their struggles gave us,
We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
If they feast or praise or pray,
Should bless God for those brave Pilgrims,
And their first Thanksgiving Day.

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Reason Why.

We learn it all in history—you didn't think I knew?
Why, don't you s'pose I study my lessons? *Course* I do.
The Pilgrim Fathers did it, they made Thanksgiving Day.
Why? O, I don't remember; my history doesn't say,
Or p'rhaps I wasn't listening when she was telling why;
But if the Pilgrim Mothers were busy making pie,
I s'pose they couldn't bother, and so that was the way
It happened that the *Fathers* made our Thanksgiving Day.

—Selected.

The Trouble.

'Twas the jolliest sort of a party;
There were lassies and laddies a score,
With ices and cakes, nuts, and candy,
And all kinds of goodies in store.

"Did you have a good time, dear?" we questioned,
Next morning, our eight-year-old Ned.
He sighed. "'Twas the best time I could have
Unless I was bigger," he said.

—Selected.

Little Paul's Thanksgiving.

They tossed him and they squeezed him,
And they kissed him one and all;
They said, "You blessed, blessed boy!"
And "Darling little Paul!"

But they didn't give him turkey,
Nor any pumpkin pie,
And when the nuts and grapes went 'round
They slyly passed him by.

But he didn't seem to mind it,
For in the sweetest way
He sat and sucked his little thumb
His first Thanksgiving Day.

—Selected.

After Harvest.

The days of harvest are past again,
We have cut our corn, and bound our sheaves,
And gathered the apples green and gold,
'Mid the brown and crimson orchard leaves,
With a flowery promise the springtime came,
With the building birds and blossoms sweet;
But oh! the honey, the fruit and wine!
And oh! the joy of the corn and wheat!
What was the bloom to the apple's gold,
And what the flower to the honeycomb?
What was the song that sped the plow,
To the joyful song of the harvest home?

So sweet, so fair are the days of youth;
So full of promise, so gay with song;
To the lilt of joy and the dream of love
Right merrily go the hours along;
But yet in the harvest time of life
We never wish for its spring again.
We have tried our strength, and proved our heart!
Our hands have gathered the golden grain;
We have eaten with sorrow her bitter bread,
And love has fed us with honeycomb;
Sweet youth, we can never weep for thee
When life has come to its harvest home.

When the apples are red on the topmost bough,
We do not think of their blooming hour;
When the vine hangs low with its purple fruit,
We do not long for its pale green flower;
o then, when hopes of our spring at last

Are found in the fruit of the busy brain,
In the heart's sweet love, in the hand's brave toil,
We shall not wish for our youth again.

Ah, no, we shall say, with a glad content,
After the years of our hard unrest:
"Thank God for our ripened hopes and toil!
Thank God, the harvest of life is best."
—AMELIA E. BARR, in *Wisconsin Farmer.*

A Trying Question.

If turkeys were tall as telegraph poles,
And ten times broader and fatter,
Who'd do the carving
To keep us from starving,
And what could we use for a platter?
—ANNA M. PRATT, in *Youth's Companion.*

November.

Trees bare and brown,
Dry leaves everywhere,
Dancing up and down,
Whirling thru the air.

Red-cheeked apples roasted,
Popcorn almost done,
Toes and chestnuts toasted,
That's November fun.
—SELECTED.

The First Thanksgiving Day.

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), governor of Plymouth, say,—
Thru virtue of vested power,—ye shall gather with one accord
And hold in the month of November, Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we have sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from wrack and wrong;
And unto our feast the sachem shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit, who maketh the harvest grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there is hunting of all degrees,
And fishermen, take your tackle and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy.

"We fail of the fruits and dainties, we fail of the old home cheer;
Ah! these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that befall us here.
But see! in our open clearings how golden the melons lie!
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin-pie!"

So, bravely the preparations went on for the autumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brew served for wine;
And the plum and the grape of the forest for orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed; the snow had begun to fall,
But the clang of the meeting-house belfry rang merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford; men, matrons, and maidens fair.
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corslet and sword were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the sway,
For the grave of sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Massasoit, the sachem, sat down with his hundred braves,
And ate the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest, with a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered: "The Spirit loves his white children best!"
—MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Bertie's Thanksgiving.

Hurrah for Thanksgiving! "What for?" did you say?
Why, sir, if you don't know, it's queer;
I'm going to grandpa's; say, ain't that enough
To "rattle" most any boy here?

Did you have a grandpa when you were a boy?
And didn't you go once a year
To help him eat all the jolly good things
He fixes for Thanksgiving cheer?

It's grandma, I s'pose tho, that makes all the pies,
Such stunning ones, pumpkin and mince,
And puddings and cakes, with frosting and tarts
That's quite good enough for a prince.

And there's the turkey, and chicken, and ducks
All stuffed with such jolly good stuff.
A boy has to eat till he can't eat any more,
And then he ain't got half enough.

There's a cute little pig with some corn in its mouth;
You'd think he was going to squeal;
It seems most a pity to eat him up, too,
But he beats them all, by a deal.

And then in the evening there's apples and nuts,
And games till the old clock strikes ten,
Then all the small cousins must go off to bed
And dream it all over again.

But sometimes the dreams don't seem half so nice;
There's Injuns, and bears, and sly mice,
And they dance on your stomach and pull at your scalp,
In a manner that ain't very nice.

But they all run away with the bright morning sun,
And we all bundle up and go home.
Then hurrah for Thanksgiving: I say, sir, don't you?
I wish it would hurry and come.
—*Housekeeping*

Autumn Busy Work

By Ida Oliver, Wisconsin

Nut Boats.

DURING the fall months when the nuts are so plentiful, every child can gather a few of the different kinds that grow near his home. Now, if he will add to this collection a few cents' worth of peanuts, he will be surprised at the good times he can have and the many "cute" things he can make, while at the same time he will be picking up bits of useful information.

Wonderful little skiffs can be made from the hulls of the hickory nuts. Jack Frost is throwing them down by the basketful. to the ground. We will halve them, and by cutting a paper sail and stringing it on a tooth pick, we shall soon be ready for a sail.

Hickory Nut Dolls.

The old Hickory Nut Woman is excellent fun. Her head must be a hickory nut, using the point for her nose. With our water colors we can paint eyes, nostrils, and mouth. A stick run thru the nut and down into a small, round pasteboard box; forms the frame-work of our "mammy."

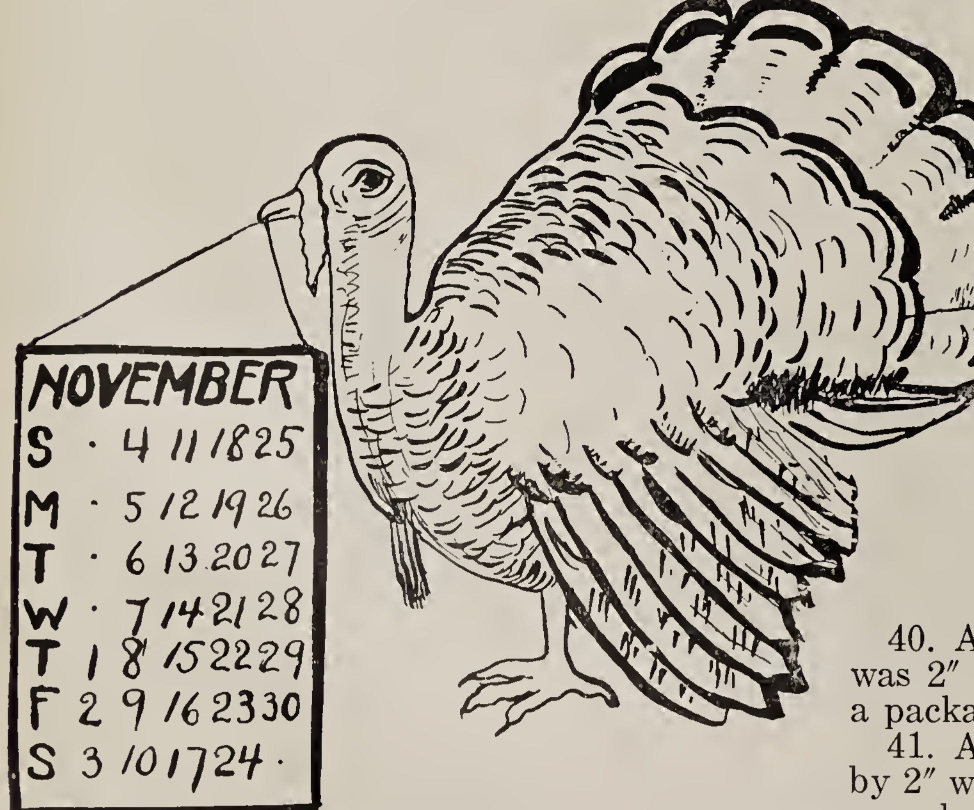
We may dress her as gaily as we wish. A turban, kerchief, and an apron improve her wonderfully. We must stuff the waist with cotton and draw the cloth over the edges of the box to form the skirt.

Peanut John.

Peanut John is another good fellow. To make him we must have five one-toed nuts, eight two-toed nuts, and one three-toed nut.

The three-toed nut will form the body, and to this we must sew a one-toed nut to form the head. For arms and legs we must string two two-toed nuts with a one-toed nut, and sew to the body.

We will next paint a water color face and plait a black silk queue, and by dressing our peanut man in a tight cap, loose trousers, and a blouse, we have a funny little Chinaman.



Japanese Parasols.

To make these pretty little parasols we must have a cork about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, twelve ordinary toothpicks, a skewer, or sharpened stick about five inches in length, and a ball of yarn of some bright, attractive color. Two or three colors or shades of the same color may be used with good results.

The toothpicks should first be stuck around the upper edge of the cork, so they will point outward like the spokes of a wheel, and the pointed end of the stick stuck into the lower end of the cork.

Fasten one end of the yarn to a toothpick as near the cork as possible, and wind to within a quarter of an inch from the ends of the picks.

In winding, the yarn is brought back and then under to the next pick, thus making a ribbed effect.

Elementary Arithmetic.

[Continued from page 189.]

27. A lady has ten cubes of sugar If she puts two cubes in each cup of tea, how many cups of tea has she?
28. A cake of soap was 6″ long by 2″ wide by 1″ high. Show two-thirds of the cake.
29. A package of baking soda is 3″ long by 2″ wide by 2″ high. If 8 cu. in. of the soda were spilled, how much is left?
30. A box is 4″ long by 2″ wide by 1″ high. How many 1″ cubes of ice can be put in it?
31. Take the tape measure and show me one-half of a yard.
32. A bar of soap was 2″ long by 2″ wide by 1″ high. Show three bars.
33. A lady had one-half of a yard of lace. She gave away 9″. How many inches has she left?
34. A flower stem was 4″ long. When it was 9″ long how many inches had it grown?
35. One-third of a pound of sugar makes a solid 2″ long by 2″ wide by 1″ high. Show me one pound.
36. A pound of candy is equal to a solid 4″ long by 2″ wide by 2″ high. Show me one-half of a pound.
37. A box of figs 4″ long by 2″ wide by 1″ high weighs one pound. Show me a two pound box.
38. A box of starch 2″ long by 2″ wide by 3″ high weighs one-third of a pound. Show me one pound.
39. A package of coffee contains 24 cu. in. It is 6″ long by 2″ wide. How high is it?
40. A package of soda contained 12 cu. in. It was 2″ high by 3″ wide. Show me one-quarter of a package.
41. A pound of butter made a package 4″ long by 2″ wide by 2″ high. Show me one-quarter of a pound.

Constructive Work for November

By Anna J. Linehan.

Grade 1.

First Week.—Lesson on cylinder. Model same.

Second Week.—Modeling objects like cylinder, used at home, such as rolling-pin, spool of cotton, muff, candle, etc., or making large drawing on board and paper of objects like cylinder.

Third Week.—Folding neckerchief or cap of Puritan maiden.

Fourth Week.—Cutting and coloring pumpkins; or, illustrating some Thanksgiving story.

Grade 2.

First Week.—Review square prisms. Modeling trunk or tool chest; or, drawing train of cars, moving van, etc.

Second Week.—Folding and cutting cradle.

Third Week.—Finishing same.

Fourth Week.—Cutting and coloring roosters in natural colors; or, illustrating Thanksgiving poem or story.

Grade 3.

First Week.—Review models of second grade.

Second Week.—Making nuts in clay, or pencil or ink.

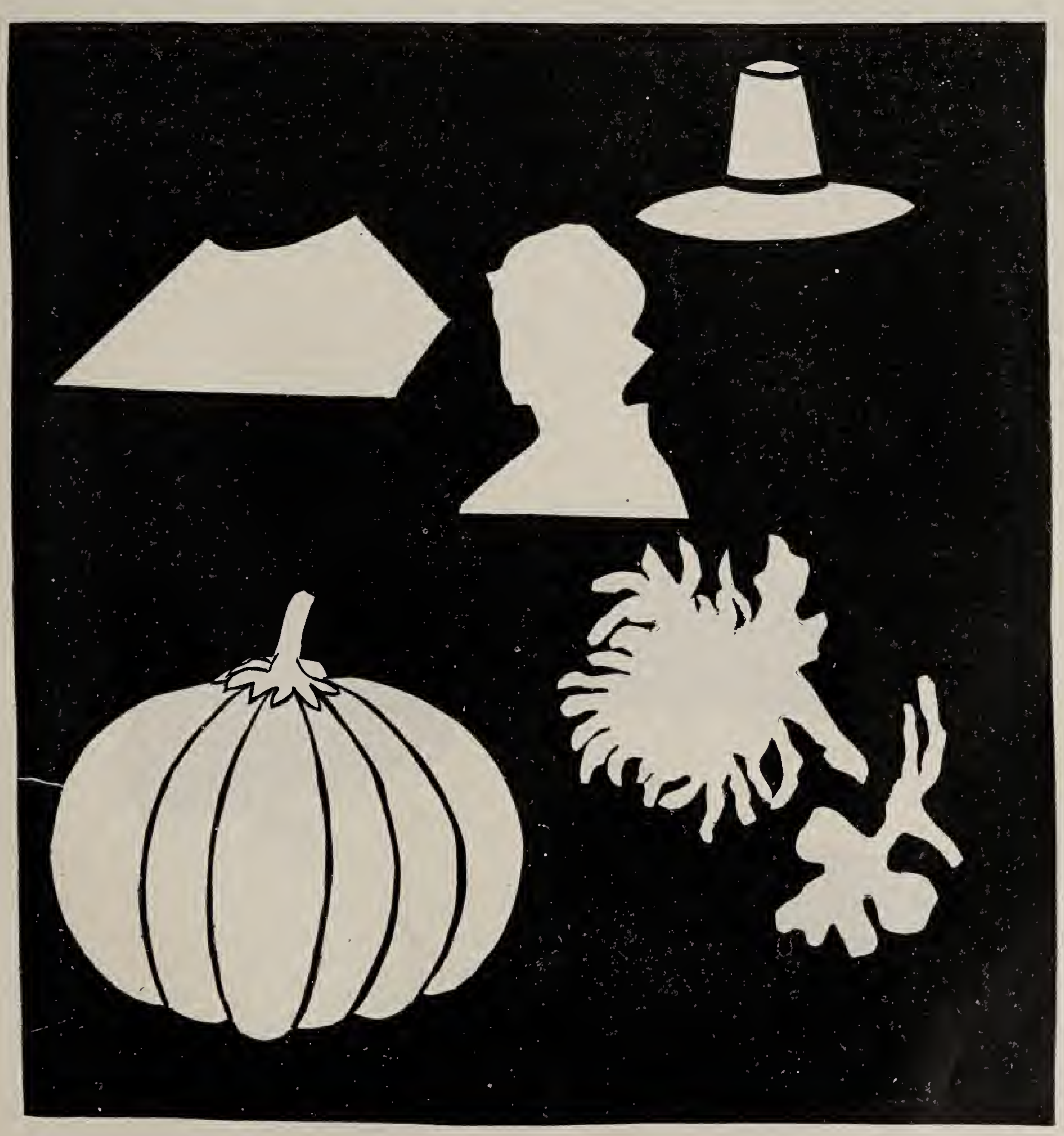
Third Week.—Study of trees without leaves. Making little views of same against sunset sky.

Fourth Week.—Making poster of turkeys or ducks; or, a ménu cover may be designed of fall vegetables.

Grade 4.

Large drawing of cylinder in perspective—vertical and horizontal views.

Large drawings of cylindrical bodies, such



as pitchers, coffe pot, tin can with cover, etc.

Designing calendar for November, and finishing same in color.

Grade 5.

Perspective drawing of square pyramid. Have large drawing and careful work.

Have the class bring in little scenes sketched at home, of towers against a sunset sky. This always awakens their interest in the public buildings in their own towns, and quickens their observation.

Design for cover of composition on Early Settlers of Massachusetts; or any subject in the early history of our country. Have the work done neatly and finished by all the class.

Grade 6.

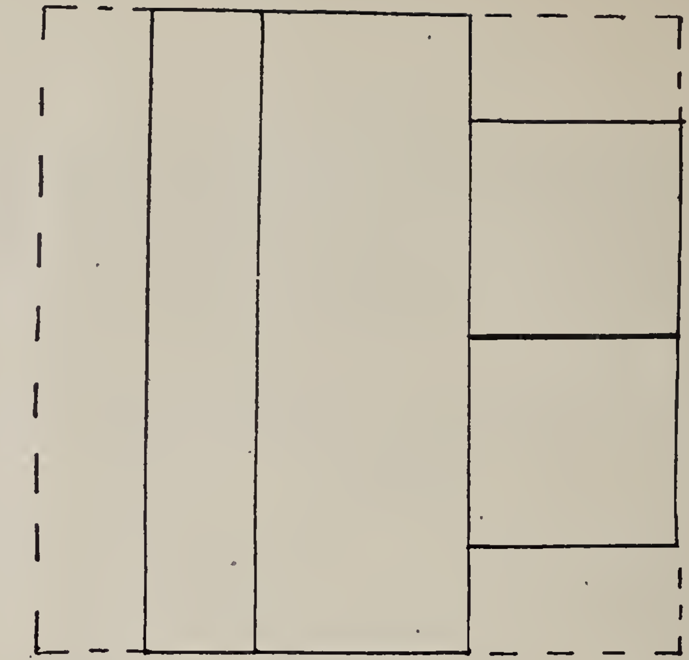
Copies of the good pictures of the Pilgrims would interest class; or, if a costume could be borrowed for the occasion a pupil could pose in Puritan costume for the class to draw from life. That the whole class may have the benefit of the pose-drawing, it is well to borrow a pupil from one of the other grades. If the pose-drawing has been carried on from the lowest grades, the pupils will pose for the class without any embarrassing consciousness.

Making the lantern as given in the diagram.

If the idea is new to the class, it is well to have each one make one exactly like the model and diverge from that as the ideas come to them.

These lines from Longfellow's "Elizabeth" in "Tales of A Wayside Inn," may add interest to the construction of the model.

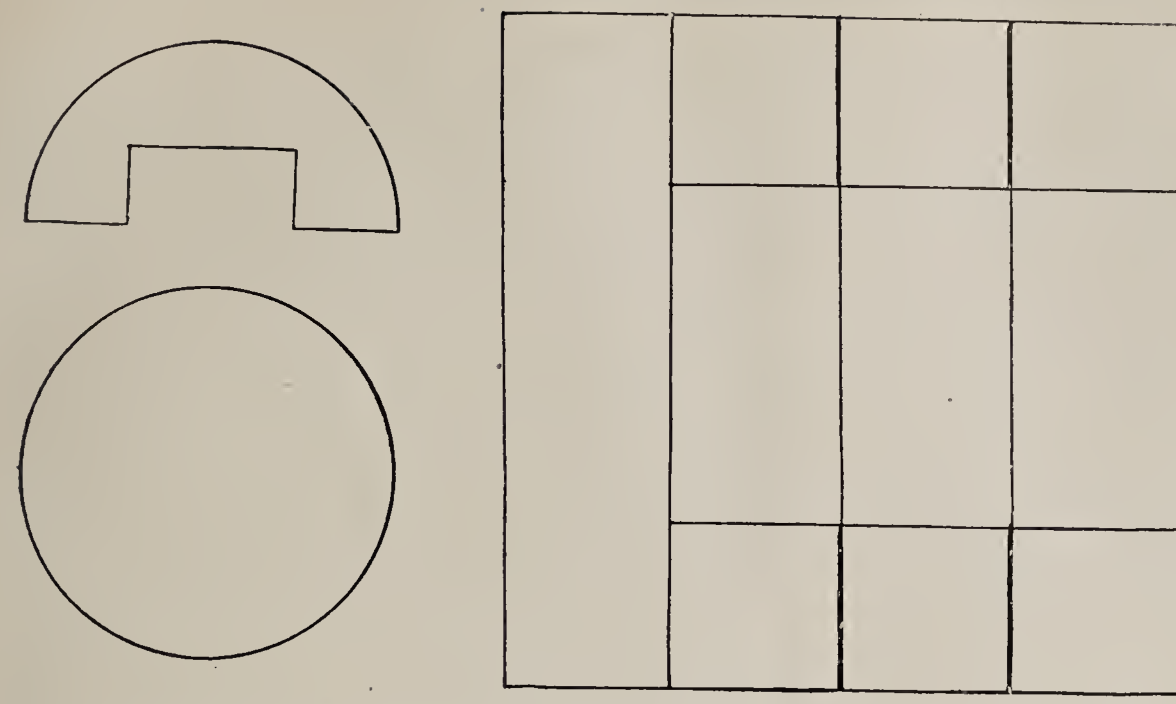
Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern



To make the cap for the Puritan maiden, divide a square of white paper into thirds, bisect one-third lengthwise and cut this off. Turn back the narrow piece over the center third for the fold that turns back from the face. Bisect the remaining third, and fold one part over the other. It will have the appearance of a square on its diagonal. The pieces outside the square can be cut off, or left for strings. The dotted lines in the diagram show the parts to be cut off.

Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse,
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger.

Suggestions for Thanksgiving Paper-cutting and Brush-work



In the first grade the folding for the shawl or neckerchief can be made into the collar worn by the men, by cutting a curve for the neck, then cutting off the shawl points at the end of the shawl. Of course this cutting is done double fold of the paper.

The children in the second grade may feel a keener interest in the work if they realize that the cradle as well as many other articles connected with the *Mayflower* and history of the Pilgrims are exhibited in the quaint town of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

For the cradle take a square of paper, divide in fourths lengthwise and cut off one-fourth. Fold each short side to the center, and after unfolding, cut thru the lines dividing the three squares. Then fold into shape for hollow square prism, according to directions given in previous numbers of this Magazine. For the rockers cut a circle in halves, and cut from each center the width of the folded square prism. If a four-inch square of paper is used for the cradle, the diameter of the circle can be 2¼ inches and the opening in which the body of the cradle fits will be one inch. The strip from the original square of paper can be folded to make the top or hood of the cradle, or a semi-circle may be used.

In the diagram for the lantern for the 6th grade, A is the pattern of the top; B for the main part of the lantern; C the ring, by which the lantern is carried, to be fastened at the top; D is the part to hold the candle, fastening at the edge with flaps. For the vents have small circles like E cut in the top. Five-eighths of a circle will make the top, the flap fastening the two edges measuring about three-eighths inches more. To fasten the top to the main part, cut thru lines indicated by the drawing, fold in and paste to the lower part of the lantern. The door may be made of tracing paper to represent glass, if the material from which the lantern is made is of some dark color. Instead of fastening the handle like a ring at the top, one could be made to fasten on the side.

Primary Nature Study

By Lillian C. Flint, St. Paul, Minn.

Autumn Travelers.

MANY are the devices employed by enlightened herbs and shrubs to sow their seeds far away from the parent plant, and by this wide dispersion to multiply their species. They seem to make the best of the chances that come before them, and if one lot goes far and fares ill another is pretty sure to succeed.

To the thistle and dandelion tribe, with their downy fruits, belong at least a hundred and fifty others that have adopted the same method of seed sowing. To see their feathery seeds floating freely about, hither and thither, wherever the winds bear them, seems to place them in the topmost place in seed life.

There is the cotton plant, that has adopted the same manner of sowing. So industriously has it followed the plan that to this plant alone do more than one-half of the human race owe their clothing. The soft covering of the seeds, at first intended only to make a sail for floating off from the parent home, has been utilized by man until there is no limit to the articles that are made from cotton.

The seeds of thistle and dandelion are of the most desirable shape for being carried by the wind. The top is shaped like a parasol, and is so designed that it will take advantage of the slightest breath of wind. Then it does not turn upside down if the direction of the breeze happens to change; the parent was altogether too clever to leave this to chance. At the bottom of the feathery part hangs the heavy seed, on the same principle as the basket of a balloon. It weights the sail and keeps it right side up. Again, when the seed chances to alight in a favorable place, there is a sharp-pointed barb that answers to a grappling hook, and while it allows the seed to slide down to the ground, if a contrary breeze tries to dislodge it from its resting place the little grappling irons cling and hold so that the seed stays safely where it is planted. If by chance the seed alights on the water, the heavy seed still holds the sail upright, and it sails along without mishap for hours, caressed by the wind until finally it is laid to rest where the seed babies will awaken with the warm winds of spring.

From the downiest, most fragile seed sail, we come to another kind built substantially enough to stand the stress and storms of autumn. This includes the sails of basswood, and the keys of the maple and the ash. The sails are termed wings, because they seem fitted to navigate the air like the wings of birds. They are broad and flat, extended on a stiff framework, and when they drop they whirl about and remain much longer in the air than if they were dropped down at the bottom of the plant.

Experiments with the seeds to show their spiral flight are interesting to children—quite as interesting as fishing or skating. No two seeds will behave exactly alike. Throw some of the basswood or maple seeds out of a high window, and the bracts from which the seeds have been torn will reach the ground first. A leafy sail acts like weighted kite. When it is in a good position the wind carries it along as well as lifts it.

The wind is not the only means that seeds have of getting away from the parent homestead. There are seeds that boldly catch hold of anything that passes, be it man or beast, and clinging closely to the carrier they are often sown miles from where they started. Look at the wool of a sheep and see how full of burrs it is. As for the wild animals, they too unwillingly carry about such fruits, and after awhile try to remove them with claw, hoof, or teeth. They are just common plants that the farmer hoes at all summer, yet wherever there is a vacant lot they preempt it and go on prospering. They include sticktights, pitchforks, burdock, and countless others.

The device of the burdock is worth noticing. About the common head of flowers grow the hooked bracts. Each has in time a distinct seed, but the burdock has so managed that the hooks, once taking hold of anything, have such a strong grip that not one blossom, but the whole head is pulled away together. Any stray sheep or dog takes the whole head, and carrying it away, sows it wherever he can get rid of it.

Another kind of plant includes the berries and stone fruits. They have no aggressive thorns to hold on by, and their strongest hope of living and sowing seed depends on their amiability or sweetness. They hang out a show advertisement of delicious food with brilliant and attractive coloring, and the active bird takes a nip of the sugary foodstuff and drops the stone or seed from the top of the tree, to which he went to make his meal.

To this class belong the fruits that have been clever enough not alone to get the birds to sow for them, but also to have made themselves so valuable to man as to be protected and cared for by him—the blackberry, strawberry, peach, plum, apple, orange, and most of the plants that furnish fruit for our tables.

There is a class of plants that have become adepts in throwing their seeds. The common wild cucumber hangs out its hollow seed vessels, and when they are dried some of the fibers have grown shorter than the others, and the inside ones are stretched to their utmost. Let the wind blow it roughly or let anything brush against it, and off jump the alert black seeds, sometimes thirty feet away from the parent stem. The hollow shell is left like an empty windbag.

Almost every one has heard of seeds being carried by ocean currents. The cocoanut is one of these. Dropping into the sea, its heavy hard shell makes it waterproof, and borne by the wind and waves it sometimes is carried miles away from the parent island, until it is thrown up on the beach of some coral reef, with a little earth. After a while its feathery leaves swing and sway in the wind as do those of its parent plant far away across the sea.

Many seeds seem to have made themselves sailors, and others occasionally use water to get about. Grape seeds without any pulp sink at once, but leave the skin on and off they float. These belong to the tribe of occasional sailors. Look at the milk-weed. Not only has the milk-weed a sail, but it has a good water boat as well. If the sail is torn off a little ruffle will be seen around the edge of the seed. This acts the part of a life preserver, and floats it down stream, until caught in the reeds on the bank, when it is anchored for life. The little rim is composed of cork, and seems to be designed just for the purpose of letting this and similar seeds use the streams and rivers to take them about.

Suggestions for Teaching Seeds.

1. Name as many kinds of seeds that have sails as you can.
2. What other ways have you observed of seeds being taken from one place to another?
3. Why do some seeds have sails?
4. Why do some seeds have a hard shell?
5. Why are some fruits green when unripe and colored when ripe?
6. Why do seeds have hooks?
7. What seeds are adapted to getting about by water?
8. How do cattle and other animals help in the carrying about of seeds?
9. Why are some seeds sticky?
10. How do animals get rid of the seeds they have carried?

The Oak

I am an oak leaf.
I grow on an oak tree.
My leaves are green in the spring.
My leaves are red in the fall.
My seeds are acorns.
The edges of my leaves are cut in sharp points.
My wood is hard.
Ships are made of my wood.
Tables and chairs are made of it, too.
Children do not eat my acorns.
Squirrels eat them.
Squirrels put them in their nests to eat in winter.
Some oaks are white, black, or red.

Bees

The bee buzzes on the blossom.
The bee has six legs.
The bee has four wings.
The wings are held to each other by tiny hooks.
The bee has a long lip.
She gets honey from the blossoms with this lip.
She puts the honey in her bag.
She eats some of the honey.
She puts some of the honey in little cups for winter.
She gets yellow dust on her legs.
The little bees eat the bread made from the yellow dust.
The home of a bee is a hive.
Many bees live in the hive.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower."

—*Isaac Watts.*

Wheat

See the green grass growing in the field.
The horse and cow eat it.
We can not eat grass.
Wheat grows like grass.
The leaves are long.
The stalk has the seed.
The stalk is hollow.
The seed is full of milk.
In the fall the seed grows hard.
Birds like the soft seeds.
The farmer cuts the wheat in the fall.
It is made into flour.
The mill grinds it into flour.
It is made into bread for you.

The Chestnut

I am a chestnut leaf.
I do not look like an oak.
My leaves are not cut like an oak.
My leaves have an edge like a saw.
I do not grow acorns.
My nuts are in a burr.
My nuts are green in summer.
In summer you can not see my nuts on the tree.
In the fall my nuts are brown.
You can eat my nuts.
In the fall children and squirrels can see my nuts on the tree.
They are sweet and good.
The frost opens the burrs.
My nuts fall on the ground.
Then children pick them up and eat them
Tables and chairs are made from me.
In the fall my leaves are yellow.

Games and Educational Occupations

Edited by ADA VAN STONE HARRIS, Supervisor of Primary Education, Rochester, N. Y.

Marching and Rhythmic Exercises for Grade II

By MARION BROMLEY NEWTON, Supervisor of Physical Training, Rochester, N. Y.

Lesson I.

March. (Light march music—avoid dragging.)

1. In circle. 2. In zigzag, across hall. 3. In long straight lines; "by twos"; "by fours"; "by eights." 4. With short steps. (Music quickens.) 5. With long steps. (Music becomes slower.) 6. On tip-toe. (Light music.) 7. Backward, with short steps. 8. With hands at back of neck, head erect, and elbows as far back as the ears. 9. Arms raised at sides, at shoulder level.

Suggestions. In marching, children should be at least an arm's distance behind one another. Aim for a light, free movement in walking, without a dragging or scuffing of the feet. Heads should be carried in an erect manner, and arms should be allowed to swing easily at the sides.)

Lesson II.

Rhythmic Plays.

1. *Swing.* (Waltz music.) Children in circle, hands joined. Run forward lightly, three steps (one measure). Run backward lightly, three steps (one measure).

2. *Jumping Rope.* (Two-step music.)

(*a*) In place, without advancing. Swing arms as if holding rope.

(*b*) Advancing, leaping along, one foot leading, as if going over the rope at each step.

3. *Rolling Hoop.* (Waltz music.) Carrying hoop stick, and go thru the motion of rolling a hoop. One or two real hoops may be used in turn by the children, while others watch standing in a circle.

4. *Walking on Stilts.* (Quick march music.) Walking on heels with hands against thighs, as if grasping stilts.

5. *Bicycle Riding.* (Schottische music.) Holding handle bar, run lightly, lifting knees at each step.

6. *Jumping Jacks.* (Slow march music.) Children in circle with wide spaces between each. With the music they jump in the air, spreading arms and legs, and bringing them down again as they land on the floor.

7. *Rocking Horse.* Children in circle.

"I had a little pony,
His name was 'Dapple Grey';
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away.

"She whipped him and she slashed him;
She rode him thru the mire;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all that Lady's hire."

Music 2-4 time.

5,3 5,4 6,5 $\bar{1}$, – $\bar{1}$,7 $\bar{2}$,6 7,$\bar{1}$;
5,3 5,4 6,5 $\bar{1}$, – $\bar{1}$,7 $\bar{2}$,6 7,$\bar{1}$,
$\bar{1}$,$\bar{2}$ $\bar{1}$,7 6,6 5; – 5,4 5,$\bar{2}$ $\bar{1}$,7,
5,1 7,$\bar{1}$ 5,6 7,$\bar{1}$ – 6,5 $\bar{1}$,7 $\bar{2}$,$\bar{1}$.

Hold reins. One foot in front of the other; rock forward on that foot, then back on the other.

Lesson III.

Social and Nature Plays.

1. *Greeting.* (Waltz or march music, played softly.) About ten children are arranged in line, standing side by side, a step or two apart. The rest march in single file, and as they pass the first ten, they shake hands with each other in turn, saying, "How do you do, Mary," giving child's name. Another line of children may then receive.

2. *Bowing.* (3-4 music; "One, two, three, bow.") Children march in circle two by two. On the three beats of the measure, three slow minuet steps (*i.e.*, walking steps, with lifting of the feet in front, and, careful placing of them forward, are taken, advancing; then on the word "Bow," which occupies one full measure, each child turns toward his partner, and bows gracefully; girls holding their dresses out, with thumb and forefinger; boys, with heels together, and hands at sides.

3. *Wind Storm.* (Formation of class, children in lines one back of another, with lines two or three steps apart. To arrive at this formation, children may march in fours, sixes, or eights, according to the floor space; hands joined, and arms reaching to sides as far as possible; when class is in place, drop hands.)

Teacher leads, children imitate.

(*a*) *Fluttering Leaves.* (Light, quick music.) Children raise arms up and down, moving fingers quickly to represent leaves.

(*b*) *Wind.* (Waltz music.) One child, for the wind, may stand in front of class; with the music, he runs a few steps to the left, then turns about and runs a few steps to the right, and as the child runs the trees sway from side to side in the wind. Children raise arms to right and left sides, alternately, for branches of trees, and step to the side as they sway, crossing one foot over the other.

(*c*) *Whirling Leaves.* (Waltz music quickens.) Children turn and whirl lightly about, with a running step.

(*d*) *Rain Drops.* (Light music, quick, suggestive of falling rain.) Children stoop down, and tap on the floor with fingers.

(*e*) (*b repeated.*) Trees swaying in the wind.

(*f*) (*a repeated.*) Fluttering leaves as the storm dies down.

After the storm all march home.

Hints and Helps

Plans, Methods, Devices, and Suggestions From the Workshops of Many Teachers

The Winter Sky.

During the winter months, when animate nature seems asleep and our school work in nature study slacks up for a time, I wonder how many of us as teachers improve the opportunity of teaching our pupils something about the stars? On these frosty nights how brilliantly beautiful are those shining bodies in the sky! Surely we cannot look unmoved upon them! Should we not endeavor to put our pupils somewhat in touch with this one great source of beauty and magnificence?

Our "morning talk" at school is often on the stars. Very few of the smallest children but can point out and name Jupiter and Venus, at present so conspicuous in the southwestern sky. —Venus nearer the horizon. All have been watching the Big Dipper since last September, and have seen it make half its journey round the North Star; also the Little Dipper, as it swings round, having the North Star as its pivot.

But it is the beauty of Orion that appeals to us now, as in the height of his splendor he mounts in the southeastern sky. We are reminded of Longfellow's description:

> Begirt with many a blazing star,
> Stood the great giant Algebar,
> Orion, hunter of the beast!
> His sword hung gleaming by his side,
> And on his arm the lion's hide
> Scattered across the midnight air
> The golden radiance of its hair.

We cannot fail to recognize Orion, an irregular four-sided figure with the "three kings," the three bright stars, in his belt.

As some of the other groups may be more difficult to discover I shall describe how I locate them.

Starting at the north of east we see Leo Major (the Sickle), just risen. The bright star Regulus in the handle of the sickle is in a straight line with the two "pointers" of the Dipper. Next to this group, but several hours higher up, are the Heavenly Twins, Castor and Pollux. An oblique line from this group slanting toward the south will pass thru Procyon, the bright star in Canis Minor. Next to this group farther south is Canis Major, containing Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. A line thru the "three kings" toward the horizon, will touch this group. Taurus, containing the Big A, with the bright star Aldebaran, is marching a little ahead and just out of reach of the hunter Orion. The Pleides, "that swarm of golden fireflies" near the Big A, are well known. Capella and the three kids forming a five-sided figure, are almost directly overhead between eight and nine o'clock. The northwestern sky can flourish only a few waning and struggling groups, once radiant in August sky. Cassiopeia's Chair alone remains bright in this part of the sky.

Ontario. — Clara Procunier.

How to Make a Relief Map.

The substance required for the modeling is putty, which can easily be obtained. To make the model, proceed as follows:—

Procure a piece of board (part of an old blackboard will do excellently), of the requisite size. The one we used for our model of "Africa" measured 3′ 2″ by 2′ 4″. The larger the board procured the better, up to a certain limit. Beware, however, of using too large a board, or the model when finished will be much too heavy and cumbersome.

Having settled on your board, draw the outline of the country on it.

Now, take the putty and make it perfectly plastic. As you are probably aware, this is done by continually banging and rolling it. The members of your class will be only too pleased to do this for you.

SUBJECT

OF

COMPOSITION

Mayflower Cover for Composition Booklets.
Suggested by Anna J. Linehan.

Next, give the country a coat of paint, and while the paint is still wet, spread the putty evenly over the whole of the country, molding it roughly to the required shape. The paint will enable the putty to adhere to the board.

The next step is to take an awl, a knitting-needle, or some sharp-pointed instrument, and carefully cut out bays and openings. Mountains should next be modeled. A row of tacks or large-headed nails should be hammered into the board, and the mountains modeled on these.

Procure some paint or enamel (green is very serviceable), and paint over the whole of the country. When the paint is thoroly dry, scratch out the rivers, which will then show up white on the green ground. A little white enamel will make the rivers even more prominent. Towns may be shown with small drawing-pins, red paint, or marked with chalk, as occasion requires. If you wish to be specially extravagant, you may indicate where the various minerals are found by different colored patches of paint, or paper gummed on.

As an example, coal-fields are marked in black, iron in brown, building-stone in white, copper in red, and so on.

Now your model is finished, unless you care to color the sea blue. As to the lasting power of a model made on these lines, there can be no doubt. —V. VON BERTOUCH, in Tasmanian *Educational Record*.

How We Dismiss School.

Altho to some the plan adopted for the dismissal of school seems a trifling matter, to me it means a great deal. We always take five minutes for preparation for dismissal and I think we accomplish much in that time. At a signal five minutes before closing, books are quietly and quickly put away and position is taken; which is to sit back on the seat with hands in the lap and *perfectly* still. At a second signal, one gets the waste paper basket, and collects the waste paper which remains on the *desks* (not on the floor). Another collects the pencils from the desks, to be sharpened. (We have a pencil sharpener in the basement.) Two others pass to the board and erase any work which may have been left on the board and is not needed for future work. When this is done all pass *quickly* and *quietly* (always) to the dressing rooms, carry their wraps in, and donning them at their desks, if they have something more than a hat to put on. This seems to be much the better way than the old way of allowing the pupils to dress in their cloak rooms. All are supposed to be ready when the school bell rings the final signal for marching out, when the schools follow each other in regular order.

Now some may think this preparation for dismissal would take more than five minutes, but it does not; for many things are being done at the same time, which makes it possible. It certainly is a great help to the teacher and teaches the pupil habits of neatness, alertness, and thoughtfulness. Perfect quiet reigns while this work is being done, as nothing is said by teacher or pupil, all being understood beforehand. Every Monday morning we appoint children who do this work for the week. It always interests me to see how anxious each one is to be chosen as one of the workers for the week. They look upon it as an honor and a privilege, which, it seems to me, is just the spirit that should prevail.

Vermont. M. E. A.

Language for Second Grade.

For one of the first lessons in this grade, pin a picture over the blackboard and under it write a few simple questions. The questions are to be answered in writing, so that the answers will form a complete story. If this kind of a lesson is used several times it will lead up to independent descriptions of pictures.

For instance, I have a picture of some children playing on the sea shore, and I used the following questions:

How many children do you see?
Where are they?
What are they doing?
What has the boy?
How many boats do you see?
Where are they?

These are questions requiring simple answers in words which are contained in the usual vocabulary of a child entering the second grade.

The papers read somewhat as follows:

I see three children. They are on the sand. They are playing in the sand. The boy has some water in a pail. I can see two boats. One is in the water and one is on the sand.

Massachusetts. LAURA F. ARMITAGE.

Miss Archer's Parties.

The series of "School Parties" given and written for TEACHERS MAGAZINE, by Miss Rose R. Archer, will continue thru the year. They come to TEACHERS MAGAZINE as the result of five years' experience of work with little children. Miss Archer suggests that no teacher should attempt to reproduce all of the parties in a single year, as was done in her own kindergarten at P. S. No. 137, New York City, until a supply of costumes and decorations has been collected from previous years. Miss Archer keeps a large box for the material which she uses at each party. When the season comes for that particular party she takes the material from the box and is ready to dress the children and give them a good time.

Preparation for not more than two of the parties described should be attempted in a single year as even these will be quite as much as the average teacher can accomplish. Miss Archer writes in a personal letter to the editor that she herself has been greatly assisted in her work by a most charming principal, who encourages mutual helpfulness among all the teachers. She adds that she has been very much aided in preparation for the parties by children of the upper classes, and also by parents of the pupils, who have contributed much to their success.

The editor will add in his own behalf that a visit to Miss Archer's room at her last spring May-day party showed a company of as happy little children as he ever saw together.

When Katie Ate Ink.

By M. Fletcher, Illinois.

TO most maidens the moonlight seen coyly thru curls is far more beautiful than it is when viewed thru common bangs. Katie Jamesly had bangs, but Miss Wyatt had never seen any one who gazed at the moonlight with more sentimentality. In the dusky evenings, when the long, hot schooldays had rolled slowly by, she perversely turned her fat little pony's head in the direction of "Pollock Town," where most of her little flock lived. There, on the side porch of a dirty hunch-backed little house, she nearly always saw Katie sitting cross-legged, her chin on her folded hands, gazing at the moonlight. On the front porch Katie's big, dirty papa, the coal-hauler, usually sat, eyeing morosely his piled-up shoes and stockings, or else spanking Katie's numerous brothers and sisters. On the front porch sat, also, Katie's big bulging mamma, whose knowledge of household science consisted mainly of cutting pretty jagged shelf-papers and making cream puffs. And on the front steps sat Katie's little brothers and sisters,—when they were not being spanked—and sang uproariously of the pretty cow that gave them milk to sop their bread, or the birdie with the yellow bill. These sounds seemed never to disturb Katie; she only shook her bangs out of her eyes and looked up again at the moon.

Nor did she wholly confine her sentimentality to moonlight gazing. When at school, Bernard Laskowski, clutching his trouser legs and eyeing the ceiling, stated that "a bay is a place where it looks like the water'd took a bite out of the land," Katie turned her head aside and shyly smiled. When the usually angelic Murray Hill brought his grandmother's batter cake ladle to school, and vigorously chastised the unlucky schoolmates who passed his desk, Katie smiled langourously at him until Miss Wyatt came in from watching the lines—then she divided her smiles between a red, uncomfortable little boy, and a puzzled teacher.

Miss Wyatt was more puzzled than ever one dark, rainy April afternoon. Katie, who had worked faithfully and well for two whole days, sat staring up at the gray sky, while a sickly, foolish smile spread over her round face as she poked her fingers thru the holes in the coarse lace on her dress.

"What is she thinking?" thought Miss Wyatt. "What *can* she be thinking?" As if in answer Katie ogled at her thru her bangs.

Miss Wyatt motioned impatiently to the paper lying on Katie's desk, and Katie quickly seized her red-and-gold pen, with a pink bow on it, thrust it into the ink, and wrote a few words.

The whole class was busily engaged in writing a composition on "A Rainy Day," but not according to rules ever prescribed or suggested by text-book. Each enthusiastic little member sat gazing out at the stormy sky, and dripping trees, and the rain-soaked playground, and searched his mind for homely common-faced little words to describe them. Every now and then a zealous little girl tiptoed to the window and stared gravely down the long avenue that led to the factories, then tiptoed back to her seat and seized her pen eagerly. Occasionally a small boy raised his hand, and, after a nod from Miss Wyatt, slipped quietly from the room and down the stairs to the storm doors, where he might be nearer the rain. Katie, with her head on one side, and her hand rumpling her bangs, smiled at each new seeker after impressions as he came back delighting in the raindrops on his small nose or the tracks left by his bare, wet feet.

For Katie's Muse sat with folded hands this rainy April day, and refused to inspire. Katie looked at her paper hopelessly. "It is a rainy day," she had written. She looked furtively over Fern Eshel's shoulder. "The lightning looks like a river of gold," she read. "The thunder grumbels like mad dogs," Murray Hill's stubby pencil had declared. "The thunder roars like a giant comming up the stairs," Sylvia Hane's slender green pen had decided.

"It is a rainy day. The lightning is like a river of gold. The thunder grumbels like mad dogs. The thunder roars like a giant comming up the stairs," wrote Katie, with her tongue hanging out. Again she looked up at the sky.

Miss Wyatt had leaned comfortably back in her chair, and was absently watching the rain streak the windows. The clock ticked steadily, a few big flies buzzed over the waste basket, and forty-five pens were scratching industriously on the broad white sheets of paper. Lulled almost to dreams by the monotonous sounds, Miss Wyatt sat pensively smiling at the recollection of one far-off rainy April day at college, when a certain Maltese kitten wearing on its neck a tooth-brush tied on with a blue ribbon, had walked gravely across the platform, in front of the faculty. How the preceptress had jumped when—

"Teacher," said a low, aggrieved voice at her elbow. "Katie Jamesly's eatin' ink again!" Miss Wyatt started, and looked around. With his hands clasped tightly over his small stomach, his face wrinkled painfully, little Arthur Krieger was regarding her with reproachful eyes.

"Katie's eatin' ink!" he repeated, in a disgusted whisper.

Miss Wyatt smothered a laugh as she motioned him to his seat. "Sentimentality and ink go hand in hand, Arthur," she thought, as she turned her eyes toward Katie. Katie glanced up covertly, then began to write furiously. On the front of her much-beruffled apron were three big splotches of ink, and on her lip a tiny one. "Why *will* she clean her pen with her tongue?" thought Miss Wyatt, curiously. "She's cried buckets of tears when I've scolded her—I'll have to think of something impressive next time she decorates herself." Discipline was not Miss Wyatt's forte.

Her thoughts again slipped away to her college days. A few minutes later, in the middle of an appreciative smile, she was aroused by a touch—nay, *poke*—from someone at her side. It was Arthur Krieger.

"Teacher, Katie et another gob!" he said, tearfully.

Miss Wyatt bit her lips. When she saw Katie with her small black tongue hanging out, and a black arc described on each round cheek, she hardened her heart.

"Katie Jamesly," she said, gravely pulling out a drawer in her desk, "come here."

Two tears came into Katie's startled eyes, and she hesitated, but a look from Miss Wyatt's steady blue ones brought her quickly to the desk.

"I—I didn't mean to lick it," she sobbed.

"Katie Jamesly," said Miss Wyatt, standing up, very tall and very stern, "for ten weeks I have been trying to impress you with the fact that your tongue was made, not for a pen-wiper, but for a—ur—talker. For ten weeks you have calmly disregarded me and imbibed from your inkwell. Katie Jamesly—" Miss Wyatt's voice sunk to a solemn whisper as she held out a small looking-glass, and took in at a glance the awed faces of the pupils. "*Katie Jamesly, you must be made to view your own bespattered physiognomy!*"

At this, such a wail burst from the shaking Katie that Miss Wyatt was startled into her natural voice. "Take this looking-glass, go down to the storm-doors, and look at yourself," she said, quickly. "Don't come back until you've decided whether or not you can get along the rest of your life without eating ink. Go!"

Katie went. The seventh grade people heard her, and laughed. The fifth grade people heard her, and smiled. The fourth grade people, out of whose bosom she went, looked at each other with big, scared eyes.

"Goodness!" thought Miss Wyatt, uncomfortably, "they couldn't look more scared if I'd beheaded Katie."

"We'll stop writing, now," she said, gently.

Katie had stumbled down the steps and now sat in a sobbing inky heap on the bottom one. She had glanced into the mirror, then dropped it to the floor.

Suddenly, outside the glass doors a big black form loomed up. It shook the rain from its umbrella and opened the door—the Superintendent, he cruel black-bearded Superintendent, who flayed little boys alive! Katie sprang to her feet with a yell that startled even the seventh graders.

"Here, little girl, I'm no spook," said the Superintendent, amicably, grasping Katie's arm as she started to flee.

"What on earth's the matter?" he demanded, after an astonished look at Katie's ink-smeared face. "Why are you down here?"

Now the Superintendent was a persistent man —his persistence had caused many a teacher to quake on her little rubber heels—so he sat down by the frightened child and bit by bit wormed the story of her misdeed from her.

When she had finished, he shook long and silently, so that Katie looked up in new terror—to find him laughing!

"Don't you think," he said, soberly, when he caught her eye, "that if you have to eat in school you could find something cleaner than ink?"

"It ain't—it ain't no dirtier 'n some other things," sobbed Katie, burying her face anew.

The Superintendent shook again. He even wiped a mirthful tear from his eye. Then he pulled Katie to her feet. "See here, little girl, the rain's stopped," he said, kindly. "You take this handkerchief and run around to the hydrant and wash your face. Then we'll go tell Miss Wyatt you aren't going to eat ink any more."

"I'll never eat no more as long as I live," said Katie, and ran off to the hydrant.

A little later a small rosy-cheeked girl, and a tall, black-whiskered man, crossed the big hall. Just outside the fourth grade door the Superintendent stooped and picked up an inky, grimy rag, that the janitor had used when filling inkwells. He flung it into a corner, then brushed off a fly that was persistently tickling his cheek.

"That Robert's a careless fellow," he muttered to himself.

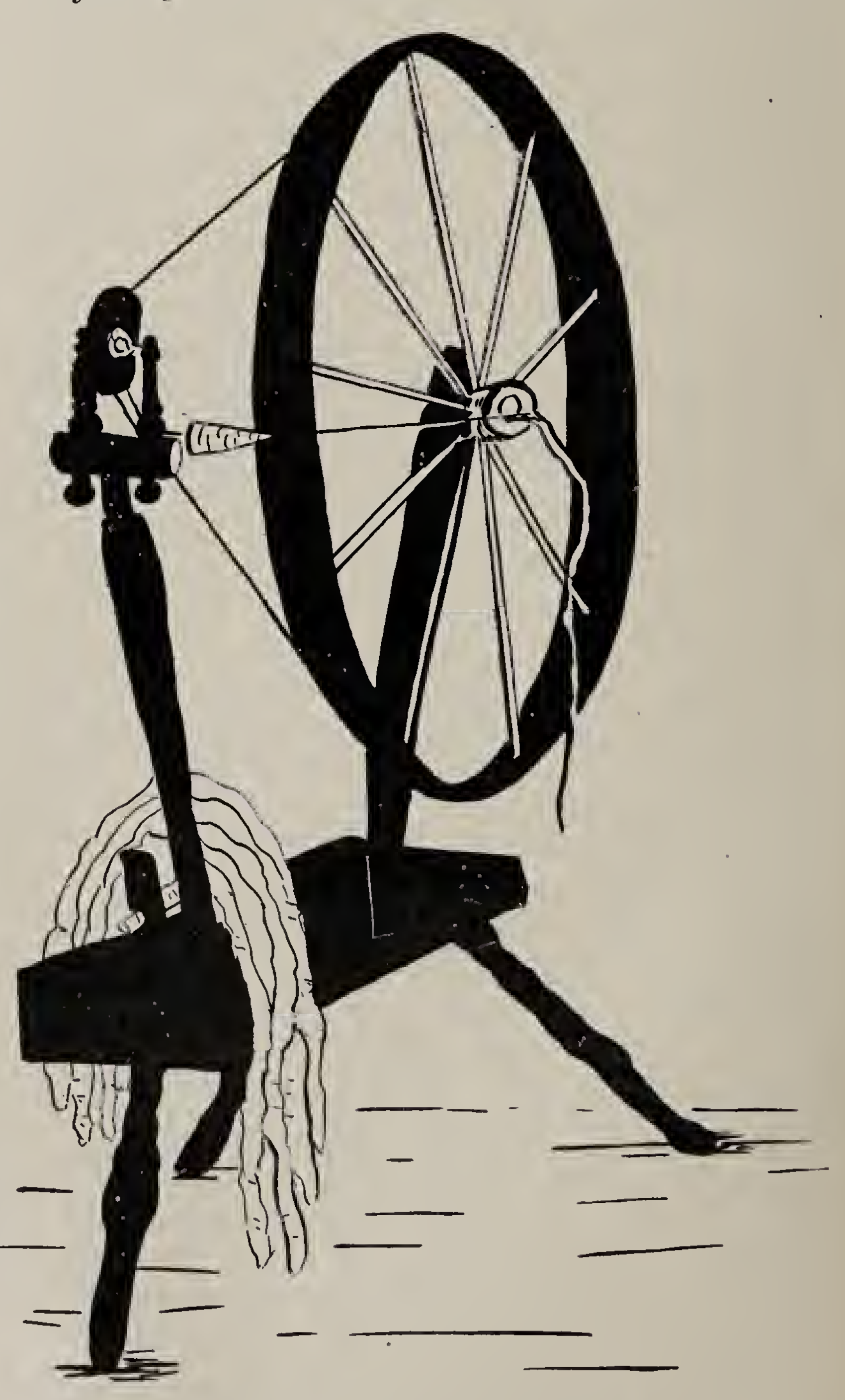
Miss Wyatt heard and recognized Katie's approaching steps. How often they circled around her desk! How often they circled around her bed in her dreams! The Superintendent had on thick rubber overshoes.

"Katie," said Miss Wyatt, without looking up, "if you have reformed you may write your spelling."

"They's more than me here," said Katie, glancing shyly at her companion.

Miss Wyatt rose quickly. When she looked at the Superintendent, still holding Katie's hand, she dropped into her chair and buried her face in her handkerchief, and laughed.

Across his left cheek was described a black, inky arc!



For November Blackboard or Brush Work.

Puritan Children

By DOROTHY WELLS, New Hampshire.

VERY soon we shall celebrate Thanksgiving Day. Thousands of busy mothers are already thinking of the bread and cakes and pies that will have to be baked, and many girls and boys are wishing they could do some of the baking themselves. How many of you have been allowed to go to the kitchen and cook a little dough for bread or a doll's pie? When you had your pie ready to bake, where did you put it? (In the oven.) What would you do if you had no oven to bake it in? Shall I tell you what some children did before the days when people had stoves with which to cook?

Fun at the Fireside.

The little Puritan children who lived in New England in the early days of this country used to play cook just as their great-great-grandchildren do now. Stoves had not been invented then, so everybody had to use fireplaces instead. When the children wanted to bake their play loaves of bread, they drew a lot of hot coals down on the brick hearth and let them stay there until the bricks had become very hot, and then put the piece of dough on the hot bricks and let it bake. The fireplaces were something like our grates, only very much larger—many of them being as large as a small room. At one side of the fireplace hung a long iron bar, to hold the kettles. It was called a crane. Away in against the bricks on either side of the fire were placed pieces of logs about ten inches high, and on these the children used to sit and play all thru the winter. Just imagine the fun of sitting on a log right in the fireplace itself, so near the blaze that your face was red, and yet on looking up the chimney seeing the stars in the sky above your head! This was before the days of kerosene oil or gas, and candles were expensive and scarce. There was little for children to read, so they would sit and pop corn, crack nuts, eat apples, or make up stories by the light of the fire, every winter evening.

Corn-Cob Houses.

The children of Puritan days had very few playthings, but they managed to have as good times as do the children nowadays with their costly toys. These children knew how much fun there was in a bushel-basketful of corncobs. They would lay two large ones down on the floor with two more on top of these, at right angles to the first, and so they would build them higher and higher until sometimes they had to stand upon a chair to reach to the top. They would at last carelessly jar one of the lower cobs, and the whole house would fall with a crash.

Wooden Dolls.

Usually the children made their own dolls, by taking a round stick of wood, boring a hole thru it near the top and passing a smaller stick thru the hole for the arms. Sometimes, however, a doll would be fashioned for them, with a wooden body, wooden legs made in two pieces and fastened with wires for joints, arms arranged in the same way, wooden head stained with berry juice to make the cheeks red, black spots painted on for eyes, and an old, raveled-out mitten or stocking fastened on the back of the head for hair.

There were no large manufactories turning out bats and balls by the hundreds and thousands, but the children had plenty of green apples for balls and willow switches for bats. They used to take a long branch that would bend easily, break off the end to make it somewhat blunt, then on this end they would put an apple. A sudden jerk of the switch would send the ball flying many feet away. There were no sleds, but you may be sure that the children found some way of sliding down the snow-covered hills in the winter time. Three or four of them often used a smooth board for a sled.

Work Hours.

Play times were only incidental in the Puritan child's life, for there was much work to be done, and parents felt that their children must learn to be industrious. When there was no public school for the pupils to attend, a dame school was started, kept by some kindly woman who was paid a small amount for each child. There children learned to do "sums" in arithmetic, and studied geography from little square books about the size of a pancake, that had maps of the United States with everything west of Ohio marked "Great American Desert." They learned to read in the Bible. After school was thru in the afternoon, and during vacations, the boys had to saw and chop wood or hoe in the garden, while the girls learned to spin, weave, and knit.

Many a little girl stood beside the tall spinning wheel by the time she was six or seven years old, and learned to guide the thread as the wheel turned round and round, often crying, perhaps, when the thread became knotted or broke in two, but learning to spin, nevertheless. All the girls and many of the boys, knew how to knit, and they often earned a little spending money by carrying the knitted stockings to market to sell. But the girls were taught to do fancy work as well as the more practical spinning and knitting; every one had her sampler made of home-woven canvas. The stitches were worked in fine yarn dyed various colors, the patterns often including an alphabet in cross stitch, the Lord's Prayer, a verse of a hymn, and a house in one corner with a flower in the other, and the name or initials of the industrious little embroiderer on the top.

The whole life of the Puritan boys and girls was very simple. Their dress was of home-made material, very often the sheep being raised by the people themselves, the wool cut, spun, woven, and made up at home. Few ornaments were worn, both because there was no money to buy such things and because the Puritans thought these worldly and frivolous. Breakfast and supper consisted almost entirely of hasty pudding, made of Indian meal, or bean porridge flavored with salted beef or pork.

The children used to sleep in beds that were so high from the floor that they had to climb into them by first stepping on a chair, or else they slept in a trundle bed that could be slipped under a high bed in the daytime. The high beds usually had four tall posts with a round ball at the upper end, so that the whole post looked much like a person standing at the foot or head of the bed. The sleeping-rooms were seldom heated even when there was a fireplace, for warm rooms were considered unhealthful. On very cold nights the bed was heated by a warming-pan, a large, round, brass pan, with little holes in the cover, and a long wooden handle.

There was usually only one clock in the house, a very tall one that stood in the corner and reached almost to the ceiling. The weights dropped thru a hole in the floor to the cellar, as the clock ran down. When it was wound they moved up, and in the twenty-four hours or the week before the clock was re-wound, they dropped lower and lower to the cellar again. If the clock either gained or lost there were no public clocks to compare it with to set it right, so a line was scratched on a window pane, or a mark was made on the floor, called a "noon mark." When the rays of the sun shone on the mark, it was twelve o'clock.

Puritan Babies.

Baby wore a cap day and night. When he was ready to learn to walk he was placed in a "walking stool"—a little round wooden fence just large enough for him to stand in, so that by it he could push himself about. When he was old enough to be put into short clothes, he had a little white suit made exactly like a man's, with tiny trousers and swallow-tail coat.

The Sabbath was considered by the Puritans to begin Saturday night. And what a Sunday it was to the children! They were not allowed to run, talk loudly, or even smile. They must not play, or talk on any worldly subject. All they could do was to walk about sedately and sit with folded hands or read the few religious books to be found in the house. They always went to church, sometimes riding fifteen or twenty miles to reach the "meeting-house." They had no carriages, so all had to ride horseback. The father rode on the saddle, the mother on a pillion, which was a little seat behind; and the children had to cling on as best they might,

The "meeting-house" was a square, barn-like building set on a hill. A gallery ran around three sides of the room and the pulpit was on the fourth side. The pews were square, and surrounded by a high board fence, so that there was no danger of one's thoughts being distracted from the sermon, for the minister was the only person to be seen from the pew besides the "deacons," who always sat in front facing the congregation. The pews had seats all around the sides, the children sitting back to the minister. The seats were hinged, so that when the people stood up to sing they could be pushed up, allowing the occupants to lean against the wall. When the hymn was over, in spite of disapproving looks on the part of their parents, the children *would* persist in letting their seat go down with a slam. In one corner of the pew was placed the grandmother's chair, for while the younger members of the family could sit on the hard board seats, it was considered right for the old lady to be a little more comfortable.

The pulpit was reached by a long flight of stairs, and above it was a sounding-board, to make the preacher's voice easily heard. On the pulpit desk, beside the Bible, stood the hour glass. When the sermon began the minister turned the glass, and he was supposed to finish as the last grains of sand were dropping to the lower part; but occasionally he turned it back again, perhaps even a third time—making the sermon three hours long. There was no organ, usually no musical instrument of any kind. The leader of the singing started the hymn with the aid of a pitch-pipe singing, "Do, mi, sol, do" first, so as to be sure that he had pitched it right. A line of the hymn was read by the minister and sung by the congregation, then another line was read and sung, and so on thru the entire hymn. This was done for the benefit of those who had no hymn books.

Very little was made of Christmas in old New England, but Thanksgiving was the grand holiday of the year. Then was the time for the children to feast, and they undoubtedly stuffed themselves just as children do to-day, on the mince and pumpkin pies, the turkeys and cranberry sauce, which were then, as they are now, an essential part of the New England Thanksgiving Day.

A Food Convert.

GOOD FOOD THE TRUE ROAD TO HEALTH.

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts —light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man.

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an adv. I tried Grape Nuts food, and, after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved.

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way.

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Among Ourselves

The Editor's Round Table

M. J. Geoffroy loves children. His great joy is to paint school scenes. In this field he has no equal among the artists of the present day. Reproductions of his "School in Brittany" appear in thousands of children's books, and framed copies of it adorn hundreds of school-room walls. The cover of TEACHERS MAGAZINE this month represents one of his most delightful pictures. It is known as "Free Trade." The boy in the blue jacket would like to exchange his red-cheeked apple for something in his comrade's basket that specially appeals to him. The questioning look on the light-haired youngster's face seems to search for an explanation; to him the apple appears so desirable that he wonders what can be the matter with it that he can obtain it at so small a sacrifice. It is the old story. The possessions of others are so much more desirable than our own! The scene is the corner of a French school-yard at the luncheon hour. The picture will win many new friends for the artist among American teachers and their pupils. Mr. Geoffroy has generously granted permission to TEACHERS MAGAZINE to use the illustration.

The departure from our usual plan, represented by the November cover, is prompted by several reasons. One of them is that variety will help to show what kind of covers are most desired in the competition now under way. Anything that vividly shows the poetry of teaching and of school life is welcome. The material supplied in the ordinary three-color paint boxes must be used. Twenty-five dollars will be paid for the best design received before January 1, 1907. Participation in the competition is limited to those who are actively engaged in elementary and high school work. This includes the pupils, of course. Will you not help spread the news?

The "Homely Talks to Young Teachers," by Thomas E. Sanders, will continue thru the school year. The December number will have another instalment.

In order to make room for the wealth of Thanksgiving material and other peculiarly timely features, several articles which will keep have had to be omitted.

I would like to hear every subscriber's wishes as regards ways and means for improving the helpfulness of TEACHERS MAGAZINE. The more definitely these wishes are stated the more readily they can be complied with. Let me know also if there is any feature which, in your judgment, lacks interest. TEACHERS MAGAZINE is not satisfied to be merely better than other educational periodicals. It strives to be the best magazine that can be made for the teacher's help, inspiration, and comfort. Will you aid in the realization of this ambition? Your suggestion will be gratefully received.

What Manner of Spirit are Ye of?

God made mothers because He wanted the heart to be the ruling principle in education.

The school that has no heart at its center is a hollow fraud. So is the school system that lacks the heart.

In the clatter of the machinery that has been found needful in the management of large schools and school systems, the claims of the heart are apt to be forgotten. They must not be. The larger the system, the more need there is of insistence upon the full consideration of these claims.

The hopeful ones believe that with every new human being there comes an increase of the sum of love in the world. There must come a time when wars and rumors of wars will cease because of this increase. I believe as the hopeful ones do; which means that the larger a school system, the more there should be of sweet reasonableness in it.

The greater the teacher the more he will have of the spirit that quickeneth.

Look well to the heart!

Cultivate hopefulness! In yourself first.

Train your eyes to see the beauty that is in the world. If they do not see that beauty, be assured that the fault is not with the world.

Do you know how to tell a good school, a good school system? By the spirit of it—the amount of heart there is at the center.

Mr. Greenwood on Personal Influence.

For several years *The School Journal* has been publishing the stirring annual addresses of Supt. J. M. Greenwood to his teachers at Kansas City, Mo. No school superintendent is more popular than Mr. Greenwood. He deserves to be. He is a great teacher. His words always strike home. Here are a few thoughts on the influence of the teacher's personality which I would like to have every reader of TEACHERS MAGAZINE read:

"The influence that a teacher produces on the mind of a child is deep and far reaching, if the teacher be genuine, sincere, and thoroly in sympathy with the feelings and aspirations of childhood. No one is gifted enough to tell how much the life of a boy or a girl, if touched at the critical moment, may be influenced for weal or woe. There is no other feature of school duties that teachers should regard with deeper and more intelligent and kindly interest than the coming closely in contact with the innermost fountains of the child's life during this formative period. If the right sort of an effect be produced, it is destined to last thru life. Each in his own experience can illustrate the truthfulness of this statement.

"Especially does the wild and wayward boy need this recognition and personal assistance. I am quite sure that thousands of boys and many girls are frozen out of the upper grades and high schools in this country because of the sneering smile and the icy heart of persons calling themselves teachers."

Outline Lessons on William Cullen Bryant

By Emma M. Maguire, Massachusetts

Interest the pupils in Bryant by first reading to them the "Little People of the Snow."

Show the picture of the author and interest the children in him by telling them where he lived (Cummington, Mass.), when he was born (Nov. 3, 1794), and why he was named William Cullen (for a Scottish physician of the name). Connect the date of his birth with the time of Washington, and also of Longfellow and Whittier.

Read to the children, or lead them to memorize portions of the "Rivulet," a poem which describes the rivulet that ran thru the grounds of the old homestead at Cummington.

Speak of Bryant's childhood. The daily bath in the cold spring, the bundle of birchen twigs in the kitchen. The retreat to the woods and fields to escape the long talks about good behavior given to him in his home.

He helped his grandfather Snell on the farm; learning to plant and hoe corn and potatoes, rake hay, and reap oats and wheat with a sickle. Read "The Planting of the Apple Tree," and make sketches.

Bryant's education was obtained at home, at school, and at Williams College.

His early poems.

His father taught him to write poetry. His first attempt was when he was twelve years of age. These verses were recited at the close of school in the presence of visitors, and were printed in the country newspaper. The long poem, "The Embargo," written when he was thirteen years old, was published in Boston, and was so good that people could not believe that a boy of his age wrote it until his friends certified that he had written it. (Here a history lesson on Jefferson and the Embargo Act might be given.)

Tell the children about his writing "Thanatopsis," giving them his age (twenty-three), the place of writing (Great Barrington), and as many interesting facts about it as possible. Teach them some lines of the poem.

Teach the children to read the "Yellow Violet." Lead them to see the coloring in it, and illustrate the coloring by a nature lesson on the yellow violet. Lead them to see Bryant's love of nature in the poem.

Read some portions of "The Inscription to a Wood," to the children, telling them that Bryant wrote it as a description of the woods in which he played as a child. Lead them to see the great number of objects he speaks of, and their various sounds and movements.

Interest the children in his life as a law student and lawyer, and lead them to see why he would rather be a journalist than a lawyer. Tell of his travels, of his friends, and of the extent of his work for the world.

Teach the children to memorize the last six lines of "Green River," and lead them to see how much Bryant liked a quiet life. Portions read to them from a "Winter Piece" will show them more clearly than before how many beautiful things he could find which others would not notice, and just how much he enjoyed nature.

Impress upon the children his love for Nature by studying with them his poems, which especially show this. These poems may be read *to* them, *by* them, or may be memorized. Poems that may be used are "Lines on Revisiting the Country," "The Gladness of Nature," "The Death of the Flowers," "To a Cloud" (ten lines), "Innocent Child," and "Snow White Flower" "To the Fringed Gentian," "The Planting of the Apple Tree," "The Snow Shower," "Robert of Lincoln," "An Invitation to the Country," "The New and the Old" (three stanzas).

To show the children how interested he was in the Indians have them read, memorize, or read to them some of these poems of Indians, as "The White-footed Deer," "An Indian at the Burial Place of his Father." Teach them some of his patriotic poems.

Husband Deceived.

But Thanked His Wife Afterwards.

A man ought not to complain if his wife puts up a little job on him, when he finds out later that it was all on account of her love for him. Mighty few men would.

Sometimes a fellow gets so set in his habits that some sort of a ruse must be employed to get him to change, and if the habit, like excessive coffee drinking, is harmful, the end justifies the means—if not too severe. An Ills. woman says:

"My husband used coffee for twenty-five years, and almost every day.

"He had a sour stomach (dyspepsia) and a terrible pain across his kidneys a good deal of the time. This would often be so severe he could not straighten up. His complexion was a yellowish-brown color; the doctors said he had liver trouble.

"An awful headache would follow if he did not have his coffee at every meal, because he missed the drug.

"I tried to coax him to quit coffee, but he thought he could not do without it. Our little girl three years old sat by him at table and used to reach over and drink coffee from papa's cup. She got like her father—her kidneys began to trouble her.

"On account of the baby, I coaxed my husband to get a package of Postum. After the first time he drank it he had a headache and wanted his coffee. We had some coffee in the house, but I hid it and made Postum as strong as I could and he thought he was having his coffee and had no headaches.

"In one week after using Postum his color began to improve, his stomach got right, and the little girl's kidney trouble was soon gone. My husband works hard, eats hearty, and has no stomach or kidney trouble any more. After he had used Postum a month, without knowing it, I brought out the coffee. He told me to throw it away." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

A Trust Fund for the Maintenance and Education of Children

By DR. NATHAN C. SCHAEFFER

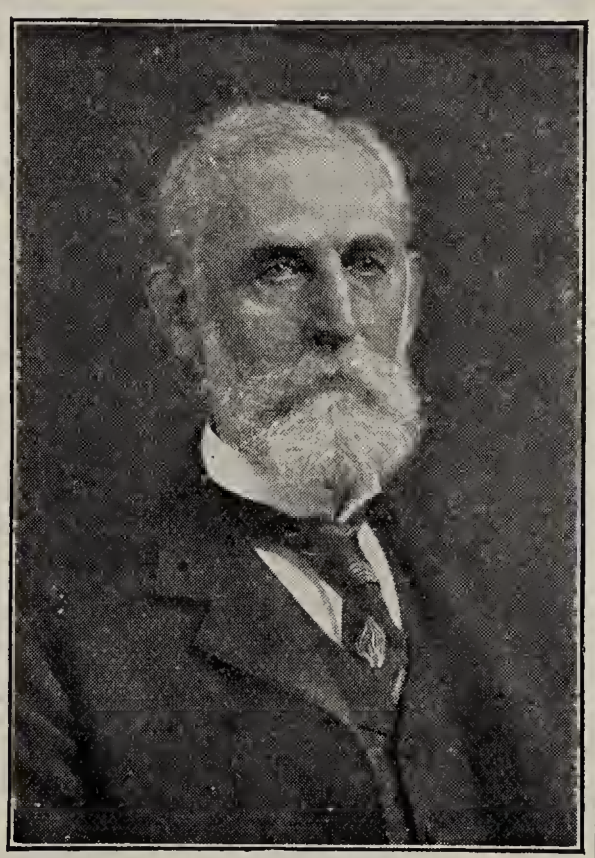
President National Educators Association and Superintendent Public Instruction of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

On Feb. 17, 1905, upon the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Frances E. Willard in the Capitol at Washington, the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, paid a glowing tribute, not only to this great woman, but also to womankind in general. In the course of his beautiful and eloquent remarks upon the career and character of Miss Willard he said: "To make the homes of the millions pure, to render sweet and strong those human relations which constitute the family—this was her mission and her work. And there cannot be a wiser method of mankind's upliftment than this, no better way to make a nation noble and enduring; for the hearthstone is the foundation whereon the State is built. The family is the social and natural unit. Spencer wrote learnedly of 'the individual and the State'; but he wrote words merely. The individual is not the important factor in nature or the nation. Nature destroys the individual. Nature cares only for the pair, knows in some form nothing but the family. And so, by the deep reasoning of Nature itself, Frances E. Willard's work was justified."

It is at this point that life insurance helps to reinforce the work of Frances E. Willard. Life insurance helps to sustain and perpetuate the family by saving the widowed mother from poverty and by creating a trust fund for the maintenance and education of children. It encourages sobriety, industry, and thrift by the periodic payments which constitute an essential part in almost every scheme of life insurance. Money that would be spent upon drink or other needless luxuries must be saved for the payment of premiums, if the insurance shall not lapse or at least lose a part of its value. This is a powerful stimulus to the young man even before others are dependent upon him. After he attains the dignity of fatherhood, the duty of providing for the present and future needs of his family becomes a powerful motive for industry, economy, and temperance; and a life insurance policy helps to strengthen this motive and to develop habits of thrift.

Since the family is the foundation of the State, life insurance may be regarded as a patriotic duty. For it is the duty of the parent to prepare his children for citizenship, and this implies that he must give them a suitable education. Public and private schools of all grades and kinds, from the kindergarten to the university, have been liberally provided and lavishly equipped for the benefit of the rising generation; but when the father is called away in the prime of life, the children must oftentimes leave school as soon as the law allows them to go to work, and their time and strength are exhausted in the mere struggle for bread. A life insurance policy would have enabled them to remain at school and to secure for themselves all that an education means in the way of future earning power and future usefulness. A nation's progress depends upon the proper education of its future citizens. Not the bank with its stored millions, nor the fortress with its frowning guns, but "the little red school-house on the hill," is the real symbol of the strength and perpetuity of American institutions.

"The best is not too good for my children," said a clergyman not long ago; "and life insurance will help me to give them the best education that they will take." Policies which mature in ten, fifteen, or twenty years serve to provide the money for a course at college or at some technical or professional school.



U. S. SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN
President of The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

The parent's love for his children should prompt him to make adequate provision for them in the event of his death. For the wage-earner and for the man who is dependent upon a salary this is a difficult problem. While his strength and his power to earn money last, he can provide for their needs, whilst his wife devotes her time and energy to the care of the home and to that nurture and training which a mother's love prompts her to give with the most anxious solicitude. When the day's work is done, and when the father is seated by the fireside, surrounded by those whom he loves, the future sometimes rises before his mind. In vision he sees his family bereft of his care and his earnings. He sees his wife haggard and worn with work. She is struggling for bread, raiment, and shelter for herself and her little ones. He hears the cry of the youngest for that care which the mother finds it impossible to give. The older children are kept from school because they must either take charge of the dependent ones while the mother is at work, or they must themselves engage in the fierce struggle for existence. The shadowy forecast of an always possible future should drive him to make the provision which is rendered possible by life insurance in some one of the companies which has shown by years of careful management that it deserves the confidence of the public.

"Take no thought for the morrow," was the text selected for a sermon in favor of life insurance. At first sight it seemed a strange text, but in the Revised Version the language is, "Be not anxious for the morrow," and a life insurance policy in some company which has shown the strength of Gibraltar is one of the best means to drive away anxious thought for the future. Thus, when rightly interpreted, this passage from the Sermon on the Mount becomes a most cogent argument in favor of life insurance.

Time was when the most a good citizen and loving parent could do for his family, if the fear for their future distressed him, was to work a little harder, to strain himself under a heavier load, to add a trifle more each week to that little store of savings which was accumulating so slowly. It was ten, perhaps twenty, years before his savings could amount to enough to make even a meager provision for those he loves. At any time the failure of a savings bank, the collapse of a building and loan association, or an ill advised investment of his own might sweep away the hard earned savings of years, and destroy at one stroke the fruit of past and present labors and the foundation of future hopes.

There are teachers and clerks who have a fixed income. As soon as they see a way to secure the maintenance of their home and the education of their children they lose no time in making the necessary provision. What keeps them from taking the necessary step is not heartlessness nor thoughtlessness, but the seeming hopelessness of being able to make adequate provision out of small earnings. Such need not despair. To them the various forms of life insurance are of supreme interest and importance. Worry is worse than overwork, and they can escape both by adopting the plan of insurance best adapted to their circumstances and their income.

Let us descend from the general to particulars. I prefer to take my illustrations from the old-line companies, whose premiums are fixed by contract, and cannot be increased at a time when one's power to pay has begun to wane. In passing, I may say that an agent came to our town to organize a lodge with an insurance provision as one of its features; he left on the next train, saying, "Those fellows know too much." It was shown him by a simple calculation that if the assessments were not to be increased in the coming years every member participating in the plan would have to live, on the average, more than 140 years. Moreover, I prefer to take my illustrations from some company in which I have no personal interest. My life insurance, for the benefit of my wife and children, was taken in other old-line companies, to the limit of my ability to pay the premium,

before my attention was drawn to this particular company. I refer to the Prudential of Newark, N. J., which has been likened to the rock of Gibralter by reason of its solidity and its conservative methods of doing business. One of their policies is known as the Child's Endowment Policy. In one of the announcements the founder and President of the company, U. S. Senator John F. Dryden, says: "This form of policy furnishes an excellent means of securing on the instalment plan a fund wherewith to pay the expenses of a child through college, or while preparing for a profession, or during the period spent in acquiring the technical knowledge demanded in certain employments. Under other conditions, the fund secured through the policy may be used to give the child a start in business, or in the case of a daughter, a dowry at marriage. Policies may be taken out at the birth of a child or at any age thereafter up to and including age fifteen, to mature upon the anniversary of the policy at ages eighteen, twenty-one, or twenty-five, and will be issued for sums from $500 to $5,000. When the endowment matures, the amount of the policy, with profits (or dividends) added thereto will be paid to the child insured or to the parent or guardian." Not only is the amount of the policy with profits payable at the age stated in the contract, but in the event of previous death all premiums are returned with three per cent. compound interest. The very fact that the possibility of a higher or professional education is in store for him serves as a wonderful incentive to the boy while on his way through the public schools. If it be true that aspirations make the man, then surely the plan of insurance which fills the heart with aspirations is deserving of attention and careful study. Let us assume that a man says to himself: "If only I had a few thousand dollars laid aside for the wife and babies I could work cheerfully and rest easily without fear of the future. But how can I hope to leave them even a few hundreds. All I can possibly save out of my earnings is $2 each week. It seems utterly hopeless to dream of building up a fund to maintain and educate my children on such slender savings." And such a case would be hopeless except that right here comes The Prudential Insurance Company, and says that $2 a week entrusted to them will give the family $5,000 of protection. Taking the age of the insured, for instance, at thirty years as a basis, the Company says: "Pay me $98.85 per annum, somewhat less than $2 per week savings, and I will guarantee you $5,000 for your family, payable to-morrow in the event of death, if your first premium has been fully paid."

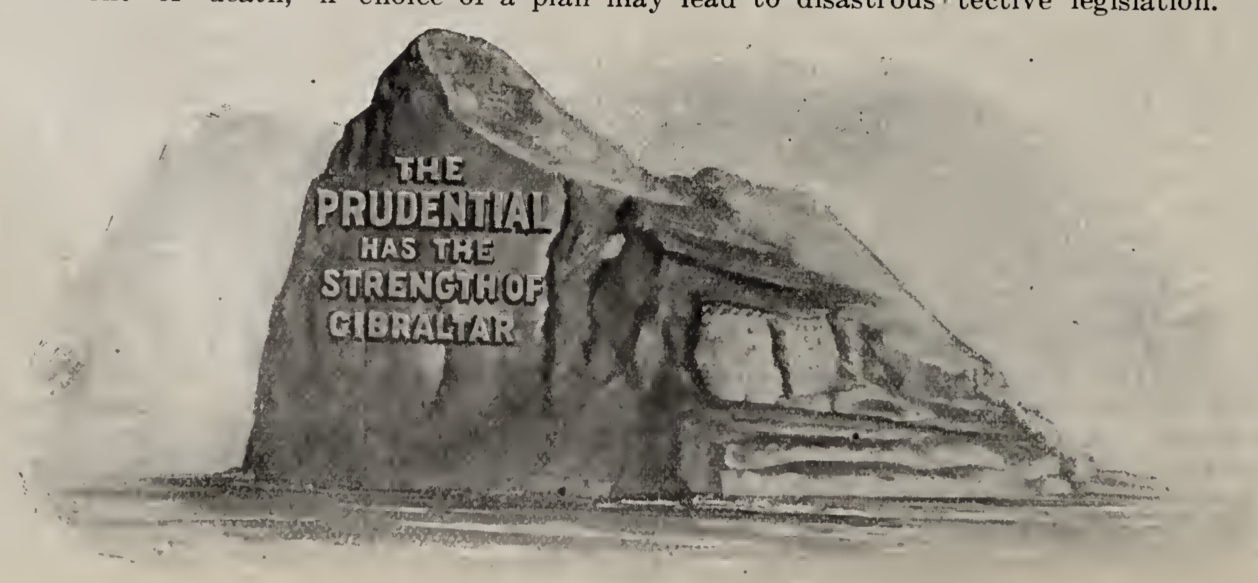
It would take a man over thirty years to accumulate $5,000 by any ordinary plan of savings. In every day of every month of these thirty years he is liable to die and leave only a fraction of a sufficient sum for his family. And on any day in those thirty years he may wake up to find his earnings gone, swept irrevocably away by some mischance of fortune. On the other hand, The Prudential Insurance Company puts to the credit of his family in the event of his death, the sum of $5,000 the day and hour on which he pays the first premium. It enters into a contract with him, by which it pledges the millions behind the Company to pay his family $5,000 provided only he pays the premium equal to his $2 a week savings, as agreed in the contract.

The provident man says to himself: "Suppose I leave my family $5,000, how can I leave it so that it may not be speedily dissipated by injudicious use or diverted from the purpose for which it is intended? I should like this paid in instalments sufficient to carry the family until the children are educated or self-supporting." This very terse requirement is already provided for. By one of the many plans provided by the Prudential Insurance Company, the money to be paid the family can be paid in yearly instalments, thus carrying the children to and beyond the period when they become self-sustaining.

It should be remembered that the foregoing figures are based on a fair minimum of the possible savings of the average wage-earner. Yet if that assumed minimum were cut in two, a provision of $2,500 can be made for the family under the same conditions, that is, on the basis of a saving of only $1 per week. On the other hand, a man who can set aside $5 per week can carry $12,500 of insurance, and thus provide a very comfortable income for the family he leaves behind. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that these figures are based upon the age of thirty years. At a lesser age the cost of insurance decreases proportionately. Above thirty years the cost increases by slight advances for each year of increased age. Two cautions are necessary. In the enthusiasm which these figures create a young man may be tempted to take out more insurance than he can carry. It is wiser to be satisfied with a moderate amount and take increased insurance as one's earning power grows. On the other hand, procrastination increases the annual premiums and incurs the risk of a breakdown in health, making the insurance impossible. Thus, indecision in the choice of a plan may lead to disastrous consequences, while extravagance in assuming annual premiums is sure to end in worry and disappointment.

The first important result of life insurance is that it keeps the family together. How often when the bread-winner is taken, the family is parted and partitioned among strangers. Sometimes, at the best, the children find shelter, more or less grudgingly given, among scattered relations. At other times they are sent to public institutions, to grow up among strangers, with a bare remembrance of the meaning of the word *home* and its mother-love as a dim and far-off dream. Almost every village has one or more examples of the home broken up and the family sundered and scattered. On the other hand, it is a thing to be thankful for that, as against one such broken home, almost every village and town in the land has many examples of the beneficient results of life insurance, the family still clinging together, bound by bonds of loving intimacy, education fitting the children for complete living—the mother happy, even in her grief, that she can feed them, clothe them, guide them, keep them; and this all due to the providence and forethought of a husband. To her, mother and wife, he seems yet present. He still provides for the family, and this daily provision creates a new and binding tie between the husband who is still "the man of the house" and the widow who mourns him.

The greatest legacy any man can leave his children is a sound education. It is a trite saying that knowledge is power. The educated youth can go out into the world and face life's problems on an equal footing with the best of compeers. He can cherish and realize ambitions impossible to the uneducated or half-educated. He cannot merely win the comforts that money will buy, but he can also enjoy the things of the mind and the higher life. He can think the best thoughts of the best men as these are enshrined in literature, and he can think the thoughts which God has put into the starry heavens above him and into all nature about him—divine thoughts which are formulated into science as rapidly as man discovers them. A heritage of millions is not so valuable to the individual as the legacy of schooling which puts into his hands the tools with which he may carve his own fortune, the weapons by which he may achieve his own destiny. The individual, the home, the nation, owe the founders of safe and reliable methods of life insurance a debt of gratitude which words cannot express, but which hearts can feel and homes can show, and which the State should never fail to recognize in its protective legislation.



Questions on Current Events

The answers to these questions are found in *Our Times* for September 8, 15, 22, and 29. For the convenience of those who desire more complete answers than those given below, the name and date of issue are indicated in each instance.

1. What was the cause of the revolution in Cuba?

Ans.—A large portion of the Cuban people were not satisfied with the result of the last election. They wanted to force a new election. September 8, page 19.

2. What is the present condition of Buenos Ayres?

Ans.—It has vast shipping and commercial interests, and is a great railway center. September 8, page 19.

3. What were the principal provisions of the treaty of peace between Guatemala, Salvador, and Honduras?

Ans.—That within two months after July 20, 1906, a general treaty of peace, friendship, and commerce was signed by the contracting parties. September 8, page 20.

4. What disposal has the Czar of Russia made of the crown lands?

Ans.—He has agreed to sell the crown lands to the peasants. About 20,000,000 acres are thus to be distributed among the poverty-stricken peasants. September 8, page 21.

5. In what way has President Roosevelt "adopted spelling reform"?

Ans.—In his private and public writing he uses the spelling recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board. The Government printers, and every stenographer and typewriter in the Government employ is expected to use it. September 8, page 23.

6. Where does the milk used in N. Y. City come from?

Ans.—From six States, much of it from farms as distant as 400 miles from the metropolis. September 8, page 23.

7. When was the cable to Iceland completed?

Ans.—The Great Northern Telegraph Company completed its Icelandic cable on August 27. It extends over a distance of 542 miles. September 8, page 28.

8. What are some of the personal characteristics of President Palma, lately in charge of affairs on the island of Cuba?

Ans.—A writer says: "Without any fuss and feathers, without any striving for fame or notoriety, but modestly, simply, with intelligence and straight-forward honesty, he has sought to give the Cubans a government that would promote their happiness and prosperity and the development of the island's resources." Sept 8, page 28

9. What was "Peace Day at Portsmouth"?

Ans.—The treaty ending the war between Japan and Russia was signed on September 5, 1905, at Portsmouth, N. H. The anniversary of the occasion was celebrated at Portsmouth this year, and September 5 is hereafter to be commemorated in the town each year, by the ringing of bells and in whatever other way the inhabitants shall decide. September 15, page 35.

10. When and where was the great review of our warships held this year?

Ans.—Off Oyster Bay, L. I., on September 3. President Roosevelt reviewed forty-three ships with an armament of 1,178 guns, and manned by more than 15,000 men and 812 officers. September 15, page 35.

11. How was Mr. William J. Bryan welcomed home?

Ans.—When Mr. Bryan reached Lincoln, Neb., after his trip abroad, the largest crowd the city had ever seen gathered to welcome him. Every train that reached Lincoln was loaded with people. Mr. Bryan shook hands with several thousand people. September 15, page 36.

In cases of catarrh Hood's Sarsaparilla heals the tissues, builds up the system, expels impurities from the blood and cures.

12. How was Secretary Root received in Chile, on his visit to South America?

Ans.—Secretary Root and his party were welcomed to Santiago by a crowd of 5,000 people, with soldiers and bands of music, gathered at the station. As he was driven along the streets he was cheered by thousands of others. September 15, page 36.

13. How is Panama governed?

Ans.—It is an independent country ruled by a national Congress. The name of the President is Amador. September 15, page 37.

14. Where was Robinson Crusoe's island, and what has become of it?

Ans.—The island called Juan Fernandez, popularly known as "Robinson Crusoe's Island," was 350 miles from the coast of Chile. It is supposed that the island was destroyed in the recent South American earthquake. September 15, page 37.

15. When is China to have a constitution?

Ans.—As soon as the Chinese people have learned to understand their relations to the Government a constitution will be framed. The time for putting it into effect depends upon the speed with which the people learn. September 15, page 37.

16. What polar expeditions have recently been organized?

Ans.—Dr. Charcot is organizing an expedition to the South Pole. M. Bernard, a French naval officer, is arranging an exploring party which will attempt to reach the North Pole. September 22, page 54.

17. In what locality has the exact boundary line of the United States been recently agreed upon?

Ans.—At the Yukon River, in Alaska. A shaft of granite will be set up to mark the starting point from which the boundary stretch will be made. September 22, page 54.

18. What advance in civilization has recently been made in Persia?

Ans.—A national Assembly has been promised. September 22, page 55.

(Continued on page 232.)

CATARRH

Wherever it manifests itself, whether in the nose, throat, stomach, bowels or other organs, catarrh is **radically and permanently** cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most agreeable, effective and economical of all medicines for this debilitating and commonly offensive disease.

Thousands of voluntary **testimonials** confirm this statement.

Accept no substitute, but insist on having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Get it today and begin treatment at once.

Sarsatabs.—To meet the wishes of those who prefer medicine in tablet form we are now putting up Hood's Sarsaparilla in chocolated tablets known as Sarsatabs, as well as in the usual liquid form. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 100 doses one dollar. C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

The delicious Cod Liver Preparation Without Oil.

Vinol contains all the medicinal elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cods' livers, but no oil. The oil, having no value as medicine or food, is thrown away.

Vinol is therefore better than old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions to restore health for

Old people, delicate children, weak run-down persons, and after sickness, colds, coughs, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

Get it at THE Leading Drug Stores Everywhere

Exclusive agency given to one druggist in a place

CHESTER KENT & CO., CHEMISTS, BOSTON, MASS.

Leather for Art Work at Lowest Prices

For Pyrography, Dens, Cozy-corners Sitting Rooms, etc.

Nothing as neat or artistic as rooms decorated with burnt or etched leather. Art leather decorations offer hundreds of ways for beautifying homes at little cost. Order skins now and decorate for friends as

Christmas Gifts

Table-covers, Sofa-pillows, Book-covers, Calendars, Picture-racks, etc., are a few of the many things you can make. I furnish skins suitable for all purposes; I buy in quantities sufficiently great to give you the smallest possible price and largest selection. Ooze calf, ooze sheep, Russia calf, etc., and I will send

Liberal Free Samples

Let me know what shade you prefer and I will send on a variety for you to choose from. Write today.

M. B. Willcox

21½ Spruce Street New York

Oldest Fancy Leather House in America.

WANTED.

Lady capable of teaching kindergarten work, sewing, music, etc., in a large manufacturing concern in the middle West

Address, "WELFARE," this office, Giving Qualifications and References.

Questions on Current Events

(Continued)

19. What misfortune recently befell Hong Kong?

Ans.—A typhoon made great havoc at Hong Kong on September 18. It lasted for two hours. The whole Chinese junk fleet was destroyed, hundreds of lives were lost, and the property loss amounts to millions of dollars September 29, page 69.

20. When and where was the recent Peace Congress held?

Ans.—At Milan, Italy, opening on September 15. Delegates from all parts of the world were present. September 29, page 71.

21. What changes in the weather predictions are soon to be made?

Ans.—The United States Weather Bureau is to foretell weather conditions for a week ahead. September 29, page 72.

Under-the-Table Manners.

It's very hard to be polite
  If you're a cat.
When other folks are up at table
Eating all that they are able,
  You are down upon the mat
  If you're a cat.

You're expected just to sit
  If you're a cat.
Not to let them know you're there
By scratching at the chair,
  Or a light, respectful pat
  If you're a cat.

You are not to make a fuss
  If you're a cat.
Tho there's fish upon the plate
You're expected just to wait,
  Wait politely on the mat
  If you're a cat!

—Rochester *Post-Express.*

The Birdies' Song.

Class and Child.—A little bird sits in a tree,
  And sings a pretty song to me,
"Just stop a minute, birdie do
  I wish to speak a word to you."

Bird.—I cannot stay with you to-day,
  I'm taking home a worm, this way,
My birdies wait at home for me,
  So I must haste to birdies three.

Class sees Child.—Pray do not fly away so soon,
  Do sing to me a pretty tune,
I like to hear your merry song,
  You seem so happy all day long.

Bird.—No, my child, I must not tarry,
  I must fly my food to carry,
But I will come some other day
  When all my children fly away.

Pimples, Blackheads

GET RID OF ALL YOUR FACE TROUBLES IN A FEW DAYS' TIME WITH THE WONDERFUL STUART CALCIUM WAFERS.

Trial Package Sent Free.

You cannot have an attractive face or a beautiful complexion when your blood is in bad order and full of impurities. Impure blood means an impure face, always.

The most wonderful as well as the most rapid blood cleanser is Stuart's Calcium Wafers. You use them for a few days, and the difference tells in your face right away.

Most blood purifiers and skin treatments are full of poison. Stuart's Calcium Wafers are guaranteed free from any poison, mercury, drug, or opiate. They are as harmless as water, but the results are astonishing.

The worst cases of skin diseases have been cured in a week by this quick-acting remedy. It contains the most effective working power of any purifier ever discovered,—calcium sulphide. Most blood and skin treatments are terribly slow. Stuart's Calcium Wafers have cured boils in three days. Every particle of impurity is driven out of your system completely, never to return, and it is done without deranging your system in the slightest.

No matter what your trouble is, whether pimples, blotches, blackheads, rash, tetter, eczema, or scabby crusts, you can solemnly depend upon Stuart's Calcium Wafers as never-failing.

Don't be any longer humiliated by having a splotchy face. Don't have strangers stare at you, or allow your friends to be ashamed of you because of your face.

Your blood makes you what you are. The men and women who forge ahead are those with pure blood and pure faces. Did you ever stop to think of that?

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are absolutely harmless, but the results,—mighty satisfying to you even at the end of a week. They will make you happy because your face will be a welcome sight not only to yourself when you look in the glass, but to everybody else who knows you and talks with you.

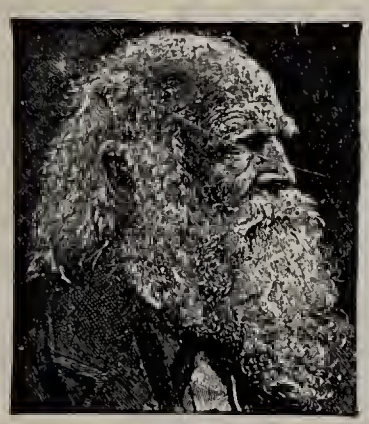
We want to prove to you that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are beyond doubt the best and quickest blood and skin purifier in the world,—so we will send you a free sample as soon as we get your name and address. Send for it to-day, and then when you have tried the sample you will not rest contented until you have bought a 50c box at your druggist's.

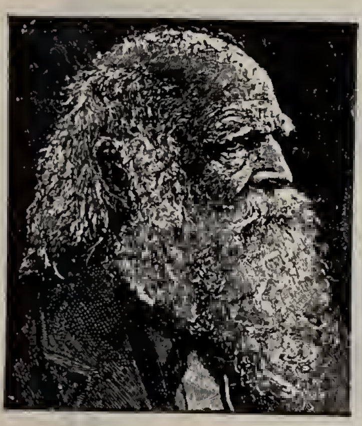
Send us your name and address to-day and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 51 Stuart Bldg., Marshall Mich.

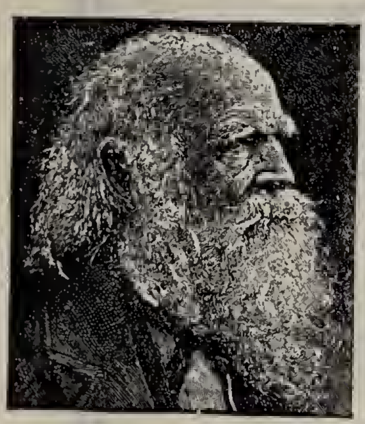
ACTIONS:

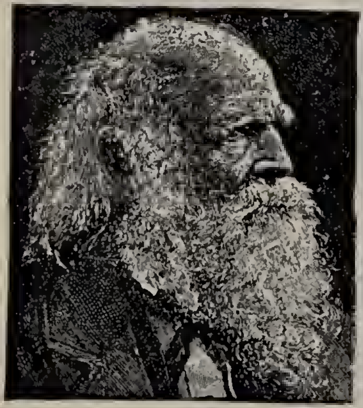
A child flying or waving his hands in front of class. The children say the first verse to the bird.

1. The bird says the first, holding a small piece of hay. The same may be done in the other verses.









Portraits of Bryant for Composition Papers.

November Thoughts.

O russet-robed November,
What ails thee so to smile?
Chill August, pale September,
Endured a woful while,
And fell as falls an ember
From forth a flameless pile;
But golden-girth November
Bids all she looks on smile.

—SWINBURNE.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone
When woods are bare and birds are flown.
—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (To the Fringed Gentian.)

The mountain ash, . . .
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show
Amid the leafy woods.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

My autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together,
And both grown old, about us fold
The golden tissued weather.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The summer comes and the summer goes;
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting thru fragrant rains,
Then all of a sudden—it snows.

Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours.
We only know winter is gone—by the flowers,
We only know winter is come—by the snow.

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime,
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart ruts beautiful;
And when snow white the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (The House Beautiful.)

The Rain is Raining All Around

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

R. L. STEVENSON.

In gastric and intestinal catarrhs, including nervous dyspepsia, acidity of stomach and gastralgia, antikamnia tablets fulfill the requirements and quickly alleviate. Two tablets are the usual adult dose. So says Frank S. Grant, M. D., Medical officer of the Provident Savings Life Assurance, New York City.

Removes Dandruff

Sulphur is the best thing known for the scalp, and Glenn's Sulphur Soap is the only fine toilet soap that contains enough pure sulphur to make it a specific for scalp and skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye Black or Brown, 50c.

Apple-Time.

Tossing its boughs in the breezy morn,
The mossed old apple-tree laughs to scorn
The skies that lower, the rains that fall,
And chuckles: "I've plenty here for all!
All summer I've drunk the silver dew;
The sunshine has warmed me thru and thru;
Come! gather the fruit I've saved for you,
This rare October morning!

"Under my shade, all the summer long,
The quaint red robins have sung their song;
The lambs have slumbered, the grasses grown;
But now I am left here all alone.
Yet blithely I take my ease, nor sigh,
Tho keen are the winds that whistle by;
A rugged old apple-tree am I,
This brisk October morning!

"Little ones, little ones, come with a shout,
For here I'm spreading my broad arms out!
The year is singing a sweet good-bye;
Like flames around me the dead leaves lie.
Full soon I'll be clad in ice and snow,
But look, with their gold and ruby glow,
The prettiest bubbles for you I blow,
This clear October morning!"

—George Cooper.

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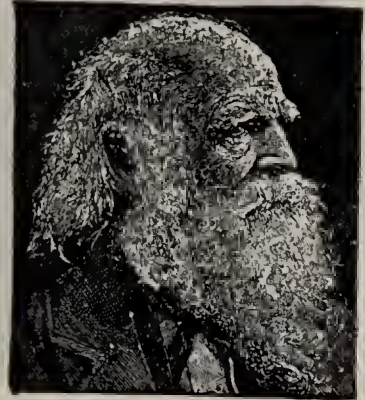

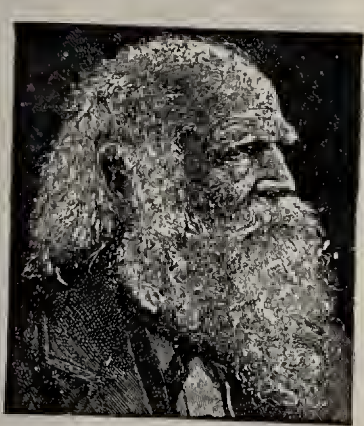

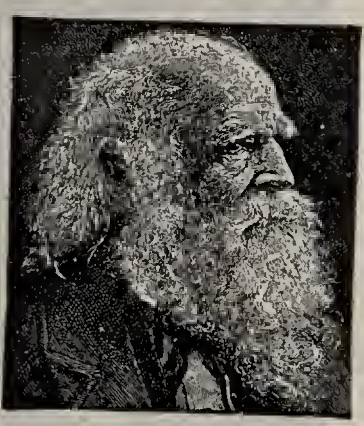

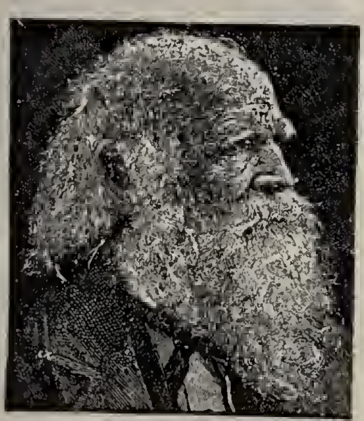

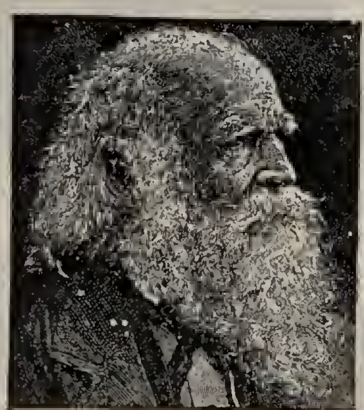

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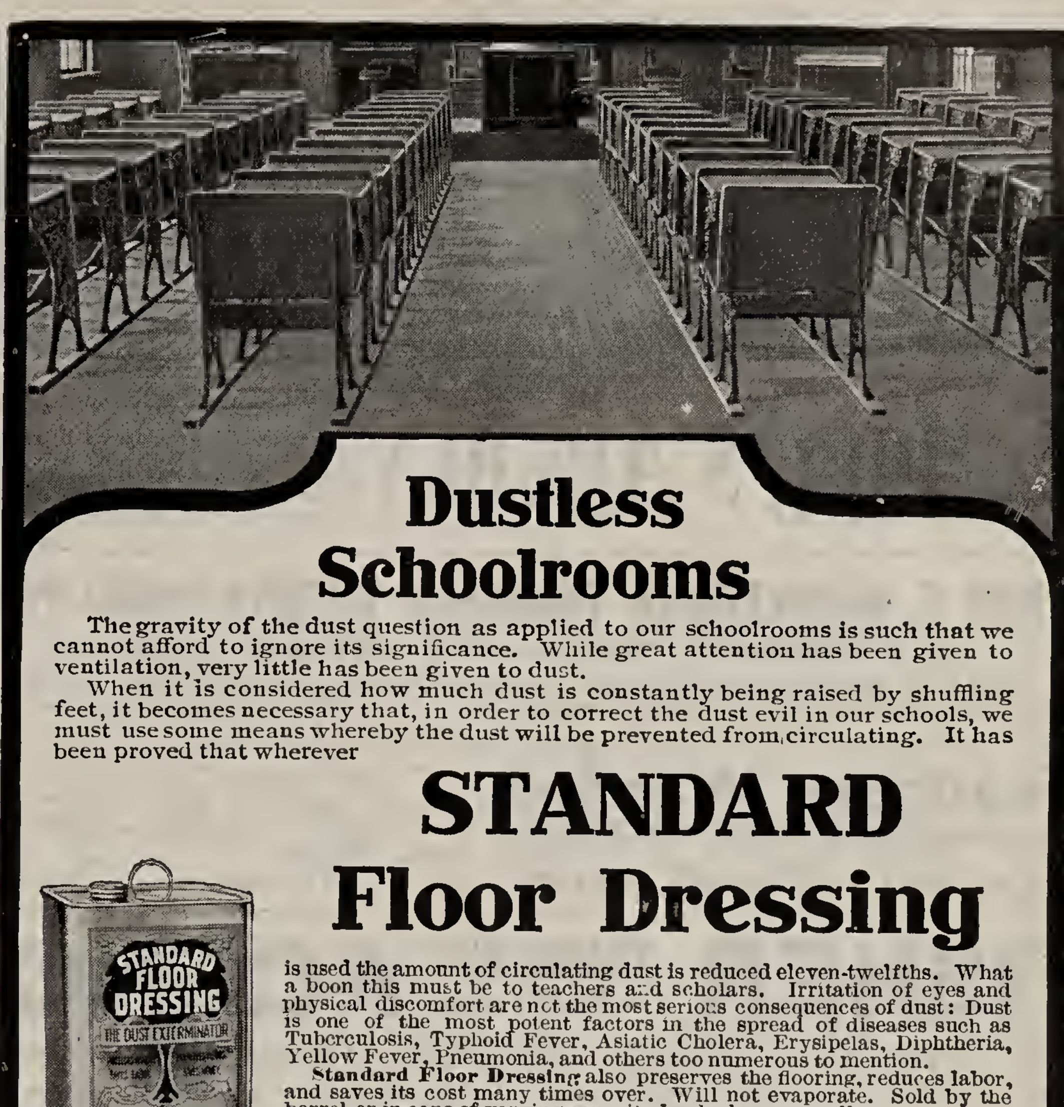

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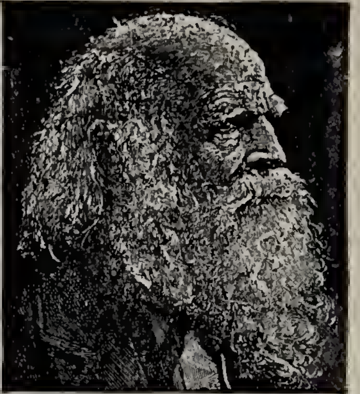
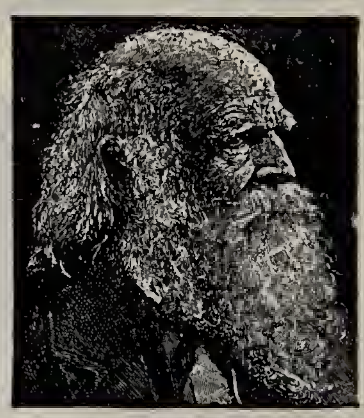

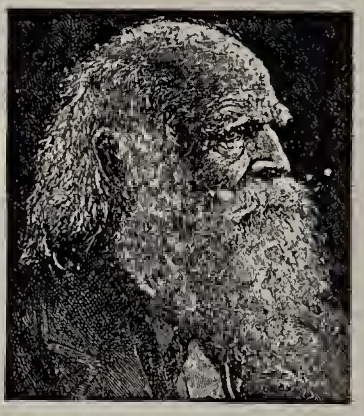
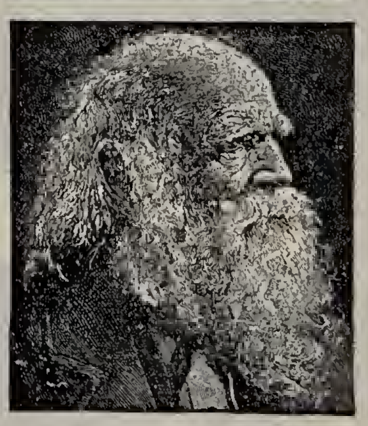

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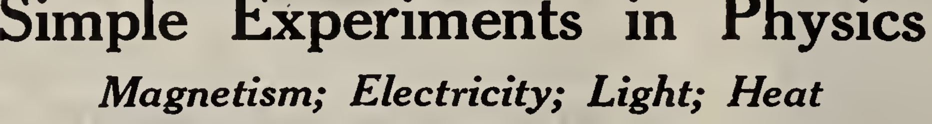

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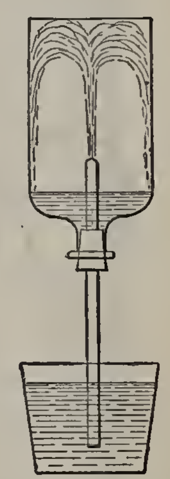

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Sing and dance it trippingly.

First rehearse your song by note,
In each word a warbling note;
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing and bless this place.

William Shakespeare.

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We're thankful for the winter frost
That made the snowflakes fall,
For every snowball that we tossed,
And sleds and skates and all.
We're thankful for the flowers we found
In May-time, long ago;
Spring-beauty peeping from the ground
And bloodroot white as snow.
We're thankful for the holidays
That came with summer heat,
And all the happy summer plays
In grandma's garden sweet.
We're thankful for the autumn's store,
When fields are bare and gray,
And all the year that brings once more
Our dear Thanksgiving Day.

—Zoeth Howland, in *Youth's Companion.*

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To itself it ever talks,
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—S. RAYMOND JOCELYN, in *The Philadelphia Teacher*.

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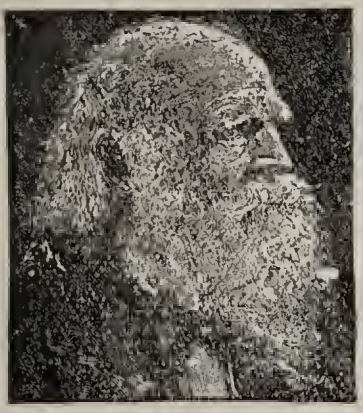

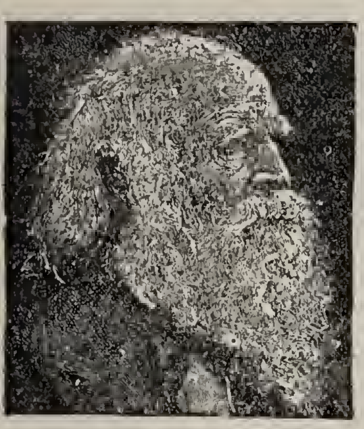

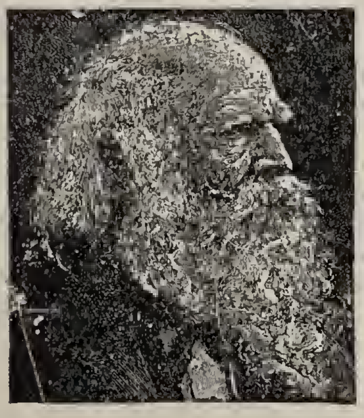

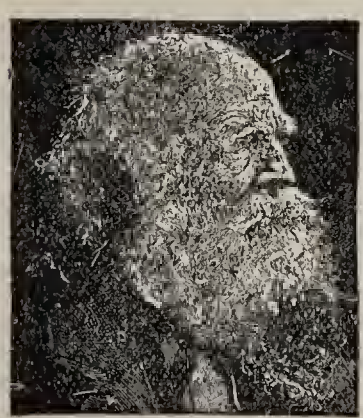

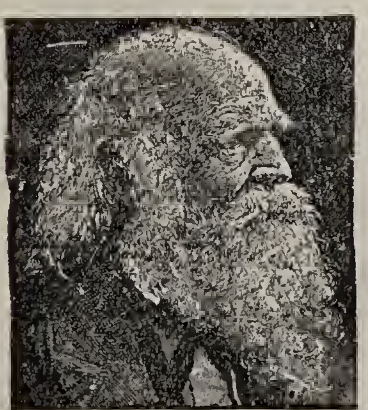

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AN EXCURSION.

It was the last school day in the month of September. We finished writing an examination early and our teacher took us (the school) on an excursion to Yellow River. The sun shone warm and bright. We started from the schoolhouse about half past ten and arrived at the river at noon. When we got there we all sat down on a large sand-bar and ate our lunch. After lunch we went down the river observing the changes in Nature. When we came back we played games, waded in the river, and gathered clam shells. About half past three we all started home. Some of the pupils found some pretty leaves and other things. One of them found a knife and another one found an Indian arrow-head. When we got home we told our parents what a good time we had and they promised us another day.

PERLA MOORE, Age 14.

AN EXCURSION.

Last Friday being the last school day in the month, also examination day, we got thru early and went on an excursion to the "Yellow River," to observe the changes of nature. The whole school went, accompanied by two dogs. We started at half past ten and arrived there at noon. We went about half a mile down the river and ate our lunch on a sand-bar. We all took off our shoes and stockings except teacher, and we waded in the river. Teacher and two of us girls caught a cold. After we had eaten our lunch we went on down the river and found pretty leaves, pebbles, stones, and lots of pretty things that grow on the banks of rivers. We found a cocoon and some clam shells too. We started home after three o'clock and stopped and played "Hide and go seek" on the way. We had a very pleasant time and did not get home till after five o'clock.

NELLIE MOORE, Age 11.

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AN EXCURSION.

Seeing it was examination day and we get out early, our teacher, Miss Alma Casey, took us to the woods, near the river. We gathered leaves, cocoons, acorns, and many other things. We went down the river about half a mile and came to a sand-bar where we ate our lunch and took off our shoes and stockings and waded in the river. Teacher then told us to come and go down the river and observe the changes that had been made in the woods. We noticed the leaves, how they had changed color and the nuts had fallen from the trees, and other changes. We then came back and crossed a slough where we played "Hide and go seek" in the tall grass. It being late our teacher said we had better start for home and on our way we visited an old battle ground of the mound builders, and found arrow heads, pieces of flint, and Indian pottery. We had a very good time and are going again in the spring.

FRANK PORTER, Age 13.

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Excellent Help for Primary Teachers.

In an address before a State association of teachers less than a year ago, a prominent educator said that less than six per cent. of public school teachers are normal school graduates, and that not more than twenty per cent. have had as much as six weeks' normal training. These statistics applied to Illinois, one of the foremost States of the Union; the record of other States is similar. It is little wonder that trained teachers are eagerly sought and that the supply is always short of the demand.

In the grammar grades one is more apt to find carefully trained instructors than in the primary room, altho the need of the highest type of professional skill in the lowest grades is everywhere recognized. Probably not one primary teacher in twenty has taken special work to equip her for the peculiar needs of her important post. This fact renders unusually conspicuous the course of study in Primary Methods offered teachers of the lower grades by the Interstate School of Correspondence of Chicago, affiliated with Northwestern University. This school, always in search of features which will raise the standard of the teaching profession, now offers a comprehensive course in the above subject, covering in an especially pleasing and thoro manner the topics of school management, discipline, and methods of teaching all the branches pertaining to the first three years in any school. The lessons are bound in two fine leather volumes of more than 300 pages each, and are beautifully illustrated. There seems to be no essential feature of primary school work that is not presented according to the best known methods. Practical, illustrative lessons are given in accordance with the fundamental laws of child psychology, in all the subjects usually taught in the primary grades.

The work is in no sense technical. It is just what its title would indicate, a complete course of study in primary methods of school management and school teaching. Without question it is the most pretentious and superior work of the kind ever published, and offered as a basis of a correspondence course in methods. It is handsomely illustrated, with a number of plates in the drawing lessons lithographed in natural colors.

The author of this course of study is Miss Sarah E. Sprague, who is already quite widely and favorably known thru her authorship of the Sprague Classic Readers. Miss Sprague was for years instructor in Primary Methods in teachers' institutes, and for six years was supervisor of graded schools in Minnesota. The lesson in music was prepared by Miss Mary Pierce, who is western manager of the American Book Company's Department of Music.

Some school principals and county superintendents insist that the teachers under their supervision shall pursue some correspondence course of instruction each year for their own sake and for the benefit of the schools which they teach. In addition to added ability acquired thru such study, the mere fact that the teacher is herself taking a course of study has a remarkably good influence upon her pupils, as they can see that teachers as well as pupils are, and ought to be, students. In all parts of the country, teachers are working for advancement of salaries, and along with this movement the teacher must equip herself to be worth the wages demanded.

It may not always be possible for the teacher to drop her work and go to a normal school or college, but no excuse whatever can be framed that will release a teacher from the obligation to pursue a course of study when it is so easily obtainable thru the correspondence school. With an educational institution of this kind, a teacher can carry on her scholastic and professional studies and go right on with her teaching. Any teacher ambitious to improve should write for information to the Interstate School of Correspondence of Chicago, whose courses of study and plan of work we cordially endorse. The regular announcement of the school appears on page 241 of this issue.

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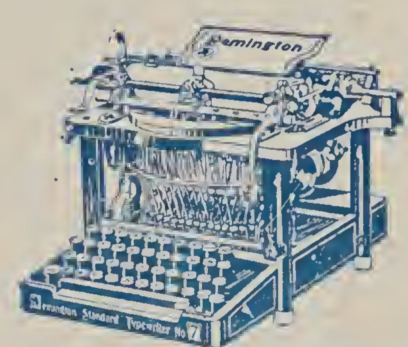

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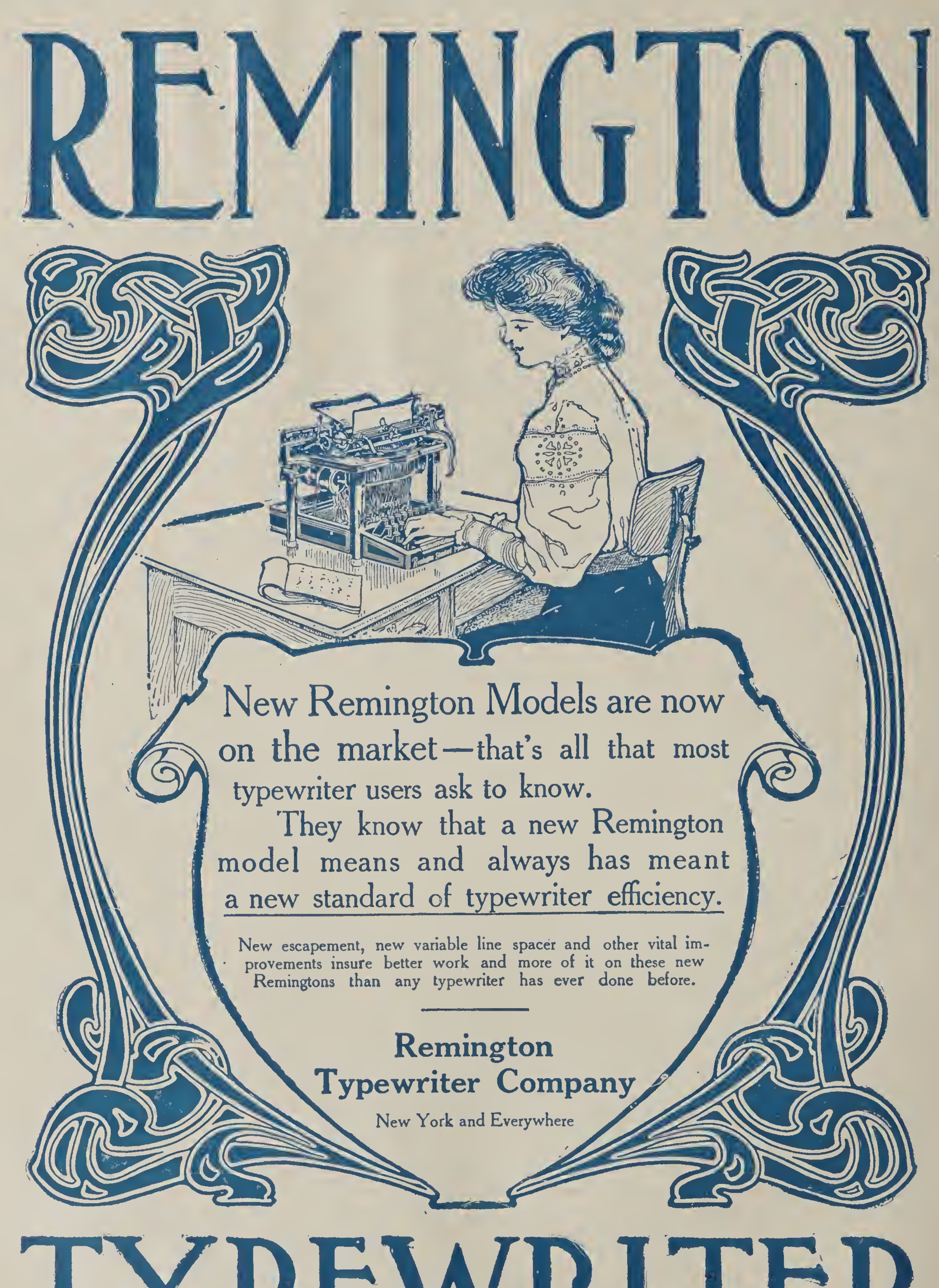
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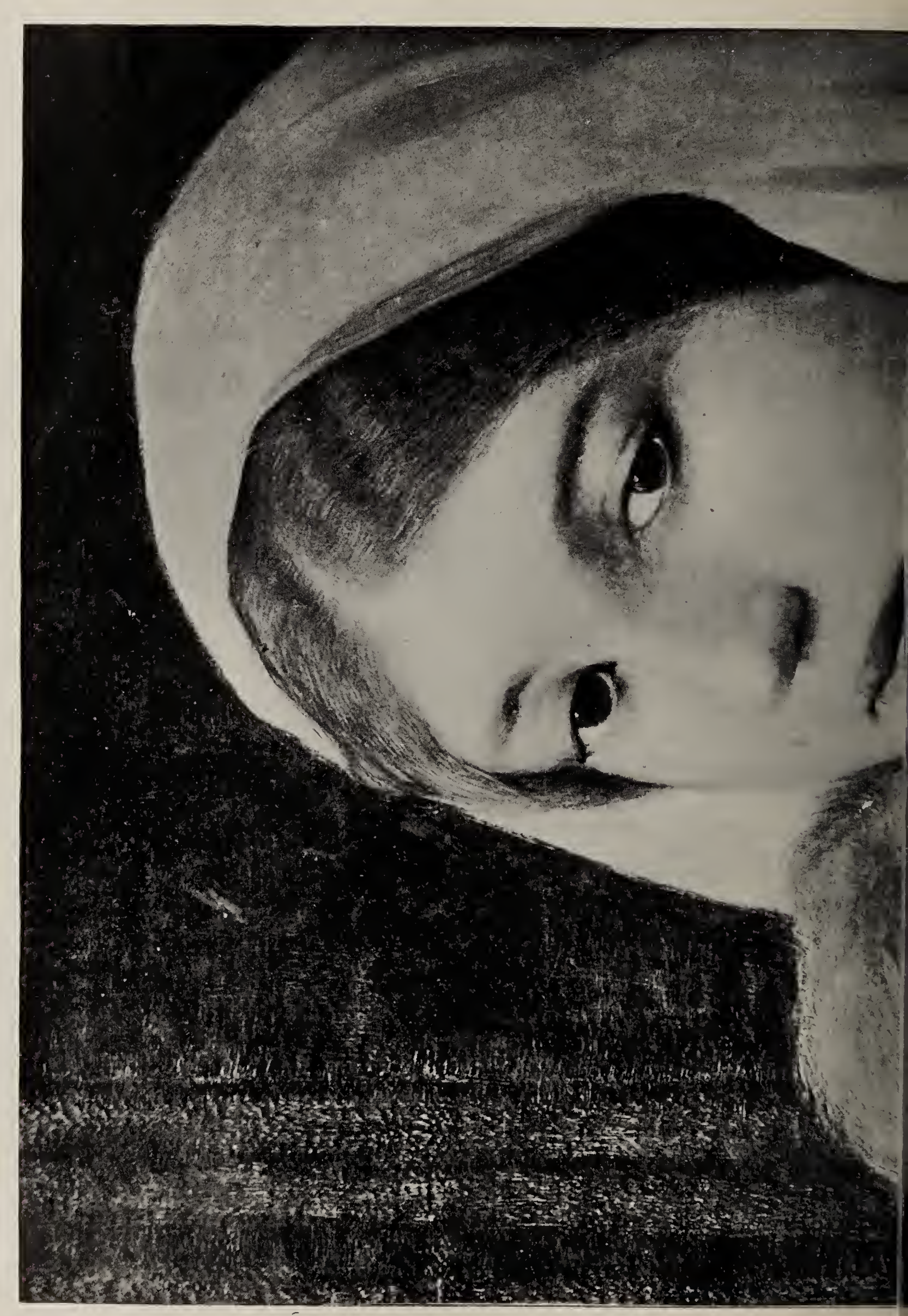

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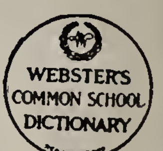

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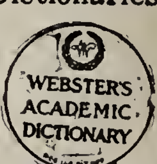

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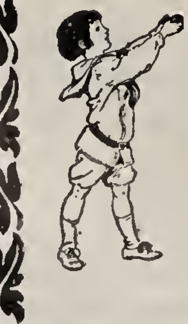

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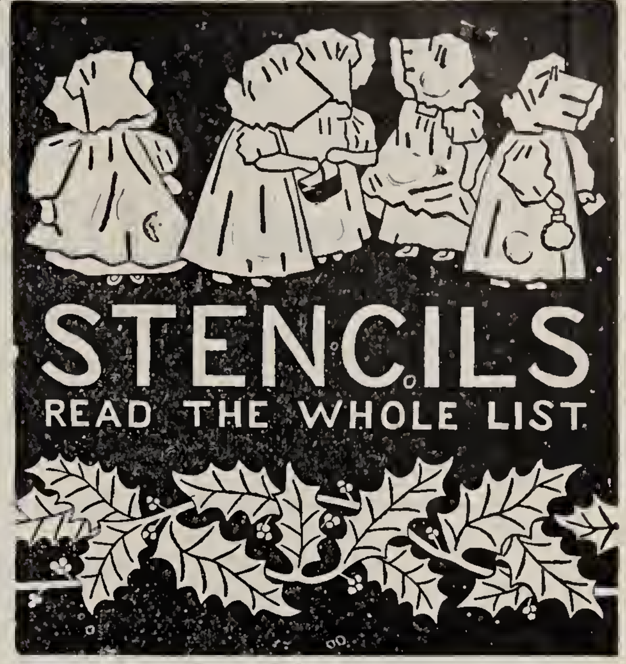

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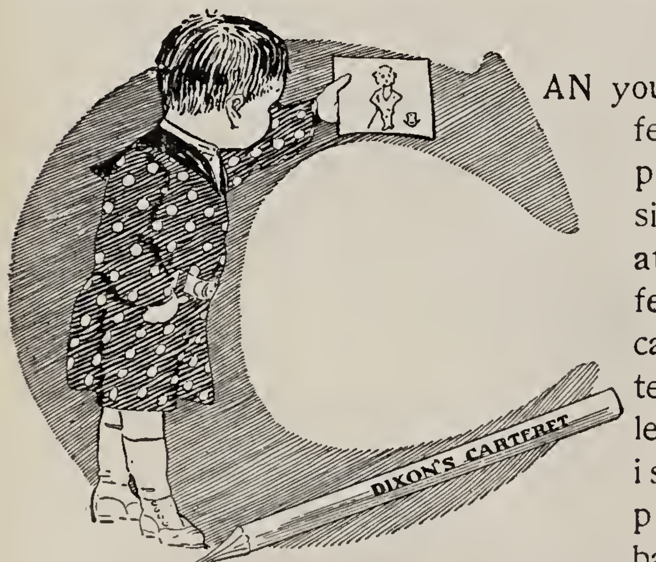

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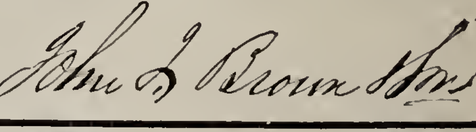

TEACHERS MAGAZINE
COMBINING
THE TEACHERS INSTITUTE • THE INTELLIGENCE
PRIMARY SCHOOL • PRIMARY SCHOOL ERA

Vol. XXIX DECEMBER, 1906 No. 4

The Christmas Spirit of the Teacher

LET no sectarian prejudice deprive the schools of the wonderful mystery symbolized in the pictures of the Madonna. Whatever the Virgin-Mother and her Child may mean to those with whom they are a central religious dogma, the rest of the world cannot afford to deny itself the vision of the great and universal truth they embody. We teachers, especially, have need of that vision. There is nothing in the whole realm of literature and representational art which brings out so completely, so beautifully and inspiringly the essence of that personality which stamps the ideal educator. To the teacher the Madonna is an inexhaustible source of strengthening help. To him the Madonna points the way to the development of a true teacher personality.

The story is simple:

Here is a virgin pure and undefiled, a daughter of the people that gave to the world the most uplifting conceptions of the Author of the Universe. Trained in the law and bathed in the poetry of Isaiah and the Psalter, she represents the life of one who seeks to do what is right and good. As a virgin she typifies purity of mind and heart, sweetness, hopefulness, and faith,—the faith that trusts and knows that the world is beautiful because a loving Father is in it and watches over it.

Here is a mother; from her eyes radiates the love that would yield up every possession, even life itself, that the future may be bright, and that happiness may abound. The mother-spirit is the very heart of an educational personality. Living and laboring for others, hoping for them, counting nothing a task that benefits those who belong to the household,—this and much else it does.

Virginhood is the ideal that contains the essences of which sweetness of personality is compounded. Its trustfulness encompasses all creation. Mother love "beareth all things, endureth all things." Virginhood "believeth all things, hopeth all things." What, think you, is the most precious thing in the world? Do you understand the thought of the Virgin-Mother? If you do, you know what womanhood is, and why that is the most wonderful thing in the universe.

In secular literature the sweetest example of the redemptive power that virginhood exercises in the world,—and there are not a few of these examples: Beatrice, Imogen, Lorna Doone,—is probably Wagner's Elizabeth, niece of the Landgrave of Thuringia, the spotless maiden who begged for the life of Tannhaüser; of Tannhaüser who had deeply wronged her by the vileness of his faithlessness. When the Landgrave judged that "Such as he can never be redeemed," Elizabeth replied (using the beautiful interpretation of "Tannhaüser" which Oliver Huckel has given to the English-speaking world):

> Speak, would you rob a sinner of his hope,
> In His name, who was hope and mercy's self?
> Behold me! How my tender heart is crushed.
> Yon light has struck my life with cruel blow,
> For this true heart did love him faithfully,
> And now is hurled to darkest depths of woe.
> Yet do I pray for him. O spare his life!
> Give him, I pray, the chance of penitence!
> Renew in him a ray of faith and hope!

Trustful, hopeful, wandering in a garden of roses, delighting in sunshine, confident that the future will be bright, these are essences of virginhood which the teacher is ever in need of.

And motherhood? It is mankind's greatest educator. Morality sprang from it, and so did all else that makes for a better world to live in. Virginhood hopeth all things, motherhood labors for the realization of those hopes. "Many daughters [virgins] have done virtuously, but thou [mother] excellest them all." Think of the tender tribute which St. Augustine in his "Confessions," pays to Monica:

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N. Barabino's picture of the Madonna.

Twice my mother, in the flesh that I might be born into this earthly light, in heart that I might be born into light eternal.

Verily, "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and praiseth her." St. Augustine refers several times to the refining influence which his mother exercised over his father. The bishop whom Monica entreated to save her son from the Manichees knew the power of motherhood:

> Go, and God be with you; it cannot be that the son of these tears should be lost.

To many a young man struggling with temptations, the thought of his mother is the one anchor that holds him in the moorings of righteousness. But why need we multiply instances? The good that motherhood has done for the world that was and is, and which it is now doing for the world that is and is to be, abounds on every hand.

Overflowing with a love that cannot be bribed by transient semblances of pleasure; to labor for the deepening of the sources of happiness that shall abide; careful of the present and provident for the future; giving, with not one thought of self, that others may live; strengthening hearts that are fainting and hands that are losing their purpose; forgetting self altogether, and glorying in the glory of her husband and of her children, and her children's children—such are a few sweeps of the brush that would paint the picture of a mother.

Here let the teacher stand and gaze and ponder. The mother idea is the heart of education. Methods, plans, devices are as so many arteries and veins whose sustaining power flows from that heart, which are, in fact, of no avail without that heart.

Would you know examples of teachers in whom virginhood and motherhood were the strong elements of personality? Francis of Assisi, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Lucy Stone, Lydia Sigourney, Frances Mary Buss. Read the sweet life of the meek and loving Brother Francis, and let your soul be charmed by the "Little Flowers." Here flow the springs of virginhood; here motherhood speaks in every line.

The wonderful mystery symbolized in the pictures of the Madonna is revealed to the eye of the teacher that has the heart of the Virgin-Mother, the heart of the Elizabeth of Tannhaüser and of Monica in one; the spirit that drew Pestalozzi into the blessed work of teaching little children and spread his influence over two continents.

The children have their Santa Claus—may he be theirs many years! This kindly saint who comes unseen, when all are asleep, and seeks to give to each the things most eagerly wanted, is an embodiment of mother-love which even the littlest ones can grasp. The mystery surrounding his figure heightens the effectiveness of the thought he represents. All great thoughts are best divined in significant symbols. That is why the great Galilean Teacher "spake unto the multitude in parables; and without a parable spake He not unto them." Let the children have their Santa Claus, and let us older children look to the Virgin-Mother to waken the Christmas spirit within us and keep it astir the whole year round.

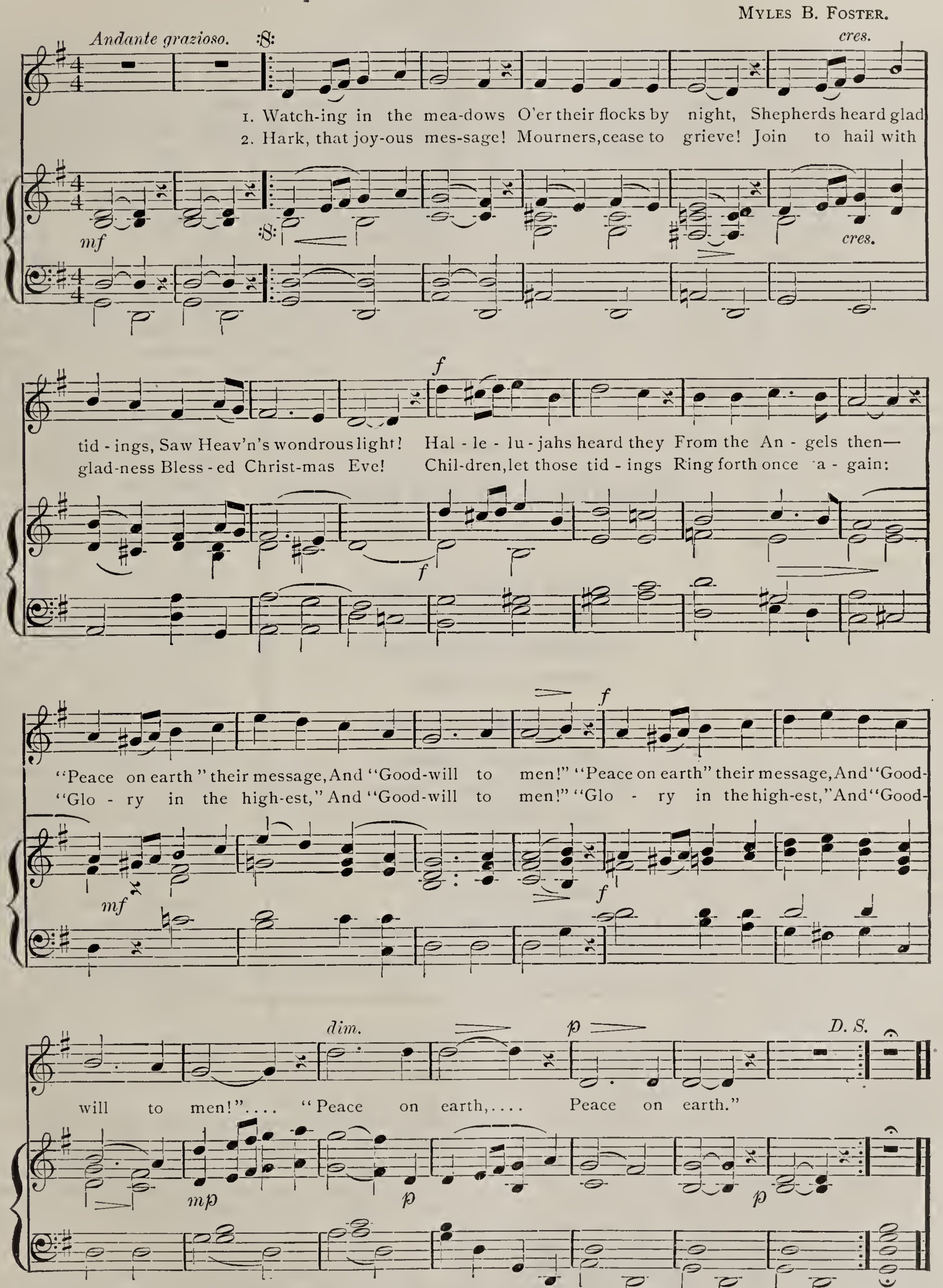
A Joyful Christmas to You!

A Merry Christmas to You!

A Joyful Christmas to You!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Myles B. Foster.



Song Music

By Alys E. Bentley, Director of Music, Washington, D. C.

Christmas Music

When we turn to the selection of Christmas music for songs for use in our schools, the wealth of available material is an embarrassment. In few schools will it be advisable to go into the history and traditions of this centuries-old festival with its customs, individual to different countries, and its associations and background. The Christian festival, as such, will be celebrated in all Christian churches, but so great a hold does the Christmas spirit take on the imagination and interest of the average child, and so entirely does the prospective holiday and its joys fill his horizon for weeks preceding the event, that to take no notice whatever of it would be to lose a great opportunity.

All this joy of anticipation, all this enthusiasm and excitement may be made to serve the music. There is never a time when children are so ready to sing. To them "The world's running over with joy." Conserve all this buoyancy of spirits, and make it ring out glad tidings of youthful hope and happiness in the most joyously beautiful carols you can find.

It is sometimes objected that time is ill-spent in learning songs for the Christmas season, since they cannot be used at any other time. By way of meeting this objection, let us first of all lay great stress upon the selection of the carols to be taught. Find the two or three that are best adapted to your class, that are the most joyous, melodic, and simple, then use these year after year.

What a wonderful thing it would be if in every high school in America the great Christian festival could be heralded by the singing of "The Glory of the Lord" from Handel's "Messiah," by a great high school chorus.

For the lower grades there is no lovelier song than "The Bells," Gilchrist, to be found in the second reader of the Modern Music Series. The intertwining of the bass or alto with the soprano part, where each has a lovely melody, beautiful in itself, arouses the keenest interest in children. They invariably love this song, and will sing it delightfully.

"Gather Around the Christmas Tree" is one of the songs that sing themselves. These songs have that inherent quality of rhythmic life and beauty, which is their guarantee of real musical worth.

In "Songs of the Child World," Jessie Gaynor, is another pretty carol, suitable in sentiment, movement, and simplicity for our use. Carols of this sort may be sung every Christmas season for a period of years, with increasing delight on the part of the children.

Sweeter and richer, perhaps, than any I have mentioned, is "Christmas Eve," by Myles B. Foster, which is reprinted in this number of Teachers Magazine.

It has been my privilege to hear Wm. L. Tomlins teach this carol to a class. Never shall I forget the atmosphere created by this teacher-magician! Every child participated in the long watch of the shepherds as they sat huddled in their blankets on the cold starlight hillsides. Every child felt the thrill of dawning glory in the mystery of "Heaven's Wondrous Light," and the "Hallelujahs" that rang from their little throats were paeans of joy that stirred one's very soul.

In no other music is there so great an opportunity to enlist the whole child, his imagination, his interest, and his affection. The traditions of Christmas, and the entire lovely setting of the Bethlehem story, are as dear as they are familiar to all children. Use this interest. See to it that the "Peace on Earth" is a real message, given out again by them, in the spirit of sincerity.

Below is a list of other carols and Christmas readings which I have found very helpful:

Christmas in Song and Sketch, McCaskey. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Rounds, Carols, and Songs, Osgood. Published by Oliver Ditson.

Christmas Carol, Tomlins. American Book Company.

Old Christmas, Ring Out Wild Bells, Christmas Bells. From Second Reader. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co.

Beautiful Bells of Christmas

By Susie M. Best, Ohio.

Beautiful bells of Christmas,
Ring in the belfry, ring!
In Bethlehem's lowly manger
Slumbers a little King.

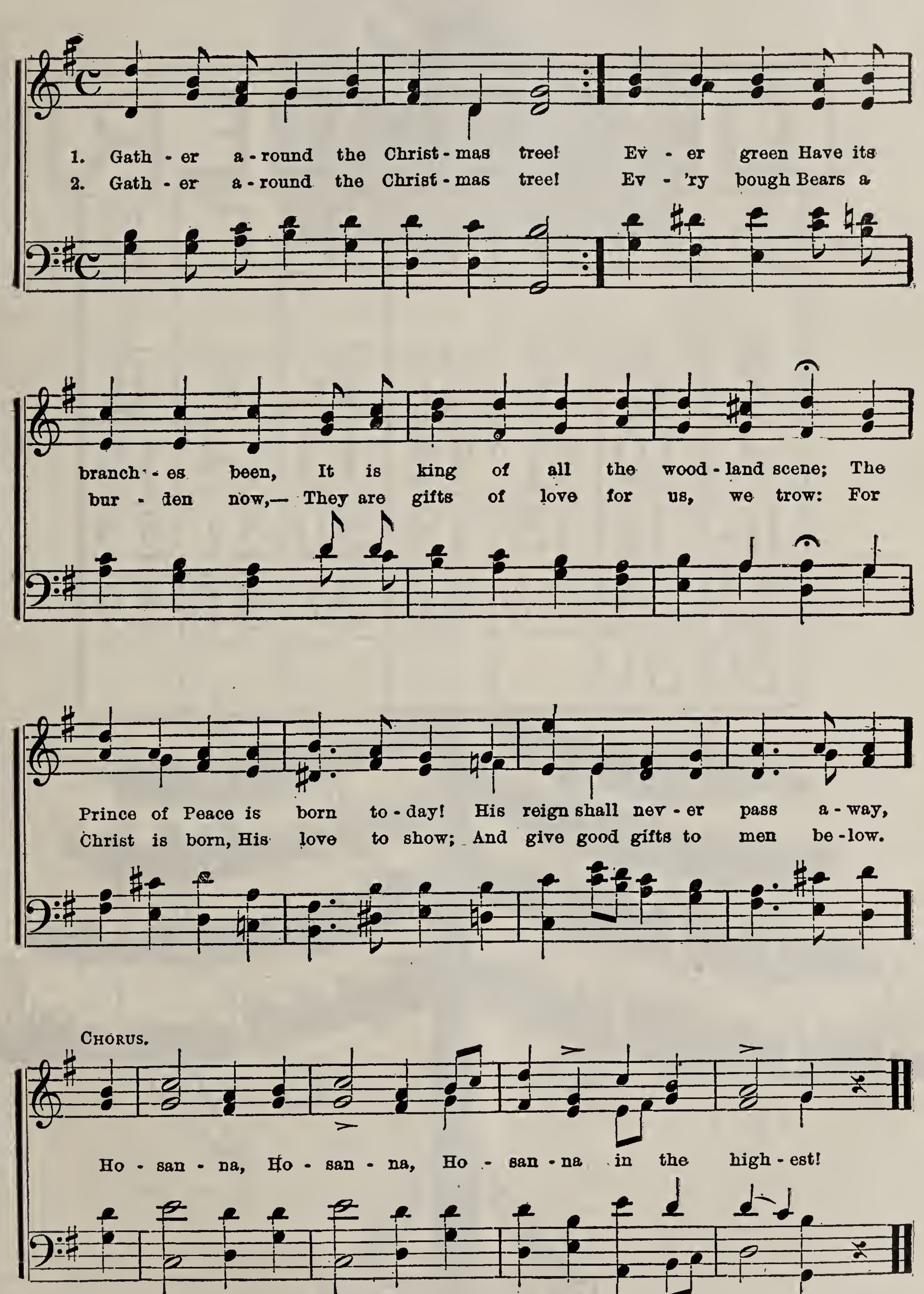
Beautiful bells of Christmas,
Chime on the air again,
This is your blessed message,
Peace and Goodwill to men.

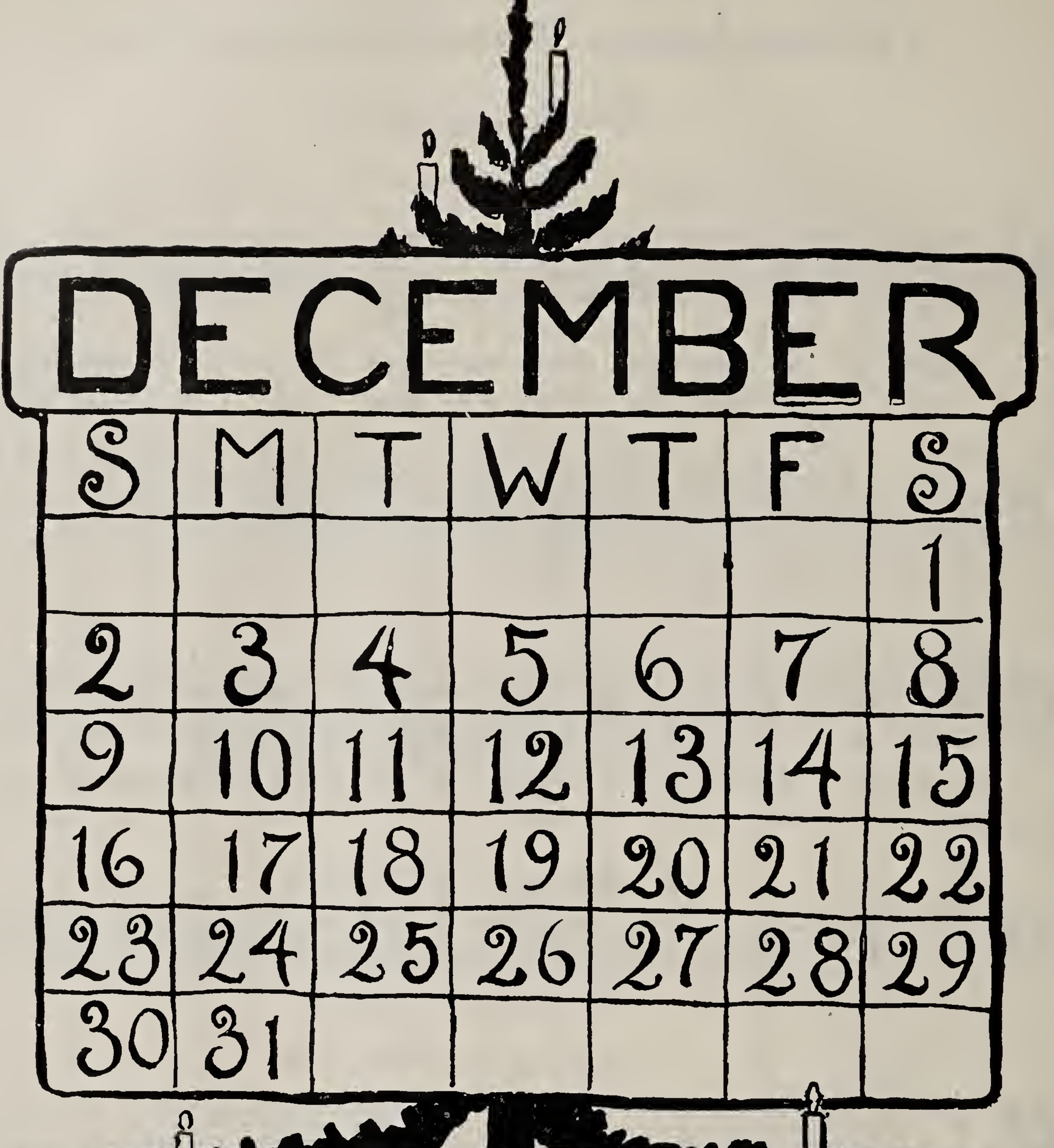
Beautiful bells of Christmas,
Scatter the news afar,
The light of the world is promised
In Betlehem's blazing star.

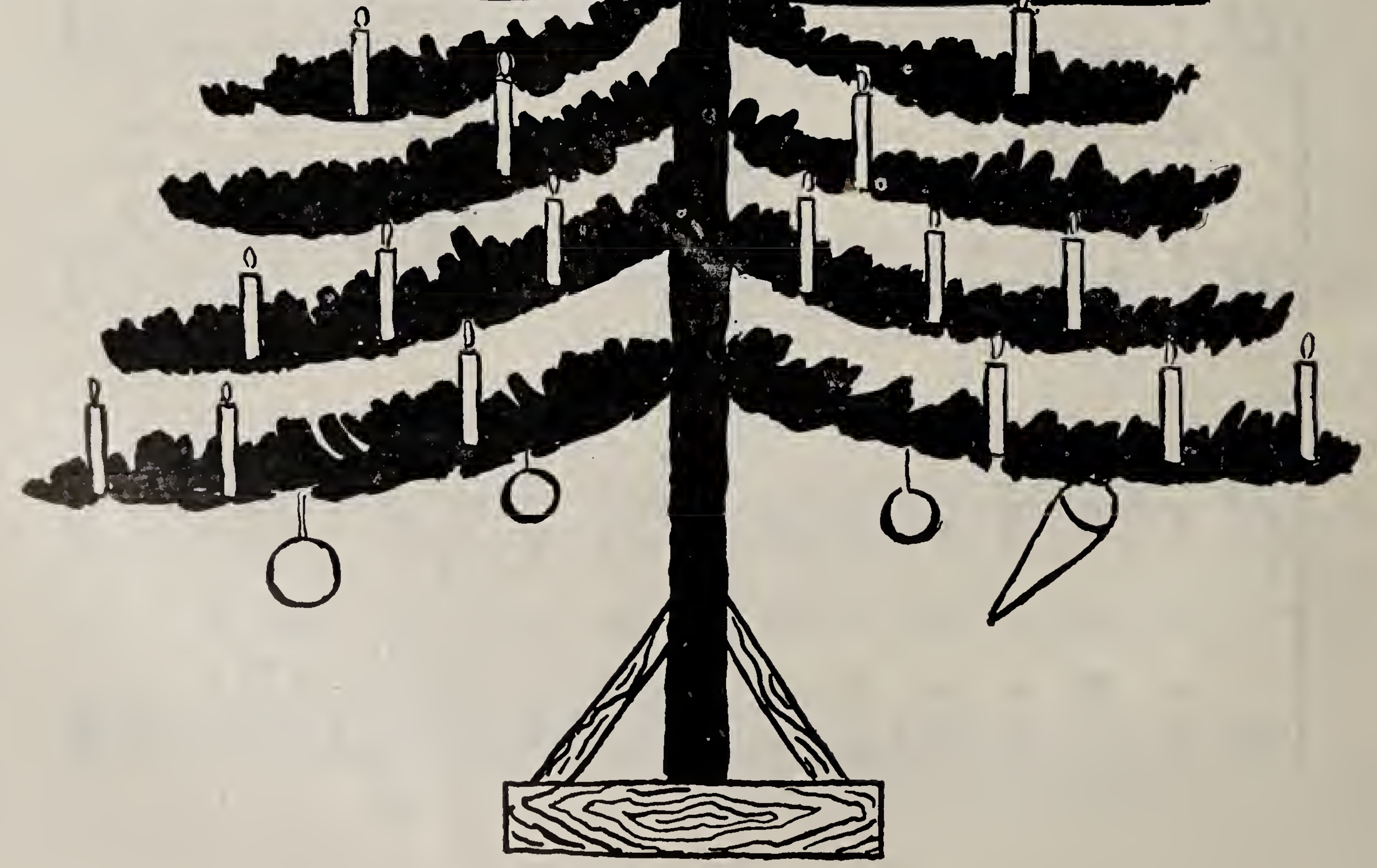
Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, the composer of the charming song "The Trees Know," published in October, has composed for Teachers Magazine a beautiful Christmas song, called "Christmas Chimes." Miss Bentley writes that it is an unusually fine song for children in the primary grades. Uufortunately the manuscript was received too late for use in this number and will, therefore, have to be held over a year. Those who desire to have the song now can obtain copies of the publishers of Teachers Magazine at ten cents per copy.

Gather Around the Christmas Tree.

Old Carol







Designed by G. H. SHOREY

English Composition in the Grammar Grades. V

By HARRIET E. PEET, the Forestville School, Chicago

Work in Poetics.

THE Bowery type of language is gaining in popularity with the masses of people in our great cities, and it is not an uncommon experience in our schools for a child to be laughed at for taking some pride in his use of English. It is well, because language has a deep influence over us as a people, to examine some of the helps which the public school can give in stemming this tide and turning the current into another channel.

There are three ways of obtaining a fluent and an accurate vocabulary. The first is thru the widening of experience by a direct contact with people and things. Too much cannot be said of the use of the laboratory, the shop, the studio, and excursions, in their influence on the use of English alone, for a vocabulary acquired in this way is vital and telling. The second way is that used by many of our great poets. It is the cultivation of the verbal memory thru reading, or, better still, thru memorizing masterpieces in literature. The purity and fluency of Helen Keller's diction is ascribed to the fact that she has never heard the commonplace. Her mind is stored with beauties of thought and phrases from literature. The third way of acquiring a vocabulary comes thru searching for the right word in writing. Benjamin Franklin says in his autobiography:

> But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in collecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different lengths to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me a master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales in the *Spectator*, and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

Work in poetics with the children will do much to quicken their sense of rhythm and to add to their power of appreciating poetry, but our chief reason for introducing it into the upper grades of the grammar school is the same as is that of Benjamin Franklin for turning the *Spectator* into verse and then into prose again—the acquirement of a wide and accurate vocabulary.

Simple rhythms such as the ballad verse and the regular iambic tetrameter should be used, and such subjects as in themselves stimulate the imagination. The work must not be forced but be handled most sympathetically. All effort should be encouraged.

If the children have been in the habit of memorizing poetry they will have had a training in the sound of things which is the best possible preparation for verse making. Such children will readily see where the rhythm of their compositions is wrong and where a word is inappropriately used.

The work should be started when there seems to be some cause for writing in verse. It may be a day in early spring, the first snowfall of the season, an ice-storm, or Indian summer, which will call out the right word. A poem on the same theme will help them in creating a poetic atmosphere. The children will enjoy writing Robin Hood ballads of their own or re-writing the "Deacon's Masterpiece," or the "Ballad of the Oysterman."

This verse was suggested to a seventh grade child by a picture of Elaine. She had been touched by the story:

> Down a river gently flowing
> A dumb old man a barge is rowing.
> Beautiful Elaine lies on her bier
> While three white doves are hovering near.
> As down the stream the barge glides by
> The wind is heard to mournfully sigh,
> The trees repeat the maiden's knell,
> "Elaine, Elaine, farewell, farewell!"

The work may be started as an exercise in rhyming. Such lines as the following may be used:

1. There came three kings ere break of day.
2. Above an eagle soared on high.
3. The owl for all his feathers was a-cold.
4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven.
5. The sedge has withered from the lake.
6. I made a garland for her head.
7. So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
8. I have a garden of my own.
9. The waves are dancing fast and bright.
10. The sun is warm. The day is clear.

The children will write the second line almost invariably in rhythm. Start the scanning next, and after that let them try writing lines which rhyme alternately, with more scanning. Such lines as these may be used, the children completing the verses by adding a third line to rhyme with the first line and a fourth to rhyme with the second.

1. Fresh blows the breeze thru hemlock trees,
   The fields are edged with green below.
2. Now rings the woodland loud and long,
   The distance takes a lovelier line.
3. The first loud blast that he did blow,
   He blew both loud and shrill;
4. The star shone brightly over-head,
   The air was calm and still.
5. The sun now rose out of the east,
   Out of the sea came he.

After they have completed a number of verses in this way and have had a little practice in scanning, they will be ready for subjects. If the season is at Christmas time such subjects as these will be suggested, "The Star in the East," "In a Lowly Manger," "Shepherds Watched by Night," "The Christmas Tree," "A Christmas Wish"; if it is midwinter, "The Glistening Snow," "The Wintry Wind," "Fairy Frostwork," "A Storm"; if the sea has awakened interest, "The Sailor Song," "A Lonely Lighthouse," "The Fisherman's Home"; if it is spring, "A Robin's Song," "In the Merry Month of May," "Spring Sunshine," "The Crows," "The Dandelion," etc. The children will enjoy writing lullabies to a soldier's child, a sailor's, a shepherd's, and to children of different nations.

After the work is started it is well to work for definite things, one at a time. Different rhythms may be studied, schemes for rhyming, the poetic phrase, the refrain, the picture-making quality in a verse, and the inner meaning.

The first two of the following poems were written by children when they were reading the "Iliad." The last ones were suggested by the seasons.

Apollo.

A shimmering glare from out the sky
A glittering mass of shining gold,
Apollo stands in his chariot high
Above a bright cloud's fleecy fold.

Driving his steeds of heavenly fame,
He stands alone with fearless eye.
Rumbling around like an endless chain
He never will stop and never die.

The earth looks up and welcomes him,
The brightness and the warmth therein;
And he, in turn, gives all he can
To tree and flower and godlike man.

Diana.

Beautiful and fair she stands,
This goddess of the moon,
Waiting, watching o'er the strands
To give the world her boon.

Round about her hangs her mantle,
Falling scarcely to her knees.
Arms and ankles firm and supple,
Riding o'er the heavenly leas.

O'er her shoulder hangs her quiver
With its slender golden bow.
On her head her crown doth glitter
Brightening all the world below.

Thus she waits, the queen of night,
Till Apollo's rays are gone,
Coming forth with silvery light,
Guarding heaven till coming dawn.

Far above the earth is she
Wand'ring with the tiny stars,
Wand'ring, shining over me,
Casting down her nightly spars.

Diana, sweet and fair and kindly,
Goddess, proud but full of love,
Guard me thru thy nightly visits
While thy chariot speeds above.

Indian Summer.

The days are warm and pleasant,
The sky is soft and clear,
Thru the haze of Indian summer
Shine the autumn colors here.

Red and green and blue and yellow
Shine from every nook and tree,
Each one mingling with its fellow
Making joy for you and me.

On the hills and in the forest
Haze outdoes the glow of June,
In the mild October evening
Scarlet shines the harvest moon.

Thru the fields of new-made stubble
Happy children play all day
Catching field mice small and tiny.
Laughing, romping, always gay.

The Ice King.

The wintry wind doth wildly blow,
How cold and drear the sound!
It warns us of an ancient foe,
Who now is on his round.

He comes from out the northland bare,
Arrayed in crystal sheen.
He slides from out his hidden lair
And goes along unseen.

He brings the frost and brings the hail,
And all the cold blue snow.
He rides amidst the roaring gale
And the gusty winds that blow

Cheerfulness.

[Five "memory gems."]

"The skies may meet in sadness,
The blustering winds may blow,
But if our hearts are cheery,
There's sunshine where we go."

"Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff."

"In days of joy and pleasure store up gladness that will last
And give it out again when days are drear;
If your heart o'erflows with sunshine, you may gladden many a life,
And in the days of gloom give hope and cheer."

"'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all."

"It was only a glad 'Good morning,'
As she passed along the way,
But it shed a glory like sunshine
Over the livelong day."

Sissies and Tomboys

By EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Stamford, Conn.

ALL truths are not whole truths, nor are all lies exempt from a basis of fact. Few laws, if any, are so general as to require no exceptions; even axioms are not self-evident in all cases. The biggest lies have thinkable or possible conditions, and the most imaginative novel ever written has a certain foundation in actual experience, altho idealized almost beyond recognition.

No human being has fallen so low as to be without all goodness; and tho there are many lovable and angelic men and women, every one, both literally and figuratively, must make changes in his apparel when he becomes so good that he feels his wings beginning to sprout. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde continue in business at the old stand. The partnership will never be dissolved; the most that can be hoped for is a struggle as to which shall be senior and controlling.

The naturalist finds that all positives have a negative. The wisest of ants are the biggest fools—when you look for the foolishness; and the dullest "clod hopper" toad may have to his credit a lot of brilliant doings, even reasonings, and clever tricks.

* * * * *

I am not going to argue that we want our boys to be sissies, or our girls to be tomboys,—nor to denounce the characteristics that often entitle them to those nicknames among their schoolmates. Sugar by the mouthful and acid by the glassful are not agreeable, but a little of both in a summer drink makes a pleasing combination. A boy wholly or predominatingly a sissy, or a girl a tomboy—would be unbearable and intolerable. But a real boy, or a really whole-souled girl is nicely flavored by a fair degree of tomboyishness, or sissiness. Or, perhaps it would be better put if I should say that they would be nicely flavored by the characteristics of healthy heartiness and loving gentleness, which the terms tomboy and sissy of the old time vernacular maligned and misrepresented. Less and less frequently nowadays do we hear applied to girl or boy these derisive terms, and more and more do we see commended and encouraged under other phrases the qualities which our fathers and mothers denounced.

It is not much more than a decade since I heard it said of a young lady who was the first of her sex in town to get a bicycle and to ride it, "Oh, the immodest Miss ——." "She was always doing rash and bold things." "Nothing but a regular tomboy, anyway," and other derogatory remarks of a similar import. Such remarks applied to bicycle riding sound strange, indeed, at present, to those who do not, in 1906, live in spirit in the first part of last century. But it has not been more than two months since I heard similar remarks about an accomplished and beautiful lady who was wearing a divided skirt and riding astride of a horse.

But we are improving in this matter of the "tomboy." It is not long ago (and there are traces of it still lingering like vestiges of snow banks on the northern side of stone walls in late spring), when the standard of girlhood and young womanhood seemed to be pale eyes, pallid cheeks, mincing steps, and a "prunes and prisms" manner of speech. Hockey, golf, tennis, basket ball, and the "exhilarations of the road" in nature interests haven't yet got the upper hand in all aspects of young womanhood. In many a boarding school for young women we still line them up two by two for the conventional sidewalk outing. Imagine that with a boys' school! It would not take a long search to find many a high school where the young women get all their communion with nature out of formalin and over the microtome, and the standard of excellence is the neatness and primness of the note book.

But all this you say is not the negative of tomboyishness. No; neither is all flame of the same color. It depends upon what is burning. But it is part and parcel of the same proper, rank and file, conventional spirit. Applied to various materials, placed in different environments, and the appearance is changed, that is all.

Nature study is dead if it doesn't fill the lungs with pure air, the arteries with redder blood, the muscles with better fiber; if it does not quicken the step, brighten the eye, and bring a certain spirit of abandon, a happy-go-lucky, free and easy vivacity that the old folks maligned by calling "tomboy." In nature study, especially by the girls, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and happy hearts are worth more than stacks of note books and conventional walks on brick pavements.

Then, too, to the girl belong all the delights and advantages of athleticism as well as to the boy. I have a fellow feeling for that young lady in a Pennsylvania normal school who insisted upon becoming a member of the class in boxing—the only one of her sex that did so in a class of fifty. And she was soon one of the first in skill. Perhaps she was called a tomboy, but I doubt if she cared for that, and the results are worth it. The training will count for health and long life and happiness, and it counted, too, for a successful buffeting of a big brother of one of the smaller troublesome boys who, a few months after her graduation, came to the school that she was teaching and interfered with the management. As soon as he regained consciousness, and could pull himself together, he went home, but he went there with more respect for her and for her sex, than he had when he began to meddle with her discipline. It was an argument for and from femininity that he could understand. Some learn by seeing, others by reading, more by thinking, and occasionally certain forms of mental acquirements are best received and retained when pounded straight thru the skull!

Not long ago a gentleman formerly active and prominent in business and in society, but now afflicted with an incurable nervous disease,

invited me to ride with him in his carriage. He was large and imposing in appearance, he had a noble head and face, but was so nearly helpless that two attendants were needed to help him from his house to the vehicle. After he had with difficulty attained his seat in the carriage, he made an impressive gesture and said: "Let me preach you a sermon—with the text and the sermon in one sentence. Will you preach it to your nature classes—in season and out of season—wherever you go?"

I replied, "I have no doubt that you can give them some good advice. What is it?"

"Just this—with good health; everything, with bad health, nothing."

"But," I hear some one say, "that is just what I am trying to get—good health. I employ the best physician in town."

No physician can keep or regain health for you. The physician is only one of many guides to nature, the storehouse of health. The naturalist likewise guides you to nature. He believes that the living plant is as healthful and much more agreeable than a decoction of its juices. Some things we take to the stomach—other things just as good to heart and lungs. Old Mother Nature is hale and hearty, but with a certain roughness in her character. She coddles not her weakest nor her strongest. She who would be her boon companion must meet her in a similar spirit. You can't get her best when you are in silk gowns or on velvet cushions. She will give you heartiness when you meet her heartily. Her best life, too, is essentially feminine. It is the pistillate portion, not the staminate, that endures the longest. And these are protected and can endure because they are rough, or tough, or prickly, or firm and hearty.

So, girl or woman, go to nature, not for fragility, not for delicacy, but for hardiness and strength. Pick not merely the beautiful flower for a bouquet, but tramp the road, scale the wall, or climb the tree if necessary; push thru the tangle and find health of body as well as of mind. You may tear your clothes and scratch your skin, but your appetite will be good, and you will not need "after dinner" pills to assist your digestion. "With good health, everything; with bad health, nothing." Let our girls be a little more boyish, aye, even tomboyish, if you please,—but in the best sense. Do not, if you please, misinterpret or misunderstand me; do not decide that I want all girls to be hoydens, to be loud, and coarse, and unrefined; that I want the girl to swear when a briar tears her frock, or to call on any of the heathen gods when a chestnut burr pricks her finger. I want nothing of the kind. One of the most accomplished naturalists that I have ever known was a woman, gentle, kind, and good. Good? More than that; for a brutal husband pounded her body, and abandoned her to her own resources, or to the coldness of charity, and when the beast was dying in a hospital alone, she cared for him like any other angel, and the man died with his head on her bosom, blessing her. And she was a nature student, and corresponded with Darwin, and wrote books, and made discoveries, and "liked bugs," and climbed fences, and was not afraid of a cow, and never shrieked when some one cried, "Snake." Oh, no! I don't like hoydens, and I don't like girls that swear. I am trying to tell you what I do like. Please do not misinterpret or misunderstand.

* * * * *

What a fallacy it is to state that "words are signs of ideas." Frequently they are more than the ideas—they compel, drive and even warp ideas. The original meaning of barbarian was merely a foreigner. Our "dunce" was but a follower of Dunsman, a famous schoolman who opposed so great prominence of classical studies in education. And now the word is a synonym for fool!

THE "SISSY."

It seems probable that the word "sissy" originated in the days when it was thought necessary for the boy to live in a different world from that occupied by his sister. Men and women in those horrible days must never engage in the same pursuits, never think or act alike; the standard of conduct and propriety were vastly different for the man and for the woman. Nowadays when women may engage in almost any business permissible to men, when both sexes enjoy the same outdoor pursuits, is it so very bad for a boy to have at least some resemblance to his sister? Shouldn't he have the same gentleness, refinement, and purity? May she not skate, and ride a bicycle?

He should of course be whole-souled and clean-souled, hearty, and genuine. But shouldn't the sister set him a commendable copy? If he can climb a fence by balancing himself on the top rail, and with a yell and a wriggle land on his feet in the next field, why shouldn't she, if she wants to do so and is dressed for it? If he "likes bugs and things," why shouldn't she? She will if she may be allowed. In brief, what I have maintained that the boy should be, that I think the girl should be. And isn't the reverse true? We have been too much dominated by "tomboy" and "Miss Nancy"; we have been frightened away from the truth and driven back to threadbare notions by "tomboy" and "sissy." It has been said by some one that if you want to kill a good thing, give it a ridiculous nickname. We admit, I think, that the qualities our ancestors mistakingly tried to kill should now be restored. Then why continue the nicknames? Why not hasten on the restoration — name or no name?

A few months ago, from the high school in Calais, Maine, I took out a large party of young people in a nature study class. Nearly all were manly young men and womanly young women, and heartily enjoyed the afternoon, all in the same road, all climbing the same fences, listening to the same bird songs, watching the same squirrels, picking and examining the same flowers. But not all the pupils in that school thought it within the proper dignity of a manly boy to go on any

pursuits in which the girls were engaged. There were two of the kind that brace up buildings on street corners and make tobacco spittle mosaics and splatter dashes of liquid filth on the pavement. Such manliness always strives to avoid sissiness by leering in the faces and gazing at the ankles of the sisters who pass the corner or cross the street.

These particular youths openly avowed that they were "not going to be sissies, and pick flowers," and they hied them away to congenial dirt. Their absence was not noticed by the principal till the party was well on the way along the road. Then he started to investigate, and discovered the "manly" non-sissyites in the horse sheds, vigorously taking in cigarette smoke, and volubly putting forth profanity and obscenity. This, it is true, may have been an extreme case; but the pitiful part was not so much in the conduct of these two particular boys, as it was in their example to many other boys who in same or lesser degree may have a wrong conception of manliness. Strength in character, as well as in muscle, is admirable. But filth and ugliness, a narrow mind, and a stained soul are detestable. What teacher or parent but knows how much bravery it requires on the part of a boy to be what his own conscience tells him he should be in gentleness, truthfulness, and kindness; what he should be in purity, and in a love of the true and beautiful because he fears to be called "sissy," or "Miss Nancy."

Is there any reason why a boy should not pick flowers and give a bouquet to a boy? If the girls do so, why should he not, if he wants to do it? Any reason why he shouldn't see and exclaim over the beauties of a landscape as enthusiastically as a girl? Any reason why he shouldn't be as gentle as the girl should be and as free from cruelty or from a desire to be cruel? Any reason why he should be more addicted to disagreeable or dirty habits than the girl? Any reason why he shouldn't, as much as the girls, have high ideals and gentle manners?

* * * * *

Let teachers and parents strive to bring boys to be one hundred per cent. boys, and girls to be one hundred per cent. girls. Then for full measure, pressed down and running over, add to the boys twenty-five per cent. of girlishness, and to the girls twenty-five per cent. of boyishness. In either case the result will be a well-flavored and pleasing mixture.

Your mathematics, your grammar, and spelling may help to produce for boy or girl the one hundred per cent. It needs athletics, nature study, and other outdoor interests to add the finishing and the flavoring, or to drop in the superabundant twenty-five per cent. qualities.

"But, really, would you advise our girls to be tomboys and our boys to be sissies?"

See here! if you talk like that, you will see me rise up, and hear me speak words that are not in my new dictionary, nor in yours either. Please do not misinterpret or misunderstand.

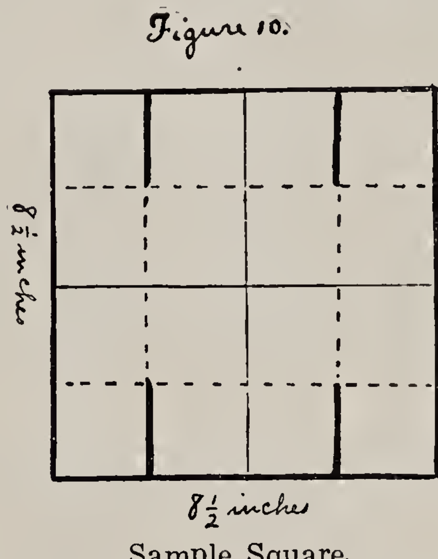
No, I would bury those nicknames, and dig up the good qualities they have long enough maligned, distorted, and misrepresented.

A Nutting Party in a New York City Kindergarten.

By Rose R. Archer, New York.

In Teachers Magazine last month Miss Archer described a most delightful nutting party which she arranged for the wee folk of her kindergarten. She told us that the children put the nuts they found on the floor under the dry leaves, into crepe paper baskets. She tells us here how the baskets were made, and also how the children painted the "squirrel pictures" which added so much to the pleasure of those present at the party.

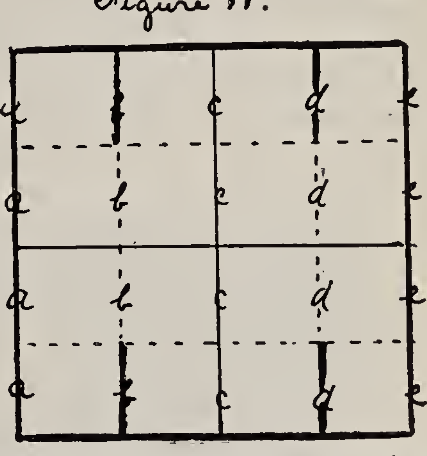
Crepe Paper Baskets.



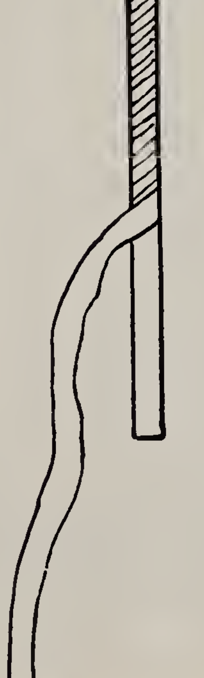
Sample Square.

A little labor-saving device for the teacher will be found helpful if followed exactly as given.

Make a perfect sample pattern (8½ x 8½ inches) of white watercolor paper, with folds and cuts complete, as in diagram. (Fig. 10). Place this sample square on a large piece of strong, flexible cardboard, and by means of pencil dots and lines, mark off as many (8½ x 8½ inch) squares as the cardboard will contain. These squares should then be cut out of the cardboard with the point of a sharp pen-knife, using a "metal-edged" ruler as a guiding line.



Continue the process until the number of squares thus made equals the number of baskets required for the children of the class, and a few extra ones for the principal of the school and the guests.



Then each square of cardboard is treated in the following manner: The sample square is placed on top of a cardboard square, and one side at a time of the "sample" square is turned back to the center crease of the paper (*i.e.*, turn back edge marked *e, e, e, e,* until it touches line marked *c, c, c, c,* then edge formed by this process at *d, d, d, d* will form the guiding line for a

"dotted" line. Repeat this process on the cardboard with the other three sides. Use the "metal-edged" ruler as a guiding line, and the sharp-pointed pen-knife, as before, in cutting the four corner openings. Great pressure must be used to secure clean cut edges). Still using the ruler, trace lightly with the knife point the dotted lines (which form the folds of the box, later), being exceedingly careful not to cut thru the surface of the cardboard.

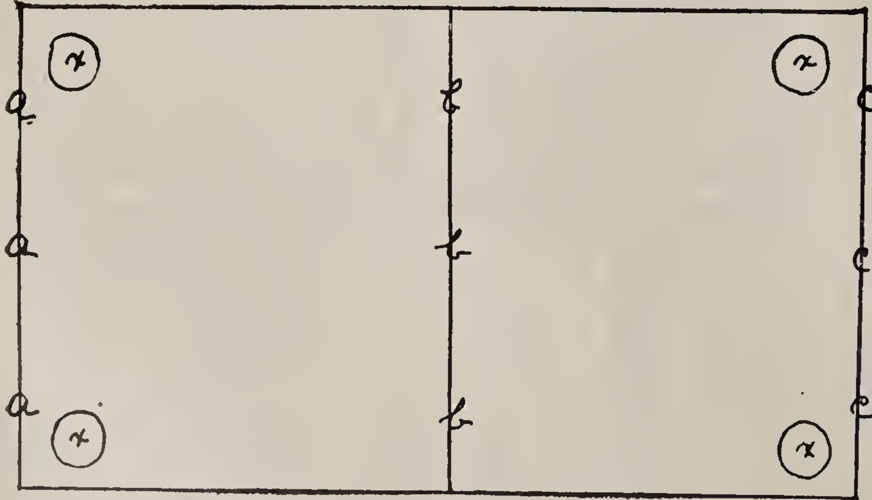
This delicate tracing will cause the cardboard to bend easily and evenly when the box is folded into shape.

Sew the sides of the box together, and cover the outside with a piece of crepe paper same size as sample square (having the same "cuts" and folds as sample). Sew this paper with a few stitches to each side and corner of the box, thus making a neat finish for the bottom of the basket.

The handle is made of a strip of cardboard one inch wide and fifteen and a quarter inches long. Cover this with a strip of crepe paper, one and a quarter inches wide and two and seven-eighths yards in length. Wind the paper around the cardboard diagonally, so that each lap will come a quarter of an inch lower than the one preceding it. (See Fig. 12.)

Paste the end of the crepe paper strip to the end of the cardboard to prevent the paper from unwinding. Then sew the handle to the box with strong thread. A strip of crepe paper six and a half inches wide and three and one-half yards long (on the side at right angles to the crinkly line of the paper), is doubled (making this double strip the same length as before, but only three and a quarter inches wide). This strip should then be fringed on the two open edges to the depth of two inches.

The width of each little strand or thread of fringe should be a quarter of an inch. Use a pair



When tissue paper is used.

of sharp shears, not scissors, for this process, as the crepe paper does not cut easily when folded.

With the fringe at the top, wind the paper around the outside of the box, fastening it to the sides with photographic paste. Continue winding, and fasten each layer with paste to the layer below. This three and a half yard strip of fringed paper will encompass the box seven times. (If the end of the strip be folded under neatly, and pasted at one of the corners of the box, the joining will not be perceptible.) The fluffy mass of fringe is then brushed back over the edge of the box, with a light touch of the fingers. The effect thus produced is extremely pretty.

A circle of crepe paper twelve inches in diameter, fringed to the depth of two inches all around the circumference, is made to line each basket. It is simply laid inside and tacked in place with tiny dabs of paste.

The handle of the basket may be tied with a fancy bow of crepe paper and an autumn leaf or two, or left perfectly plain. These baskets make very dainty little souvenirs for a child's party when filled with pretty flowers, sugared popcorn, or candy.

Almost all the paper used in the making of the leaf costumes and the other accessories of the party consisted of sample rolls, short lengths, or pieces given to the teacher by a friend. So the expense was not what it would have been if all the paper had had to be purchased.

For those who do not wish to go to the expense of making the baskets of crepe paper, the suggestion to use tissue paper, instead of crepe paper, may be valuable. As it takes one roll (four yards) of crepe paper to make three baskets, and the cost of the roll is nine cents, each basket costs three cents. It takes six sheets of tissue paper to make three baskets, and the entire cost for the three baskets is two cents, so that each basket costs less than a cent. Multiplying this by the number of baskets required for a class, the expense can easily be calculated.

If tissue paper is used, the following method of folding and fringing the paper will be found expeditious. Use two sheets of tissue paper for each basket. Fold each sheet into halves, the long way of the paper. Fold this again into thirds, and keeping the folded closed edge for the bottom, cut off the top edge one-quarter of an inch deep (to secure six open edges), and fringe these edges to the depth of two inches. Do the same with the other piece of tissue paper.

Wind the first band of fringed paper around the box, having the bottom of the paper level with the bottom of the box, and fastening the paper to the box with paste. Add the second fringed band where the first ends, and continue to wind and paste until all the fringed paper is used. Fasten neatly at a corner of the box by either turning in the end of the paper, or cutting it off.

After a little experience in making these baskets the teacher will be able to fold and fringe both the two pieces of tissue paper at once, separating the fringe into two bands of six fringed strips each, and continuing the winding process as described.

The handle of a tissue paper basket is wound with a strip of paper similar to that used for the crepe-paper basket handle, but use the tissue paper *double*, instead of single, as it is so much thinner. Moreover, if the teacher has not the time in which to make either style of basket, she may omit these entirely and substitute small paper bags which can be bought for seven cents per hundred.

The autumn leaves with which the class-room was decorated were cut from ordinary light-

brown manila drawing paper by the teacher, assisted by the girls of a higher class, and painted by the kindergarten children, in all the autumn colors. Some leaves were all of one color, others were of two, and others three colors blended together. When the leaves were strung on the long pieces of green worsted, the large leaves were followed by small and medium-sized leaves and great care was taken to arrange them so that the colors were alternated as well.

There were twelve strings of leaves, more than half being leaves saved from previous autumn parties. Standing under this beautiful decoration it was not difficult for a child to imagine himself under the trees in the October woods.

When the fall season was over, the leaf costumes, grasshopper masks, milk-weed baby caps, the green cambric cloth for the pod, the butterfly wings, and the paper leaves for the class-room decoration were all carefully packed and labeled in large letters and placed on shelves in the store-room of the school, to remain until the next year.

Squirrel Pictures.

The squirrel pictures painted by the children were made in the following manner: The "European Squirrel," No. 9,296, in the natural coloring, published by Mumford & Co., Chicago, also one of the Perry Pictures, was used for a sample. Cut the squirrel out of the picture, and use it as an outline-drawing from which others exactly like it may be traced and cut from white water-color paper.

A soft, reddish-brown wash should be used in painting the squirrel. The background for the squirrel pictures was a simple sky wash of pale orange paint on water-color paper. The children left unpainted white streaks here and there in the paper, to represent white clouds.

Secure several copies of the "European squirrel," the "Fox squirrel," the "Red squirrel," or the "Gray Squirrel" also the little chipmunk from the Perry Pictures. Cut out the squirrels and chipmunks, mount them on cardboard, and then cut off the cardboard where it protrudes beyond the picture. Paste with glue, a thin cotton cloth loop on the back of each of these little animals. Then place the squirrels and chipmunks among the branches of the real autumn leaves which decorate the room, fastening them securely in place by pinning the cotton loop to a small twig in such a manner that this fastening does not show.

The autumn leaves, which covered the entire floor of the kindergarten room, were collected by the teacher, a few every morning for ten weeks before the party, as she passed thru Central Park on her way to school.

The park sweepers, who were raking the leaves into large piles at 7 A.M., preparatory to carting them away, very kindly allowed her to fill a big hat-box with oak and maple leaves, when the nature of her request was made known. It was the work of only a few seconds to fill the box.

The leaves were kept fresh and damp until used by putting each day's collection in a large wooden box, in the janitor's broom closet, and sprinkling the entire contents daily with a little water.

The day of the party it was quite a satisfaction to have the pretty leaves rustle under the children's feet in such a realistic way, and to see the pleasure which the children had in hunting for the nuts, which were completely hidden by the leaves. The nuts were gathered in the country by the teacher, and expressed directly to the school, as the walnuts were too heavy to transport in any other manner.

Miss Archer's Autumn Leaf Party.

Christmas for 1906

By Elizabeth K. Flittie, Minnesota.

On a Saturday in early December a teacher entered an art gallery, hoping to receive some inspiration for her Christmas work. She was possessed with a desire for something *new* to present to the children, as she felt that they must be tired of the same old stories and the same pictures each year.

Seating herself in rather an unobserved part of the gallery, yet in range of some of its finest treasures, she gave herself up to thought and study of the famous paintings around her. Directly in front of her hung a fine copy of Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," and as she gazed into the sweet face of the lovely "Mother and Child," a feeling of rest came upon her, and a deeper love for the old story filled her heart.

At her left was another of Raphael's famous productions, his beautiful, soul-inspiring "Madonna di Tempi," and beside it his matchless "Madonna of the Fish," to many, one of the most beautiful of his paintings.

In the north end of the gallery hung a painting by Guido Reni, perhaps not so well known, but certainly worthy of study—"St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus." The original painting hangs in the gallery at Milan. In this picture the child has much of the childlike attitude as it looks into Joseph's face and lovingly strokes his long gray beard.

Raphael was the first artist who painted children as children, and much of his decorative work is rich in the suggestions which they bring. Other artists, it is true, painted children, but not as children, because always in the attitude of acts of older people. In paintings of the Holy Family, the child is, of course, the essential figure; but how stiff and unchildlike it often is, especially when in the attitude of a dispenser of blessings, with uplifted hands! The Madonnas chosen for the study of children and for school-room decoration, should be those in which the child is, at least, childlike in attitude.

As the teacher sat musing on the condition of the times when these pictures were painted, the legends and traditions surrounding them, and the sweet, simple story of the "Mother and Child," an elderly man accompanied by a somewhat neglected-looking little girl entered the gallery. To one unused to children, the child would have passed unnoticed, but beneath her unkempt hair was a bright, pretty face, and a keen, penetrating eye.

They were evidently in quest of some particular picture, for, as they neared the teacher, the child exclaimed with delight, "See, uncle, this is the one! We are to have this for Christmas study in our room this year."

In an attitude of perfect adoration and self-forgetfulness, she gazed for some moments upon that masterly one of Raphael's, the "Madonna of the Fish."

The teacher was attracted by the child's unusual interest, and silently noted further developments.

After looking at the picture until she seemed filled with its idea and beauty, she related briefly its story. She journeyed with Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem; told of the manners and customs of the people of their time; of the birth of the "Child"; of the wise men with their gifts and the white camels in their rich trappings; of the wonderful star; of the shepherd's sleeping on those beautiful hills; and of the angelic chorus, "Peace and Good-will."

Observations of the picture then followed, in which she spoke of the lovely "Mother and Child"; the timid St. John bringing as his gift, a fish, and of St. Jerome and his ever-present lion.

She also knew several interesting facts about the famous Raphael, which the teacher heard her relating to her interested companion as they went on their way.

The teacher gave a sigh, arose, and passed out, filled with an inspiration, not to find something *new*, but to make the old story a vivid, living truth to the children, and if possible, to divest it of its far-away, mysterious element.

To accomplish this she read anew the legends and traditions of that wonderful period, became imbued with the spirit of the time, and then told the story, as a story, pure and simple. The children were not expected to reproduce it in readings, drawings, or paintings, either in part or as a whole, but enjoyed it as children will enjoy a true story graphically told.

Develop the story, a portion at a time, and let the children first know the "Christ-Child" as a child like themselves. Give them the true historic setting of the story, and put all the poetry and faith of your own soul into its telling. Have pictures illustrating the different parts of the story, and so arranged that the children can have easy access to them at the intermission periods.

One of *the* thoughts of the Christmas festival is for each to have an ideal, to strive for it, and to realize the best that is in us. We all rejoice to-day that a Raphael put his best upon canvas, that a Virgil sang his best, and that a Luther preached his best. "Man can have no higher aim, no nobler ambition, than that of lightening by one feather the load of care that darkens so many lives." This is indeed the spirit of the Yuletide, and the spirit of the age.

The story of the "Christ-Child," who came as a gift to all the world, furnishes us an example of that highest actuating motive, loving kindness. After the story has been fully developed, if the children are asked "Shall we make gifts for those we love?" they will quickly respond, "Oh, yes, *we* want to make presents, too."

The making of their simple little gifts for papa, mamma, sister, or brother, will be a gladsome time to the little workers. If the spirit of joyous helpfulness pervades the room and permeates each little heart there will be no difficulty as to the motive of their Christmas keeping and giving. They will understand why gifts are made and received.

Every teacher who aspires toward making the Christmas festival of 1906 the brightest and best in the history of her teaching can do nothing which will so inspire and refresh her as to study the Madonna creations of old and modern artists. To one not especially interested in art, it is a most excellent way to awaken an enthusiastic interest.

The teacher who makes the Christmas work a pleasure and a profit to herself will have no trouble in making it the same to the children. She will be doubly repaid for the effort made, in that her love for the sweetest story the world has to offer will have broadened, widened, and deepened, and that her interest in, and appreciation of good pictures will have grown in proportion to the knowledge acquired of them.

The Voices of the Bells.

By Jane A. Stewart.

What the Bells Say.

(For twelve children, each with bell, to illustrate.)

First Pupil—
"Wake!" says the rising bell, 'tis time to stir,
Wake! dear children, the day's begun.
Sound you've been sleeping all night long,
Are you not ready to greet the sun?"

Second—
"Come!" says the school-bell, "come to school!"
Come to study while you may.
Tardiness is against the rule,
Rejoice in another glad school-day!"

Third—
Nobody fails to answer the call
When the dinner-bell sounds its welcome note;
Whatever you're doing, stop at once
And an hour to your midday meal devote.

Fourth—
Calling to worship on each Sabbath day,
Hark to the voice of the soft church bell!
Pealing its message: "Come to Prayer,"
Or sadly sounding a funeral knell.

Fifth—
"Work on,"says the bell that every one knows,
It hangs high up in town-hall tower,
Reminding all of the way time flies,
And marking each rapid passing hour.

Sixth—
"Tinkle, tinkle," that's the cowbell's voice,
"Follow me, I'll show the way!"
The list'ning herd will know its note
Heard in the pastures day by day.

Seventh—
"Clang," go the fire bells down the street,
With crowds that follow, rushing fast,
While listeners wait their slow return
And the welcome toll that danger's past.

Eighth—
"Jingle bells," the sleigh bells sing,
Away with toil and grinding care!
Gaily their cheerful voices ring
Out on the frosty, winter air.

Ninth—
"To work," calls the factory bell, whose ring
Bids millions to their daily task;
And at the close of their hard day's work
A chance to rest is all they ask.

Tenth—
"All's well!" the ship bell's cheerful notes,
Far o'er the billows send their sound,
Proclaiming the fact to all concerned,
That the watchman's on his daily round.

Eleventh—
Loud sounds the bell-buoy's warning notes,
As o'er the wave, the rising swell
Stirred by the passing vessel's beat
Swings and rings the floating bell.

Twelfth—
"Rest," says the peal of the curfew bell,
To weary men the word is sweet.
"Go to your homes and linger not"
It commands the children on the street.

In Concert—
Many are the voices of the bells,
At morn and eve, they rise and float;
And in all their ringing, loud or soft
You'll rarely hear a discordant note.

Recitation—"Those Evening Bells," by Moore.

(Page 713, Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song.)

The Voices of the Bells.

(For three pupils.)

First—From olden times special importance has been attached to the sounds of bells. It is a pretty practice that places inscriptions on bells. Our own Liberty Bell, you know, has on it a fitting motto, "Proclaim liberty thruout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." In the early ages, it was believed that the sound of bells had power to disperse storms and pestilence, to drive away enemies, and to extinguish fire. As late as 1852, the Bishop of Malta ordered the church bells to be rung for an hour to quiet a gale.

Second—The voices of bells are heard on all occasions. They are rung for joy, and for warning; they are rung for grief. The bells were so associated with religious ceremonies that they acquired at one time a sacred character, and were dedicated with services like those connected with the baptism of an infant, a custom which still prevails in some sections.

Third—Formerly, it was the custom to toll the church bells for those who were passing out of the world. During church funeral services, the bells often sound a knell at the present time. In lighthouses along our rocky coast, the voices of the bells give warning of dangerous shoals and reefs. The ringing of the bells in merriment is an old usage which began nobody knows when. The ringing of a merry peal of bells is a pleasant token of joy at weddings and other occasions of rejoicing and festivity.

Recitation—"Those Evening Bells," Cowper.

[Items of information about bells may be recited, also a selection from Schiller's "Song of the Bell." See page 266.]

Children's Holiday Games.

By T. Celestine Cummings, Wisconsin.

"The Twelve Days of Christmas" is an old English game which was taken to the West Indies in the time of our great-great-grandfathers. It is still played at Christmas time, and would be fun for American children to play as well.

The company sit around in a circle and each in turn repeats the following verses. The first day verse or "gift," as they call it, passes around. Then the second day's gift is added each time around, increasing the length of the jingle until the twelfth is reached. For each mistake a forfeit is to be paid. The rhyme begins:

The first day of Christmas
My sweetheart sent to me
A peacock in a tree.

At each time around these lines are the first and the last, the other day's gifts coming between. The last verse runs

The twelfth day of Christmas
My sweetheart sent to me
A peacock in a tree.
Twelve glowing fireflies,
Eleven fairies dancing,
Ten robins singing,
Nine turtle doves,
Eight milk white steeds,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six pixies playing,
Five white mice,
Four plump partridges,
Three geese a-laying golden eggs,
Two kitty-cats, and
A peacock in a tree.

The twelve days of Christmas referred to are those between Yule and Twelfth Night.

The little West Indian children have an interesting variation of blindman's buff that they play in this way:

One of the children starts the game by being blindfolded. She shuts both hands tightly, in one of them she holds a ring, and the trick for the rest of the children is to discover in which of her outstretched hands she has it hid. As the circle of children passes her, one by one they each touch her hands softly, then with a slap they designate the hand chosen. If this is empty she or he passes on, if it holds the ring she must take it and in turn be the "blind goose"—their name for the game. As the children pass in choosing the ring, they sing the following verse:

Chippe dee, O chippe dee!
Where is the ring?
Chippe dee, O chippe dee!
Which hand shall I choose,
This or the other?

As the "blind goose" attempts to catch the children they tease her by singing:

She's lost her ring,
The little blind goose.
Who'll bring her a firefly
To light the blind goose
Till she finds her ring?
Scamper and caper!
Catch us if you can!

In New Orleans they have a pretty Christmas game called "Christmas Rose and Willow Tree." In this game the children may do some pretty posing, accompanied with music and rhyming. Two children are chosen to represent the rose and the tree; the rose, a girl, being short, and the tree, a boy, being tall. The other children taking part in the little play should be grouped near them or circled around them, and these repeat:

There stood a Christmas rose beside a willow tree,
And it grew, and grew, and grew.
Oh pretty Christmas rose will you bloom for me,
As you stand in the sun by the willow tree?
Oh do! Oh do! Oh do!

As the last "grew" is spoken, the children express the growing of the rose in pantomime by stretching their arms in front of them and slowly spreading them apart, gradually widening the distance between the palms. When the words "Oh, do!" are spoken, those in the line assume all sorts of supplicating attitudes. Then the Christmas rose cries:

I'm spinning my roses and weaving my dew
Right now in a sweet little nosegay for you.

As she says these words, she advances and waves her hands about as tho making the nosegay. Her touch, seemingly accidental, selects four of the largest children in the group, who kneel at her feet, to form the nosegay. Then the rose says, turning to the others:

But before you may pluck it, you'll have to break thru
The hedge of my thorns; and, whatever you do
Look out for the willow tree.

Upon this the nosegay—four girls—springs up to become a protecting circle of thorns about the rose; for the rest of the players at once rush upon them in efforts to "pluck" her. The willow tree standing motionless until now, throws himself into the scramble at the points where danger of breaking thru the line seems most imminent, trying to thwart the attempts of the players, and to ward off others who come to their aid. When at last the rose is reached, a new game is formed, with different children in the center.

Mother Goose and her relatives offer an unfailing source of amusement for the children in many ways, one of which is acting "Mother Goose." Verses are chosen which lend themselves to illustration thru motions of the hands and feet. Just before the game begins assign a verse to each child for recitation.

Little Nancy Netticoat
In a white petticoat.

With the second line should be a motion indicating the spreading out of the skirts.

And a red nose,—(Touch the nose),
The longer she stands,—(Rise on tiptoe),
The shorter she grows.—(Gradually crouch toward the floor.)

After the child to whom the verse is given recites it, all the children repeat it in chorus, imitating the leader in her motions. Other verses with good action are Little Tommy Tucker singing for his supper, the end of the verse suggesting a shrug of the shoulders. Then there's a host of others equally diverting. Little Miss Muffet, Old Mother Hubbard, Bean Porridge Hot, Little Jack Horner, Sing a Song of Sixpence, This Little Pig, Rock-a-By Baby, Little Polly Flinders, Cock-a-Doodle-Doo, My Dame Has Lost Her Shoe.

In Sing a Song of Sixpence the right side is slapped to indicate the place of the pocketful of rye, and a large circle described in the air to give some idea of the size of the blackbird pie. When the line about the "maid in the garden" is reached, the children go thru the motions of hanging up the clothes. After each child has picked off his nose, he holds it—his thumb—tucked between the first and second finger.

Bean Porridge Hot is acted out by the children in twos, the two children clapping their lifted palms together, then clapping their own hands and flinging them to one side; then all over again in rhythm with the verse. In this Mother Goose acting, each child should have a chair, as some of the verses, like Little Polly Flinders, are best acted in a sitting position. At the end of "Little Miss Muffet" all the children get behind their chairs.

Christmas with the Poets.

To the poets Christmas has always been dear, and has been celebrated by them in some of the finest poetry in our language. One of the finest Christmas carols ever written is that of Milton's, which was written when he was very young. It is descriptive of the first Christmas Day, when there was "an universal peace thru sea and land."

Nor war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was nigh.

Alas for the imperfection of our Christianity! After an interval of nineteen centuries we have not realized "Peace on Earth Good Will to Man," but wars and rumors of wars prevail from the far East to the farthest West, alike amongst Pagan and Christian nations; and we are constrained to quote Milton with a difference, for

Now war and battle's sound
Are heard the whole world round.

Coleridge, like his still greater master, holds the same view, and in his Christmas carol, written during the last year of the eighteenth century of the Christian era, represents the Virgin Mother as saying:

War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears the child.

* * *

Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease;
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me like a summer morn;
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Turning from the view of Christmas as regards the nations of the earth to the congenial aspect of its domestic side, let us welcome him with Leigh Hunt, who sings:

Christmas comes! he comes, he comes,
Ushered with a reign of plums;
Hollies in the windows greet him,
Schools come driving home to meet him;
Every mouth delights to name him;
Wet and cold, and wind and dark,
Make him but the warmer mark.

No poet was ever more ardent in his praise of good old customs than Leigh Hunt, that most conservative of radicals. He could even celebrate and speak kindly of their excesses, and in a strain of most pleasant banter he writes of Christmas as the

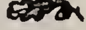
Glorious time of great Too Much!
Too much fire and too much noise,
Too much babblement of boys;
Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much everything but thinking;
Solely bent to laugh and stuff,
And trample upon base Enough.

This is how Lord Houghton describes the ideal weather of Yule-tide in his charming "Christmas Story":

Long ere the dawn can claim the sky,
The tempest rolls subservient by;
While bells on all sides ring and say
How Christ the Child was born to-day.

Some butterflies of snow may float
Down slowly, glistening in the mote;
But crystal-leaved and fruited trees
Scarce lose a jewel in the breeze.

Frost diamonds twinkle on the grass,
Transformed from pearly dew,
And silver flowers encrust the glass,
Which gard[illegible] never knew.



Feathery flakes are falling, falling
From the skies in softest way,
And between are voices calling,
Soon it will be Christmas Day.

Entertainment for Winter Days

By Bertha E. Bush, Iowa

A Voyage to Slumberland.

A lullaby song for the dollies whose small owners turn to them for a large share of their amusement during these cold days when playing outdoors is not expedient. To be sung or recited by a row of small girls, holding dolls which they sway to and fro as they sing "By-low." Tune, "The Shell," page 65, "Modern Music Series, First Book."

Now go to sleep my baby dear;
O shut your weary eyes,
And slip away to Slumber-land
Where happy dreams arise.
By-low, by-low!
By-low, by-low!
Now slip away to Slumber-land
Where happy dreams arise.

O Slumber-land's an island green
Far in the sea of sleep,
Where little lapping waves creep up
From out the tideless deep.
By-low, by-low!
By-low, by-low!
O take the boat to Slumber-land
And slip away to sleep.

The boat to take is mother's arms;
'Tis waiting for you here.
O step aboard and sail away
To Slumber-land, my dear.
By-low, by-low!
By-low, by- low!
O take the boat and sail away
To Slumber-land, my dear.

(*Looking down and singing very softly*):
The white lids close. We're sailing now;
Nearer and nearer seems
The harbor fair. 'Tis reached at last
And here's the Port of Dreams.
By-low, by-low!
By-low, by-low!
We're anchored safe in Slumber-land
Safe in the Port of Dreams.

Recitation—The Doll's Fairyland.

O a wonderful land is the dolls' fairyland,
And the doll queen opens its portals wide
When the children lie in their beds asleep
And she calls all the dolls inside.

The broken dolls are made whole again,
And the faded cheeks grow red,
And they laugh and play all the long glad night
While the children are snug in bed.

But when the bright dawn comes softly near
The doll queen calls them then;
She gives each one a good-bye kiss
And sends them home again.

They never tell of the sights they see
Or the sport that the night beguiles,
But all day long, each little doll
Just smiles and smiles and smiles.

A Visit from the Tone Family.

This is a bit of dramatization which added greatly to the interest of the music lessons in our primary room. The small members of the family were chosen according to their ability to sing their notes and each was provided with some emblem of his supposed home activity. The father was given a newspaper and delighted in sitting in the teacher's big chair. Our Sister Re always chose to make believe wash the doll's dishes as her occupation, and our little Mother Mi to wield the little red-ribboned broom. Our Brother Fa played on a tin flute that some small pupil had brought to school for the purpose. Our Sol pounded with a small hammer and sang while he worked. Our small Sister La found great joy in tending the school-room doll, and our Baby Si shook a rattle vigorously. Our grandmother—who was a grandfather a large part of the time, with the "knitting" changed to "whittling," for our boys succeeded better than our girls in singing the high *do*—usually leaned on the school-room pointer for a staff and played that occupation was laid aside for a moment.

For speaking days a different speaker introduces each member of the family, who gravely comes forward and takes a place in a row in front of the school; but for every-day exercises the school repeats the verses in concert. When all the musical family have been placed, let some one come forward with a pointer and touch the head of each one in turn. The child touched responds by singing his note. Up and down the scale the pointer goes, back and forth and skipping around; and by the time the exercise is finished, the pupils in the room have obtained a good amount of practice in distinguishing the tones, as well as a large amount of pleasure.

First Speaker.—(Calling up and introducing the father of the tone family, who takes his place in front.)

This is the father, sitting here,
Reading the news in the firelight's glow.
Kind is his voice and deep and clear;
Hear him now speaking!
(Father sings)—Do, do, do.

Second speaker.—(Calling the sister into place.)

This is the sister who loves him well;
Close by his side she loves to stay.
Wonderful stories she can tell;
Sweetly she's saying,
(Sister sings)—Re, re, re.

Third Speaker.—(Placing the mother.)

This is the mother so gentle and good,
  Tender and loving and kind as can be;
Making home happy all day long;
  This is her sweet song.

(Mother sings)—Mi, mi, mi.

Fourth Speaker.—(Placing the brother.)

This is the brother, growing so tall,
  Likes to play ball and to shout hurrah;
Plays on the flute, too, when shadows fall.
  List to his music.

(Brother sings)—Fa, fa, fa.

Fifth Speaker.—(Placing Sol.)

This is the singer; from morn till eve
  Carol and catch and song he'll troll;
Oh how they love to hear his voice
  Singing so blithely.

(Sol sings)—Sol, sol, sol.

Sixth Speaker.—(Placing La.)

This is the sister who plays with her doll,
  Sings it to sleep 'neath the evening star;
Tenderly, dreamily, softly sings,
  Drowsily, softly.

(Little sister sings)—La, la, la.

Seventh Speaker.—(Placing the baby.)

This is the baby, the pet of all;
  Pretty and good and sweet to see,
All day long crooning one little song,
  Babylike crooning.

(Baby sings)—Si, si, si.

Eighth Speaker.—(Placing the grandmother.)

This is the grandmother, knitting away,
  Singing a song of long ago.
Feebly but sweetly the notes come forth,
  Quavering, trembling.

(Grandmother sings)—Do, do, do.

Entertainment for January.

A New Year's Resolve.

The new year has come and the old year is over;
The snow o'er the earth spreads a beautiful cover
As spotless and pure as an angel's robe fair;
And nothing seems ugly or grimy or bare.

The New Year has come; 'tis a time for beginning,
A time for new efforts, new victories winning;
The old page is finished, the new page is clear;
Let's make a good record this Happy New Year.

A January Rhyme.

The pretty snow so soft and white
  Is falling, falling, falling,
And children's voices with delight
  Are calling, calling, calling.

The merry sleigh-bells here and there
  Go jingle, jingle, jingle;
And cheeks are glowing everywhere,
  And toes and fingers tingle.

The round white snow-balls, thick and fast
  Are flying, flying flying,
As happy boys come trooping past
  With shouts and gay replying.

Each laughing girl and red-cheeked boy
  Is merry, merry, merry;
And all the world is full of joy
  This day in January.

What they Thought of the Snow.

When the wee Japanese saw the first flakes of snow
  He held his brown little hands high.
"Some pretty white rice-flakes are falling,' he cried;
  "They're falling right out of the sky."

When the small German girl saw the first falling flakes
  She said as she smoothed the quaint gown,
"The dear old sky-mother is shaking her beds;
  Just see the white feathers fall down!"

A little American boy that I know
  Cried out in his rapturous glee,
"Oh, auntie, come here! See the crumbs falling down
  To feed hungry birdies! Just see!"

It's queer what a different thought each one had;
  But one thing we surely may know;
All over the world when the pretty flakes fall
  The children delight in the snow.

A Winter Thought.

The young Russian boys when they see the snow fall
  And hear the cold wind whistle shrill
Toss up their fur caps and cry, "Now for some fun,
  We'll have an ice palace; we will."

And the Dutch boys rejoice when the cold weather comes,
  For that gives them skating, you see.
And the Eskimo brings out his sledge with delight,
  And the Norse boy his snow-shoes with glee.

And the little Lapp babies will laugh out and crow
  When they see the white flakes in the air,
And go to sleep snugly, all covered with snow,
  And tucked in with motherly care.

Shall I stay by the fire then, and shiver and shake
  And say it is dreadfully cold,
When the winter wind blows and the white snow-flakes fall?
  Oh no, I'll be sturdy and bold.

I'll skate and I'll slide and I'll coast down the hills;
  I'll work hard and then I'll be warm,
Grow hardy and strong like these neighbors of mine,
  And welcome the snow and the storm.

Then hurrah for old winter, his ice and his snow!
  Good health, strength, and vigor he brings;
His keen bracing air makes us sturdy and strong,
  And happy, yes, happy as kings.

About Birds

Conducted by William E. D. Scott, Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University, and Director of the Worthington Society for the Investigation of Bird Life, Shawnee, Pa.

Thru this department it is the hope of Teachers Magazine that teachers may be kept informed of the happenings in the bird world. The comings and goings of birds, their nesting time, locality and season, their food and how this varies with the time of year, their song, their behavior, and particularly their attitude to man, are to be treated in these columns. Prof. Scott is desirous that teachers should write him, giving him any items of interesting information and telling him just what they would like to find out about birds. Write him, in care of Teachers Magazine.

DECEMBER is a quiet time in the bird life of the vicinity of New York and points further north on the seaboard and in the interior. This statement needs, perhaps, the qualification that it applies in the main to the smaller birds, the songsters of the feathered people. There are, to be sure, in sheltered and favored places a few lingering robins and bluebirds, and nomadic bands of those bird-gypsies, the waxwings, cedar birds, visit such fields as afford them food in the way of fruit, now half dried but still an ornament to many wild and cultivated trees and shrubs. To your food tables will come daily, if you have them in proper order, the group of birds discussed in a recent article: the nuthatches and chickadees, the downy woodpeckers and jays, beside the tree and song sparrows. These will be the regular boarders but they will be accompanied now and then by strange guests from the northland, pine grosbeaks, red crossbills, snow buntings, and sometimes Lapland longspurs. A few purple finches and an occasional goldfinch will brighten this period.

On the bare trees, particularly isolated ones in open fields and meadow lands, you will see solitary hawks presiding over the destinies of the field and meadow mice. The red-tailed and red-shouldered hawks are the common kinds you will meet, and they are the so-called "Hen Hawks" of the farmers. But the birds deserve a better understanding than this indicates, for tho under stress of hunger, particularly when the snow is deep, they make occasional forays on the chicken yard, yet as has been clearly shown by careful study of their food supply, mice and other small animals are the staple diet which both of these hawks prefer. They are the friends, not the enemies, of the farmer, and are of great benefit from an economic point of view to all engaged in agricultural pursuits. In many parts of the country where these birds have been systematically destroyed, under the delusion that they do great damage to poultry, the plague of field mice has become a source of great danger to the husbanded stock of grain in barns and stacks, for no guardian hawk looks to their destruction, and they flourish to the annoyance and detriment of the persecutors of the mouse hawks.

Suggestions as to the Care of Nestlings as well as to the Rearing of Wild Birds.

Next spring, and also in the early summer, there will come in your way the inevitable young bird, a nestling apparently abandoned by his kin, and the question will be "What *shall* we do with it?"

It is early to answer, but this is not the busiest bird season, and now for the reply to the anticipated query, taking time by the forelock. As the advice regarding the care of young birds will apply to strays as well as to those taken purposely a summary of methods will afford a good working plan in either case.

There are two ways of obtaining wild birds to be kept in confinement either for study or as pets. Most of them are secured with traps of various kinds and bird-lime is often employed. Generally, but not always, birds taken by any of these means are difficult to tame. The feathered creatures have a very high grade of nervous sensibility; the shock of capture and the change from freedom to the limits of a cage, no matter how spacious, is fatal to large numbers. I am told by expert trappers that they expect to lose between forty and fifty per cent. of the birds they lure. My own experience hardly bears this out, as most trapped birds with care will survive, and five per cent. of loss will fully cover the situation as far as the majority of small birds is concerned. As stated above, these birds rarely become tame; they can not accustom themselves to the new set of conditions, the presence at close quarters of human beings alarms them, and they are in a constant state of nervousness that is a barrier to the forming of any intimacy with them.

However, there are, curiously enough, notable exceptions, and these may be classed as coincident with the extremes of intelligence and apparent stolidity which characterizes not only individuals, but whole generations and families of birds. As examples, I may mention the titmice on the one hand, whose sagacity is betrayed by what seems to be curiosity in the main, and the larger finches on the other, such as the pine grosbeak, the rose-breasted grosbeak, and some of their close allies. These latter birds are stolid in deportment, but are so affectionate and kindly in their appreciation of those they know as to win great regard from those who know them well in return. Their gentleness and dignity, accompanied by fearlessness, are charming in their way and rarely fail to win for them high consideration. Generally a very considerable period is passed before any real intimacy can be established, but sooner or later they become accustomed to the new conditions, and will readily approach anyone with whom they are acquainted, feed from the hand, and even alight on the head or shoulder of the human friend. This, of course, refers to birds that have the comparative liberty of a large room or cage.

Titmice, when first caught, are generally quite wild, but they soon become familiar. Tufted

titmice and chickadees, caught with bird-lime, have flown to meet me when I came to the room where they were at large, within ten days of their capture. They would perch on my shoulder, hover over my head, and cling to my beard, seeking the tidbits they associated with my coming, and all the while keeping up an excited chatter in true chickadee language, while now and then one would sing outright. So much for trapped birds.

The other way of getting birds for pets or to study is to take young birds, either such as seem unable to look out for themselves, or better still, those which have not left the nest. The hand-rearing that ensues is a long, slow process, but the nestlings when grown up fully repay their foster parents for all the trouble and effort. There are, however, two or three matters which should be carefully considered and well understood before the attempt is made. Few of us realize how many and arduous are the cares of the parents of a newly-hatched brood. Let us consider for a moment the kind of attention a pair of robins bestow on their young. Each chick must be fed at short intervals varying from five to fifteen minutes thruout daylight, during the longest days in the year. This alone, when we realize that probably an amount of food equal in weight to each of the little creatures is fed to them each day, seems an herculean task, but it must be multiplied by four or five, the number of chicks in the nest, before one fully comprehends what the labor really is. The young birds and the nest in which they are must be kept absolutely clean; not only must no food be dropped on the bodies of the fledglings themselves, or upon the nest, without being at once removed, but every particle of excrement must be taken away as soon as voided, and carried to a distance from the home. Look at any small bird's nest from which the young have flown, and mark how well this duty of cleanliness has been performed. No sign of dirt of any kind defaces the lining of the shelter where the little fellows have lived for several weeks, and except at points where the old birds have alighted constantly, the fabric deceives one in thinking it just completed.

Storm and sunshine each add to the task of the parent birds; go to a robin's nest during a wet day in May or June, and you will find the old ones on guard playing the part of an umbrella, hovering the brood with outstretched wings which reach beyond the borders of the cup-like cradle where the young are safe from the downpour. On a sunshiny day at noon, the parents are now sunshades protecting the callow brood, standing erect in the nest and with distended wings shading the nestlings and allowing the air to pass freely over them without hovering them as was done in the rain.

No wonder you ask how is a foster parent like man able to supply the essentials in rearing a brood of young birds. But it can be done, and I am inclined to think with more precision, and with a resultant number of birds which arrive to the age of maturity much larger than the efforts of wild birds out doors accomplish. Let us take for example a nest containing four young robins, and step by step see how the matter is brought to a happy conclusion by human foster parents. A *nest* of robins, because by taking the entire brood they are more easily kept warm than if a single youngster were isolated, and besides they keep one another in position. The best time to take them is when quite young, not more than a week old; they are blind and naked, to be sure, but this very dependency is one of the factors that leads to success in establishing an intimacy. You will ask, if they are blind how can they be aware of the approach of the parent who is about to feed them? When you have brought the nest containing the brood of young into the house, and have established it permanently, go away for a few moments, and then come back and tap with one finger on the rim of the nest, and your question will be answered; every chick will instantly raise its head and with outstretched neck and gaping mouth demand with plaintive, low cries, the food which this signal instinctively indicates to them is imminent, for you have imitated the footstep of the father or mother bird at the nest door.

The old birds generally feed one young chick at each visit, and then journey for a further food supply. You with your cup of prepared food may feed each in succession, perhaps a couple of mouthfuls at a time. As soon as this feeding is over, almost before the morsel is swallowed, down will go the little head, a curious shuffling motion with the feet will ensue, accompanied by an elevation of the back, for instinctively the young try to void the excrement over the edge of the nest, and a bolus of faeces is passed. As this is accomplished it must be taken in the hand before it falls in the nest and laid aside, for this is the office of the old birds and becomes a paramount duty with the foster parent. Unfailingly the old birds do this service, and who undertakes hand-rearing young birds will have to be even as careful if they hope for success, for the nest must be clean within and without.

At first, the feeding and care must be looked after at least once in fifteen minutes, but as the nestlings grow the interval between meals may become longer, and gradually increased to forty minutes. Between the times of feeding, if it is at all cold, a piece of felt may be laid over the nest to keep the youngsters warm, and this should be used at night till the fledglings are well feathered. This general treatment must go on for three or perhaps four weeks, from daylight till dark, and will keep one person pretty well employed during its progress.

When your brood is about ten days old, the members composing it are beginning to look more like traditional nestlings. Now the larger quills of the wings begin to show plainly; the tail feathers, too, still very short and encased in opaque covers of leaden blue color, what we are used to calling pin feathers, give a new character to the whilom tailless chick. The body, no longer naked, is clothed in a garment of singularly soft downlike feathers, in no way to be confounded with the down proper. For the first six weeks, or during the babyhood of your birds, these feathers form the body garment, when they in their turn are shed and replaced by the dress

of the first winter. The tail and wing quills, however, are in most small birds retained till the annual ensuing moult, which occurs late in the next summer.

Now, too, there begins a greater activity in the daily life of the chicks. They move about the nest, stretch themselves, standing on tottering legs, and make efforts to preen their coming plumage, and soon they flutter their tiny wings. The consummation comes quickly with the nest-leaving, which is a serious matter with the brood under our care, but a vastly more hazardous event in the lives of young birds out of doors.

This digression has led us far from our duties, for we must feed our robins or their feathers will not grow, neither will we be able to study their development nor the habits and behavior of the wearers, their customs, and peculiarities. How shall we feed our nestlings? This is a question which has been answered by many pens, each adding to the sum of our knowledge by their experience, and the tale is not yet told. Many fragile lives have, however, passed safely thru the snares and pitfalls of bird babyhood, and these are not a few, on a diet and management to be dealt with in an ensuing paper. Paramount in the undertaking is *cleanliness*, and scarcely less important is *precision*. After you have found out a way to good results *do not experiment*.

About Bells.

[This may be used in connection with the exercise by Mrs. Stewart, printed on page 259 of the present number.]

First Pupil—The terms "three bells," "eight bells," etc., on board ship are used because the ringing of bells mark the divisions of time at sea. The general divisions of time are called "watches," of which there are two: Dog watch, of two hours; and the long watch of four hours. Five out of seven watches last four hours. Each half hour is marked by a bell which gives a number of strokes, corresponding to the number of half-hours passed. Thus "three bells" denotes the third half hour of the watch; "eight bells" the last half hour. The dog watches are from 4 to 6, and from 6 to 8 P. M., and are introduced in order to change the hours of the watchmen.

Second Pupil—I have read that the voices of the bells were first heard in churches about the year 400 A. D. At first the bells were of small size and could be carried from place to place. Bells played a prominent part in the feast of Osiris in ancient Egypt. Bronze bells have been found in the ruins of Nineveh. The old Romans used bells instead of clocks to mark the hours of bathing and of business. The fact that church bells were first introduced in Campania gave the name "campanile" to the bell towers of the churches.

Third Pupil—The Buddhists have a beautiful idea in connection with bells. Each idol worshipper, before beginning his devotions, strikes a bell so as to attract attention, and to be given credit for his obedience to the rites. The Buddhists think that the tinkling of a bell or the offering of a flower is as important as the voicing of a prayer. They hang little bells on every point of their artistic temples and pagodas. These tiny silver and brass bells are swung in the passing breezes, and chime softly and sweetly, making music that is very charming to the ear.

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circles in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are ringing
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing.

Selection—"The Lay of the Bell," Schiller.

Rejoice and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel burst its husks,—behold
From the dull clay the metal rise,
Pure-shining as a star of gold!
Rim and crown glitter bright,
Like the sun's flash of light.
And even the scutcheon, clear-graven, shall tell
That the art of a master has fashioned the bell.

* * * * *

Be hers above a voice to raise
Like these bright hosts in yonder sphere,
Who, while they move, their maker praise,
And lead around the wreathéd year.
To solemn and eternal things
We dedicate her lips sublime,
As hourly, calmly, on she swings,
Touching with every movement, Time!
No pulse,—no heart—no feeling hers,
She lends the warning voice to Fate:
And still companions, while she stirs,
The changes of the Human state!
So may she teach us as her tone,
But now so mighty, melts away,—
That earth no life which earth has known
From the last silence can delay.

* * * * *

Slowly now the cords upheave her!
From her earth grave soars the bell;
'Mid the airs of Heaven we leave her,
In the music realm to dwell.
Up—upward—yet raise—
She has risen, she sways.
Fair bell to our city bode joy and increase;
And O, may thy first sound be hallowed to PEACE!

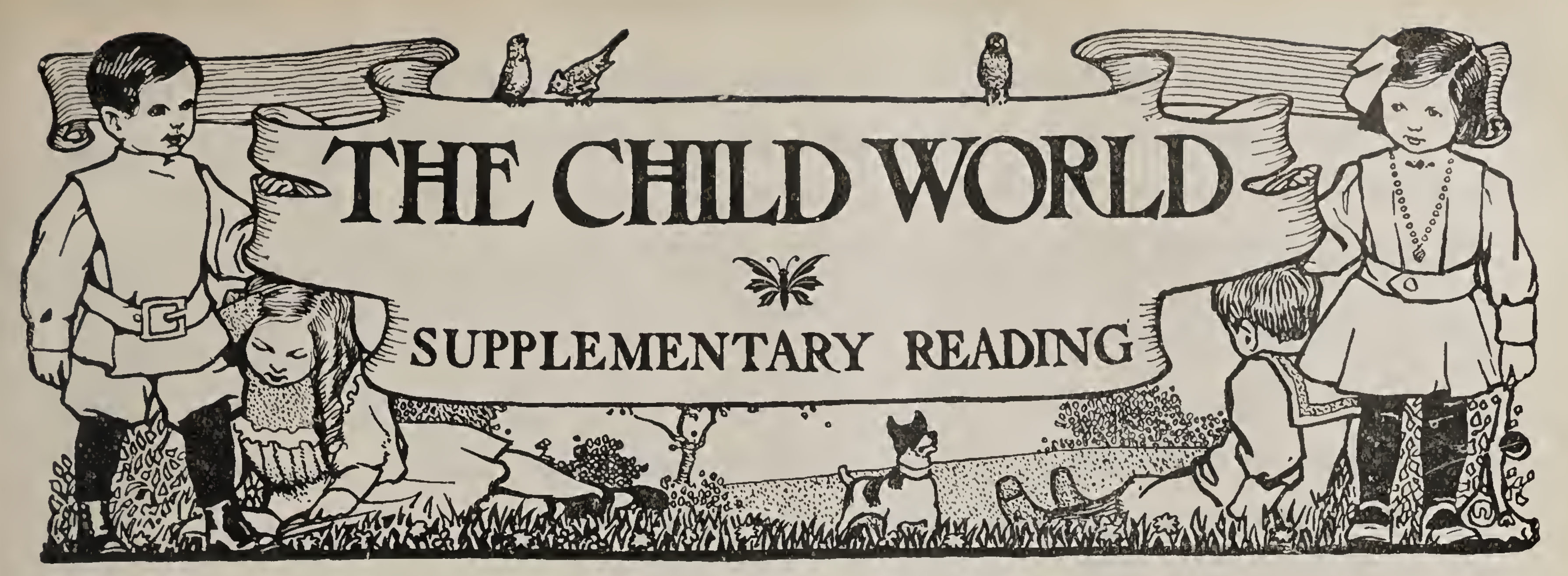
Quality, not Quantity.

Not how many, but how—this should appeal to every teacher. The more experience we have, the more fully do we realize that very few put the proper estimate upon quality, and that many make quantity their guide.

Let us remember that it is not how much ground we cover during the year, but with what degree of proficiency. Is the lesson understood and thoroly mastered by the pupils, or is it merely passed over? Do we make parrots of our children; allowing them to give a recital of jargon from the text, or do we teach them to think for themselves, thus developing their reasoning powers?

Get at the why and wherefore of all you teach. Create a desire in the pupils to "see the wheels go 'round."

Winfield, Mo. ROY V. ELLISE.



The Story of Baby White-Coat

By W. Edgar Simpson

Oh, but it is cold where I live. Nothing but ice, snow, and the sea.

When my mother pushed me from our ice-floe to teach me how to swim I tell you I didn't like it one bit. Still, I must learn how to take care of myself, I suppose, just as you must learn how to walk, and earn your living. I never shall walk, for I can only squirm over the ice very clumsily; but I can go pretty quickly for all that. I shall swim beautifully when I grow up.

My name is Baby White-Coat, and my mother's name is Mrs. Harp Seal.

I heard her talking with a neighbor one day. This lady had come to our ice-floe quite by accident, for her family and ours do not always get along peaceably. Her name is Mrs. Hood Seal. She seemed to be awfully stupid, and my mother knows a lot more than she does. Mother told her why she was called Mrs. Hood Seal, saying that it was because her husband carried a hood on his head, which he could blow up like a little balloon when any one came to attack him; and that nothing could hit his tender snout when the hood was full of air. When she asked why my mother was called Mrs. Harp Seal, mother said that it was because all our branch of the family are marked upon our backs with darker hair which grows in the shape of a harp. I was very much interested, for I never knew that before.

I was more interested when mother said that the hunters call the babies "white-coats," for the reason that, until we are six weeks old, our warm

coats are a coarse yellowish-white color, and that, shortly after this period, they grow spotted and rough and dark. They then call us "ragged jackets."

Mother told Mrs. Hood Seal that all the babies of our branch of the family grow very fast and very fat during the first six weeks of our lives, and that this is the time the hunters want us the most. It isn't hard work to grow fast and fat when your mother takes such good care of you. She never leaves me day or night, except when she is very hungry. Then she tells me to lie still, and she dives through our ice-hole into the sea to catch fish.

If she has caught enough, she is so happy that her nostrils seem to wink with joy. At least, it so appears to me. But Mother says that is only her way of breathing, and that she closes her nostrils tightly when under water to shut out the sea and keep in the air; so she can swim a long distance without coming up for more air.

"Now, Mrs. Hood Seal," said Mother, "I think you are lucky not to belong to our branch of the family. We are most unfortunate, for the hunters seem to think we belong to them exclusively. They are constantly, year after year, robbing us of our little ones.

"When Flippy White-Coat came to us last year, he was my first baby, you know, I never thought I should be so lucky as to keep him; for my cousins and aunts told me horrible stories about the hunters.

"Our ice-floe stayed frozen in long after others broke loose and drifted away, but finally it broke loose, with over three hundred of our family on it. Then I knew our trials were to begin.

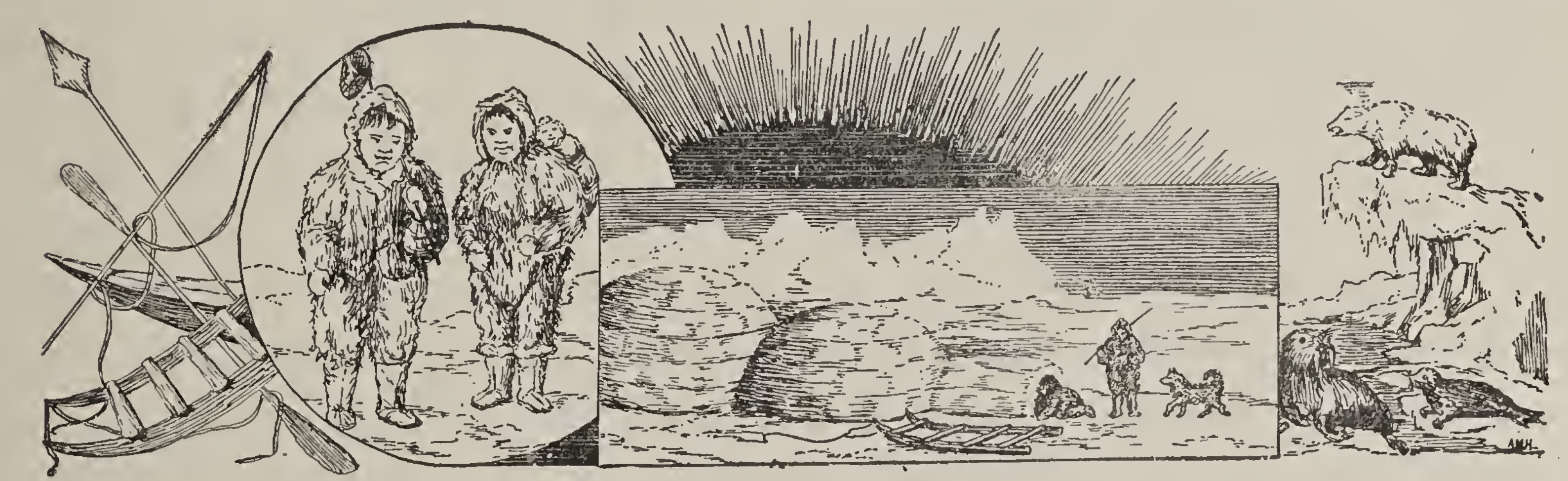
"Flippy grew so fat and strong that I loved him as much as little White-Coat here, who I am going to call Beauty when he takes to the sea. I was just thinking that I would teach Flippy to swim, when word reached our floe that the hunters were coming. All of us were terribly frightened, and many of the mothers took to the sea, because they were so frightened they didn't dare to stay on the floe. You see they had

been robbed of their other babies, and nearly lost their own lives, too; so they could not be blamed.

"But Flippy was my first baby, and I thought nothing would harm *him*. I was hungry, too, for fishing had not been good for a few days past; so I had just taken in a long breath and was getting ready to dive, when something struck our floe such a terrible crash that I trembled all over. I didn't know what it was until Uncle Walrus, who is very old, and very wise, told me that it was a sealing steamer full of hunters. Then I trembled from my tail-flipper up to the tip of my nose.

"In a minute more the horrible things came running over the floe, and it was pitiful to hear the cries of the little ones.

"Fortunately, Flippy lay still and did not cry; because I put my flippers about him and comforted him. Then I spied a hole between two cakes of ice, that the last gale had rafted up on our floe and I nosed



Flippy along until I got him into the hole, where I felt he would not be seen.

"I told him to lie still and make no noise. Then I thought that if I left him, the hunters might chase me; and I knew of a hole nearby, through which I could easily dive and escape them. It all happened just as I thought it would, and the monsters kept killing the little ones they saw, until I felt half sick at the sight, and dived through the hole."

I noticed just then that Mother's beautiful eyes grew moist, and that she was breathing quite rapidly from the excitement of telling Mrs. Hood Seal about Flippy; but when I cuddled closer to her she grew calmer.

"I thought Flippy was safe," she continued, "for I saw the hunters going back to their ship when I popped my head up once or twice to see what was happening.

"But, suddenly, one of them came toward the hole, and I was forced to dive again. Somehow, I got confused for the first time in my life when I wanted to find the hole again. Usually, you know, Mrs. Hood

Seal, our family, like your own, can find our own holes in the ice, no matter how far the floe may drift ; and that we never make the mistake of coming up the wrong hole and thus disturbing some of our relatives. But I suppose I was worried.

"Finally, I found our hole and came up. Just as I poked my nose into the air I heard Flippy crying, oh, so piteously, and I kept my tail-flipper going to keep me up, while I scraped my fore-flippers against the ice, on the sides of the hole, which was terribly thick. Still, I knew that I could not help Flippy no matter what happened, for what can a poor seal do against those horrible monsters with their sticks and knives?

"Suddenly I heard Flippy give a loud cry, and I thought I had lost him.

"I almost jumped out of the water and as I fell back I heard one of the hunters say :

"'I can't hit him over the nose and kill him. He cries too much like my own baby at home. Why, look at the tears in his eyes! Come on, and let him go; we've got enough skins and fat.'

"'What!' said the other hunter, 'miss a sixpence, just because you are soft-hearted, and this is your first hunt? Here, let me at him!'

"But the kind-hearted hunter pulled the other away and, would you believe it, Mrs. Hood Seal, they left my little Flippy alone. I never felt so happy in my life. But isn't it terrible to think that those monsters hunt us just for our skins and fat? There might be some excuse for them if they were hungry, but they never eat us.

"I met Flippy the other day, when I was fishing, and he has grown so big and strong that I hardly knew him. He told me that he was coming to see his sister, baby White-Coat here, just as soon as he gets time. He is very busy looking after his own baby now."

Just as I fell asleep I heard Mrs. Hood Seal congratulate Mother on the fact that, as I had been born later than usual that year, I would be able to swim before the hunters came after the "ragged-jackets."

When the horrible monsters come, won't I have fine fun diving out of their way? And won't I just kick up my tail-flipper at them in delight?

But wouldn't you have been frightened, if you had heard your mother tell about the hunters and the narrow escape your brother had? I tell you, I was.

Watertown Plans

Edited by Supt. FRANK R. PAGE, Watertown, Massachusetts

[Last year TEACHERS MAGAZINE published a report of work done in the schools of Watertown, Mass. The readers were so well pleased that the editor asked the Superintendent to supply each month an account of the plans carried on in his schools. There is a wealth of suggestions which thoughtful teachers will know how to utilize for the good of the pupils.—THE EDITOR.]

I. "Busy Work."

BUSY Work"—detestable words—cannoting devices for whiling away time—pegs and splints, splints and pegs, letter cards and written numbers and split peas—idiocy-breeding devices. How does child nature withstand and survive such things! If parents and school committees could only be brought to see it that way how infinitely better it would be to send the children home when there was nothing left for them to do, and not resort to devices that are not only time killing, but spirit killing.

We should be very glad in Watertown if we thought we had solved the problem of what to give children to do when there is nothing for them to do. We haven't done that yet, but I believe we have found a clue, which is this: An important aim in first grade education is the development of independence and freedom of expression, the cultivation of helpfulness and the social spirit, freeing from self-consciousness. Little children may be over taught, too much tied to the teacher's apron strings. Looked at in this way, the period when the "A division" is having its lesson is the great educational opportunity for the child in the "B division," an opportunity to busy *himself*, to *do* things because he *likes* to and wants to, to cultivate *thinking* power and *idea* getting, to stand on *his own* feet. Looked at in this way, busy work becomes more than a mere device for killing time. It may become truly, and in a high degree, educative.

Some of our devices for educative busy work are the following: First is the illustrative drawing and paper cutting. The children's primer consists of mimeographed typewritten sentences made up by the teacher and based on the morning talk. Likewise, the composition or writing lesson consists of sentences written by the children and based on the same morning talk. In both primer and writing lessons half the page is left blank for the illustration. This illustration the child makes himself, out of his own head, without a pattern, drawing in lead or colored pencils or cutting out of colored paper and pasting on the sheet. Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf perhaps, or the Three Bears with their three chairs and their three bowls of porridge, or whatever the printed or written story may be about. Of course these things are crude, oftentimes requiring interpretation. But, by the way, when you see a remarkably good little drawing, marked "Johnny Jones aged 5 years grade 1" did you know that you may read between the lines "Miss So and So, drawing teacher." The crudest piece of drawing or paper cutting that represents a thought or an idea counts for infinitely more in the child's education than the prettiest piece of work executed under the teacher's eye and hand with numberless erasures and re-drawings. Of course, if children dawdle and scrawl and snip up paper when illustrating, it would be a waste of time, but this is not often the case. The papers that the pupils illustrate are punched in the margin, and as fast as completed, are bound into a little book of which they are quite proud. They are doing work evident to them as worth while. And by the way again, if a little child does think, what a feeling of futility must occasionally come to him when after a half hour's work at word building or number writing, the teacher comes along and with half a glance scrapes the thing into the box or tosses it into the waste basket. Put yourself in his place. That's a good motto even in primary education.

In a corner of some of our first grade rooms two or three barrels of beach sand have been emptied, with a wooden strip three or four inches high about it to keep it from spreading over the floor. A few toys have been contributed by the children, and each pile is supplied with several boxes of old fashioned cube letter blocks, and with large cubical and oblong wooden blocks made by boys at manual training. Each room has a big low table and sometimes a second table, well supplied with blocks. Here divisions not engaged in lessons are allowed to play, to build things, to make houses and castles, barns and railroad stations, little villages, etc.; often things illustrating the subject of the day. The children play quietly because they know that if they do not, the privilege will be taken away. It is play, to be sure, but it helps make school a pleasant place, and that is worth while; and more than that, it is play that is educative. It is developing the social sense, it is conducive to idea getting and thinking, it has in considerable degree the value of manual training. Playing with big things, working at making real things lacks altogether the namby-pambyness of inane pegs and sticks. It really counts.

Another kind of busy work consists in furnishing the play house made by the older boys in the manual training. Each first grade room has one or more of these houses. And incidentally their making and presentation establishes a fine bond of sympathy between the big boys and the little children. Most of the furniture for the houses is made under the teacher's direction, but the carpets, rugs, and portières are made by the children as busy work, woven on looms also made by the big boys and presented to the first grade room. Each room has three or four, and three children at a time can work at one.

One of the finest kinds of busy work has been the use of a children's library. There are fifteen or twenty books in the library, the good old-fashioned linen picture books with animal alpha-

bets and Mother Goose rhymes and simply told familiar fairy stories, all of them illustrated with bright pictures. One child is very proud to be appointed librarian for the day, and he distributes the books. The children enjoy looking at them and incidentally find them a considerable aid in learning to read.

We have experimented occasionally during the last year with a sort of play school held in a corner of the room while the teacher is busy with another class. Twelve or fifteen children draw their little chairs in a circle and take out their primers. One child is appointed teacher and hears the others read. The plan has worked wonderfully well. The children are so pleased with it that they do not disturb the room. The play teacher calls on one after the other to read. The children raise their hands to correct each other and, occasionally, the little teacher herself. It is a good promoter of wide-awakeness, a freer from self-consciousness, and a developer of a fine social spirit.

Homely Talks to Young Teachers

By THOMAS S. SANDERS, Tennessee, Author of "Management and Methods"

Keeping Conditions Good. II.

4. Evening Dismission.

WATCH the way pupils leave the building and the grounds in the afternoon and you have an index of the school and its success. The teacher should insist on decorum here just as in calling classes. It is the one time of the day when pupils are at your mercy, as it were, and the one time when you can least show that you are in a hurry or anxious. The weak teacher hurries to dismiss, to relieve him of the responsibility of keeping order, and pays for it tenfold as the days go by. This, of all times, is when the teacher should show composure. He should be so gentle and deliberate in his movements that the pupils are quieted and rested. Perfect quietness should always precede dismission. A moment of perfect quiet, a pleasant word, and a deliberate manner of dismissing in the afternoon, serves as a dessert to the meal, and leaves a pleasant taste to the day's work. On the other hand, a jump, a shout, a snatching of hats, and a wild rush for the door will disorganize for a week. Monitors should distribute all wraps, umbrellas, etc., and when everything is ready and quiet, the pupils file out singly, just as to a recitation.

5. The Opening Exercises.

Logically, this should be mentioned before dismission and movement of classes. Many teachers give little or no attention to this. Others have the same dry, non-spiritual devotional exercise day after day and term after term. Of all dry things devotional exercise with nothing left but the form, the dry husks with the spirit gone, is about the dryest.

The opening exercise is a good omen of the day's work. The main purpose is to gather the scattering, wandering minds of the pupils and get them in the school mood. Some are peevish with petting, others sour from scolding, some are glad to get to school and others tired of its restrictions. The opening exercise should be such that it will drive out the peevishness, relieve the sullenness, and make glad the whole school by giving them something new to think about.

This requires study and skill and preparation on the part of the teacher. In no other lesson of the day is more planning needed. He must know beforehand what he will present. There must be variety also. Children tire of sameness. It must be brief, interesting, and pointed. I have used all the following suggestions worked out, and with varying degrees of success. In some schools one plan will work admirably for months and then another. Make your opening exercise interesting and tardiness will decrease. When pupils are tardy they should feel that they have lost something. The following suggestions worked out will give variety for a whole school year.

1. One or two good, cheerful songs—songs the school like to sing, with nothing else, is often good. I mean songs sung, not lessons in music. Lessons in music may be as dry as lessons in arithmetic. Singing should form a prominent part of opening exercises during the year.

2. A solo or a duet from pupils or others who sing well is a good change. It is better if it come as a surprise to the school also.

3. A humorous or a pathetic story read by the teacher, or some pupil, or an outsider, is good. Do not spoil it by tacking a long moral to it. It is best if this, too, comes as a surprise to the school.

4. A scripture lesson without comment, followed by a brief prayer, if it come from the heart, is perfectly proper.

5. A brief news report by some pupil summarizing the happenings of the week or month is often interesting, if properly prepared.

6. A little spicy talk on some of our great men now living is interesting. Be sure to organize this and emphasize the facts so that pupils will remember the name and leading facts of his life.

7. A discussion of elections, strikes, lockouts, etc., may be made profitable. The teacher must be careful to be non-partisan and to give both sides of the event. Be liberal in your views and avoid criticism if it is anything in which your pupils and patrons are directly interested.

8. Have a few maxims or mottoes written on the board and discuss their meaning and application with your pupils.

9. Perform experiments in physics and chemistry illustrating principles before your school. These will be intensely interesting, and you can get a great variety.

10. Short appropriate queries are good material and full of interest.

11. Information lessons on plants and animals are valuable, and if properly presented never fail to interest the whole school.

12. Describe the manufacture of common articles, as pens, pencils, boots, shoes, buttons, books, etc. The teacher who neglects a visit to a factory or publishing house when he has the opportunity, is blind to his own interests. It is so much more interesting when told from personal observation.

13. Give graphic illustrations of geographical facts. In 1905 the United States raised two billion, five hundred million bushels of corn. Allowing 20 bushels to the load, and twenty feet to the team and wagon, how many times will the procession that moves the corn crop reach around the earth at the equator? Figure it out and the results may surprise you and your pupils as well. Calculate how many tons of water fell upon your school-house last year. That, too, may surprise you.

14. Select a number of historical quotations, as, "Don't give up the ship," "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute," "Better be right than be President," and have pupils tell by whom and upon what occasions they were uttered.

15. Describe historic places and things you have seen. Be modest, be brief, be interesting, or else leave this part alone.

16. Describe the habits, manners, and customs of strange peoples of the earth.

17. Have each pupil give a memory gem. This, with me, has been the most successful of all. Pupils never fail to enjoy it, and for a month and two and three months at a time they would be anxious to have gems. Aside from the interest, it serves to store the mind with beautiful thoughts, beautifully expressed, to lift and brighten and cheer and comfort the minds of pupils in future hours of gladness, as well as sadness.

6. The Teacher's Daily Preparation for the Lessons.

I can hardly afford to close this article without saying something on this point, so close does this work lie to success. Such work is not drudgery to the teacher intensely interested in the school and the progress and welfare of the pupils. It is quite the reverse. It is a work which yields pleasure in itself, and profit in the results. This preparation includes not only the outline and details of the particular lesson, but, what is more essential, the relation of this lesson to the lessons which have preceded and the lessons to follow. The teacher must know what he wants to teach, why he wants to teach it, what preparation the class have had for this lesson, and how this lesson is to hinge on the next one. He must have the teacher's knowledge of the subject and its relations to the other parts of the subject, and of the other subjects in the course, as well as its relation to the child's development.

Fresh preparation for the day's work will give zest to the recitation. It will be reflected in the tone of the voice, the elastic step, and the flashing eye of the teacher. He need not demand attention, his whole attitude will command it. His very bearing will show that he is awake to the importance of the lesson, and pupils will be aroused to the receptive attitude.

It matters not how well the teacher may have once studied the subject, daily preparation is necessary. He must recall what to present and how best to present it to this particular class. So much of our teaching is sleepy, slip-shod, listless. It is an indefinite presentation of shadowy facts lying incoherent in the teacher's mind, and the results are equally shadowy, indefinite, and incoherent in the pupil's mind. You have but to stop a recitation and ask the teacher the purpose of the lesson to prove this. Stop the recitation also and let the teacher recite while you ask the questions, and you find many times the teacher will fail to make a passing grade. Let the teacher have a message to give, a lesson to teach, and let his soul be on fire with that lesson or that message, and let him also remember that the child is educated, not by what we do for it, but by what we cause it to do for itself, and his teaching results are apt to be safe.

The Four Winds.

In September TEACHERS MAGAZINE published a very helpful article on Primary Geography, by Principal J. H. Rohrback, of Philadelphia. The reference in that article to Edmund Clarence Stedman's poem of "The Four Winds," has brought several requests for copies of the poem. Here is the poem :

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"
"The North-wind, Freddy—and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"
"The South-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"
"The East-wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?'
"The West-wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the West begins to blow."

Constructive Work for December

By Anna J. Linehan.

Grade 1.

First Week.—Review six colors, also faces of models, such as circle, square, oblong, etc.

Second Week.—Draw from Japanese doll.

Third Week.—Mounting same for calendar.

Grade 2.

First Week.—Lesson on measuring and cutting.

Second Week.—Mounting pictures and making mat for same; or making calendar or case for postage stamps.

Third Week.—Finishing to take home.

Grade 3.

First Week.—Planning envelope for court plaster case.

Second Week.—Cutting and decorating same.

Third Week.—Finishing work to take home.

Grade 4.

Making a page of letters according to rule will be found very beneficial before attempting any lettering on Christmas work. Whether envelope or blotter is decided upon, have the work planned carefully before cutting. Let the class have time to finish work carefully to take home.

Grade 5.

Measuring and cutting box to hold some gift.

Decorating same, and lettering, also, if the children have had drill on making letters.

Grade 6.

Many quotations may be found in Ruskin, Emerson, and other essayists, that will be appropriate, and not too long for the class to letter nicely. The quotation should be on a separate sheet of paper and carefully traced in booklet. The initial letter of gold paint adds to the effectiveness.

A book for postals could be made by this grade in place of the booklet suggested. The cover should be of heavy mounting board of some neutral shade, a little scene made for one corner of the cover, and the lettering done neatly.

The teacher desiring good holiday work will not leave the subject to be taken up a few days before Christmas, for the pupils must have time to dwell on the subject before they can produce good results in design and original construction.

The growth of holly and mistletoe is interesting at this season, and the smaller children will be interested to know that in some parts of the South, the holly tree is used for Christmas instead of the fir tree in common use. The differences in appearance between the American and English varieties is interesting to note, so if possible the teacher should try to have specimens of both.

If everything is prepared before the lesson it saves a great deal of time and nerve-exhaustion on the part of teacher and pupils.

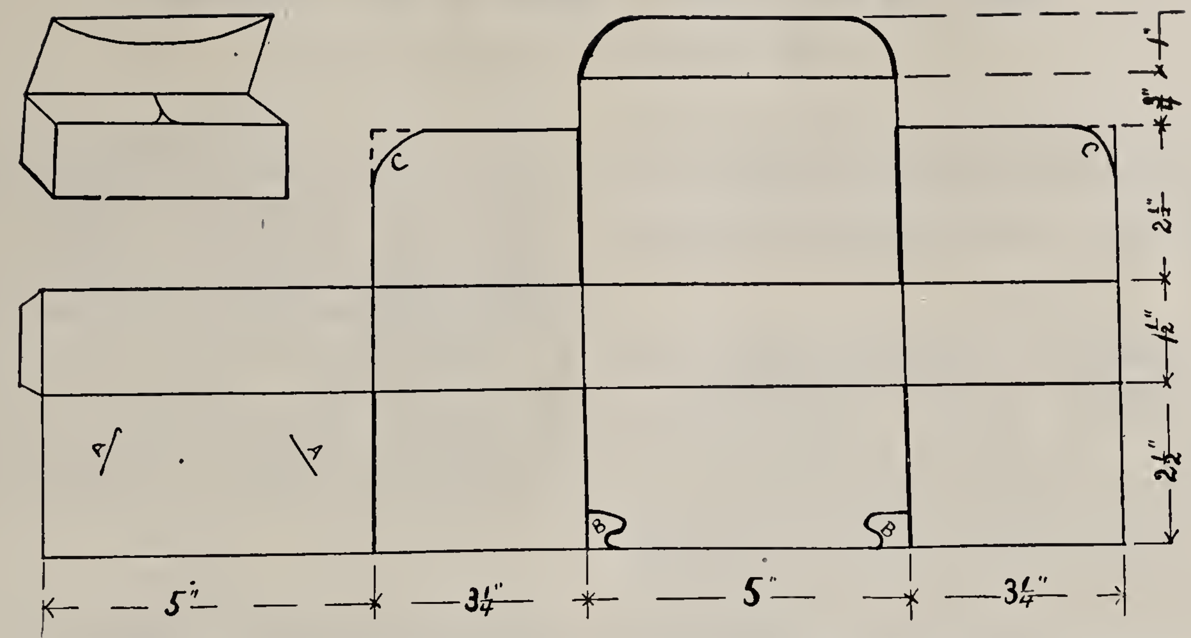
At present there are so many talented men and women drawing for advertisements, it should be an easy matter for the teachers in the different grades to get a good collection of designs appropriate to the holiday season, costing nothing but the time of the pupils.

In the first grade the Japanese doll was chosen because of its simplicity of feature and outline, and, relating to toys, will be enjoyed by the little ones at this season. Little calendars could be made from the small pictures of the Perry or the Brown Picture Co.; raffia frames of green or red raffia, made in the shape of a circle, enclosing a picture of the Madonna, could be made. Just a fir tree with touches of red and yellow for candles, or other decoration, could be made on a separate piece of paper, and neatly pasted on a darker mounting sheet, perhaps 6″x8″.

If the children are not familiar with the carol of Mary Mapes Dodge, they will enjoy hearing it. Here are two stanzas:

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children glad,
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord
As ever wise men had.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children fair!
Still doth the one Good Shepherd hold
The feeblest in His care.



To make the box according to the diagram given above, use heavy construction paper, either tinted or white. Small sprays of holly or mistletoe may be used to decorate the cover and sides of the box to give it a more festal appearance. Have the pupils test the drawing before cutting, that the parts may fit perfectly when cut, that there may be no waste of material. Having tested the lines and decorated the box as directed, or with some conventional design, have the pupils cut thru darkened lines, and fold on the others. Cut at A, and the places marked B will fit in, holding the bottom of the box securely. The small flap at the end will be all that needs mucilage. The corners at C may be left square or curved, these pieces making the inside cover. The box may be used for confectionery or any little suitable gift.

The little stamp holder may be made from a 4″ square of paper, folded thru the center for oblong. A border line should be marked off, and a spray of holly may be drawn to decorate it. If the pupils can print neatly, other words may be substituted for "stamps." Sheets of paraffin paper, cut one-half-inch smaller, and folded like cover, may be fastened inside, tied with narrow ribbon or embroidery silk or simple colored cord.

The above diagram may be used for an envelope to be made by the pupils, or one brought from home. Any appropriate design will answer in place of the holly. If a calendar is added to one corner, as suggested in the drawing, a little conventional design may be made to cover it. Narrow ribbon could be tied around it, after a thin layer of cotton containing sachet powder has been enclosed in the envelope. This same form could be used for a blotter, by decorating an oblong as suggested in the drawing then cutting red or green blotting paper one-half inch larger, on two of the sides, so that there is a border of green or red one-quarter of an inch on the four sides.

A suggestion is here given for a simple design from the holly leaves and berries, to be used as decoration for the cover of a booklet to be made by the pupils. Have them take a strip of water-color paper, or any paper that can be decorated satisfactorily, measuring 14″x3½″. Fold thru the short diameter, making the cover. This may be decorated according to choice. On a separate sheet, or inside this cover, should be neatly printed a quotation from some favorite author, or a motto for Christmas or the New Year. The leaves may be fastened in with a narrow ribbon, matching color of design, or the tiniest paper fasteners, which come for that purpose.

Mr. and Mrs. Santa at Home

By Frances L. Allison, Texas

Scene I.—Mrs. Santa and some little friends in the work-room, making little gifts for poor children.

Scene II.—Santa's arrival, and the Christmas exercises.

Scene I.

Mrs. Santa.—Now, my children, you have been so busy and worked so hard and so willingly to-day, you may put up the toys. Everything is just about ready. I am glad that Christmas will not be here for another three hundred and sixty-five days! I do wish Santa would come home. He just works and works, and is out in the cold and snow so much, and what does it all amount to, anyway? Half of the people grumble about their gifts. "Not what they wanted"; "not as good as somebody else's"; "can't Santa do this, that, and the other thing," till I'm just half crazy. We had trouble enough, before, but since Santa had the telephone put in, we realize that we knew only half of our troubles. I tell you, children, you had better enjoy this Christmas, for that 'phone worried Santa so the last time he was at home that he threatened not only to have the 'phone taken out, but to close out this entire stock of goods as well, and go out of the business.

Exclamations of O dear, Mrs. Santa, please don't let Santa do that.

Well, children, I'll try to keep us both in good humor, but—(telephone bell rings). Answer the 'phone, Sara.

Sara can be heard at the 'phone.

Sara.—Hello! yes, yes, I think so. I'll tell her. All right. Good-by."

Sara comes in laughing.

Mrs. Santa, a little girl in Chicago wants Santa to bring her a doll just like the one she had last year, With yellow hair, brown eyes, teeth, and red slippers and a pink dress, a hat to match and that can say "papa."

Mrs. Santa.—Good thing she told you all about it, for how could we remember all about *her* doll?

'Phone rings again.

Sara.—A little boy in Florida wants a pair of reindeer and a sled—just like Santa's, he says.

Mrs. Santa.—Humph! much use he'll have for them down there. I'm tired of this foolishness. This makes about four hundred and ninety-nine times the telephone bell has rung to-day. After Santa calls me up, Sara, you see that that receiver is left down till daylight, anyway.

Phone again. Mrs. Santa sinks into a chair and throws up her arms as tho in despair.

Sara.—(calls from 'phone.) Mrs. Santee-ee.

Mrs. Santa.—Be good children (fairly beaming upon them.) I know that is Santa.

A thrill of excitement pervades the room. One boy turns a somersault, another takes the stooping position ready for a boy to jump over him, which a third boy proceeds to do in regular leap-frog style, while the girls are laughing and whispering together, but trying to refrain from being noisy.

(*Mrs. Santa* returns.) Santa is at —— (a place near by), and will be in on the next interurban.

The Boys.—Hurrah for Santa! Of course he'd come in for a little while, to-night.

Mrs. Santa.—Come, let us tie up these packages. You know Santa can't stay but a little while, as it's Christmas eve. I'll tell him what good children you've been to come in and help me. You just wait till you see what's in your stockings. I never could have gotten these extra orders ready for those poor children if it had not been for you.

Exit all.

Scene II.

The scenery has been changed somewhat, a few more Christmas decorations, etc. Mrs. Santa and children are now in holiday attire. There is the sound of bells, a stamping as of some one knocking snow off the feet, a wild rush is made for the door, and in comes, or rather, is dragged, Santa. He is given a warm supper and made to sit near the fire and "toast" his feet, while he is plied with questions about his last trip. Mrs. Santa tells him that they are going to have a little Christmas program before the children are sent home and while he is there resting. Santa expresses his delight, and leans back in his chair ready to listen.

Mrs. Santa, as mistress of ceremonies, uses the following program:

The Angels' Song.—Recitation

Borne on the air of that silent night
  When old earth lay a-sleeping,
Was an anthem sung by angels bright
  To shepherds their lone watch keeping.

What meant that song by the heavenly choir,
  Which they sang on that Judean hill?
Glory to God! Glory to God!
  On earth peace and good will.
A tiny babe in a manger lay
  In the town of Bethlehem;
That's why they sang to the praises of God,
  For this gift, the Savior of men.

Long, long years since the glad tidings rang
  From the throats of that heavenly band,
The world has echoed the glad refrain
  Now known in every land.

"Glory to God!" ay, "Glory to God!"
  Let each heart the words keep repeating,
For the angel song and our first Christmas gift,
  The Savior, who lost ones came seeking.

2. Christmas Carol (Selected.)
3. Christmas in Other Lands { Germany. France. Holland. England.

(See Teachers Magazine for December, 1905.)

4. How we celebrate Christmas in America.
5. Fancy Drill (children use wreaths of evergreens or of mistletoe and holly.
6. All join hands around, including Santa, and recite in a lively manner:

Holly red, holly red,
Mistletoe and holly;
All the boys, all the girls,
Everybody jolly.
When the door is opened
On a Christmas day,
Everywhere, all around,
All the world seems gay.

Mrs. Santa.—Children, bring the packages and let's pack Santa off. He will not have any too much time. (Children hurry for packages, tin horns, etc., etc.)

"Santa, please say something to us before you go," call two or three little voices.

Santa.—Ha! ha! want me to say something, do you? All right, here goes. (And he says the following.)

By the time he is ready to speak, the last stanza, he should be over in front of the fire-place, ready to disappear up the chimney:

Ha! ha! ha! My children dear
This is your Santa Claus, do not fear,
He loves you all; he loves you well,
But where he lives he cannot tell.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! over the snow,
My reindeer pull me so merrily, oh!
There are bells on my reindeer and bells on my sleigh,
And I make all my visits from sundown to day.

I see you're looking at my back
All loaded down with this heavy old pack;
You want me, I know, to unload my toys
For good little girls and good little boys.

Come! come! kiss your old Santa Claus,
And get well acquainted you girls and boys;
For soon I must go in my gay little sleigh,
To see other children who live out my way.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! over the snow
My reindeer pull me so merrily, oh!
There are bells on my reindeer and bells on my sleigh,
I must be off now before it is day.

For this exercise the following characters are required:

Mr. Santa.
Mrs. Santa.
Twelve little girls for the drill.
One small girl for first recitation.
Four boys to tell "Christmas in Other Lands, and a fifth boy to tell about Christmas celebrations in America.
Sara—maid to Mrs. Santa.
Five or six other girls and boys—just helpers.

In the first scene all are merely helpers. In scene two those who take special parts are dressed suitably, while every one takes part in the Christmas Carol (Mrs. Santa at the piano).

Christmas Thoughts

The deepest love of the deepest heart
Beats true for the one away.

—Lizzie H. Underwood.

Who sacrifices most,
Drinks deepest life's rich strain,
Counting no cost.

—George Klingle.

The rosy glow of summer
Is on thy dimpled cheek,
While in thy heart the winter
Is lying cold and bleak.
But this shall change hereafter,
When years have done their part,
And on thy cheek the winter,
And summer in thy heart.

—Anonymous.

A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

When winter bars the woods and streams,
When flowers are lost in happy dreams,
When brooks are dumb and winds are loud,
And earth puts on her snowy shroud;—
In home's pure pleasures mays't thou find
True solace for both heart and mind.
The firelight's glow, the welcome guest
The well-told tale, the merry jest,
The sunshine glad of loving looks,
The fine companionship of books;
May these inspire such full content
As makes a joy of banishment.

—Selected

Christmas Green.

Bring in the trailing forest moss;
Bring cedar, fir, and pine;
And green festoon, and wreath, and cross,
Around the windows twine!

Yes, Merry Christmas let it be!
A day to love and give!
Since every soul's best gift is He
Who came that we might live.

—Lucy Larcom.

A Christmas Carol.

The moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Some ages since on Shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night.
There was no sound upon the earth
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! the white-winged Angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth
For mortals to adore;
He bade the trembling Shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger
The glorious child was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens
Appeared an Angel band,
(The while in reverent wonder
The Syrian Shepherds stand.)
And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease,—
Glory to God in the highest
On earth good-will and peace!

—Adelaide Procter

Christmas Work with Pencil, Scissors, and Paste

By MINNIE B. LINN, New York.

Wagon.

Materials required. Heavy construction paper (colored), or white drawing paper 7 inches square. Extra piece for pole. Cardboard patterns (circles about $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter), for wheels. Scissors. Pencils. Art-paste.

Have paper squares placed on desks straightway before pupils.

7 inches square.

1. Fold lower edge over to meet upper edge. Crease. Open.
2. Fold lower edge over to meet this crease. Crease. Open.
3. Fold upper edge over to meet first crease (middle) and crease. Open.
4. Fold left edge over to meet right edge. Crease. Open.
5. Fold left edge over to meet this last crease. Crease. Open.
6. Fold right edge over to meet middle crease, and crease. Open.

With scissors cut off at the *last* crease made (cutting off one-fourth of the whole square). This part has three short creases, which divides the strip into four small squares.

Take pattern for wheel, place on each small square, and trace around with pencil. Cut these out carefully.

Take the large piece. With scissors cut from the *sides only*—at the end crease—to the first long crease, on lines A, B, C, D. Fold corner squares under sides, which gives strength to the box, and fasten securely in place with art-paste. Gummed cloth, cut in small strips, may be used to fasten the corners of the box—if the *corner* squares 1, 2, 3, 4, are cut out entire.

One of the squares may be cut into strips for the pole.

Have pupils cut out pole having cross-piece about half an inch from the end. (The cross-piece may be omitted, and narrow strips about three-eighths of an inch used for the pole.) Attach pole under wagon-box, midway at one end.

Paste a tiny yellow paper dot at the center of each wheel, or have the dots made with Crayola. Omit, if you like, or use different color.

Fasten wheels in place on sides, using art-paste.

If colored construction paper is used, a medium gray gives good results, as it does not soil easily.

In illustration dotted lines represent creases, solid lines represent edges or cuttings.

Holly.

Hectograph as many copies as required.

Have pupils color leaves green, berries red, and the stems brown.

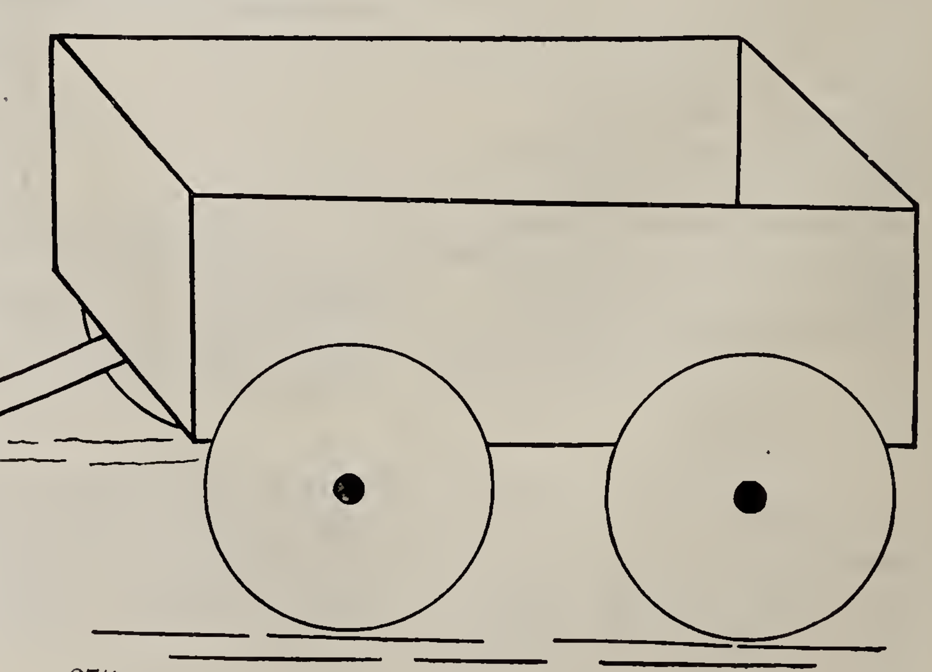
Small original drawings may be made by using a *real* holly leaf to trace around. These may be procured in many places a few days before Christmas. One branch will supply sufficient leaves for a whole class.

Christmas Bell.

Hectograph as many copies of each as required; or cardboard patterns may be used for tracing.

If patterns are given to pupils to trace, have at least one pattern for three pupils.

Have pupils color bell red (or any bright color), with clapper brown.



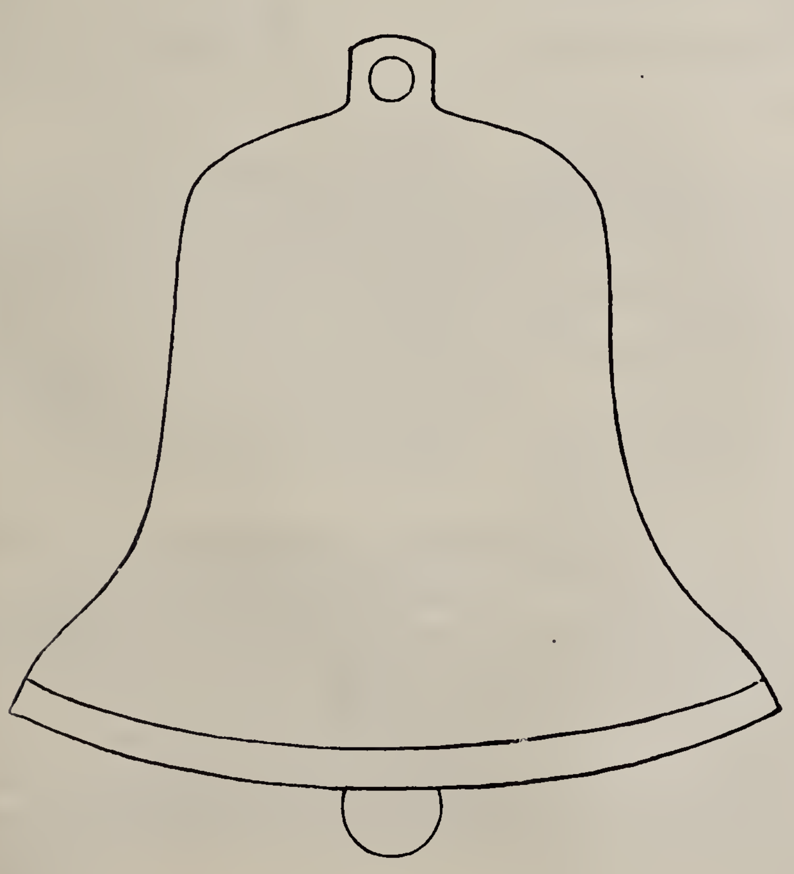
Christmas Stocking.

Hectograph, or use cardboard patterns for pupils to trace.

Have pupils color, using any favorite color. Then have the best cut out on the outlines. Hang them up around the chimney-place, or any chosen place.

Cut out on the outline and fasten on tape, or on a large sheet of cardboard.

A small bow of ribbon, etc., tied on the handle, makes a pretty finish.



The Eyes of the Potato.

A big potato grew on a root,
  And a great many eyes had he
Yet lo and behold! down under the mold,
  It was far too dark to see.

The gardener's fork soon found him out,
  Tossing him up to the light,
Where he lay on the ground and gazed
      around
  On many a curious sight.

Somebody gathered him up with the rest,
  And carried him off to the cook,
Who stripped him quite bare and washed
      him with care;
  With terror he shivered and shook.

Poor fellow! his fate is sad to relate.
  He was changed to a ball of flour.
To his wrath and surprise, cook cut out
      his eyes
  And boiled him for half an hour!

—*The Teachers' Aid.*

Pieces to Speak

December.

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!
Hear the joy-bells ring!
One and thirty little men
To make them chime and sing.
Holly-berries gleam and glow;
Beneath their glossy leaves
Icicles hang glittering down
And sparkle from the eaves;
Happy voices shout good-will
To dear ones near and far;
And over all the earth shines fair
The light of Bethlehem's star.

—PAULINE FRANCES CAMP in *St. Nicholas.*

The Little Christmas Tree.

The Christmas day was coming, the Christmas eve drew near;
The fir-trees they were talking low, at midnight cold and clear,
And this was what the fir-tree said, in all the pale moon light,
"Now which of us shall chosen be, to grace the 'Holy Night'?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head,
In glad and secret confidence, tho not a word they said;
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh,
"You all will be approved," he said, "but oh, what chance have I?

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow;
Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving words,
And laughing low he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred;
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas Saint,
And in his fatherly, kindly ear, rehearsed the fir-tree's plaint.

Saints are all powerful, we know, so it befell that day,
That, ax on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way;
One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast,
He was a real Christmas tree; he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple with cheeks of ruddy glow,
Six tapers and a tiny doll, were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby slept,
The little fir in the silent night a patient vigil kept.
Tho scorched and brown his needles were, he had no heart to grieve,
"I have not lived in vain," he said, "thank God for Christmas eve!"

—SUSAN COOLIDGE. Reprinted from *The Philadelphia Teacher.*

A Tale of John Henry Paul Brown.

John Henry Paul Brown was an excellent boy,
His mother's chief treasure, his father's great joy;
He rose promptly at six, washed his face, combed his hair,
Dressed himself with dispatch, and his bed put to air.
He brought up the coal, and he carried in wood—
Oh, never was boy so re-mark-a-bly good
As Master John Henry Paul Brown.

When the clock struck eight-thirty he started for school;
He never was punished, he ne'er broke a rule;
He respected his teacher, he loved each dear mate,
He never was absent, he never was late;
He doted on grammar; to spell was his joy—
Oh, there never was such a mag-nif-i-cent boy
As Master John Henry Paul Brown!

'Twas the night before Christmas, and John was in bed,
But he was not sleeping, for in his small head
Was the strangest idea—you never could guess
If you tried till next summer—and I must confess,
Tho you may not believe it, I tremble with joy
As I write of this won-der-ful, an-gel-ic boy,
Good Master John Henry Paul Brown.

Santa Claus had come down by the old chimney way,
And was warming his hands when he heard some one say,
"Dear Santa, I pray you, leave nothing for me,
But won't you accept these three Christmas gifts—see?—
A heavier coat, a very warm hood,
And an automobile?" said John Henry the Good—
Kind Master John Henry Paul Brown.

Old Santa Claus gasped and fell down by his pack;
He was so overcome he kept crying, "Alack!
That I should pass hundreds of Christmases thru
Before I encountered a lad just like you!
In my life I have given full many a toy,
But received not one thing from a girl or a boy
Save Master John Henry Paul Brown."

John Henry went quietly back to his bed,
And Santa Claus, shaking his dear, old white head,
Took up John's fine presents and caught up his pack;
But just as I heard him again say, "Alack!"
I awoke from my dream—and I felt rather sad,
To think that there never had been such a lad
As Master John Henry Paul Brown.

—I. WRIGHT HANSON in *St. Nicholas.*

If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street.
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—*Ram's Horn*

Hints and Helps

Plans, Methods, Devices, and Suggestions From the Workshops of Many Teachers

The Day Before Christmas.

We have always had a Christmas tree in our room. Three years ago I planned something new for the little folks, which was very much enjoyed.

In one corner of the room was a chimney, behind which Santa Claus dispensed the small gifts prepared by the pupils, and marked with the name of the donor and the one who was to receive it. Each was topped by a sprig of evergreen. As old Santa's deep-sounding voice called a name, the child who answered to it came forward to receive his gift. The child then threw a hook and line over the chimney top to Santa Claus, and after a moment landed—he knew not what—until every child had his gift. At a signal all unwrapped their parcels at the same time, so that no child would be without his gift. I had all parcels handed to me the day preceding the distribution, and then supplied small gifts of my own for those who had been overlooked.

I tried to impress the children that the value of the gift must not be looked for, only the good will of the givers, and I encouraged them to give things of their own make.

I forgot to say that before Santa began to dispose of his gifts, we all joined hands around his "Chimney Den" and sang the children's favorite Christmas song, "Jolly Old St. Nicholas." Afterward, just before Santa's head appeared above the chimney, we sang, "Old Santa Comes," repeating the chorus with his help.

Santa Claus then came out and told the boys and girls about the little Dutch children who set their wooden shoes for him each night before Christmas, and the little Swedes who fill their shoes with hay for the Christmas donkey to eat before Christmas morning, and the many greetings he receives besides their stockings hung in front of the grate.

Penna. E. Maie Seyfert.

Will Readers Please Respond?

Will you please ask your readers thru the columns of Teachers Magazine to give some suggestions as to how they use memory gems in the second grade, or in any grade? I wish to know how to make the memorizing of "gems" pleasant.

I would like also suggestions for busy work

Pennsylvania. Alline Rank.

Interesting Arithmetic.

This little plan was contrived to interest and wake up my third grade children, one gray morning.

Instead of calling class, I gave the command: "Turn your books over." All were surprised at this unusual proceeding and were wide awake at once.

I then asked them what the first example was about. Some one remembered that it was about apples.

At once several knew just what was the example called for and were ready to give it.

The entire page was worked out in this manner, and not once did the children look at their books.

Illinois. Jessie Alexander.

Describing Pictures.

Perhaps some busy country school teacher may be helped by my plan for using the pictures in Teachers Magazine every month as a general exercise in writing. I have each child describe or write all he can about the picture which I hold before the class.

This describing of pictures serves as a change in writing exercise and also as a help in language.

Other pictures besides those found in Teachers Magazine may be used. I would suggest for this purpose pictures that are interesting to the children and that have in them some reference to farm life.

I have a question which I would like to have answered in some issue of Teachers Magazine:

How can a teacher control the unruly boy or children whose parents are on the children's side when the children *try* to do all they can to make the work of the teacher hard?

I have had some experience in this line and would like some advice on the matter.

Wisconsin. Jessie D. Adams.

Clay Modeling.

Early last October we obtained permission to dismiss school one afternoon, and spend the time on the hill. While there we collected enough clay to use in the winter's work. Three times every week we spent a half hour modeling in clay. The first few times our efforts were feeble, but as we became more proficient we undertook more difficult subjects. I would select the very best work, after each lesson, and keep it for public inspection. It was really wonderful in such short time how quickly the imaginative powers of the children developed.

Indiana. Nettie E. Pleasants.

A Method for Paragraphing.

I tell the children to look at my big piece of paper drawn on the board and to turn the lines facing them, as mine are placed.

Now, who can find the middle of the first line? All write *Rover* with a big R right where your finger was placed.

Who can put two fingers on the second line as I have mine, at the left edge? Here write the word *I*. How many could write these words after *I—have a* and *dog?* We have room on this line for the words *His name.*

Now place one finger on the third line and after it write *is Rover.* Put a period after *Rover.* On the same line, as we have room and do not want to waste paper, write *He can jump high.*

Later I work for all words on the right side one

finger from the edge. In two weeks or so the teacher need only suggest to a second or third grade, "First word two fingers in, *all* other words one finger from the edge of the paper."

California. LUCILE HAZARD.

Primary Arithmetic.

Let the children write *want* on the board. Leave a space below, then write *has*.

Place the figure three before the word *want*. Place the figure two before the word *has*. Draw a line like this in front of the two (show on board). Draw a line under the two.

Now ask how many *has* the man? (2) How many does he *want?* (3) Cows, horses, etc. Now all write below the line how many the man will have to get.

When we explain the example we say, each pointing to his own work, Two and what (I tell them, "now, we will call the long mark in front of the two the *and what* sign) make three?"

Then—two and one make three.

This method of teaching subtraction, by addition, has been very successful in second and third grades. It may not be new to others, however.

California. LUCILE HAZARD.

Spelling for Fifth Grade.

What should I do to gain better results in the spelling lessons? In my despair I tried a new way.

The last five lessons in our text-book consisted of names of edibles—soups, vegetables, nuts, fruits, and meats.

I assigned a review of these words for the following day's lesson and the children expected the customary dictation, or the use of these words in sentences. Instead of this, I asked them to write menus, using the names of any of our leading hotels, preparing breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. I merely suggested that they use the words which we had previously learned, and avoid putting on the dessert before the soup. The spelling was a great improvement over the previous lessons. The novelty of the presentation appealed to the pupils, and their efforts were doubled. A number of new names appeared on the "Good Spellers" list at the board the next day, and a spirit of good will prevailed.

A number of ludicrous things was written on the papers and some had enough of a mix-up for dinner to cause the diner to have dyspepsia for at least a year. One boy wrote watermelon for an item, and enclosed the words "In summer only" in parenthesis. "Yours truly Ernest" was the intelligent closing of one menu.

The following bill of fare was written by a little girl:

Chittenden Hotel.

BILL OF FARE.

Thursday, April 5, '06.

Breakfast.

Fried Ham and Eggs.
French Rolls.
Cereals.
Assorted Fruits.
Coffee.

Luncheon.

Cream of Celery Soup.
Prime Roast Beef.
Mashed Potatoes.
Radishes. Olives.
Parker House Rolls.
Salted Almonds.
Fruit. Coffee.

Dinner.

Tomato Soup Ox Tail Soup.
Fried Halibut.
Chicken. Leg of Mutton.
Sweet Potatoes. Mashed Potatoes.
New Peas. Sweet Corn.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Radishes. Onions.
Peach Pie. Raspberry Pie.
Strawberry Short Cake.
Ice Cream.
Tea Coffee. Cocoa.

Here is another example:

Hotel Neil.

BILL OF FARE.

Thursday, April 5, 1906.

Breakfast.

One Wheat Biscuit.
One Veal Steak.
Two Pieces of Bread.
Cup of Coffee.

Luncheon.

Two Sandwiches.
Glass of Water.
A Slice of Cold Liver.

Dinner.

Spinach. One Mackerel.
A Dish of Turtle Soup.
Four or Five Potatoes.
Carnations for Center of Table.

It is discernible at a glance what child has at any time taken meals at hotels. This work can be correlated with the drawing lesson by decorating the menu cards with appropriate designs.

Ohio. ERNESTINE KARGER.

A Christmas Blackboard Hint by Nelle Spangler, Mustain, Illinois.

Nature Lessons for the Reader Class

By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota

Christmas Trees.

My name is Pine Tree.
My body is long and straight.
My branches are around my body in rings.
One row of my branches fall off every year.
I show how many birthdays I have had by the rows of rings around my body.
My lowest branches are the largest.
My shape is like a cone.
The snow slides off my branches like little boys sliding down hill.
If the snow did not slide off, it is so heavy that it would break off my branches.
I am sometimes more than a hundred feet tall.
I am sometimes more than a thousand years old.
My bark is brown.
My leaves are shaped like needles.
My needles are sharp.
My leaves are green all winter.
Maple Tree drops her leaves in winter.
My leaves stay on till spring.
I am the only tree whose leaves stay on all winter.
They call me evergreen.
When my needles are dry they make sweet pillows.
I sometimes have gum for the little ones.
My fruit is brown cones.
I have little brown seeds hidden under the scales.
Some of my cones grow at the ends of the branches.
My cones are sometimes six inches long.
The squirrels like to eat my seeds.
My roots run in the ground.
They do not go down as far as the roots of other trees.
I am shaped like a top with the point up.
My seeds have wings.
The wind carries them about.
They fall to the ground.
Mother Earth covers them with a blanket of earth and leaves.
They do not wake up all winter.
They wake up in the spring.
I make more lumber than any other tree.
Hundreds of men go to the forests to cut me down.
They work there all winter.
In the spring they float me down the rivers.
Houses and ships are made from me.
Bears and rabbits live under my branches all winter.
Birds stay in them, too.
My leaves keep the cold away from them.
My family is one of the largest of the tree families.
I am sometimes brought into houses.
I have other fruit instead of cones.
Dolls and carts and other toys grow on me.
All the children love me.
I am the Christmas Tree.

Paper cuttings done by Lillie Frantsie, a little Finnish girl in Minnesota.

The Water Drops.

There were once some little water drops in a pail in the kitchen.
Some one put them in a kettle.
The kettle was put over a fire.
In a little while the drops began to dance.
The water was boiling you think?
Yes, but the water drops were having a good time.
How light they kept growing.
At last some grew so light they floated out.
They floated around in the air for a while.
Then they went to the window to rest.
The window was cold and they froze fast.
They stayed there till the warm sun shone.
The sun changed them to drops of water again.
They rolled down the window and lay on the sill.
How warm the sun felt!
The drops grew lighter and soon were changed into vapor.
This time they went to help make a cloud.
There they met many little friends.
What fun they had! The wind tried to catch them.
Over and over they went, making cloud pictures.
They went a long way in their play.
All at once they met a cold wind.
They tried to hurry on, but it was hard to do so.
They were getting heavy. Down, down they went.
"Oh, see it rain," said a little boy.
And so it did. There were drops falling from the cloud.
Some drops got very cold.
They froze as they fell.
Do you know what we call frozen rain-drops?
We call them hailstones.

Water-Dust.

We boiled water in a dish.
Steam came out of the spout.
The steam looked like white smoke.
We call it water-dust.
We could not see water-dust near the spout.
We put a cold slate in the water-dust.
We saw little drops of water on the slate.
The cold slate made rain of the water-dust.

Clouds.

See all the clouds floating in the air!
How high they sail and how soft they look!
Do you know what makes the clouds?
They were vapor in the air.
They were very light.
A breeze carried them high in the air.
It was cold up there.
The cold air changed the vapor into water-dust.
The little specks kept close together.
When we looked up we saw the clouds.
Do you see the pictures they make?
I like to watch them change in shape.
They change color, too.
Sometimes they are white and fleecy.
Sometimes they are black and grey.
Sometimes they have beautiful colors.
Look at them at sunset and you will see.
One day the clouds were very dark.
They kept growing blacker and blacker.
Up in the air a cold wind was blowing.
It met the clouds.
Do you know what happened then?
The water-dust formed into little drops.
The drops were heavy and could not float in the air.
Down they came in a shower.
After the shower the sun came out.
It was very warm.
The water drops began to dry up.
Where do you think they went?
Why, the heat changed them into vapor, and they went up in the air.
Perhaps they made another cloud.

Snow.

One day the clouds were having a play.
They were chasing each other around.
A freezing wind was blowing.
Shall I tell you what it did?
It caught the clouds.
It changed the water-dust to ice-dust, or flakes of snow.
The snowflakes fall just as rain-drops do.
Did you ever look at snowflakes?
They look like stars.
They do not all look alike.
How softly snowflakes fall!
If the sun is very warm it will melt the snow.
It will change it into vapor.

LILLIAN C. FLINT.

Be Congenial; Not Dictatorial.

None of us put too great a value on friendship; and yet, how much it is worth! To be able to make friends is one of the secrets of success. While all are not so constituted that the term "mixer" may be applied to them, yet one may gain much in this line by continually trying.

A teacher can easily lose prestige by not being of a pleasant and sympathetic nature. No one likes the company of an iceberg or a sphynx.

Are you a Superintendent? Then be friendly with your teachers. They are the ones whom you should help: and how are you to do it? By holding yourself aloof from them? Acting far superior to them? Not respecting their wishes? Not tolerating their ideas? This would be a poor way to win them. Never be dictatorial; put yourself in their place; give your orders in the form of suggestions; make changes by degrees. Above all, be sociable.

Are you a rural teacher? If so, you have a chance to make friends with the noblest of God's creatures—a little child. Every teacher should realize that children have certain rights and privileges that should be respected. Not heeding this has caused trouble to more than one young pedagog. Do not think that because you have the scholastic position of teacher that your jurisdiction extends over that of nature. Be careful not to overstep your limits. Be kind and considerate of the pupils' needs. Mingle with them; be one of them, but always possess manly bearing; lift them up; be jolly; keep sweet. Don't even be dictatorial with the children. Be firm, positive in your tone, and resolute in your determinations, but leave out the overbearing spirit. Not even a child likes a "boss." Might makes right no longer.

Cheer up, brother, sister, go to school with a smile, and make new friends as the days flit away.

Missouri. Roy V. Ellis.

Why We Like School.

An exercise for the smallest class.

First Child:
Why do you like to come to school?
Now tell me, tell me true.

Second Child:
I like to sing our pretty songs,
And read our primer thru.

Third Child:
I like the music lesson,
And writing on my slate.

Fourth Child:
I like the games we play sometimes
When no one has been late.

Fifth Child:
I like to have gymnastic drill
And march around in line.

Sixth Child:
I like the games we play outside;
Oh, recess is just fine!

Seventh Child:
We like our school so very much
That really this is so:
At four o'clock when school is out

All together! We almost hate to go.

Nature Study in Primary Schools.

Water.

By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota.

Hold a vessel of water over the flame of a lamp.

What is the first change you see in the water?

The rising of little bubbles.

In the bubbles is air.

They grow larger and larger as the water grows warmer.

Find the temperature of the water now.

Watch the thermometer till after the water boils.

Soon steam rises and turns to vapor.

The bubbles are large.

The water boils.

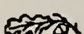
It goes off into the air as vapor.

You find that the temperature of the water is about 212 degrees.

Why does it stop there?

See, there is more and more vapor every minute.

If we leave our vessel long enough over the flame, all the water will change to vapor.



No Coffee

THE DOCTOR SAID.

Coffee slavery is not much different from alcohol or any other drug. But many people don't realize that coffee contains a poisonous, habit-forming drug—caffeine.

They get into the habit of using coffee, and no wonder, when some writers for respectable magazines and papers speak of coffee as "harmless."

Of course it doesn't paraliyze one in a short time like alcohol, or put one to sleep like morphine, but it slowly acts on the heart, kidneys, and nerves, and soon forms a drug-habit, just the same, and one that is the cause of many overlooked ailments.

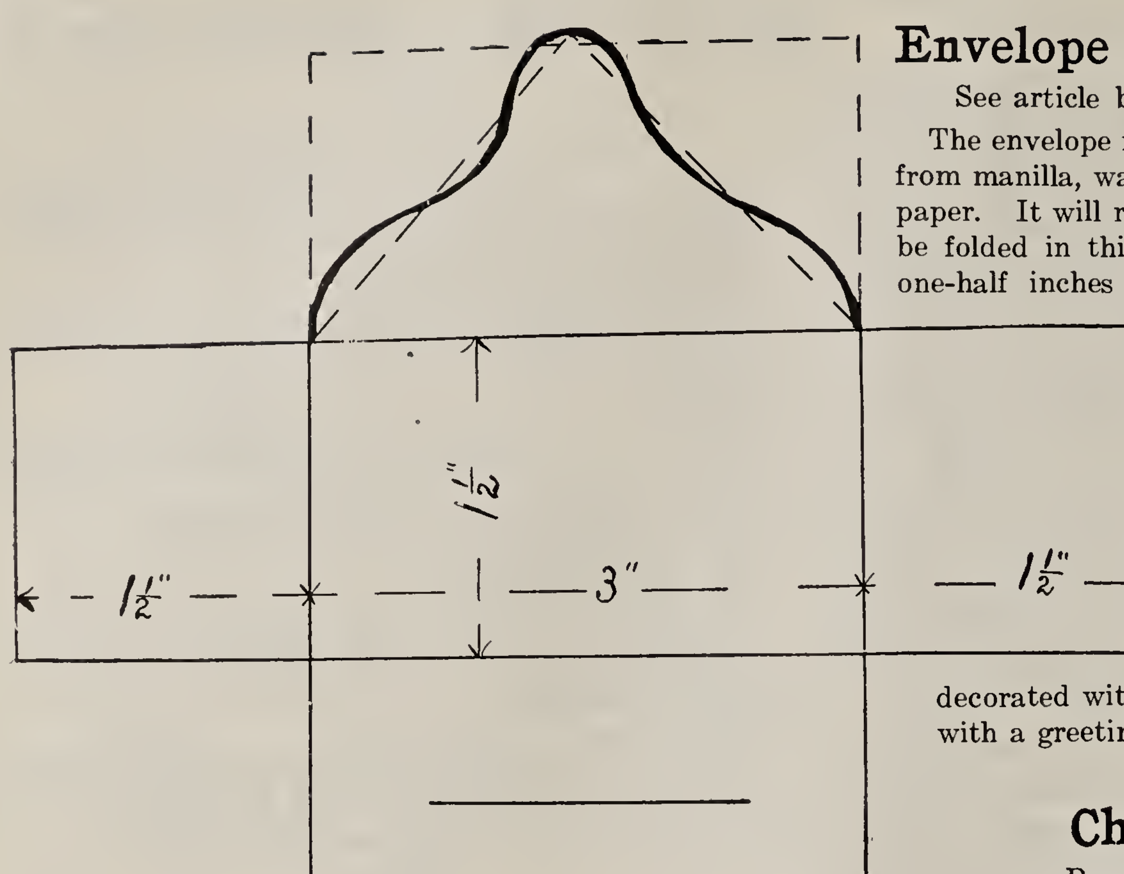
"I wish to state for the benefit of other coffee slaves," writes a Vt. young lady, "What Postum Food Coffee has done for me.

"Up to a year ago I thought I could not eat my breakfast if I did not have at least 2 cups of coffee, and sometimes during the day, if very tired, I would have another cup.

"I was annoyed with indigestion, heart trouble, bad feeling in my head, and sleeplessness. Our family doctor, whom I consulted, asked me if I drank coffee. I said I did and could not get along without it.

"He told me it was the direct cause of my ailments, and advised me to drink Postum. I had no faith in it, but finally tried it. The first cup was not boiled long enough and was distasteful and I vowed I would not drink any more.

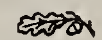
"But after a neighbor told me to cook it longer, I found Postum was much superior in flavor to my coffee. I am no longer nervous, my stomach troubles have ceased, my heart action is fine, and from 105 lbs. weight when I began Postum, I now weigh 138 lbs. I give all the credit to Postum, as I did not change my other diet in any way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."



Envelope or Court Plaster Case.

See article by ANNA J. LINEHAN on page 275.

The envelope for the court plaster case can be made from manilla, water-color paper, or heavy construction paper. It will require a piece 6"x4½". This can then be folded in thirds on the longer diameter. One and one-half inches from each corner mark off a point, and fold thru these points. The corners on the diagram should be cut off, leaving the squares on the center for flaps to fold to center. The corners of these flaps may be curved or square. An opening should be cut in the lower oblong for the flap or fold of the upper section to slip into. The front of the envelope may be decorated with corner design or one in the center with a greeting printed neatly on one corner.



Christmas Riddles.

By ALICE E. ALLEN, New York.

For four little children. First carries tiny Christmas tree; second, toy Santa Claus; third, empty stocking; fourth, pretty motto, "Merry Christmas." All of these are hidden behind backs until named. If desired, children of audience, or selected children may "guess," as opportunity is given, and object held up, each time.

First:—

Festoons of pop-corn white as snow,
A hundred tapers twinkling,
Such spicy perfume, such a glow
Of colored tinsel crinkling.
Now—riddle, riddle, riddle, ree,
And what am I? The Christmas Tree.

Second:—

I'm up stairs, down stairs, while you sleep,
Oh, oh, but this is fun-time.
Such trinkets, all for you to keep,
Left everywhere at one time.
Now riddle, riddle, riddle, pause—
And who knows me? I'm Santa Claus.

Third:—

A-hanging in the firelight dim,
I never trouble borrow,
For tho to-night I'm long and thin,
I shall be plump to-morrow.
So, riddle, riddle,—children flocking
Guess—who am I? The Christmas Stocking.

Fourth:—

Oh, such a happy message—I,
So short and bright and jolly,
I ring from bells that tinkle by,
I flash from scarlet holly.
Now, riddle, riddle, do not miss,
I am—I am—"A Merry Christmas."

All:—(Tree, Santa, Stocking, and Motto held high):—

Now, take us every single one,
And put us all together,
Add little hearts brimful of fun,
And clear crisp sparkling weather.
And pour in joy and love beside——
What do we make?—The Christmas-Tide!

A Doctor's Trials.

HE SOMETIMES GETS SICK LIKE OTHER PEOPLE.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do.

No one knows this better than the hard-working, conscientious family doctor. He has troubles of his own—often gets caught in the rain or snow, or loses so much sleep he sometimes gets out of sorts. An overworked Ohio doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago as the result of doing two men's work, attending a large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little better than a physical wreck.

"I suffered from indigestion and constipation, loss of weight and appetite, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application.

"I became irritable, easily angered, and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and weak, with frequent attacks of palpitation during the first hour or two after retiring.

"Some Grape-Nuts and cut bananas came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly with the result. I got more satisfaction from it than from anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation and use, adopted Grape-Nuts for my morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of salt or sugar.

"My improvement was rapid and permanent in weight as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word, I am filled with the joy of living again, and continue the daily use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and often for the evening meal.

"The little pamphlet, 'The Road to Wellville,' found in pkgs., is invariably saved and handed to some needy patient along with the indicated remedy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

Your Druggist Will Tell You That Murine Eye Remedy Cures Eyes. Makes Weak Eyes Strong—Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain—Sells for 50c.

Talks About Books

Readers of TEACHERS MAGAZINE do not need to be told what excellent entertainments Miss Bertha Bush gets up for use with little children. Miss Bush is herself a primary teacher, and she knows just how hard it is to teach children anything long or difficult, and how easy it is to arrange simple entertainments that will delight both the children and their fond mammas—if one only knows how. SPECIAL DAYS WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS is a book of entertainments by Miss Bush, that cover all the special days of the year. It includes a sun-flower entertainment for autumn; a bird entertainment suitable for the time when the birds are flying away to the South; a Thanksgiving celebration, and exercises for Christmas, Washington's Birthday, Easter, Memorial Day, and an entertainment suitable for any season in the year, to be used with the tiniest folks of all. Every one of these entertainments has been used in Miss Bush's own school-room, and with every one of them pupils and guests were delighted. Each is easy to get up, and each will be used again and again in other school-rooms, all over the English-speaking world. Don't you want to try them with your children? Price, 25 cents.

The LITTLE TALKS ON SCHOOL MANAGEMENT, by Randall N. Saunders, forms an excellent manual to place in the hands of young teachers looking for help in the maintenance of discipline. Experienced teachers, too, will find in these pages a wealth of useful hints on the problems of the every-day life of the school. A splendid spirit pervades the book, and the reader feels at every page that the suggestions have sprung from the actual practice of a thoughtful teacher. The neat appearance of the book ought to prove an additional argument for its wide circulation. The more copies of the book there are abroad, the better it will be for the schools. 16mo. 68 pages. Cloth, 50 cents.

Plans and devices tested in the class-room and found successful have a practical value which teachers readily appreciate. What others have found helpful is worth knowing. Physicians are always on the lookout for prescriptions that have produced desired results. Equally alert teachers will want to have the book of HINTS AND HELPS FROM MANY SCHOOL ROOMS, collected and arranged by C. S. Griffin, editor of *Our Times*, and a teacher of wide and varied experience. One hundred and fifty teachers have contributed to this handy volume. In appearance the book is very attractive. To those looking about for suggestions that will add newness and interest to the daily routine of the school-room, the book is heartily commended. 182 pages. Cloth. $1.00.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK is a treasure house planned to last thru the year. It is all kinds of books in one. As children are ever "chasing after the story," this is the most prominent feature. Yet in the hundreds of pictures, large and small, the suggestions for easy drawing, and the fun of various kinds, there is abundance of other interesting and valuable material. The book is arranged by months and seasons. Beginning with Christmas material, it follows with winter stories, pictures, and plays. The portion devoted to spring will be enjoyed particularly in the season of winds, rains, fresh-grown flowers, and the return of the birds. Then comes the summer, with suggestions and plays for the long vacation. The cycle of the year is completed with stories of harvest, nut-gathering, squirrels, and ending with a Jack-'o-Lantern party and Thanksgiving tales. The type is large, good for the eyes of young readers, and the binding is exceptionally attractive, with a beautiful Christmas cover. For supplementary reading it will be found just the thing. Special terms for quantities will be made to teachers and school boards on application. 200 pages. 9x11½. Boards. Illustrated. $1.00.

Fortify the system against disease by purifying and enriching the blood—in other words, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN is a drama arranged for school use. It is suited to pupils of the grammar grades, or to older young people. It is based on Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and a merrier little entertainment can hardly be imagined than this supplies. It is in two scenes, and requires about half an hour The speakers are the well-known characters of the "Legend," Ichabod Crane, Katrina Van Tassel, Brom Bones, etc., besides a company of school children, and the visitors at the Van Tassel's house, thus allowing any number of pupils to take part. Price, 15 cents.

Young people, like their elders, are more or less interested in wars and rumors of wars, but also like their elders, young people are more interested in the problems of every-day life than in war-like affairs. Of course, it is right that our histories should lay emphasis upon the important wars that have done so much to make our country what it is, but on the other hand pupils should have the opportunity to read of that which has given our country its development along social and moral lines, and this is what Mr. Judson Wade Shaw has done in his UNCLE SAM AND HIS CHILDREN. The story of the growth of our country from the first beginnings is told in a delightful manner, and boys and girls will both understand and thoroly enjoy it. The book is quite unlike anything else that has been published for the use of young people in our schools. It can be used advantageously as supplementary to the ordinary text-book in United States history, in any of the grammar grades. In fact, the points which the author has emphasized are so important, and have been so generally neglected in history text-books, that it hardly seems that a pupil's knowledge of history can be far reaching or complete without the aid of some such book as this. It is printed in large type, is well bound, and the text is enlivened by most interesting illustrations. Price, $1.20.

VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH, to be acted out in pantomime, is a most amusing ballad. The pantomime calls for three characters, and is most charming when these parts are taken by a little girl and two little boys. The song, an old English ballad, is to be sung behind the scenes, while the three wee actors make suitable gestures against a sheet. "Villikins" will do much toward making any sort of evening entertainment a success. Price, 15 cents.

Good Blood

Nourishes and supports every membrane and tissue, every bone and muscle of the body, and enables every organ to perform its functions naturally and perfectly:

It is the best gift of parent to child, and should be carefully safe-guarded.

If you have lost your appetite, if you get tired easily, feel run down, dull or listless, without ambition or courage, your blood is no longer good blood, but needs purifying, enriching or revitalizing.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes good blood, cures scrofula, eczema, psoriasis, humors of every kind and degree: Buy a bottle today: Insist on having Hood's.

In the usual liquid form or in chocolated tablets known as **Sarsatabs.** 100 doses $1. C. I. HOOD CO., Lowell, Mass.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

SPECIAL BARGAIN—Series I
This is a great bargain in Christmas Cards and is fully the equal of anything we have beretofor offered. It consists of two cards, 3½x5⅛ tied together with silk ribbon. The design on the first card is scenery and flowers, elegantly lithographed and embossed, with Christmas and New Year greeting. The second card has a short poem appropriate for Christmas and New Year, surrounded by a border of holly, the leaves and berries being in their natural colors of green and red. It is an elegant card in every respect and we guarantee satisfaction. By making them in immense quantities we are able to cut the price to
3c. each, 40 for $1

SPECIAL BARGAIN—Series 2
This is similar in a general way to the card described above, but is considerably larger, being 4¼x6 inches. It is also tied with wider ribbon.
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Naming Animals.

As so many teachers have trouble in getting the little folks interested in their work I am going to tell of one of my plans that has proved helpful along the line of oral language.

The first child thinks of some animal, but instead of telling its name, tells something about it—appearance, food, etc., and the others guess its name. Of course the one guessing the right animal has the next "turn."

Sometimes we use birds, vegetables, or flowers, instead of animals, but the children all seem to enjoy the animals best.

Michigan. Amy O. Burns.

The Three Kings.

Three kings came riding from far away.
Melchior, Gaspar, and Baltazar;
Three wise men out of the East were they,
They traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars in the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold, with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells, and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

—Reprinted from *The Philadelphia Teacher.*

Only One Life.

'Tis not for man to trifle: life is brief
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we;
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil!

—*Anon.*

Arithmetic.

Some Examples for Advanced Pupils.

1. How many rails, 22 feet long, will be required for 21 miles of railway?

2. From A. to B., two towns, is 1 mile, 2 rods; from C. to D., two others, is 4,284 feet; how many more yards from A. to B. than from C. to D.?

3. What is the cost of 14 barrels of vinegar, at 28 cents a gallon?

4. Multiply the sum of 675 and 786 by the product of 98 and 47.

5. Mr. T. has 214 bushels of spring wheat, 58 bushels of oats, and 375 bushels of winter wheat; how much is all his wheat worth at $1.09 per bushel?

6. A farmer sold 57 hogs at $2 each, 48 sheep at $3.50 each, 24 cows at $35 each, and 6 horses at $138 each; how much land at $4 an acre can he buy with the money?

7. In 902 cents, 17 dollars, $39.50, how many dollars and cents?

8. Find the cost of 87,856 pounds of oats at 42 cents per bushel?

9. The quotient is 764, the divisor is 5,760, and the remainder is 36; find the dividend.

10. A merchant bought 7 pieces of cloth, each containing 45 yards, for $267.75; what did one yard cost?

11. A drover bought 67 cows at $35 each, and sold them at $42.25 each; find his net gain after deducting $24 expenses.

12. At 37½ cents a pair, how many dozen pairs of mitts can be bought for $1,008?

Answers.

1. 10,080 rails.
2. 343 yards.
3. $123.48.
4. 6,729,366.
5. $642.01.
6. 487½ acres.
7. $65.52.
8. $1,085.28.
9. 4,400,676.
10. 85 cents.
11. $461.75.
12. 224 dozen.

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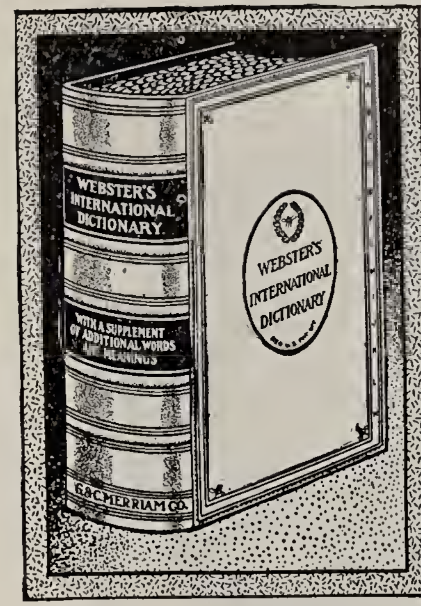

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A Seaside Romance—Geographical Game.

By EVA F. PUTNAM, Wyoming.

(1) was a summer girl,
And very sweet was she;
Her favorite sports were (2)
And bathing in the sea.

The young men flocked around her;
But there was one from Boston,
Who seemed to be her favorite;
His name was Doctor (3).

He came down to the sea-side port
To do some needed (4),
And fell in love with our sweet Ann,
While she, with grace, was dancing.

He said 'twas surely (5)
Had guided him that way,
And soon he asked the lovely Ann
If she would name the day.

They sat upon a (6)
Too small almost for one;
He told her if she answered no,
For him would set life's sun.

She hung her head and he exclaimed,
"O, love me if you can,
Or I'll be happy never more,
My beautiful (7).

But she exclaimed that all her heart
Was given to another;
But she would gladly cherish him
As a true friend and brother.

At this he very angry grew;
Said he had sisters, seven;
He packed his (8) then,
And left before eleven.

And asked himself the question oft,
"Why did I ever trust her?
When I return, I'll settle down
And marry my (9).

ANSWERS.

(1) Ann Arbor.
(2) Wheeling.
(3) Austin.
(4) Lansing.
(5) Providence.
(6) Little Rock.
(7) Cheyenne (Shy Ann).
(8) Saratoga.
(9) Augusta.

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THE DOCTOR COULDN'T TELL WHERE THE TROUBLE LAY.

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"I have not experienced any return of my former trouble, though three months have elapsed since taking your remedy."

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Dyspepsia is a disease which has long baffled physicians. So difficult of location is the disease that cure seems next to miraculous. There is only one way to treat dyspepsia—to supply the elements which nature has ordained to perform this function and to cause them to enter the digestive organs, supplying the fluids which they lack. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets alone fill these requirements, as is shown by the fact that 40,000 physicians in the United States and Canada unite in recommending them to their patients for stomach disorders.

We do not claim or expect Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure anything but disordered conditions of the stomach and other digestive organs, but this they never fail to do. They work upon the inner lining of the stomach and intestines, stimulate the gastric glands and aid in the secretion of juices necessary to digestion.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box. One box will frequently effect a perfect cure. If in doubt and wish more adequate proof send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you a sample package free. F. A. Stuart Co., 61 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Christmas Chimes

The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; the joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvelous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.

The cattle have turned their heads to the East and knelt down to worship the King cradled in the manger; the houses are decked with holly; the yule-log burns brightly; the gray shadows sweep away; the sun is up and the bright-eyed children, who have lain awake all night listening for the patter of old Saint Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment, wake hurriedly to find the stockings running over with toys and sweetmeats.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the year of *Our Lord.*

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

Washington Irving

The First Snowfall.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

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Answers to Questions

Conducted by AMOS M. KELLOGG.

The New Education.—This may be variously defined; it is the progressive discovery of the child; it is the reverent treatment of a young human being. The Old Education teaches by authority; it would impose beliefs by brute force. The New Education recognizes in the child (the unspoiled child), a natural disposition to know and believe in the truth, and seeks in all ways to preserve and cultivate this disposition. Krusi says of Pestalozzi, "He directed his whole attention to those natural elements which are found in the mind of every child." A recent writer says of the New Education, "The teacher becomes a friend, a co-laborer, causing the pupil to discover and to adjust himself to his discoveries; he must always keep out of the way of the pupil." The New Education is the new attitude towards youth arising from the new attitude the world has come to maintain towards humanity in general.

Reading.—A teacher may teach reading well to large classes if he knows how; it is not necessary that every pupil should read aloud in the class every day; some time only one may read aloud. The great thing is to awaken an interest in reading—that is, in pronunciation, articulation, emphasis, inflection, tone, etc., to give expression to the thought. A good teacher may handle one pupil so that all the rest will get ideas; they will try at home to express them; they will apply them to the reading when called upon in class. But only good teaching effects this.

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E. G. A.—The law requires publishers to send a copy of every book on which they desire a copyright, to be placed in the National Library at Washington. In this way there have been accumulated 1,344,618 books, 410,352 pieces of music, and many prints and maps.

The Cid.—A reader of Emerson's "Essays" is unable to find information concerning this historical character. The term means Lord; a famous poem was written by some unknown person concerning Ruy Diaz (surnamed the Cid), during the twelfth century, and this laid the foundation of Spanish literature. During the eleventh century there was a long struggle between the Spanish Christians and the Moorish Mohammedans; this poem appeared in which the champion of the former is celebrated under the title of "The Cid"; the virtues of generosity, patriotism, courage, truthfulness, honor, and loyalty are claimed for him in extravagant language. It shows the sentiments aroused by the long struggle.

C. O. S. speaks strongly of the help derived from TEACHERS MAGAZINE; her school is composed mainly of foreigners. (1) To teach the multiplication table there are many devices—possibly fifty. Place on the board in a horizontal line the numbers one to ten in irregular order (one, three, seven, etc.); put two under the right hand number; and draw a line; let them copy and multiply. Then employ three and so on. It is not necessary that a word be spoken. (2) It is not objectionable to have pupils of different sexes sit together in busy work any more than to sit together in reading and spelling. (3) For my part I would teach common fractions before decimals; but other teachers think well of teaching United States money before the former; in this case the decimal point is employed and explained. (5) The teacher who builds her own fire should be on hand early enough to have the room warm when the pupils arrive; this may be 8:30 or even 8:15. (6) In the Third Grade geography, arithmetic, language lessons, reading, spelling, and penmanship are not too many daily studies—if rightly taught.

Punishment.—To inflict corporal punishment before the school is not a good plan. There are serious objections; among these is the teacher's own state of mind, which the pupils (at least some of them), will consider as malevolent. Besides, a slight punishment in private will often, from its mystery, produce a powerful effect on the rest. If corporal punishment is administered at all it should be inflicted in the presence of two of the teacher's most reliable pupils. These should be consulted and they should agree that it is necessary. I think the parents should be informed of the event. There should be no haste or passion. Be sure to consider carefully whether punishment may not be avoided.

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A Livingston County, Missouri, rural teacher, has sent to TEACHERS MAGAZINE a delightful composition by one of her pupils, on John Smith. The editor regrets that the composition is too long for publication in this column. The teacher writes: "I am a reader of TEACHERS MAGAZINE, and must say that I am greatly delighted over the drawing lesson given in the June number. I reproduced the drawing on the blackboard, having the children draw as I did, and was surprised at the result. I hope we shall have similar lessons in the coming numbers.

"I send you a composition written by one of the brightest members of my 'B' History class. He is ten years old, and has been studying Gordy's Elementary History since April 1st. The writing is the first effort, just as I received it from the hands of the pupil, with the exception of the correction of two grammatical errors and several changes in capitals and punctuation."

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The Snapdragon.

This is probably the favorite of children over the civilized world. They make up various fanciful names for them, such as "Dog Face," "Lion Mouth," "Monkey Face," "Mad Dog," and many others. To many children there seems to be something living about the snapdragon, owing to the ease with which the flowers may be made to open and shut their mouths like an animal, and they are a source of endless delight to all of them. They come in many beautiful shades and colors, being now in the hands of the hybridizers, who are putting out named varieties. While they are perennials, for the use of the children they should be treated as annuals. They should be planted in clumps in a sunny location, as they do not do well as specimens in light soil. If your soil is heavy, add enough sharp sand to it to loosen and lighten it. When the soil is warm in the early spring sow them where they are to bloom, and when two inches high, thin to a foot apart. Give a top dressing of bone meal, and keep well cultivated.—SAMUEL ARMSTRONG HAMILTON in *Woman's Home Companion* for March.

Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes welcome Murine Eye Remedy as an Eye Tonic.

AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells you about them THAT is something, but if it is asked to recommend a teacher and recommends you, that is more. Ours RECOMMENDS.
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The Alphabet's Christmas Tree.

The Alphabet a meeting held
  As Christmas-time drew near,
And voted each a gift to bring
  To please the children dear.

"They try so hard," the letters said,
  "To learn us by our names;
We'll give them presents, every one,
  Of candy, balls, and games."

So Christmas eve they one and all
  Came, bringing in high glee
Their presents large and presents small
  To hang upon the tree.

A brought an apple, round and red,
  And B, a bouncing ball;
While C a bag of candy gave—
  Enough to feed them all.

D carried in his arms a doll
  With shining golden hair;
And E, a cotton elephant
  Came bringing with great care.

F had a fan from far Japan,
  And G a funny game;
H boldly rode a hobby-horse,
  A racer of great fame.

I held an inkstand in his hand,
  "A useful thing," he said;
J waved on high a jumping-jack,
  All painted black and red.

K thought a kite the proper thing;
  A lamb L held aloft;
M's present was a little muff
  Of fur so warm and soft!

N proudly bore a Noah's ark,
  Filled up with creatures queer;
O felt that yellow oranges
  Would bring the best of cheer.

"A purse," said P, "will look so well
  Up there upon the tree;"
Q brought a quilt for dolly's crib—
  A thoughtful Q was he.

R gave a pretty ruby ring
  With sparkling deep-red glow;
S dragged along a brand-new sled
  To coast upon the snow.

Loudly upon a trumpet blew
  The valiant letter T;
U held a strange umbrella up,
  Unfurled for all to see.

A dainty vase V's gift appeared,
  Of crystal glass so clear;
"A whip," said lively W
  "Is handy to have near."

But X's present was so large
  He sent it by express,
And what was in it no one knew,
  Altho they tried to guess.

Y had a gaily painted yacht
  With every part complete;
Z bore a zither, "which," he said,
  "Would furnish music sweet."

How merrily the children danced
  Around the tree next day;
While safe within the primer all
  The little letters lay!

—DIANTHA W. HORNE in *St. Nicholas*.

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With naught but deeds and motives most sublime.

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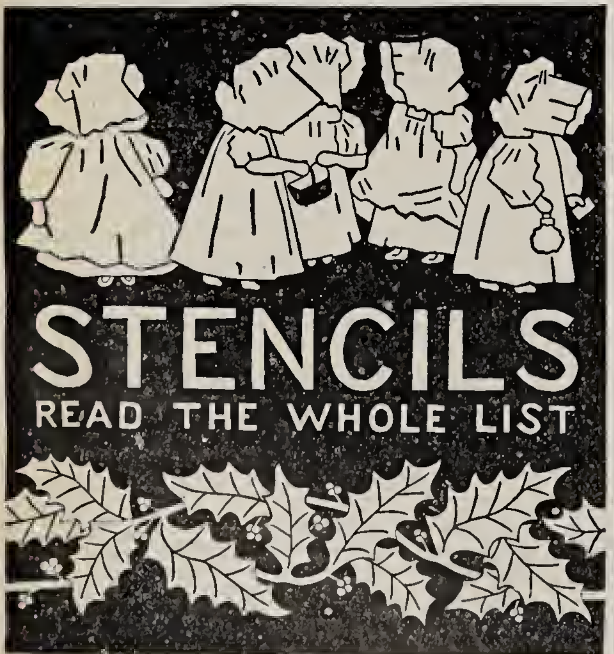

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The Christmas Dolls.

'Twas Christmas eve. Our little May
Was fast asleep upstairs,
And in the nursery three fine dolls
Sat in three little chairs.

They all had come as Christmas gifts,
And all of them were new.
They were beautifully dressed in silk and lace;
Their eyes were large and blue.

Close by sat an old, worn doll;
She was but pale at best;
Her hair was thin, her nose was worn,
And she was plainly dressed.

When Christmas dawned, in ran the child,
And there, all gay and bright,
The new dolls sat and smiled at her.
They were a lovely sight!

May praised their cheeks, their eyes, their curls,
The way that they were dressed;
But all the while the old, worn doll
Was held close to her breast.

—Reprinted from *The Philadelphia Teacher.*

The power of work: This is the key of industrial education. We keep and hold only what we can use and give away. The thing that belongs to you is what you can use; things may be told you but they are not yours until you know them. Experience can only be obtained for one's self. There is an economic reason for industrial education. Frequently girls who from childhood have had everything do not know anything. Many are the instances where mothers and daughters, by the loss of husbands and fathers, have been left utterly unprepared to face the world. The shame of not knowing how to serve those who serve us! All should know how to do something, for it is not fair to the world for us to pass thru without leaving it better.

—Sarah Louise Arnold.

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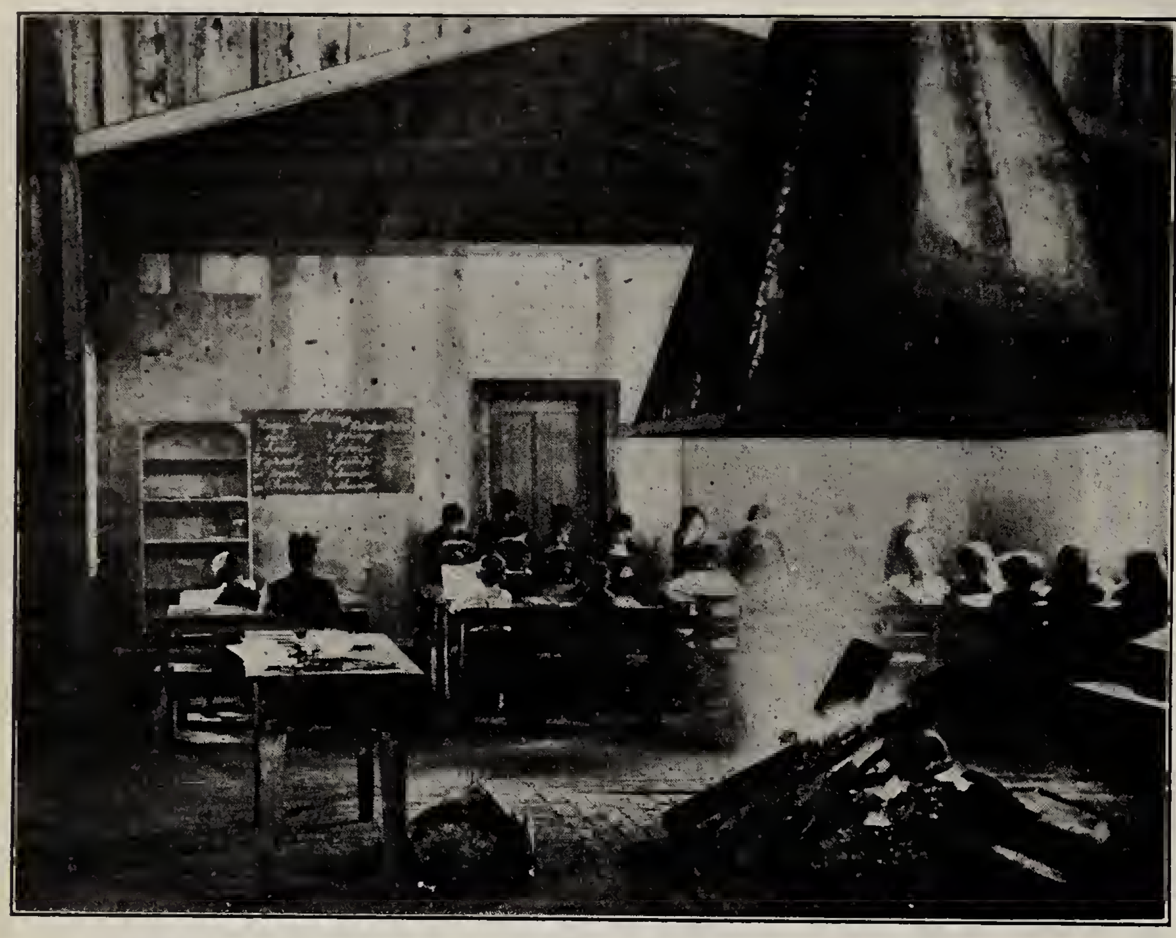

Interior of an Alaskan school showing fire place. This school is located at Metlakahtla and attended by the children of the natives. Mr. Wm. Duncan is the teacher.

If You're Good.

Santa Claus 'll come to-night,
If you're good,
And do what you know is right,
As you should;
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bringing you a woolly sheep,
And a doll that goes to sleep;
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh
Thru the wood,
But he'll come around this way
If you're good,
With a wind-up bird that sings,
And a puzzle made of rings—
Jumping Jacks and funny things
If you're good.

He will bring you cars that "go,"
If you're good,
And a rocking-horsey—oh!
If he would!
And a dolly, if you please,
That says "Mama!" when you squeeze
It—he'll bring you one of these,
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,
As he should;
But it makes him very glad
When you're good.
He is wise and he's a dear;
Just do right and never fear;
He'll remember you each year,
If you're good.

—James Courtney Challiss.

Excellent Help for Primary Teachers.

In an address before a State association of teachers less than a year ago, a prominent educator said that less than six per cent. of public school teachers are normal school graduates, and that not more than twenty per cent. have had as much as six weeks' normal training. These statistics applied to Illinois, one of the foremost States of the Union; the record of other States is similar. It is little wonder that trained teachers are eagerly sought and that the supply is always far short of the demand.

In the grammar grades one is more apt to find carefully trained instructors than in the primary rooms, altho the need of the highest type of professional skill in the lowest grades is everywhere recognized. Probably not one primary teacher in twenty has taken special work to equip her for the peculiar needs of her important post. This fact renders unusually conspicuous the course of study in Primary Methods offered teachers of the lower grades by the Interstate School of Correspondence of Chicago, affiliated with Northwestern University. This school, always in search of features which will raise the standard of the teaching profession, now offers a comprehensive course in the above subject, covering in an especially pleasing and thoro manner the topics of school management, discipline, and methods of teaching all the branches pertaining to the first three years in any school. The lessons are bound in two fine leather volumes of more than 300 pages each and are beautifully illustrated. There seems to be no essential feature of primary school work that is not presented according to the best known methods. Practical, illustrative lessons are given in accordance with the fundamental laws of child psychology, in all the subjects usually taught in the primary grades.

The work is in no sense technical. It is just what its title would indicate, a complete course of study in primary methods, school management and school teaching. Without question it is the most pretentious and superior work of the kind ever published and offered as a basis of a correspondence course in methods. It is handsomely illustrated, with a number of plates in the drawing lessons lithographed in natural colors.

Some school principals and county superintendents insist that the teachers under their supervision shall pursue some correspondence course of instruction each year for their own sake and for the benefit of the schools which they teach. In addition to added ability acquired thru such study, the mere fact that the teacher is herself taking a course of study has a remarkably good influence upon her pupils, as they can see that teachers as well as pupils are, and ought to be, students. In all parts of the country teachers are working for advancement of salaries, and along with this movement the teacher must equip herself to be worth the wages demanded.

It may not always be possible for the teacher to drop her work and go to a normal school or college, but no excuse whatever can be framed that will release a teacher from the obligation to pursue a course of study when it is so easily obtainable thru the correspondence school. With an educational institution of this kind, a teacher can carry on her scholastic and professional studies and go right on with her teaching. Any teacher ambitious to improve should write for information to the Interstate School of Correspondence of Chicago, whose courses of study and plna of work we cordially endorse. The regular announcement of the School appears every month in this publication.

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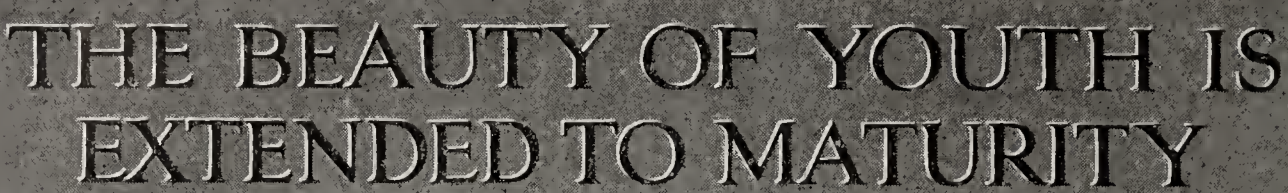

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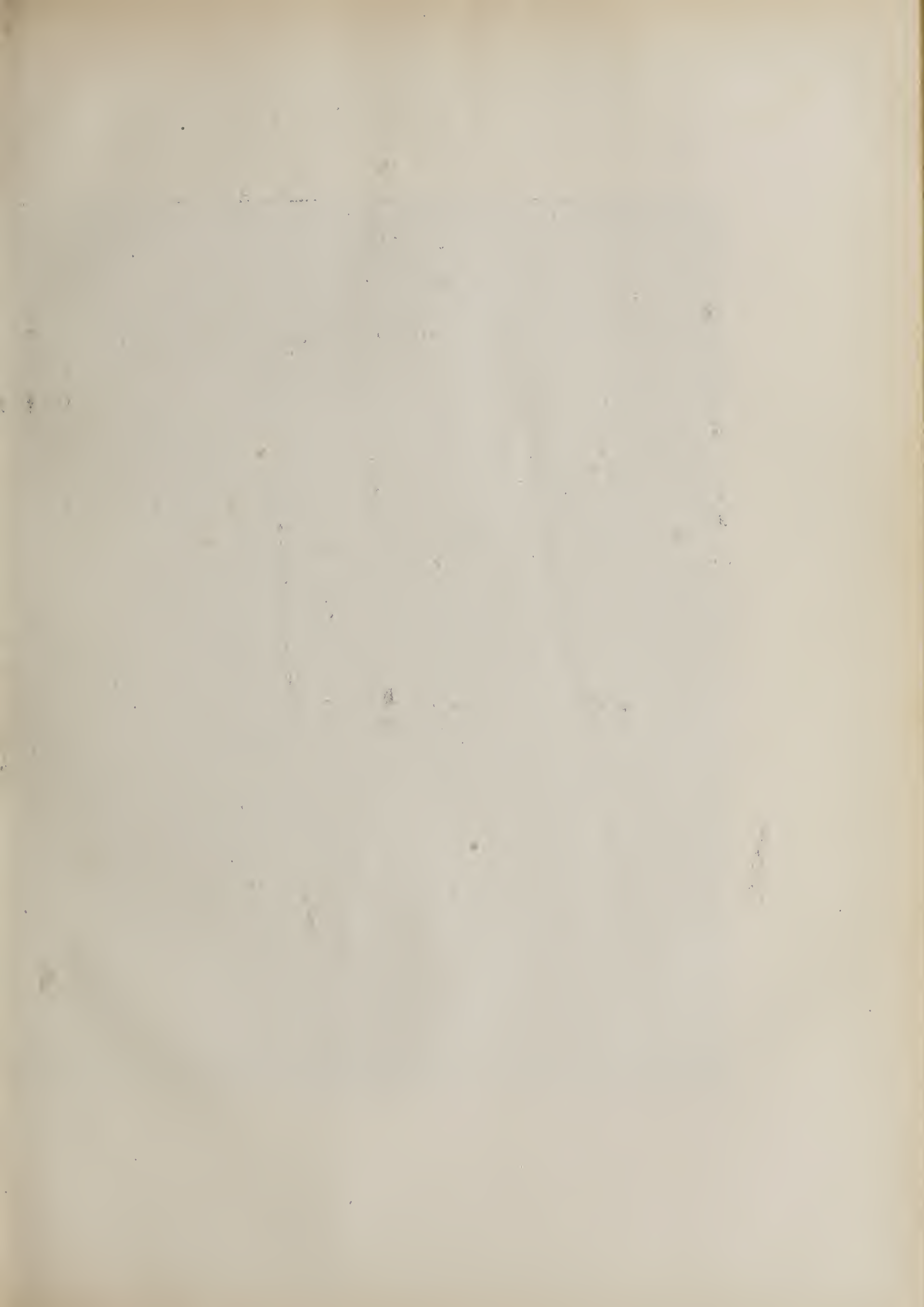

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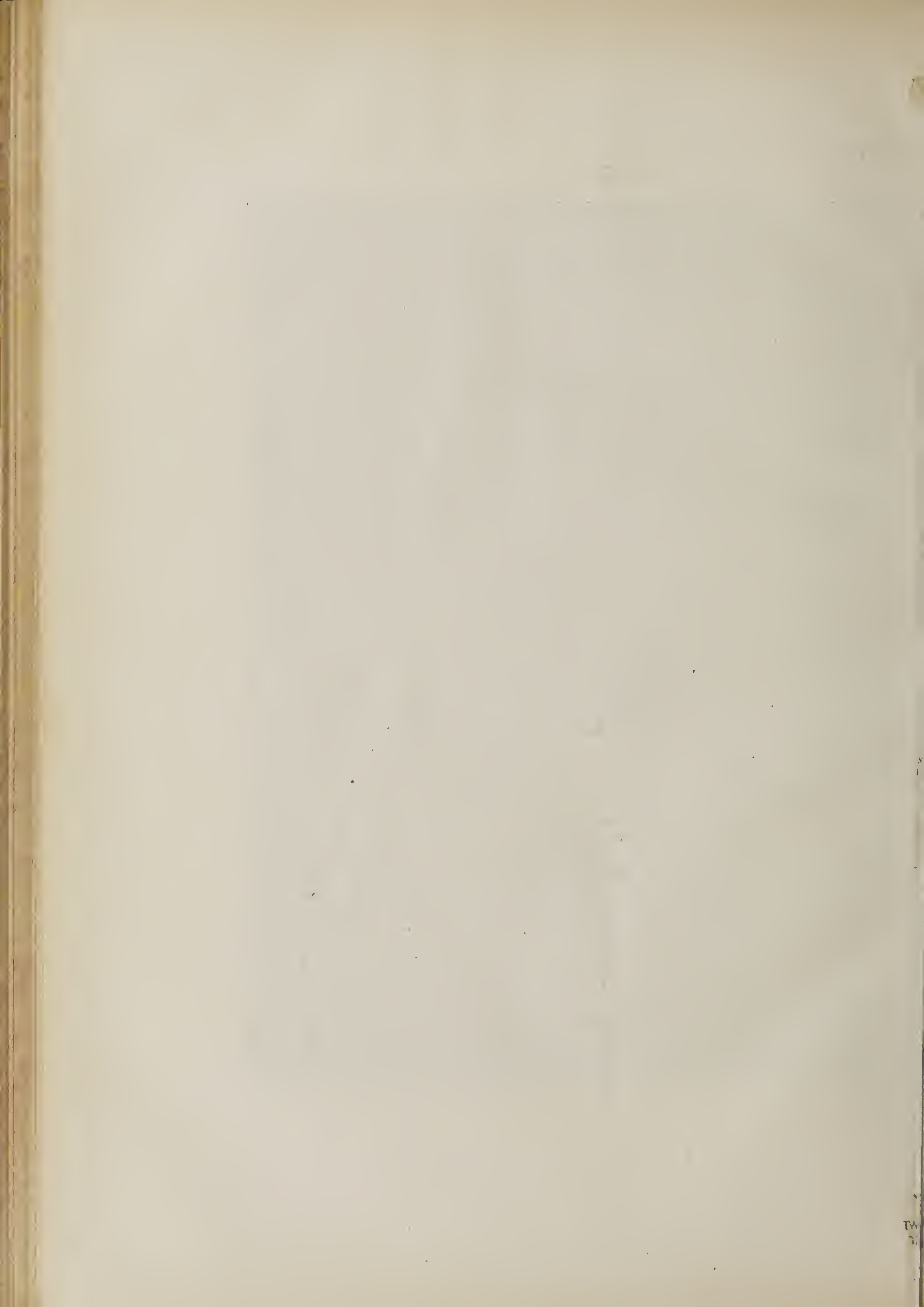

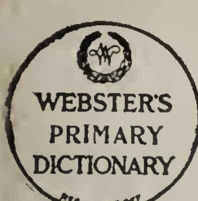

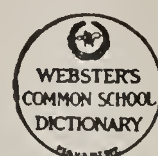

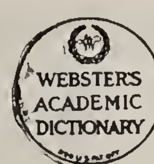

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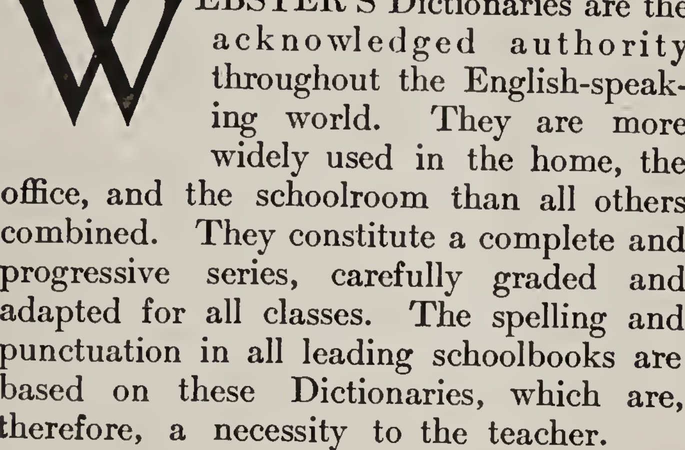

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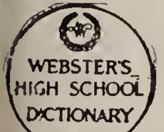

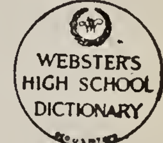

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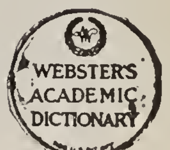

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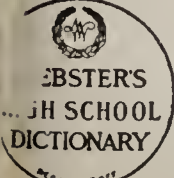

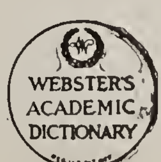

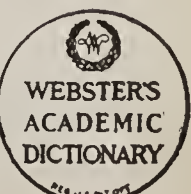

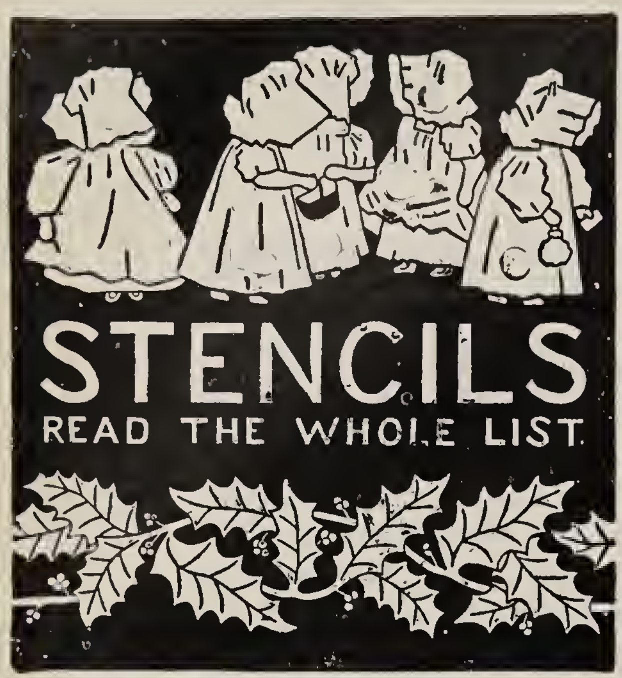

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J. M. RICE, editor of *The Forum*, has done great work for the schools of America by his remarkable investigations of the results produced in the schools. A complete revision of his most important articles will be published in the new volume of EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS beginning in September

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GEO. S. MESSERSMITH, of Newark, Delaware, has prepared an excellent discussion of the problem of "Composition in the Lower Grades."

ALBERT SNOWDEN, who has specialized for years upon the study of educational systems, will write a series of articles describing the school systems of France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and probably, Switzerland.

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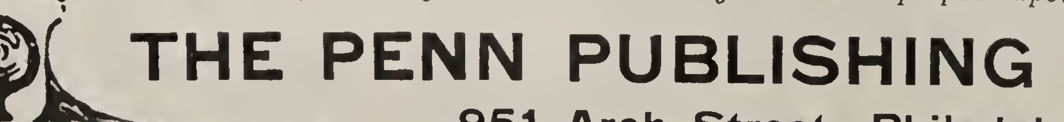

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE
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PRIMARY SCHOOL ⊛ PRIMARY SCHOOL ERA

Vol. XXIX JANUARY, 1907 No. 5

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Sources of Discouragement

DISCOURAGEMENT is cumulative. The first slight dissatisfaction with your lot in life becomes a center around which groans and tears and sobs will gather in progressive volume. Teaching has its trials, no doubt. Every serious business has. The winter months may be particularly wearing. But they need not be dispiriting. The teacher who will look well to his health and to his growth may be as bright as a June morning in the midst of darkest winter.

Health! G. Stanley Hall used to begin his child study addresses with these words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his health? And what shall he give in exchange for his health?" Health is the first consideration.

Sneaping winter winds are not as unfriendly as a fur-coddled cuticle would have a teacher believe. Deep breaths of fresh ozone drawn in thru the nose will do no harm. On the contrary it will vigorate the whole organism and impart to the whole body the glow of health. That muffler which covers nose and mouth is a stifler of vitality. The chest and the space between the shoulder blades being well protected, and the rest of the body warmly clad, the ears covered, and especially the feet and hands kept comfortable, one can brave any weather in our zone. The neck requires no more attention than the face. By all means give the fullest scope of activity to the lungs. And don't neglect physical exercise. Let a brisk two-mile walk be the minimum daily physical exertion.

A considerable percentage of the ills that beset teachers during the winter months is due to neglect of the elementary hygienic laws. Out-of-door exercise is reduced. The body is coddled. Ventilation is neglected thru fear of colds. Breathing is impeded in various ways. Is it any wonder discouragements arise? Thin blood is their favorite swimming place.

Growth! A teacher who ceases to grow is from that moment no longer fit to educate children. If there is one thing more than any other that must be insisted upon, it is that the teacher himself set the best example as a learner. The teacher who has completed his education is sadly out of place in the school-room. Let the dead bury the dead, and let us have live people to teach the young. When growth has ceased, life has ceased. The cadaver may retain the ability to draw wages, but his usefulness to humanity is at an end. It is from the dying ones that the groans of discouragements issue. The growing teacher has his face set toward the future. Present difficulties are to him only stepping stones to higher planes of life.

Growth in one's work! That's the thing. If in the course of events this means growing out of one's sphere of labor, well and good. But the motive of the laboring for growth must not be to get away into something else. The teacher's life is consecrated to the education of humanity. The cause is broad enough for many lifetimes of growth. So let the teacher's aim be to grow in understanding and in proficiency in the art of teaching. Thoughts of other vocations are well enough for the incapacitated and the unfit to entertain. The healthy, conscientious, growing individual will only deprive himself needlessly of the joy that might be his if he felt that he was in the right place. One reason for the failure of so many people in all walks of life is that they always look in the elsewhere for their happiness.

The successful worker does whatever his hand finds to do in his place, and more. Unusual efficiency in his present station argues for efficiency in a larger sphere. The world has little sympathy with the growler. Discontentment is apt to become chronic. So the conclusion is generally drawn that one who is discontented in one place will be just as discontented in another. The point is, make the best of your opportunities as they are, and the rest will largely take care of itself.

The compensations of the successful teacher are far more gratifying to the human spirit than those of most other workers. It is far easier for the teacher to keep his soul alive than for people in other occupations. He lives and labors with the young, whose superabundant vitality and ambition impart to him constant stimulus to strive for fuller achievement. Youth keeps the heart young.

Happy New Year!

Our School Out of Doors

By EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Stamford, Conn.

WE wait a minute! "We" means the writer and the teachers whom he is to help, if he can, in a series of articles entitled "Our School Out of Doors," and treating of practical and seasonal suggestions in outdoor nature study and observation.

"Wait a minute," is figurative of the waiting at the gate for the arrival of some dilatory members of the party, which must be entire before we start. So let the writer, before leading the way toward various fields of nature study, wait for a minute to assemble some of the chief purposes, methods, places, and means of nature study in the open.

In my book, "How Nature Study Should be Taught," I have defined nature study as follows:

"Nature study is the creating and the increasing of a loving acquaintance with nature. This shall begin and continue so informally in love, that, sooner or later, it shall welcome the accompaniment of formal knowledge. Both together, both head and heart, and both in earnest, shall increase our enjoyment of life, and our capacity to enjoy it."

That seems broad enough to include all seasons, and all things from nebulae to diatoms, and from seed vessels to fossils. It does not mean a little botany at the coming of the spring flowers, a little listening to the songs of the birds in May, nor a study of only fruits and "sticktights" in the autumn. With emphasis I make the assertion, my teachers, before we start, and as a fundamental part of my creed, that Nature is interesting and of educational value in all seasons, in all places, and in every visible object, or that may be made visible by turning over a stone, prying up a stump, or magnifying with a pocket-lens. And that is my reason for inviting you to take your first outing with me in mid-winter, that supposedly deadest of all dead seasons.

So much, figuratively, of the outing of naturalist and teacher; but of the real outing, your own real outing, let me answer the question, "How many shall I take?"

None. To be alone is the first and crucial test. "But," you say, "I do not care to go alone." Then never even hope to take a class with you. Your preparation and the test of your ability to teach nature study shall be your willingness to go alone and make the excursion a resource and a benefit to yourself.

I believe that this one thing, combined with a secondary test of your ability to go in the so-called unfavorable and least attractive of the seasons, is the supreme test for the spirit of a genuine naturalist. Anybody can go with a jolly company in the best of seasons and the brightest weather. Bradford Torrey thus puts his impressions of a man who was able to go alone and get resource and benefit from nature.

"I remember the first man I ever saw sitting still by himself out of doors. What his name was I do not know. I never knew. He was a stranger who came to visit in our village when I was perhaps ten years old. I had crossed a field, and gone over a low hill (not so low then as now), and there, in the shade of an apple tree, I beheld this stranger, not fishing, nor digging, nor eating an apple, nor picking berries, nor setting snares, but sitting still. It was almost like seeing a ghost. I doubt if I was ever the same boy afterward. Here was a new kind of man. I wondered if he was a poet! Even then I think I had heard that poets sometimes acted strangely, and saw things invisible to others' ken.

Go along the ice-covered pond and snow-covered hillside. How graceful the curves and even the severer outlines!

"I should not have been surprised, I suppose, to have found a man looking at a picture, some "nice," high-colored "chromo," such as was a fashionable parlor ornament in our rural neighborhood — but to be looking at Nat Shaw's hayfield and the old unpainted house beyond—that marked the stranger at once as not belonging in the ranks of common men. If he was not a poet,

he must be at least a scholar. Perhaps he was going to be a minister; for he seemed too young to be one already. A minister had to think; of course (so I thought then), else how could he preach? and perhaps this man was meditating a sermon. I fancied I should like to hear a sermon that had been studied out of doors."

WINTER FLORA.
Beautiful crystals of frost on dried grasses overhanging a brook.

THE SEASON: I have invited you in January because I believe it is one of the most enjoyable months, and because the objects of nature are then fewer in some respects, and many of them are less active. Thus, in the matter of bird study I heartily agree with Frank Chapman that, "The best time of the year to begin studying birds is in the winter, when the bird population of temperate regions is at the minimum. The problem of identification is thus reduced to its simplest terms, and should be mastered before spring introduces new elements."

The same principle is true of plants; that is, of shrubs and trees. One needs to know them in all their simplicity and detail before the foliage conceals them and they become a mere mass of green. The leafless tree or shrub is the skeleton, the bare bones of the tree, as the fleshless bones form the skeleton of the man. It may be a slight task to recognize the differences between the skeleton of a monkey and a dog, of a fish and a bird, but it is no slight task to be able to say positively of a leafless tree, "That is the sugar maple"; "that is the Norway maple"; "that is the Ailanthus," or, "that is the ash." It is a difficult matter for even the learned botanist to recognize a plant by a single leaf; it is a still more difficult task for the ordinary observer to name the tree when it has shaken itself free from its summer foliage, and stands bare and brown against the sky, an apparently lifeless collection of vegetable bones. A learned anatomist can say of a single bone, that was once part of a sheep, or of a rat, and an accomplished botanist can say of a single branch-tree, that was once part of the magnolia, the liquidambar or the tulip tree. When the teacher of nature study can do this, he may felicitate himself. Few of us can hope to do it, but all of us may learn to know every leafless tree-skeleton within the region of our out-of-door rambles. Who can know a beech lost in the density of its own and surrounding foliage as well as when it stands sharply cut and clean in a forest of snow with its dainty limbs showing in clear outline against the blue sky? Then how beautiful, even huggable (ever try it?) is the trunk. I think that nine-tenths of my love for the beech depends upon my January acquaintance with it.

But all this is preliminary. Pardon me for detaining you so long before starting for the school-room out of doors.

THE START: Let us leave the trolley at the foot of this hill and go along the ice-covered pond and snow-covered hillside. How graceful are the curves and even the severer outlines. What harmony. How nicely everything is arranged. Nature, especially in winter, never jars by leaving things out of place. Even that stone wall is where it should be. I would begin a series of lessons in nature sketching in mid-winter. The outlines are appealing, simple, and fundamental. Artistic nature in winter is detailed and realistic. In summer she paints as an impressionist, with great blotches of green in many vivid shades. Now she allows us to *see* things as they are, then as they appear to a glance of the eye. Even the ivy on the wall is delineated in every detail, and all the more sharply because the background is white. In the summer we shall have no background and no detail—just a *mass* of green. Note the flat lichens (Parmelia) on the fence rails, stones, trees of various kinds, branches (especially the pendant lichen called *Usnea*, so often seen on the scrub oak); the gray little lichen clinging close to the ground in the shade, branching and brittle, and with the stem and all the branches *hollow*. Why should it be *hollow*, and seem a mere *shell* of a plant, yet is living and reproducing itself? Who knows? In the lichen *Cladonia* (cluster-cups), a cup or bowl on a short stem, the edges of the cup are cut into rounded projections and are often blood *red*. Then, too, do not overlook the smaller lichens in the winter. They are so often overlooked or even neglected, yet they are beautiful, altho they seem to be dead

and dry. They seem to be so even when most active.

Then, too, winter is a more agile artist than summer. A month of warm weather sometimes does not make as complete a change as is often made by a single day of winter. The details, the background, and the color are in a few hours in winter often completely transformed.

You perceive that I am talking to you at the very first, you of dissimilar tastes, from the common ground on which we must all stand, beauty; for beauty unifies all tastes, just as a reduction to a common denominator makes dissimilar fractions addable.

From the pondside, let us follow the brook into the forest. And in this matter of beauty, where shall we find it in more dazzling, kaleidoscopic form than in the fringings of stones in the brook and along the bank?

I never get more happiness out of two dollars and fifty cents than I do when in late autumn I invest that amount in rubber boots and use them for nearly all the winter in wading up the middle of a shallow but broad little river near my home. In those miniature Niagaras, diminutive Mammoth Caves under the banks, with various settings of stalactites and stalagmites, in the Lurays, the maelstroms, the fiords, the capes, the white tropical vegetation, the Labradors, and the Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand, I travel the world over. And really this isn't so surprising as it may seem. I am merely realizing the statement of Whittier's:

> The eye may well be glad that looks
> Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
> But he who sees his native brooks
> Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.

If you haven't tried such wading in winter brooks, I envy you the pleasure in store for you. The charm of discovery is all before you. Truly, says Bradford Torrey:

"After all, the beginners have the best of it. No knowledge is so interesting as new knowledge."

Then depart from the main brook and follow some little trickling branch. How aptly and appreciatingly have these been described by Lowell:

"Fernwork and lacework and filagree in endless variety, and under it all the water tinkles like a distant guitar, or drums like a tambourine, or gurgles like the Tokay of an anchorite's dream. Beyond doubt there is a fairy procession marching along those frail arcades and translucent corridors."

But let us not overlook the wonderful snow itself. Examine the snow crystals as they lightly fall and rest on your sleeve. Look at them thru the pocket lens. See the beautiful curves made by accumulations of snow on a narrow surface, fence rails, for instance. I have seen a volute or scroll of snow that was almost a semicircle, formed by a gentle current of air in a snowstorm, one edge of the scroll being the crossbar or "slat" of a grape arbor. The curving surface was pure white, perfect, beautiful beyond description, while the soft, transparent shadow within the hollow was superb beyond the reach of words. How fond are we of quoting Lowell's "The First Snow-fall." Yet it was Lowell himself who told us, "But, on the whole, if one would know what snow is, I should advise him not to hunt up what the poets have said about it, but to look at the sweet miracle itself."

Many forms of animal life are hibernating ("sleeping" as the young folks call it), but there are plenty of other forms stirring to invite our interest but not enough to become confusing.

According to Chapman, in the Middle Eastern States the winter birds we may expect to see are: bob-white, ruffed grouse, red-shouldered hawk, red-tailed hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, barred owl, long-eared owl, screech owl, great horned owl, downy woodpecker, hairy woodpecker, flicker, blue jay, crow, meadow lark, American goldfinch, purple finch, song sparrow, white-breasted nuthatch, chickadee, and occasionally the waxwing, bluebird, and robin pass the winter.

The red squirrel one can see almost any day. He is the bravest of the squirrel kind. The chipmunk hibernates in the coldest weather but like the grey squirrel ventures out on warm days.

There is a chance for the rare sight of a fox or a racoon. Skunks are occasionally seen. Shrews and moles are active, but mostly at night. Meadow mice, muskrats, hares, and weasels are active.

Make drawings of the footprints of birds and animals in the snow. Some are recognizable, others can only be guessed at, while some are complicated by the mark of a trailing tail, or the irregular dots and touches of a drooping tail. The wind blows a dry seed-vessel along the surface of the snow and leaves marks and lines and dots that might mean a message if you could interpret them.

Occasionally spiders may be seen running about on the snow, but surer hunting-grounds for them, as well as for ants and other small forms of animal life, are under logs and stones.

A hatchet or small axe is an excellent hunting utensil. Chop off decaying bark from a dead tree. Break open a fallen, punk-like log, and a whole world of treasures is revealed. Study the wonderful channelings of the wood-cutting ants.

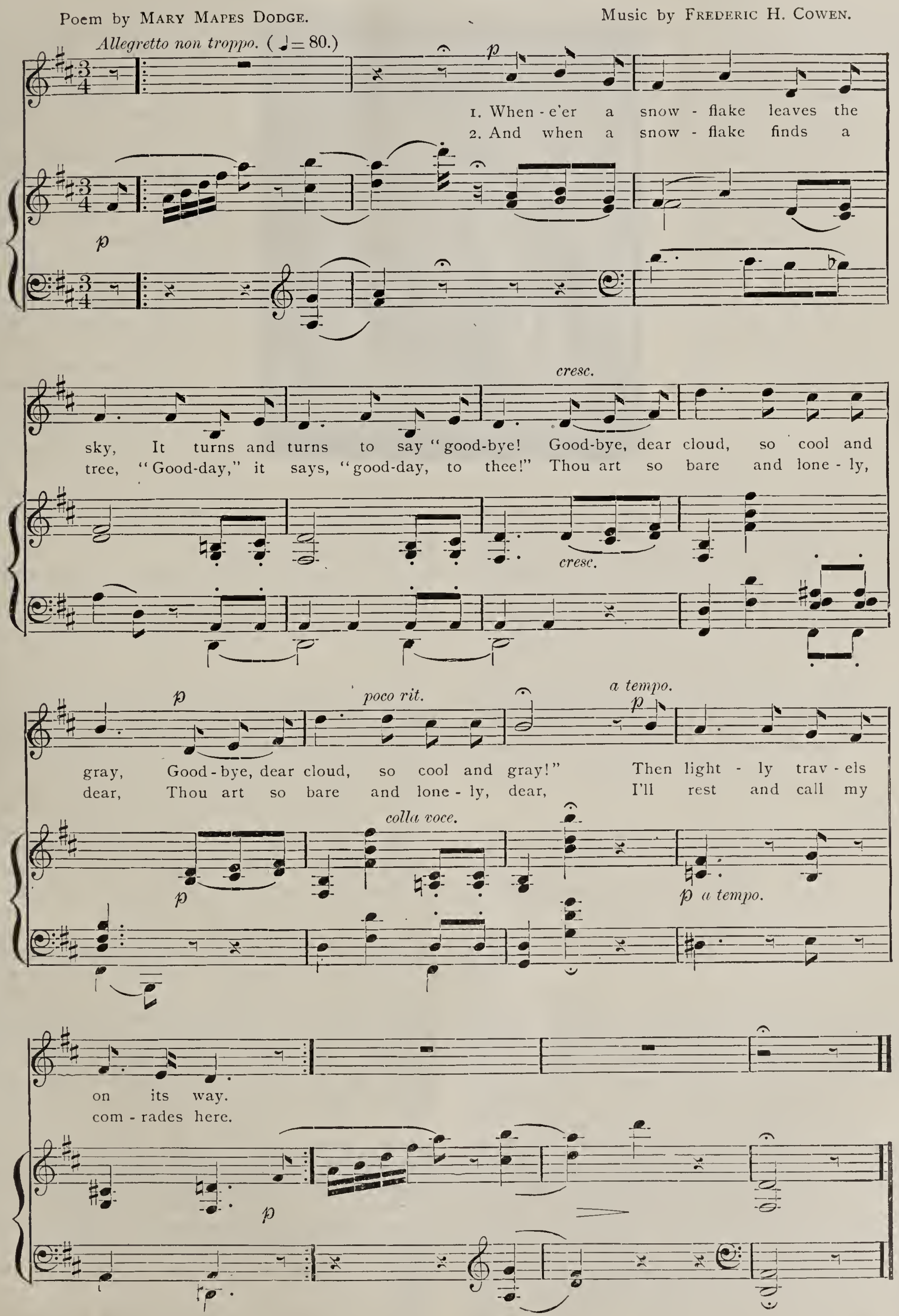
Sometimes the snow insects (Thysanura) may be seen in large numbers on the snow. Ordinarily they spend their time under leaves and wood and in the chinks of bark, but occasionally they come out on the snow. For details see any book of entomology.

The adult mourning cloak butterflies may be found on almost any day in sheltered places, and even be seen flying over the snow banks on sunnier days. A large variety of insects may be found in larval and pupal stages. Look in decaying wood for larvae. Look on bushes for cocoons. A large variety of insect life may be found at the edges of ponds and in slowly running streams. Even in swiftly flowing brooks there are sure hunting-grounds under the stones.

Do not complain of the fewness of things. Start out and look, and a world of wonders will keep on opening up. "Stop, look, listen." Nature will pay you as liberally as you will allow her. She will give you the treatment that you give her.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Poem by MARY MAPES DODGE. Music by FREDERIC H. COWEN.



Technique Thru The Song

By ALYS E. BENTLEY, Director of Music, Washington, D. C.

BEGINNING with this number it is my intention to give a series of lessons which I hope the readers of TEACHERS MAGAZINE will be able to test by actual use with their classes. It is my desire to have frank criticism of the lessons, and suggestions concerning them will be cordially received and very carefully considered.

On the opposite page you will find two songs selected as furnishing material suited to the illustration I desire to make. We will use these songs as the base of our lesson.

The subject of each song is easily within the experience of every child, to whom the "tick-tock" of the household clock and the "jog, jog" of the grocer's cart are as familiar as his own name or the sound of his own voice. In teaching these songs be sure, first of all, that you get the characteristic rhythm of each. You can trust the children for this. They will be unerring in their imitation of these two familiar and characteristic rhythms.

Another point of emphasis, besides the rhythm, is the setting or atmosphere of each song. Here again, you have only to use the child's experience, and you will have him visioning a favorite Dan jogging home to supper, or the familiar kitchen clock, or the conventional marble one on the parlor mantle, as he sings the "jog, jog," or "tick-tock."

When the children have learned the clock song by rote, so that they can sing it in the perfects winging rhythm of the pendulum, step to the board and quickly sketch the staff, writing in the notes of the song, in large free form. If it is your custom to teach the syllables, teach the syllable names of the song by rote as a second verse of the song.

Alternate the singing of the syllables by the children, the teacher pointing, with the singing of the syllables by the teacher alone or the teacher and a part of the class, while a pupil points. Have pupil after pupil come up and point the song, while the rest of the children sing. Be sure that in the pointing the child indicates the rhythmic movement of the song, and that his pointing is in large movements of the arm, covering whole phrases of the song, not in jerky, uncertain movements. In an astonishingly short time the children will be singing the syllables of the song with as much zest and abandon as they express in singing the words. Now we will go to the observation work.

Let the teacher sing different measures, calling on different children to come to the board and point to the measure sung. For example, the teacher sings "do, sol, "and the child points to the first measure. The teacher sings "la, sol," and different children point to the seven measures containing this interval. Having discovered all the measures which are alike, we next study differences, comparing the measure "la, la, sol" with "la, sol," "do, sol," with "do, sol, sol," "la, sol," with "la, sol, sol." Here is time drill as well as interval drill. In this work utilize the opportunity offered for hearing from a large number of the children. Never allow one pupil to do the work for the rest. Work in the idea of a game and of competition, so that you have a wholesome excitement, children vying with each other in their eagerness to excel and to find the measure first.

Next let each of half a dozen or more children come up to the board and point to the different measures of the song, naming them by syllable, as "do, sol," or "first measure," "second measure," etc., to familiarize them with the idea of measure.

Next let different children point to all of the eight notes in the song, others in turn pointing to all of the quarter notes, so that these two notes may be easily recognized when met in any song.

Send a group of children to the board to make a long string of quarter notes, then of eighth notes. These need not be placed on the staff.

The teacher will now sing two measures, any two, such, for example, as the first and last, or the first and third, the pupils competing for the privilege of pointing the measures.

Let individual pupils volunteer to come to the front of the room and sing different measures, the teacher finding and pointing out the same. The teacher will point to different measures, skipping about, the children singing the intervals, with syllables, as each measure is pointed. For example, the first, third, fourth, and seventh might be pointed by the teacher, the pupils singing these measures as they are indicated.

The teacher may sing all measures containing quarter notes, directing the pupils to sing the measures containing eighth and quarter notes, the two thus rendering the song antiphonally, as it were. Now let the children close their eyes, and as they sing the song with syllables, let them indicate, by raising and lowering the hands, the relative position on the staff of the notes of the song.

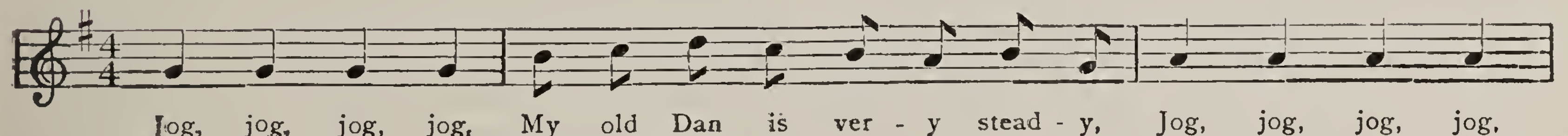
Now let one child clap the song while another child points.

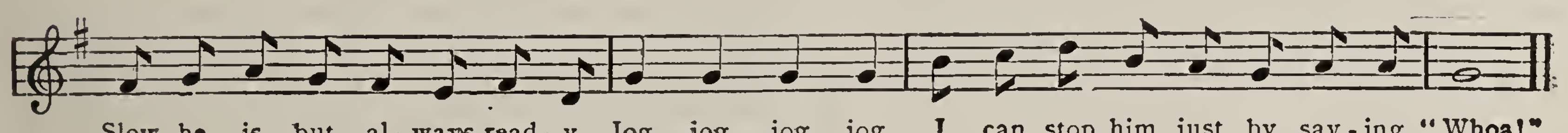
The teacher may now erase all of the "do sol" measures, the children coming to the board and replacing them.

There is in the above suggestion sufficient material for at least ten lessons. Other songs should, of course, be taught by rote, their syllable names taught by rote, their symbol representation placed on the blackboard, and all the devices suggested for this one song should be applied to them.

Let us briefly summarize the technique covered in this observation work. We find we have learned the syllable names; that we have been training in the recognition of certain intervals on the staff, with their syllable names; that we have been studying eighth and quarter notes; that we have been training in the observation of the position of notes on the staff, and the recognition of the measure. Finally, and more important than all else, the pupils have been taught intervals and time at the same time, and all of these elements of technique have been taught in the language of music, which is song. We must never lose sight of the fact that, important as they are as factors in musical interpretation, these elements can have no meaning to the child when severed from their relation with the song. They bear the same relation to the song that the word elements do to the sentence in the reading lesson. "My Old Dan" furnishes equally good material for observation work. Let it be remembered that all of this work is based upon a study of likenesses and differences. It is a study of comparisons and contrast, and its practice will never fail to develop judgment as well as memory in pupils, beside arousing a tremendous and enthusiastic delight and interest in the actual doing of the thing.

MY OLD DAN.





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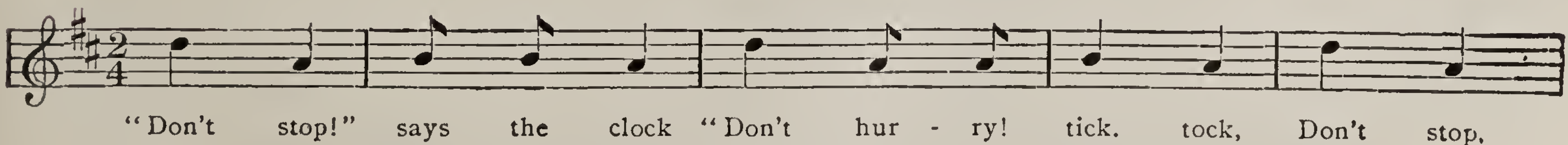
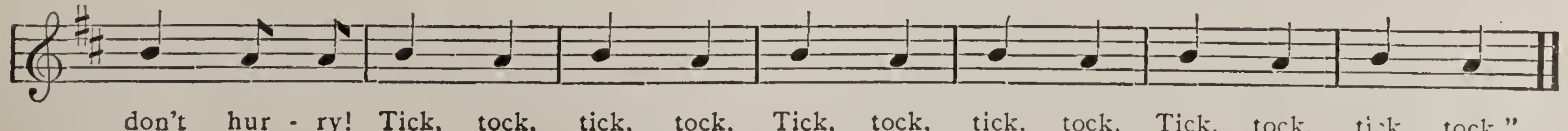
THE CLOCK.





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Teaching Penmanship

By Harry E. Houston, Supervisor of Penmanship, New Haven.

Edited by Alice E. Reynolds.

To help make clear what is meant by teaching penmanship, a few statements seem necessary about what is *not teaching penmanship.* To place copies before pupils and have them write for fifteen or twenty minutes is not teaching. To add to this such admonitions as "Try to make your writing like the copy," "Do better next time," "See how much improvement you can make," does not constitute instruction. This is about all that is done in many schools. A few naturally gifted may become good penmen, but the writing of the vast majority will be poor.

To teach penmanship means simply to apply recognized principles of teaching to this subject. It necessitates, on the part of the teacher, (1) knowledge of the subject; (2) knowing how to instruct, and (3) the securing of proper response from pupils.

By knowledge of the subject is meant first, the ability to execute good writing; and second, the ability to separate the essentials from the non-essentials, and to emphasize the former. In reading, drawing, penmanship, or any other subject, the teacher should be able to do what is expected of pupils. *Showing* how is better than *telling* how. More is learned from what the teacher *does* than from what she *says.* Many a teacher conducts the writing lesson with the understanding that pupils are to do as he says and not as he does. Ten minutes a day of the right kind of practice upon the blackboard for from one to three months will enable the average teacher to place good models before pupils. This should not be ignored nor evaded. But supplying good copies will no more insure good writing than placing drawing books before pupils will insure good results in that subject.

Teachers should know the subject so well that they can properly diagnose poor writing, and suggest the remedy. This is necessary in every subject. In reading, if enunciation is poor, it is noted and the proper drills given. If new words are the stumbling blocks, these receive attention. Any one can detect poor reading or writing, but to know why it is bad and what will remedy the fault is the business of the teacher, and is a large part of good teaching.

The chief practical problem before every teacher, except the teacher of beginners, is not to teach pupils who cannot write, but to improve the writing of those who already know how, but write poorly. It is necessary to know where and how to attack this poor penmanship. Begin by mentioning those general faults which, if corrected, will improve an entire page.

Neatness is a general point that will help make a good page effect. The proper care of ink and pens is essential. Good results cannot be obtained if the pens are not uniform and of good quality, if the ink wells are not cleaned and replenished occasionally, and if penwipers are not provided and used. Slovenly, careless writing invariably indicates inattention to the materials. With good materials, properly cared for, the securing of neatness is largely a matter of discipline. Incorrect penholding, such as gripping the pen, causes too much pressure, making heavy, broad lines. Finally, untidy writing should not be accepted. The average class will hand in as poor work as the teacher will accept. They will, on the other hand, respond to a high standard for neatness. As strong a sentiment can and should be created in favor of neat writing as for cleanliness, punctuality, etc. Proper attention to materials and penholding, touching the pen lightly to the paper, and demanding excellence, will insure good results.

Fig. 1.

The arrangement or placing of writing properly by means of margins and spacing is another important point. In all written work margins should be made at top, bottom, right, and left. This effect, with a liberal space between letters and words, will cause considerable improvement, as shown by illustrations. Crowding not only

makes a poor page effect, but it distorts the letters, frequently making them illegible. Teach by example on the blackboard, by showing model papers, by calling attention to the wide margins in books and to the pleasing effect of picture mountings. If neatness and arrangement are secured, a great deal of poor writing will disappear. (See Fig. 1, page 298.)

Too much curve in these lines.

Not enough curve in these lines.

Fig. 2.

Teachers should realize that the penmanship will be judged by the general page effect. A superintendent, or any one else, will know from a glance if the writing is good or poor. The exact formation of this or that letter will not be noted, but consciously or unconsciously, the neatness, arrangement, and uniformity will be noticed and will determine whether the writing is good or bad. Teachers are apt to focus attention on non-essentials, and to see, for example, that the lines in *l* intersect either too high or too low, or to feel distressed because *t* and *d* are (or are *not*, according to some system), the same height as *h*, while they entirely ignore the more important general points that make rapid improvement possible.

Script is formed by curved and straight lines, the former predominating. The amount of curve in the line is what determines the style of writing. An excessive amount of curve produces a coarse, ungainly effect; while too little curve makes anguiar, illegible letters. (See Fig. 2.)

The pen should take a very direct, straightforward course, curving some of the lines just enough to make the letters legible. Where vertical writing is practiced with poor position and excessive amount of finger action, there is apt to be too great an amount of curve in the lines. If the arms are spread out on the desk with elbows pushed far from the body and the hand turned on the side, it is nearly impossible for the pen to travel by this direct route. Correct such penholding and position and present the reason with earnestness and enthusiasm. If this fault of too much curve is prevalent, show how much time would be wasted in coming to school by a route as crooked and out of the way as that taken by the pen.

If considerable slant has been taught, the poor writing will be angular and illegible. Show how this can be remedied by curving some of the lines. The matter of a proper amount of curve should be presented frequently. Have pupils compare their writing with the models; have each child ascertain which fault is prevalent in his, and apply the remedy. This affects all of the letters, and will greatly improve the page effect. (See Fig. 3.)

A few other general points requiring attention are size, slant, spacing, and relative height and width of letters. If writing is too large or too small, if the letters are too broad or too narrow, too close or too far apart, the work will not present a pleasing effect nor the maximum of legibility.

It should be kept in mind that telling pupils their faults is not teaching penmanship. To move about the room, telling one that the letters are too broad and another that the spacing is wrong, is practically useless. They should be shown in a very definite way how to overcome the difficulties. If, for example, the joinings between letters are too narrow, show on the blackboard that the down strokes should not be brought direct to the base line, but that by turning a little above this line a broader, curved joining can be made. Suppose the letters are too broad. It is useless to mention this without showing how to make narrower forms. In the word "land" the letters are too broad. Show on the blackboard that the lines at the top of *a*, *n*, and *d* are carried over too far to the right.

land

Fig 3.

Note the difference when these lines are carried only one-half so far as shown by the dotted lines. Broader or narrower letters can be made at the first trial after such instruction. If the letters are too close or too far apart, how much response would follow mere mention of the fault? It is safe to say none at all, if no help has been given. If spacing is too close, the lines connecting the letters should be made more slanting. Any amount of space can be made by changing the direction of these connecting strokes. These few examples have been given to illustrate what is meant by effectual instruction and to make it clear that the teacher's crayon should be used frequently to show in a definite way how to make the desired changes.

The writing lesson should be a time for study and comparison as well as practice, a time to get definite ideas about what to do and how to proceed. It is a time to learn how to prepare the regular written exercises. The copies, therefore, should be practical, consisting of words, sentences, paragraphs, letters, and friendly notes, spelling

lessons, arithmetic work, and in fact any other lesson that is not properly written.

The lesson should be begun in a systematic manner. If the materials are passed with more or less confusion, if the inkwells are opened in a haphazard manner, if pens are plunged into ink, and if the blotters are marked over and bespattered, a prediction of poor results can be made that further investigation will substantiate.

The teacher should write the copy on the blackboard, standing to one side so as not to obstruct the view of the class. Talk about the difficult letters or combinations as they are made. Emphasize the most important general points. Have the class write a line or two, then stop to compare with copy. Help them to see what is wrong by asking such questions as "Is your writing too large or too small?" "Are the letters too broad or too narrow?" etc., etc. Do not waste time by simply asking pupils to find something wrong with their writing. They may find that *i* is not dotted high enough, or that *t* is not crossed properly, or any number of other non-essential points. The teacher should direct them, by proper questions, to important points that need attention, should show how to make the corrections, and then have them proceed with the practice. By this method each pupil who is a poor writer can have something definite and important in mind which he is to do, and can know precisely how to proceed. If the class is conducted properly, an immediate and decided change for the better can be made. Too often a class will write and write, trying hard, it may be, to improve, but with no clear idea of what to do or how to do it. Such work is frequently worse than no practice at all, as it simply confirms the incorrect habits.

Keep in mind the three necessary steps,—namely, knowing what to emphasize, knowing how to instruct, and knowing what to expect from pupils. Many teachers fail on this latter point. The difference between a good and a poor teacher is very often guaged not so much by the instruction given as by what the pupils give back. The responsibility of teachers does not end after giving certain directions. It is not uncommon to hear teachers who are getting poorer results say, "I've spoken to them about these things," little realizing that they are convicting themselves of being poor teachers. A class that has been told many things, but has made little or no response, is in worse condition than one not told at all. Of course, it is not such an important matter that this or that change is not made in the writing, but it is vitally important that a class forms the habit of responding. Make them feel ashamed to have lesson after lesson pass, all showing the same faults. Make them feel that they come to school to conquer difficulties and make progress. Have them realize that their hands are their servants and will carry out the directions of the mind. To see that lines in the copy are made in a given direction and then to allow the pen to move in a radically different direction, saying that it cannot be remedied, is absolutely untrue. Radical changes, if necessary, can be made in a short time. The work may be crude and slow at first, but practice will smooth out the rough places and make rapidity possible.

Unfortunately, when vertical writing was introduced, the idea became prevalent that by adopting this or that system pupils would naturally sit erect, hold the pen properly, and write well. Poor results can be attributed, in a large measure, to this fallacious idea. Handwriting is not acquired naturally, or instinctively. It must be taught. A revival is needed in teaching penholding, position, and movement.

In the primary grades, excellent papers can be produced with the hands, arms, and paper in the worst possible position. This is because the writing can be done slowly and is merely drawing. This good appearance cannot be maintained in the grammar grades, where rapidity is demanded. Good position, penholding, and movement are all necessary to produce both legibility and rapidity. Where incorrect habits are formed in primary grades, the difficulty of changing in the grammar grades is so great that the average school will fail to graduate good penmen. It would be better to sacrifice a little of the accuracy during the first years of practice in order to secure better results in penholding and position.

The great amount of written work required in all of the grades makes it difficult to prevent good penmanship from deteriorating. This written work wears out the writing. The average child in school whose handwriting is not formed, writes more than the average adult. The pernicious practice of giving copying for additional practice, or just to keep pupils busy, should be stopped. It is neither good for the pupils nor for their writing. In the best schools it has been stopped, more profitable kinds of "seat work" having been substituted. In such schools handwriting is not needed during the first year and but very little during the second. This makes it possible to give writing lessons without having the results nullified by the written work referred to. It makes it possible to teach beginners in a more rational manner, namely, by having large writing on the blackboard, followed by work on unruled paper with wax crayon or soft pencils.

Preserve specimens so as to compare and note improvement. Display the best work and specimens showing progress. This latter encourages the poor writers. Put compositions or other written work into the form of booklets, designing suitable covers. This frequently causes pupils to ask for the privilege of practicing before or after school in order to make their work fit to put into book form. Exchange letters with other schools. Be in earnest, and other means of arousing interest and enthusiasm will suggest themselves.

Summarizing the above, teachers should learn to write well on the blackboard, should teach by showing instead of telling, should emphasize essentials that have a direct bearing on a good page effect, should give attention to the materials, and conduct the writing lesson in a systematic manner. Penholding, position, and movement should receive more attention. Copying or writing for "busy work" should be discontinued. Large, free writing should be given beginners. Interest and enthusiasm should be aroused and a sentiment created in favor of neat, careful work.

English Composition in the Grammar Grades. VI

By Harriet E. Peet, Chicago

Narration.

NARRATION has been from time immemorial the characteristic form of discourse for all people. Its typical mood is action; and its aim when it is other than a mere recounting of events, the solution of a situation in which characters and setting are involved. As fiction it helps to unravel some of the mysteries of life and to open an enchanted fairyland. All told, it is no wonder that it is the chief delight of the children when they read, and in writing their favorite form of expression. The bulk of the composition work in the grammar schools should therefore be in this form of discourse.

This series of articles has endeavored to make a protest against confining the work in composition to the tedious reproduction of stories. After years of such work it is usually found that the children have little power when thrown on their own resources and forced to express their own thoughts. The work itself is wearisome and has not even the excuse of being of service in "real" life. Who, after leaving school, devotes much time to reproducing stories from literature?

Let us consider what can be done with narration which avoids reproduction, and in its place give the children a chance to use their imaginations and native good sense in the expression of things which are an integral part of themselves.

We may draw our material from three fields, each of which will contribute something of value when used in conjunction with the other two, but which, when used entirely alone, will be found to have its limitations. In recounting and interpreting incidents from experience the children will gain the power of selecting, arranging, and judging material, and will be led to look for beauty, as Wordsworth did, in common things. Work from this field will raise their every-day vocabularies to a higher plane and bridge over the unfortunate chasm which exists between school and playground English. In writing from the imagination, fancy, which is so rampant in childhood, will have a healthful outlet and become at the same time disciplined into finer phases of creative work. In work taken from literature, the children will find in the writing of dialogs and dramas an opportunity to exercise all the ingenuity and power which they can muster. These will give them an all-round development, as well as serve as basis for informal entertainments.

The aim of the work in all three fields must be for the things which give interest to this form of discourse: vividness, clearness, movement, and suspense and climax. Vividness will be secured by the children (1) thru their dealing with things near their own interests, and (2) by an endeavor to picture things for others as they see and feel them; clearness, by testing the papers to see if they have one point to which all that has been said pertains; movement will be helped by the use of direct discourse; and, suspense and climax by holding back the point of the paper until curiosity has been aroused.

1. Composition from Experience.

After some unusual event in the neighborhood the children will be ready to write from experience, and since letter-writing forms the bulk of most composition with people out of school, it is well to have many of these papers in that form.

Further, because this is a day when tedious writing is not endured, and a short paper can be more easily perfected, it is well to limit these papers to a paragraph or two. The children may be left to choose their own subjects, but if they need help, those things which stimulate the imagination should be given. The following list will serve to illustrate:

A Day on a Farm.	Taking Care of Pets.
A Visit to a Factory.	A Street Parade.
What I Like to Do.	The First Robin.
Where I Like to Go.	Indian Summer.
Planting a Garden.	A Snow Storm.
My Favorite Game.	A Home Scene.
Winter Fun.	Flying Kites.
In the Park.	Street Musicians.

2. Original Stories.

The endeavor in this work must be to keep the stories consistent; that is, while wild flights of the imagination should be encouraged, there must be, in the report of the same, an air of reality so that however strange they may be, they at least seem plausible. If the stories are read aloud the children will soon discover whether or not the papers have this quality. The following titles may be suggested:

The Story of a Penny.
A Ride with Santa Claus.
The Story the Clock Told.
An Autobiography of a Dog.
In Dreamland.
In Fairyland.
Trouble in the Squirrel Family.
In an Airship.
Afloat on a Raft.
In Arctic Seas.
A Puritan Boy.
A Meeting with a Soldier from Valley Forge.

3. Dialogs and Dramas.

Before beginning the work with the dialog or drama proper, it will be found profitable to put many of the old fables into the form of conversations. Eliminate all direct discourse from those to be reproduced. When the children have gained some skill with these they may begin on more

formal dialogs, using material from history and old hero tales. Those from the latter must be archaic in form and consistently dignified. Such stories as these will be found adapted to this use:

"Ulysses in the Cave of Polyphemus."

"Princess Nausicaa and the Stranger."

"Ulysses and His Herdsman."

"The Quarrel Between Achilles and Agamemnon."

"Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale."

The third step in dialog is that which gives a still wider scope to the dramatic instinct, the drama proper. In the fourth and fifth grades the classic tales, such as "Cinderella," "Sleeping Beauty," "Snow Drop, Snow White, and Rose Red," will be easily managed; in sixth and seventh grades such stories as "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Courtship of Miles Standish"; and, in eighth, "Evangeline" and the "Cricket on the Hearth." All dramas should be written to be played.

In the presentation of the plays the greatest effort should be made to make them true in feeling. All that is meant to be simply pleasing to the eye may be omitted. Neither scenery nor costumes are needed to make a Greek tragedy forceful, and neither is necessary to us, but because the children take such delight in dressing up, the latter may be indulged in to a mild extent. A sword, a crown, a princess veil, and a tattered coat, may be admitted into the list of stage properties. A chair put upon a box serves for a throne, a plank between two chairs over which a lace curtain is thrown, makes an excellent glass coffin for Snow-Drop, and a chair upon a table suffices for the tower in Sleeping Beauty, and inexpensive screens serve for curtains and retiring rooms.

Before writing a drama the children must determine what they want to show by it and then what will serve their purpose. Short character sketches, and a brief outline to the story written before the dramatization is started, will be a help in getting the material before the children's minds. After this has been done the acts and scenes may be determined upon and then given out to the different groups in the class to be worked out co-operatively. The results should be worked out into a unified and harmonious whole by the class. It is well to push the work a little so that it can be finished during the first heat of enthusiasm. After a rapid reading of the story to be dramatized, the play itself can be finished in a few days if in the first day the children bring in descriptions of the settings; on the second, character sketches; on the third, the outline of acts and scenes; and on the fourth the first drafts of the scenes.

A Synopsis of Sleeping Beauty.

Act I. Scene I. The King and Queen in a conversation over the cradle of their child, plan a feast for the Fairies. Scene II. The Fairies come to the feast. Evil fairy prophesies.

Act II. Scene I. Sixteen years later. Beauty while playing among the flowers in her garden discovers a door in a tower. Scene II. Beauty finds an old woman and tries to spin.

Act III. Scene I. The Prince hears the Story of Beauty from an old man. Scene II. The Prince finds Beauty.

Rip Van Winkle.

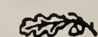
Act I. Scene I. Rip is disturbed in his games with the children by his wife. Scene II. Rip takes his gun and leaves home.

Act II. Scene I. While hunting Rip meets a dwarf and helps him with his burden. Scene II. Heinrich Hudson's strange company plays at nine pins.

Act III. Scene I. Rip awakens after a twenty years' sleep. Scene II. Rip returns to the village and is finally recognized.

Cricket on the Hearth.

Scene I. A stranger enters the home of John Peerybingle. Scene II. Caleb Plummer describes his home and his employer to his blind daughter. Scene III. The Peerybingles have a supper at Bertha's. Scene IV. The cricket chirps for John Peerybingle. Scene V. Explanations and the wedding feast take place.



Language Stories.

In my language classes I find it hard to secure suitable text-books for lower grades. I am teaching first and second grades this year, and have prepared my language myself. I put a short story in sentence form on the blackboard. Pupils copy and learn to read. At class they talk about the story and tell anything they can relating to it. Any new or hard words are put on the blackboard for a spelling lesson. Then the children return to thir seats, draw the object or scene in the story, and commit spelling words to memory.

In the fall, stories were about fall flowers, fruits, and birds; later Pilgrims, etc., leading up to Thanksgiving. After the Christmas and patriotic seasons are over, I write "Robinson Crusoe" for them. It takes a long time to complete the story, but they are interested until the last.

I will give one I used on Whittier's birthday. Each child was given a small picture of Whittier to paste at the top of his story.

This is a picture of John Greenleaf Whittier.
Mr. Whittier was a poet.
His first home was a farm house.
This farm house was near Haverhill, Massachusetts.
He liked to live on the farm.
He used to run about with bare feet.
When he became a man he did not forget his happy boyhood.
He wrote a poem called "Barefoot Boy."
In it he told of things he used to do when he was a barefoot boy.

Minnesota. HATTIE E. THOMPSON.

Watertown Composition Plans

By SUPT. FRANK R. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

HERE is one of those words, the mere utterance of which gives us the shudders—"Composition." Ugh! And "language lessons,"—I hate the term, bane of teacher and pupil—*Omen absit.*

The bad taste of these words we shall never quite get out of our mouths. The processes which they denote, however, we have succeeded in Watertown in making not only innocuous, but efficacious and even pleasant. In the space at my disposal I shall try to give the readers of TEACHERS MAGAZINE a hint as to how we did it. We began with these axioms—that is, we believe them to be axioms. First, children learn to write, "write" being used in the sense of "compose," by writing. Second, writing must be about something that they can write about. Third, don't merely make them write, make them want to write.

In the beginning, we threw away our text-books of language lessons. They were a hodge-podge of nature study, picture study, poetry, fables, history, and a good many other things, including exercises in language. Conscientiously used they deprived the pupils of nine-tenths of the time that might otherwise be devoted to the very thing they proposed to teach—that is, how to write compositions.

Our writing begins in the first grade. We do not at first differentiate writing, spelling, and composition. The children begin by copying a sentence from the board based on the morning talk of the day, illustrating it for busy work with drawings or paper cuttings. Thru repetition they gradually learn to write independent of copy terms like "I see," "we saw," "this is," "here are," etc., and by the middle of the year they are able to write independently little sentences and stories in which the spelling of new words is told by the teachers. Lack of ability to spell ought no longer to keep a child from composition than lack of ability to make his own clothes should compel him to go naked. In the second and third grades words for spelling are chosen with reference to a given composition. The increasing knowledge of phonics is an aid in spelling. If in these grades a child asks the teacher for a word already learned, or for a new word spelled as it sounds, she refers him to his spelling list in the one instance and tries to get him to spell the word himself in the other. A word coming under neither category is, however, always spelled for him. From the fourth grade on each pupil has a dictionary, which he is encouraged to use in finding out the spelling of new words.

Oral composition we find a great help with the younger children. Almost from the first day they tell stories to each other, stories that the teacher has told them, stories the people at home have told them, stories of things they have seen, vacations, and holiday experiences, etc. Fluency and ease in telling lie at the foundation of successful composition.

The aim of language lessons is to teach pupils to express themselves correctly. Fluency first, correctness afterward, is the proper order. Language lessons are not an end in themselves, as the makers of the language text-books would have them. The list of topics in which lessons need to be given in the elementary grades is surprisingly few. And the amount of time that needs to be devoted to them, once the teacher accepts the idea of their true function, is very small. Our whole list is as follows:

1. A sentence should begin with a capital and close with a period. 2. How names are written. 3. How questions are written. 4. Use of capital *I*. 5. Each line of poetry should begin with a capital. 6. Capitals begin names of places. 7. How to write quotations. 8. Use of apostrophe to denote possession. 9. Use of comma in a series. 10. Use of comma to set off name of person addressed. 11. Use of hyphen to divide syllables. 12. Broken quotations. 13. The paragraph.

In grade one the first four topics are taken; in grade two, the first six; in grade three, the first nine; in grade four the first twelve; in grade five to nine inclusive, the whole list. Each grade, if necessary, takes up the topics from the beginning. Exercises for drill are based on sentences taken from the pupils' own work. The whole idea is a thoro drill on fundamentals, eradicating mistakes one at a time. From the fourth grade on, weeks and even months should, if necessary, be spent on a single topic, until the pupils generally apply in composition the principle learned.

In the eighth and ninth grades, after a fair degree of correctness has been attained, a good deal of attention is paid to the use of specific words, taking as a model Richard Harding Davis' reporter's stories, which are a part of the work in literature, and to the writing of descriptions and character sketches based on Hopkinson Smith's stories, also used in the literature lessons.

Compositions are not ordinarily written. It is better to guard against mistakes by concentrated language lessons than to squeeze out spontaneity and fluency by continual rewriting. Some teachers correct expressions that are not absolutely wrong, but which are merely different from what the teacher would use. Such correction not only takes the charm and freshness from the child's work, but tends to make his style stilted and unnatural.

To repeat, fluency, ease, spontaneity come first, correctness afterwards. A badly spelled, poorly written composition, that shows thinking, that has individuality, counts for more than the prettiest specimen of writing planned by the teacher, corrected by the teacher, and rewritten under the eye of the teacher. We can cure children of bad spelling and writing and ungrammatical language, we do cure them, but lost

thinking power may never be recovered, and without it, altho a boy or a girl may have the forms, he will lack the substance of education.

Compositions are written only on subjects which the children know about and are interested in. When we go outside the child's experience for a subject, the result is artificiality. The subjects may be based on the school literature lessons, history, geography, nature study, art, and school trips. Pedagogically it is more economical to use the subjects of the school lessons than to draw on the material supplied by the language book, for they not only give the needed practice in composing, but they reinforce the lessons in nature study, history, etc., lessons in themselves worth while. Another set of compositions is based on the children's personal experiences. Those are the most valuable of all, because in them there is no element of reproduction. The child himself is the creator. On the other hand, every teacher knows how hard it is to find subjects, or rather to get the children to realize that any one of the hundreds of incidents coming into their experience during the year, incidents that they talk about to each other and to their parents, is worthy of being put down in writing. All we really need to do is to open the pupils' eyes. That is the real problem. Our teachers have found that the best solution is to have the child who has found something in his experience worth recording, read it to the rest of the class or have it printed in *The School Magazine*. It is just like swopping stories. The example proves contagious. Once two or three children in the room get the idea, it is surprising to see how the others take it up. We try to steer pupils away from the diary style of composition when under such a title as "What I did last Saturday." The author records the fact that he got up at seven o'clock and then had breakfast, and then went to the store, and then minded the baby, and then had dinner, and then played ball, and a whole string of other "and thens." The one event in the day that stands out, that has a real interest for a reader, is the one to write about.*

The idea is that pupils will be more interested, and so do better, in a *real thing*, than in an exercise. Instead of "writing compositions" the pupils "make books." We use a special kind of paper with red margin lines, and with the horizontal writing lines terminating an inch from either side of the sheet. A written page presents a neater appearance on this paper than on the ordinary school composition paper. Each sheet is punched in the left margin, one hole near the top and the other an equal distance from the bottom. There are covers of regular cover-stock punched to correspond, and round head brass fasteners for binding. Each composition makes a chapter in the book and is inserted when finished. The chapters are illustrated with drawings, pictures collected from magazines and guide-books, and photographs taken by pupils. Decorative initial letters and head pieces and tail pieces are used. An appropriate cover is designed, and when the last chapter is inserted at the end of the year a preface and a table of contents are added, and the book is complete. The pupils take pains in making these books because they are working at a real thing, because they are doing something worth while. Besides the book of stories, that is, compositions based on personal experiences, there are books of history, literature, science, geography, based on the school work in these subjects, information, a good deal of it, not found in text-books, some of it secured at first hand. These books make up a little library, worth all the more because the pupil has made it himself. They are the only books that the pupils may keep.

An adjunct to the composition work is *The School Magazine*, the first number of which was published in December, 1904. This is an illustrated magazine of the elementary grades, edited by pupils; its contributions are selected from the school compositions. Its aim is to give the pupils an added incentive to original composing and to show parents what the schools are doing in this line. It sells for five cents a copy, which just pays the cost of publication.

Another side of composition is the school correspondence carried on in most of the grades with children in other parts of the country. We don't have to teach letter-writing. The children just go ahead and write because they have something to write about and some one on the other end to write to, and they write letters that are worth reading.

Work of a Pupil in a Watertown Primary School.

* See note on page 307.

About Birds

Conducted by William E. D. Scott, Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University, and Director of the Worthington Society for the Investigation of Bird Life, Shawnee, Pa.

Thru this department it is the hope of Teachers Magazine that teachers may be kept informed of the happenings in the bird world. The comings and goings of birds, their nesting time, locality and season, their food and how this varies with the time of year, their song, their behavior, and particularly their attitude to man, are to be treated in these columns. Prof. Scott is desirous that teachers should write him, giving him any items of interesting information and telling him just what they would like to find out about birds. Write him, in care of Teachers Magazine.

Seasonal Comment.

THIS is the season of rest, and January is the last month of the long vacation of the feathered people in the vicinity of New York. In the South the birds are already beginning a new breeding season. In Florida, for instance, the bald eagles have repaired the damage to their ancestral home, have laid eggs, and indeed many of them have family responsibilities at Christmas time. A little farther to the northward the duties of these gallant birds have only begun, and it will not be till next month that we shall be able to find birds breeding as far north as New Jersey. These early nesting birds we can leave till then.

Now, with the carpet of white tucked about the grasses and flowers that will soon awaken, there is no sign even of mating hereabout. The same friends that have been in constant attendance at our bird restaurants, patronize us still, and while there are nomadic guests that appear now and again, the routine of bird life is much what it was in December. Song sparrows and tree sparrows, snowbirds and cardinals, chickadees and nuthatches are the people of bird-land who meet us in Central and Prospect Parks. All of them are so common as to have become familiar even to the novice. But another element in this bird life is each year assuming new proportions; the common starling of England and Europe, imported and naturalized here in the early eighties, has now a place in the fauna of our great city and its neighborhood. In short, it has become one of our common resident birds. You may see it any day in the parks or squares or streets, and it is extending the region it now occupies every year. It was first introduced in Central Park, but the flight of a few years has increased the original flock of some eighty birds, till now a large starling population is to be found in all the adjacent territory. Hoboken and Jersey City, Newark and the Oranges, as well as the region about Elizabeth, and even as far as Rahway, have all been invaded. This fine fellow from the Old World has been a good colonist in his efforts to find a place for himself in the new land. You shall know him by his coat of iridescent black, reflecting the finest greens, and blues, and purples, the whole spangled with tiny silver arrows; by his cheery, metallic song, and by his habit of strolling when on the ground. This locality these birds much affect, and their short tails and rather stout bodies will serve to distinguish them from any of our native blackbirds, who, by the way, are their distant cousins. It would be an easy matter to tell you where these lively and conspicuous birds find a place to nest and breed in the confines of the towns and cities they frequent; and their households are not without interest. The nestlings, too, are especially entertaining in their babyhood. But it is our desire that out of the many children in our schools some may discover the homes of the starlings and write to Teachers Magazine about them, so we will not tell the story of the family life of these birds now.

Suggestions as to the Care of Nestlings Apparently Abandoned, as well as to the Rearing of Wild Birds from the Nest.

(Continued.)

THE CARE OF NESTLINGS.

Food for birds till they are four weeks old is made in the simplest way, of boiled potato and hard-boiled egg. The potato must be fresh boiled, and mashed so that there is no suspicion of even the tiniest lumps in it. The egg must be boiled hard so that it will readily disintegrate into a coarse, dry meal under a fork. Take one part, in bulk, of this egg-meal, and two parts of the mashed potato; mix them thoroly, and with a fork knead the mass into a stiff paste. This is the basis of the food; and now as to the time and method of feeding. We will assume that there are four chicks in the brood to be taken care of. Take a tablespoon of the paste described, add to it a few drops of hot water so that the paste shall have become a thick mush, so thick that it *will not pour.*

The best implement to use in feeding nestlings is made from a sliver of soft pine wood. This should be some six or seven inches long and an eighth of an inch thick. Sharpen one end into a rounded, flattened point, having smooth edges. With this a pellet of food may be readily placed in the wide-open mouth of the hungry chick; and two mouthfuls are generally sufficient for a meal. Two or three times an hour, with a small amount of food each time, is better than a too hearty meal at longer intervals. *No water pure and simple* should be given to young birds until they are at least two weeks old, and even then it should be used with great care. This kind of feeding will prove successful in almost every case if these rules are strictly followed, and no change in the menu will be needed till the young birds approach the age of three weeks. As a tonic a scrap of raw meat or a bit of a meal-worm will be found useful should the nestlings not flourish.

But there are other matters to consider in rearing these delicate creatures, which are quite as essential to ensure the best development and growth as is the food itself. I have spoken of cleanliness and precision and now each in its turn will be dealt with in detail.

Here are some of the more imperative duties connected with cleanliness which in its broad sense means general sanitation. No excrement must be allowed to touch the nest nor to soil the feathers; no morsel of food must be allowed to defile the resting place nor to adhere to the plumage or the edges of the bill. Endless disasters will result if these simple rules are not followed; sore mouths, ulcerated feet, and bedraggled feathers are not the worst of the evils. Parasites often occur in a brood of young birds, even when the greatest care is exercised, and any accumulation of food or excrement enables them to multiply with great rapidity. However, if the birds are kept clean, parasites are easily controlled. When their presence is determined, they may best be got rid of by the use of Persian insect powder of the purest grade, blown into the crevices of the nest and into the plumage of the chicks with a small bellows.

All these services must be performed over and over again in rearing a brood of birds. They should be done as nearly as possible the same way each time; there should be no undue haste, no quick or violent motion, and no clatter or noise in their accomplishment. This is what I mean by precision, and it shares with cleanliness in its importance.

And it is essential to be particular about the purity and quality of the food; not only during the time birds are being hand-fed, but at all times thruout their lives. Most pet birds suffer from the mistaken kindness of those who attend them. Simple, plain diet, served at regular times, is rarely the regimen. With our brood of young, one imperative condition is to feed them only with pure, sweet food. The mixture which has been advised for rearing by hand very readily ferments if kept, for instance, as long as twelve hours; and a much shorter period will sour the compound if it is allowed to be in a warm or hot place. The cooked egg is one of the most fertile beds for the cultivation of bacilli, once the seed is sown, and when we consider that these germs throng the atmosphere indoors as well as out, the necessity of extreme care is evident.

As soon as the young begin to feed themselves, the weaning process must commence. In another week the egg food will have to be abandoned. For it is manifest that if left in the food cups thruout the long summer day the condition of ferment is bound to occur. Therefore we must gradually, but as quickly as may be, accustom the young to a food not open to the objection indicated. This process is the weaning spoken of, for as soon as the young really acquire the power of feeding themselves, they begin to be independent and in a short time will not allow the hand-feeding of infancy to go on. Hence there is really no such thing as weaning among birds, for the young decline to take food even from their own parents before they are six weeks old, and they do not make an exception in favor of foster-parents.

As your charges begin to get well clothed, you may institute a gradual change in the diet. The staple known as mocking-bird food can be purchased at any bird-shop; many druggists and grocers deal in it. It will be the best and the easiest food to obtain of the several kinds of food recommended for feeding what are known as soft-billed birds, thrushes, catbirds, orioles, bluebirds —in short, such as do not live largely on seeds. Make the egg-food precisely as at first, but add to it at this juncture one-fifth in bulk of the mocking-bird food. Feed this new mixture as you did the older one; diminish the proportion of egg-food daily till there is only enough in the compound to hold it together. This will have to be maintained as long as hand-feeding goes on. Meantime another departure must be undertaken. The food supplied to the young as soon as they show a desire to feed themselves must contain *no egg;* that is, the food placed where they feed from cups or other receptacles in the cage or room where they are at large. It will consist of one part of the mashed potato to two parts of mocking-bird food in bulk. So that the result will be that the birds are feeding on a mixture containing no egg, and you are feeding them by hand on a diminishing quantity. You will also do your service to them at lengthening intervals till you are only offering to hand-feed them once an hour. In the same way that the egg was gradually lessened in the egg-potato food begin to reduce the potato in the cup food, until it should be eliminated in five days at most. After this is accomplished the mocking-bird staple must be dampened with grated raw carrot; a tablespoonful of carrot will properly moisten a small teacup of the dry food. Shortly your offers of assistance will be declined and your charges will be weaned to a simple regimen on which I have had many birds live happily many years.

Long before this, however, your wards will have left the nest never to return. This is without doubt the most perilous point in the bird's career. Precocious, they are singularly fearless and innocent. As yet they make but poor and feeble attempts to fly, and their efforts at walking or hopping are awkward to a degree. Escape from enemies or disaster is beset by many hazards, and it is the exceptionally fortunate who reach the goal of maturity. From many years' experience afield, I am convinced that from only one out of every ten eggs which is hatched does the young bird attain maturity, that is, only a single individual out of each ten born lives to breed in its turn. Thus but a small proportion of birds lives to be a year old, and most of the catastrophes which so greatly reduce the number born into the world occur at the time of leaving the nest. Not to speak of four-footed foes, predatory feathered kindred and reptiles, the very elements seem to conspire to aid in this destruction. A heavy shower in late spring or early summer is disastrous to the weak creatures who can barely perch on some limb, or who are hidden in the grass and exposed in the open. The scattered brood is no longer protected from the elements by solicitous parents, as it was in the nest; the callow young are beaten and buffeted by wind and waters and only the strongest escape death. Any one who wishes to, can, I am sure, verify this conclusion by observing what happens to the broods of young robins that are hatched each season in his dooryard.

The results of the best hand-rearing are far

different. Here is a paradox! The dangers to be guarded against are under much better control; no cat nor owl nor hawk nor weasel should be able to disturb our charges, and shelter from the vicissitudes of weather is obvious. At least ninety per cent. of the hand-reared young should reach the breeding age, and most of them should live long and happy lives, dying finally of old age. In the last four years I have taken twenty-five young of the common starling from nests to rear by hand; some of these birds have been given away, and a few have been liberated but of these that I have retained, all are alive and are strong, healthy birds. *None of them died or were killed* during the first year of their lives, a record not possible out of doors in a wild state. My experience with robins, wood-thrushes, bluebirds, and many other kinds, only goes to confirm the conclusion that many times more young birds reach maturity if properly hand-reared than can possibly do so under the conditions that prevail out of doors where the parent birds are the sole protectors.

When the young brood leave the nest it will be best, even if the birds are to be ultimately at large, to confine them for a time at least to a cage; here it is much easier to minister to their wants. Moreover, the more intimate relation which can better obtain under such conditions is conducive to fostering the tameness that is so great a charm. Finally, the young are protected from accidents and sheltered in a way that would not be possible if even allowed the larger liberty of a room. If the nest is placed inside a cage when it becomes apparent that the young are about ready to make their departure from their birthplace, on leaving it they will at once become familiar with the new condition, and very shortly content. This is not the case with birds which, on forsaking the home of their infancy, are allowed the freedom of a room or even a very large cage. They, no longer dependent on being fed, have lost that incentive to intimacy with their foster-parents and forget the relation which is not maintained under the new surroundings. If, after a day or so, one or more of them is caught and confined to the narrower limits of an ordinary cage, the result will be a state, to which I can give no better name than "cage-fighting." The bird runs up and down the structure in its efforts to find a way out of its confines, jumps at and tries to get between the bars, and exhausted and battered by the continued effort, often succumbs to the nervous shock; and should it survive, is never again the confiding creature of the early days of babyhood.

A cage for a robin should be of the size known to the trade as a mocking-bird or thrush cage. The best sort are those made wholly of brass or metal, which will not rust. No harbor for parasites is afforded; its wooden perches and glass feeding and water vessels easily washed, this can be kept exquisitely clean. If the sort is procured having a detachable bottom, so much the better, for then you may allow your birds daily baths without getting the sand of the floor hopelessly wet, so that the labor of getting it dry and clean again is no small task. All one has to do is to detach the bottom and place the cage over the bath already filled, on some place where no damage can ensue, and the happy inmate may bathe and splash to his heart's content. The feeding and water cups should always be so arranged that they are free to be taken away and resupplied *from the outside* of the cage.

Sun baths, as well as the liquid ones, are essential, for your robin is truly a fire-worshipper. With wings extended, and every feather seemingly separate, he will lie prone or tilted at a slight angle, mouth wide open and eyes almost closed, basking for so long that the first time you see the achievement alarm will accompany astonishment. So the cage should be for a time each day where the sun can reach it. A temperature of from sixty to sixty-five is probably the most suitable, and it should not fluctuate quickly; above all, there *must be no draught.* This last is fatal, for tho birds are able to stand with apparent impunity a wide range of temperature, if the shift is not too sudden, yet a slight current of cooler or hotter air than the surrounding medium, passing thru the cage, always does serious mischief.

A last word as to diet. Fruit and live insects can be used to advantage to supplement the *menu* already detailed. Apple and banana are chief among the one class, as are meal worms and ants-eggs under the other. All these are readily obtainable as a little experience will prove, but this sort of dainty is to be used as a treat, and tho such tidbits may be used often they must be employed with discretion; two or three meal worms, and a morsel of banana, are enough in the way of relishes for your robin daily.

I am decidedly of the opinion that if we can get children to want to write they will do a great deal better than if we merely make them write. It is pretty discouraging for us grown-ups to be continually doing work that is apparently not worth while, that amounts to nothing. And it's mighty hard work for the children, for they have no choice in the matter. When the school looks on a composition as an exercise, which after much painstaking and many rewritings, brings up in the waste basket, it is an encourager of listlessness and half-heartedness. We find a motive for our composition in what we call our "book plan."

Watertown, Mass. SUPT. FRANK R. PAGE.

Blackboard Sketch of Glacier for the Geography Class.

February Entertainment

By Bertha E. Bush, Iowa.

February Days.

FEBRUARY should be a very short girl with a long dress and hair done high. Washington's Birthday should wear a soldier cap, and carry a drum, which he beats as he enters. Valentine Day may have hearts cut out of red or white paper and pinned all over her dress. Lincoln's, Dickens', and Longfellow's Birthdays should carry the pictures of their people or their names, printed in very large and beautiful letters on cardboard.

Enter February

February.—

I am little February,
Shortest month of all the year.
Short my days are too, and few,
Cold, maybe, but very merry.
Not so many, it is true
As my sisters bring to you;
But such good days and so dear.
I'm the month of February,
Short and cold, but full of cheer.

(To the school.) I will call out some of my days for you. Which shall I call first? Which do you like best?

A voice from the school.—Washington's Birthday.

Another voice.—Valentine Day.

February.—What! Do you like them both the best? Well, I do not wonder. They are both very good days. I will call them together.

Goes to the door and calls in Washington's Birthday and Valentine Day.

Washington's Birthday (with a roll of the drum):

I'm the twenty-second day;
I've a welcome from each one;
Every boy and every girl
Loves the name of Washington.
When I come they march and sing;
Rat-a-tat-tat go the drums;
Flags wave gaily, glad bells ring
When our hero's birthday comes.
Let me hear you tell it, pray.
Children, who was born to-day?

School.—George Washington, the Father of his Country.

Valentine Day.—

I sent a letter to my love,
A pretty letter with a dove,
A wreath of flowers, a golden heart,
A Cupid with his bow and dart.
I sent it as you may have guessed,
To let her know I loved her best.
Who am I?

School.—St. Valentine's Day.

Valentine Day and Washington's Birthday step back. Enter February 7, with picture of Dickens.

February 7.—

I am the day when an author was born,
Born in old England across the wide sea.
Wonderful books full of stories he wrote;
Tell me now who that great writer may be?

School.—Charles Dickens.

Enter February 12, with picture of Lincoln.

February 12.—

My hero was born in a cabin of logs
Whose walls did not shut out the wind and the damp.
He wore homespun clothes and a queer coonskin cap,
And studied by firelight for lack of a lamp.

His school-days were few and his life hard and rough,
And plain and uncultured and homely was he;
But his heart was so noble, his purpose so true,
That he rose to great honor and made our land free.
Who was born on February 12?

School.—Abraham Lincoln.

Enter February 27, with picture of Longfellow.

February 27.—

One hundred years ago to-day,
In a city fair by the ocean tide;
Our poet Longfellow was born,
Beloved by children far and wide.

This is a day to celebrate,
And every boy and girl should know it.
So let us join with all our hearts
To honor our dear Children's Poet.

Is there not some poem by Longfellow that you can repeat to me?

Let the school answer and repeat as many of Longfellow's poems as they know. Then tell them some interesting things about his life, and try in every way you can to honor the name of the poet who especially appeals to the hearts of young people on this one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

A Bit of Exercise for Valentine Time.

Let two children stand in front with hands clasped together to make a door to the dove-cote. A third child is the owner of the doves. He unfastens the door and calls the doves out while the first stanza is sung.

(Tune, "Dancing Song," page 22, Modern Music Series, Book One.)

Little doves that coo inside;
Come to me. The sun shines clear.
See! The door opens wide.
There is work for each one here.

One by one the doves fly out and form a circle. The owner calls one dove to him and fastens a valentine around its neck, and sends it out while the school sings:

Little dove, I send you forth
With a valentine to-day.
Fly to East, North, and South.
Find my true love now I pray.

Around the circle from one side to the other the messenger bird flies, and chooses some child to deliver the valentine to. This child becomes dove in her turn, and carries it to another. Meanwhile the school is singing:

East and West and South and North
Flies the dove on light wing free;
Bears it swift to my love,
Brings the answer back to me.

When the game has been played long enough, the owner calls home her flock of doves, and fastens the door while they sing:

Little doves, we thank you all.
You have served us well to-day.
Now the night shadows fall;
Homeward you must fly away.

A Group of Flag Recitations.

WHAT MY GRANDPA SAID.

(Recitation for a boy carrying a flag.)

This is my country's flag.
I love each snowy star
Set in its azure corner space,
Each white and crimson bar.

I'd love to see it float
Above a battle-field.
I'd fight for it until I died,
And never, never yield.

I told my grandpa so.
He smiled and stroked my head.
"You can defend the flag to-day,"
That's what my grandpa said.

He said that to fight in war-time
Was not the only way
To serve the country that we love;
We can serve her every day.

He said that every wrong thing done
Was weakening our land;
Unless the evils are put down
Our country may not stand.

He talked of Greece and Egypt
And Rome and Babylon,
And how, because they were not good
Their mighty power is gone.

"A boy who loves his flag," he said,
"Will battle for the right.
A boy can serve our country,
Being good with all his might."

He said that the dearest country,
And the best the sun shines on,
Should have the best and bravest boys
To put the wrong things down.

I mean to always think of this
When I see our banner bright,
We boys may serve our country well
By trying to do right.

OUR FLAG.

(Recitation for a very small girl carrying a flag.)

I am a very little girl,
But my little heart is true.
I'm big enough to love our flag
Of red and white and blue;
And when I see it waving
I'm proud and happy, too.

School.—(Rising and saluting the flag that she carries.)

God bless the land that has the flag
Of red and white and blue.

ABOUT FLAGS.

There are many flags in this land of ours;
Some float from flag-staves tall,
And some are carried in children's hands,
And some hang on the wall.
From the largest to the tiniest
We love them one and all,
And we'll serve our country and our flag
Whatever may befall.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Why do children look so happy
With their marching and their flags,
Gaily keeping time to music
With a step that never lags.
Every boy and girl can say
All Together.—Washington was born to-day.

Song for the school with flags waving in time. Tune, the first part of "Hail Columbia."

Wave, wave your banner bright!
Sing, sing with heart and might!
A hero bold was born to-day;
With love and praise his name we say.
With heart and voice let every one
Give honor to George Washington.

They march around the room with flags waving to the rest of the music.

OUR COUNTRY DEAR.

(Concert recitation or song.)

Our country dear, with hearts aflame
With love we breathe thy sacred name.
We give our love to thee.
Land of the true, land of the free,
O best-loved land of liberty,
We give our love to thee.

Our country dear, our prayers shall rise,
'Neath summer stars or winter skies,
Our prayers shall rise for thee.
O land of hope for all oppressed,
O land of freedom, greatly blessed,
Our prayers shall rise for thee.

Our country dear, 'tis thee we serve;
Our loyalty shall never swerve.
Our service is for thee.
So long as life's last thread shall hold,
Till eyes grow dim and lips grow cold,
Our service is for thee.

Entertainment Helps

By Grace B. Faxon.

WHO would not rather laugh than cry? The more fun that can be put into a program the more pleased will be your audience. Now that the holidays are over let us think about an entertainment to be given in the mid-winter month, that will amuse young and old, and yet be one that will not require months of drilling and tedious preparation.

It is quite the fad in some towns to call a mixed program a "vaudeville," and those who have attended a vaudeville theater in a large city will understand how the performance is arranged. The curtain should fall after every number, and a boy dressed in uniform may come out and place a placard on an easel at one side of the curtain, bearing the name of the "act" and the actor.

A great deal of fun will be occasioned by calling the performer or performers by some foreign name. For instance placard the "Swanee River" pantomime as: "The Greatest of all Darkey Songs. By a Double Quartette of Colored Artists," or the dialog as: "The School of To-day, by Mademoiselle Floretta and Her Lovely Family." Get some person who can letter easily to make the placards.

I shall describe a few humorous numbers, and as many more as are desired may be added. The following playlet has been successfully given many times, and I believe that it will fit nicely in many a program.

The Schools of To-Day.

Characters.—Teacher; the oldest girl; Jonas; Marcus; Ezra; Mary; Jane; Sally.

Scene.—A district school.

Teacher (holding up a somewhat knotty apple). —What have I in my hand? Jonas, you may tell me.

Jonas (peering carefully at the apple).—A little runt of an apple, I should say.

Teacher.—Jonas, you will please tell me *just* the object in my hand, and nothing else.

Jonas (after another careful scrutiny of the apple).—Well, ma'am, I should say a spitzebergen—a mighty poor one, tho.

Marcus (waving his hand).—No, ma'am. That's the very apple you took from me day before yesterday, and it's a None-such, and it's as good an apple as Jonas's dad had on his farm this year.

Teacher (sternly).—Boys, you will please attend strictly to the subject of the lesson and my question. (Repeats.) What have I in my hand?

Jonas.—Please, teacher, I can tell exactly now.

Teacher.—You may tell.

Jonas.—A rotten apple. It must be, if it's been lying around here so long.

Teacher (with offended dignity).—Is there no pupil in this class bright enough to tell me exactly the common name of the object in my hand? (Several hands raised.) Mary, you may tell.

Mary.—An apple.

Teacher.—An apple. (Cuts apple into four equal parts.) What have I done now? (Children raise hands enthusiastically.) Jane, you may tell me.

Jane (triumphantly). Quartered it.

Ezra.—Humph! anybody can see that.

Teacher (glaring at Ezra).—Ezra, you will please not speak unless called upon. Jane, please make your statement more simply.

Jane.—Please, Miss Brent, ma is always saying I couldn't look any more simple if I tried—that I don't look half what I know.

Teacher.—Jane, please attend to the subject of the lesson. Tell me what you mean by quartering.

Jane.—You cut the apple into four pieces.

Teacher.—Please give me another term for pieces.

Jane.—Chunks!

Teacher.—No. Who can give me a better word?

Sally.—Parts.

Teacher.—That is right. Now, children, look carefully and be ready to tell me how these parts compare in size.

Ezra.—They are awful stingy pieces, teacher—just bites!

Teacher.—Ezra, if you indulge in any more such remarks you will have to stay after school for *your* lesson. Sally, you may tell me.

Sally (cautiously)—They're *about* the same size.

Teacher (somewhat discouraged).—Take the parts in your hand and observe how evenly I have cut them. (The pieces are passed around and examined very critically by the children.)

Jonas (raises hand).—Barring the knots and poor places, I reckon you meant to have them all alike.

Teacher.—Yes, you can see that were the apple perfect, the parts would be all alike. Now, who can give me that meaning in one word? (Children look thoughtful and ponder the question in vain).

Ezra (raising hand lazily, drawls out).—Why not just put "same size" together, and call it one word?

Teacher.—No, that will not do. There is one word which will tell me exactly that two objects are of the same size. (More intense thought by children; great screwing of faces and wrinkling of brows.)

Jonas (having regained his courage, is gesticulating wildly, and crying out).—I know, teacher; I know!

Teacher.—Well, Jonas, you may tell.

Jonas (shouts).—Twins! (All the children nod their heads, and exclaim) Oh, yes; that's it!

Teacher (struggling with laughter).—No, that is not the proper term to be used in this case. I shall have to tell you. They are *equal* parts. Now, you may tell me.

Children (in chorus).—Equal parts.

Teacher (breaking a ruler into three equal parts, takes up two of the parts).—What have I here?

Mary.—Two parts of a ruler.

Teacher.—What can you say of the size of these parts? Marcus, you may tell me.

Marcus.—They are of the same length.

Teacher (reprovingly).—You are very much behind, Marcus. Who can tell?

Jane (eagerly raising hand).—Please, Miss Brent, I can tell. They are twin parts of the same length.

Teacher.—Ezra, you may tell.

Ezra.—Equal parts.

Teacher (breaks crayon into two parts.)—What have I, Jonas?

Jonas.—Two parts.

Teacher.—What kind of parts, Ezra?

Ezra (carelessly).—Equal parts.

Sally.—No, teacher, the ends aren't alike!

Teacher.—That is so, in this case, Sally. We will take the pieces of the ruler. What can you say of them?

Sally.—They are equal parts.

Teacher.—Marcus, which would you rather have, one part or three parts of the apple?

Marcus.—I wouldn't be particular, thank you, ma'am, with such a poor apple.

Teacher (taking up an orange).—Which would you rather have, Ezra, one part or three parts of the orange?

Ezra.—Three parts, if it was a blood orange.

Teacher.—Why?

Ezra.—'Cause I like blood oranges.

Teacher.—How many parts of anything may be taken, Marcus.

Marcus (jubilantly).—Well, it depends on how many you can get hold of.

Teacher.—A part of anything is a fraction of the whole. Now, Jonas, you may tell me what a fraction is.

Jonas.—Oh, a fraction has one number written above a little straight line—or you could slant that 'ere line if you wanted to, teacher—and another number under it. I knew that all the time, teacher. I could have told you that before.

Teacher (beginning to look desperate).—Jane?

Jane.—The parts of anything are a fraction of it.

Teacher.—That is not the whole definition, however. Sum up in your definition all the points I have discussed with you. I want those who have not paid such close attention to answer. Marcus?

Marcus.—Some parts that are near alike as two twins—only you don't call 'em twins—I can't remember that word, teacher—are called a fraction; that is, if you can manage to have 'em, but we didn't get any of the apple or the orange, either.

Teacher.—Such carelessness is inexcusable. I am ashamed of you.

Sally.—Please, Miss Brent, I can tell.

Teacher.—Well, Sally, you shall redeem the honor of your class.

Sally.—One or more twins exactly of the same size—if there weren't any knots or poor places in them—cut into equal parts and both ends alike, are called a fraction of the very first apple.

(Children simultaneously exclaim).—Oh, my! Ge Whittaker! Goodness gracious.

Teacher (striking a bell for order).—The class is excused. You may have recess. To-morrow we shall have the same lesson. (Children all rush out.)

Let eight girls pantomime the beautiful old song, "Swanee River." Blacken their face and hands and rouge their lips well. A dress of gingham coming part way to the ankles, with striped stockings, well-worn shoes, and hair done in tiny braids tied with bright ribbon, will make up a grotesque costume that is well suited to the song. The directions for the pantomime are as follows: The singing would best be by a male quartette stationed behind the scenes.

Pantomime of "S'wanee River."

Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,

(Right hand, palm down, carried right oblique; eyes in same direction.)

Dere's whar my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's whar de old folks stay.

(Retain right hand at right oblique and lay left hand on heart.)

All up and down de whole creation,

(Let both hands, palms down, meet at mid-front and then be carried around to sides.)

Sadly I roam,

(As hands come down to sides, hold them out a little from sides, palms toward audience. The body droops.)

Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

(Both hands laid flat on chest.)

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary
Eb'ry whar I roam,

(Clasp the hands at chest and let them fall to low front.)

Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

(Lay left hand on heart, extend right palm down, at right oblique; eyes looking right oblique. Hold thru interlude.)

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young,

(Carry both hands wide at sides, palms up.)

Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.

(Face lights up; clasp hands at chest.)

When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I.

(The hands, still remaining clasped, may be carried front, to fullest arm's length.)

Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

(Unclasp hands and carry them about two feet a part, palms up; hold one hand a little higher than the other.)

(Repeat Chorus.)

One little hut among the bushes,

(Right hand ascends in front of shoulder, index finger prominent.)

One dat I love,

(Lay left hand on heart.)

Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.

(Lay right hand on the right side of head, near temple; head droops.)

When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?

(Carry right hand forward, palm up.)

When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

(Raise left knee; curve left arm as tho holding a banjo, and put right hand in position of picking strings.)

(Repeat Chorus.)

Another feature that I have seen in a humorous entertainment is called "The Limerick Class." Get some of the well-known and jolly people of the town, parents of the children, and ask them to learn five limericks each. You know what a limerick is, do you not? It is just a nonsense verse similar to:

There was a young lady named Kate,
Who sat on the stairs very late;
When asked how she fared,
She said she was scared,
But was otherwise doing first-rate.

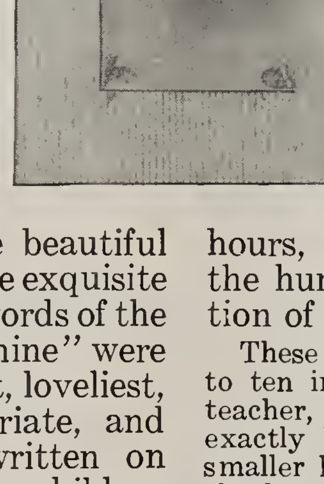
Ask them to dress in grotesque costume and recite with many grimaces. They should speak quickly, each one taking up his verse as soon as the last one finishes. They may stand in a row on the platform.

Limericks may be found in the newspapers and magazines, and there is a book of them published. It has been a fad for some time to collect original limericks, and in planning "The Limerick Class" it would be a good idea to give original limericks, bringing in some laughable "hits" on the town and characters, but be careful not to hurt any one's feelings.

A Valentine Party in a New York City Kindergarten

By Rose R. Archer, New York

THE following account of a "Valentine Party" held last February in Public School No. 137, New York City, will show what can be accomplished, in nine school days, with a new class of children.



On the first days of a new term we always talk about the children's homes, and especially about their mothers; so it was quite natural that the first song which the children were taught (with the exception of the hymn), was one which the children could sing to the mothers.

This song may be found in the "St. Nicholas Song Book," page 135. The beautiful words are by Laura E. Richards, and the exquisite music by J. Remington Fairlamb. The words of the original poem, "O, little, loveliest lady mine" were changed by the teacher to "O, sweetest, loveliest, mother mine," as being more appropriate, and the poem with this alteration was written on the backs of the valentines which the children painted for their mothers.

As the majority of the parents on the lower East Side of New York cannot read English, it was a happy thought to teach the children this poem as a song, so that when the mothers inquired the meaning of the writing on the valentines the children could enlighten them.

Preparations for the Party.

Before the kindergarten room was decorated for the Valentine party, all other decorations and pictures were removed. Owing to the construction of the room, four different kinds of paper heart borders were used on the walls, but this might not be either necessary or effective in other class-rooms. (See figures one, two, and three.)

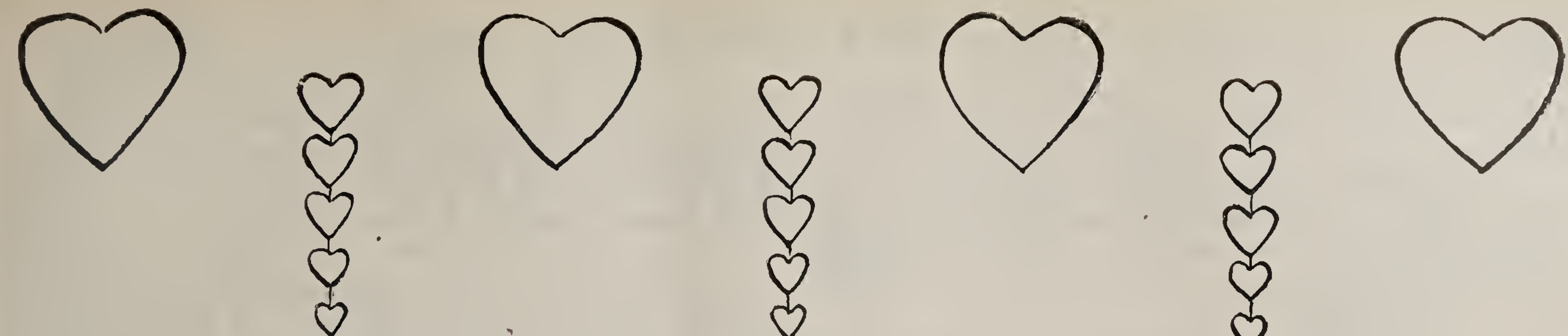
It would have been impossible for the teacher to complete the arrangements for the party on time without the aid of the older scholars of the school. One class wrote all the "invitations" during a regular writing period. (Only the *best* copies were selected.) "Honor students" of another class remained after school hours, and under the teacher's direction made the hundreds of paper hearts used in the decoration of the room.

These hearts ranged in size from one inch in diameter to ten inches. The sample patterns were made by the teacher, and the children traced and cut out other hearts exactly like them, using white water-color paper. The smaller hearts were made from the pieces left in cutting the larger ones.

The paper hearts were painted on both sides with red water color paint. Some were strung by means of a large needle on long ropes of red worsted, and were festooned across the room from the side walls to the center chandelier. The hearts being alternated, large, small, medium, very small, very large, etc., so as to avoid having two hearts of the same size together on the festoon. The effect thus produced was very artistic.

A hundred hearts, size $5\frac{1}{2}$ x 5, were reserved for making the souvenirs of the party, which, for

Figure 1.
Border made of paper hearts for wall decoration.



Small hearts held together by being strung on worsted and spaced by means of knots on the under side.
Figure 2.

a valentine joke were called "Sweethearts" (Fig. 4). Other large and small hearts were used for decorative borders for the walls (see diagrams, Figs. 1, 2, and 3, and door decorations, Fig. 5).

The chandelier was decorated with a large bow of red crepe paper and long streamers of red baby ribbon, to which tiny gilt Cupids and bows and arrows were fastened.

These gilt ornaments may be purchased in Wanamaker's favor department, in the basement, for five cents apiece, and may be kept for years, as the gilt is of excellent quality.

Figure 8.

"Sweethearts." Pattern on a reduced scale of the "Sweethearts." Actual size, five and one-half inches wide and five inches long. Cross lines around the edge indicate stitches of double saxony worsted. Bow-knot of red saxony worsted, ends finished with paper hearts. Note.—Paste a fairy scrap picture on reverse side, if desired. Fill with tiny candies wrapped in parafin paper before sewing.

On the west side of the room a picture of Cupid surrounded by a diamond-shaped decoration of hearts (see illustration), converted a bare wall space, left by the removal of the piano to the yard, into a most charming background.

This picture of Cupid (which was cut out of the Valentine edition of the New York *Herald*), was mounted on green cartridge paper and a red paper heart was pasted in each of the four corners of the mount.

The teacher designed the little white tarlatan dress worn by the "Queen of Hearts" (over her white dress), the day of the party. This dress, made low neck and short sleeves, was simply a blouse waist shirred into a band to which a full skirt, having a deep hem and two tucks, was fastened. The sewing was done by two larger girls.

After the dress was sewed, tiny red paper hearts, attached by means of safety-pins fastened thru the under side of the tarlatan so that they did not show, were pinned in a border on the skirt, and arranged effectively here and there on the waist, and short puffed sleeves.

Any teacher who has not the time to make a tarlatan dress may trim a child's own white dress with paper hearts

The queen's crown was made of silver rope tinsel, the kind used for Christmas tree decoration, costing five cents per yard, and tiny red paper hearts were fastened in a design directly in front, to give her "diadem" a much-bejewelled effect.

The king's crown was made in the same way, but was larger and more elaborate.

For her own costume the teacher used a thin white summer dress, and trimmed the double flounce of the skirt with a border of red paper hearts. The waist and skirt were trimmed with silver rope tinsel, on which tiny one-inch red hearts were fastened. These shining pasteboard hearts may be purchased at Wanamaker's favor department at twenty cents per dozen. They are extremely brilliant and very pretty.

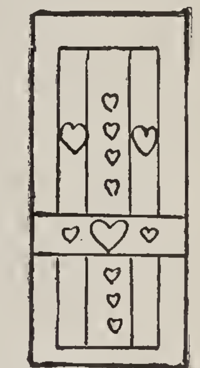
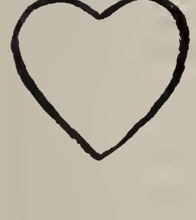


Figure 5.

Treatment of door: each heart pasted to wood-work with small dab of photographic paste size of a dime. Can be removed by means of wet sponge and wood-work will not be injured.

At Macy's the teacher discovered some small but beautiful heart-shaped valentine cards (price one cent each), and bought two of each of the fifteen different designs. These she converted into lockets and badges, with the aid of red baby ribbon. The "lockets" for the "little ladies" had a loop of the ribbon large enough to slip over the child's head. The ends of the ribbon were tied into a pretty bow, where the "heart" was attached.

The badges were trimmed with red baby ribbon rosettes which concealed a safety-pin by which



Borders of paper hearts for wall decoration. Fasten each heart to molding with thumb tack or use a dab of photographic paste size of a dime
Figure 3.

Note.—Smaller hearts held together by being strung on worsted.
Figure 4.

the badge could be easily attached to the "knight's jumpers."

The valentines which the children made for their mothers were double hearts cut out of water-color paper by the teacher, and painted and pasted by the kindergarten children. (See reduced diagram, Figs. 6 and 7.)

In cutting the "opening doors" use a sharp-pointed knife and a metal-edged ruler for a guiding line, instead of scissors, and clean-cut edges will be the result.

To Paint the Valentines.

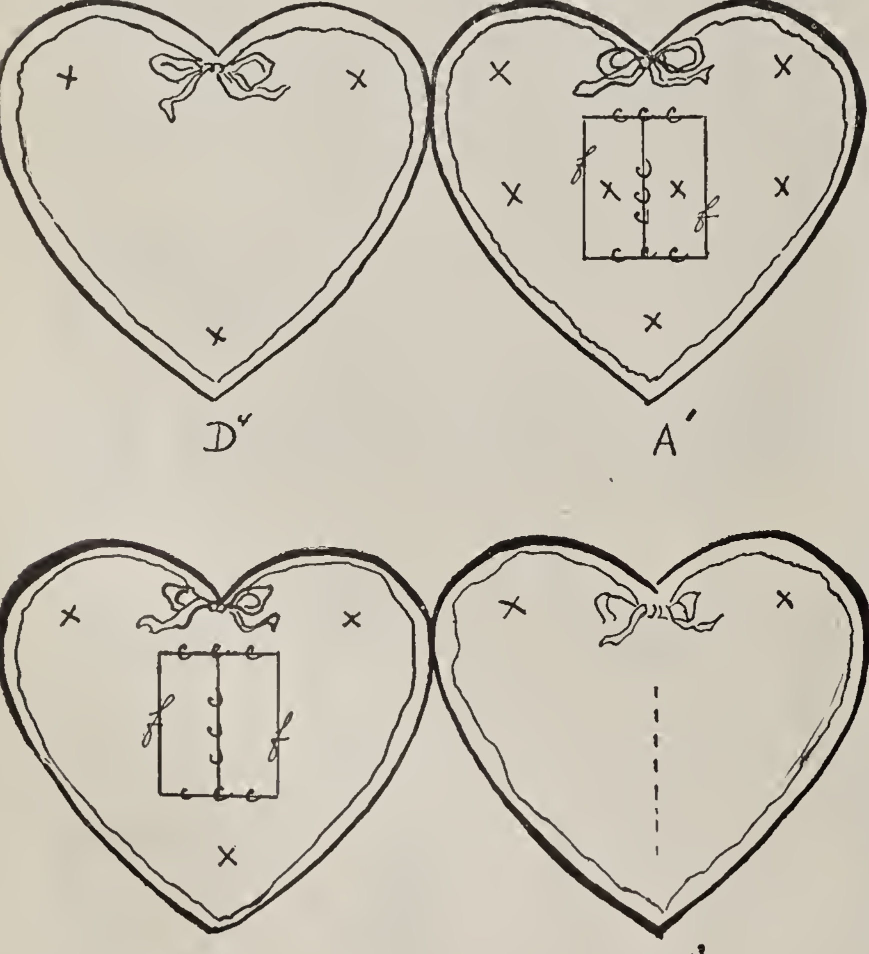
Tint the edge only of each of the four sides of the valentine. (This edge should be less than half an inch wide.) When dry, outline the edge with a thin line of the same color, only a deeper tint. Older children may add a bow-knot at the top, or this may be painted by the teacher. Paint and outline the doors in the same way as the edges.

For the benefit of other teachers, the "numbers" of the scrap pictures used in decorating the valentines are here given, as scrap pictures are not nearly so popular as they used to be, and pretty ones are hard to obtain.

After much searching, most satisfactory pictures were found at a Stationer's who is an agent for Raphael Tuck & Sons' designs. The Tuck firm does not sell any scrap pictures retail, but their designs may be purchased in small quantities from David Murdock, 503 Columbus Avenue, New York City, (near 84th Street.)

Gigantic Relief No. 982 is a beautiful sheet of thirty-two fairy figures, four of each of the different designs. The fairies are dressed in blue, pink, white, or yellow robes, and carry flowers, letters, etc.; We used four sheets of these in decorating the hearts used for the class-room, the "sweetheart" souvenirs, and the mother's valentines.

No. 1084 is a sheet of dainty (one inch wide) flower pictures. It contains 180 separate flowers, five or six flowers of a kind; roses, lilies, morning glories, daisies etc. We ordered three sheets of this style that we might have fifteen of each kind for a valentine. (See diagrams, Figs. 6 and 7.) Both sets of pictures cost five cents a sheet.



Figures 6 and 7.
Pattern for Valentines

In making a valentine follow this color scheme to produce the prettiest results: A fairy with a blue dress should be placed on a valentine with pale-blue tinted edges. Use the "blue morning glory" scrap pictures for the flower decoration.

A fairy with a yellow dress may be pasted on a valentine with a yellow tinted edge. Use the "tea roses" or the "yellow jonquils" for flower decoration, etc.

Candy Souvenirs.

The "sweetheart" souvenirs were made and filled by the older children, under the direction of the teacher (see Fig. 4 for directions in making). The hearts were sewed together by means of a large needle. The worsted (used double), was thirty-four inches in length, the stitches were wide apart and placed a half inch from the edge. The candy was put inside before the hearts were sewed together.

On the day of the party the six kindergarten tables were arranged in pairs (to make three wide tables). These were covered with the white tablecloths. White paper napkins (with a border design of red hearts, cupids, and bows and arrows), were used in the following manner. One napkin was spread on the tablecloth under each child's plate, thereby keeping the cloth clean, besides being very decorative. Another neatly folded, was laid *beside* the plate for use.

The spoons (silver-plated), were presented to the kindergarten by a friend of the teacher's, who saved all her soap wrappers for two years to obtain the spoons as "premiums," for this purpose.

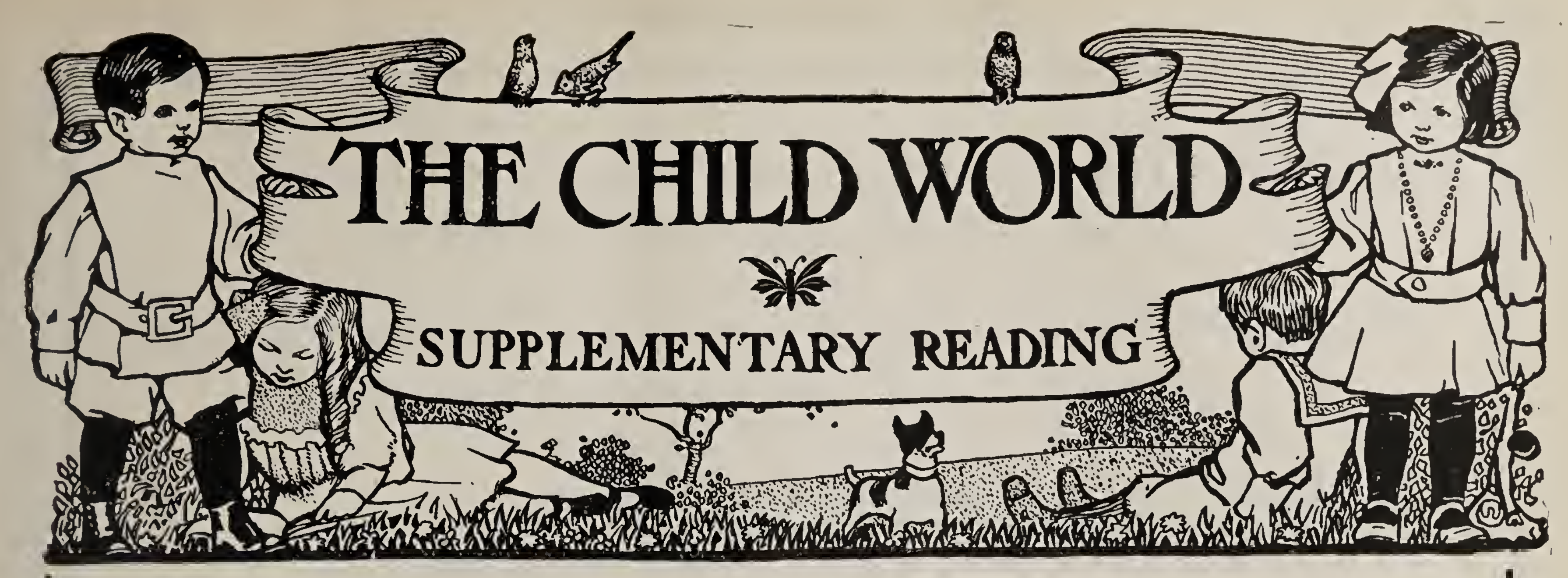
As we did not possess a full set of plates, the kindergarten children were requested to bring their own for the day, as charlotte russe was to be served. This was purchased at wholesale rates thru the courtesy of a Grand Street caterer whose son had been in the kindergarten.

A large bunch of beautiful daffodils and ferns was sent by a Grand Street florist, whose son (once in the kindergarten and still a pupil in the school), has never failed to send us flowers on "Party Days." A dozen pink roses (with very long stems), ferns, and foliage, were sent by another friend of the teacher's.

The flowers were placed on the tables in tall, plain, glass vases, purchased at the ten-cent store across the way from the school, where three round metal trays and fringed white doilies were bought also.

One thing has been very noticeable—the roughest, rudest, most ill-mannered children have always behaved as quietly and properly at these party tables as the most exacting person could desire.

A week before the party the children were allowed to choose the "King of Hearts," by whispering the name of their choice into the teacher's ear. The teacher kept account of the votes on a piece of paper during this process. The King then chose a little girl whom he desired to honor as the "Queen of Hearts."



The Bear and the Little Wolf

*A Nursery Play.**

By MARGARET and CLARENCE WEED, Massachusetts.

Dramatis Personæ:
The Bear.
The Little Wolf.

ACT I.

Scene: A road by a field. The Bear enters from one direction, the Little Wolf from the other.

The Bear.—Well met, Brother. I was wishing to find
A friend who'd help on a plan I've in mind.

Little Wolf.—Well met, Brother. And what is your plan?
I'm sure I'll be glad to help if I can.

The Bear.—Yon field is plowed to plant the corn.
Would you help plant to-morrow morn?

Little Wolf.—Why, yes, I'll help if you'll divide
The crop that ripens as I decide.

The Bear.—And how would you like to take a half?
That would be fair and neither could laugh.

Little Wolf.—Yes, that would be fair, and I'll agree
That the half of the crop shall be my fee.

The Bear.—You know that 'tis said the roots of the plants
Go down far beneath the nest of the ants.

*Adapted from the story of the Bear and the Coyote in "The Man Who Married the Moon," by Charles F. Lummis, by permission of The Century Co.

Little Wolf.—Yes, so I've heard say; 'tis wonderous indeed
So much should be roots and so little seed.

The Bear.—Would'st like for your share the half below ground,
Together with stalks that above it are found?

Little Wolf.—Yes, I'd be content so to divide,
And thus it shall be, I now do decide.

The Bear.—We agree then that I shall have only the ears,
A plan, I confess, that 'rouses my fears.

Curtain.

ACT II.

Scene: The same. The Bear beside a pile of ears of corn; Little Wolf beside a pile of cornstalks.

Little Wolf.—I'm sure, Brother, you didn't intend
To rob me and thus to the poorhouse to send.

The Bear.—Why do you thus my intentions deride?
You know you yourself were left to decide.

Little Wolf.—The roots are trash and the stalks beside
Are fit but to burn or the vermin to hide.

The Bear.—Well, next year, good friend, we'll change the game,
And you shall have whatever you name.

Little Wolf.—Of this then I'm sure, I never shall choose
The worthless roots that I cannot use.

Curtain.

ACT III.

Scene: The same. Time, a year from first meeting. Enter The Bear on one side, Little Wolf on the other.

The Bear.—Well met, Brother. Shall we again
Discuss the crop to plant on the plain?

Little Wolf,—Well met, Brother. Yes, I would fain
Talk over the part that I may gain.

The Bear.—When last we met, lest I forget,
On the part above the ground your heart was set.

Little Wolf.—'Twas so indeed, and you may lead
In planning the crop, if this be my meed.

The Bear.—All right, Brother. And what would you say
To potatoes, a crop that is likely to pay?

Little Wolf.—Yes, potatoes are good, and agree I would
That they be planted and gathered for food.

The Bear.—All right, Brother, on the morrow morn,
We'll plant the murphies where once was corn

Curtain.

ACT IV.

Scene: Same, four months later. The Bear beside a pile of potatoes; the Little Wolf beside a heap of dead potato stalks.

The Bear.—How now, Brother? Why so sad?
Are you ill, or is the crop so bad?

Little Wolf.—You know very well the crop is all right,
'Tis you that has taken all that's in sight.

The Bear.—I've only taken the part that you said
Should be mine to take in the game that we played.

Little Wolf.—These stalks are worse than those of corn;
To the poorhouse I go the morrow morn.

The Bear.—Oh no, Brother, you mustn't despair.
I still desire to treat you fair.

Little Wolf.—How now, Brother? Would you divide
That pile of potatoes there by your side?

The Bear.—Certainly, Brother, I'll willingly give
The half, that you near me may live.

Little Wolf.—'Tis good of you, Brother, so to reward
A stupid like me who forgets his own word.

Curtain.

Robert E. Lee Day—January 19

A large part of the material to be used in celebration of the birth of Robert E. Lee was gathered from various sources by Hon. W. B. Merritt, school commissioner for the State of Georgia. Arranged as the material was, especially with the needs of the schools of the State under Mr. Merritt's charge in mind, it is particularly suitable for use in school-rooms everywhere.

Robert E. Lee.

His was all the Norman's polish
And sobriety of grace;
All the Goth's majestic figure;
All the Roman's noble face;
And he stood the tall exemplar
Of a grand, historic race.
Truth walked beside him always
From his childhood's early years,
Honor followed as his shadow,
Valor lighted all his cares;
And he rode—that grand Virginian—
Last of all the Cavaliers!

—JAMES BARRON HOPE.

He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring.

He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile.

He was Cæsar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward.

He was obedient to authority as a servant; and royal in authority as a true king.

He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.

—BENJ. H. HILL.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE
Born January 19, 1807 — Died October 12, 1870

The thoro education of all classes of the people is the most efficacious means, in my opinion, of promoting the prosperity of the South; and the material interests of its citizens, as well as their moral and intellectual culture, depend upon its accomplishment.

—From a letter to GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force.

If I owned the four million slaves, I would cheerfully sacrifice them to the preservation of the Union, but to lift my hand against my own State and people is impossible.

General Lee related a pleasing incident of one of his boys with whom he was walking out in the snow one day at Arlington. The little fellow lagged behind, and, looking over his shoulder, the father saw him imitating his every movement, with head and shoulders erect, and stepping exactly in his own footprints. "When I saw this," said the General, "I said to myself, 'It behooves me to walk very straight, when this fellow is already following in my tracks'."

Words of General Lee.

If you want to be missed by your friends be useful.

Duty is the sublimest word in our language.

Human virtue should be equal to human calamity.

I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life.

Gone Forward.

Yes, "Let the tent be struck"; victorious morning
Thru every crevice flashes in a day
Magnificent beyond all earth's adorning:
The night is over; wherefore should he stay?
And wherefore should our voices choke to say,
"The General has gone forward?"

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender,
But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure commander, lofty, simple, tender,
Thru good, thru ill, held high his purpose fast,

Wearing his armor spotless—till at last
Death gave the final "Forward!"

All hearts grew sudden palsied: yet what said he
Thus summoned?—"Let the tent be struck!"—For when
Did call of duty fail to find him ready
Nobly to do his work in sight of men,
For God's and for his country's sake—and then
To watch, wait, or go forward?

We will not weep—we dare not! such a story
As his large life writes on the century's years
Should crowd our bosoms with a flush of glory
That manhood's type, supremest that appears
To-day, he shows the ages. Nay, no tears
Because he has gone forward.

Gone forward: whither? Where the marshaled legions,
Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease,
Where Faith's true Red-Cross Knights repose in regions
Thick-studded with the calm, white tents of peace,
Thither, right joyful to accept release,
"The General has gone forward!"

—Margaret J. Preston.

Comments on the Character of General Lee.

I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in grander mold and made of different and finer metal than all other men.

—Lord Wolseley.
(Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.)

I tell you that if I were on my deathbed to-morrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, "Let it be Robert E. Lee."

—General Scott to General Preston.

He lived among us to all appearances absorbed and contented in the routine of educational work. If he repined under failure, he gave no sign; if he found the utter revolution in his life irksome to the spirit "once wrapped in high emprise," he uttered no complaint; if he felt anxiety as to the judgment of posterity on his military career, he made no effort to place the records in evidence. In the controversial disputes among others of our military chieftains which sprung up from the ashes of defeat, as weeds from the wreck of some proud edifice, he took no part. He seemed to be content to leave his character and services, his name and fame, in the keeping of his countrymen, without a word of his own to prejudice the verdict. —Governor Cameron.

I fail to find in the books any such masterful generalship as this hero showed, holding that slim, gray line, half starved, with no prospect of additions, and fighting when his army was too hungry to stand and the rifles were only useful as clubs. His courage was sublime. He was as great as Gustavus Adolphus, or Napoleon, or Wellington, or Von Moltke. His cause was not lost cause so much as is suspected. All that was good in his cause has been grafted into our laws and our Constitution. The doctrine of States' rights, as now interpreted by the Supreme Court, is in exact accordance with his claims on the point.

—Dr. E. Benj. Andrews.

It has been my fortune in life to come in contact with some whom the world pronounced great; but of no man whom it has ever been my fortune to meet can it be so truthfully said, as of Lee, that, grand as might be your conceptions of the man before, he arose in incomparable majesty on more familiar acquaintance. This can be affirmed of few men who have ever lived or died, and of no other man whom it has been my fortune to approach. Grandly majestic and dignified in all his deportment, he was genial as the sunlight of May, and not a ray of that cordial, social intercourse but brought warmth to the heart, as it did light to the understanding.

—Gen. John B. Gordon.

There was in his religion faith without fanaticism, prayer without pretension, and an earnestness, gentleness, and simplicity that kept him tranquil in disaster and grand in the final catastrophes of fortune. Modest and humble, he blamed himself for his failures and glorified God for his success.

From these inner principles came an outer life and manner as graceful as they were serene and majestic. Nothing unworthy could abide his presence; yet all felt exalted by having seen and heard him. With him the weak felt strong and the good secure. Amidst a thousand a child would have selected him as a friend, and the pure and good of all ages and conditions ever felt him to be their pattern and champion.

—Rev. W. H. Platt.

I have always regarded him as the purest, sweetest, most charming Christian gentleman who ever lived, as well as the greatest military chieftain who ever planned a battle in this or any other land. Gifted by nature with a lofty bearing, blended with a never-failing gentleness, he inspired his followers with love, with self-sacrificing devotion, and with sublime faith. No purer man ever lived; no greater general ever led an army.

—W. H. Harrison.

Appomattox.

Where did a defeated cause,
Like the shining sun, go down?
Where, upon a martyr's cross,
Brightest gleamed the victor's crown?
At Appomattox.

Where was fadeless glory wrought,
Out of an immortal deed?
Where, did Valor, all unsought,
Win from Fame her fairest meed?
At Appomattox.

Where was proved that on this earth
Something godlike still is found,
And that men of greatest worth
Are with greatest honors crowned?
At Appomattox.

Should you doubt that such there are,
Scan the scroll of History,
Where in splendor like a star,
Shines the name of Robert Lee,
At Appomattox.

Every land has holy ground,
Touched alone with feet unshod,
Thine, my Southland! thine is found
In the consecrated sod
At Appomattox.

There the crown won thru the cross,
Gave to Lee his deathless fame,
And a great tho vanquished Cause
Fell in glory, not in shame,
At Appomattox.

—CHARLES W. HUBNER.

The Sword of Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon-light,
Led us to Victory!

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

From its scabbard, high in the air,
Beneath Virginia's sky;
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where the sword led they would dare
To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee.

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

—ABRAHAM J. RYAN (FATHER RYAN).

From One of His Soldiers.

It has always been a source of pleasure and gratification to me that I have enjoyed the privilege of frequently seeing General Lee, on the line of march, in the bivouac and on the battlefield, and I am proud that on more than one occasion I had the privilege of very brief conversations with him.

I recall that while in command of a detachment of the Twelfth Alabama Regiment on the banks of the Rappahannock River, in 1863, General Lee rode to where my men were digging rifle-pits. As he rode alone up to where the men were eagerly working I spoke to him, and, with uplifted cap and reverent look, I told him that I had directed my men to cease firing at the pickets across the river, and that the enemy's pickets had been silent for some time as if in tacit approval of our course. General Lee smiled and said, "Shooting down pickets is not war," and in these words expressed his approbation of my command. I then ventured to say, "General, it is dangerous for you to be here, for the enemy's pickets may renew their firing at any time, and you are in a very exposed position. I wish you would go back." Without making any reply, but bowing slightly, he turned his horse and quietly rode back to where his staff were awaiting him some distance in the rear. As I looked upon him the impression, made by having seen him frequently before, as to his remarkable personal beauty and great grace of movement was deepened. He had a superb figure, delicate hands, was graceful in carriage, and of most benign countenance.

His character as understood by the soldiers was possessed of a gentleness and dignity that won their love and admiration. The men whom he commanded were men of courage, honor, and nobility, because they were true to their convictions of right, and were soldiers whose hands were unstained by cruelty or pillage. Their characters were, in a large sense, influenced by the example of their beloved leader.

The admiration of the Confederate soldiers for General Lee was not their partial judgment only, but his greatness and his goodness are admitted by the bitterest of his foes. Books and papers and the very air has been filled with calumnies and revilings of his cause, but none has been aimed at this illustrious exemplar of the cause. If there are spirits so base as to malign him and so blind as not to see his matchless worth and incomparable greatness, they will at least merit and receive the certain indignation of mankind. Base cowards who have spoken of him as a rebel and a traitor have been branded as unworthy, and the name of Lee has moved more tongues and stirred more hearts than the siege of the mightiest city or the triumph of the most renowned of kings. He was in every sense the greatest of soldiers, the sublimest of heroes, the best of men.

His unblemished name and shining fame will endure thru all ages, and the undying love of every Southern man and woman and the admiration of all the world will follow him. General Lee's name and fame are not bounded by the borders of the South nor by the limits of the American continent. The South gave him birth, the South holds his ashes, but his enduring fame belongs to the human race. Washington and Jefferson Davis were born in the South and sleep in the South, but their great fame is not to be appropriated by this country; it is the inheritance of mankind. The names of Lee and Davis should be placed by the present and by posterity beside that of Washington.

—ROBERT E. PARK.

Drawing and Constructive Work for January

By Anna J. LINEHAN, Supervisor of Manual Training, Asheville, N. C.

Grade I.

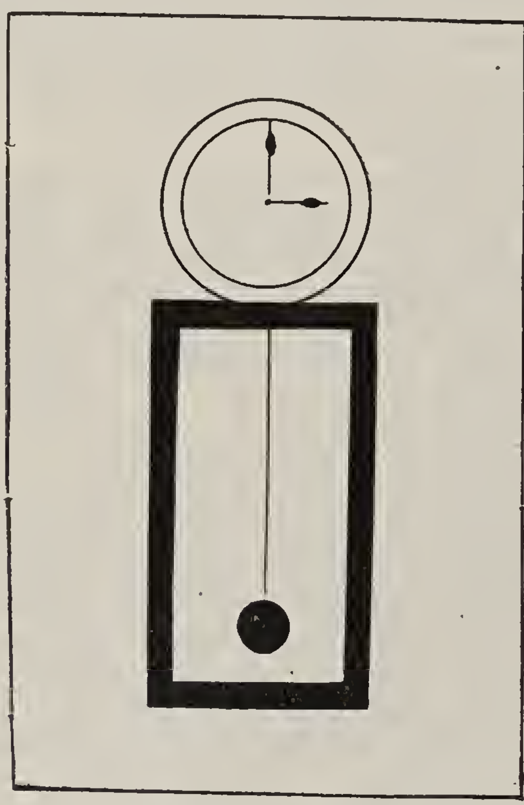
First Week.—Review of sphere, cube, and cylinder. Also front and top faces of same.

Second Week.—Modeling miniature snow-man, or cutting, or painting it, making the head and body like the sphere and the limbs like the cylinder.

Third Week.—Drawing drum from model.

Fourth Week.—Cutting front and top face of cylinder, and arranging to make old-fashioned clock.

Or the teacher may prefer to have the children make silhouette of toy dog, lamb, or elephant, letting some child bring the object from home for the lesson.



An old-fashioned Clock.

Grade II.

First Week.—Give lesson on equilateral triangular prism.

Second Week.—Making a prism like above, and leaving one side in open strips to form a hen-coop. Or, designing borders with triangular tablets, then cutting from colored paper. Or the tablets having been drawn, color them with crayon or water-color.

Third Week.—Drawing fir trees, using same to decorate cover of story of how the holidays were spent.

Fourth Week.—Large drawing of sled from model.

Grade III.

First Week.—Have children clearly understand from drawings or tablets the difference between ellipse and oval, so that they may avoid the confusion of terms so general. Give practice in making ellipses with one sweep of pencil.

Second Week.—Designing and cutting cups of various shapes. Making large drawing of cup that each child may select from his designs. The teacher will have to talk of appropriateness of size of handle, also width of ellipse at top of cup, depending on distance below the eye.

Third Week.—Drawing skate, ball, and hockey-stick from object.

Skate, ball, and hockey-stick arranged for composition cover design.

Fourth Week.—Using above drawing for subject of story of some incident which occurred on the skating-pond. Or, the class may draw from some toy brought from home, such as locomotive and train, automobile, horse and wagon.

Fir tree design for composition cover.

Grade IV.

Making square, circular, or elliptical frame for picture.

Drawing snow scene in black and white to fit in same.

Grade V.

Designing lamp or candle-shade. Decorating and finishing same.

Grade VI.

Drawing some article in common use at home, such as teapot. If possible, have several brought in for the lesson, for the variety of shapes is unlimited.

Use of initial in cover design.

Or, the tea-bowl used by the Chinese will serve as a graceful object to draw.

The manner of serving and drinking tea in Japan will be interesting at this time.

In the first grade, as the front and top faces of the sphere are both circles, and of the cube both squares, the cylinder will offer the first variation. Making an object like a clock will fix the lesson in the child's mind. The diameter of the circle is the same as the short diameter of the oblong, the longer one being twice this length. Having made one like the diagram, let each child make one of his own design. If there is no time in the school-room for this, encourage the children to make them at home. The teacher who has interested her class will be surprised at the number of good clocks brought in, some only varying slightly, perhaps, but enough to show some thought and originality.

The hands and numerals may be added at the teacher's discretion. In the second grade, when the children have drawn or cut one fir tree, the best possible for them, this can be used for the repeat to form the border. In the same way, a toy dog, cat, or soldier may be used as a substitute for the trees. If the toys are chosen instead of the trees, Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue" could be repeated by, or read to them.

In the third grade, if the children have not already cut bowls, it would be best to have them first cut or draw the common kitchen cup without a handle, that they may get the two sides symmetrical. In the little book called "Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard," or "Stories about Tea, Coffee, Sugar," etc., the teacher will find a condensed and interesting description of the making of cups; this information will impress itself on the children more at this time than if told abstractly.

In the fifth grade the pupils should be prepared for the work of the candle or lamp-shade before they attempt it. Have them get the diameter of some shade at home, and then plan to make theirs for that lamp. The radius of the inner circle will be to that of the outer circle as 1:3. Have them prepared for the design by talking of the shape of each panel, and the amount of space to be covered by the design.

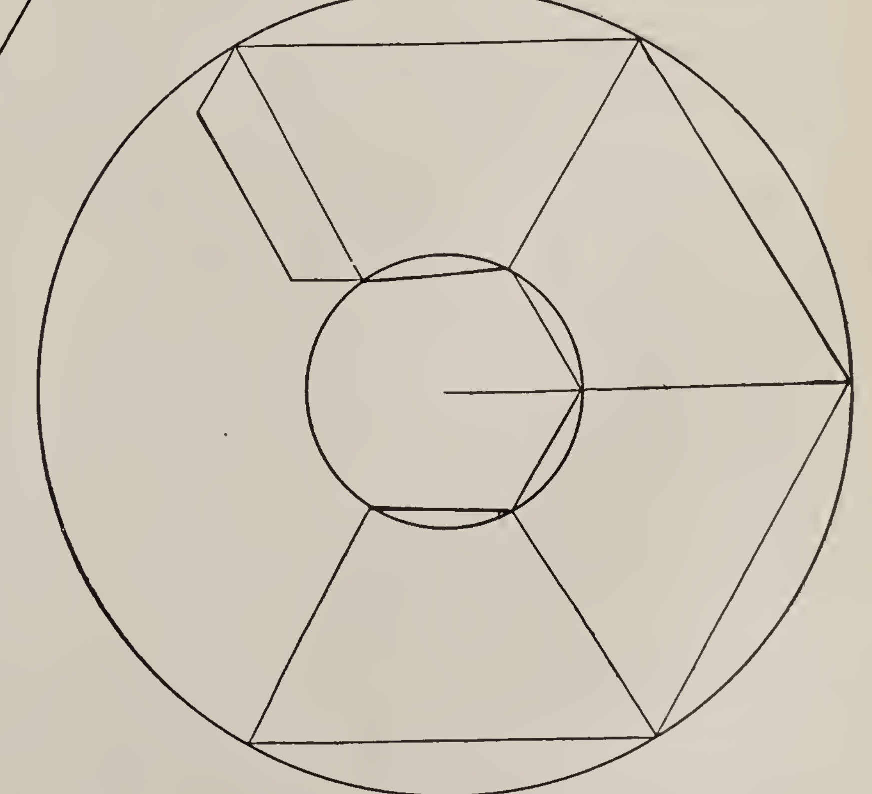
The results are rarely satisfactory when a class turns from a difficult lesson in mathematics, for instance, to a lesson in designing, unless some previous preparation has been made. The space to be covered should be considered, then examples sought, for that will assist in the work of the day. Finished drawings need not be made, but each pupil should have some sketch ready, so that no time may be lost at the beginning of the lesson. Each pupil should finish a large or a small shade, as he prefers.

In the sixth grade have the class make sketches of several teapots, perhaps only handle, cover, or spout, before finally deciding on the one to be drawn. Then have large drawing in light and shade, or in color, of one pleasing and appropriate in shape.

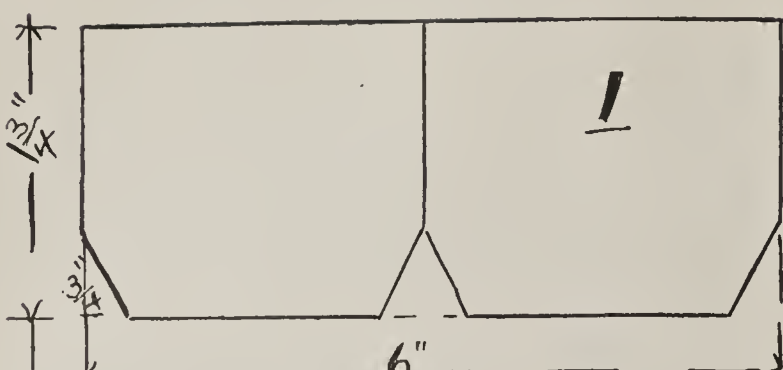
An initial letter of an essay on Japan or China could be designed while working on the subject.

In all grades try to develop the pupils' individuality.

Diagram of candle or lamp-shade, to be made by pupils of the fifth grade.



To make the shade according to diagram given, draw concentric circles of one inch and three inch radii. Draw one radius from center to circumference. Then use this last point from which to mark off points on the circumference with this same radius. There will be four sections in all. Join these points by straight lines. Cut the center out carefully, also the third of the circle that is not needed. Crease carefully on the lines, and then trace on design previously made. The shade may be made of tinted cardboard with parchment or good quality tracing paper on the under side, after the design has been cut. If white cardboard is used, the tracing paper could be colored. Green and white will make a very satisfactory shade, but any good combination could be used.

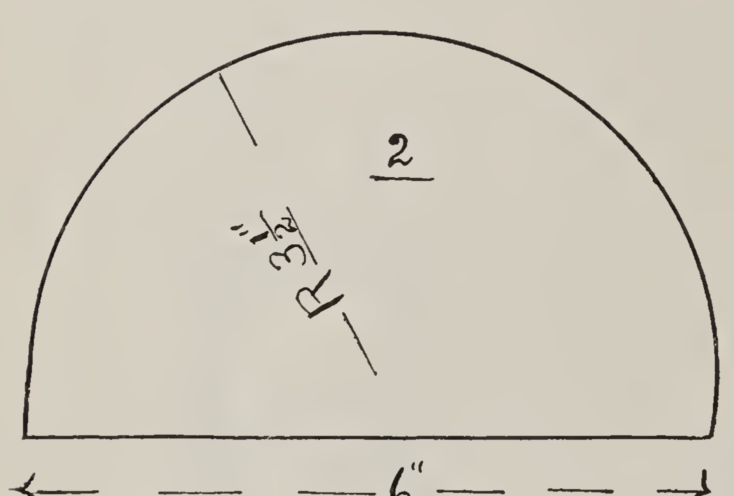


Dressing an Eskimo Doll.

The costume for the Eskimo doll is planned to fit a doll eight inches high. The cap, coat, and trousers should be of fur, the leggings of leather. To avoid unnecessary sewing, the first three garments have been planned to cut in one piece.

The trousers (Diagram 1), will have a band, or a gathering string at the top, and the four oblique lines joined in pairs.

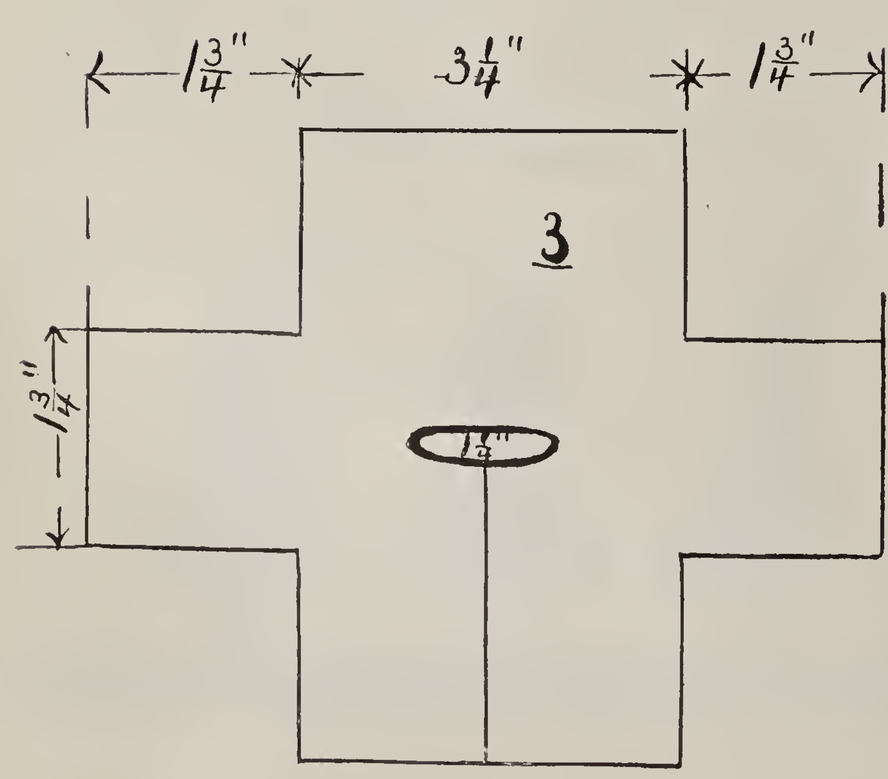
The cap (Diagram 2), will require about a half-inch more than a semi-circle having a six-inch diameter.

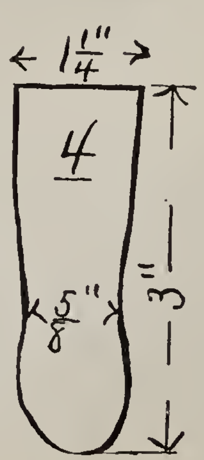


The Doll Complete.

The straight line fits around the face; the curve will have to be gathered or laid in plaits to fit the back part of the neck. The coat (Diagram 3), may be cut from the fur doubled, the opening at the front being cut down the center, and a small ellipse cut for the neck. Fold 3, thru the long diameter if the coat is to be cut double.

The leggings should be of leather, the front and back cut from the same pattern, and joined on the sides.





Civics for all Grades

By Flora Helm Krause, Chicago

(Especially suited to the needs of the Fifth School Year.)

The Deaf.

THERE are two or three institutions in each State for the education of the totally deaf. The expenses of these, and the maintenance or transference of the attendants, are paid by the people of the State by taxation.

There are two methods of instruction—the sign language and the articulation.

In the first method there are two kinds of signs—the natural and the arbitrary.

By the former is meant such signs as are originated on the impulse of the moment, and indicate naturally by gesture or motion the idea to be expressed. As, to point to the mouth and at the same time make a chewing motion would mean *eating*.

By the arbitrary is meant a set system of motions that always express the same idea, and that the deaf are taught to recognize. As, to put the hand to the forehead means *man*.

The method by articulation, which means understanding communication by the motion of others' lips, and learning to use the voice to communicate with others, is considered the better by modern educators, and will no doubt in time displace the other altogether.

The reason this method is considered the better is, primarily, because education by this method has been tried with satisfactory results. The deaf person is no longer isolated from his neighbors and humanity by a language peculiar to himself. He communicates with his fellow creatures in *apparently* the same way as the normal person, thus removing largely the appearance before the world of his handicapped condition. Education of the deaf is now a part of the regular public school system.

In large cities where there are a sufficient number to warrant it, there are rooms opened for the especial instruction of the deaf. The children are here taught everything that is in the regular school program, except singing. And rhythmic drills take the place of that.

There are not many pupils to one teacher—generally eight or ten. The teacher, who has been especially trained for this instruction, instructs the little ones orally from the beginning.

They have to watch very closely to learn just what each muscular motion of the lips, tongue, throat, and face means. Each motion means to them an idea, just as each sound means to the normal person an idea. They soon learn that they must make similar muscular motions to use their voice and be understood by others.

This grasp of the meaning of the facial motions is helped at first thru *feeling*. The child's one hand is placed on the teacher's throat for gutterals—on the nose for nasals, etc., and the other on his own corresponding organs. The idea of volume, too, is taught them by the sight of muscular exertion on the part of the teacher. At recess time the children mingle freely in play with the normal children of the other rooms, thereby breaking down barriers and introducing them by degrees into the great world of humanity of which they must eventually become a part.

Children.

(The words normal and abnormal are so much in demand in the science of civics that it would be well to have pupils of the fifth grade, at the very start, make them parts of their vocabulary.)

Children, from the standpoint of civics, are divided into the two great classes, normal and abnormal. Abnormal children are classified thus:

Abnormals { Defectives
Dependents
Delinquents.

Defectives are those who are physically deficient; such as the blind and deaf.

Dependents are those for whom proper parental care is missing. They may be orphans or they may have parents who are neglectful or who are ignorant, or who are immoral.

In former days *the property* of a dependent was thought to be the essential consideration by society; now it is *the child itself*.

Dependents.

Orphans who have no one especially interested in their welfare may be placed in institutions called Orphan Asylums.

These are large buildings supported and operated by the State, county, city, or by private enterprise. These buildings are gradually being superseded by the cottage system, just as in the insane institutions, in order to give more a natural, homelike effect.

But a still later procedure by society for the caring of orphans is the organization of societies called Home and Aid Societies, or Child Placing Societies.

These are organized on the principle that

A home is no home without a child,
A child is no child without a home.

It has become generally recognized that placing children in large buildings operated in a perfunctory way gives them a certain undeniable stamp called *institutional*. The child is not a natural being when placed in unnatural environment; he is deprived of his natural right—a home influence. So these societies aim to place orphans in the homes of people who volunteer their protection. There are agents for the societies, whose special business it is to look up such homes for orphans. The child is placed in such a home temporarily, until it is determined that it is a desirable place for the child and that the child is what the people wish it to be.

Then, possibly, legal adoption takes place, in which case the child has all the rights of a child born to these people.

In large cities there are also Homes for the Friendless, where a child may be left temporarily until the parent or parents arrive at the condition in life where they can again take care of it.

Day Nurseries and Crêches are places where poor people may leave their children under proper care and protection during the day, while they go to work. The State or organization which cares for dependents in the ways described above, stands *in loco parentis*, in place of the parent.

The purpose of their work is that the dependent child may become a useful citizen like the normal child, the purpose being both for the benefit of the child and the protection of society; as the dependent child, deprived of home influence and parental care, might possibly become bad, and thus be a menace to society.

Delinquents.

Delinquents are those children not coming up to the moral standard of the normal child. There are three classes of institutions which are formed to discipline and educate delinquents:

Parental Schools.
Industrial Schools.
Reformatories.

Parental schools are a part of the public schools, and are principally for truants and incorrigibles of schools. Industrial Schools make a specialty of teaching the children confided to their care manual training, domestic science, trades, and crafts. They may be:

1. State Institutions, in which case each county pays a certain part of the expenses in proportion to the number sent from it to the institution.
2. County Institutions, in which case the county having such institution of its own does not contribute towards the State Institution.
3. Private Institutions, in which case the county in which they are located pays a share of the expenses for the privilege of sending children there.

Reformatories are places of confinement for delinquents convicted of serious offenses, and who are older than those sent to the other two places.

The object of reformatories is to protect society from the youthful criminal, and to reform and reclaim him from his sinful ways.

Juvenile Court.

Formerly, bad children were tried in the same way, and at the same court that adult criminals were. Then, after a while, society began to realize that, on account of their youth they were not so responsible, and that if taken in time they could be educated into men and women of good character.

And so in time a special court, called the Juvenile Court, was instituted to try these delinquents. And then, as it was recognized that dependents might become delinquents on account of their unfortunate circumstances, they were also given over to the Juvenile Court, which decided where they should be placed.

The Juvenile Court has, as a part of its system, a set of officers called *probation officers*. It is the duty of these people to look after delinquents who have been given a second chance by the Court, and dependents who are placed temporarily in homes.

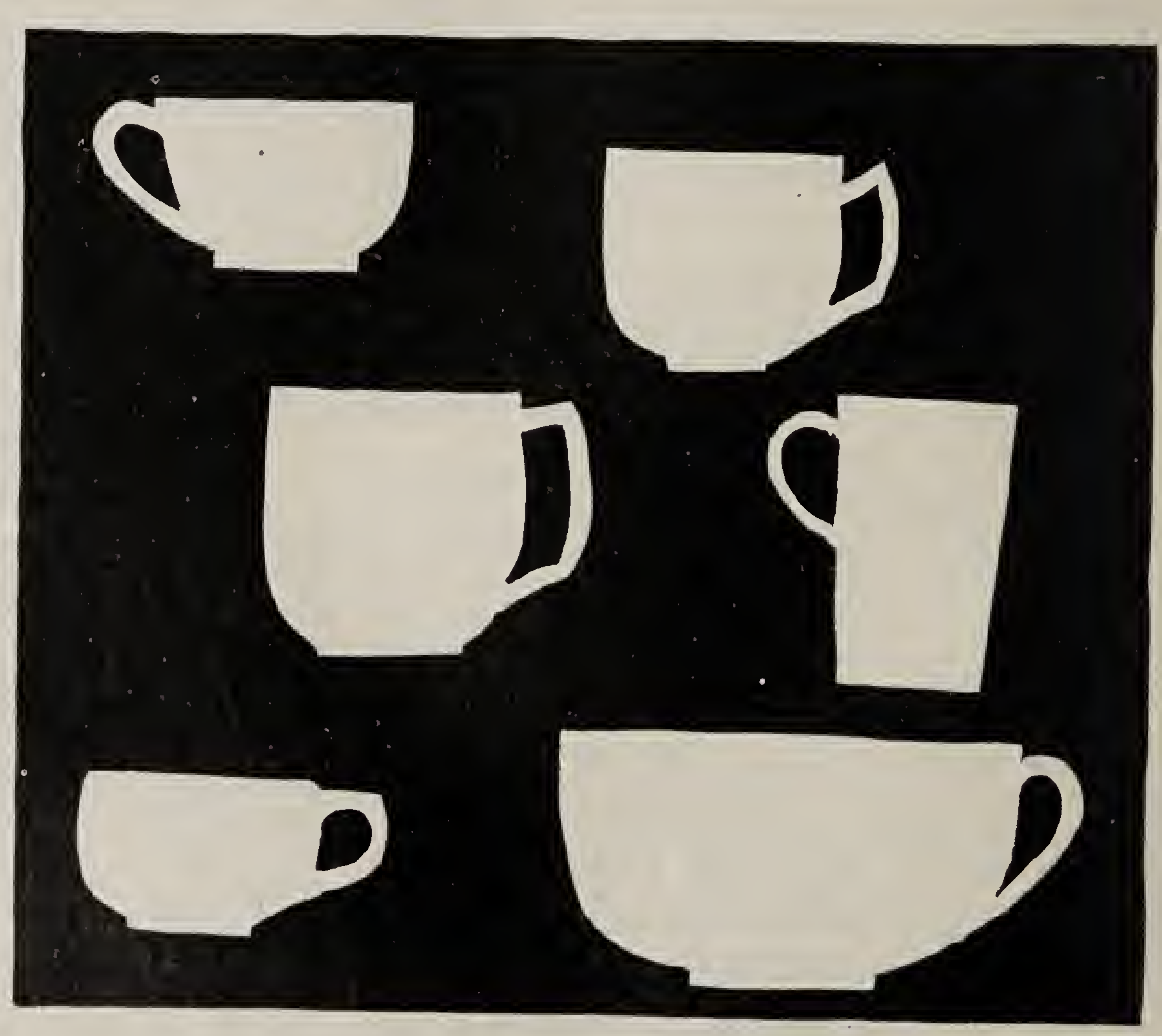
The Insane—Institutions for Them.

The objects of institutions for the insane are:

1. To have these unfortunates given such assistance, hygienic and medical, as may help in making them well.
2. To protect and support them, since they are not able to do so themselves, and make them as comfortable and happy as they can be.
3. To protect society from them.

Institutions of this kind are for four kinds of patients—the Curables, the Incurables, the Criminal Insane, and the Feeble-Minded.

The County and State both have their asylums for the insane. It is customary in most States to have the County care for a certain number; the patients of a County in excess of that number are sent to a State Asylum. A certain number of Counties together make a district in a State which "feeds" the State Asylum of that district.



Paper Cutting for January. [See article by Anna J. Linehan.]

The County, unless it contains a very large city like New York, generally cares for its insane at the County Farm.

The management of the County Asylum and care of its property are under control of a Board of County Commissioners who are either elected by the people or appointed by the Governor of the State.

The support is by County taxation.

State Asylums.

The asylums of the State and of those Counties that contain large cities are large, well-constructed buildings with beautiful grounds. The old style of construction for these buildings is to have one large building thru which runs a corridor. From the corridor extend rooms for patients, attendants, and officers. The modern method of construction is to have a main building for offices and a few wards, while a group of detached wards house the great bulk of patients.

The object of this is to give a more home-like effect. The more variety that is introduced into these separate wards, both as to exterior and interior, the more this home-effect is heightened. Piazzas surround the cottages for summer use by the inmates.

The yards or surroundings are laid out like parks or home-like yards, with regard to the influence that natural beauty has upon the "sick mind."

Where the Institution is on a large scale, these groups of wards or cottages make a little village, with regular streets, sidewalks, gas and water mains, shade-trees, and street lighting apparatus.

There are general bath-houses, workshops, and theaters for the comfort, occupation, and pleasure of the patients.

There is a hospital for the sick in body; there is a general dining-room with pleasing appurtenances.

Some Institutions arrange for music, entertainment, and social functions for the occupants.

The expenses for all this, with medical care and board, are obtained from the State taxes. Those of the State who need the benefits of these State Institutions are admitted after an examination by the County Court. The management and money part are looked after by the State Board of Charities, appointed by the Governor. The Board appoints the wardens, officers, and other attendants.

Insane Criminals.

Some insane asylums of the State are especially given over to the care and cure of people who have committed crime while insane or who have gone insane after committing a crime and have to be kept in custody by the State.

These are generally placed near, and run in conjunction with, the State penitentiary.

The Feeble-Minded.

And again, another State institution of this class is devoted especially to the purpose of promoting "the intellectual, moral, and physical culture of feeble-minded children and to fit them as far as possible for earning their own livelihood and for future usefulness in society."

Questions and Answers.

By Amos M. Kellogg.

Eighth Grader.—You deserve much credit for the work you are doing in interesting your pupils in the greatness and sweetness of our English prose writers of the past two centuries. The twelve names I would propose are these: Johnson, Goldsmith, Macaulay, Landor, DeQuincey, Lamb, Carlyle, Emerson, Froude, Ruskin, Newman, and F. W. Robertson. A Cleveland teacher who asked last year for suggestions on this point is working on this line; her letter shows that she is an admirer of the best English prose and that is a great step; it is almost the only qualification needed; the next step is to bring one of these authors before her class; she will tell them about him; after a week has passed inquire who is reading his writings; discussion follows. So with others.

A New York teacher asks some curious questions concerning Ruskin. "Is he not overrated?" I think not. Since his death a certain silence has ensued, but he is by no means forgotten. Bear in mind that he is far more than an art critic; he is to be regarded as a great moral teacher. Also that the very great teachers of the human race never sat in school-rooms. Carlyle and Emerson were teachers of this sort as well as Ruskin. His dictum "If a picture is not great, it is because the artist lacks moral and spiritual fiber," while not wholly accepted, places beauty on a higher plane than merely sense pleasing; it is to be interpreted like Keat's famous line (Ode to a Grecian Urn) "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." In my opinion there will come a time when Ruskin will occupy a niche like Socrates.

In Memoriam is so called because the poems composing it were written by Tennyson in memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, a dear friend, who died in Vienna, September 15, 1833, in his twenty-third year. He was buried in Clevedon Church. A tablet is on the west wall of the south transept which celebrates "the brightness of his genius, the depth of his understanding, the nobleness of his disposition, the fervor of his piety, and the purity of his life."

Socialism.—A Baltimore teacher inquires if socialism is taught in any school. There are two meanings given to this word; one identifies it with communism, and this is objectionable; the other opposes it to individualism (each one for himself), and would unite all for the common good; this is evidently desirable. There is more or less socialism of the latter sort taught in all good schools. Hazing is an unsocial (unneighborly) act; children in the family are trained to be social (do for the common good), and that is the great reason for their loving home. I know of one school where the daily question is, "What have you done for another (teacher or pupil) to-day?" That is true socialism. The acts of the last Congress that attracted so much attention (concerning railroads and pure food) are of the socialistic order; the public school is a socialistic institution, but it is of the compulsory order; I am referring to free socialism, such as the Samaritan evinced.

Winter Plays and Activities

By Belle R. Parsons, California.

Snow Play.

Activities: Throwing, stamping, tramping, bending, large arm and leg movements, head movements.

Give this sequence after the children have watched a snow storm and played in the snow.

When a right trunk, or head, bending, or twisting, exercise is given or an exercise for the right arm or leg, be sure to repeat the same, or a similar movement to the left.

1. Looking up into the sky to watch the clouds or snowflakes.

Ready—position.

Head slightly backward bend.

Hold.

Head upward raise.

Order: Ready—Head Back! (hold). Head Up!—Po-sition! Repeat several times.

Class should talk about the falling flakes, before taking the exercise, and during the "Hold" the teacher may make the play more real by asking, "Can you see them?" "I wonder if you could count them," etc.

"Hold" is not a command to be given to the children.

2. Imitating the Falling Flakes.

Ready—Position: Arms upward raised.

Arms downward sink, moving fingers in imitation of flakes.

Order: Position—Ready. Down! Down Down! Down! (slowly). Position!

One and two may be combined when each is done correctly alone.

3. Making Snowballs.

Ready—Position: Kneeling on left knee.

Trunk downward, slightly to left, bend, arms outward and forward swing. (Large movement, pretending to scoop up snow.)

Come to erect position and pretend to pat ball into shape.

Order: Ready. Gather snow! Pat, pat, pat! Ball—Down! One!

Repeat, making four balls on left.

Repeat, kneeling on right knee, trunk downward, slightly to right bend. Make four balls on right.

Repeat, kneeling on both knees, trunk forward bend. Make four balls in front.

Count "one," "two," etc., as each ball is finished, and put down, finally coming to "position."

4. Throwing Snowballs.

Ready—Position.

Stoop to left to get ball (with or without knee bend.)

Stand erect and take aim.

Throw ball. (Get good stretch out of this exercise.)

Position.

(Stoop)
Order: Ready—(Stand) (4)———Position!
(Throw)

Repeat, stooping to right, throwing with right.

Repeat, stooping (or bending) forward.

5. Warming Feet.

Ready—Position.

Lifting one leg and then the other, as if stamping in the snow, or springing from foot to foot.

(Left)
Order: Ready—(Stamp) (8)———Po-sition!
(Right)

Slowly at first, then faster, faster, faster, slowly—Halt!

On balls of feet with slight spring in knees.

Stamping or jumping in the soft snow will not make any noise.

6. Warming Hands.

Rubbing hands together.

Order: Ready—Rub, Rub—(as long as desirable)—Po-sition!

7. Making Snowman.

Ready—Position. Trunk forward, downward bend.

Holding this position, walk along slowly, using arms as if rolling large ball, which grows larger and heavier with each revolution.

Order: Ready—Position. Roll, Roll, etc. Position!

Indicate effort of rolling by tone of voice.

Class take exercise one row at a time, each row pretending to make one part of snowman.

If possible, use medicine balls (not heavy) in the rolling, to offer resistance, and thus gain real muscular work.

Take this exercise slowly, and for short distances, at least for first few times.

Good for back and arm muscles.

8. Warming Body.

Ready—Position!

Swing arms in front of and around body, "as you have seen motormen, or coal drivers, do."

Order: Ready—Swing! Swing! Swing! etc. Po-sition!

9. Shoveling Snow.

Ready: Position! Right foot forward, place hands as if holding candle.

Trunk forward bend, with arms forward, reach.

Trunk erect.

Arms to right, fling.

(Down)
Order: Ready—Position (Up) (8) Po-sition!
Repeat to left. (Toss)

10. Tramping or Wading in the Snow.
Ready—Position.
Slow, high-stepping, on balls of feet.

Order: Ready—Wade (Left / Right) (around the room). Po-sition.

Teacher count slowly "left" "right" indicating effort of pulling feet out of snow by tone of voice.

Ice.

An ice series may be worked out in much the same way, if the children are familiar with the activities. Sliding and skating offer themes for rhythmic movements: cutting, hauling, loading, and storing ice furnishes excellent activities.

The Woodman.

Older children may take great pleasure in investigating and representing the activities of a lumber camp: cutting trees, hauling to river, and making of rafts, or loading on trains. For younger children the typical and simple activities of the woodman are all that should be used. The work could be introduced by a short review of trees, or directly follow the tree series. "The Woodman" may be followed by the "Carpenter" to complete the shelter idea, or by a ship-building sequence, thus leading to "Transportation."

1. Trudging Thru Snow to Woods.
(1) Long, slow, trudging step.
(2) Leg from hip, swing, as if scuffling thru light snow.
(3) Going to woods on snow shoes.

2. Chopping Trees.
Ready: Position! Right foot forward, place; arms swung over shoulder as if holding ax.

Arms downward fling; with trunk forward, downward bend.

(1) Chop first on one side of tree, then on other.
(2) Opposite lines facing each other, swing axes up and down, alternately.

Order: Ready—Position (Down / Up) 8, Po-sition!

3. Trimming the Tree, Cutting off Twigs with Ax or Adz.

Arm, or arm and trunk movements.

4. Sawing, with Cross-cut Saw.

Ready: Position! One foot forward place, weight on forward foot, both hands forward reach (one on top of other as if grasping handle), trunk erect, chest and head high.

Sway forward and backward, changing weight from foot to foot, bending arms at elbows, when coming back.

Order. Ready—Position (Front / Back) 8, Po-sition

A larger movement may be obtained by bending forward knee when swaying forward, backward knee when swaying backward.

Do not bend back at waist.

When movement is understood, work in opposite rows about four feet apart. Begin with two children, then two rows, then class.

Rhythmic Exercises

By Marion Bromley Newton, Rochester, N. Y.

Grade I.

LESSON I.

March. (Light march music.)

1. In circle. 2. In zigzag, across the hall. (Children should stop with the piano. A chord may mean to face and march the other way. 3. In a long straight line; by "twos"; by "fours"; taking hold of hands. 4. With short steps. 5. With long steps. 6. On tiptoe. 7. Backward, with short steps.

Note: In No. 4 music quickens. No. 5, music becomes slower. No. 6, light music.

LESSON II.

(Teacher leads, children imitate.)

Military Imitations. (March music.) Eyes to the front; spaces of arm's length should be between each two.

1. *Infantry Parade. Soldier hats,* hands placed on heads with fingers meeting in a point. *Drums,* hands holding imaginary sticks, beat the drums; *bass drums,* beaten with right hand and held with left. *Drum Major,* child with tall paper hat, and stick or pointer for baton. *Trumpets,* tooting thru hands. *Epaulettes,* hands at shoulders. *Knapsacks,* arms folded behind. *Fifes,* hands hold imaginary fife, and fingers move as if playing. *Cymbals,* using palms of hands. *Guns,* Command, "Charge!" children run in line, carrying guns. Command, "Aim!" children kneel on one knee, and take aim. Command, "Fire!" children say, "Bang!" then rise and march.

Tactics. Mark time; forward, march; about, march; halt.

2. *Cavalry Parade. High stepping horses.* (March music.) Knees lifted high at each step; heads tossing in air. *Pawing horses*—waltz music. Pawing twice with each foot before stepping. *Trotting horses* (quick march music.) Running lightly on toes, still keeping good formation. *Galloping horses* (two-step music.)

3. "King of France" game, and "Soldier Boy."

LESSON III.

Animal Imitations. (Have pictures or silhouettes of all the animals imitated.)

1. *Dancing Bear.* (Two-step music.) Sliding step taken in circle, hands held up like fore paws, heads wagging from side to side. (Children may stand in a circle; one or two at a time, having strings around their necks, held by the teacher or another child, dance around inside of ring.)

2. *Elephants* in circus parade. (Slow march music.) Children march in circle; bodies are bent forward so that hands come together as the arms fall forward to form the elephants' trunks; trunks are swung from side to side with music as procession marches along.

(To be continued.)

The Squirrel.

My fur is soft and thick.
It keeps me warm.
It is my coat.
I have large eyes.
I have pointed ears and long whiskers.
I have five toes on my hind feet and four on my fore feet.
I have sharp claws on my feet.
My teeth are sharp.
I can eat a nut.
I can climb a tree.
I spend most of my time in the trees.
I run from one branch to another.
If I fall from a tree it does not hurt me.
I have a long bushy tail and I carry it over my back.
My tail makes a cloak to wrap me when I sleep.
My tail is not round like a cat's; it is broad and flat.
My thick fur keeps me warm in winter.
My nest is made of twigs.
Often I make it under an old tree.
I run and play in the summer.
I work hard in the fall.
I gather nuts in the fall.
I live on acorns and nuts.
I put some of the nuts in my nest.
Some nuts I put in holes and places near by.
Sometimes I shell the nuts before I hide them away.
I hide the nuts before the snow comes.
I dig down thru the snow to find the nuts.
I always know just where to find the nuts.
Sometimes I eat the eggs of the birds.
Sometimes I eat the little buds on the trees.
I like to eat apples.
Sometimes I eat the farmer's wheat.
I am afraid of weasels.
Weasels will kill me if they find me.
Sometimes I am killed for my fur.
In this country, my coat is sometimes red and sometimes gray.
Some squirrels have pockets in their cheeks to carry food.
Sometimes I bite the bark of a maple tree and drink the sap.
I like to eat the pine seeds of the Christmas tree.

LILLIAN C. FLINT.

Snow.

A cloud is water-dust.
We made water-dust by boiling a kettle over the fire.
The steam came out of the spout.
The water-dust was on the cold window.
That made the water-dust into drops of water.
We saw them roll down the window.
The sun drinks up the water from the rivers and lakes.
Then the water-dust makes clouds.
Clouds are white.
Some clouds are gray.
Some clouds are black.

A cold north wind blew last night.
It blew snow clouds all over the sky.
The cold wind turned the water-dust into snow.
The little flakes fell down to the earth softly.
They had on little white dresses.
They were like little white stars.
Each star had six little points.
They did not make any noise.
They covered all the ground with a soft white carpet.
They made a blanket for the little flowers.
The flowers went to sleep in the fall.
The snow blanket keeps the flowers from freezing.
The snow made white night gowns for the bushes.
The snow hid the paths.
We can find the paths under the snow.
Little snow birds come when it snows.
Snow is soft, and cold, and white.
We can make snow balls out of the snow.
We can make snow men out of the snow.
We must put on mittens when we play in the snow.
The sun melts the snow.
It takes it up into clouds again.
By and by it will fall softly down in flakes.
Then we can play with it again.

"Whenever a snow flake leaves the sky
It turns and says 'Good-by, good-by,
Good-by, dear cloud, so cool and gray,'
Then lightly travels on its way.

"And when a snow flake finds a tree,
'Good day,' it says, 'Good day to thee,
You are so bare and lonely, dear.
I'll rest and call more snow flakes here.'"

LILLIAN C. FLINT.

Elementary Nature Study

By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota

The Oyster.

YOU had oyster soup for dinner. Did you ever think of where a baby oyster lives, what he eats, how his food is brought to him, who are his enemies, and what he does to protect himself against them?

At first the oyster is in a tiny egg, so little that there must be thousands of them before they can be seen. After floating around in the egg for a few days he hatches out and comes up to the top of the water. There he swims about in the bright sunshine for some hours and then begins to sink, and after two or three days is ready to fasten himself to something.

Up to this point Nature has left the oyster without any protection in any form. He is fortunate if he even gets born out of the many thousand eggs that his mother lays, for there are thousands of fishes that are on the watch to eat him up. But Nature managed this way: She said, "Never mind, I will provide so many eggs that if one in a thousand lives, it will be enough."

When the wee bag of jelly, which is all that the baby oyster is at first, gets thru swimming and sinks, as soon as he hits a rock or a sunken stick he fastens himself to it and never moves from that place as long as he lives. Then Nature begins to help him; she begins the very tiniest bit of armor for his protection.

This wee bit of armor is visible only with the strongest microscope, for altho a dozen baby oysters make their home together, they will not measure more than an inch. But tho the bit of shell is so small, the little oyster can move it a little, and there is a tiny fringe of hairs waving about the mouth, and thru this the baby breathes. If these hairs get clogged with sand the baby smothers.

Now, what does he eat? He is an animal, so like other members of the animal kingdom, he must eat plants. He cannot eat large ones he is so small, but all over the surface of the sea there are hosts of minute plants, most of them strange forms, not like any with which we are familiar, and having nothing in common with the well-known trees and herbs and grasses of the land except that they can take the matter in the earth and change it into food fit for animals.

The rivers steal the bits of minerals from the mountains and banks, the tiny plants take it up, the oyster eats them and thus brings this material back to us. The ability to make food for animals out of wee bits of mineral floating about in the ocean does not depend upon the size of the plant, for these tiny plants work with extraordinary energy.

The so-called black water of the Arctic Ocean, the feeding ground of the whale, consists of a mass of these plants crowded together until the whole ocean is discolored with them.

The homestead of the oyster lies where the currents of the ocean wash the water full of the tiny plants back and forth thru the open shells, and the gills of the oyster take up the food.

The oyster, once he is anchored where he is going to stay for the rest of his life, grows very fast, but even then, before he can get his shell large enough to cover all his body, crabs come and eat him up very often.

After a while the oyster finds that his lower shell has grown much larger and thicker than the upper one, and shuts down into it, like a duck's bill. When we eat oysters raw, the lower shell makes a good dish to eat them in. After a while his body is shut in between two long, concave doors, which are made of limestone and are fastened together at one end like a long book. He always lies on his left side.

When the oyster is at home and undisturbed the shell is open, but when anything happens to make him think that he is about to be attacked, the shell closes with a snap, and stays shut for a long time. The snapping drives out the water, together with any irritating matter that may have found its way in. Some think that this snapping is feeding, but it is nothing of the kind. It serves to drive out the food instead of taking it in.

The oyster gets the limestone for his shell from the lime that is stored up in the wee plants from which he breakfasts, lunches, and dines.

The thick shell is Nature's way of providing defense. She does not require him to float around to get food; she brings it to him on the waves, and the oyster sleepily opens his mouth and lets the nutritious stream flow in and out.

The gills of the oyster are two fleshy leaves that lie nearest the opening of the shell. They do various kinds of work. They act as a pump for getting water; a cradle for the eggs before the mother sets them forth to hatch out in the ocean, and they also get the food. Their surfaces have a sticky substance on them, and the little plants floating about in the ocean stick fast to the gills like flies to fly paper.

If Nature had left the oysters exposed in a fleshy mass, as they are in the grocer's pails, without a shell, she would have had to give them a bad taste to have kept them alive. As it is, she has given the oyster strong muscles to hold its doors against intrusion, a triple plate of limestone over it, and the foes able to hurt it are reduced to a small number.

Sometimes a sea-worm bores its way thru the shell, to make a meal of the oyster, but the canny hermit immediately sets to work and industriously builds layer after layer over the whole place and thus plugs up the hole and escapes.

Great storms sweep over the coast, sometimes breaking the oyster beds where they lie by thousands, and carrying them off into the sea, cover them with sand and silt and smother them.

Wedged between the two shells is an elastic pad like a piece of rubber, and this acts as a hinge. This is opened and shut by squeezing the rubber-like matter together by a strong muscle that is fastened to the shell, and the oyster can have his house open or closed just as he likes. The hard muscle that opens and closes the shell, is fastened on each side of the house, and shows by a dark spot on the shell.

Some think that when the muscle is broken the oyster is dead, but this is not the case;

he has only lost the power of shutting his door.

Once in a while a grain of sand or other bit of foreign matter gets in the shell, and then this canny workman covers it with layer after layer of shelly matter. It is said that pearls are made in this way. At any rate, as long as the oyster lives he makes layer after layer of the shelly matter, and adds it to his shell, each layer being scarcely thicker than a sheet of paper. The result of his years of labor is a solid box of stone.

The Chinese sometimes put little images of Buddha into theshells of the giant clam, and they are covered in the same way and come out wee specimens covered with mother of pearl.

So in our waters the oyster makes an inconceivably vast amount of delicate, nutritious food without the aid of man. It is a harvest that no one has sown; a free gift of bounteous nature.

Winter in Colonial New England.
One of a series of outline pictures for water color, copyright by Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago.

Homely Talks to Young Teachers

By THOMAS E. SANDERS, Tennessee

The Teacher and the Community.

THERE are two sides to teaching—the school-room side, and the public or community side. You can't teach school successfully without being master of the first. You can't hold your job and make the best success if you are indifferent to the second. I want to call attention to things outside. You must meet and mingle with the people. You must understand enough of human nature to know how to do this successfully and yet not seem to strain to do so. Confidence in yourself without excessive egotism, a knowledge of the home life and surroundings of your patrons, the ability to listen instead of talk, these will help you. Then, too, you must often teach your patrons; but this requires skill. You must teach them as tho you taught them not. You must be diplomatic without deceit or sham or show of weakness.

Strict etiquette might require you to wait until patrons call upon you. If you wait until they do this it is probable you will know few of your patrons. The teacher, like the preacher, if he has proper personality, may ignore many of the little formalities. Make the acquaintance of your patrons early in the term. Be cordial, be pleasant, be brief. Don't fawn, don't bubble over, don't find fault, don't tell all your plans, don't make glowing promises. Be yourself, but be at your best. Be able to talk something besides shop, but don't talk Shakespeare, politics, religion, or the higher criticism. You might soon interest your patrons in the second and third, but the first and last they may know little about and care less. Your ability as a mixer is tested by your power to talk to others about things in which they are interested. The hardest clam will open if you know what springs to touch.

Know how to shake hands. You are judged often by the handshake. The hand, the eye, the voice—these properly used quickly break down barriers of opposition and prejudice and build up forces in your favor. It is unfortunate if you can not shake hands with a firm, hearty grasp, meet the eye with frankness and composure, and speak in even, well modulated, quieting tones. If your handshake is passive and loose, Uriah Heep-like, if your eyes look aside and ashamed, and your voice is screechy or faltering, you should study to overcome these faults. They will tell against you in the school-room and among the patrons and the public.

Most teachers lack poise. You may call it force or personality if you choose—the ability to command attention and respect, and to mingle readily among the best business and professional men of the community. It is often lack of experience, it is often lack of knowledge and narrow vision. It is frequently bookishness without the knowledge of the practical side of the world; it is sometimes, I am sorry to say, a self-conscious feeling that one should apologize for being a teacher. Teachers too often are inclined to whimper and whine, to seek to be pitied and petted, to feel that the public should grant them special favors and attention, instead of commanding the respect and attention of the community by weight of their own strength and personality.

Strive first to be a man or a woman in the best sense of the term—strong mentally, morally, physically, with personality and independence, but without rudeness. Command respect as a thinking person, avoid eccentricities and partisan measures, have opinions of your own but without flaunting them in the face of others to provoke combat or opposition. Then to the respect due you from the community as a man or a woman will come, if your teaching justifies, the additional respect due you as a teacher.

The teacher should be the apostle of education, and a living example of the best products of the school and its worth. He that preaches right living, high thinking, and the power of education in the development and progress of the State should be a worthy example. Of all persons, the teacher should be the champion and defender of the school. His power, his carriage, his character, his thrift, his independence, his zeal in good works, should bear testimony and be the strongest argument for the schools. A genuinely good teacher, who has the intellectual and moral force to be a man among men, one whose opinions command respect among business and professional men, such a teacher in a few terms will create a public sentiment for good schools and education in the community which will bear fruit for generations.

As long as the teacher is a weakling, a crank, an upstart, a person whose opinion—if he has one—on business or questions of the day would be laughed at by every level-headed business man of the community, there is little sentiment for schools or education developed. If the whole energy of the teacher is absorbed in keeping his problems solved in advance of the class, if his personal appearance, his carriage, his address, his thrift, and his thoughts are below those of the average patron of the community, many of whom have had little or no schooling, it places the school on the defensive. The hard-headed, but sober-minded man will look upon this as a sample and typical product of the best of the schools, and regrets less that he did not have more advantage of them.

My contention is, that the teacher should be a strong personality, a worthy product of the school, a person whose judgment of school, of business, of the questions of the day, is good. He should embody all that goes to make up a forceful, successful career. With such a teacher the schools will become what they should be. Buildings and equipments will be furnished. The community will be generous and look upon the school as a safe investment, every dollar of which pays golden dividends.

When teachers possess the strength, the poise; the diplomacy they should, good things will fol

low for the schools. Such teachers will answer effectively a few principles which have been discussed to the detriment of the schools in some communities. My Scotch-Irish blood always tingles when I hear them mentioned. If the teacher can not successfully defend the school, who can?

There is a lingering sentiment sometimes met among would-be-blue-bloods with more money than brains, that the schools—the public schools—are pauper schools, or at least schools for poor people only. Such sentiment in free America seems little less than treason. I remember to have heard it first from a native of New York, a physician, a graduate from a Church-endowed school, for whose maintenance the contribution box was passed at regular intervals, and into which many a washerwoman dropped a higher percentage of her earnings than the physician gave the Church of his in a year. Yet this good, hypocritically pious man ridiculed the idea of maintaining a State University at public expense, and kept private tutors for his children that they might not associate with every man's children in the schools! There could be no better indictment of his own education. The best lesson his boy may ever learn may be when he measures himself with the boy of the washerwoman, and finds that her boy has the better brains. This physician did not seem to think himself a partaker of charity or a beneficiary of the Government when he received his mail at Uncle Sam's office or drove over the smooth macadamized road built at public expense.

It is the duty of the State to educate, not simply the poor, but all. Her schools are maintained as a public necessity, and for the whole people, and the patron of the public school is no more a partaker of charity or no more a pauper from that cause than if he receives his mail at the public post-office, uses the well-paved streets, or drinks from the public fountain. There are some things the public can do more efficiently than any individual can do them. Every man, woman, and child is benefited by good public schools; the bachelor and the childless family, as well as the family with children.

Another fallacy the teacher should correct is the feeling that people are not able to support the schools. Now, the following principle is almost axiomatic. "A people can not be pauperized by local taxes applied to local purposes." Very little of the school-tax ever leaves the school district or community. The teacher is often of the community, and often of the immediate neighborhood. If the teacher is from a distance he usually boards in the neighborhood, and the percentage of his salary is not large after all expenses are paid. The expense of wood and supplies is often spent in the district, and the school money that leaves a district is very seldom a large amount—not often as much as is paid by the State or general fund.

In 1898, when the cry from Cuba came, no one thought we were too poor to help her. No one thought for a moment we were too poor to send the Secretary of War and Assistant Secretary of State and our soldiers to restore order, recently. Consider, however, the cost of our war with Spain as compared with the money we spent in the same time fighting ignorance and in training young people for future usefulness.

Americans are few who do not take pride in our large and growing Navy. The launching of a war ship is a thrilling event to the nation. The question of giving a silver set to the *Tennessee* has occupied almost as much space in the daily papers of Nashville for the last two years as has been used in discussing education. After all the stir and noise, it must be remembered that the whole object of the *Tennessee* is to destroy life and property. The cost of that vessel would maintain our State University for years. People go wild with enthusiasm over our glorious battle-ship, and declare we are unable to support schools!

The Carpenter.

(Winter Plays and Activities.—Continued from page 329.)

1. Sawing with Hand-saw.

Ready: Position! Right foot forward place, right hand grasping handle of saw, arm bent at elbow, elbow drawn back, trunk inclined slightly forward from waist, head and chest high.

Or: Feet slightly apart, trunk forward bend. Right arm forward and downward thrust.

Order: Ready—Position (Down / Up) (8) Po-sition!

Could pretend to rest board on desk, and, holding it firm with left hand, saw with right; or, resting board on seat, hold it with left knee and add trunk bending to movement. It would be well if the sawing could actually be done.

2. Planing.

Ready: Position! Right foot forward place, right hand holding plane. Move arm from left to right, in front of body, elbow bent.

Order: Ready—Position (Left / Right) (8) Po-sition!

Desk may be used as carpenter's bench.

A Blizzard Song.

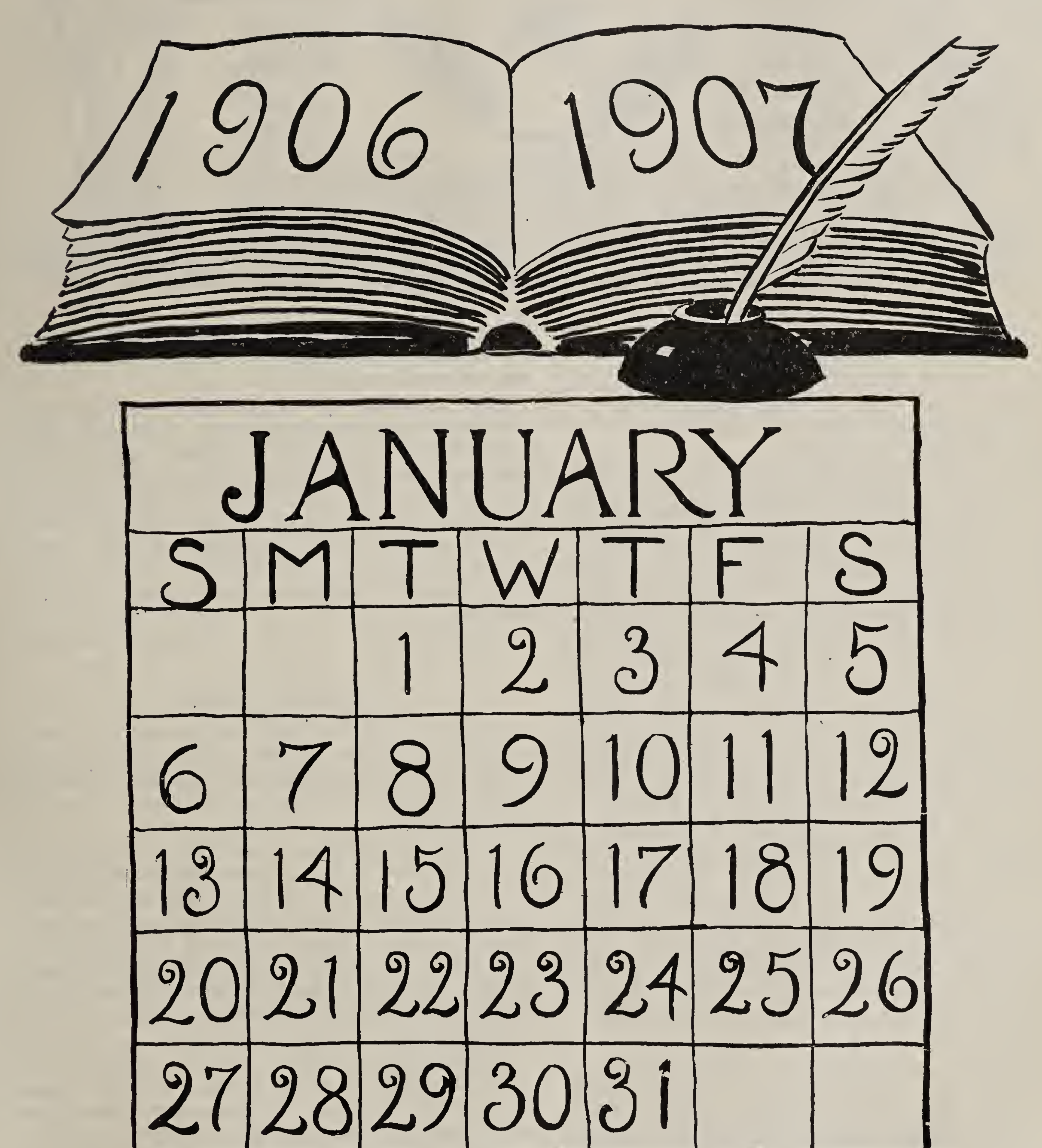
By Bertha Bush.

Sing for the blizzard,
  The jolly, jolly blizzard!
Sing, sing! The storm king
  Holds all things in his sway.
Shout for the blizzard,
  The boisterous, hearty blizzard!
Shout, shout! He calls out
  His sprites of storm to-day.

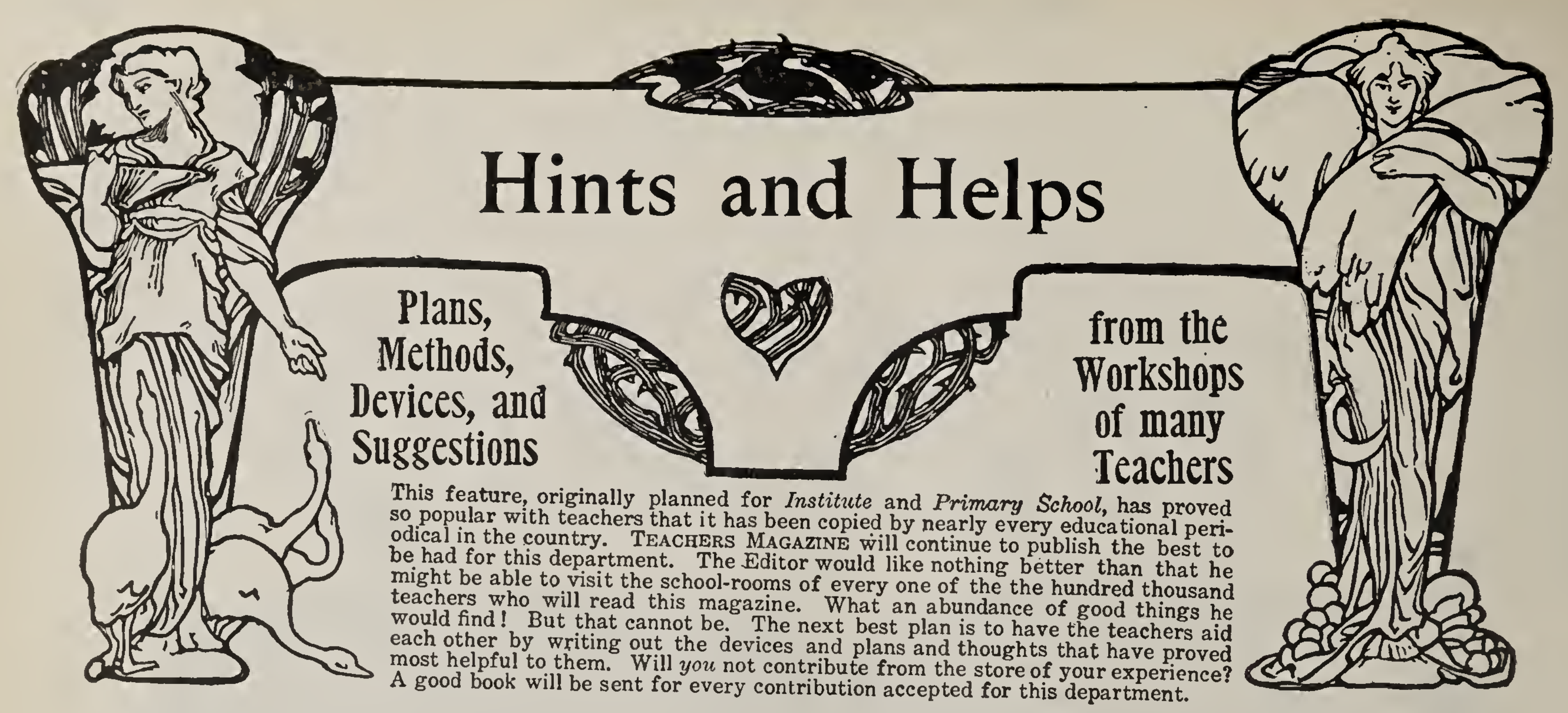
CHORUS.

Whirling, swirling, racing, chasing,
  Fly the flakes of snow,
While the lusty, gusty blizzard
  Whistles as they go.

Repeat the chorus with that peculiar whistling sound that is made by holding the tongue in front of the upper teeth and blowing thru the orifice, and imitates almost exactly the whistling of the wind. For a bit of exercise, let the pupils act out this song. Appoint a jolly small boy for the blizzard and let him call out his schoolmates one by one for storm sprites. When all are on the floor, let them dance and whirl about like snowflakes, while the school whistles.



Designed for the Blackboard by G. H. Shorey.



Friday Afternoon Exercises.

I have divided my older pupils (from the fourth grade up), into three sections. These sections I have made as nearly equal as possible, both as to number and ability of pupils.

Each section prepares some sort of literary work for each week. For example, I may tell Section I to prepare a declamation for the coming Friday; Section II a composition; and Section III a description. Then the next week I reverse matters, and assign to Section II the declamation, etc. In this way each section will have a declamation every three weeks, and since they have that length of time to hunt it up and commit it, I insist that they get something worth memorizing.

In the written work I try to have something new each week. Once every few weeks I let one section debate against another section, and I have been more than pleased each time at the interest the children take in their side of the debate.

They enjoy writing imaginary autobiographies very much. I have three kinds to select from —animals, plants, and inanimate objects. Historical, geographical, and physiological subjects are good, altho some pupils will insist on using the words of the book instead of their own, and these must be watched. This is also true of biographies and so we do not have so many of these subjects that carry with them a temptation to plagiarize.

Descriptions are excellent. They can be of two kinds—real, and imaginary. Next week I am going to furnish an outline and give to Section I an imaginary description of "A Winter Morning," and to Section II "An Evening in June."

Reproductions are also good. At first I let them choose their own poem or story, but since we have our library I have been assigning to each one a poem or story, as it may be. In this way I hope to get them acquainted with good literature and noble writers. The department in this magazine headed "Children from Other Lands," has been a help. Each month I have read aloud to the whole school these interesting and instructive stories about other children, and then have called upon one of the sections to write all they can remember about it.

Then, besides, we often have compositions. I assign the subjects, and always try to give something that will make them "think," as one of my girls expresses it. If the subject is hard I help them to outline it and talk with them about it for a few minutes. The productions are handed to me not later than Thursday. I then correct mistakes and write at the bottom of each, "good" or "excellent," according to the merit I think it deserves.

West Virginia. ETHEL WALTER.

Postal Cards.

A little girl of six years has learned the events leading up to the Revolutionary War, as well as many other important facts pertaining to our early history, from her collection of souvenir postal cards.

In the beginning her uncle, then in Massachusetts, sent her a card illustrating Paul Revere's Ride. This called forth a number of questions, some of which were answered by hearing Longfellow's poem. Then followed a postal with a picture of the Battle Ground at Concord, Mass.; Boulder, Lexington, Mass.; Bunker Hill Monument, etc., and lessons in early American history had been learned without effort or books.

It would seem that this fad for collecting postals, so popular at present, could be put to good use by the teachers in the lower grades, and would be work along the line of least resistance, as so much interest is shown in them just now.

By helping the pupils to group the cards, other lessons than mere facts are learned. Some of the cards published are bad in coloring, but many are very good, and will suffice until the day arrives when more expensive pictures can be obtained.

Many facts about the principal cities of the United States could be studied, such as public

Your Druggist Will Tell You That Murine Eye Remedy Cures Eyes. Makes Weak Eyes Strong—Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain—Sells for 50c.

buildings like the Capitol at Washington, Independence Hall at Philadelphia, or memorial arches in every town where one exists, or other form of monument erected to commemorate some person or event.

These little souvenirs will not tell all there is to know, but the child will be incited to more knowledge, which he can obtain for himself later. It will be a frame-work on which he can build.

New York. A. J. L.

Hints for Country Teachers.

Work in country schools, where often all grades are found, from beginners to those taking high school subjects, must necessarily be hard for the teacher. But like many other kinds of work, it loses many of its disagreeable features if properly planned.

Half an hour's planning after school hours will save double that time in the next day's work. How easy it is to say, "I will copy that list of cities on the blackboard, or look up that reference in the library, or select a sketch for you to copy," and then forget all about it until the time comes for it to be used and you are reminded of it by some pupil. Or, if the pupils are of an uninterested class they do not mention it at all; but leave you to wonder why they have so much time to get into mischief.

If at night you carefully review the work of each class for the next day, you can decide on the class-work you will give, and if any preparation is needed you can make it. Of course, for many of the classes none will be needed, but it is a great relief in the morning to think that you are well prepared for the day's work.

Much of the so-called Busy Work would not be needed if lessons were assigned more carefully. For instance, if the geography lesson is to be rather an easy one, arrange for a more difficult one in English. With so much class-work it is hard to remember just what work has been assigned each grade unless previously planned.

With so many grades and classes it sometimes seems impossible to give the proper amount of time to class-work, answer necessary questions, and preserve order, and the end of the day is apt to find the teacher a nervous wreck. Learned people tell us it is folly to hurry; and repeat the old maxim "Haste makes waste," which is doubtless true, but does not help much toward a solution of the problem.

If the teacher can keep cool and collected, her voice low, and the children are trained to come quickly and quietly to class, it will do much toward helping matters.

It is useless to try to answer questions from pupils at their seats while you are having a recitation. Unless in case of an emergency compel all questions to be asked between classes, when you can make a tour of the room, and answer them.

It is better to take the time allotted for class-work in thoroly explaining the work to be done on the succeeding day, than in giving oral drill, for unless you do this you are sure to be deluged with questions about it the next day just when you are very busy and need the time for something else.

Number work for the primary grades is usually placed on the blackboard. If it is a drill on any of the four combinations and you use the signs, plus, minus, etc., put the work in vertical lines. Then at night, by erasing the first column of figures and substituting others, you have changed your examples for another day.

A copying pad or hectograph will pay for itself many times over, especially if you are cramped for blackboard room. This is easily made at home. If by accident the surface of the hectograph gets rough or some foreign matter gets in it, heat it on the stove. It will dissolve and can be strained back into the dish and be as good as ever, only perhaps a trifle thinner.

New York. Ada B. Mead.

Blue Blood

May Be Aristocratic, But It's Liable To Cause Cold Hands and Feet.

Wherever the ideas that blue-blooded ancestry is the best may have originated, the fact is, physiologically speaking, blue blood is bad blood.

That is to say, the blood in the veins which is dark and appears blue through the white skin, is that portion of the blood stream laden with the waste of refuse material of the system, after the red blood (arterial) has carried real food to the tissues. "Red blood" is to-day the mark of Nature's aristocrat.

When, from imperfect nutrition, the blood loses its rich color and becomes dark or "blue" the result is cold hands and feet, and more or less palpitation of the heart, as well as general weakness. Coffee drinking, in many persons, causes blue blood and does not insure any coat-of-arms or ancient pedigree—except the ancient habit of coffee drinking itself. A "blue-blooded" woman writes:

"I drank coffee for ten years, my head was dizzy, I had constant heartburn, could not sleep nights, my hands and feet were cold summer and winter, my blood was poor and thin (Blue Blood)!

"Seeing so much said in praise of Postum in the papers, my husband and I decided to try it. That was more than a year ago and we have used it ever since.

"Now my head is not dizzy, my hands and feet are always warm, my nerves are steady and I can sleep all night. A few weeks ago, calling at a friend's house, they said, 'What in the world have you been doing? You look ten years younger. I never saw you look so well.'

"When I told them it was on account of Postum, that I had quit drinking coffee, they could hardly believe it. But some time after that they told me they had been using Postum, too, had quit coffee and were so much better every way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Don't fail to read booklet, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

How to Make Colored Crayons.

Colored crayons are commonly regarded by teachers and pupils as one of the luxuries of the school-room. In some schools if they are used at all they must be purchased a few at a time by the teacher. Few people know that the common crayon can be transformed, at slight cost, into as fine colored crayons as any teacher could wish to use.

All that is needed is a few bottles, a cup, and a few packages of "Diamond Dyes." Any of the following colors work well, but probably the first five will be all that are needed. Yellow for cotton, eosine, light blue, green, Bismarck, garnet, cardinal red, crimson, violet, purple for wool.

Moisten the dye with a little cold water, then add a pint of boiling water. Keep in bottles for use either for ink, colored crayons, diagrams, map coloring, or any other of the various uses of the dyes not directly connected with the school-room.

Use the common school crayons, the soft finish. Place as many as are needed in the cup and pour on dye to cover them. Let it stand about ten minutes. Then pour off the dye, to be kept for further use. Place the wet crayons where they will be kept warm about twelve hours. If the pupils assist in making them there will be an increased appreciation, for children are always interested in things that they can make for themselves.

Vermont. D. D.

Geographical Conundrums.

After completing our study of Europe my fifth year pupils were very much interested in working out the following conundrums on cities, rivers, and countries of that continent, some of which were original by the class. We have also done this kind of work with cities of the United States. They become intensely interested in trying to work out new ones, and it has helped to fix names and locations more firmly in their minds.

I.

EUROPE—I. CITIES.

1. To wander.
2. A very good person; a man's name; a village.
3. A kind of carpet.
4. A man's name; not out; a village.
5. To peel; to be.
6. Covering of a nut; a man's name.
7. A girl's name; a biscuit.
8. Angry; to put out of the way.
9. To own; a pronoun.
10. A kind of meat; a village.
11. A plant; an animal.
12. A garment; a lion's home.
13. To pound; many good things to eat.
14. To recline; not off.
15. To disfigure; refers to selling.
16. An organ of the body; a puddle of water.
17. Rings; not slow.
18. A transparent substance; to move.
19. A girl's name; an exclamation; an adjective.
20. To hurt by fire.
21. Two girls' names.

II. COUNTRIES.

1. Big fish.
2. To hurry; an adjective.
3. That which causes disease; an adjective; a question.
4. Anger; not water.
5. A lion's home; a scratch.
6. Not you; to keep score.
7. A city near water; not I; a girl.
8. An opening; not water.
9. A bird.
10. Used in frying.

III. RIVERS.

1. The outside of an orange.
2. A boy's name; a pronoun; the maker of honey.
3. Belonging to you; the whole.
4. A net for catching fish.
5. A part of the leg; to look.
6. A boy's name.
7. Two letters of the alphabet.

After Typhoid

THE INSATIABLE APPETITE MUST BE CAREFULLY WATCHED.

An attack of typhoid fever usually leaves one with an enormous appetite. The wasted body cries out for food material to repair the loss of body tissues.

If care is not used, the weakened digestive organs may be overwhelmed before they have become strong.

There is no food that has the tissue-building and energy-producing qualities equal to Grape-Nuts.

This food is predigested—the organs are relieved of the necessity of digesting it; it is concentrated—affording much nourishment with little bulk; contains all the essential food elements for repair and energy. It is therefore valuable under conditions of health as well as convalescence.

A Calif. young lady learned the truth about Grape-Nuts. She writes:

"About four years ago I had a severe attack of typhoid fever. After recovering I had a wild longing for food which nothing seemed to satisfy.

"I tried the best of everything, but was always weak and hungry. A change to a milder climate did not mend matters—food did not agree with me.

"A friend persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts. To my great surprise I did not experience that hungry feeling between meals. It was a great relief and I kept on eating it with great benefit.

"Grape-Nuts not only relieved that wild craving for food, but made me stronger in mind and body—relieved the old headaches, weakness, strengthened my nerves so that I was easily able to do my work.

"I have never tired of Grape-Nuts as one does of most cereal foods. My friends were so surprised at my improved condition after eating Grape-Nuts regularly, that many have benefited by my experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

ANSWERS.

I. CITIES.

1. Rome.
2. St. Petersburg.
3. Brussels.
4. Ed in burg (h).
5. Par (e) is.
6. Ber lin.
7. Lis bon.
8. Mad rid.
9. Hav(e) (her) Havre.
10. Hamburg.
11. Mos(s) cow.
12. Dres(s) den.
13. Hammer fe(a)st.
14. Ly on.
15. Mar (sales) seilles.
16. Liver pool.
17. Bel(l) fast.
18. Glas(s) go(w).
19. (Jen-o-a) Gen o a.
20. (Burn) Bern.
21. (Jen Eva) Gen eva.

II. COUNTRIES.

1. W(h)ales.
2. (Rush-a) Russia.
3. Germ an (wh)y.
4. Ire land.
5. Den mark.
6. I tal(l)y.
7. Port (yo)u gal.
8. Hol(e) land.
9. Turkey.
10. Greece.

III. RIVERS.

1. (Rind) Rhine.
2. Dan u b(e).
3. (Yo)Ur al(l).
4. Seine.
5. (Knee peer) Dnie per.
6. Clyde.
7. (L B) El be.

N. J. ETTA A. BURCHARD.

Royalty at School!

Our school-room is frequently converted into a royal court. My chair serves as a throne, and proud indeed is the little king or queen who fills it as each child of the class marches by and graciously announces a piece of news to his or her sovereign. That is, as we have decided, either to spell a difficult word from the lesson or repeat part of a specialized table.

If done correctly, the one on the throne touches him with his scepter (a pencil) and he moves on to his seat.

Play, you say. Surely! But not only do the little subjects make desperate efforts to tell their news well, and I know they do not forget soon that 2×9=18, or that c-r-o-w-n spells crown, but they are taking first steps in civics. The approval of higher authority is wonderfully pleasing.

Penn. E. MAIE SEYFERT.

A Zone Chart.

The following has proved helpful in the teaching of geography:

I cut a large circular piece of of manila paper about two and a half feet in diameter, to represent the earth, and with a colored pencil marked the equator, tropics, arctic and antarctic circles upon it.

This was tacked upon the wall. Then I requested pupils to bring to school pictures relating to life in the different zones. Many were brought, and these I pasted on in their respective places.

In the North Frigid Zone were pictures of Eskimos and their igloos, seals, and polar bears.

The Temperate Zones had pictures of animals found there, and those showing the different occupations, as harvesting wheat, cattle grazing, etc.

The Torrid Zone had pictures of elephants, lions, cotton picking, harvesting coffee, etc., while the South Frigid Zone had pictures of snow and ice.

I kept this on the wall during the entire school year, adding more pictures as they were brought, until it was full. The children were interested in collecting the pictures and it helped them a great deal in their geography work.

Wisconsin. EMMA JOHNSON.

Colored Hundreds.

The following I found a very helpful plan to prevent whispering.

I utilize the top of my blackboard by writing, in colored crayon, the given name of each pupil. Below each name, at the beginning of each month, is one hundred, also marked in colored crayons.

When a child is discovered whispering or making unnecessary noise, I write his name on a slip of paper kept on my desk for this purpose. The next morning I change the deportment-mark of any child whose name I have on my list. But to encourage them to win back their "hundred," on each day a child is good I "give back" two per cent.

Thus, on Monday, if Willie is seen whispering twice he has but "ninety-six" on Tuesday morning, but if he does not whisper or otherwise misbehave he has "ninety-eight" on Wednesday morning.

I have found this an excellent plan. It is surprising to see how the children will strive to keep their "colored hundred," for after the deportment is once changed all markings are in white crayon. The parents will aid in this too. One of my little boys received a dollar for keeping his hundred a month.

Michigan. PEARL ZEIGLER.

The fact that most diseases arise from an impure or low condition of the blood, is fully poven by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Blood Medicine

that "puts a new life into your veins, a new strength into your muscles, a new lightness into your step; makes you feel better, look better, eat and sleep better; strengthens your shoulders for the burdens they must bear, and makes the hardest work lighter and the darkest day brighter."—

That medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. There is absolutely nothing like it for building up the whole system.

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Watertown Compositions.

By Supt. Frank R. Page, Watertown, Mass.

Here are some stories written by our primary children. Except that in three or four cases a misspelled word has been corrected, they are just as originally written. I call them good because they are simple and sincere and childlike. There is no evidence of the fine hand of the teacher. They were not ground out. The children did them all themselves readily and happily

The Wind.

I am the wind. I am very cold. I make children run into their houses. They are afraid of me all right. Some boys like to have me some days. I know what they want me for. They want me to blow their kites far up in the air. I help birds to fly. I blow them up in the sky. And I make school flags wave. I blow the clothes that are hung out to dry. I blow off children's hats and make the girls' hair fly away back. I make the ships go faster. I make the water freeze and let boys skate on it. I blow people along the streets. Some of them I tumble down hills because I blow them so hard with my strong breath. I sing very sweetly, and here is the song: "Yooo, yooo, yooo." With my song that I sing I make the children afraid. They think I am the boogy man and they begin to cry.

Paul Frijio, Grade III.

This is my doll.
I love her very much.
Her name is Louisa.

Polly Horne, Grade I.

What I Think About Robinson Crusoe.

I have read the book of Robinson Crusoe and I liked it very much. We all read it in school. I think he was a big, foolish man, to go away from his

The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty

Costs Nothing to Try.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth, and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and altho in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets

Send your name and addres to-day for a free trial package and see for yourself. F. W. Stuart Co., 56 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

parents. And to sleep on a branch of a tree. And live on the island twenty-eight years. And the next thing he ought to have got a case knife for fear the savages would kill him and eat him. I think that he was very glad that he had those things from the ship. And the captain was good to give Robinson Crusoe his ship. But when he got home he found his father and mother and siser all dead.

Carmine Caterino, Grade III.

Our Bob.

This is our Bob. Don't you think he is pretty? Mr. Graham gave him to us. We love him very much. He screeches some times. I wish he could talk. When he does screech he makes a lot of noise. I like to see him sharpen his bill on the side of his cage. We let him out of his cage every Friday. He flew away one day, but came back. When Mr. Robinson comes in he will get upon Mr Robinson's finger.

Luther L. Elliott, Grade III.

My Pet.

I have a pet cow. She is good to me. When I go anywhere she will follow me. She follows me up to the steps. Her name is Dandy. She likes me. When I get home I feed her and water her. My brother takes her out in the field and I go with him. I like my pet. My pet is colored brown. She has some white on her. My cow comes around the house after me. She catches me and I pat her. When I call her she will run after me. I play with her every night I come home from school. When I take my doll out in her winter sleigh Dandy will follow me. She wakes in the morning before I do. When I go to hide with the girls she will follow me. When I am in bed she will be mooing for something to eat. I tell papa to give her something. I do not want to get up, so he feeds her. She gives milk now

Eva Steele, Grade III.

My Cat.

I have a cat and his name is Tom. One day he was fighting and another cat put his paw in my cat's eye. So he has only one eye. He will sleep till noon time and he will sleep till supper time. Sometimes he scratches, but I don't think he means to. Sometimes I get a string and run across the kitchen and he will run after me and put the string in his mouth. He likes to play with me. When he sees mice he will run after them till he catches them. One day he was down cellar and he crawled under my brother's overalls and the next day we found him dead. We were very sorry for him. We buried him last Saturday night.

Ada Simms, Grade III

What Makes the Sea Salt.

Vidkin and Skilfin were two brothers. Vidkin was rich and Skilfin was poor. Vidkin had a wonderful mill. He could make anything with it. It made wonderful furniture and houses. It made nice clothes for him and his wife. He couldn't spend all his money that he had. So he stopped it up. And he gave it to Skilfin. Skilfin was afraid that he would take it back. So Skilfin got it a working. And he made a lot of gruel and fish. And he had so much that all the plates were full. And he ran to Vidkin as fast as he could go. And Vidkin stopped it. And a captain wanted to buy it. And Vidkin sold it. And the captain put it on his ship. And it made a lot of salt. And it got so full that the ship sank. And the mill is going yet. That is why the sea is salt.

Daniel J. Kelley, Grade III.

Our Dog.

I had a little dog and h liked candy. When we had any candy he would want some too. We would tell him to shake a da-da. He would get upon his hind legs and shake his front ones. We had to keep away from him because he had the mange.

And he died

I was very sorry because he was my best friend. He used to come out to walk with me. I let him play in the leaves. When I went down the street he would carry the paper in his mouth. He would run after the teams and I would not like it. I used to go up to Waltham and I took him too.

Hilda Joy, Grade IV.

About My Pet Dog

I have a pet dog. His name is Colonel. He is a good dog. When mama wants the paper, papa goes for it. Then papa

Shakespeare's "put money in thy purse" is small economy compared with that which the regular use of this delicious liquid dentifrice brings. Rubifoam not only puts money in the purse, but also puts pearls in the mouth and health and sweetness and comfort. It puts away disease and decay, pain and dentists' bills.

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gives him the paper and Colonel takes it home to mama. He carries it in his mouth. When mama wants anything from the store she writes down what she wants and puts it in the bag and gives it to Colonel. Then Colonel goes to the store. He can fight awful but he will not fight little dogs. He fights big dogs. One day Colonel went away. He did not come back till the day after. And he had been fighting. He had a cut on his nose and he had a sore paw. And another day my brother was out coasting and he tried to catch him to drag him on his sled, but he ran away. When papa comes home from Boston he gives him what he brings home. Colonel brings it in the house. When we go away Colonel minds the house.

Catherine Cassidy, Grade II.

My Kitty.

I have a kitty. His name is Max. He hides at noontime. I play hide-and-go-seek with him. He comes when I do not say ready. Sometimes he cannot find me.

Leigh Eisenhaur, Grade I.

These two were written by ninth grade pupils after reading and studying some of Hopkinson Smith's character sketches.

A Monarch of Men.

Mr. Emery was English. You knew it the moment you laid your eyes upon his ample proportions. Likewise he was a London cockney, and that fact also was apparent. Every feature of his face, every article of wearing apparel, every word that fell from his lips, proclaimed him as one of the Lord's anointed, a monarch of men, an Englishman.

You could descry the person of Mr. Emery while he was yet quite a distance from you. At the distance of two hundred yards he resembled a large, rotund pillow, but as you drew nearer, the likeness to that household article became less obvious, and the resemblance to a man proportionately increased.

He was usually to be found seated upon the front piazza of his house, from which vantage point, far from the maddening crowd, he could calmly view the passers-by read the morning paper and smoke a morning pipe, and, perhaps, indulge in a morning "eye-opener," without having either his privacy or weighty deliberations broken in upon. Here he would sit, in the cool of the morning, the heat of the noontime, and the shade of the afternoon, his large feet incased in slippers gorgeous in hue and enormous in size, his chair jauntily tilted back against the house, and a bland and peaceful smile casting a cheerful halo around his lowly head.

Mr. Emery's appearance was much more picturesque when he stood up than when he was seated. Vertically, he was about five feet two. Horizontally, he was about two feet five (at the waistband). His eyes were small, and a faded grey in color. The upper lids came low down over his eyes, and below these features were large rolls of fat. His hair was grey, and was clipped close to his head, giving that portion of him the appearance of a toothbrush grown grizzled and grey from hard and faithful service. His face was large, round and fat, and about the color of an underdone piece of roast beef. His mouth was large, and was perpetually stretched in a gladsome smile, as if he himself, and life, and death, and nature in general, was a huge joke, from which he absorbed a large amount of amusement.

Mr. Emery never wore a collar. He had also renounced the use of coats, and appeared before the public airily attired in an immaculate white shirt, whose bosom was so stiffly starched that it was like a piece of Krupp's steel-plate; a time-worn and consequently time-honored vest, which was never buttoned, and a pair of trousers, which one might believe, from their size, to have been inhabited by a prehistoric Dutchman. This last mentioned portion of his attire was patched and re-patched at knee and seat, and in both places it had a half-despondent droop, as if it realized that it had not done its full duty by the wearer and stood dishonored in the eyes of men.

Mr. Emery was a shoemaker by profession, and during the winter he tapped shoes, weighed the affairs of great nations in his mighty brain and indulged in numerous "eye-openers," as before mentioned.

Mr. Emery was never angry; he was never excited; he was never despondent. If Mr. Emery had been born in a higher sphere of life, there is no doubt

First Aid to Beauty

Beecham's Pills are Nature's first aid to beauty. They strengthen the digestion, create appetite, free the blood of all impurities, clear the complexion and tone the entire system. Used in every land for over sixty years, Beecham's Pills are a blessing to womankind for those recurring ills which frequently sap the strength and undermine the general health. Taken at the first signs of derangement, Beecham's Pills soothe and regulate the functions and create health, beauty and happiness by their prompt and beneficent action.

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Beauty is largely a matter of health. Bright eyes, clear skin, rosy cheeks, red lips are charms that make the plainest features attractive. These are the secret of womanly beauty and Beecham's Pills do more for the maid or matron than any other medicine. A healthy stomach, active liver, regular bowels, sound sleep and clear complexion are the reward of every woman who lives reasonably, eats moderately and takes Beecham's Pills when there are symptoms that indicate any disturbance of the stomach, liver or bowels.

Clear the Complexion

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that he would have been as great as the Earl of Warwick, or Mr. Peter Finley Dunne.

GORDON H. SMITH, Grade IX.

Reginald Francis Longsby.

What a pompous little body he was as he stood there by the blackboard! He was just completing the drawing of a ship. "The Columbus" was its name, spelled with a small "c."

"There," he said, turning to me, "That's much better than yours, isn't it?"

"Very much," said I, to humor him.

In a flash the eraser was raised and the picture gone. Now he was beginning a new one.

How like a little prince he looked as he stood there with the sunlight touching his hair! But he did not act like a prince. When he could not have the biggest piece of cake for tea, he would kick and bite.

Reginald's voice sounded much the same as that of any other boy of his age. But it did not seem so to him; for the other day he was overheard saying to his little friend, who is ten months younger, "Freddie, when you are as old as me, you'll have a gruff voice, too."

For a wonder Reginald's hair was short. It was inclined to twist in little ringlets all over his head, and would have made beautiful curls, so his mother said. But here "daddy" interfered and refused to have his boy a little Lord Fauntleroy. And so it had ended.

Reginald, like many other boys, was very fond of drawing ships. He would sit for hours at a time constructing men-of-war to dazzle the eyes of his mother or sister. And they must always give their opinion of them. But if the opinion was not complimentary to the extent the young artist expected, he would pout and turn sulky for the rest of the day. Truly he was a strange little eight-year-old!

MARGARET GOOCH, Grade IX.

In Slumberland.

By EDITH WORTHINGTON LOOMIS, New York, (eleven years old).

When sandman stings my little hand
I'm nearly then in slumberland,
I'm lying in my bed so soft
And then I start and fly aloft.

I play with the moon so shiny bright
And with some of the stars thruout the night,
And then in the day I play with the sun
And we play and play till tired of fun.

British Choral Societies.

If in the pure artistic sense the British people cannot be said to be musical, there are, it must be admitted, individuals in multitudinous numbers who cultivate with eagerness both vocal and instrumental music. But there is unquestionably no people who devote so much time and earnest study and practice to choral singing as the English—and this from the sheer love of it.—EDWARD ST. JOHN-BRENON, in the *Strand Magazine*.

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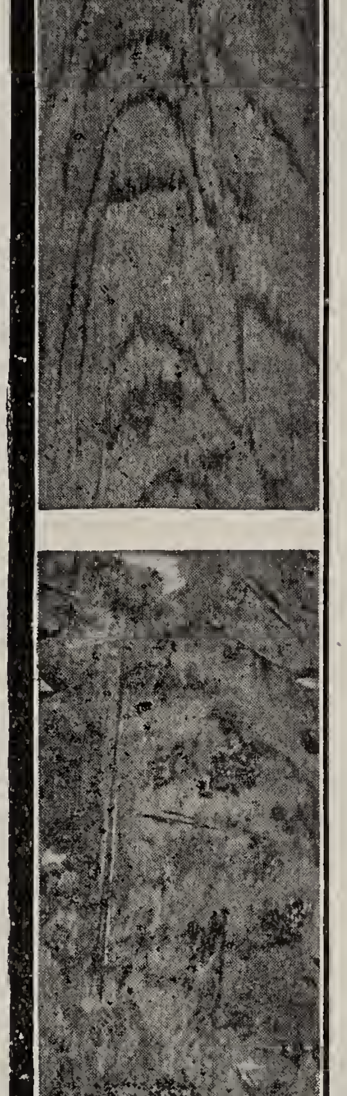

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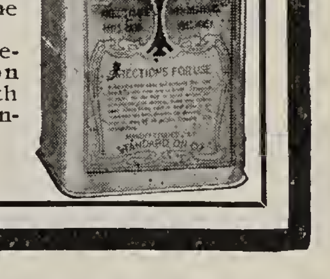

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Memory Gems for the Year.

Arranged by Anastasia E. Conlon, Maryland.

January—
Not a single flower is blooming,
For cold January's here;
Deep beneath the snow they're sleeping
In this happy, bright New Year.

February—
The willow and the catkin
Are coming into sight;
They come while winter's snows are here
In February's light,
They hold a tender secret,
I'll whisper it to you;
Some morn when you awaken,
You'll find the spring anew.

March—
Now the brightest month is here,
Hear old March wind blowing,
He came to-day at early morn,
I wonder when he's going?

April—
Listen to the gentle rain,
Gentle April showers,
They are working very hard,
To bring the May-day flowers.

May—
All the earth is bright and happy—
Flowers are blooming; birdies say
In their song, from morn till even:
"Don't you know that it is May?"

June—
"It is very warm this morning,"
Said a little birdie bright,
"But I see the roses blooming,
See the little daisies white,
And the pure lilies growing,
Join us in our merry tune,
Saying to each one who passes,
'Tis the merry month of June!"

July—
No sound upon the summer air,
Soft glides the brooklet clear;
The trees with foliage are thick,
All dainty flowers appear.

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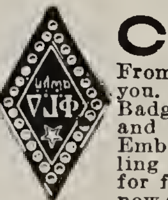
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August—
Gather all the pretty flowers
In these happy summer days,
For when they have all departed,
We will sing dear autumn's praise.

September—
Come forth into the woodland,
The trees are bending low
With fruit so good and wholesome,
'Tis harvest time you know;
And every leaf now turning
To yellow, brown, or red,
Tells us 'tis autumn's birthday,
For summer now is dead.

October—
The ground is strewn with fallen leaves,
The wind goes whirling by,
And in its gentle breezes now
Sings them a lullaby.
And bids those little children
To sleep till spring's dear hour,
And then awake, refreshed and bright,
To deck each fairy bower.

November—
The trees stand bare and leafless,
The moaning wind wails low,
The sky is growing brighter
With evening's sunset glow
And everything about us,
On height or in the deep,
Tells us all things are slumb'ring
In Nature's welcome sleep.

December—
Oh! how we love this dear old month,
The Year's last tender child,
Who comes with snow; then how we sport
When wind is blowing wild.
But most of all we love him so,
For ere his days are run,
He brings us dear old Christmas time.
So full of joy and fun.

Spelling Reform in Puzzledom.

Did anybody say anything about Reformed Spelling? No, it isn't my wicked intent to stir up a row during this season of good-will, but I must take this occasion to say that for economy of space we puzzlists have other spelling reformers worn to a frazzle—witness the following:

Y Y Y MAN.

There is a farmer who is Y Y
Enough to take his E E,
And study nature with his I I,
And think of what he C C,
He hears the chatter of the J J
As they each other T T,
And sees that when a tree D K K
It makes a home for B B.
A yoke of oxen he will U U
With many haws and G G,
And their mistakes he will X Q Q
When plowing for his P P.
He little buys, but much he sells,
And therefore little O O;
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hoes.

—Sam Lloyd, in *Woman's Home Companion* for December.

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2. A gentleman bought seventy-two apples and gave twenty-five to one boy, sixteen to another, and nineteen to another. How many had he then?

3. A girl bought forty-six pins and then thirty-eight more. She used twenty-nine. How many had she then?

4. In a box I have twenty-five marbles and in another a dozen more than that number. How many have I in all?

5. Take twenty-eight from the sum of forty-one, twenty-six, and thirteen.

6. A farmer had sixty-four sheep. He sold eighteen and seven others died. How many had he then?

7. A boy gave fifteen nuts to his brother, twenty-four to his sister, and had a dozen left for himself. How many had he at first?

8. A woman bought forty-two eggs on Friday and six more than that number on Saturday. How many did she buy altogether?

9. I bought twenty-eight hens. I sold nine of these and afterwards bought thirty-five more. How many had I then?

10. In three days a man walked seventy-two miles in all. He walked twenty-six miles on Monday and thirty-two miles on Tuesday. How many miles did he walk on Wednesday?

11. There are eighty-five boys in a certain school. One afternoon six boys were absent and eleven late. How many were present at the opening of school?

12. Thirty-five boys and twenty-six girls were present at school at 2 o'clock, and six boys and nine girls came in after 2 o'clock. How many children were present that afternoon?

Answers.

1. 4. 2. 12 apples. 3. 55 pins. 4. 62 marbles. 5. 52. 6. 39 sheep. 7. 51 nuts. 8. 90 eggs. 9. 54 hens. 10. 14 miles. 11. 68 boys. 12. 76 children.

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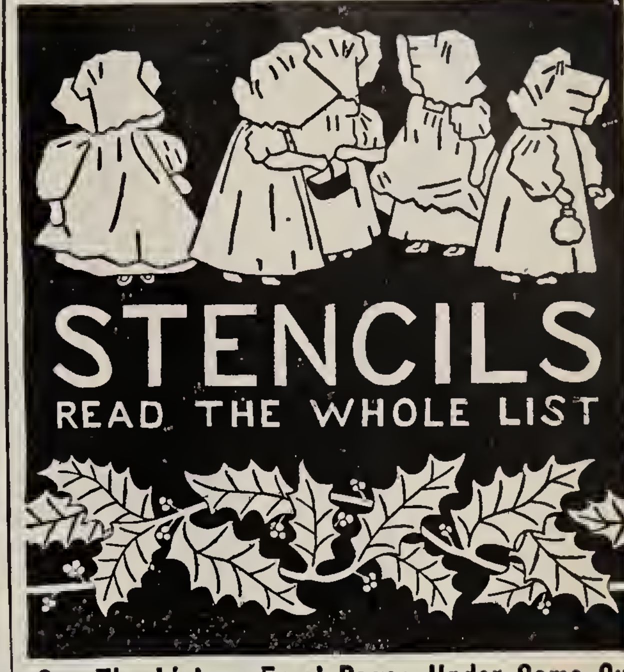

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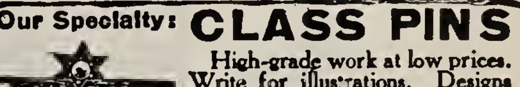
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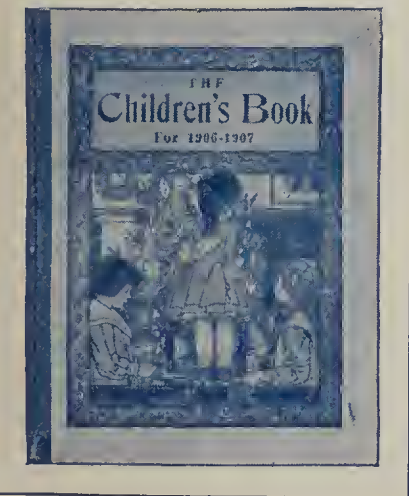

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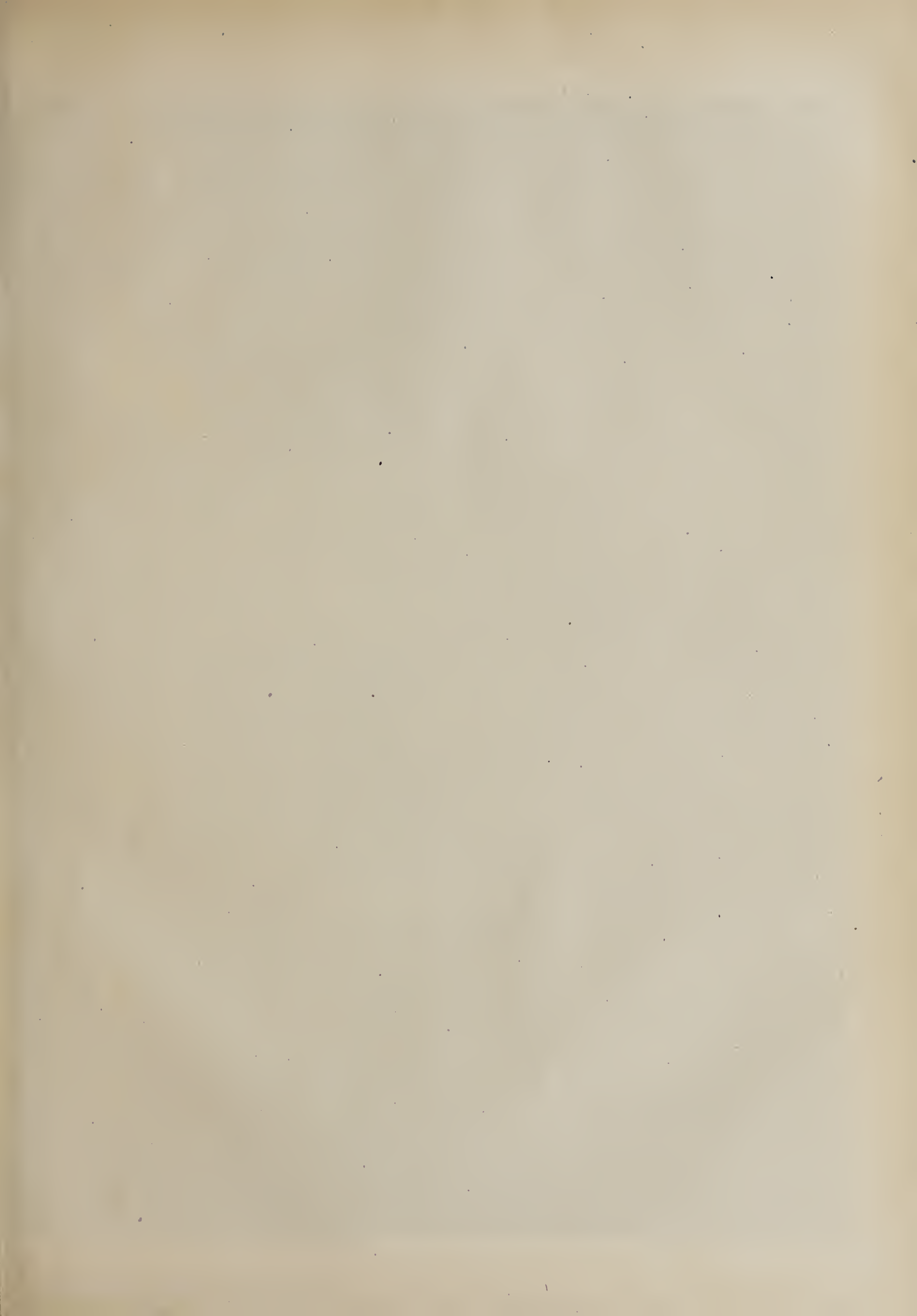

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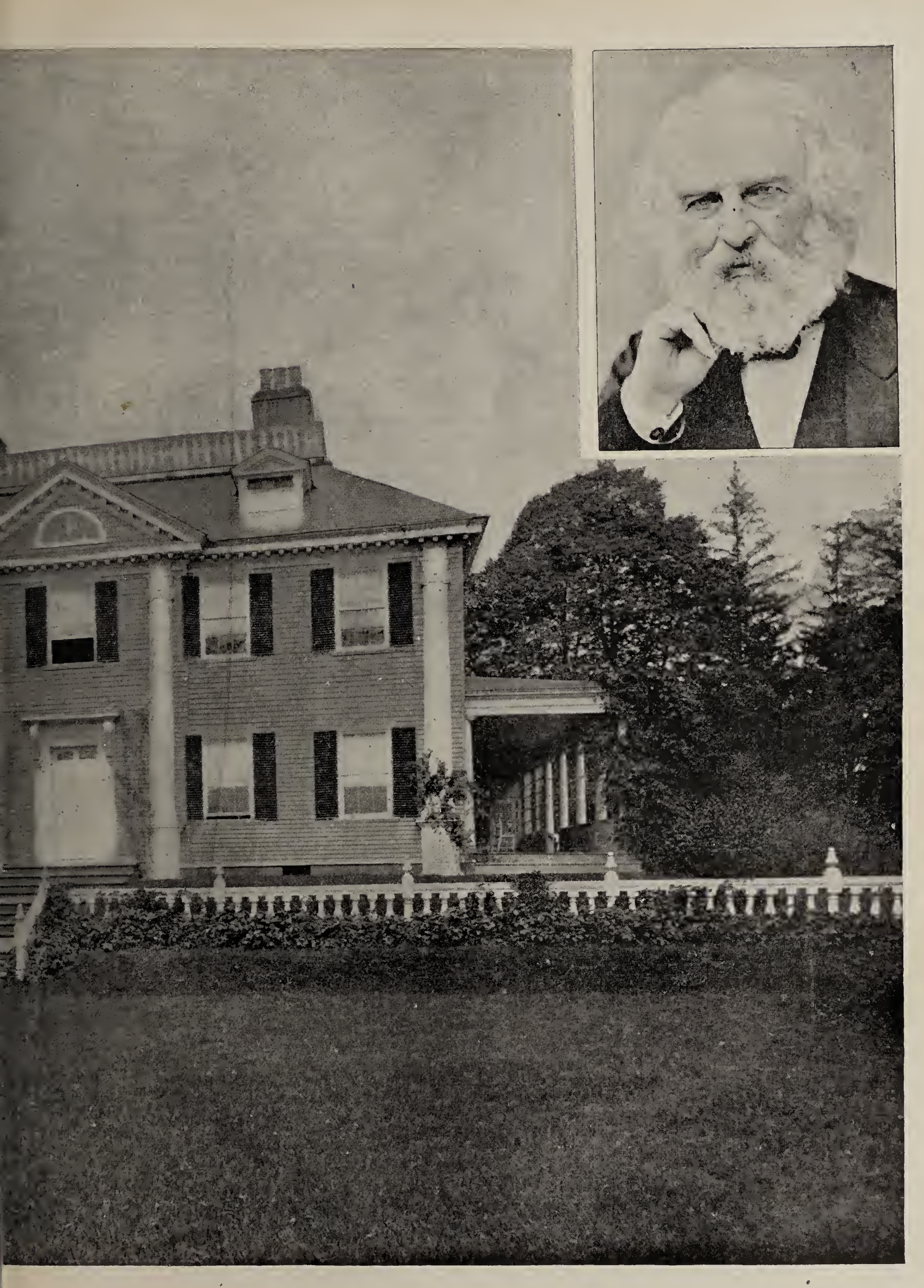

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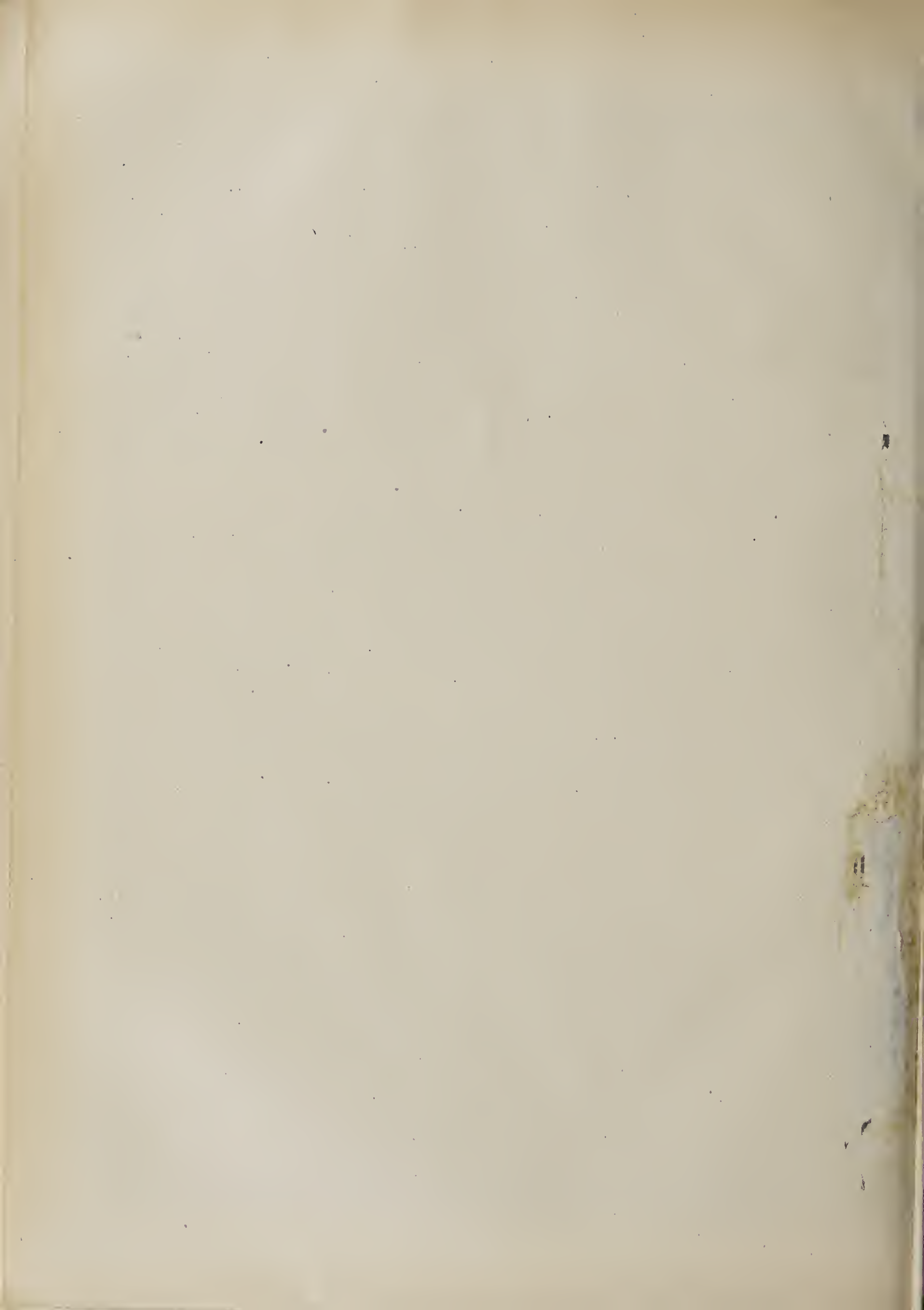

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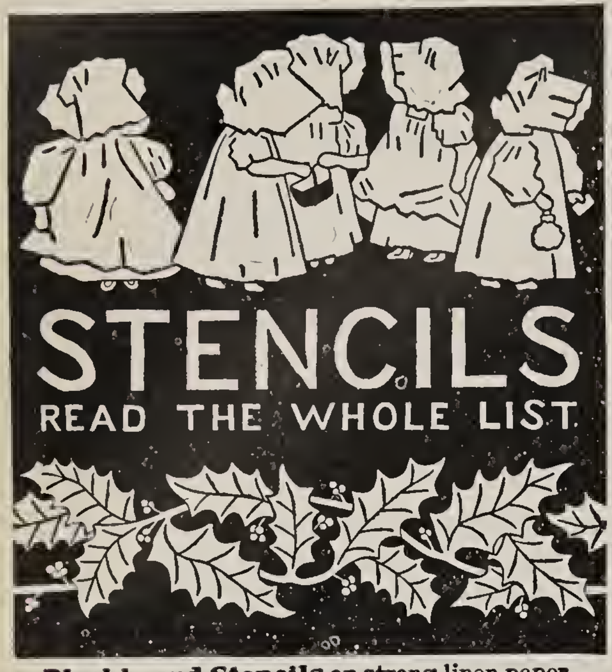

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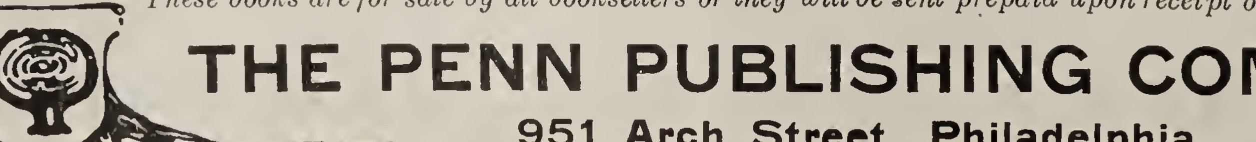

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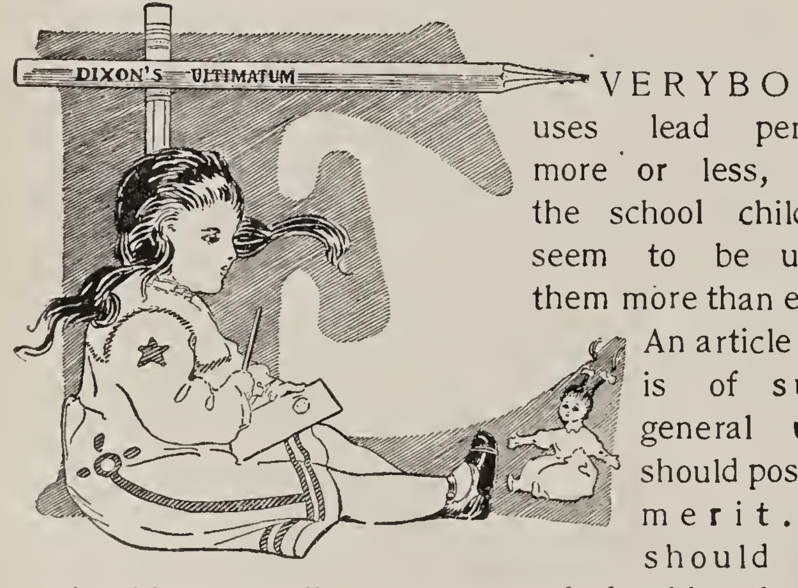

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Vol. XXIX FEBRUARY, 1907 No. 6

Training in Appreciation

THIS is the time of year when the worn nerves of the weary body would, if they could, persuade many of us that we are laboring in vain and that even our best efforts are not being appreciated. The schoolroom is more exhausting in the winter months than at any other time. Strange notions of propriety and fears of catching cold interfere with ventilation and with out-door exercise. The pampered body saps the vigor of the mind. Then the sky looks dull and life becomes one long dreary waste. We feel we are not appreciated, and the elsewhere is invested with glittering promises.

A word may be said for the other side. People are not in the habit of singing the praises of teachers. It may be that teachers do get less encouragement than they deserve. People are forgetful of the little words that might cheer the lives of others. That is why their vocabulary of praise words is so meager when compared with the list of "cuss words." That argues, too, that workers in other spheres of labor are just as poorly off in the matter of receiving commendation as teachers are. The only reason why we want people to learn to say thank-you to the teachers of their children, is (1) because it is good for them to get the habit of being appreciative, and (2) because the children are benefited by the cheerfulness of their teachers.

The results of educational work are not so readily discerned by the untrained eye as the products of the labors of other people are. That is another reason why parents fail to take proper notice of them. They do tell the first year teachers now and then how pleased they are with the progress of their children. Starting from nothing there is something to show for the year, and the teacher is given credit for that. Still, even the first year teacher does not get overmuch recognition. In short, the people need to be educated to be appreciative.

What are we going to do about it? Hanging one's head and giving way to the blues certainly will not mend matters. As our work is all for the future, for the humanity that is to be, we might begin by training ourselves first and by letting our example teach our pupils. Let us be convincingly appreciative ourselves, to begin with. If a child hands me a pencil I have dropped, or if he has opened a window at my request, I shall try never to forget to have a smiling "Thank you" for him. If he has worked hard at a task, I shall try to discover the praiseworthy points in it and to fail to see as much as possible whatever defects there may be. Of course, I shall make a silent note of the latter to help me learn where assistance is most needed. My rule shall be to think and speak well of the community in which I am working and let no disappointment provoke me to harsh complaint. I shall give the best I have with no thought of the returns. Here is the point of beginning.

After making sure that our own example is an argument for appreciativeness, we may then safely undertake to interest the community in the practice of giving expression to kind thoughts. As no one has as yet come forward with a better plan, attention is called again to the suggestion presented in these pages before. Set aside one day each year—let us agree upon March fifteenth if possible—as a public Appreciation Day. Have it understood that on this occasion the program is entirely in the hands of the pupils and their parents. A committee of pupils should be appointed by the teacher, or, better yet, chosen by the vote of their schoolmates, to map out exercises. Let them understand that those who have rendered unusual service to the community and the schools should be accorded on that day such words of commendation as will make them feel they have not labored in vain. One or two prominent citizens might be invited to give ten or fifteen minutes' reminiscences of teachers of their youth, to whom they feel specially indebted. An Appreciation Day of this nature will do great things for the schools. Besides giving the teachers a taste of the good opinion the parents have of their work, it will help the children educationally in many ways.

Don't put off this matter. No, June is not a better time. Graduation day is the pupils' own day. Can we not all agree to set apart the fifteenth of March as Appreciation Day?

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The Principal and the Problem.

By L. Alden Marsh, Pennsylvania.

THE Principal had settled once for all such cases as the Problem presented. At one of the teachers' meetings he had expounded a plan of moral training so earnestly and affectively that the teacher of Number Six, who was somewhat emotional, had been moved to tears. The teachers went buzzing away from the meeting full of enthusiasm for Moral Training.

There forthwith had appeared on the blackboards of the various rooms, printed in multicolored chalk, and with such embellishments as each teacher's talents afforded, subtle suggestions, as Courage, Patience, Industry. The Principal never saw these inspiring words as he went from room to room, without a warm feeling of virtue in his heart, for in his struggle to cultivate imagination, manual dexterity, love of nature, physical development, expression, form, color, to say nothing of a little reading and writing, he had not neglected the greatest of all—Moral Culture.

At the very time when the case came up, Honesty had been adorning the walls for a month and had now been superseded by Truth very fittingly printed in deep blue chalk. Besides this the Principal had thought it a good plan to have a beautiful banner in the hall where the same moral stimulant would arrest the eye of each pupil upon entering the building.

Now a word about the Problem. Please do not confuse the Problem and the case. The Problem was a boy. To be sure, his teacher said he was a case, but that is irrelevant. I speak of a case which involved the Problem.

The Problem was thirteen years old, and altho he had lived all his life in a State where the compulsory school law had been strictly enforced, he had never been to school before. The primary teacher said it was trial enough to have a boy of his age in a room full of six-year-olds, but when he exhibited all the symptoms of a decidedly bad boy, he became a Problem. She had handled the Problem well, so well that when she called the Principal to settle the case, he felt only surprise that he had never been summoned before.

The boy stood before them. He looked like anything but a Problem. His face had a saintly expression which would have done credit to a seraph; his shoulders drooped in a submissive any-thing-you-wish way, capable of deceiving a judge.

The sixty little children sat in awed silence as the teacher said in solemn tones:

"Mr. Lane, I am sorry to trouble you, but I think this case demands your attention. This is the second day I have taken a pipe from this boy. The room has reeked with the odor of tobacco all day, but when I asked him if he had a pipe he denied it. Then I found it in his pocket"

The sixty children looked at the Principal with eyes which said: "What are you going to do about it?" The Principal gave a glance at Truth on the blackboard.

"Robert, come to the office."

Before the system had been adopted, two weeks without recesses or even a whipping would have been considered, but now—by the time they had reached the office Mr. Lane's plans were formulated.

When they had entered, and the Principal had turned the key in the office door, a less hardened sinner would have abandoned all hope and with tears and confession would have plead for mercy. But Problems have other resources.

"Mr. Lane, you're not going to whip me to-night. My father said I was to come right home. He wants me to work."

"I can't believe anything you say, Robert. You lied to Miss Brown."

"You can ask my brother if my father didn't say to come straight home."

"I can't believe you."

The boy's voice began to lose its hopeful ring. There was just a touch of the despairing quaver so common, so very common in the Principal's office.

"Honest and true, I hope to die if my father didn't say that."

Mr. Lane shook his head and arranged the papers on his desk. The boy continued with the courage of desperation.

"My father said I could smoke."

"Are you telling the truth now?"

"He said I might use a pipe."

The Principal remained silent.

After a short pause: "My father buys my tobacco," almost defiantly.

Still no expression of belief on the part of the Principal.

"He said if I didn't use cigarettes he didn't care."

"See here, Robert, there is no use of talking, for you deliberately lied once, and probably all you say now is untrue."

It was getting uncomfortable for the boy. Mr. Lane saw with satisfaction that his plan was having the desired effect. The boy's statements became stronger and more emphatic as he was met by the same incredulous replies. Finally, when the culprit had lashed himself into a fury in his efforts to make himself believed, the Principal felt that to continue his course would be sheer cruelty.

"Robert," he said, and his voice had changed from incredulity to sympathy, "Robert, don't you see that you can never get along without telling the truth?"

As the Principal's tactics changed, and the boy saw his chances of a whipping diminishing, he made a complete capitulation, and his penitent head dropped on his chest. And when the Principal, his heart warming toward the prodigal, had entered into an earnest talk on lying and smoking, the Problem was on perfectly familiar ground, and only the necessity of keeping up an appearance prevented him from swinging his feet in complacent relief.

At last the ordeal was over. It was a chastened boy with a new and beautiful confidence in his Principal who arose and tiptoed toward the door. As he reached it, he turned, with his hand on the key, and said:

"Mr. Lane, can I have my pipe?"

Alice and Phoebe Cary.

By Mattie Griffith Satterie.

THE Cary sisters really held a *salon* in New York. To their pretty, home-like house, in East Twentieth Street, flocked all the resident and visiting *literati* of this city. I have constantly heard the complaint that "New York City with all its bright, intellectual and literary women has never been able to point to any woman who ever held a *salon*." Alice and Phoebe Cary, in their private lives were very quiet and unpretending, domestic, and simple in their daily life. Yet their exquisite poetry, that sang for them when they themselves were mute, attracted all the bright lights of the literary world, and others who were well-known in artistic and dramatic circles.

These talented women were born in Ohio, and their dream was ever to "Come East." Phoebe used to say, "We were so eager to go to New York and mingle with intellectual people that the very brooks near my country home seemed to me to sing, 'Go East! Go East!' The leaves of the trees in their gentle rustling repeated the same blessed advice."

The personality of the two sisters was very different. Alice, sweet, gentle, retiring almost to diffidence—Phoebe, bright, quick, impulsive, bubbling over with fun and wit. We children adored Phoebe, she was so thoroly a child herself.

I remember that she possessed a long string of beads. These beads she called her "Memorial Necklace." My sister, my brother, a little girl friend, and myself, formed an adoring quartette around "our dear Miss Phoebe," and never tired of hearing about that "Memorial Necklace." Each bead had been given her by some distinguished person. Horace Greeley, Robert Dale Owen, Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, P. T. Barnum, and others of note had each of them contributed a bead to her necklace. It was an interesting medley of gems and curios.

One afternoon she was calling upon my mother and aunt. As usual her quartette of child friends was seated near her, drinking in every word with loving and admiring attention. She had been entertaining us, as she always did, by amiably going over the names of the donors of her beads.

Suddenly she stopped, and, laughing brightly, said, "Oh, these children! bless them, but they always make me 'tell my beads.'" Then turning to my mother she added, "I want a bead from you."

My mother replied, somewhat amazed, "From *me*, why, pray?"

"Yes," said Miss Phoebe, "I want you to give me an amber bead because it is just your character, pure, and clear, and strong."

Altho the sisters were so unlike in character, there was a peculiar unison in feeling and heart. There was a oneness of affection and purpose between them. Miss Phoebe used to tell us how happy she and "Allie" were together.

Miss Alice was very delicate in health, and was not quite equal to enduring the noise of healthy, romping children, in which Miss Phoebe delighted, but we loved Miss Alice as a "bright particular star." We enjoyed her stories, her early stories, which she had written under the pen-name of Patty Lee.

Both of the sisters loved their pretty home very much. They never wished to leave their sweet domicile for any length of time, only for a short call, or a day and night at most. Miss Alice used to say with her sweet smile, "I love New York so much, that I am consumed with homesickness if I stay away from the dear old city a week." Of their charming home Horace Greeley wrote, "The modest dwelling they have for some years owned and improved, in the very heart of this emporium, has long been known to the literary guild as combining one of the best libraries with the sunniest drawing room (even by gaslight) to be found between Kingsbridge and the Battery."

One evening I was committing to memory for the Friday afternoon recitation at school, Phoebe Cary's beautiful poem, "Nearer Home."

Miss Phoebe came into the room where I was studying, and looking over my shoulder she dimpled into a bright smile, as she recognized the lines. Then with a tender, serious look, she said, "You are only a child, deary, but young as you are, if you lay to heart the last verse, the meaning of it, your heart and life will grow sweeter every day." She laid her fingers on these exquisite lines:

"Father, perfect my trust;
  Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
  On the rock of a living Faith."

A Study of Milkweed Pods by a Pile of Stones.

Observation Work in Music

By ALYS E. BENTLEY, Director of Music, Washington, D. C.

OBSERVATION work is now to be, let us hope, a regular feature of the music lesson, receiving its proportionate share of the teacher's thoughtful preparation. I would say a word of caution as to the importance of the form in which you place your song on the blackboard. The picture, as you present it, should be the exact reproduction of the song as it appears in this number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE. There should be the same number of bars in each staff, so that the song does not appear as an awkward single staff, stretching across the entire length of the blackboard.

We have come to see the desirability of placing the reading text on the blackboard in the form of a paragraph: the same principle in eye training applies to the form of representation for the song. Be careful in the spacing of the lines. They should not be too far apart. If you can have three staffs painted on the blackboard it will save much time, and be a distinct advantage, as it will furnish a permanent and approximately perfect form. The length of the lines need not be over five feet.

Let us now suppose that we have the sleighing song on the board, and that we are ready for our observation work.

Have the children sing the song lightly, with a rhythmic movement. Try to get, in singing, as in reading, the expression thru the rhythmic emphasis. It is the habit of childhood in reading to emphasize the unimportant word, and this characteristic is even more marked in singing. To avoid it, and get the stress just where you want it, try the experiment of just touching, scarcely uttering, the unimportant words. If, in order to draw the stress from the word "the" you direct the children to emphasize the word "bells" in the song, you are likely to get an exaggerated emphasis. If, on the other hand, you give just a suggestion of the word "the," the rhythmic emphasis will be right, and you will have the swing of the song.

Now have the children sing the song several times with this light rhythmic movement, while you guide them by pointing to the blackboard representation. Let different children, in turn, act as guide, pointing while the rest of the class sing.

Now sing the first measure, "do, re, mi, fa," letting different children find and point out all similar measures.

Sing the last measure, "do," giving it the full time value, while different children point to other similar measures.

Now, just as you continually amplify the reading lesson by suggestions directing the powers of observation of the child, as, for example, when you caution him to observe the characteristic cross of the "t," or the dot of the "i," of the length of the stem in the letter "p," so, in music, there should be the reiterated suggestion of the length of notes, time value of notes, rests, and of all that goes to make up the technique of musical expression.

Now sing, "sol, do," the second measure, asking children to find all measures of this kind in the song. Go back to the other measures already sung, and sing the three different measures in many different combinations, as to the order, by way of comparison, of intervals and time values.

Study the second and fourth measures, comparing them, "sol, do" and "sol, mi." Compare the next to the last measure, "sol, fa, mi, re" with the first measure, "do, re, mi, fa," as to intervals and time values.

Next direct your observation work especially to the different time values expressed in the song. One child may point to all the measures containing eighth notes, another may find the measures containing half notes, and still another may point to the measures containing quarter notes.

Now divide your school into three parts, assigning to each division the singing of notes of a specified value, as half, quarter, or eighth notes. This exercise will amuse and delight them, and you will find them very clever in catching up the melody in the part assigned them.

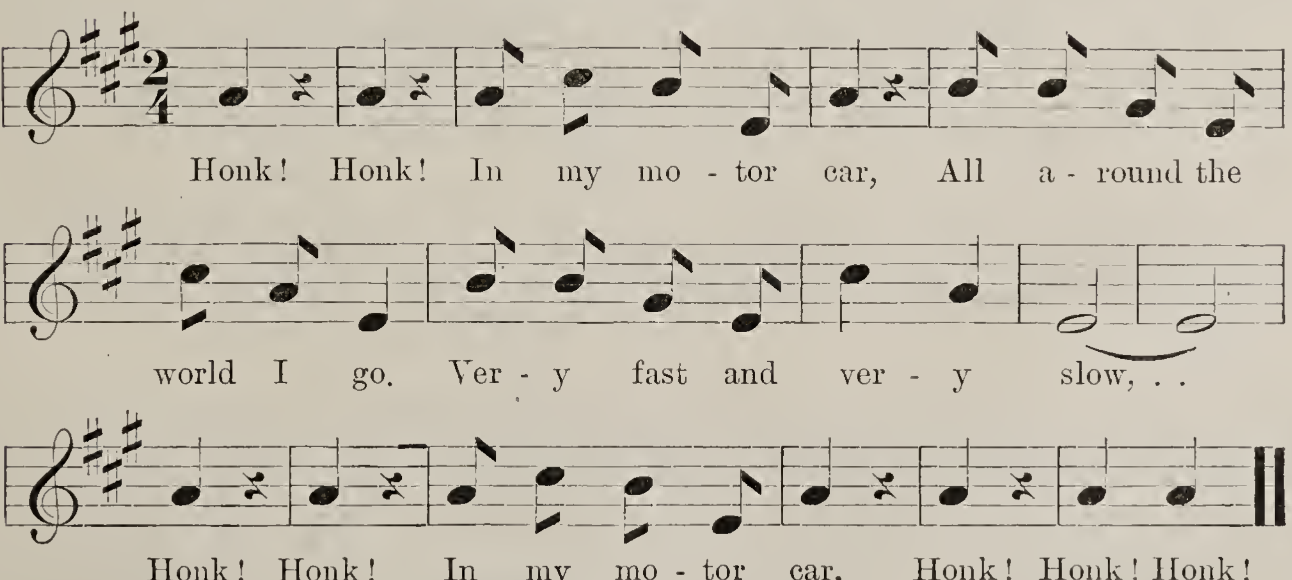
Now suppose you point, while one child claps the song, the rest of the school counting. You can vary this, and by giving different assignments can keep up a lively interest at the same time that you are securing from each child an expression of the rhythm of the song.

These suggestions, varied and amplified as you will vary and broaden them, will furnish material for many music lessons. The same sort of work should be done on the songs which appeared in the January and December numbers of TEACHERS MAGAZINE. Soon your class will begin to have an experience in musical technique. You will be amazed to see what can be done thru observation work based upon the right kind of study songs.

Let us suppose that we now have the song "Honk! Honk!" on the blackboard.

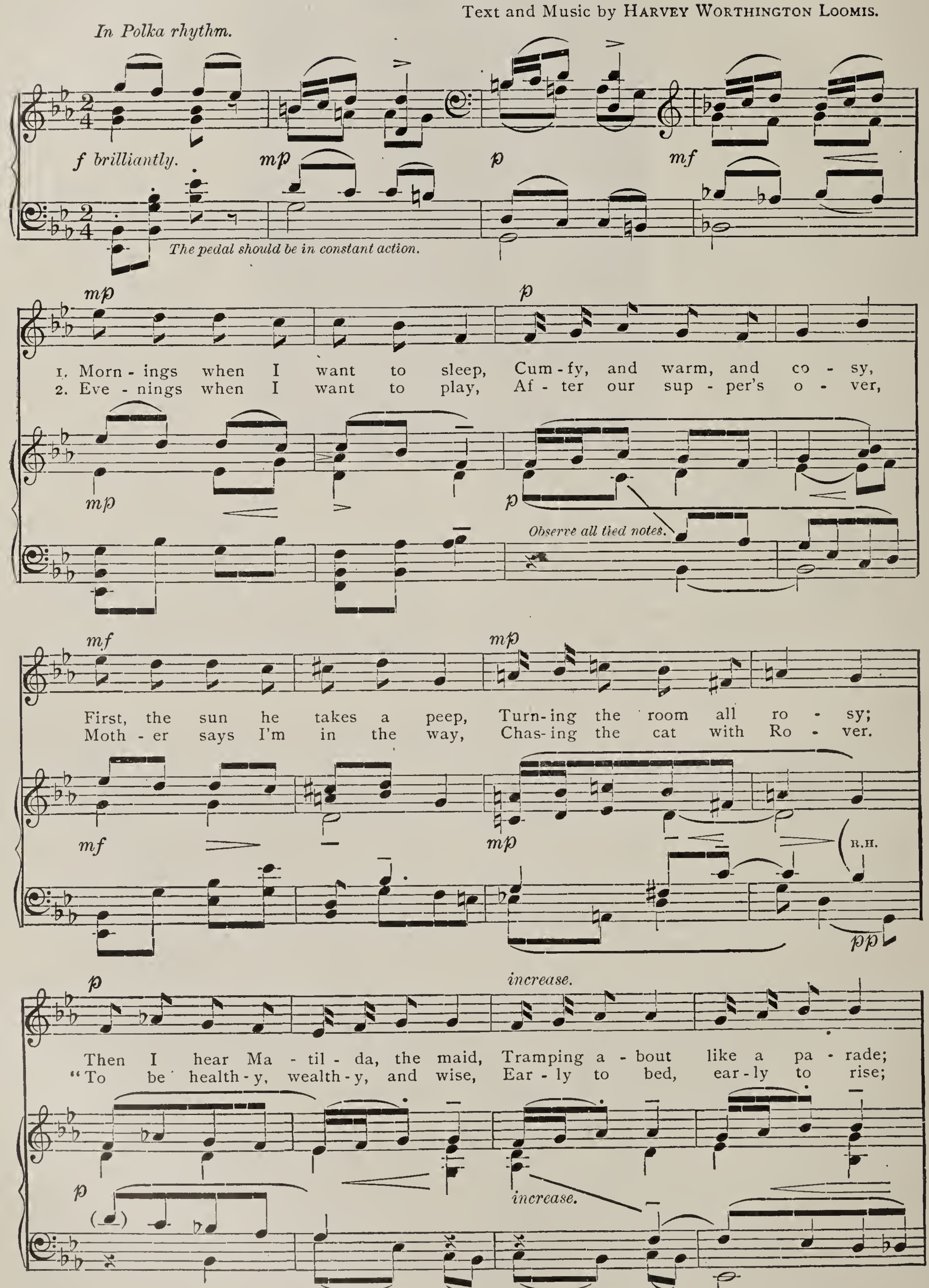
Sleighing Song.

Honk! Honk!



SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Text and Music by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.



SEVEN O'CLOCK (Continued)

Seven O'Clock—2.

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We always presuppose that the children have learned the song by rote before the song picture is placed before them on the staff.

The characteristic of this song is the quarter rest. You will know how to use this opportunity to teach that time symbol for all time. Perhaps you will do it by raising the hand at the proper moment, perhaps by saying the word "rest" in light staccato voice, perhaps by beating the rest lightly with a pencil on the desk. Your device will be the more valuable if it is yours.

Use measures one, four, and sixteen, for comparison and contrast. Sing the third measure. Let pupils point to this and all similar measures. Compare this measure with others already studied, noting difference in time values expressed. In the same way compare measures six and eight. Sing measures nine and ten, teaching the tie.

This song presents much opportunity for the study of time values and intervals. It will soon be apparent that more skill in sight reading can be developed thru observation work based on study songs, than could ever be gained thru the study of the scale. The song is the language of music. It is the only legitimate base of operations. As soon should we think of learning to read thru various gymnastic exercises with the alphabet, as that we should hope to read music by studying intervals on the scale.

Our School Out of Doors

By Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Conn.

IT is a short walk from school to electric car line. I am fond of going by car with the class because a five-cent fare takes us for several miles, and it has been our custom to stop off at different places at different times, and from these many centers go in a variety of directions. Ever think of it? Three stopping places and four different directions make twelve routes. And one should go over the same route from four to five times a year. That makes three stopping places on only one line, and affords a walk to be gone over once each season. It doesn't take many lines of trolleys into the country, nor many stopping places, to keep one busy in new scenes and in every season. No wonder that "it is a wise naturalist that knows his own parish." Who so busy as a naturalist? He cannot keep up with the seasons.

A passenger in the crowded car said to me, "Well, where *are* you going with your class, and what *do* you expect to find this cold, February day?" and, without waiting for a reply, "Shouldn't think you would find much to-day. Best place is indoors. What can you get in the woods now?"

"Cold, clear air for one thing. Isn't that enough?" And then to answer more directly the querulous look at our collecting apparatus, "Get whatever we find. This is a 'nature study' class; we take things as we find them. We try to know Nature as she is."

And that, to my mind, is the great advantage of the nature-study spirit—it is never disappointed. We are sure to find something. Science, with a definite idea, sets out to study a certain thing, and sometimes that thing isn't to be found when it is wanted.

The first object to attract attention in the bleak woods (there was no snow on the ground), was a stump on which was a peculiar white formation. Upon closer examination this proved to be an interesting, fairy-like growth with wonderful, lace-like patterns on the lower side. It was a tough, corky, weather-beaten form of Polyporus fungus known as *Daedalea quercina*. We were not troubled because the books say so little about it, for its shelving, fringing, wonderful beauty spoke for itself. Tough! A strong jack-knife could hardly cut off a few souvenirs. The arrangement of the layers on the lower side was particularly interesting.

"But what are they good for?"

"Good to be a fungus—good for us to admire—"

"Oh, I know your philosophy, and you know what I mean. What good are they for us? I mean other than to look at."

"Be frank,." I replied. "Your question, like that of many non-naturalists, is, how does it affect us bodily; is it good to eat, or good for some other useful purpose? So far as I know, it has no use. As to eating it I would as soon try cork. I do not know of any animal that eats it, so I think it but logical to claim that the plant must have been made to appeal to our sense of beauty. A great many things appear to have been placed in that list, but they seem to fail, because so few care to see them."

Growing from a decaying root of the same stump, as was ascertained by close examination, was a cluster of *Hypholoma perplexum*, still beautiful, altho the fungus was not in good condition, for it had evidently been preserved to midwinter because it had been continuously frozen. It surely was one of the year's latest fungus flowers, and was evidently good to eat, for at one end it had been extensively nibbled. The tooth marks were plain and distinct. Squirrels eat "mushrooms" (not limiting their menu, as we usually do, to the *Agaricus*), but this was evidently not the work of a squirrel.

Astonishing forms of Daedalea quercina on the stump. "A strong jack-knife could hardly cut off a few souveniers."

"How do you know that?" insisted a member of the class.

"I don't know; I only infer. Can you imagine a squirrel's nibbling off the tops of these fungi, as an ox would crop grass? It seems to me, that if this were the work of a squirrel, he would take off a whole one, go to that stump, sit up and eat it as he would a nut. But there are no fragments

A winter butterfly (Euvanessa antiopa). Often seen in woods on sunshiny days, even in February.

of such nibblings on stump or stone about here. Some of the fungi in the group have been nibbled a little, the whole head taken from others, and still others have the entire stem eaten down to the ground.

"The nibbling has probably been done by a rabbit, for the tooth marks invariably extend downward from the top of each cap. Whatever ate it, stood over it as a rabbit would stand, and did not hold it in his paws as a squirrel would do.

"Captain McIlvaine (an authority on fungi), says that rabbits, mice, squirrels, and box tortoises are very fond of several species of fungi. Tortoises eat from the edges of the cap; mice eat from both edge and top; rabbits eat mostly from the top. Also many species of beetles live on fungi. Even the deadly Amanita is eaten by them. Beetles usually eat the underside, or gillbearing portions."

The fungi on the stump and the cluster on the ground turned our attention to the subject, and served as a sort of text for the rest of the outing. It was easy to find dried, frozen, or decayed fungi in all sorts of places. Sometimes the door opens unexpectedly on a wonderland that had been previously unnoticed. That fungus-covered stump was our "door" for the day.

We found fairy shelves (shelf-fungus) of all textures and tints. Of a very different form were the puffballs that thickly grew on an old stump. They were in the best possible condition. So good, indeed, that one of the younger members, in advance of the party, was beating them with a stick and raising clouds of spore dust when we came up. Many of the largest had been crushed or knocked off before I could photograph the group. We estimated that there were more than a thousand puffballs on the stump, and a blow upon only two or three was needed to fill the air with spores. It is impossible to realize the actual number of spores that had been developed on that stump; they must have been in the trillions. What astonishing prodigality on the part of Nature on the venture that there might be other decaying wood near by, and that a few hundred puffballs might succeed in growing there!

In a sheltered place in the fence corner was a hawkweed (*Hieracium*) that at first glance appeared to be in full bloom. It was, however, the bloom of fruition and not of floral prophecy. The fruiting heads still retained their rough, bristly, globular clusters.

And this suggested the thought that beautiful bouquets may be gathered in winter. What harmonizing combinations may be made of golden rod, clematis, hawkweeds, buttonweed, and many grasses!

The Nature Procession.

This starts in this month. In the warmer days the twigs, notably those of willow and maple, change their color. The grass begins to look greener by the southern side of springs and by the streams that trickle down the southern slopes of the hills.

The frogs, tho still resting in deep spring holes or in the mud, are said occasionally to give a call when there have been several warm days in succession. Dr. Charles C. Abbott states that on a warm day in February, 1888, he saw several frogs by a pool, but that they did not peep. It requires time as well as warmth to start the wedding chorus.

Clump of fungi persistent till midwinter.

Bird migrations from the warm South begin this month. Strange, isn't it, that they come in this intensely cold weather? Why not either stay here all the time or else wait until the air gets comfortably warm? Who can explain bird migration? Shall we ever really understand it? In the last half of the month, arrive the wood-

cock (very few, nowadays, owing to the ravages of the hunters), the purple grackle, rusty blackbird, and red-winged blackbird. The robins and bluebirds become more numerous, altho some of these remain with us during the entire winter. Perhaps those we see on warm days have merely flown out into the open from their sheltered places among the thick woods or the evergreen trees. One of the most astounding facts pertaining to birds is that the great horned owl builds its nest this month. Why is she in such haste? When it comes to nest-building early in the season, she is the sole rival of the farmyard hen.

Bats occasionally come out on the warmest days. Shrews, moles, mice, squirrels, both red and grey, muskrats, rabbits, foxes, and weasels, are abroad and active. Occasionally a skunk ventures out. But not a woodchuck. He is still showing his good sense by hibernating. February cold doesn't affect him. He is waiting for March when he comes out to look for that celebrated shadow.

Honey bees fly out of the hive on warm days.

The mourning-cloak butterfly (*Euvanessa antiopa*) may be seen flitting in the woods on sunshiny days, and even above snowbanks.

Literary Suggestions.

Plenty of good material in works by Thoreau and Burroughs, also by William Hamilton Gibson.

Two short but excellent chapters, "Beyond the Snowpath," and "The Record of the Snow," in "Where Town and Country Meet" (Buckham.)

A hieracium (hawkweed) found in a cosy sheltered corner in winter.

A February Bouquet of "Everlasting."

"Birds' Winter Beds" and "Some Snug Winter Beds" (chiefly nests of mice) in "Wild Life Near Home," by Dallas Lore Sharp.

LITERARY SUGGESTIONS: Read "Nature and Science," of *St. Nicholas Magazine,* regularly. It looks at Nature from "the standpoint of the child." "Our School Out of Doors" aims to be helpful to the teacher, showing how best to make use of this and other good material from her point of view.

"Gleanings from Nature," by W. S. Blatchley (The Nature Publishing Co.; Indianapolis), has many suggestions for winter study. Indeed the book gives me the impression that the author has a strong preference for winter. The chapters on "Twelve Winter Birds" and "How plants and Animals Spend the Winter," are excellent. Read all of Lowell's "A Good Word for Winter" (from "My Study Windows"), from which last month I quoted the lacework and tinkling of the brook.

Thoreau's "Winter," Burroughs' "Winter Sunshine," and Gibson's "A Winter Walk" (in "Happy Hunting grounds"), all have excellent suggestions.

Abbott's "Days Out of Doors," like "Our School Out of Doors," begins in January, and the author tells of many interesting things.

I will gladly answer by mail specific questions as to teaching Nature in February. Send your request with stamped and self-addressed envelope.

English Composition in the Grammar Grades. VII

By Harriet E. Peet.

How to Criticise a Child's Paper.

It is thru criticism that progress is made in composition work, but when the subject first presents itself to the teacher it seems to contain a paradox. She recognizes the fact that the mind works best when its attention is undivided, so that the children write best when unhampered by rules and cautions; but she sees, also, that the mere repetition of writing does not insure progress. The children should write for the pleasure of their classmates and feel that their efforts will be warmly appreciated; but this is not sufficient. Something must be done with criticism which, while it does not destroy their freedom of expression, shows the children along what lines to progress.

The solution of the problem may be found in the study of the nature of criticism. There are positive and negative poles in the process. Shall we show the children what things are wrong that they may avoid them, or shall we present to their minds the right ways and trust to this method for the elimination of what is bad in form?

It is a well-known fact that we grow by our successes as well as by our failures; by the positive *Do* rather than by the negative *Don't*, for the simple reason that our path of action is open before us. The attention is undivided. A child overburdened by statements of what not to do is in something of the same position as the man who, in learning to ride a wheel, runs into everything that he tries to avoid; he reacts to the wrong thing because it is so strongly in his mind that he cannot help it. A failure may cause us to reconstruct an ideal, but, until it is in positive terms it is of but little use as a guide for action. The strongest tendency in criticism, therefore, should be its constructive force; its emphasis should be upon the ideal toward which to aim, expressed in positive terms. The critic should look for what is good in a work, point out a better, and, if it is a child's work that he is criticising, his criticism should be sympathetic thru and thru, for a child is likely to feel that a slight disapproval is an utter condemnation. If criticism is allowed thus to swing to the positive pole of the process, the impulse to write will be reinforced, not hindered, by it and the paradox will disappear.

In solving this question, others will arise. We shall want to know for what particular things to aim, what results may be expected, and just how our theory may be worked out in practice.

Before answering the first of these questions we should take cognizance of the fact, that the end for which we aim in our criticism will determine the motive and character of the writing. If the success of a paper is measured by the correctness of its spelling, capitalization, and penmanship the children will give these their main attention; if guaged by the originality and force of the thought to the exclusion of all form, they will work for these; or, if literary merit is placed foremost, and form regarded as a means to this end, they will endeavor to achieve both.

It is well for us to determine what aim is worthiest and then bend our energies toward the accomplishment of it; but we, as teachers, usually think ourselves between Scylla and Charybdis in this matter. If we work exclusively for the expression of thought, the children get into careless habits of spelling and punctuation; if we work for form the work loses interest and the results are poor. This is all a misapprehension; for the two are so closely related that neither can exist without the other. Good thought means good form. Both must be aimed for, but when there is a decision to be made between them, there is no question where the emphasis should be laid. The master writer of all times reached the highest literary form with his attention on what he had to say. The men who followed him put their attention on the form. From the first we have "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Tempest," and "Midsummer Night's Dream"; from the latter nothing that is universally enjoyed. The first is the method of a Renaissance; the latter of decadent art.

Not too much should be expected from the children at one time, for there is a natural development in a child's mind which must not be interfered with. An over-concentration on a thing at the wrong time means an arrest in development. Patience is needed, therefore, so that necessary errors from lack of knowledge and a certain childish carelessness may be gradually eliminated by a natural process. A child, who is forced to write perfect, prim little sentences in first grade, with painful attention to spelling and capitalization will not be able to express his thoughts with originality and force in eighth grade.

The particular thing worked for in criticism should not be determined by the teacher's ideal of form, but be such as the children themselves demand. As long as all the members of a class are contented with many sentences run together into one long sentence, with capitals put in wherever they seem decorative, the teacher, altho ready to encourage any glimmering of dissatisfaction among the children, should herself be unagressive.

The method of criticism now in vogue among the schools is something of this sort. The children write daily or weekly papers, which are laboriously gone over by the teacher. She marks every mistake carefully, grades the papers by their shortcomings, and then returns them to the children. The results of her work are not commensurate with the amount of labor, for the children seldom look at the corrections. They look at their marks and, if they are good, display them to their neighbors; if poor, they crumple up their papers and throw them into the waste-basket. They repeat the same errors in their next papers and the teacher again, with great cost to herself, burns the midnight oil and works with aching eyes to put in more fruitless little red marks.

In the recognition of the fact that a child is more sensitive to the opinions of his classmates than he is to that of his elders, will be found a basis for a kind of criticism which is more effective than the old kind. A spirit of healthy emulation exists between a child and his classmates. He understands their point of view, and he never intends to be outdone by them where he can help it. A wise use of class-criticism will solve many of our difficulties.

Methods of this kind of criticism have been worked out somewhat differently in a number of our leading schools, but whatever the particular device used is, there are certain things which should be insisted upon in order to reach the highest degree of success. The principle suggested in the third paragraph of this article should be applied here, so that the spirit governing the work is such as to encourage good-fellowship. The children should be led to look for the good things and then tell in positive terms what might be substituted for the weak places in the paper. This method, besides cultivating in the children a most healthful way of looking upon life, and giving them as critics a certain charm of manner, will prevent all quibbling. Further, the child who is receiving the criticism will be put at ease, for it is one thing to feel that you are being judged by your failures, and another to know that your successes are appreciated.

To prevent confusion, the number of things to be looked for at a given time should be limited, altho varied from time to time. The children may tell (1) whether or not the compositions are interesting, clear, complete, to the point, pleasing; (2) what they liked best about the papers or what thought interested them; (3) what sentences, phrases, or words seemed well used; or (4) what substitutions and changes would improve the paper.

This criticism may be managed in oral work, by blackboard work, or by an exchange of papers. The oral work has the advantage of quickening the ear to the sound of things; the blackboard work trains the eye; and the exchange of papers provides a way of getting a great deal of work done in a short time. The three methods may be combined with advantage.

An economical way of managing the oral work is to have a number of the children pass to the front of the room from where they can be easily heard, and then read their papers in succession for the remainder of the class to criticise. The comments should be spontaneous and brief, not of that order which is wrung from the children by tedious questioning. To insure perfect courtesy in this work let the children observe our policy of looking at the positive side by following this rule: Every word of adverse criticism must be preceded by a word of appreciation. If nothing good can be said of a paper, it stands condemned without comment.

The blackboard work in criticism may be made supplementary to the oral work. Square yards of blackboard writing are fatiguing to the eye, so no more than two or three children should be sent to the board at one time. These children may be writing while the others are reading. After the oral work is finished the class may give its attention to the blackboard work, which should be read aloud while the children are examining it carefully. They should question it in every way, try ways of improving the sentences, the choice of words, in fact, everything that helps to make the meaning of a composition clear and interesting. The teacher's voice should be seldom heard in this work, for if the children are allowed to take the initiative in the work, they will gain a great deal of practical knowledge of the laws of rhetoric and grammar. These rules will come to them by right of discovery and will have all the force that things found out in such a way always do have. By combining the oral and blackboard work it is possible to go over from twenty to thirty one-page papers with profit in a half-hour, and to hear in some way from every member of a class containing from forty to fifty members.

The exchange of papers is the method of class-criticism used in some of the Boston schools. After a set of papers has been written, a half-hour is given up to criticism. The papers are exchanged; the children go over them carefully, make such suggestions as they are able to, then sign their names and return the papers. They are then allowed to talk over the criticisms and to appeal to the teacher when opinions differ. Fruitful discussions are the result and the children are not likely to forget the points made. Sometimes the children are asked to read the papers which they think are unusually good, and the opinion of the class is asked. At other times, the children are asked to mark what they consider the best sentence in the paper and to read this for discussion.

It can be readily seen from what has been said that class-criticism has many advantages. It is, in fact, "twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." It is more fruitful of results than the little red marks put upon the papers by a tired teacher late at night or during a hurried noon hour. It is a criticism which comes from within rather than without, one where the children set their own standards, and thus avoid that forcing of development which is so dangerous to literary art. Further, it is for both the teacher and the pupil economical of time and energy.

If it seems advisable to have the class-criticism supplemented by that of the teacher, as it must be at times, the results will be very different from those of the old method. The children will be better able to understand the meaning of her work, and she, for her part, will no longer want to grade the papers by the number of mistakes in them. She will go over them quickly, grasp what kind of help each individual child needs most, and then write her comments upon the margin of the paper. These comments may be simply commendations, or they may point out the success of the paper and with it the line of improvement. They should be of this order: Interestingly told; good effort; good because it presents a vivid picture; this story would have been better if more conversation had been used; well observed, but the meaning would have been clearer if you had taken more pains with your paragraphs.

For the sake of economy and to prevent the sense of drudgery which comes over the children when they have to rewrite papers, it is well to spare them this task and devote the time that would have been so spent to new and refreshing work. This will prevent them from forming careless habits, for they will have no chance of feeling, "Well, it doesn't matter how I do my work now; my teacher will correct my mistakes before I copy my paper." The endeavor of all the work should be to make the children aggressive in establishing new standards, and actively responsible in applying them. In this way time will be economized, the children will work with joy, and progress will be secured.

March.

The stormy month is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That thru the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet tho thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious song dost bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—WILLIAM BRYANT.

Miss Archer and Some of the Merrymakers at her Valentine Party.

The plans of the party, the costumes of the children, the games, etc., are all described in this Magazine. The suggestions can easily be adapted to any grade, from the kindergarten to the high school; yes, even in the normal schools the young people will enjoy the fun.

Valentine Party in a New York City Kindergarten

By Rose R. Archer, New York.

Miss Archer wishes to add to the directions for preparing for the party (as given in Teachers Magazine last month) the following:

Both King and Queen practiced daily in conducting the contest games which were to be given on the day of the party.

The illustrations showing the two sides of the "double" valentine (see page 314 Teachers Magazine for January) are to be used as a sample pattern by the teacher. When closed, the pages follow in the order A^1, B^2, C^3, D^4 (Page A1 forming the outside cover.) "X" indicates where the tiny "flower" pictures should be pasted, the dotted line the exact position of the "fairy" scrap-picture.

Cut the paper on all lines marked "C C C" and *fold* on lines marked "f" to make the "opening doors." Blank space on page D^4 is reserved for the writing of the valentine poem.

Older children may tint the edges of the valentines which they paint for their mothers with a rainbow tinted band (one half inch wide) which is made in the following manner. Use a pale wash of each of the following colors, in the order in which they are mentioned—blue, pink, green, yellow. (Each band being one-eighth of an inch wide.) Let the wash of blue dry before applying the pink, etc. Leave no space between the tints. Omit the "bow-knot," and outline both sides of the opening doors. Use a "fairy" with a white dress, and decorate with tiny white water-lily scrap-pictures. Paste a small (one-quarter of an inch wide) paper heart a little to the left side on the fairy's waist.

The following program was written on paper hearts.

Time 10 to 12 A. M.

P. S. No. 137 — February 14, 1906.

PROGRAM.

The King and Queen of Hearts — distribute Valentine lockets and badges to all the little Knights and Ladies.

"Match Making" — conducted in the Kindergarten room, the teacher being the "chaperon.")

"Grand Double March" of Knights and Ladies on the "Kindergarten Ring" (in the playground.)

"BOWING GAME."

"Dance"—Music by "Kindergarten Orchestra" and Piano

CONTEST GAMES

"Transporting Stony Hearts"
"Quenching Flaming Hearts"
"The Twin Turtle Doves"
"A Difficult *Feat* to Win a Sweetheart"
"A More Difficult *feet*"
"Search for the Lost Heart"
Valentine Song
Refreshments
(in Class-room)

As will be seen by the program the main part of the entertainment was given in the large playground of the school, which alone could accommodate the audience, composed of the parents and friends of the kindergarten children; the pupils who assisted in the preparations for the party; the classes having the best attendance-record, and "honor pupils" from all classes. The principal, and several of the teachers took charge of the seating of "the guests" thereby relieving the kindergartener of much responsibility.

Before the audience began to assemble; the "King of Hearts" presented the pretty valentine badges to the "Knights"; the Queen bestowed the lockets on the little "Ladies:" Such fun as there was in the kindergarten room; for each child had to find his partner by "matching" his valentine badge with the little girl who wore a locket which corresponded to it. It proved an excellent scheme for keeping the children amused before the exercises began. By the time the children had found their partners, the audience had assembled and the teacher gave the assisting kindergartner at the piano the signal to begin the march. On the floor of the playground a large circle, sixteen feet in diameter had been drawn with white chalk, the diameter being also drawn with white chalk.

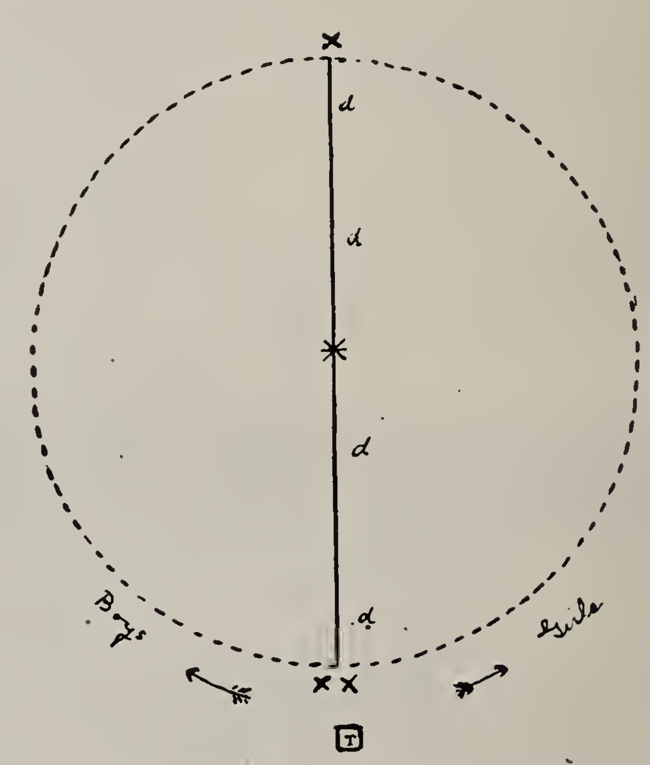


Diagram of circle drawn on stone floor of playground to show relative positions of children in the "Grand March." Small square marked T position of teacher; star the place on which the King stood when starting the "Bowing Game." d d d d diameter of circle across which the children marched before they separated, boys going to the left, girls to the right of circle.

The children; preceded by the King and Queen; marched directly from the kindergarten room to this circle. After marching twice around the circumference the King and Queen led the double line of "Knights" and "Ladies" across the diameter of the circle starting from X. They all paused, still in a double line, at a signal from the piano, when the King and Queen reached the opposite end of the diameter X X. The kindergartner stood just beyond the circle—position marked in diagram by letter T in a small square, where she could direct the next maneuver and see that the children made no mistake in "separating." Both lines moved simultaneously.

At the second piano signal the children dropped hands, and the "Ladies" began to march to the right side of the circle, the "Knights" to the left, thus forming a ring on the kindergarten circle. The King was then sent to the center of the circle to start the "Bowing Game." He called the Queen, of course; she in turn called a Knight; he in turn called a Lady, etc.

The "Kindergarten Orchestra" (composed of children who had just been promoted to the 1A class) was invited to play. They accompanied the teacher presiding at the piano. The musical selection was entitled "What the Brass Band Played," a popular air well known in Grand Street. The King, requesting the honor of the Queen's hand in the dance, was followed by the Knights, who requested a similar favor from the hands of their fair partners. The audience was simply convulsed with laughter. Some of the parents laughed so hard that they cried. At the conclusion of the dance the Knights escorted the little Ladies to a row of kindergarten chairs placed against the north wall of the playground, and seating themselves beside their partners awaited the pleasure of the King and Queen, who were to choose the contestants in the games to follow.

The King and Queen had full right to decide and announce the victor of each contest.

NOTE.—The King and Queen had been previously instructed to select different children for each contest.

On the floor on the east side of the playground three large hearts (each thirty inches in diameter) had been previously outlined by the teacher with white chalk, and on the west side three corresponding hearts.

The Queen selected three little Ladies, provided them with baskets tied with red ribbons, and commanded them to transport the "stony hearts." These hearts had been made by the teacher. They were of simple construction (each was a two-inch heart-shaped red cambric bag filled with very tiny pebbles, the kind used in asphalting. They had been brought to school by the children. *Fourteen* of these hearts were placed in each of the "chalk" hearts on the playground floor. (The little hearts were placed on a piece of white drawing paper, cut heart-shaped, so that the children's hands would not become soiled from the floor).

The three little Ladies each took position in one of the three hearts on the east side of the yard. At a given signal from the kindergartner they raced, basket in hand, to the opposite side of the yard, where they were obliged to place the stony hearts (one at a time) in their baskets, and return to the heart from which they had started. The one who arrived first received the applause of the audience

Quenching the Flaming Hearts.

The King selected the contestants for this game. (The flaming hearts were made thus): Use a few small pebbles for each heart, place them in the center of a four-inch square of red cheese-cloth, tie them loosely, using a string of red worsted. Twist the four loose ends of the cheese-cloth into a "flame"-shaped top, and fasten with a few stitches. At an easy throwing distance (about fifty inches for a five-year-old child) the kindergartner quickly outlined a second set of chalk hearts, parallel with and opposite to the chalk hearts on the west side of the playground.

In each of the new hearts the King deposited a bright and shining tin water pail, decorated with bows of red crepe-paper ribbon. Each Knight received a basket containing fourteen "flaming hearts." He was instructed to throw them (one by one) into the (empty) water pail. The boy who succeeded in throwing the largest number of hearts into the pail was the victor.

(Older children can play this game another way. Have the hearts which fall into the pail count ten, those which fall within the "chalk-heart," on which the pail stands, count five, those entirely outside the "*pale*" count nothing. Then add points; the largest score wins.)

The Twin Turtle Doves.

The "twin turtle doves" were selected by the Queen to take the place of her "carrier pigeons," whom she had lent to Cupid during the rush hours of St. Valentine's Day.

Altho the doves had never carried a "message under their wings" before, they gladly undertook the Queen's commission. Each of the little girls who took part in this contest wore white tissue paper wings (made like those of the butterflies described in TEACHERS MAGAZINE, November, 1906).

The tiny "mail-bag" worn by the turtle doves (8½ x 6½ inches) was made of bogus drawing paper covered on the outside with red cambric. It has a long strap of the cambric which was worn on the child's right shoulder. In front the strap passed diagonally across the child's breast, behind, and diagonally across the back. This caused the mail-bag to hang directly under the child's left arm.

The children donned the mail-bags before they put on the wings.

When the "Turtle Doves" were ready to fly, each stood on the east side of the room, on an arrow which was drawn with chalk by the teacher. On the west side of the room, each also standing on a chalk arrow (drawn by the teacher just previous to the taking of their positions) were two little "Ladies in Waiting," with hands full of tiny valentine letters and messages. Each held the same number of envelops, *i. e.*, fourteen. The "Twin Turtle Doves" had to fly to the "Ladies-in-Waiting" stand while the "Ladies" slipped the letters into the tiny mail-bags, and as soon as the "doves" were sure that they had received *all* the letters, they "flew" back to the arrows from which they started.

Fortunately, the pretty little "doves" arrived "home" simultaneously (which proved that they were truly "twins"), and they then walked side by side to the Queen and presented her with the "valentines."

A Difficult "Feat" to Win a Sweetheart.

The "sweeping teacher" (which is what the children call the school matron), removed the chalk arrows and the second row of chalk hearts from the west side of the room with a wet mop,

before the next contest game was begun. This was done in order that the contesting children should not become confused as to their destination when returning. The King selected the three Knights who were to make the journey. To each of these Knights he handed a strong wicker trash basket, gaily decorated with immense bows of red crepe paper ribbon. The audience gazed with astonishment, when, at a signal from the teacher each little boy calmly took his place in one of the chalk hearts on the west side of the room and put his right foot and leg into the trash-basket.

At a signal, the Knights started to walk across the playground to the corresponding hearts on the east side of the room, where three little Ladies were waiting, one in each heart, to present the Knights with a candy heart placed on a silver paper tray. Until one has witnessed a similar contest he can have no idea of the fun which it can create.

The Knight, on arriving, accepts the tray with the heart from his Lady and returns with it to the original starting place. The child who wins keeps the candy heart; the losers have to present theirs to the Queen.

The one who reached his Lady first was not always by any means the one who reached the original starting place first, for the baskets were easily upset, and the crepe-paper bows, purposely tied on to complicate matters, often twisted around the child's foot and caused delay and confusion, while the child was making the attempt to continue the race. There is absolutely no danger in this game nor in the one which follows.

A More Difficult "Feet."

The older visitors appreciated the joke of this announcement on the program, but of course it was lost on the children.

One chalk heart on the west side of the room was obliterated by the "sweeping teacher's" *mop*, and the corresponding heart on the east side also, for the next contest game.

Two little Knights were then chosen by the King. Each put both feet into a pair of trash baskets and stood in a chalk heart on the west side of the yard. The King and Queen then took their places in the hearts on the east side of the yard. Each sovereign held a royal order badge, a small gilt Cupid fastened to an inch-wide red satin ribbon five inches long.

The Knights had to scuffle or hop, or slide along as best they could, to reach the King and Queen. So ridiculously funny were their antics, all due to the "perversity" of the trash-baskets, that the children in the audience forgot that they were in school, the principal and teachers and parents forgot likewise, and shouts of laughter were heard on all sides.

In this contest one realized that the "race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, for as Hymie Greenberg was almost half way on the return trip he lost the basket off each foot, and before he could regain the proper balance he was beaten by tiny Sammy Levy, who was far behind him when the accident occurred.

The victor kept the royal order; the discomforted Knight had to return his to the King.

The Search for the Lost Heart.

After the excitement of the previous game had subsided sufficiently, a "quiet" game was introduced by the kindergartener:

A tiny silver heart was used, so small that it could be hidden in a child's fist without attracting attention. The child who was to hunt for the "lost heart" had to listen to music played by the assisting kindergartner, on the piano, being informed by the music just how to proceed to find it; *i. e.*, the music was very soft if the searching child was standing far away from the child who held the heart; it grew quicker if the child approached the heart, soft again if the child went back in a wrong direction, and very loud and fast if the searching child stood in front of the child who held the heart. When she discovered it, the searching child restored the lost heart to the Queen.

The Valentine Song was then sung to the children's mothers, after which the children marched, carrying their chairs, back to the kindergarten room. There the refreshments were served.

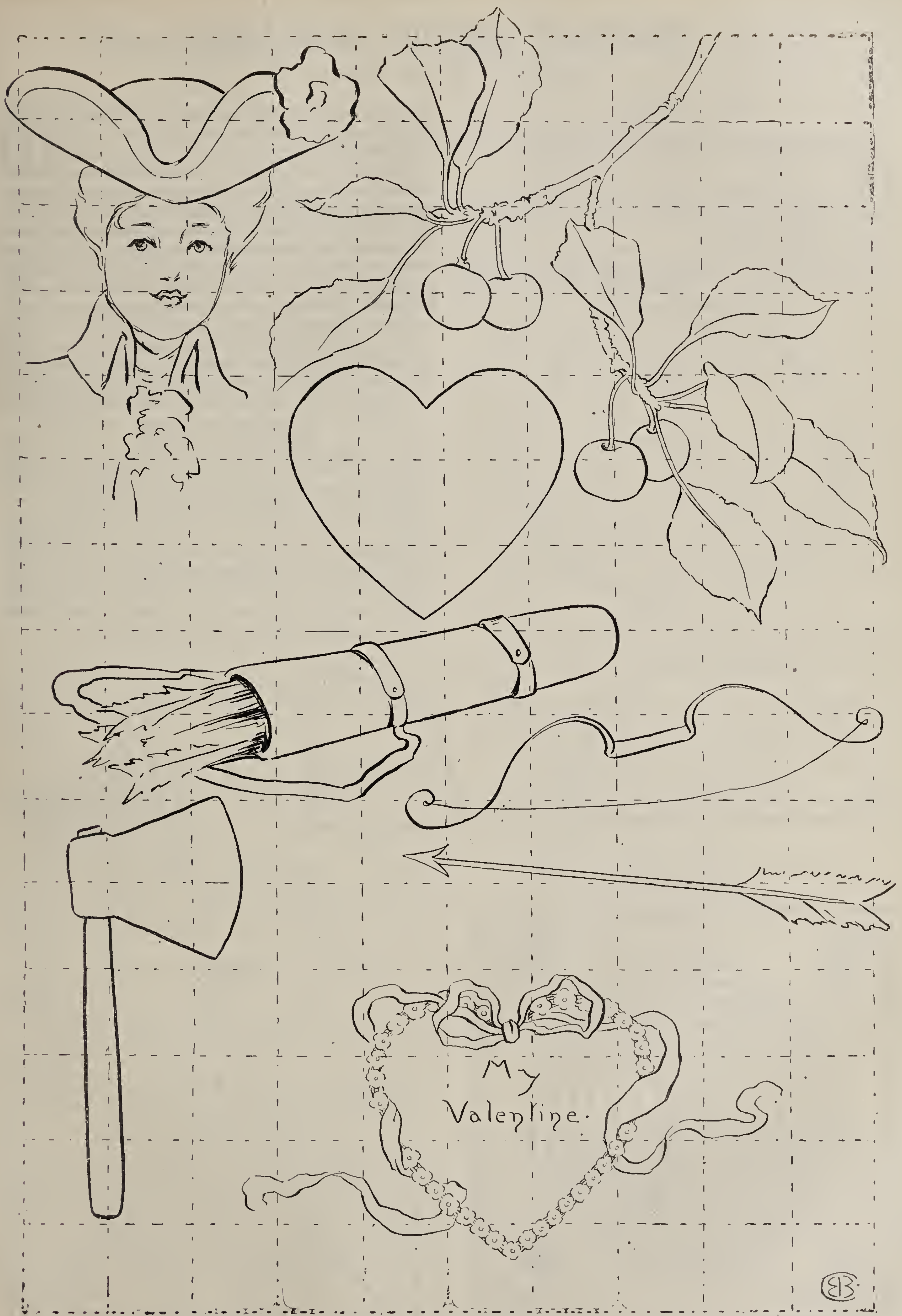
When the class was about to be dismissed, after the party was over, the little boys, on bended knee, presented the little girls with the "sweetheart souvenirs" described and pictured in TEACHERS MAGAZINE last month. The Queen then presented the little boys with the same, which they also received on bended knee.

The teacher then distributed strong paper bags in which the children placed the valentines which they had made for the mothers, and also their souvenirs of the party.

This was done to prevent the rough boys of the district from discovering the "candy," as their habits were well known to the kindergartner from sad previous experience. All the children reached home safely with their treasures with the exception of one tiny maid, who rushed back to the kindergarten screaming wildly, "A big boy who should be a thief (sobs) steals off me mine 'sweetheart!'"

The faces of several visitors who still lingered in the class-room expressed great solicitude, but the teacher, being always prepared for such a contingency, supplied the despairing infant with another souvenir, remarking as she did so, for the amusement of her visitors, "May you always be consoled as quickly with a *second* sweetheart, when some one 'steals off you' your first!"

Before the King and Queen took off their royal robes, they went to the principal's office and presented her with a heart-shaped box of chocolates. They carried several of the pretty "sweetheart" souvenirs to the teachers whose classes had assisted in the preparation of the party. They took a pretty tray with refreshments and souvenirs to the janitor and his assistants; the latter would have felt quite "neglected" if they had not been remembered.



SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FEBRUARY BLACKBOARD, Drawn by BESS B. CLEAVELAND, Supervisor of Drawing.

Making Valentines in School

By Ella S. Goddard, Minnesota.

Square Valentine.

Give each child a four-inch white card, and a circle three inches in diameter of red, gilt, or silver paper.

Have children fold paper in half, then fold into quarter circle, and fold this once more; crease well, and hold firmly.

Give scissors to children and let them cut from one side nearly to opposite side, turn, and cut from edge of that side nearly to edge of first side; and so on until you are nearly down to the point, as shown in diagram.

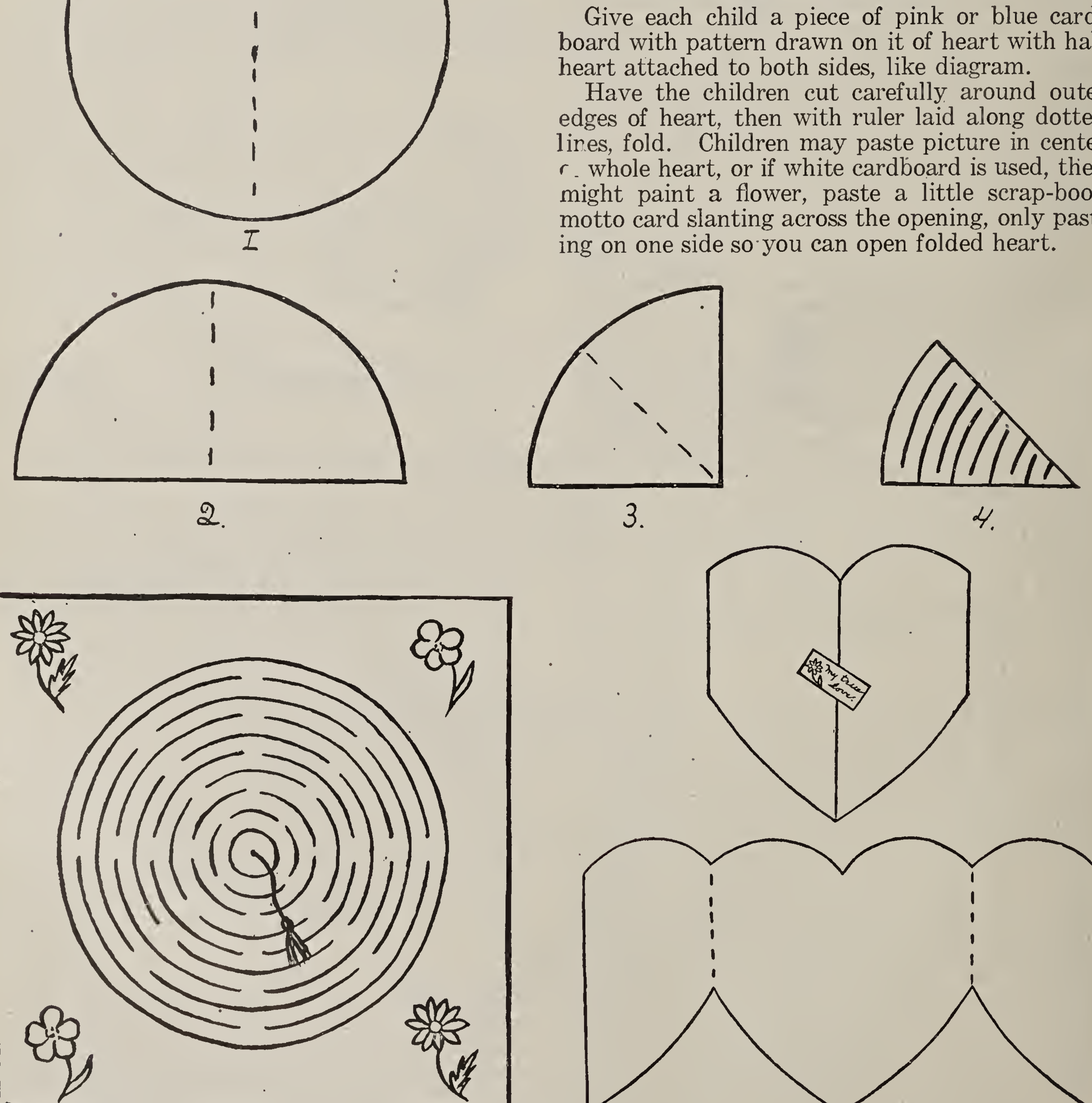
Paste picture in center of white card and small one at each corner, then open circle, take a needle threaded with a piece of embroidery silk, and put thru center of circle, making large knot on under side so there is no danger of its pulling thru. Paste circle on center of card over picture, only pasting circle to card at four places on outside rim only, half way between where outer circle joins next circle, making only four spots to paste.

When finished, pull up on thread in center, and the circle will pull up, making a cage of network, showing picture underneath, and when you let go the string, circle will go back to its original place.

Heart-Shaped Valentine.

Give each child a piece of pink or blue cardboard with pattern drawn on it of heart with half heart attached to both sides, like diagram.

Have the children cut carefully around outer edges of heart, then with ruler laid along dotted lines, fold. Children may paste picture in center of whole heart, or if white cardboard is used, they might paint a flower, paste a little scrap-book motto card slanting across the opening, only pasting on one side so you can open folded heart.



Entertainment Helps.

By Grace B. Faxon.

Pantomime.

THERE is no prettier feature for a program than a pantomime. Best of all, it is the most easily arranged of all attractive entertainments.

The common way of presenting a pantomime is to take some pretty and well-known song, and while a singer or a chorus sings the words at one side of the platform, or behind the scenes, the actors on the platform carry out the sentiment of the words by the use of appropriate gestures.

Only one rehearsal with the singing is necessary; and two rehearsals with the director repeating the words of the song are sufficient.

Generally only girls take part in a pantomime; but in the one I am about to describe there is no strong reason why boys may not be included.

Require all the actors to commit the words of the song. In rehearsing tell each to watch his own gestures and not to permit his gaze to wander.

The song will be most effectively rendered as a solo and chorus, with piano and cornet accompaniment.

Let the actors be draped in bunting sashes; the girls may wear white dresses and tiny flags in their hair; the boys Khaki suits and flags in their buttonholes.

Pantomime of "My Own United States."

During the prelude of music the actors may stand with their hands hanging easily at side. With the beginning of the song take the first pose slowly. Do from one pose into another easily.

"The poet sings of sunny France." (The weight is on balls of feet; eyes look smilingly out into audience on level with themselves; lay the right hand flat on high chest.)

"Fair olive-laden Spain." (Lay the left hand on top of the right.)

"The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles." (Extend both hands front; let them be about thirty inches apart. The palms are up; hold one hand a little higher than the other. Look smilingly at audience.)

"And India's torrid plain." (Simply turn hands over palms down, and hold arms at equal height.)

"Of Egypt, countless ages old." (Turn hands over, palms up, and let them separate a little further.)

"Dark Afric's palms and dates." (Raise hands perhaps ten inches; eyes, too, must be raised.)

"Let me acclaim the land I name,
My own United States."

(Take a decisive step forward with the right foot, the face glowing with pride and patriotism. Drop the left arm at side and let the right sweep high above right shoulder, palm toward audience. Hold the pose thru two lines. The head is held very high, the eyes are raised a little more than their own level. The weight of body comes to the toes.)

"I love every inch of her prairie land." (Let weight fall from the toes to the balls of feet. Clasp hands slowly, but with intensity at the chest. Eyes look out into the audience.)

"Each stone on her mountain's side." (Carry both hands front widely separated and on a level higher than the shoulders. Hold one arm a little higher than the other.)

"I love every drop of the water clear,
That flows in her rivers wide."

(Turn hands over, palm down, and let them descend to about waist level. Eyes, too, fall slightly.)

"I love ev'ry tree, ev'ry blade of grass.) Place left hand on heart and right on top of left.) Within Columbia's gates!" (Carry both hands front, palms up—an inclusive gesture—at mid-way between waist and shoulder level.)

"The Queen of the earth is the land of my birth." (Raise the right hand high over the right shoulder, with weight brought to toes. Let left fall at side.)

"My own United States." (Clasp the hands fervently at the chest, at the same time taking a deep inspiration. The eyes look out into the audience on a level with themselves. Hold this pose steadily thru a short musical interlude.)

"The poet sings of Switzerland." (Let left hand remain at chest, extend right, palm up, at right oblique; this is just right of mid-front.)

"Braw Scotland's heathered moor." (Return right hand to chest and carry left out at left oblique.)

"The shimm'ring sheen of Ireland's green." (Turn left hand over, palm down, and carry it further around to side. Let right remain at chest.)

"Old England's rock-bound shore." (Let left hand fall at side and right be carried front, palm down, at a little below shoulder level.)

"Quaint Holland and the Fatherland,
Their charms in verse relate."

(Bring the right in half-way to body, then carry it front again; also carry the left hand front, both with palms up.)

"Let me acclaim the land I name,
My own United States."

(Take a step forward with right foot and proceed with the chorus as before.)

At the end of the pantomime hold the last pose until the curtain is well down.

The position of the actors on the platform should be such as to give the audience full view of each; the shortest may stand in the front rows. Here is a good arrangement for seven:

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If there is a curtain the actors should be grouped on the platform and the curtain be raised during the musical prelude. Should there be no curtain the actors will be obliged to walk on the platform during the prelude, and place themselves. In this case it will be found advisable to have each place marked by chalk or otherwise.

This pantomime will be found an effective number on any patriotic program for hall or schoolroom.

A Longfellow Entertainment

(For the older pupils.)

By Bertha E. Bush, Iowa.

ONE hundred years ago, on February 27, 1807, the poet Longfellow was born. He has often been called the Children's Poet, but to the writer's mind he is more especially the poet of the high school girl and high school boy. The aforesaid scribe will never forget a little red volume of Longfellow's poems that lay on her teacher's desk when she was a girl of fifteen. How our "B Class"—which would have been called the junior class under the present high-school system—delighted in that little red book! How we pored over "Hiawatha" until we could fairly think in its captivating meter! How we wiped away tears surreptitiously at the ending of "Evangeline," and rejoiced in "It is not always May." What a delicious melancholy came over us as we repeated again and again "The Light of the Stars," "A Psalm of Life," the "Hymn to the Night," and "The Song of the Silent Land!" There was romance and rapture in that little red book. Missed spelling lessons, examples that would not come right, even the rankling wounds caused by frequent breaks in schoolgirl friendship, were forgotten under the spell of its close-printed pages. There will never be any greater pleasure in life, I am sure, than that found in poring over it in those delightful periods when a wise teacher lent us the book as a reward for lessons learned; and I doubt whether anything will be found that does us more good.

The school-house has vanished. The teacher has been long gone; but she will ever be gratefully remembered by half a hundred boys and girls now grown to be men and women. And the writer, looking into the faces of other high school boys and girls—how strangely young those faces seem when we remember how very old we thought ourselves at the same age—believes still that there is no poet better adapted to their needs and desires than Longfellow.

With some such thought as this our Longfellow entertainment was planned last winter, and we never had one that slipped along so easily or was prettier to see. It began with the song "I shot an arrow into the air." (It is never any trouble to find one of Longfellow's songs set to music.)

Then came a life of Longfellow by a pupil who found no lack of interesting material.

Now, the curtain that had been stretched across the front of the school-room was drawn aside, and two pictures presented in succession. The first was "Night." In trailing black robes with a silver crescent in her silver (paper) crown, and a long, filmy black veil bespangled with silver stars, our slender young Night made a very effective picture. Meanwhile, our best reader, from a concealed station, read the poem "A Hymn to Night," beautifully.

Next came the picture of the Blacksmith's Daughter, while our reader gave us the fifth and sixth stanzas from "The Village Blacksmith." In her gaily flowered gown, with her quaint poke bonnet, black mitts, and open hymn-book; our Blacksmith's Daughter looked sweet enough to bring a tear to the eye of any fond father.

The curtain was closed again, and a sweet-voiced fifteen-year-old recited "The Reaper and the Flowers," while the next picture was being made ready. This was Evangeline, black-eyed and sweet. As she stood there demurely in her Norman cap, her "kirtle of blue," and her rosary, many a schoolboy, we fancy, caught his breath as he heard the descriptive lines read, and imagined that the real Evangeline stood before him.

Next, two of our youthful singers gave us "The Bridge" as a duet; and the beloved lines, which, perhaps, thru much repetition, have come to seem trite and commonplace to some of us older ones, seemed neither to that roomful of young folks, but only beautiful and romantic and true. Who knows what "burden" was taken upon youthful shoulders more willingly upon the morrow because of it?

When the curtain was again drawn aside, the reader was reading the description of "Minnehaha," and the little Indian maiden sat before us in all the glory of her beads and feathers and streaming locks and robe that might have been made of doe-skin, from the color. She sat there "plaiting mats of flags and rushes" so modestly and sweetly that it was little wonder that Hiawatha lost his heart to her. Again the curtain was drawn aside to reveal our brown-eyed Minnie in white, with a lily in her hand, while the reader gave us the first and last of the stanzas from "Maidenhood."

After this came a recitation, "The Day is Done," while the school musician played very slowly and softly the musical accompaniment. Then two more pictures, Elizabeth the staid and gentle Quaker maiden portrayed in the poem of the same name, in her snowy cap and kerchief and dress of Quaker gray, and the Nun, black-robed and white-coifed, kneeling in prayer with hands and eyes raised to heaven. This picture, which had been one of the easiest to arrange, was perhaps the most effective of all; and a silence that was almost awe rested over the school-room while the reader read the opening lines from "The Nun of Nidaros" in "The Saga of King Olaf."

"Paul Revere's Ride" followed as a stirring recitation. Then came as a final picture Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as described in the third division of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Very maidenly and quaint and sweet she looked in her plain dress of dark stuff, and white Puritan cap and cuffs, with the carded wool piled like a snow-drift at her knee, the open psalm book in her lap, and the whirling wheels of a real spinning wheel adding reality to the scene.

Next came another recitation, "The Builders," while the girls prepared for the closing exercise. This was not exactly a picture or a tableau, but as pretty as either. It was a rendition of Longfellow's poem "The Poet's Calendar," which has

a stanza describing each month. This was not found in the little red book we had in school, but in the later "Household Edition." The twelve girls who took the part of the twelve months came upon the stage, one by one, recited their lines, and passed to a row at the back. January was a little girl borrowed from a lower room, in a red dress and cap bordered with snow of cotton wool, and very realistic glittering icicles that had once adorned a chandelier. February wore a white dress covered all over with hearts cut out of red paper, as a reminder of valentines. March also wore white, and her dress was bordered with exquisitely arranged shamrocks cut out of green glazed paper, and looped together with green ribbon. April carried an Easter lily; May was sweet in apple blossoms; June's gown was bordered with beautiful pink wild roses, which never revealed by their looks that they had been cut from Japanese paper napkins. July carried the flag. August was gay with scarlet poppies and wheat. September bore grapes, and October's white gown was thickly strewn with yellow and red autumn leaves cut from tissue paper and sewed on. November was a Puritan maid in brown with a basket on her arm all ready to distribute Thanksgiving dainties; and December was adorned with evergreen and holly and sparkling ornaments from the Christmas tree of two months before. When all had recited and passed on to the row, a simple fancy march concluded the entertainment.

It was a great success. "How well you suited each girl to the picture," said an admiring spectator, but the teacher felt that it was not that. Rather the entertainment had proved to be so well suited to her pupils. For easy arranging and appropriateness, it seems the very ideal entertainment for a school of older pupils to give.

Entertainment for March

By Bertha E. Bush, Iowa.

A March Rhyme.

A bluff old fellow
Is March the gruff;
His storms are boisterous;
His winds are rough;
And snow may hurtle,
And squalls begin.
Oh, March is a lion
When March comes in!

But his gales turn, some day,
To zephyrs sweet;
The first flowers blossom
Beneath your feet;
The grass is springing;
Birds flit about;
Oh, March is a lamb
When March goes out!

The Waking of the Flowers.

Dialog.

Costumes.—Petals of white and blue and pink and yellow tissue paper over the dress skirts, and collars of green tissue cut into deep scallops for sepals for the flowers, and a similar decoration of bright orange for the sun, will add greatly to the children's enjoyment of this little play. More elaborate costuming can readily be arranged if desired; or it may be given without any special costumes.

A row of little children impersonating flowers are discovered sitting on the floor drowsily nodding, with eyes fast closed. At the refrain they drop their heads on each other's shoulders as if quite overcome with sleep, and let their voices die sleepily away.

Chorus of the Flowers.—

Under the snow,
Under the snow,
We sleep and rest while cold winds blow.
Drowsily nodding
Night and day
Sleeping the winter-time away.
Under the snow,
Under the snow,
We sleep and rest while cold winds blow.

Enter the wind. He goes up to the flowers and speaks very briskly.

Wind.—March is here! March is here! Aren't those lazy flowers up yet? Come, come! Wake up! It is March!

Goes up to each flower and shakes them with seeming roughness, but cannot wake them. Then he turns away and they begin to nestle and stir but do not open their eyes.

First Flower.—Did you hear a voice?

Second Flower.—Yes, but it was just the wind. We do not have to wake up, yet.

They settle down to sleep again and are all quiet when the wind turns once more.

Wind.—How soundly they sleep! I cannot wake them. The little dears! Well, I will take my broom and sweep the earth clean, and brush away the bad air and get everything ready for them when they do wake.

Catches up broom and sweeps while he sings or recites.

Oh, I am the blustering wind of March;
I blow, and blow, and blow.
I sweep the sky to the heaven's clear arch.
I melt away the snow.
I shake the shivering, leafless trees;
I whirl the swift wind-mill;
I drive the dust in the traveler's eyes;
I whistle loud and shrill.
Oh, I am the blustering wind of March;
I'm rough, and bluff, and bold,
But I love the earth and I love my work,
And blessings great I hold.

Goes out whistling. Enter Robin Redbreast. He flutters his wings and hovers about the sleeping flowers, calling,

Robin.—

Wake! Wake! Wake!
The snow has gone away.
Wake! Wake! Wake!
The winter's gone to stay.
The earth is brown and bare;
Snowdrop and buttercup,
Crocus and violet fair,
Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!

Goes to one side, imitating the robin's note as he goes. The flowers stir and nestle again, and put hands to ears as if listening.

First Flower.—Listen! What was that?

Second Flower.—It is the robin redbreast.

Third Flower.—Spring must be here. We must get up!

Fourth Flower (yawning).—Oh, robin comes so early. We surely have time to take one more nap.

They settle down to sleep again. Enter the rain. He carries a drum or board on which he taps with his fingers, imitating the sound of rain-drops.

The Rain.—

Rap a tap, tap, tap,
Rap a tap, tap, tap,
I am the warm spring rain.
Rap a tap, tap, tap,
Rap a tap, tap, tap,
Wake little flowers again!

Wake, for the air grows soft and sweet.
Hark to the little children's feet
Searching the hills and meadows o'er
To find the flowers once more!

Rap, a tap, tap, tap,
Rap a tap, tap, tap,
Wake for the children's sake.
Rap a tap, tap, tap,
Rap a tap, tap, tap,
Wake little flowers, O wake!

The flowers begin to yawn and stretch and open their eyes.

First Flower.—Did you hear that? It is the rain calling.

Second Flower.—We really must go up.

Robin (calling).—Come up! Come up! Come up!

The flowers slowly lift their petals (hands) and begin to grow. At last they have risen to their knees. But their heads are still bent down. They have not yet blossomed. The rain taps the bent heads gently and they nod roguishly in answer but do not look up. Then the rain turns to the sun, who enters at the door, and calls.

Come, dear sun, kindly sun,
Finish, pray, what I've begun.

Enter the sun with smiling face. He bends over the flowers, and then, if possible, goes to a sunshiny window and throws sunbeams over them from a looking-glass.

Sun (very coaxingly).—

Dear little flowers, we want you to-day.
Open your buds and no longer delay.
Lift your bright heads and your petals unfold.
How we have longed for you thru winter's cold!
Dear little flowers, let us see your bright faces,
Making more lovely the loveliest places.

He throws a sunbeam on one after the other, and they stretch up their arms and grow to full height, lifting their faces and smiling back at him. Then all the school (or some speaker specially appointed) joins in a welcome to them all.

School.—

Welcome, welcome, welcome,
Pretty flowers, again!
Thank you, genial sunshine;
Thank you, gentle rain!

Thank you, blustering March wind
For the good you do!
Welcome, welcome, welcome!
Welcome all of you!

The school and the players join in singing a spring song.

Some Easter Pieces.

Easter, the most joyous festival of the year, comes the last day of March. It is a Church festival rather than a school festival, but it would be a great pity to miss all the beauty and joy of it in the school-room. Adorn your blackboards with Easter symbols. Let one board show an Easter lily, another a flight of butterflies, another a basket of Easter eggs; and do not forget to have Robin Redbreast singing his Easter song, or the jolly little Easter Rabbit. Have at least one reverent talk on Easter, explaining the meaning that is hidden in the Easter symbols.

Message of the Easter Lily.

A sweet Easter lily was swaying and swaying;
It stood in the church for all people to see.
Now, what was the message its petals were saying?
I'll tell it to you as one told it to me.

"I rose from a little bulb, brown, soiled, and ugly,
Thrust into the black earth away from the light.
I rose up to lift up my sweet blossom above me,
Thru the power of the Lord and His infinite might."

O sweet Easter lily, the dear Lord hath sent thee
To teach us a lesson, a lesson of love.
The grave cannot hold us, as earth hath not bound thee.
We too shall arise to the joy that's above.

The Robin's Song.

As I passed along the street
While the Easter bells were calling,
Robin's note came clear and sweet,
Thru the leafless branches falling.

Then a story came to me,
An old legend, sweet and tender,
Of a service which the bird
Long ago had sought to render.

"Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! The day is sweet!"
So I heard the robin singing,
"Who but I should lead the praise
When the Easter bells are ringing.

"For when Christ the Lord of all
On the cruel cross hung bleeding,
Then *I* flew to loose the nails;
Struggled long my pain unheeding.

"Till my breast was stained with red,
Even as to-day I wear it.
So the Easter joy is mine.
I have suffered and I share it.

"Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! The day is sweet!"
So he sang in sunshine golden;
And I blessed his dear red breast,
Thinking of that legend olden.

The Easter Rabbit.

A recitation which may be dramatized, to the great delight of the children.

A gay little rabbit came hopping, came hopping;
His fur was so soft and his eyes were so bright.
Now, why go so fast with no stopping, no stopping?
"'Tis Easter, to-morrow," he cried, "and to-night
I must take pretty eggs to each child who is good.
Oh, red eggs, green eggs, and purple, and blue:
So don't stay me, please, I have so much to do!"
And off he went hopping as fast as he could.

Recreative Activities

By Belle R. Parsons, California.

Animals.

THE following exercises give opportunity for work by separate rows, for individual representation, and for considerable fun. They are also good exercises for developing the dramatic powers of the child. If carefully handled by the teacher, the sounds of the farmyard might also be imitated. Avoid any suggestion of the grotesque. Do not let the children lose their dignity.

The domestic animals are given first because the children should begin by representing the thing that is most familiar; should go from the known to the unknown. Also because the sequence is best gained in this order, the domestic animals growing naturally out of the "Farmer" series. With the older children "Animals" might follow "Transportation," by choosing first such animals as are useful to man as beasts of burden—the horse, camel, elephant, or, again, after considering the locomotion of man, it might be interesting for the older children to compare, scientifically, his manner of walking and running with that of other animals—this study leading thru the whole series, from man to the caterpillar and fish.

This work may also be correlated with geography, history, or literature. The children could classify animals according to their zones or countries, or represent the characteristic movements of the animals mentioned in such a poem as "Hiawatha."

Domestic Animals.

When a right trunk, or head, bending, or twisting, exercise is given, or an exercise for the right arm or leg, be sure to repeat the same or a similar movement to the left.

1. Dog and cat.
   (1) Stretching.
   Ready Position: Get down on all fours.
   Stretch one leg at a time.
   Order: Ready—Position—Right arm—Stretch!—Po-sition!
   Repeat for each arm and leg several times.
   The stretching of the arms and fingers may be used by themselves, while sitting, as rest exercises during the day. The stretching of the claws energizes the arm to the very finger tips and redistributes the circulation.
   (2) Walking.
   Ready Position: Get down on all fours.
   Imitate the slow, sinuous walking of cat and dog.
   Order: Ready—Position—Walk (free work) Po-sition!
   (3) Running.
   Free work.
2. Cow.
   (1) Walking.
   Ready Position: Get down on all fours.
   Slow and swinging movement.
   (2) Tossing of head, stretching neck, mooing.
   Ready Position: On all fours or upright.
3. Horse.
   Ready Position: For correct movements of spirited horse the upright position is necessary.
   (1) Walking, high-stepping, pawing.
   Ready Position.
   When pawing, stand in place, paw several times with one foot, lifting knee high, keeping toe pointed toward ground, and maintaining a good poise of body.
   Free imitations (by rows or individuals) of prancing, dancing; cantering, trotting, galloping, running, bucking, hurdling, may be added here.
   Contrast positions of heads: cow, head hanging down—horse, head held high.

Games.

A Barnyard Procession.—Individual children or groups of children representing different animals.

"The House that Jack Built."—Dramatization.

The Rough Riders.—Such a play suggests bucking and galloping horses, and lassoing movements of the cow-boy, and is full of large, free activities.

In the spring the children might imitate the young animals—calf, colt, lambkin, duckling, chick, kitten, puppy, and rabbit (good jumping exercise. See page 000.)

This theme also offers possibilities for a good guessing game. Let several children represent some animal, and the others guess what animal it is.

"Story of Billy Bobtail"—*Kindergarten Review.*

Song of the "Farmyard"—Blow.

"Susie's Dream"—Boston Collection of Stories.

Wild Animals.

It will be well if the children can take a trip to the Zoo and actually see the animals they study before they try to represent their movements. Draw the children's attention to the strength, grace, and ease of movement. The great, free, swing of the polar bear, the flying bounds of the kangaroo, give the child an idea of physical strength well directed, not to be gained from mere pictures of these animals.

Here, again, the children are led to make accurate observations before trying to reproduce the activity, and the power to give a truthful representation strengthens, as well as tests, the mental grasp of the subject.

Ideal of physical strength and perfection. The children wish to imitate the largest, strongest, and finest animals.

Activities: Walking, running, leaping, jumping, swaying, climbing.

When a right trunk, or head, bending, or twisting, exercise is given, or an exercise for the right arm or leg, be sure to repeat the same, or a similar movement to the left.

1. Squirrel.
   Imitations of the squirrel might be introduced in the fall, or in connection with the reading of "Hiawatha."
2. Monkey. (May be used at discretion of teacher. Gives opportunity for humor.)
   Offers excellent climbing and swinging possibilities in the gymnasium.
   Nimble movements may be gained by letting children jump lightly from seat to seat.
   Playing "being in cages" for a few moments would afford amusement and good imitations.
3. Kangaroo.
   Ready Position: Deep crouch; hands limp; fingers touching floor lightly in front.
   Take extensive and successive leaps, fingers touching floor between leaps.
   Order: Ready—Position—Spring! etc.—Po-sition!
   Do not take more than four leaps at a time. Land softly on balls of feet, crouching for another leap.
4. Bear.
   (1) Moving clumsily on all fours.
   (2) Raise body to erect position, walking with lumbering gait, forepaws hanging loosely.
   (3) Dancing bear—center motion in knees, toes slightly in.
5. Tiger.
   (1) Walking.
   Ready Position: On all fours.
   Slow, cat-like sinuous tread.
   (2) Rhythmic swaying of body from side to side.
   Ready Position: Forward bending of trunk from waist, arms hanging loosely, rising and sinking of trunk.
   Order: Ready—Position—Sway | Left Right | — (8) Po-sition!
   Work for good position. The slow, sinuous walking movement is an excellent exercise to strengthen arms and assist in co-ordinations.
6. Elephant.
   Ready Position: Trunk forward bend, relaxed from waist, one arm held loosely against head to represent the trunk.
   (1) Standing still, sway from side to side, trunk rising and sinking in rhythm.
   (2) Walking, with slow, soft, heavy strides, trunk rising and sinking with each step.
   Order: Ready—Position—Walk | Right Left | (around room)—Po-sition!
   Get sense of weight and dragging movement; when lifting feet.

Games.

Circus Parade.—Individual children; or groups of children, representing different kinds of animals.

A Trip to the Zoo.—Representation of animals seen on actual trip to the Zoo.

Noah's Ark Dramatization.

Answers to Questions.

By Amos M. Kellogg.

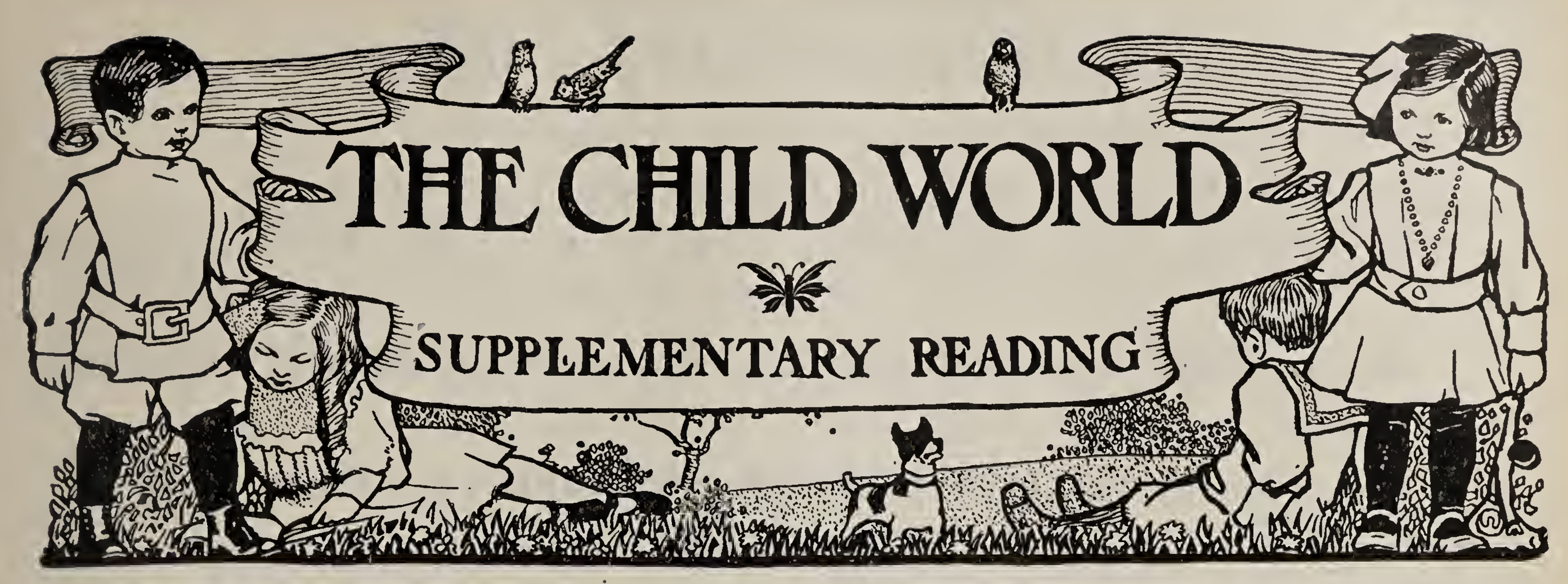
Keeping-in.—I suppose nine out of ten teachers "keep in" pupils for misbehavior. "What shall we do?" they ask. There are those who do not "keep in" as a punishment; they do ask pupils to stay a few moments as they wish to show them or confer with them, or have some work done. They will tell one that it was an effort to get out of the rut, but having got out they mean to keep out, and this, mainly, for the effect it has on the spirit of the school. In such a school, after dismissal, these pupils assemble around the teacher's desk, not as criminals but as co-operators. Yet, at times, the teacher may want to talk seriously with a pupil after school; but that is not to be termed as a "keep in" incident.

The New Spelling.—A Brooklyn teacher (E. L. A.) says the reform spelling has created much enthusiasm in her class; she has explained that they will have to learn the old and the new way, but they are perfectly willing to do this if an easier way will be found for future scholars. She has them use the new style followed by the old style in brackets; as, wisht (wished); this is correct. It may be added here that the English were so desirous of retaining the "u" in "honor" that Shakespeare spelt (spelled) it without one. He also used "wisht"; which in modern editions appears as "wished." In other words, the form (spelling of words) has much changed; therefore, it is not immutable; change it if it can be bettered.

Penmanship.—The fifteen examples of penmanship sent by B. R. G., of Fort Wayne, show surprising excellence, yet no age on the samples is over fourteen. The teacher says, "I have learned there is a way to do it." Again, "Having learned to write handsomely they are now crazy to write." So it is with all acquirements; what we can do well we love to do. Here is a pedagogical principle. The reason why some do not love to go to school is because they cannot do their school work well. Somehow the teacher must contrive to get the pupil on his feet who does not like to come to school; that is, be successful. The letter of this teacher arouses many thoughts—but others are waiting.

Visiting Parents.—The teacher in the city school finds it difficult to make a visit upon parents. But tact and real kindness will overcome difficulties. (1) I think the parent should be notified; this can be done the day before. (2) The visit should be short. (3) The teacher should have some appropriate topic in mind to converse upon. (4) He should accompany the pupil from the school to the house. (5) The object should be simply to let the parent see the one who teaches her child, not to make complaints. Often two, three, or more homes may be visited in one afternoon. That such visits are beneficial all admit.

[Continued on page xii.]



The Crane and the Crab

By Clarence M. and Margaret Weed

The Crane is a very big bird with two long legs and two long wings and a very long bill. With his two long legs he walks about in the water, looking for the frogs and fishes that live in it. With his very long bill he spears the frogs and the fishes, and with his two long wings he flies with them to his big nest in the top of a tall tree.

The Crab is the funniest creature you ever saw. He has a whole lot of tottery legs and he walks a whole lot of tottery ways with them. On each of his two front legs he has a pair of claws that can pinch very hard.

Once upon a time there was a pretty little pond in which lived three frogs and two fishes and one crab. The frogs were a bit like the three bears in the story you love so well. One was a great big frog who croaked Ker-Choog, Ker-Choog, in a great big voice. Another was a middle-sized frog who croaked Ker-Choog, in a middle-sized voice. And the third was a wee little frog who croaked Ker-Choog, Ker-Choog, in a wee little voice.

The two fishes were both of a size, and they loved each other dearly. And the Crab had lived so long in the little pond with the frogs and the fishes that he loved them all and never thought of trying to eat them.

Along the sides of the pretty little pond were some little holes where the frogs and the fishes and the Crab used to hide when they saw the big Crane coming. And so the Crane could never catch any of them to take to his nest in the top of the tall tree.

But one day the Crane came so quickly that the Crab could not hide in time. And the Crane thrust down his big bill and caught the Crab by one of his claws.

Then Mr. Crane carried the Crab to his nest. But when he got there the little Cranes cried out:

"What is this spiny thing you have brought to us to eat?"

"It's a Crab," said Mr. Crane, "and on the inside he is very good to eat."

"But we want a nice soft frog that is good to eat all over," cried the little Cranes.

"The frogs in the little pool hide so I cannot get them," said Mr. Crane.

"Why not make this Crab show you where they hide?" piped in Mrs. Crane, who was standing by the nest on a broken branch.

At this Mr. Crane turned to the Crab, and said:

"Will you show me the hole where the big frog hides if I'll let you live?"

"Certainly," said the Crab, "I'll be glad to do so. Then you can thrust your sharp bill down through the earth and spear them."

But at the same time Mr. Crab thought of a little plan of his own.

So Mr. Crane took the Crab up in his bill and carried him back to the pond. And the Crab showed the Crane where the hole was and said:

"Now I'll go and see if the big frog is in the hole. You wait three minutes, and if I don't come out by that time you may know the frog is there and may thrust down your sharp beak."

Then the Crab went as straight as he could go to the hole where the great big frog lived and told him to go out carefully through the mud at the bottom. And the Crab waited at one side the hole for Mr. Crane to thrust down his sharp beak.

Pretty soon down came the beak. Quick as lightning Mr. Crab grabbed it with his strong claws, holding the two jaws of the beak tightly together. Mr. Crane pulled and pulled until at last he pulled Mr. Crab right up thru the soft earth.

Mr. Crab held on tightly and when the dirt had gotten off his big stalked eyes he grabbed hold of Mr. Crane's neck and pinched and pinched until at last he cut right through and killed the bird.

Then Mr. Crab waddled back to the pretty little pond on his funny tottery legs and told the two fishes and the great big frog and the middle-sized frog and the wee little frog that Mr. Crane was dead.

Then they were all very happy and they lived so ever after.

The Skipping Party

By Clarence M. and Margaret Weed

Once upon a time the Yellow Butterfly who lived in the Flower Palace decided to give a Skipping Party. She wanted to invite all her friends that were of beautiful colors. So she made this list of them:

The Snowy Tree Cricket,
The Blue Butterfly,
The Green Katydid,
The Orange Bumble-bee,
The Gold Beetle,
The Violet Dragon-fly,
The Red Ladybird,
The Brown Silk Moth,
The Black Cricket.

Then she sent to each of these a card which read:

"Come and skip with me
Join us in our glee
On Tuesday, June twenty."

At the Butterfly's Flower Palace was a beautiful lawn with a ring of golden Dandelions in the middle. Here the Yellow Butterfly welcomed her friends, who all came in their brightest colors.

When they had all arrived the Yellow Butterfly told the Green and Black Cicadas to start the music. Then she bowed to the Orange Bumble-bee and said:

"Will you skip with me
On the circle, one, two, three."

So the Yellow Butterfly and the Orange Bumble-bee skipped around the Dandelion Circle three times. Then the Butterfly bowed and said:

"Now the skip is done
Thank you for the fun."

Then the Yellow Butterfly skipped with the Snowy Cricket and the Orange Bumble-bee skipped with the Black Cricket, each saying to the partner:

"Will you skip with me
On the circle, one, two, three."

When they all had skipped three times around the Dandelion Circle the Yellow Butterfly and the Orange Bumble-bee each said to the partner:

"Now the skip is done
Thank you for the fun."

Then each of these insects invited another insect to skip, saying:

"Will you skip with me
Around the circle, one two, three."

And they all skipped together. When they had gone three times around each bowed and said to the partner:

"Now the skip is done
Thank you for the fun."

Then the Yellow Butterfly brought out some beautiful little flower dishes full of honey, to give each of her friends. They all sipped the honey and said it was delicious.

Then

The Snowy Tree Cricket,
The Blue Butterfly,
The Green Katydid,
The Orange Bumble-bee,
The Gold Beetle,
The Violet Dragon-fly,
The Red Ladybird,
The Brown Silk Moth,
The Black Cricket

each said:

"Good night, Yellow Butterfly. We've had such a nice time."

And they all went home to rest.

FEBRUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

Design for the February Blackboard, Drawn by G. H. Shorey.

Constructive Work for February

By Anna J. Linehan.

Grade 1.

First Week.—Talk on vertical and horizontal lines. Finding them about the room, in the doors, windows, etc.

Second Week.—Drawing or modeling little school-house that Lincoln attended. Or, let them illustrate some story of his life. Also have them make simple valentine or booklet to take home.

Third Week.—Folding hat, or cutting silhouette pictures to tell story of George Washington.

Fourth Week.—Drawing back view of girl or boy ready for out-of-door sports, with mittens and cap. Or, large draw in in color of red cap may be used effectively.

Grade 2.

First Week Practice on lines and circles.

Let pupils divide drawing sheet in halves vertically, and on either side draw square large enough to look well in space. Have the same design in each, with color alternating.

Second Week.—Illustrative work with pencil, pen, and ink, or paper cutting, for incident in Lincoln's life.

Or, a valentine booklet or envelope, already given in previous number of this Magazine.

Third Week.—Talk on the meaning of the colors of the flag. The children might learn the words of the following poem, or some other similar one. Drawing boy with flag.

These three brave little colors,
The red, the white, and the blue,
I made into a banner.
What is it? Tell me true.
It is the star-spangled banner,
O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

Fourth Week.—View of snow and winter sunsets.

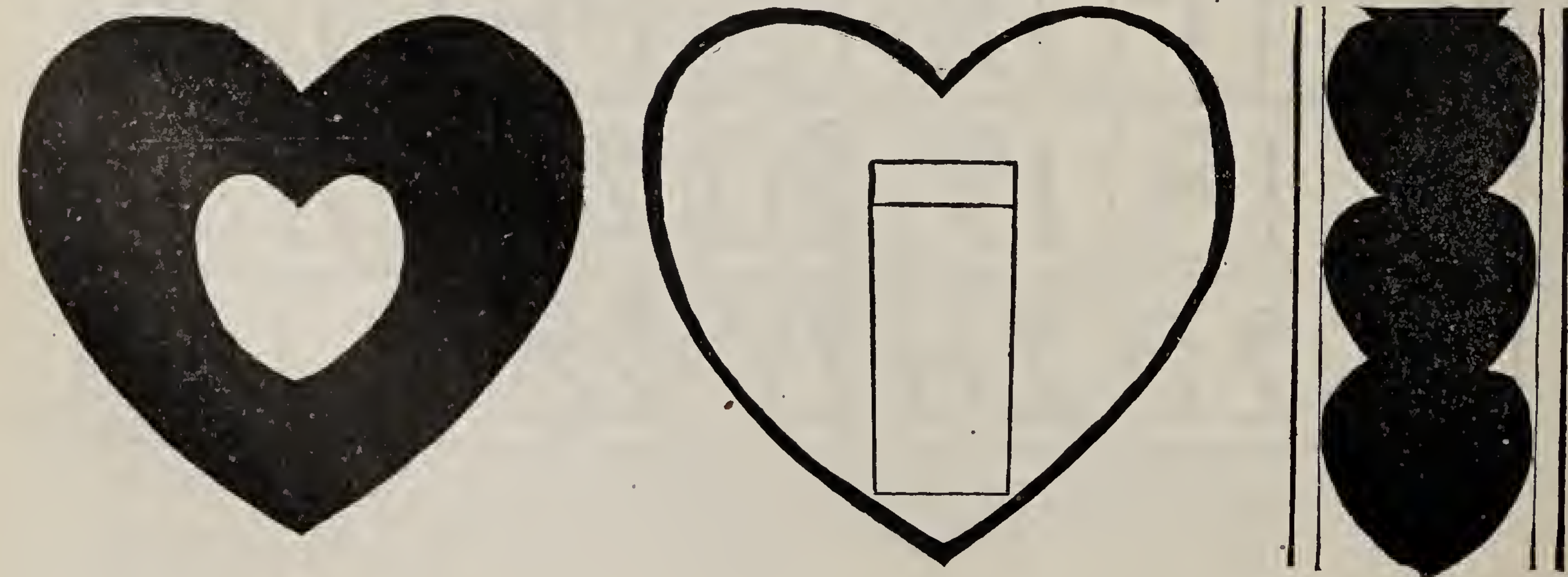
Grade 3.

First Week.—Planning and drawing log cabin.

Second Week. — Adding whatever decoration the teacher may choose in the way of doors, windows, or logs, then cutting and pasting.

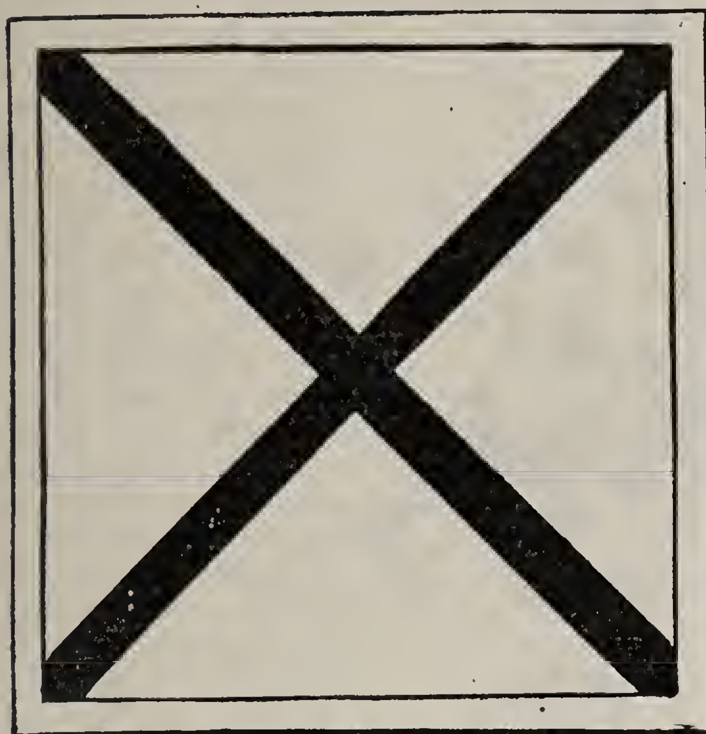
Third Week.—Have the class cut and fold shields. Have these pasted on half the drawing sheet, then draw and color same on other half.

Fourth Week. — Drawing and coloring group of two or more apples, oranges, or bananas. The children are old enough in this grade to understand that two objects can not occupy the same space at one time. A few examples on the board by the teacher or pupils for criticism by the class, leads them to work intelligently. These drawings should be erased before the class starts work.

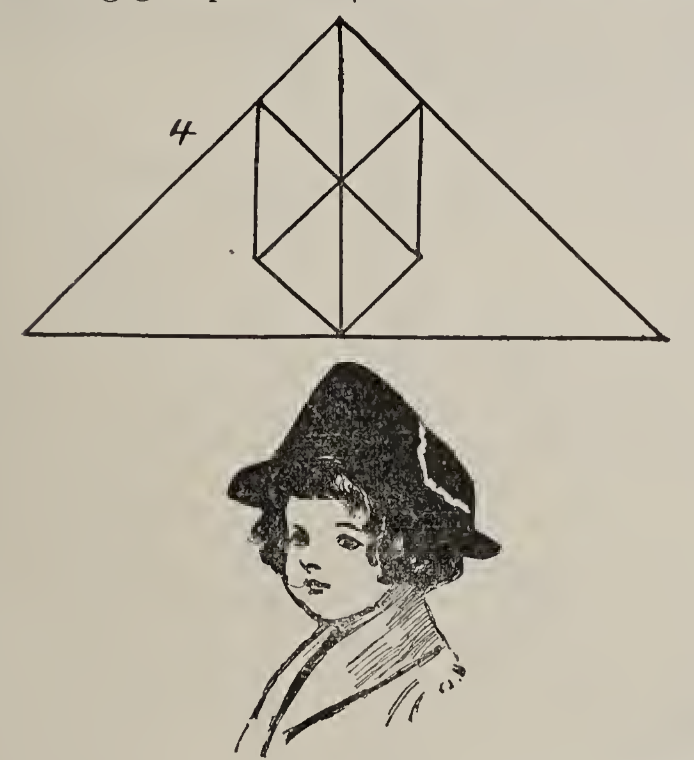


Grade 4.

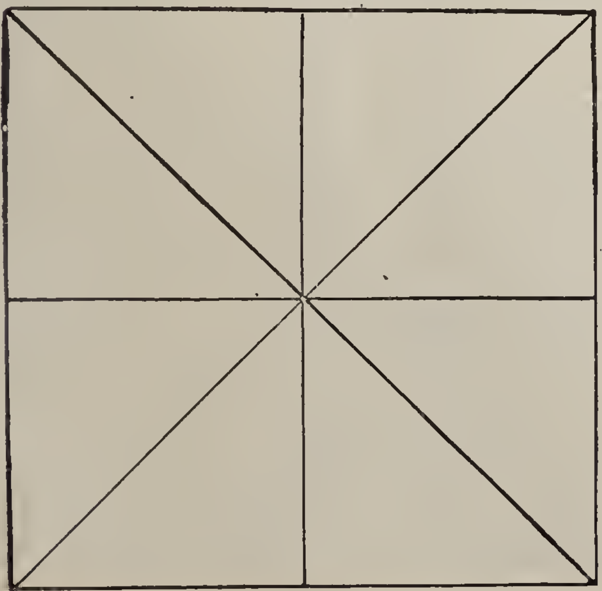
Study of a group of winter vegetables in color. White turnips with their touch of violet is pleasing. So is the red-violet of the beets. The shad-

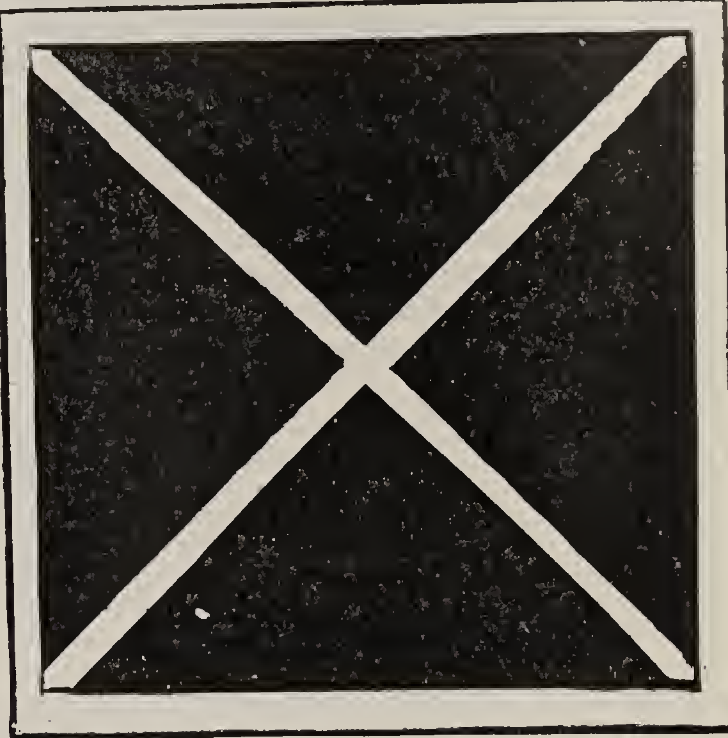


ing of green into white; of onions; will make an interesting group.



As many schools possess a copy of the Magna Charta with the shields of the Barons in Arms, in color, attention of the class could be called to it now, as it may add significance to the shield of the United States. Another point of interest may be that the seal and bookplate of George





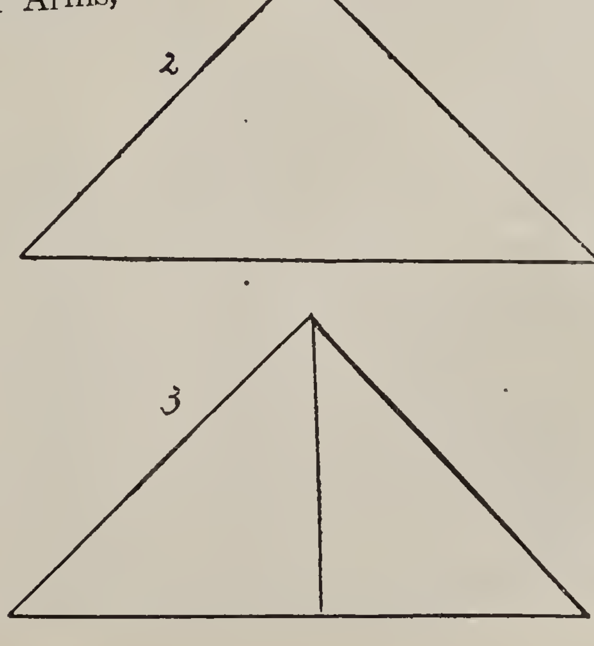
Washington contains the stars and stripes just as our shield does to-day. (A copy of the Seal and Bookplate of George Washington was reproduced in TEACHERS MAGAZINE for February, 1906.)

Grade 5.

Have the class study Indian design in pottery, baskets, or blankets. In many States it will be possible to have work directly from the hands of the Indians, but where that is not possible, the large stores in the cities furnish examples that will suggest study of the subject. Of course the pupils should understand that all design and decoration of the different tribes had some significance.

Have the pupil's own design drawn and colored before the work in modeling or weaving has been started.

A study of the monuments erected to Washington and Lincoln thruout the United States will prove of much interest this month. From the postal cards now so popular this collection can be made by the pupils at very little cost. The subject should be discussed before the collection is made, in order to have variety.



Grade 6.

Have the class make large drawing of old fashioned candlesticks. The simple ones of tin with cone-shaped snuffer, will be best. At present there are such beautiful designs to procure in crystal or metal that it will be easy to have a few purchased or borrowed for the class

to study. From this have them design a simple one, thinking of the material to be used in its manufacture.

In this connection, as well as the subject of last month, the collections in the museums will be very helpful. Where these are not accessible, articles appearing in the magazines from time to time will be found helpful and interesting.

An article on "The Washington Relics," by Abby G. Baker, in the *Woman's Home Companion* for February, 1905, gives some points in history in such a condensed form that it may be of assistance to the busy teacher, and the pictures may be interesting to the class in this connection.

Numerous other designs and messages will suggest themselves to teachers and pupils, but these few are given as examples of simple work.

An envelope with hearts for stamp and seal, addressed to mamma, or some dear one at home, always pleases the little children.

The picture frame may be cut from tinted paper, or white paper, decorated to suit the maker.

The booklet may be of white paper with the hearts in red. The border may be used for button or marble bag, or cover of some lesson paper for the day.

A Japanese Doll.

The dress of the average Japanese child consists of sandals of straw for the house (called *zori*), and heavy out-of-door clog (called *geta*), a kimono, of gayest color, especially so for the girls, while more subdued colors are worn by the boys.

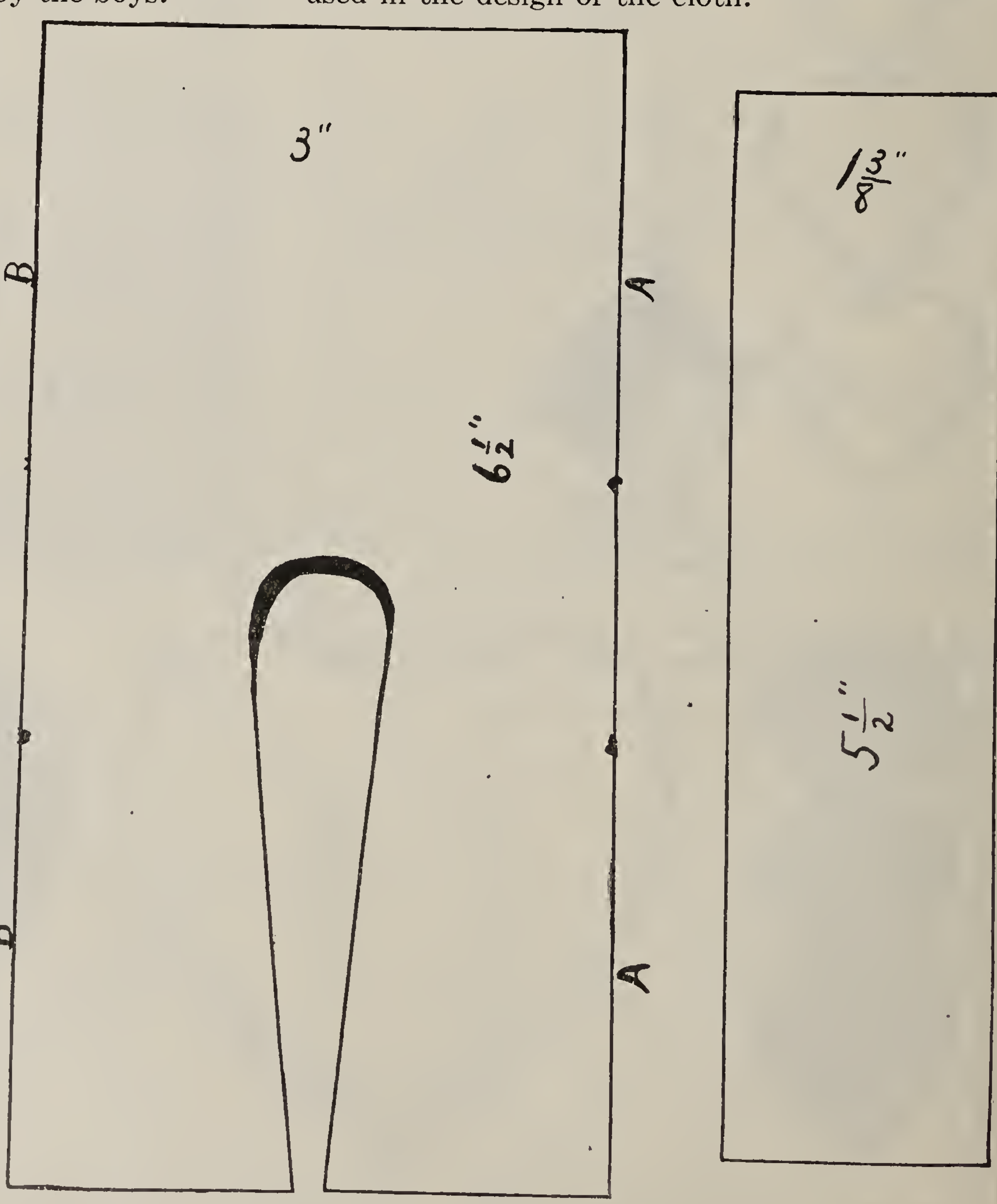
A wide, large sash (called *obt*), tied in a bow at the back, completes the girl's outfit, while a girdle takes the place of a sash in the boy's costume.

An infant is dressed in a number of kimonos of different materials, fitted one in another, so all may be slipped on at one time.

The sandals are fastened on the foot by rice-cord thongs that pass between the great and second toe. The wealthy class of children wear *tabis*, white mitten-like stockings, fastening neatly above the ankle.

The capacious sleeves hold innumerable tops, balls, dolls, etc.; so that pockets are unnecessary.

The pattern for a kimono is here given for a four and one-half inch doll. It should be cut in one piece, and one end should be cut open to the center and the curve for the neck made. The sides should be joined A to A, and B to B, to the points indicated, thus leaving space for the sleeves to be set in, on the shoulder. The sleeves are made from an oblong one and three-eighths by five and one-half inches. The part that forms the outside of the sleeves is joined, also the ends. An opening just large enough for the arm to slip thru is left at the top. Whatever material is used, Japanese silk or crepe, cloth, or paper, it should be made of bright colors, the edges of kimono and sleeves faced with some bright color used in the design of the cloth.



Rhythmic Exercises

By Marion Bromley Newton, Rochester, N. Y.

Lesson III.

(Continued from last month.)

3. *Rabbits.* (Slow two-step music.) Children in long line side by side; they leap on all fours as rabbits leap, keeping in time with the music.

4. *Birds.* (Waltz music, played quickly for robin, sparrow, and other small birds; more slowly for crows and large birds); very light running, with side movements of arms to represent the wings.

5. *Kangaroos.* (Six-eight time.) Hands are held bent up to chests like fore paws; from squatting position long leaps forward are taken. Children may stand in circle, and chosen ones may imitate animals around inside.

6. *Turkeys.* (Waltz music.) Arms are stretched down, away from sides, fingers spread apart, to represent wing feathers; heads carried proudly with chins in; steps taken are long and stately.

7. *Ducks.* (Slow march music.) Children advance, sitting almost on heels; hands placed on knees; bodies sway as ducks waddle forward.

Lesson IV.

Rhythmic Plays. (First Series.)

1. *See-Saw.* (Waltz music.) Children in two divisions, one on either side of teacher; teacher stands with arms outstretched, left toward one group of children, right toward the other; she lowers one arm as she raises the other, while children bend their knees, then rise as her arms indicate.

2. *Rowing a Boat.* (Waltz music.) Children stand in circle; reaching forward, they grasp imaginary oars and pull them back in time to the music; one foot is placed ahead of the other, and body sways forward as arms reach for the oars.

3. *Skipping.* (Schottische music.) Hoppity skip; single file, in twos and in threes.

4. *Running.* (Quick march music.) Run lightly on tip-toe, swinging the arms easily.

5. *Circle Tag.* (Music to suit the activity.) Children in circle, one "it" hops, runs, flies, or chooses another activity, which the person tagged must imitate as he chases player around inside of circle.

6. *Skating in Twos.* (Hands joined in usual skating way.) Slow march music, long sliding step forward.

Lesson V.

Industrial Imitations.

1. *Blacksmith.* ("Anvil chorus" or march.) Have piece of iron and hammer in center of circle for children to strike in turn. Rest imitate one in center, keeping time to music.

2. *Shoemaker.* (Slow waltz music.) Children sit on floor. Left fist represents shoe; right hand picks up nail (one) sets it in shoe (two), thus, with blow of right fist the nail is driven in (three). (One movement for each beat of the measure.)

3. *Gardener.* (March music.) Pretending to hold shovel, children dig, then throw the dirt in a pile, "shovel" and "throw." Hoe the ground, each child in line hoeing a straight row.

4. *Farmer.* Sowing seed. Carrying bags of seed under the left arm, children scatter seeds with right hand as they march along. Reaping grain with a scythe, in time to music.

5. *Carpenter.* (Music, march.) Sawing, two children join left hands to form board which is held still; right hands joined across above left hands, are drawn back and forth over the board like a saw. Hammering; hammer in right hand, pounding floor or palm of left hand. Planing; two hands holding plane as it is pushed along an imaginary board.

6. *Janitor.* (March music.) Roll up rugs; hang them on the line. Sweep the floor; wash windows; beat the rugs hanging on the line. Take rugs down, carry them in and place on floor.

7. *Ditch Digger.* (March music.) Children may stand in squatting position in two lines, facing in; others, as diggers, march between lines, and throw shovelfuls of earth to side; children in lines rise as diggers pass by to form banks. Before shoveling, break up earth with pick-ax.

Lesson VI.

1. *Playing House.*

Washing clothes. Polka music.
Ironing clothes. Waltz music.
Sweeping floor. March music.
Sewing clothes. Waltz music.
Stirring bread in a bowl. March music.
Rocking dolls to sleep. Waltz music.
(Bodies sway as the arms swing.)

2. *Folk Dances.*

Hand clapping. (March, polka, and waltz music.)

Stamping with foot, as line marches, accenting left (right).

Standing in circle, polka music, stamping three times (left) (right) halt.

Jig. (Music, "Irish Washerwoman.") Leaping from one foot to other, lifting foot high.

Minuet. Three walking steps forward, then face partner and bow; girls hold out skirts, boys bow, with feet together.

American Simplicity.

(1) The following verse is full of suggestion for illustrative work, and gives the pupils an idea of the cosy simplicity of the early settlers:

"Meanwhile Hannah, the housemaid, had closed and fastened the shutters
Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there
Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter
Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,
Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle,
Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthern teapot,
Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures."

Civics for Fifth Grade

By Flora Helm Krause, Chicago.

PUPILS in the fifth grade have, up to the present, been studying what society does for the abnormal person and the double principle upon which this work by society is done. This double principle of society—*self-protection and love for our fellow-creatures*—plays an important part in fifth grade civics, and can hardly be over-emphasized, because it is the rock upon which are built all those institutions for their defective and delinquent brothers which the pupils of fifth grade have been studying in detail thus far.

We now come to a point in fifth grade civics which determines what society is doing for all children and their parents, including the normal.

By consulting our outline for fifth grade civics, we find this sub-division:

Children { Public Schools, Vacation Schools, Playgrounds.

For All { Parks, Baths, Sewage, Libraries, Museums.

Public Schools.

At the beginning of fifth grade civics (see Teachers Magazine for June, 1906), the pupils were told that society had four forms of government, the Federal, State, County, and City, but they were not taught details as to definition, function, and differentiation of these forms. Therefore, specific instructions as to the Public School system will naturally come under sixth and seventh grade civics, when the pupils will have had a definite comprehension of State government with its especial powers and its especial duties.

But a reference to it and a few general facts at this stage are necessary for the rounding out to the pupils of the idea especial to fifth grade civics of what society does for all its members, based on the double principle of self-protection and fellow-love.

When this nation was founded, the Federal Government guaranteed by its written Constitution, that each State should have a government in which the people could make their own laws, elect their own officers, and, in a word, govern themselves.

In order that people may be able to govern themselves they must have a certain degree of intelligence. They must have the intelligence to judge what is good for themselves in government; the intelligence to decide how their officials shall be created; the intelligence to decide what laws shall be made, and how these shall be made. Therefore, every State in making its written form of government, called its Constitution, provided at the same time for two things:

First—That the people of the State should govern themselves and therein arranged for the manner of so doing.

Second—That the people's children should have a free education in order that they might know how to govern themselves, and therein arranged for the manner of so doing.

And so, in every State, there is a system of free public schools.

In these schools children are taught:

1. How to help make the government under which they live.

2. How to help themselves in securing food, shelter, and comforts in life.

3. How best to help those not able to help themselves to these necessaries, as was illustrated in the institutions outlined in fifth-grade civics.

4. How to live in order that one may have the greatest possibilities for happiness and, at the same time, not conflict with others' rights for the same. And these purposes summed up mean *how to become good citizens.*

Thruout all the States these schools are supported at the expense of the public. The property of the State is taxed for the children of the State.

In cities of 10,000 or more population, the controlling power of the schools consists of a body varying in size and sex in the different States. Sometimes this body is elected by the people, sometimes nominated by the Mayor, and sometimes appointed by a court of justice.

This Board organizes the schools of the city generally by the selection of one general officer, called Superintendent, and by the erection and conduct of as many schools as are necessary for the number of children.

The school buildings in large cities are of various sizes, sometimes accommodating two thousand or even three thousand children; in smaller cities one to two-room houses are found; while the typical city school-house has twelve to fifteen rooms of fifty pupils each under one teacher and a principal of the whole school. Eight years are commonly set apart for a course of study called *elementary;* and four years for a high school or *secondary* course.

Elementary education includes the common branches—reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, United States history, geography, English grammar, and some hand and tool work called manual.

In nearly all the schools attention is given to physical training, under the form of calisthenics or gymnastics.

The two hygienic essentials quite generally regarded thruout the school system are sanitary closets and ventilation.

Some States include the kindergarten for children under six as a part of the system; and some have a State university, where an education higher than the high school course can be obtained at the expense of the State.

Vacation Schools.

In the country, children live surrounded by all those natural forces which surrounded primitive man, and which seem as vitally necessary for the child at its *corresponding primitive stage.* They play with animals, flowers, and trees. They walk,

run and jump, work and play in open spaces; they swim in natural pools; they rest in sun and shade.

The farm work they learn to do leads them to understand the agencies of nature and to educate themselves in the natural expression of *self*.

City children do not have these educative factors.

Blocks of buildings fill every available space of land even to the original village common.

Masonry marks the limit of the sidewalk to the exclusion of lawn and back-yard. The price of land makes rent high, and poor families live in two or three rooms. The rooms are small, poorly lighted and ventilated; on hot days the heat in them becomes unbearable. The hallways are narrow and dark.

Then comes the street alternative for the children.

But the streets are very hot in summer, filled with dust on account of the traffic, and dangerous to play in for the same reason. With no space and opportunity for natural expansion and expression, what are city children to do in the twelve weeks' vacation? The term *vacation schools* has now come to have a special application to those schools carried on for the most part in the class-rooms of the regular schools during the summer vacation. They were originated to answer the above problem. They are generally located in the most densely populated districts. The work of establishing and supporting these schools was first started by philanthropic societies. In some cities it was carried out by already established women's or civic clubs, and in some by clubs originated for that purpose.

Now there is a general tendency to make vacation schools a part of the regular school system in the cities. To place the work under the direction of the Superintendent; to use the public school buildings, and to have them supported, in whole or part, by the public school fund.

Boston has the credit of starting the first vacation school; Newark of first placing these in the school system; and New York of having the most flourishing of them.

Course of Study.

Naturally, the course of study would be of such nature as to give the city children of crowded districts offsets for their unnatural surroundings.

1. Nature study; by excursions which take the children to natural objects of study—birds, flowers, weeds, trees, ponds, and farms. By bringing natural objects to the schools. By cultivating gardens in the school-yard and waste places. By studying collections in museums and animals in zoological gardens. By visits to city parks.

2. Manual training: including whittling, carpentry, wood-carving, Venetian and bent-iron work, weaving, basketry, cobbling.

3. Household arts: sewing, knitting, embroidery, sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, cooking, caring for the sick and for the baby.

4. City history and geography: including local topography of streets and public buildings; history of the city.

5. Story-telling; music; civics; social and moral culture.

Playgrounds.

The idea of giving city children playgrounds started with the sand-gardens of Berlin. Germany believes in the educational and healthy influence of play. It encourages athletics; it investigates and confers among its scientific educators on the values of games.

The sand-gardens are often situated in parks but may also be located in other available spots. A load or two of yellow sand from some neighboring sand-bank is deposited in an open space, and benches are placed around it. The sand is frequently changed, for cleanliness. The children can play at these places undisturbed and uncriticised. No official is in charge.

Playgrounds abound also in the German cities, located under the trees, and supplied with swings, May-poles, merry-go-rounds, etc.

Glasgow is also noted for its establishment of first-class, modern playgrounds.

Playgrounds have not received the scientific attention as educational necessities in America that they have in Germany and other parts of Europe.

But attention to them, tho recent, is growing. Some Boston ladies, impressed by the idea of the sand-gardens while visiting in Germany, established one in connection with the Children's Mission on Parmeter Street, Boston. This was the initiative. The work was soon taken up in other cities. Playgrounds were encouraged and carried on by the same philanthropists that agitated the vacation school idea. The two have always been under the same management.

Varieties of Playgrounds.

School-yards: Generally in large cities, as New York and Chicago, these are in the basement or on the roofs of the schools. Where exterior to the building, the ground is generally cemented or graveled. According to the law, now, every school building in New York must have a playground.

Evening play-centers: Places in buildings where children and youths may play in the evening checkers, authors, etc., read books, and learn industrial work.

Roof playgrounds: Located on the roofs of school-houses, and open in the evenings. They are enclosed with walls covered with a heavy wire screen, and are lighted by electricity. They are cool on account of their altitude. They are open every evening except Sunday, from seven until ten, and have good music.

Parents are welcome and are accommodated with benches. There are three or four teachers in charge.

Outdoor gymnasia and playgrounds: These are located in vacant lots or ground adjacent to the parks; equipped with apparatus, and in charge of attendants. Sometimes these are large enough for base-ball and foot-ball.

Swimming baths: These are in charge of a director, and have teachers for swimming. Some of these varieties of playgrounds are, in some cities, under the public school system, supported and controlled by it. Some are operated and supported by the city, when they are called municipal playgrounds, and some by philanthropic and civic clubs.

About Birds

Conducted by WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT, Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University, and Director of the Worthington Society for the Investigation of Bird Life, Shawnee, Pa.

Thru this department it is the hope of TEACHERS MAGAZINE that teachers may be kept informed of the happenings in the bird world. The comings and goings of birds, their nesting time, locality and season, their food and how this varies with the time of year, their song, their behavior, and particularly their attitude to man, are to be treated in these columns. Prof. Scott is desirous that teachers should write him, giving him any items of interesting information and telling him just what they would like to find out about birds. Write him, in care of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Seasonable Comment.

FEBRUARY witnesses the beginning of a new breeding season for the birds in the vicinity of New York City. Most of us associate the mating and breeding time with the late spring and early summer months; with the blossoming of the apple trees and the coming of the later migrants from the Southland, where they have wintered. This is, in the main, justified, but that the real breeding period, taking all birds which nest hereabout into consideration, begins much earlier than is realized by many, and extends well into the early autumn, is well known to the initiated.

The last week in this month is the time when the great-horned owls mate and lay their eggs, and the nest repairing must begin at least a week earlier. High oak woodlands of considerable extent and rather remote are the regions usually chosen by these birds for their family cares. Abandoned hawk or crows' nests are generally utilized, and are repaired by the new tenants to suit their requirements. From a red-tailed hawk's nest I obtained a fine brood of quite young hawks in May, 1905, and from the same nest in 1906 a young great-horned owl, nearly full grown, was taken in the late spring. This was in the vicinity of the Delaware Water Gap, at a point in northern New Jersey, where the time of nesting for the owls in question is some two weeks later than near Princeton in the same State.

In the latter part of this month, too, we begin to see the earlier migrants coming back to us from their winter quarters. Some bluebirds and robins may have lingered about or may have appeared now and again during the winter, but the advent of both of these birds in appreciable numbers, so that they may be again a part of our bird environment, is seldom till late February and often not till the first weeks in March. The crow blackbirds, as well as their red-winged cousins come back to Princeton in ordinary years during the last week in February, and the former of the two kinds is usually to be found assembled about the particular group of pine trees where these gregarious birds had their breeding "rookery" the previous season. These "rookeries" of the crow blackbirds or purple grackles are frequented year after year and may be truly viewed as ancestral homes.

In such chosen places these yellow-eyed, iridescent, garrulous black gentry sojourn from their advent at the very close of winter till the glory of June days is upon the land. In a small grove of pines forty or even fifty pair of the elders build their nests, often close to each other, and as soon as the offspring are hatched the constant converse of the parents is interrupted by querulous baby bird cries that resound from break of day till dark. With the coming of June the home duties are over, and the noisy throng that have been your close neighbors in the pines of your dooryard for four months retire to the lowlands and vicinity of water courses where the summer is spent. In the late fall a few of your whilom tenants will revisit for a day or so and roost a night or more in the sheltering evergreens, and then away till next February again turns their thought to family responsibilities.

The Value of Our Winter Birds to the Farmer; and What Certain Bird Visitors do for Him in Summer.

In a recent number of *Science*, Mr. W. L. McAtee, of the Biological Survey, has told of the work of one of our earlier naturalists, and the uses of certain of our birds, familiar to all, is so well set forth that extracts from the paper in question are appended here.

In 1865 there was published in New York a work on entomology, by Dr. Isaac P. Trimble. Tho dealing primarily with insects, the book contains the most original and accurate observations then made in economic ornithology in America. Concealed under its caption, "A Treatise on the Insect Enemies of Fruit and Fruit Trees," is a mine of information concerning the relations of birds to some of the worst pests horticulture has to endure.

The attention to minutiæ and the scientific accuracy with which the data were gathered are remarkable for the time, and the line of investigation, undeveloped as it was. While Samuels, Michener, Flagg, Bryant, Jenks, and others were working in the field of economic ornithology at that or a little earlier period, the work of few, if any of them, is marked by the wealth of definite information that characterizes the labors of Trimble. His specific identifications of substances found in the stomachs, and his technique of determination savor strongly of present methods, and at once distinguish his work from most of the contemporaneous articles on the subject, being, as often they were, mere compilations of Audubonian and Wilsonian phrases.

Dr. Trimble went to the birds themselves for his information. He says:

"I have killed a very large number of birds and examined the contents of their stomachs especially of those frequenting orchards. Most of these examinations have been made with a magnifying glass, and many with the microscope. Some species I have shot at short intervals during the season, to know how far their food varied at different times; and I have thus ascertained that the contents of the stomach at any one time are not an infallible criterion by which we can determine the usual food of that bird. On the fifth of May, 1864, I shot seven different birds; they had all been feeding freely on small beetles, and some of them on nothing else. There was a great flight of these small beetles that day; the atmosphere was teeming with them. A few days after the air was filled with ephemera flies, and the same species of birds were then feeding upon these."

Here he recognizes the law that birds as a rule feed upon substances most abundant about them, a fact with which we are constantly brought face to face in the more extensive investigations of the present time.

* * * *

How he made use of the little point about the *Curculio* he describes in a fascinating manner:

"Killed an oriole (Baltimore)—a male of one year; it

did not have the brilliant colors of the fully matured bird. I followed it from tree to tree for a long time, listening to its peculiar notes, and watching its habit of feeding. In a very careful examination of the contents of the stomach, what appeared to be the wing-cases of a *Curculio* were discovered; and on further scrutiny I found the head with proboscis attached. This was exciting. Here was some evidence that one bird at least was feeding upon our most formidable insect enemy; but as the *Curculio* is one of a large family of the Coleoptera, and many of the different species bear a striking resemblance to each other, both in form and size, it was necessary to pursue the investigation still further. On placing the wing cases under the microscope, the peculiar protuberances—the brilliant metallic colors—the hairs resembling pearls, when a strong light is directed upon them, that I had so often seen, were all visible. The mutilated head was now tested. There was the proboscis with its cutting apparatus, and the one hundred and forty-seven lenses in the eye.

"I have examined the eyes of many others of this family, but not one of them has the same number of lenses. The larger species, has more than double this number.

"All this evidence taken together was ample to settle this question forever. The Baltimore eats the *Curculio!* Let the death of this martyred bird secure the protection of its race for all future time. The remains of three other beetles and three leaf-curling caterpillars were also found in the stomach of this oriole.

"*The Baltimore Oriole Eats the Curculio.* Probably many other birds that frequent the orchard in pursuit of food, and feed upon beetles do the same thing; but none of them search it out exclusively. Therefore, good as most of the birds are as consumers of injurious insects, and tho the world, for our purposes, would soon become topsy-turvy without them, the birds can not be relied upon to subdue or control the *Curculio.*"

Here again our author gives an instance that agrees with the results of a much greater amount of study of the food of birds. That is, birds simply act as a check upon insects, sometimes as a minor one, sometimes the chief. Such must always be the case, for obviously no species can continue to exist if it exterminates its food supply.

"Dr. Trimble found feathered enemies of another great insect pest, the apple-worm, or codling moth (*Carpocapsa pomonella*). This is the very task at which an entire State (California) set its energies. Indeed, the little codling moth demands a good share of the attention of economic entomologists over the whole world. Our author's efforts in searching out birds that feed upon this insect are particularly interesting. He treats the work of the downy woodpecker in this direction in detail and gives a plate (X.) in figuring this bird, the yellow-bellied woodpecker and the chickadee, so that any one, whether he be acquainted with birds or not, can recognize the friends and the supposed enemy. On the same plate is shown some of the downy's work—the exterior of a piece of bark with the little round holes made by the bird's beak, and the inner side of the same, showing how straight and true these tunnels were drilled thru to the chrysalis of the moth. He found them at this work from September 8 to April 21, and in his accounts of every place he made observations, Dr. Trimble mentions these holes in the bark of the apple trees. Concerning a trip in Morris County, N. J., he says:

"Here I was gratified in being able to ascertain how he finds where to peck thru the scales of bark, so as to be sure to hit the apple worm that is so snugly concealed beneath. The sense of smell will not account for it. Such an acuteness of one of the senses would be beyond the imagination. Instinct, that incomprehensible something, might be called in to explain to those who are satisfied to have wonders accounted for by means of what are in fact only confessions of ignorance. Birds have instincts undoubtedly—so have we; but they are mixed up confusedly with other faculties. Most of the actions of insects are purely instinctive and utterly unaccountable. But the apple moth is not a native of this country—the downy woodpecker is. The bird would not have been created with a special instinct to find the larva of a moth that did not exist in the same country. Other insects live under these scales of rough bark; but in very numerous examinations, I have not seen such a hole made except when leading directly into the cocoon of this particular caterpillar. This little bird finds the concealed larvæ under the bark, not from any noise the insect makes; it is not a grub of a beetle having a boring habit, and liable to make a sound that might betray its retreat, in seasons of the year when not torpid. A caterpillar makes scarcely an appreciable noise, even when spinning its cocoon, and when that is finished it rests as quietly within as an Egyptian mummy in its sarcophagus.

"There is no evidence that the downy woodpecker ever makes a mistake; it has some way of judging. The squirrel does not waste time in cracking an empty nut. There is no reason to believe that this bird ever makes holes thru these scales merely for pastime, or for any other purpose except for food. He knows before he begins that if he works thru, just in that spot, he will find a dainty morsel at the bottom of it, as delicious to him as the meat of the nut is to the squirrel. But how does he know? By *sounding*—tap, tap, tap, just as the physician learns the condition of the lungs of his patient by what he calls percussion. The bird uses his beak, generally three times in quick succession—sometimes oftener; then tries another. Watch him. See how ever and anon he will stop in his quick motions up and down, and give a few taps upon the suspected scale, and then test another and another, until the right sound is communicated to that wonderful ear."

"Let us follow the brook into the forest."—The fringings and caps of the stones in the brook. [See "Our School Out of Doors," TEACHERS MAGAZINE for January.]

Besides studying the downy woodpecker in the field he examined the stomachs of three of them. One contained *a codling moth larva* and some beetles. Another held one beetle, the heads of *two codling moth larvæ* and of three small borers. The third contained beetles and grubs unidentified.

The black-capped chickadee was also found to feed upon the codling moth. Three specimens were examined, one having eaten eggs of lepidoptera and beetles, another four seeds and a number of "pupæ of very small beetles such as take shelter under moss and old bark on trees," while in the stomach of the third were *five larvæ of the codling moth.*

"One of these had been so recently taken, and was so little mutilated, that it was easily identified. The heads of the other four appeared identical when examined with a pocket-glass; but when subjected to the test of the microscope, there was no possible room for doubt. The day had been dry and windy, following a warm wet day and night; and it is in just such weather that the bark of the buttonwood, shellbark hickory, and other shaggy trees, will be found curling out and falling off.

"I have never seen anything that would lead me to believe that this minute bird makes the holes in the scales of bark that lead directly to the cocoons of these caterpillars; they are made by the downy woodpecker, and probably by it alone. The chickadee most likely finds these worms only or chiefly on such days as this, when the warping of these scales exposes them to the prying eyes of these busy little friends. This bird is one of the guardians of the orchard; quick, active, always on the alert; assuming any position; sometimes hanging by one foot on the under side of the large limbs, where these caterpillars rather prefer to conceal themselves; and now proved to feed freely upon the second in importance of the insect enemies of our fruits. Let no one hereafter kill a chickadee without being made to feel that he has done a most disgraceful deed."

In further proof of their good work he says:

"For several mornings in succession I noticed that the piazza was strewn with the cocoons and broken pupa cases of the caterpillars (species?) that were so numerous in September; sweep them off, and soon they would be there again. It was the work of the chickadees. The piazza is a high one, and extends on three sides of the house. Hundreds of caterpillars formed their cocoons in the chinks and crevices of the ceiling, and there the little birds found them."

After watching a yellow bellied woodpecker drilling holes in an apple tree for some time, be wrote the following:

"I shot this poor bird, expecting to find positive evidence in the stomach of what it made these holes for—and found two seeds or pits with the purple skins of the same fruit, seven small ants, and one insect of the chinch bug kind about the size of those found in the beds of some taverns. But of bark or sap there was not even a trace.

"Later in the day I shot another of the same species of bird in an old orchard out of town. The stomach of this one contained the pulp of an apple and one ant—nothing else. This one was on the upper part of an apple tree, and was not pecking or sounding. The investigation of this bird so far is unsatisfactory. I have seen no evidence yet that these holes are made in search of food. Ants are certainly found sometimes about these holes, and apparently in pursuit of the sap that exudes from them; but the idea suggested by some, that the birds make them to attract these ants by such tempting baits, is a palpable exaggeration of the reasoning power of this bird."

Among other birds, of whose status the author's treatise presents data, are warblers and creepers, mentioned in the following paragraph:

"The season of 1864 will be memorable as the year of aphides, or plant lice. The first crop of leaves on many of the apple trees was so alive with a species of these pests that most of them fell off, causing also a profuse shedding of the young apples. Warblers of many kinds, then just coming on from the South, creepers, wrens, and even sparrows, as well as many other kinds of birds, fed upon these the livelong day. The throats, and even the back parts of the beaks of some of them, would be found lined with these aphides, many of them still alive, and their stomachs containing a juice that would leave the hands colored as they are after crushing these insects. The creases or folds of the stomachs were lined with what appeared to be an accumulation of the hairs of caterpillars, but under the microscope were found to be the legs of these plant lice—thousands and thousands of them."

From stomach examination he learned, also, that the bobolink eats cankerworms. "I have found his stomach filled to repletion with these troublesome caterpillars." The same pests he finds are eaten by another bird.

"I have found as many as thirty-six young cankerworms in the stomach of one (cedar-bird), and I have known companies of these birds come after a species of cankerworm on a cherry tree, several times every day, for two weeks, during the last summer; and when I saw them afterwards feeding upon the cherries, I felt that they had saved the crop, and were entitled to a part of it. This and several other species of birds are very troublesome to grape as well as cherry growers, and I know men who are threatening to shoot them next year. But there are two sides to this question. The grape crop would be a precarious one if its insect enemies were not kept in check, and there is no protector so efficient as the birds.

In the stomachs of the meadow-larks he found oats and wheat and thousand legs (*Julus*), and in one of a crow shot in February, a few beetles and about fifty grasshoppers.

"Some of these," he says, "were of the variety so plentiful late in the fall, but the greater part were of that kind that we find in the spring, about half grown, and not yet having their wings matured—such as are at full size in July. Many do not know that grasshoppers live thru the winter; many do not know that crows eat insects. The farmers, when they see flocks of crows ransacking their fields and meadows, instead of offering bounties for their destruction, should be thankful that there is something to keep the grasshoppers and other insects in check."

"Study the wonderful channelings of the wood cutting ants."
[See "Our School Out of Doors," in TEACHERS MAGAZINE for January.]

What the Out-of-Door People Do in Winter

By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota.

THIS is the time of year when nature goes to sleep, resting from the work she has done during the year, and getting ready for the busy summer. The snow plays a kindly part in this work, for it covers everything like a blanket, soft and white, keeping in the warmth of the soil, and preventing the water from too rapid drying out.

The plants sleep, and so, to a great extent, do the wee animals and insects that are so lively in summer.

There are the fishes; how do they fare during the cold weather? Down they sink to the bottom of the pond, and there among the water weeds, where they have plenty of food they lie quietly thru the winter. The sea animals with their thick shells crawl farther and farther from the shore until they find the water warmer, and thus they sleep away the long winter hours. Of course these winter homes are not quite so comfortable as in the summer, but they do very well.

The earthworms burrow down deep into the ground, and the frogs make themselves soft beds in the mud at the bottom of their ponds and nestle snugly there until summer comes again. The toads cannot breathe thru their skin, so they scramble into dry soil, with little salamanders for bed-fellows, and get thru the cold weather that way. When a warm day comes we may see the salamanders come out and stroll about, scurrying back again when the cold grows fiercer.

Where are the butterflies, the beetles, the flies, and the caterpillars that were so lively when it was warm? Some of them, indeed, just lay their eggs ready for the next summer, putting them in a safe place, and then die when the cold weather comes. Most of the butterflies do this, yet there are some hardy enough to make for themselves a bedroom under a brushpile, in a hollow tree, or some other shelter, and get thru the winter as do some human beings, by plain endurance.

Some of the aristocratic ones make chrysalids, and hang the delicate silken cases on willow and poplar twigs ready to catch the first warmth of the sun, when he begins to get higher and higher, and after a while hatch out, to begin the same thing over again another year.

Beetles are more hardy. A great many of them survive from fall to spring. The potato beetle, for example, digs down below the frost line and sleeps all winter, and the apple borer cuts out a winter chamber for himself in the tree wood. Many beetles make images of themselves by manufacturing a hard shell, round and smooth. This form finds a sleeping place in barns, under the bark of a tree, and similar places, but his bedrooms are always built of wood; he is never found under a stone or napping in any other material.

The house-flies find places to sleep in attics and sheds, and they come out in the spring as active as they were the fall before. But these canny creatures have not left anything to chance. The winter may prove too severe and they may not be able to make their bedrooms warm enough, so that they will not freeze to death. Every one of them has craftily hidden away a great many eggs, in every conceivable place. Under piles of rubbish, among fallen leaves, glued to bark and twigs, hidden away beneath the bark, at the bottom of holes in wood or the ground dug by the careful parents for just this purpose. And there are so many eggs that they run no danger of being all destroyed.

Once I watched a fly with a long name, ich-neu-mon, make a hole for its eggs. This fly has a wonderful horsehair gimlet, and one day in summer she was on the outside of an apple-tree, and was boring steadily into the bark, all the while bringing to the surface a continual fine stream of sawdust. She has another purpose beyond just drilling, for as soon as the hole is done she lays an egg in it, and on this same tree she knew that her enemy had laid its eggs and that the enemy's young would soon be running about all thru the tunnels of the tree. The little daughter of ich-neu-mon took the hint from her mother, and as soon as she hatched out in the spring she began her hunt for the enemy's children and so little Miss Ich-neu-mon came out the next summer and the enemy's children were inside her, all eaten up.

While the insects are getting thru the cold weather as best they can, there is another class of outdoor people who flourish in the cold weather. These are the fur-coated ones. Winter is the best time for studying them, for one can scarcely go abroad without finding their footsteps, and if the snow is in the right condition, one may follow them and find out how they have been spending their time.

The mink has a thicker, darker coat, and, indeed, almost all fur coats are thicker at this time. The weasel, own cousin to the mink, turns somewhat whiter, and this turning white is a common thing with animals in the North, and makes them less likely to be seen on the snow. The big Northern hare turns white, but our rabbits, instead of doing this turn even darker. To go back to the weasel, he turns his coat from brown to white at the first fall of snow, and he does it in a hurry. He, however, waits until it is necessary, and if he lives where the snow comes late he waits until it comes and then he turns his coat white in a few hours.

This is the time of the year to get cocoons. A walk is always pleasanter if one has an object in view, and a walk to gather cocoons will be productive of pleasure both to one's self and to one's friends. The thickets are quite bare, except once in a while a leaf clinging to a branch, with here and there a cluster of two or three. These have sometimes a suspicious look, and they will be found to hold the mystery, the living secret, which is a warm double cocoon. The cocoons vary in size and shape. Some of them are nearly five inches long, and very much swelled out like a

bag. Others are pointed at each end and very thin, but they are all of tough, gray parchment. They are fastened to the twigs by their longest side, and we almost always find the few leaves that the caterpillar drew together in making the framework.

This is the way he does it: this intelligent caterpillar first selects a safe anchorage, holds skilfully together a leaf or two by silken guy ropes; then he weaves from the outside within; makes his outside walls thick and warm, and after this is done, fixes himself a silken coverlet soft and warm in which he will lie until he is ready to come out into a handsome Secropia moth in June.

But what shall you do with so many cocoons? Why, I distributed thirty among my friends, to be a delight to them when the bedroom door opened in the following June.

Watertown Plans

Edited by Frank R. Page, Watertown, Mass.

A Fourth Grade Trip to the Library, Town Hall, Police Station, and Engine House.

We try to make the geography of our fourth grade, the grade in which the study is begun, a rational subject, taught in a common sense way, real and interesting and within the children's comprehension. Taught in any other way geography, especially for little children, is harmful, not educative. In the fourth grade we pay a good deal of attention to home geography, the aim being to open the eyes of the children, to have them observe for themselves, and to use the results of their observations as a basis for comparison in studying places, people, and things strange and remote.

The lessons begin with talks about Watertown, introducing the map of the town, locating the ponds, rivers, streets, etc., following this with the map of the world and the globe. Then we try to interest the children in the strange people who live in the different parts of the globe. For reading we use "Seven Little Sisters." We locate on the map the strange children, and we try to have our children imagine themselves in the place of the Eskimo, the Indian, or the Chinese.

The study of these foreign children leads to talks about Watertown as a place to live in; our condition and advantages compared with those of the foreign children. The children are interested in making lists of things that we have which these strange people do not have: Streets, houses, stores, trains, electric cars, telephones, etc. Thru questioning the teacher tries to bring out some of the ways in which the town cares for its citizens: Good streets—how they are made? The stone crusher. The steam roller. If possible, have the children see both at work. Sewers. Have you seen them dug? Preservation of health. The water works. Where does the water come from? How does it get to the school? Compare Gemila and Manenko. The police. Chief? Day police? Night police? Why do we have them? Fire engines. Where are they? Why do we have them? The library. What is it for? Where is it? Schools. Why do we have them? How many schools? Where are they? School Committee. Board of Health. Who are they? Why do we have them? In this simple investigation we try to have the children find out as much as they can by themselves. We use the Town Report to see what these different officers of the town have done.

Next we bring out the idea of taxation to pay for these advantages. From the Town Report is made a list of the expenses of the different departments. Where do we get the money for paying for these things? Who pays for them? Taxation. Assessors. Who are they? What do they do? Tax bills. Poll tax. Real estate tax. The tax collector. Who is he? What does he do? Have some tax bills in school. The selectmen. Who are they? Where is their office?

These preliminary talks and investigations lead to the trips to the library, the town hall, the police station, and the engine house. They are taken to study at first hand concrete types of the way in which the town cares for its people. It is important that the children grasp the significance of the trips and their relation to the study of geography. It is necessary first for the teacher to go carefully over the ground herself. After the preliminary talks, the different places to be visited are taken up one at a time and the things to be seen talked over. It is a good plan to have topics and questions like the following put on the board and talked over one by one, always trying to have the pupils tell the teacher before she tells them. The children should know just what they are going to see and what it all means before they start out. The trip serves merely to "clinch" things they already know about.

The Library. The delivery room? The reference room? The children's room? The magazine room? The book shelves? How many books are there? The catalogs? Who can take out books? How do you go to work to get a card?

Town Hall. The hall? Town meetings? Selectmen's room? Superintendent of streets? Tax collector? Town treasurer? School Committee room? Assessors' office?

Police Station. The names of the police? Day officers and night officers? The police signal boxes? Get list and location. What are they for? (Bring out the idea of patrol; have children see that the police are not simply to arrest people, but to protect the town. See, for example, the list of their work in the Town Report.) Duty call? Wagon call? Where is the police wagon and what is it for? Telephone call? What is the nearest box to school?

Engine House. Show a list of the boxes. Have them tell what alarm box is nearest to the

school? How do you send in an alarm? Where are the fire bells? Explain carefully to the children the different steps in extinguishing a fire from the time the alarm is sent in until the streams are put on. ("Careers of Danger and Daring," and "Fighting a Fire" are good books to refer to.) Firemen asleep upstairs. Fire alarm is pulled and big gong rings in engine house. They jump into their clothes, which are arranged so that it takes them only a second to dress, slide down a pole to the engine room, and turn out the horses, who at once run to their places. Horses harnessed in two or three seconds. Water in engine boiler is always warm and fire ready to kindle underneath. The gong on the engine. The hose wagon. See how the hose is arranged so that it can be pulled out quickly. The truck to carry hooks and ladders. How many horses are there? When engine comes to the fire, hose is attached to the hydrant and engine pumps water thru another hose. What are the hydrants? Where is the nearest one to the school? Where does the water come from? What do we mean by a second alarm?

The library, town hall, police station, and engine house are near together. The trip takes about an hour and a half. The various town officials are previously notified and are glad to receive the children. At the library and town hall they are shown the rooms and things they have talked over at school, with such further explanations by the teacher as seem necessary. Before visiting the police station the teacher arranges for the pupils to meet a policeman, who goes with them to a signal box, opens it, and explains its use and the various calls sent thru it. Then they go to the station, meet the station keeper, see the device for recording calls, the policemen's rooms, the cells, the patrol wagon, and the horses. At the engine house they see the things they have already talked about. The sleeping rooms upstairs with the clothes ready to be jumped into, the gong to wake the sleeping firemen, and the slide pole. Downstairs they notice the harness over the engine pole ready to be strapped together, the cord that opens the door of the stalls, the engine and its various parts, the hose wagon and truck, the uses of which are described, with the method of raising a ladder, pulling out and coupling hose, attaching to hydrant, etc. The visit ends with the obliging fireman's releasing the horses, who take their places by the pole, and the dropping down and snapping on of the harness.

II. An Eighth Grade Trip to an Ocean Steamer.

In our eighth grade geography most of the time is spent in the study of Europe. The study is taken up thru imaginary journeys. One of Cook's or Raymond & Whitcomb's tours is followed, a copy of the booklet being in the hands of each pupil. We try to make the preparation for the trip as real and practical as if it were really to be taken. Real Baedeckers and other guide books are used, continental time tables are studied, many railroad folders are collected, collections of pictures, photographs, and postals

of the places to be seen are at hand. The pupils get familiar with the important pictures in the best galleries, and in connection with the cathedrals and noted buildings, they get a taste of the history of architecture. A stereopticon talk is generally given before leaving an important city or country. We try to arrange for correspondence with a school in one foreign city.

Before beginning the trip, the class visits the ocean steamer that has been selected to transport them, in imagination, to the other side.

As with all our school trips, the preparation is the most important part. The actual trip serves to round up and classify previously obtained ideas. In the preliminary study we try to have the pupils find out as much as they can for themselves. The sources of information are the steamship advertisements in the newspapers, folders of steamship lines, and the Cunard Log Book, a little pamphlet issued by the Cunard Company, giving much information regarding their line, of which one of the Boston steamers, the *Saxonia* or the *Invernia*, is selected for the visit. Topics are placed on the board and copied into a note book by each pupil. A space is left under each heading to write in the information secured. Reports on most topics are made and talked over in the class. Other points can only be cleared up by a visit to the steamer to which the note books are taken. After the trip the information secured is written up by each pupil in the form of a story, illustrated by cuts from the steamer's folders and from other sources.

The topics used may be about as follows: What lines go from Boston? what from New York? Where does each land? What are the best steamers of the White Star Line? the Hamburg-American? the Holland-America? the Red Star? the North German Lloyd? the Cunard? What are the six largest steamers? How large is each and how long does each take for the trip? How much is the first class passage by each? Why is it less in winter than in summer? What are the ships of the Cunard fleet? Which one is a turbine? What is a turbine? What is the fastest Cunarder? Its dimensions and horse power? How much baggage is each first class passenger in the *Saxonia* entitled to? Where is it kept on the voyage? What is a steamer trunk? What is the fare first class? second class? third class? How long is the trip? How do the passengers amuse themselves? How large a crew does this boat carry? How many passengers in each class can it carry? What kind of cargo does it carry? What are the customs regulations for passengers to Europe? From Europe? Third class accommodations? Staterooms? Dining-room? Food? Second class accommodation? Staterooms? How different? Dining-room? Library? Smoking room? First class accommodation? What furnishings has each stateroom? Dining-room? Library? Smoking room? Promenade deck? Steamer chairs? The bridge? Steering apparatus and compass? How many life boats, and how many will each hold? Anchors, how many and how large? Wireless telegraphy apparatus? The ship's

newspaper? The crow's nest? How is time reckoned on ship board? The engine room? Horse power? How many knots an hour? Advantages of twin screws? The firing room?

The preparation for the trip takes the geography periods for one or two weeks. The trip is taken in school time. The class is accompanied by the teacher and principal. The steamship company, from whom permission for the visit has been previously secured, furnish two guides, and the party is divided into two sections. First the loading of the cargo is noticed, then the class goes aboard and explores the ship from stem to stern, and from boiler room to bridge. The pupils ask all the questions they want to, and, with the preparation they have had, they are generally intelligent questions, and the guides are willing to furnish all the information they can. The notes, still blank, are written up and the story is written out in full.

The lesson that ends at the school-house door, that is not taken outside, counts for little. It is wonderful how a trip of this sort interests pupils. It opens their eyes and sets them to making investigations of their own, finding out about other ships and lines, collecting folders, studying the steamer news in the papers. And outside this sort of education, the kind that opens eyes to the things going on in the world, that counts for alertness and wideawakeness and go-aheadativeness, what kind of teaching is there worth while?

Washington Birthday Exercise

For Two Boys.

'One boy should be dressed as an old soldier—soldier's uniform, and right coat sleeve hanging empty at his side. The other boy is dressed as an old man—spectacles, tall hat, and cane.'

OLD MAN—You were at Valley Forge, old friend?

SOLDIER— Aye, aye, sir, that I was,
Fighting for love and freedom,
My country and Liberty's laws.
I got a ball right here, sir,
And that at Bunker Hill;
Ah, man! 'twas seven long years for us,
Those battles I see still.

OLD MAN—And you were at Trenton, soldier?

SOLDIER— Aye, stranger, on that day,
The fight was long and bitter
Ere the English foe gave way.

OLD MAN—You fought under Washington, soldier?

SOLDIER— Yes, stranger; we would tread
Thru cold and fire and battle
And follow where he led.

OLD MAN—And he was a right good General?

SOLDIER— Ah! that he was. To me
There never lived a greater,
His equal ne'er could be.

OLD MAN—You've lost an arm, brave comrade?

SOLDIER— Yes, sir; my loss is gain,
For I gave that right arm gladly
And did not mind the pain.
For *independence* I gave it,
For the flag I love so true,
And had they needed *this* arm
I'd have given it gladly, too.

OLD MAN—Ah, you have honor, soldier.

SOLDIER— Men make me a hero now,
But many a hero ne'er was crowned
With laurel on his brow.

A hero dies for his country,
The earth knows not his name,
But angels kind match o'er him,
In Heaven they know his name.

And all deeds brave and loyal
Are recognized in Heaven;
And the crown of love is granted
Whose life, for love, was given.

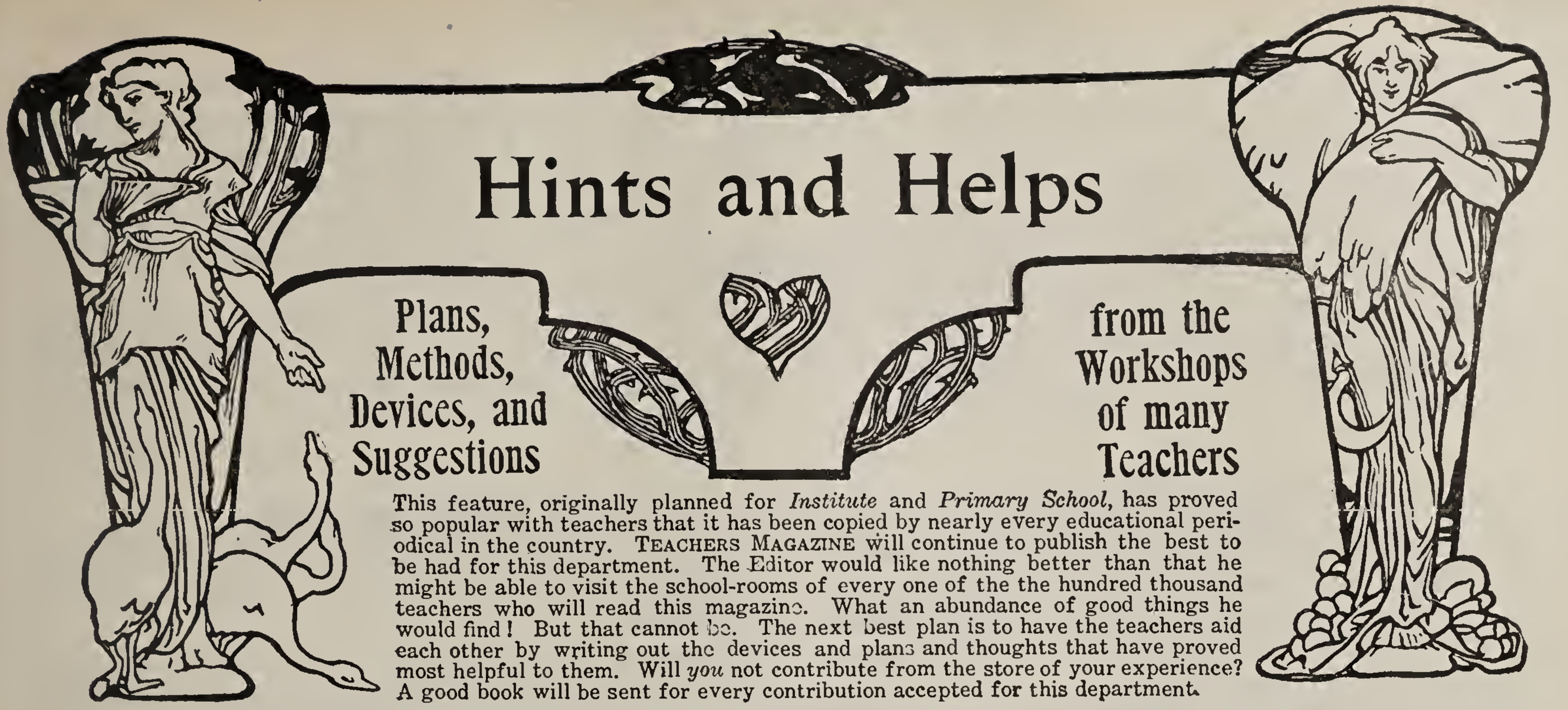
—*The Helper.*

Your Druggist Will Tell You That Murine Eye Cures Eyes. Make Weaks Eyes Strong—Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain—Sells for 50c.

INCORRECT POSITION IN WRITING
Free writing impossible

CORRECT POSITION IN WRITING

TEACHERS MAGAZINE is indebted to Harry E. Houston, Supervisor of Penmanship at New Haven, Conn., for these telling illustrations. His article in the January number was a most valuable one. Teachers will do well to refer to it frequently.



This feature, originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School*, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the the hundred thousand teachers who will read this magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best plan is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will *you* not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.

An Inexpensive Filing Cabinet.

I solved the problem of loose clippings and sketches and the hundreds of hints and ideas that I had collected, by preserving them in a home-made filing cabinet.

First of all, I took a large pasteboard box (the kind underwear is packed in), and cut down two of the corners. I fastened the side loosened, by gluing a strip of muslin to the bottom of the side and to the bottom of the box. This lets the side act as a drop. Then I reinforced the other corners and bottom of the box by gluing on strips of muslin. The lid of the box I hinged on one side with strips of muslin.

The box so arranged can be put on the shelf of a cupboard and need never be lifted down, for on raising the lid, the front side falls forward and thus exposes the entire contents of the box.

The box contains heavy cardboards cut the exact size of the box so that it fits snugly in upright position. The cards are labeled and arranged in alphabetical order. On the cards I paste my magazine cuttings, or write facts found in books. No matter what the topic under discussion, or what the subject matter of the lesson may be, it takes but a moment to go to my filing cabinet for a reminder, a fact, or a story. Nature, history, geography, or biography—all are there.

Each card is devoted to one subject only, but sometimes several cards are filled with clippings on same subject.

As soon as a card has been used, I slip it back into its place, to be carefully preserved until another occasion for its use calls it forth.

After using my filing cabinet a short time, I found it a time and labor-saving device, an aid for the busy teacher.

Ohio. ANNE FORESTER.

Finding Words on the Board.

To interest the beginners in reading, and help them to recognize words as well, give them this

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Understandthisfirstlastandalways.The worldwantsthebestthing.Itwantsyourbest

Incorrect margins and spacing

"Just do all the good you can and don't make a fuss about it"

Correct margins and spacing.

This furnishes additional illustration of one of the principal points of the splendid article on penmanship by Supervisor Harry E. Houston, of New Haven, which appeared in TEACHERS MAGAZINE last month, in the department of Miss Alice E. Reynolds.

simple exercise of finding words on the board: Have on the board a number of words, as *cat, rat, mother, man,* etc.

Call for them in this way: "I am thinking of a word the first part of which says *c* (giving the sound), and the last part says *at;* who will tell me which word it is?" Or, "I am thinking of a word the first part of which says *m* (giving the sound), and the last part says *other;* who will draw a line under that word on the board?"

Virginia. RUTH O. DYER.

The Blend in Phonics.

All teachers of beginners in reading realize how difficult it is to get the pupils accustomed to giving a phonogram composed of two letters the correct sound. There is a tendency to sound the letters separately.

A good device for overcoming this is to take the phonetic cards containing the two letters that compose the phonogram and have the pupils sound them separately. For instance, if the phonogram *sl* is to be used, take the card *s* and the card *l* and get from them the sound of each letter, then show the card which has the phonogram *sl* on it. Then holding the card *s* in one hand and the card *l* in the other hand, raise them above the head and tell the children that these two letters are two little boys coming down the hill; when they come together at the foot of the hill they must be sounded together, and they will no longer be *s* and *l* (giving the sounds), but they will be *sl,* like the card bearing the phonogram *sl.* Gradually bring the two letters down and together; when they come together let the children sound them quickly.

If there are, as is usually the case, only a few children in the class to whom the blend is difficult, give them separate practice in this way and the difficulty will be overcome.

Virginia. RUTH O. DYER.

A Language Help.

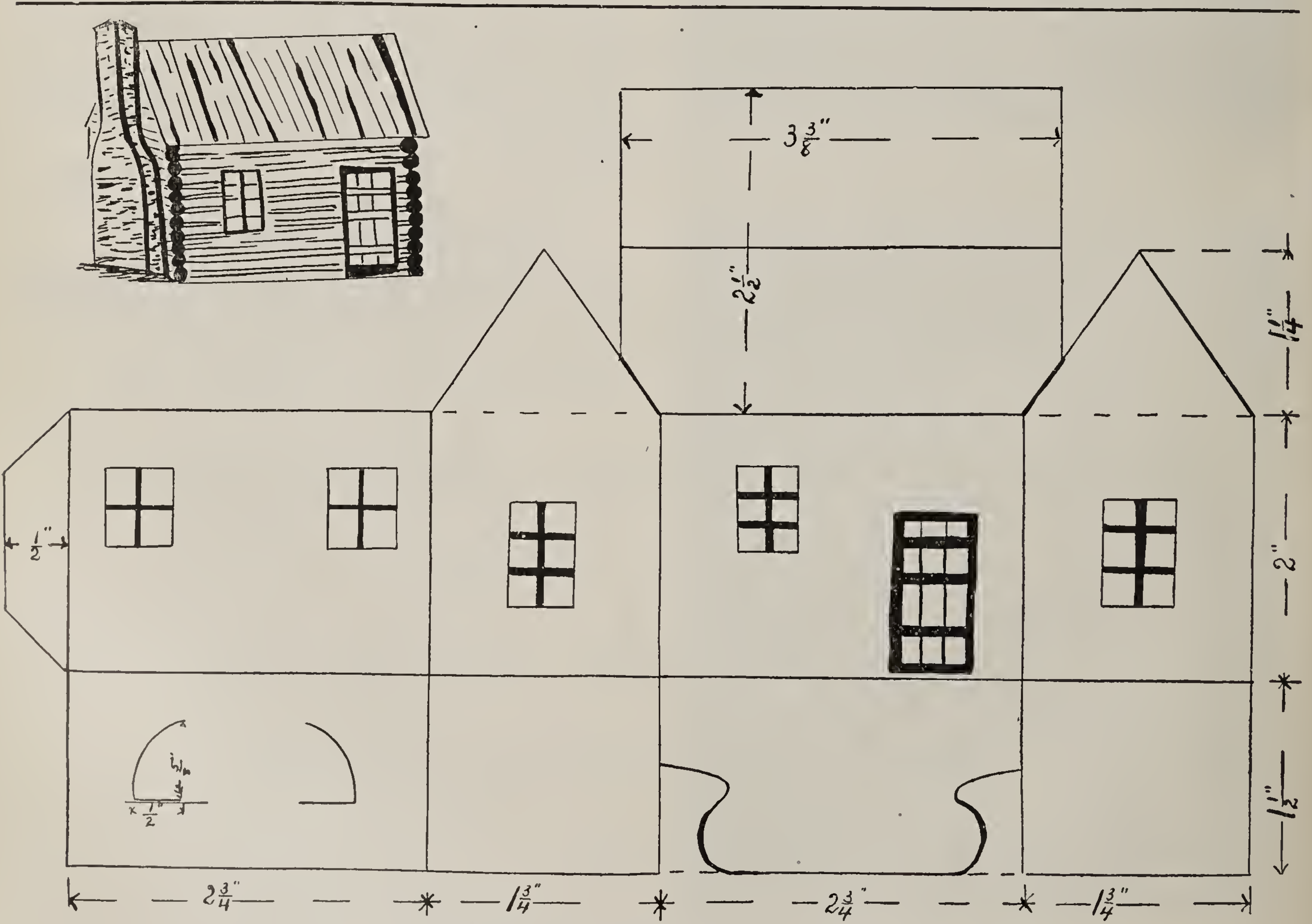
I have found one Language Game especially interesting in first and second grade work. It is as follows:

Choose a child to go into the hall for a minute. Then select another child in the room to be "It."

The child coming into the room from the hall, says: "Alice, is it you?" Answer. "It is not I." "Francis, is it Mary?" "It is not she." "Fred, is it Harry?" Answer. "Yes, it is he." Then Harry goes out, etc.

My children never tire of this game, and I have felt that it makes a lasting impression by hearing on the school ground, during a game of Tag, "It is *she,* I tagged her myself." Then I knew I had accomplished something.

New Hampshire. BESSIE M. BAILEY.

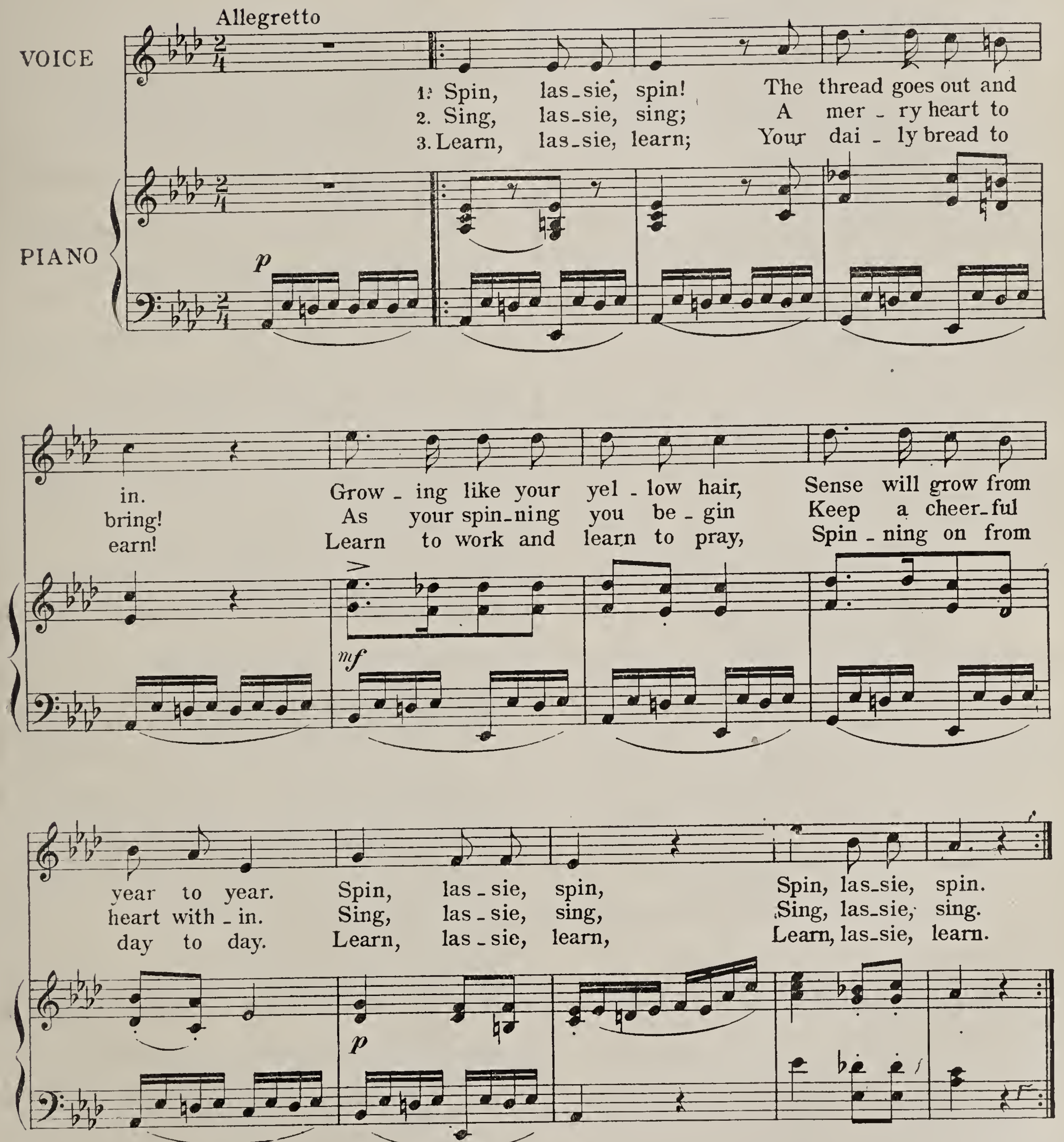


A LOG CABIN TO BE MADE BY PUPILS. Suggested by ANNA J. LINEHAN.

The log cabin can be made from one sheet of heavy paper, 8"x11". The pieces forming the floor may be pasted, or the flaps cut to fit in the opening, either will make it firm. The roof folds over the ends to form gables. The doors and windows should be drawn before cutting. If the children are skillful with their scissors the front door and windows can be cut so as to open and shut.

SPINNING SONG

CARL REINECKE



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George Washington.

By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota.

On a big farm, one day in February, a little baby boy came to live.
The big farm stood on the bank of a river.
The name of this baby's home was Mount Vernon.
There were thick woods near it.
Indians lived in wigwams near this little boy's home.
The name of this little boy was George Washington.
The name of George's mother was Mary.
When this little baby grew up he liked to swim in the river.
He liked to fish in the river.
He learned to ride a horse.
He went to school in a school-house in a field.
He learned to write letters and to read.
He liked to play soldier with his schoolmates.
He liked horses, and dogs, and cows.
One of his playthings was a hatchet.
George was a good boy.
He told the truth.
He was honest.
He was not afraid of anything.
He loved and minded his mother.
He was brave and strong.
He grew tall and straight.
He was six feet tall.
He liked to measure land in the forest.
He had large, strong hands and fingers.
He could lift a tent with one hand.
He was a good man for a soldier, for he was tall, and strong and brave.
After George Washington grew to be a man he married.
The name of his wife was Martha.
The King of England ruled in this country.
He was not good to the people.
The King would not let the people of this country do what they wanted to.
He would not let them make iron or cloth in this country.
The people asked George Washington to help them against the King.
He took soldiers and went to fight against the King of England.
They had a long war of seven years.
In the winter the soldiers had to sleep on the frozen ground.
They had no houses nor huts.
They had no blankets to keep them warm.
Their shoes were worn out.
They wrapped old cloths around them to keep them from freezing.
George Washington did not give up.
He prayed to God to help him.
After a while the King was beaten.
Then Washington said good-bye to the soldiers.
He went home to Mount Vernon.
Then the people wanted Washington to help them make laws.
He went to the Capitol and was our First President.
He helped the people so much that he was called the Father of his Country.
Our own Capital, where Roosevelt lives, is called Washington, in honor of the little February baby.
His birthday is February 22.
Everybody loves and remembers Washington

Abraham Lincoln.

One cold day in February a baby boy came to live in a log house in Kentucky.
There were great cracks between the logs.
The snow blew in.
A place was cut for the door and a hole for the window.
They hung the skins of wild animals over the door and window to keep out the cold.
There was no floor on the log house.
The little baby lay on a bear skin on the ground.
There was no stove, only a big fireplace to keep the baby warm.
The little baby laughed and crowed.
This baby's name was Abraham Lincoln.
After a while this little baby grew to be a boy.
Then he ran out-of-doors without any shoes.
For winter his mother made him a coat and a cap of fur.
By and by Abraham went to school.
He studied hard and learned all his lessons.
He had no slate and pencil.
He made words on a board with a black coal.
Abraham Lincoln was a truthful boy.
He was kind to his playmates.
He helped his father do the work.
By-and-by they put all their furniture on a raft and sailed down the river to live in another place.
In this new place he saw many black people.
The black people had to work very hard.
Little Abraham felt very sorry for them.
Sometimes the little black babies were sold far away from their mothers.
The black people were whipped.
They were called slaves.
Abraham wanted to help them.
He grew to be a man.
Then he made speeches to help the black people.
The people asked him to go and make laws for them.
Then they made him President of the United States.
When he was President the people quarreled.
They had a long war.
Many brave men were killed.
Then Abraham Lincoln said that the black people should be free.
No one can sell little black babies now.
Everyone loved Abraham Lincoln for this.
Abraham Lincoln's birthday is February 12.

U. S. Grant.

This is another log cabin baby.
He was an April baby.
When this baby was four weeks old he was named.
His grandfather named him.
He had a curious name; it was Ulysses.
His father was a tanner.
Ulysses used to play in the tan bark.
This was near a great river.
The name of the river was the Ohio.
Ulysses used to watch the boats go down the river.
The boats were full of furniture.
After a while this April baby went to school.
He was very shy and slow.
But he studied hard all the time.
This little boy liked horses.
After a while he went to a large school called West Point.
In this school he learned to be a soldier.
When Abraham Lincoln wanted to free the black people, he asked Ulysses Grant to help him.
At West Point, this boy had got another part to his name.
The first letter of it was S.
Now they called him U. S. Grant.
Lincoln made U. S. Grant the highest General in the country.
He fought many battles.
Then the black people were free.
Everybody now called him General Grant.
Like George Washington, he was one of the greatest generals that ever lived.

General Robert E. Lee.

As Seen by Foreign Critics.

(To be added to the material supplied in TEACHERS MAGAZINE last month.)

It seems incredible, on looking back to that war-time, that Lee should have held his own so long and so bravely, when he was opposed to ever-changing tactics, and a force immensely superior in numbers. Only a king of men would have possessed such courage and endurance, and his whole life is proof that among the brotherhood of men Lee was indeed a king.—The Halifax (Nova Scotia) *Morning Chronicle*, October 14, 1870.

In every particular he possessed the requisites of a true soldier. He was brave; his whole military record and his lifelong scorn of danger alike bear testimony to his bravery. He was wise; his great successes against great odds, and his almost constant anticipation of the enemy's movements, were proofs of his wisdom. He was skilful; his forced marches and unexpected victories assert his skill. He was patient and unyielding; his weary struggle against the mighty armies of the North, and his stern defense of Richmond, will forever preserve the memory of his patience and resolution. He was gentle and just; the soldiers who fought under him and who came alive out of the great fight, remembering and cherishing the memory of the man, can one and all testify to his gentleness and his justice. Above all, he was faithful; when he gave up his sword there was no man in his own ranks or in those of the enemy that doubted his faith, or believed that he had not done all that mortal could do for the cause for which he had made such a noble struggle.—The Halifax (Nova Scotia) *Morning Chronicle*, October 14, 1870.

Posterity will rank General Lee above Wellington or Napoleon, before Saxe or Turenne, above Marlborough or Frederick, before Alexander or Cæsar. Careful of the lives of his men, fertile in resource, a profound tactician, gifted with the swift intuition which enables a commander to discern the purpose of his enemy, and the power of rapid combination which enables him to oppose to it a prompt resistance; modest, frugal, self-denying, void of arrogance, of self-assertion, trusting nothing to chance; among men noble as the noblest, in the lofty dignity of the Christian gentleman; among patriots less self-seeking, and as pure as Washington; and among soldiers combining the religious simplicity of Havelock with the genius of Napoleon, the heroism of Bayard and Sidney, and the untiring, never-faltering duty of Wellington; in fact, Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, is the greatest general of this or any other age. He has made his own name, and the Confederacy he served, immortal.—Montreal (Canada) *Telegraph*.

A Doctor's Sleep.

Found He Had to Leave Off Coffee.

Many persons do not realize that a bad stomach will cause insomnia.

Coffee drinking, being such an ancient and respectable form of stimulation, few realize that the drug—caffeine—contained in coffee and tea, is one of the principal causes of dyspepsia and nervous troubles.

Without their usual portion of coffee or tea, the caffeine topers are nervous, irritable, and fretful. That's the way with a whiskey drinker. He has got to have his dram "to settle his nerves"—habit.

To leave off coffee is an easy matter if you want to try it, because Postum—well boiled according to directions—gives a gentle but natural support to the nerves and does not contain any drug—nothing but food.

Physicians know this to be true, as one from Ga. writes:

"I have cured myself of a long-standing case of Nervous Dyspepsia by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee," says the doctor.

"I also enjoy refreshing sleep, to which I've been an utter stranger for 20 years.

"In treating Dyspepsia in its various types, I find little trouble when I can induce patients to quit coffee and adopt Postum." The Dr. is right and "there's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Memory Gems.

Ideals.

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
 There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
 And the best shall come back to you."

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time. —LONGFELLOW.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Greatly begin. Tho thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;
Not failure but low aim is crime. —LOWELL.

Life is an arrow, therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow,—
Then draw it to the head and let it go.—HENRY VAN DYKE.

"Think for thyself—one good idea,
 But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
 From fields by others sown."

"Ponder well and know the right,
 Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not,—years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done."

"Build a little fence of trust around to-day,
 Fill the space with loving work and therein stay,
Look not thru the sheltering bars upon to-morrow,
God will give you strength to bear what comes of joy
 or sorrow."

"We live in deeds not years; in thoughts, not breaths. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

"A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love."

"'When you think you are wrong—stop!
When you know you are right—go ahead!"

Step by step lift bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best,
Planting seeds of knowledge pure. —EMERSON.

Cheerfulness.

"If we seek life's sunshine
 Sweet joy to others give,
And gayly climb life's mountains
 As tho w're glad to live,—
To overcome disaster
 And sunshine round us shower,
To make our dear friends happy,—
 Then joy will be our dower."

Sleepy Song.

When the snowflakes light on the window
  bright,
 Do they want to melt away?
When the glad brooks flow and the
  flowers grow,
 Do they know that it is May?

When the little wave with its whitecap
  brave
 Runs along the smooth white sand,
Then it speaks to me of the restless sea,
 And it tells of a distant land.

When the dream-land star sends its beam
  so far,
 Sleep Lady's path to be,
Then I wonder why she must live so high,
 How she finds her way to me!

When my prayers are said, and I lay my
  head
 On the pillow soft and white,
Sleep Lady sings of the lovely things
 That she shows me every night.

Then she points afar to the brightest star
 That floats in heaven's blue sea,
And with footsteps light in the quiet night
 Climbs the dream-land stairs with me.
 —*Christian Register.*

White Bread

MAKES TROUBLE FOR PEOPLE WITH WEAK INTESTINAL DIGESTION.

A lady in a Wis. town employed a physician who instructed her not to eat white bread for two years. She tells the details of her sickness and she certainly was a sick woman.

"In the year 1887 I gave out from over work, and until 1901 I remained an invalid in bed a great part of the time. Had different doctors, but nothing seemed to help. I suffered from cerebro-spinal congestion, female trouble, and serious stomach and bowel trouble. My husband called a new doctor and after having gone without any food for ten days, the doctor ordered Grape-Nuts for me. I could eat the new food from the very first mouthful. The doctor kept me on Grape-Nuts and the only medicine was a little glycerine to heal the alimentary canal.

"When I was up again Doctor told me to eat Grape-Nuts twice a day and no white bread for two years. I got well in good time and have gained in strength so I can do my own work again.

"My brain has been helped so much, and I know that the Grape-Nuts food did this, too. I found I had been made ill because I was not fed right, that is, I did not properly digest white bread and some other food I tried to live on.

"I have never been without Grape-Nuts food since and eat it every day. You may publish this letter if you like, so it will help some one else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Carpenter.

A GAME BY BELLE R. PARSONS.

["Recreative Activities."]

1. Sawing with Hand-saw.

Ready: Position! Right foot forward place; right hand grasping handle of saw; arm bent at elbow, elbow drawn back, trunk inclined slightly forward from waist, head and chest high.

Or: Feet slightly apart, trunk forward bend. Right arm forward and downward thrust.

Order: Ready—Position { Down / Up } 8 Po-sition!

Could pretend to rest board on desk, and, holding it firmly with left hand, saw with right; or, resting board on seat, hold it with left knee and add trunk bending to movement. It would be well if the sawing could actually be done.

2. Planing.

Ready: Position! Right foot forward place; right hand holding plane. Move arm from left to right, in front of body, elbow bent.

Order: Ready—Position { Left / Right } Po-sition!

Desk may be used as carpenter's bench.

Bowing Game.

BY MARION BROMLEY NEWTON.

"The Bowing Game" is so well known in kindergarten circles, that it seems almost unnecessary to describe it, but for the benefit of those to whom it is not familiar, the following may prove helpful.

All the children of the class stand in a circle on the kindergarten ring. A little boy is sent by the teacher into the center. He chooses any little girl whom he may wish, by beckoning to her to join him. Then he gravely makes a bow (with his right hand on his heart and feet held close together) to the little girl, who responds with a deep curtsy. (Right foot brought back, skirt held with both hands, and drawn slightly backward.) Then the little boy retires and joins the children in the ring, and the little girl calls another little boy into the center of the circle, and the bowing is repeated. He in turn calls in another little girl. This continues as long as the presiding kindergartner at the piano plays Rubenstein's Melody in F, or music similar in style. (When the music ends it is a signal that the game is over.)

A Good-night Song.

TUNE—Robin Redbreast.

The school day now is over;
  Bright upon the school-room wall,
The sun's last rays are shining,
  And twilight soon will fall.
The time has come for parting;
  Our lessons all are done;
Oh, rest is sweet when work is done
  And playtime fairly won.
The western rays are shining,
  Our hearts are glad and light;
The happy day is over.
  Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Loss of appetite is an ailment that indicates others, which are worse. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them all.

How Saturday Became a School Holiday.

In the little history of American life, entitled OUR FIRST CENTURY, by George Cary Eggleston, will be found the following account of the origin of Saturday as a school holiday, which is characteristic of Mr. Eggleton's method and style:

"As Sunday was very rigidly observed as a Sabbath and as all work was forbidden on that day, the boys of every family were needed on Saturday to cut and split the Sunday's supply of wood, and to do such other things as might serve to spare work on Sunday. The girls were needed to roast meats, bake beans, make pies, and in other ways provide supplies that might carry the family over Sunday without the necessity of cooking. As a necessary consequence, schools were closed on Saturday in order that the boys and girls might help in the necessary preparation for the Sabbath, and, altho the conditions which gave birth to the practice have long since passed away, the practice itself survives in most schools to this day."

Mr. Eggleston's second book of Colonial History is entitled LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY." In this volume will be found the little story of Washington's early life, in which we learn how the "Father of his Country" was once routed by praise. After the fall of Fort Duquesne Washington, a young man of twenty-six, was called from the retirement of Mount Vernon to take a place in the Virginia House, then boasting most distinguished leaders. Without his knowledge a welcome was planned for him, and as he entered the hall to take his seat the speaker arose with glowing eloquence to tender the Colony's thanks for brilliant military service. He pronounced a eulogy which fairly stunned young Washington. He attempted to reply, and was so overcome that he almost lost the power of utterance. He stammered so helplessly that one who was present said he could not command a single syllable. Hopelessly abashed, he fairly broke down. But the Speaker of the House came to his relief: "Sit down, Mr. Washington! Your modesty equals your valor and that surpasses the power of any language I possess." He was never an orator, but this is almost the only record of his failure to command dispassionate speech.

These two volumes form a little history of Colonial life, from which, as the Chicago *Record-Herald* says: "The young man who will read with any degree of care these very readable books, will obtain a better picture of our country during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, than he can get from any other existing works of moderate size."

The *Interior* says of LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, "This book makes a strong, popular appeal. It is packed with facts, well written, and liberally illustrated."

The Baltimore *Sun* says: "It gives us great pleasure to recommend this useful volume, not only to the general reader and the teachers of history, but to teachers seeking works for collateral reading in courses in English, civics, and esthetics."(A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers, New York.)

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

"I was nervous and dyspeptic, suffered greatly, and could sleep only a little at a time. Friends who had taken Hood' Sarsaparilla with benefit urged me to try it, and so I did. I found it a true friend, for it took hold of my case as nothing else ever did. It worked like a charm, gave me a good appetite, and my stomach felt so much better I could eat almost anything without distress. It certainly is a grand tonic for the nerves and digestive organs."
MRS. CLARA A. DEARBORN, Tilton, N.H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Gives strength and tone to all the vital organs. It builds up the whole system. In liquid form or in chocolated tablets known as **Sarsatabs.** 100 doses $1.

The delicious Cod Liver Preparation Without Oil.

Vinol contains all the medicinal elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cods' livers, but no oil. The oil, having no value as medicine or food, is thrown away.

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Old people, delicate children, weak run-down persons, and after sickness, colds, coughs, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

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Poems for February.

The Twenty-Second of February

Pale is the February sky,
  And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
  For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
  Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
  Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
  Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
  Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
  Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
  Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps thru space,
  And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
  Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
  Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
  Increase of honors to his name.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Freddy's Profession.

When I'm a man I'd like to be
  Something big and great;
An Admiral who lives at sea,
  Or Governor of my State;

I'd like to be an engineer,
  Who runs the State Express;
I'd like to be a brigadier,
  And eat my meals at mess;

I'd like to keep a candy store,
  Or write a book or two—
About the countries I explore
  From here to Timbuctoo;

And then I think it would be fine
  If I could—by and by—
Be a captain on a baseball nine,
  A Sampson or a Schley.

So now I think I ought to grow
  The quickest way I can;
For what I'd really like, you know,
  Is first to be a man.

But when I ask my Uncle James
  What he would most enjoy,
He laughs at me, and then exclaims:
  "I'd like to be a boy."

—*St. Nicholas.*

What Sulphur Does.

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

Costs Nothing to Try.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic, and cure-all, and, mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health; sulphur acts directly on the liver and execretory organs and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies, soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney, and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Altho Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article and sold by druggists and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver, and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin diseases as this remedy."

At any rate people who are tired of pills, cathartics, and so-called blood "purifiers" will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers, a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

Send your name and address to-day for a free trial package and see for yourself.

F. A. Stuart Co., 57 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

A Star in the West.

There's a star in the West that shall never go down
Till the record of valor decay;
We must worship its light, tho it is not our own,
For liberty burst in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem Star of the West?

"War! war to the knife! Be enthralled, or ye die!"
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not his voice that prompted the cry,
Nor his madness that kindled the brand.
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till, goaded with insult, his spirit arose,
Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Tho he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored,
Yet he prayed for the moment when Freedom and Life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh, his laurels were pure! and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
The truthful and honest, the wise and the good,
Among Britons have nobly confessed
That his was the glory, and ours was the blood,
Of the deeply stained field of the West.

—Eliza Cook.

Aster and Goldenrod.

One little maid with hair of gold,
One little maid with eyes of blue,
Wandered beside a babbling stream
Where, green and brown, the grasses grew.

Then came the fairies for a ball
With sprightly dance, so gay and fair,
They smiled at Blue-Eyes as they came
And nodded all to Golden Hair.

"Good Fairy Queen," the children cried,
"May we not clothe the meadows old
In flowers, blue as summer skies,
And yellow as the shining gold?"

Where Blue Eyes stepped, the aster sprang
So bright and blue, fresh from the sod,
Where Golden Locks ran, here and there
Up came the yellow goldenrod.

And now the locks of gold we see
As in the meadows oft we stray,
Blue eyes are peeping here and there,
Thruout the live-long, happy day.

—Sophia Wyckoff Brower, in *The Christian Intelligencer.*

The Flower of Liberty.

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
Oh, tell us what the name may be,
Is this the flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light,
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,
And God love us as we love thee—
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Antikamnia tablets have been tested and found superior to any of the many pain relievers now used in the treatment of neuralgia, sciatica, and rheumatism, also in headache and other pain due to irregularities of menstruation. Administered in doses of two tablets, they secure the best results. A dozen tablets in your family medicine chest may be found useful.

THE crowning charm of a beautiful face is a row of clean and sparkling teeth. Without them the fairest skin and most regular features are discounted. The duty to one's health and appearance and to society is easily, delightfully performed by Rubifoam. This delicious liquid dentifrice heightens the charm of the toilet. There is no excuse for unsightly mouths to-day, for Rubifoam can be had in every city and town. It is the most popular of all dentifrices and naturally the most imitated. Draw your own conclusions and insist on the genuine.

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Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye Black or Brown, 50c.

The Torch of Liberty.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
Who bade this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gilded apparition.
Twice like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece performed, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw the expectant nations stand
To catch the coming flame in turn;
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, tho struggling, glory burn.
And oh, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see;
While Fancy whispered in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.
From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnished with the flame already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

* * *

Shine, shine forever, glorious flame,
Divinest gift of gods to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendor came,
To Greece thy ray returns again.
Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round;
When dimmed, revive; when lost, return;
Till not a shrine thru earth be found
On which thy glories shall not burn!

—Thomas Moore.

The Flag.

Let it idly droop, or sway
To the wind's light will;
Furl its stars, or float in day;
Flutter, or be still!
It has held its colors bright,
Thru the war-smoke dun;
Spotless emblem of the Right,
Whence success was won.

Let it droop in graceful rest
For a passing hour—
Glory's banner last and best;
Freedom's freshest flower;
Each red stripe has blazoned forth
Gospels writ in blood;
Every star has sung the birth
Of some deathless good.

Let it droop, but not too long!
On the eager wind
Bid it wave, to shame the wrong;
To inspire mankind
With a larger human love;
With a truth as true
As the heaven that broods above
Its deep field of blue.

In the gathering hosts of hope,
In the march of man,
Open for it place and scope,
Bid it lead the van;
Till beneath the searching skies
Martyr-blood he found,
Purer than our sacrifice,
Crying from the ground!

Till a flag with some new light
Out of Freedom's sky,
Kindles, thru the gulfs of night,
Holier blazonry.
Let its glow the darkness drown!
Give our banner sway,
Till its joyful stars go down,
In undreamed-of day!

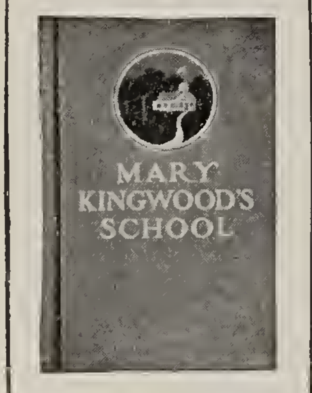
—Lucy Larcom.

Washington.

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dare not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!

—Lord Byron.

For Winter Reading



Mary Kingwood's School

A REAL STORY

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Questions and Answers.

By Amos M. Kellogg.

Errors in Speech.—The plan described by an evidently diligent reader of the Magazine, E. L. H., for correcting errors in common speech is heartily commended. A teacher of long experience lately said, "I never was corrected for using 'aint.' This illiterate expression still clings to me." E. L. H. places on the blackboard errors occurring; they are copied into the pupils' blank books; then, on special occasions they are taken up for test work. She gives a number: "Had it off of him." "Blame it onto me." "That is never you." "A verbal message" (meaning an oral one). "A mutual friend" (where three persons were concerned). "He was replaced by a better man." "To decimate" (applied to changing the form of a common fraction). "He don't (doesn't) know any better." "He hadn't ought to have done it" (he ought not, etc.).

The Split Infinitive.—There has been much discussion as to whether it is allowable to insert a word between "to" and the infinitive verb, as: "He has come to certainly assure me." "To quickly enter upon the discussion." "To hurriedly depart from the premises." It may be said to be a form sanctioned occasionally by the best writers, used to give a more forceful expression to the thought; that is the only reason it is ever allowable. If this is not obtained, then follow the common or usual form.

Discussions.—A school without discussions is hardly worthy to be called a school. An Ohio teacher always interests me in the glimpse he gives of his school, which is truly an intellectual workshop. The letter described the discussion over "giving." This subject was proposed two days in advance. Each pupil was to put on paper some question or statement to promote precision. They could cite authorities to uphold their positions. "Persons are not pleased if one is ready to receive." "Persons should not be displeased if they do not get gratitude." "The gift should fit the person." "If one is needy, then to give what he most needs." "Not to expect a gift in return." Certainly this is a genuine school.

Visits of Parents.—A Vermont teacher finds it difficult to get a single parent to come to the school-room. They make the excuse that everything is right there, and so there is no need of their coming. I

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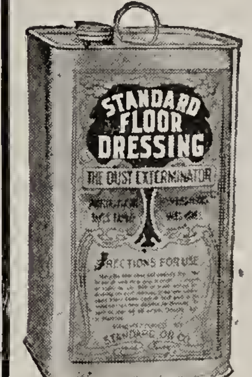

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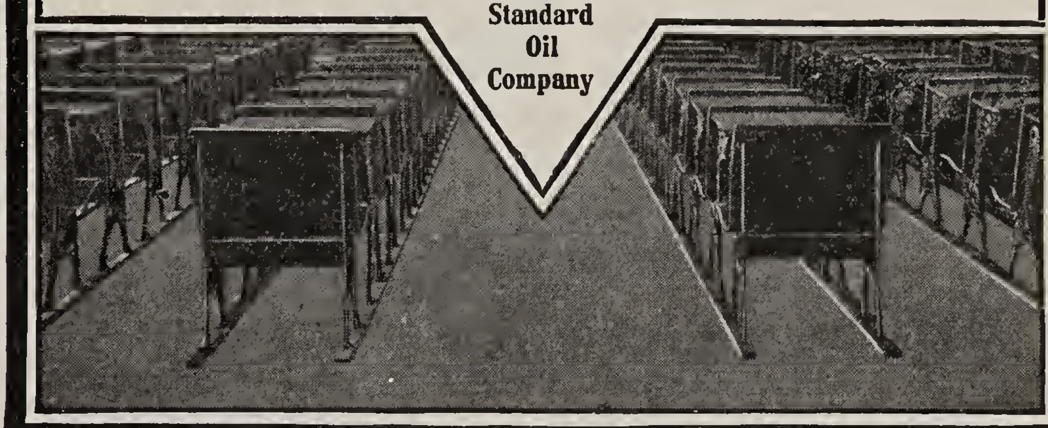

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should advise putting the responsibility of visits on the pupils. If they want their parents to come there will be no difficulty. Cannot you make it "fashionable?" But you must bear in mind that the parents may feel afraid to come. You must train your children not to stare at visitors. You must make the visitors feel happy when they come; it must not be a painful ordeal.

Old Manuscripts.—The oldest manuscripts are in the Greek language and were found with Egyptian mummies written, it is supposed, about 160 B. C. They contained fragments of Homer's "Iliad." There is a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican, written about 400 A. D. The manuscript discovered in the Convent on Mount Sinai was written about 500 A. D.

Religion of the Greeks.—It is generally believed that the forefathers of the Hindoos, Persians, Italians, Celts, Teutons, and Slavs lived together at one time in Central Asia (now Turkestan, which is being re-peopled by the Russians), and that they worshiped the visible agencies or forms of nature, such as the Sun, the Dawn, the Earth. They came to think of these powers as persons with human bodies and minds. The Sun they spoke of as a god who drives his fiery chariot thru the heavens, etc. The old poets made the theology of the nation, they invented myths about the adventures of the gods which pained the serious-minded. The Greeks, in general, fully believed in the rule of a Divine Providence according to justice and mercy. Still they were not monotheists like the Hebrews.

Keeping In.—The practice of keeping in pupils, while very popular, is not to be recommended. John whispers; he is told to "stay after school"; Mary was impertinent; she also must stay. The staying is supposed to be a punishment. A punishment should fit the misdemeanor The teacher does not want to whip either of these pupils, and as she supposes she must take notice of the wrong-doing, she

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requires both to "stay in." The remarks on page 167 seem to have aroused a number of teachers. The question they ask is, "What else can we do?" As a rule I would say, have no pupil stay in unless you wish to confer with him. Allow pupils to remain who wish to; try to have those you ask to stay feel not that it is a punishment, but rather an honor—you want their advice or assistance. What is to be done with the whispering John and impertinent Mary is another question. There are many things that might be suggested. Questions of this kind relate to the fine art of "management." It would require many pages to suggest what to do. Do not make the mistake of supposing that you *must* deal with John and Mary *to-day*.

An Infuriated Parent.—The case related by a Pennsylvania teacher who was visited by a very angry mother and denounced in the presence of her pupils is one of the unpleasant features of the teacher's life. Such events coming unheralded find the teacher unprepared—the only advice to be given is to "Keep cool." It is of no use to "answer back." Let the parent "blaze away." Oppose the rudeness by gentleness and polite demeanor. Propose that you call on her and talk the matter over. She has a right to visit the school-house; she has a right to know what the teacher is doing with her child. Allowance must be made for parental affection. It is at the home the matter must be threshed out, and here the teacher will go with affection. A great step will be taken if the pupil is on the teacher's side. The matter should be clearly explained to the school—but with no unkind words for the parent.

Pilgrims and Puritans.—The latter is the name of a sect that arose in England about the middle of the sixteenth century and exerted a powerful influence. It advocated at first a purer form of worship than prevailed, opposing ritualism; afterwards freedom of conscience and popular rights. It was not the intention of the Puritans (a nickname then) to separate from the Established Church, but being tormented by Elizabeth and James in 1606, a number met in Scrooby, then removed to Leyden, Holland, thus becoming pilgrim Puritans. In 1620 they sailed for America and founded Plymouth; other Puritans founded Boston, etc. The Puritans did not emigrate in the interests of religious liberty; they wanted to be free from the tyranny that prevailed in England, and to live in a community where the Bible should be the rule of conduct; the citizens to be Protestant believers (church members). They had the same ethical impulse that animated the ancient Hebrews.

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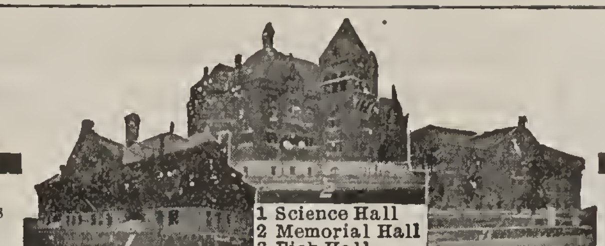

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By Joseph E. Lovvorn, Georgia.

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And learned just lots of things.
I'm rather young for "six years old,"
But time, they say, has wings.

The First Grade's 'bout the best in school,
So the superintendent says.
They say he tells 'em all like that.
Now, do you 'spose he does?

I know we have the jolliest time;
Our work is all like play.
But we do our lessons all so well,
And learn something every day.

We can't do like the upper grades,
The grownest girls and boys
Who scamper up and down the stairs,
And make the mostest noise.

They do their Greek and 'Ology,
And 'course we don't know how;
But if they hadn't learned the primary work
They'd be very awkward now.

My teacher's awful nice to us
And gives us such nice work to do;
I'd almost scorn my Promotion Card,
Unless she gets one, too.

Problems in Arithmetic.

(Continued from last month.)

13. Three boys, Tom, Harry, and Walter, bought in all seventy-eight marbles. Tom bought twenty-six of these and Harry thirty-three. How many did Walter buy?

14. I bought sixty lambs and sold eighteen of them. I then bought thirty-four more and sold nine. How many lambs had I then?

15. There are eighty-five children in a school, and of these thirty-eight are boys. How many apples must I buy in order to be able to give one to each girl?

16. A man bought fifty-eight eggs and then twenty-five more. Of these half-a-dozen were bad. How many good ones were there altogether?

17. I had eighty-four pears. I sold fifty-nine, kept eight for myself, and gave away the rest. How many did I give away?

18. John had twelve hens, Fred sixteen, and Harry twenty-seven. How many more did they require to make the total sixty?

19. Tom had twenty-eight marbles. William had six more than Tom, and Ernest eight more than William. How many had Ernest?

20. A woman had twenty-four dolls. She gave all of them except five to Mary, Emily, and Rose. Mary had six and Emily nine. How many had Rose?

21. There were thirty-six boys and thirty-nine girls in a school. One morning one boy and one girl were absent. All the others received a bun. How many buns were given away?

22. Fred had twenty-four marbles and Walter thirty-two. I gave Fred twenty-six more. How many had he then more than Walter?

23. I have eighty-two pears, George twenty-nine, and Frank thirty-eight. How many have I more than George and Frank together?

24. Take thirty-eight from the greatest of the following numbers: forty-six, sixty-two, fifty-four, and sixty-five.

25. What must you add to the difference between twenty-seven and sixty to make seventy-two?

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26. Find the missing number in the following addition sum:—

```
34
 9
26
1*
--
86
```

27. Find the missing numbers in the following addition sum:—

```
16
*3
24
3*
--
90
```

28. Find the missing number in the following subtraction sum:—

```
7*
49
--
25
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29. Find the missing numbers in the following subtraction sum:—

```
82
**
--
33
```

30. Supply the missing numbers in the following subtraction sum:—

```
6*
*7
--
27
```

31. A man is 58 years of age (1906). How old was he in 1880?

32. I bought thirty-four oranges and afterwards twenty-six more. Of these I sold first eighteen and then nineteen. How many remained?

33. Take the sum of fifteen, thirty-two, and eighteen from the sum of forty-four and thirty-eight.

34. A man was asked how many oranges he had in two baskets. He said if he had six more in one basket and eight more in the other he would have eighty. How many had he in all?

35. Jane has eighteen needles, Mabel twenty-five, Grace twenty-three, and Daisy fourteen. How many have Jane and Mabel together more than Grace and Daisy together?

13. 19 marbles. 14. 67 lambs. 15. 47 apples. 16. 77 good eggs. 17. 17 pears. 18. 5 hens. 19. 42 marbles. 20. 4 dolls. 21. 73 buns. 22. 18 marbles. 23. 15 pears. 24. 27. 25. 39. 26. 7. 27. 1 ten; 7 units. 28. 4. 29. 4 tens; 9 units. 30. Top line, 4 units; bottom line, 3 tens. 31. 32 years. 32. 23 oranges. 33. 17. 34. 66 oranges. 35. 6 needles.

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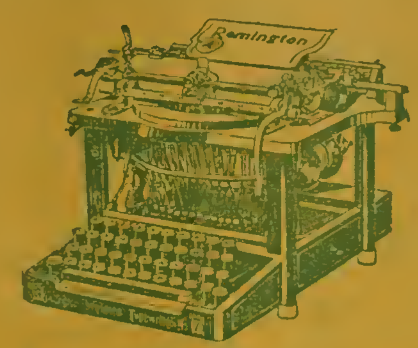

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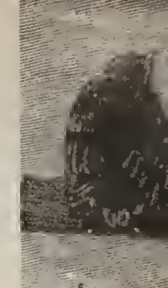

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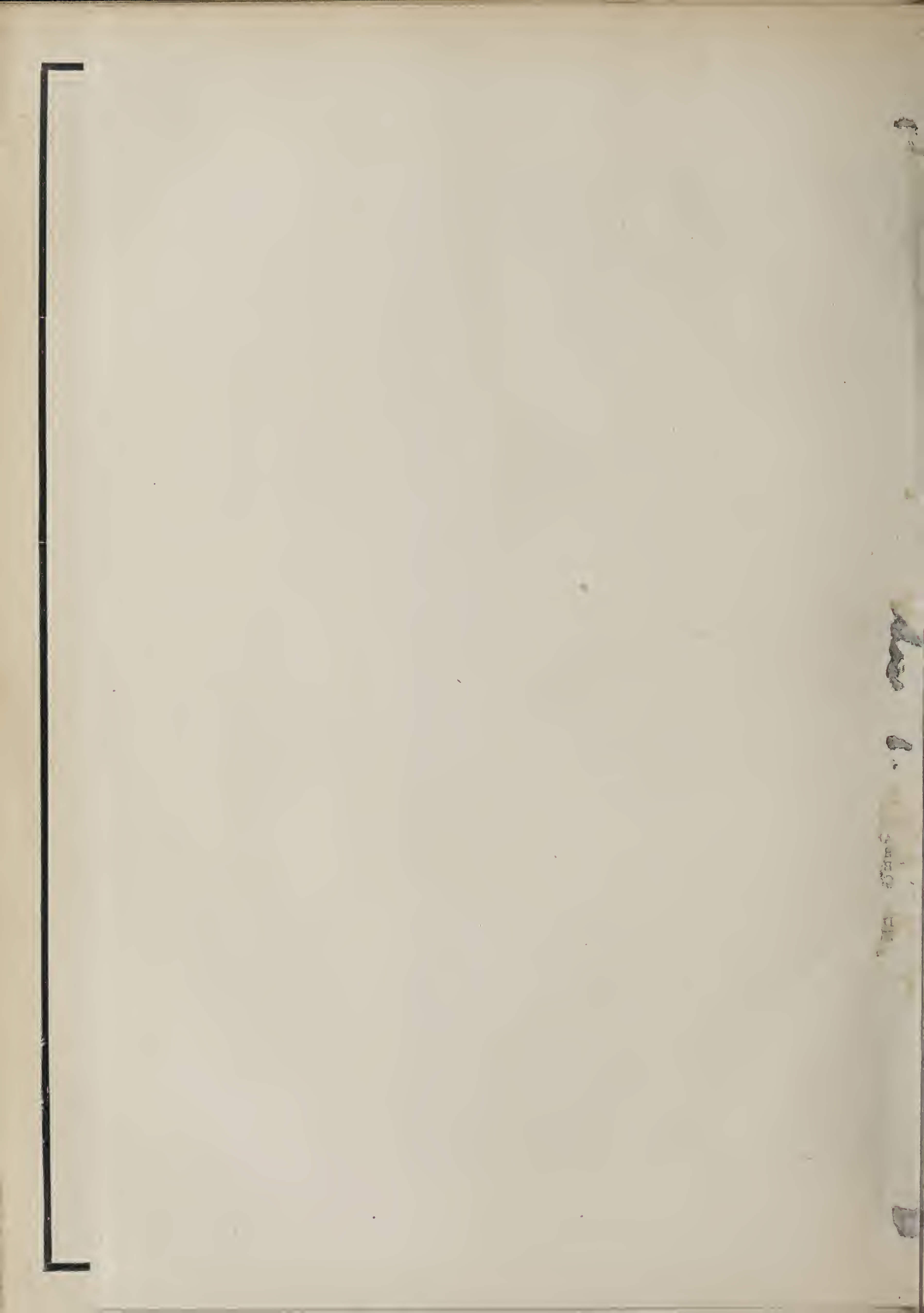

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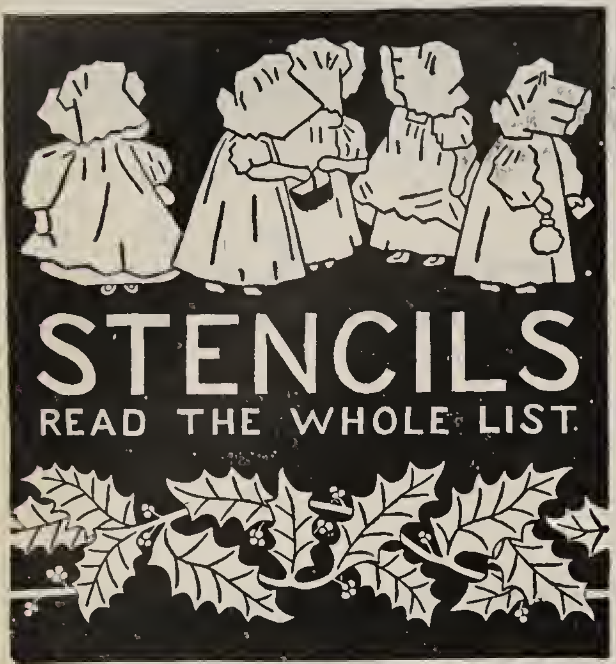

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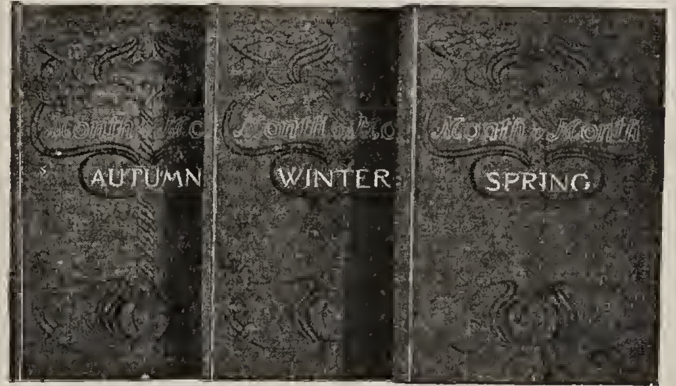

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To the Readers of Teachers Magazine:

From the Publishers.

The contest for a suitable cover design for TEACHERS MAGAZINE has been a most exciting one. And the end is not yet, altho no more designs can be received. The final decision will be published on the cover of TEACHERS MAGAZINE next month. The work of two pupils is at present under consideration for first prize. Both are in the high school, one at Minneapolis and one at St. Louis.

There have been many inquiries with regard to our pictorial covers. Colored covers are very expensive, so much so that no other educational periodical has ever attempted to use them. If our readers really do want them they shall have them. The Japanese picture and the one of the Eskimo hunter, in January and February, appear to have been greatly appreciated. We have therefore asked Mr. Bonawitz, the artist who designed them, to give us others of a similar character. He has already completed a striking and beautiful one picturing life in Holland. His brilliant color combinations give his work distinct character. Children and teachers will unite in voting his Dutch picture the best they ever saw. It will illumine the cover of TEACHERS MAGAZINE for May.

To all who carried out the suggestion on the February cover the Publishers extend hearty thanks. It is by the recommendations of subscribers that the news of the helpfulness of TEACHERS MAGAZINE is most effectually spread abroad. Prompt payment of subscriptions and a large circulation make possible a progressive increase of the value of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

The plans for the new school year are now under way. Suggestions from our readers are always welcome. The Editor will appreciate particularly your frank statement as to what has proved most helpful and what has been of less interest to you.

"Our School Out of Doors" will be a regular feature of the new volume beginning in September. Dr. Edward F. Bigelow, of course, will conduct it. His popularity is growing right along. Few men are more in demand as a lecturer, and his writings are enjoyed by old and young alike. His enthusiasm and genial manner of presentation give to his work a delightful character. He is the best teacher of nature study in this country,

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Vol. XXIX MARCH, 1907 No. 7

The Joy of Teaching

ON February 9, the citizens of Walpole, Mass., celebrated the eightieth birthday of Dr. Albert G. Boyden, who for almost fifty years has been principal of the State Normal School at Bridgewater. Addresses were delivered by prominent people, and a letter was read from the President of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt said, "It is a mighty good precedent for any town to celebrate the birthday of so good a citizen. . . . The town does itself honor when it celebrates a life as long and as useful as this. . . . Every community owes more to its teachers than to almost any other set of men or women." Surely Walpole is a better place to live in for this Appreciation Day. It is well with the community that honors its teachers.

The people of this country are only beginning to find out the debt they owe to the schools and to those who labor for the education of their children. It was not thoughtlessness on their part that they did not realize their indebtedness before. Tradition, nourished by schools and text-books, has always glorified wars and warriors. Little heed has been given to the peace-makers—"the children of God." Poets and musicians have sung stirring battle hymns and praised the leaders in successful massacre. The peaceful mission of the educator has received no such recognition. But it will—some day. And the advent of this day the schools can hasten by training the young to a proper valuation of the labors of those who teach. The Appreciation Day which has been suggested in these pages is an excellent means to this end. It will help communities to discover who are the truest benefactors of humanity.

Think of the soldier exulting in his calling, thirsting for an opportunity to prove his mettle. He drills daily to gain fuller command of his powers. There is joy in the drill. There is joy in the growth. There is joy in the feeling of the increase of power. He hopes for the time when he may test all this in earnest. Does the teacher rejoice in his work? Does he labor day after day for a greater increase of power and efficiency? If he does he will be the greater lesson to the community for it.

There is joy in teaching. Weary nerves may not always let the teacher feel the joy. Diminished vitality cannot extract pleasure from any vocation. A hygienic life and vigorous exercise are essential conditions to the fullest enjoyment of life. Given health and vigor, there is no occupation so near to the sources of human happiness as teaching.

Of course no mere hireling can ever hope to taste this joy. Love of the young must be a sustaining motive. Crabbed vision which magnifies the little extravagances of youthful buoyancy into criminal acts is a sure symptom of misanthropy, and unfits the teacher for his work. A genial heart, a sympathetic eye, a friendly hand, a spirit overflowing with the desire to prepare the young for a satisfactory life,—these are the ideal qualities of the teacher's personality.

Seeing the young grow from day to day is a privilege which more than compensates the teacher for the severe trials incident to a conscientious performance of his labors. Every heart which has been stirred by new hopes and new ambitions, every mind into which a new ray of light has come, every new art acquired, is a precious evidence to him that it is worth while to be a teacher. His achievements are recorded upon the enduring tablets of immortal souls.

How can anybody be discouraged who comes in daily contact with the hopeful lives of developing human beings? Every working hour should have its new joy. In the evening, when the results of the day are gone over, let the teacher recall the credit marks which she can conscientiously give herself. There is almost as much danger in finding fault with one's self as there is in finding fault with others. It gives one's temper a sour edge.

Let me quote to you, slightly paraphrased, a word of St. Francis which has helped me many a time to enter the presence of my pupils with a smile when the sky appeared dark and the world's air seemed stifling:

> My brother, why this sad face?
> Are you discouraged?
> That concerns only God and yourself.
> Go and pray.
> Before your brothers and these children always wear a mien full of joy.
> It is not proper when one is in the service of God to be of a sullen and morose countenance.

Be gladsome!
Smile!

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School Teaching in the Olden Times

By Eugenie DeLand, Washington, D. C.

CHRISTOPHER DOCK was a quaint old schoolmaster, being one of the first public school instructors in America. He taught German, his native tongue, in the Dutch settlement of Pennsylvania, and was a Mennonite, sailing from Germany to Pennsylvania about 1714. He had been drafted for military duty in the German army, but was discharged because of his religious convictions and refusal to bear arms. In 1715 he opened a school among the Mennonites on the Skippack, as he felt he was divinely called to this occupation, and continued school teaching without compensation.

His wonderful patience and industry are worthy of careful study and emulation by the teachers of the present day; and for the patient way he had in controling his many pupils he has ever been remembered. Whenever it happened that a child was unruly or restless he would ask of the class for a volunteer who would undertake the task of instructing such a pupil in the manners expected of him; but seldom did the spirit move any one to reply or even attempt such a duty; thereupon friend Christopher would place the culprit on the "Punishment Stool" and direct him to so remain and "compose his thoughts" until the last grain of sand fell thru the hour-glass placed before him. Should a pupil read his Psalms well, or spell every word right, the master would present him with a beautiful hand-painted card, and with it a request urging his parents to give him one penny and two eggs as reward for his industry. These merit cards were executed elegantly by the hand of the master, many of which were very elaborate. When we look at the thousands of souvenir post cards, advertising posters, and beautifully illustrated school books of the present day, it is difficult to realize how these little tokens of affection and reward were cherished by our forefathers; yet we know their value is assured, for one was sold recently in Philadelphia, in a curio shop, for a large sum of money.

Mr. Samuel W. Pennypacker, now Governor of Pennsylvania, translated all of Christopher Dock's works; and has in his possession a very quaint book full of illuminated illustrations made by schoolmasters of bygone days, as rewards of merit for the obedience, industry, and deportment of their little pupils. In this remarkable collection are some designed and done by Christopher Dock. Most of the merit cards of the olden times represented wonderful birds. Probably these pious old instructors thought they were representing Birds of Paradise; for no mortal eye has ever gazed on such birds of plumage.

If we should at the present time visit some of the old Quaker homesteads of Pennsylvania, or of New Jersey, we might find, preserved carefully between the leaves of some old German Bible, by the great-great-grandchildren of the first students of our nation, a curious collection of old-time merit cards or some of the Schrifften and birds and flowers, which Christopher Dock used to paint as rewards of merit for his dutiful pupils. Many of them are now as bright in hue as they were the day when those dear old schoolmasters so carefully designed and wrought them.

In 1750, Christopher Saur, the Germantown publisher, conceived the idea that it would be well to get a written description of Dock's method of instruction, with a view to printing it, in order that other schoolmasters, whose gifts were not so great, might be instructed; that those who cared only for the money they received might be ashamed; and that parents might instruct their children.

Christopher Saur had many difficulties in obtaining such a description; and only did so by the assistance of Dielman Kolb, a prominent Mennonite minister, and an intimate friend of Christopher Dock's; for Dock thought it would be "self pride" to write a description of his personal manners in instructing the young, but consented to do so on the assurance from Dielman Kolb that it would not be published until after Dock's death. On this promise the pious teacher consented finally to compose the work.

How the preparation of the quaint old collection of instructive rules was accomplished by "The Friends of the Common Good," and finally published during Dock's life-time is all given as translated from the German into modern English by Governor Pennypacker. It would be very interesting and beneficial reading for teachers to look over this volume.

The quaint old German pamphlet was published in German in 1770, and was the first book of manners issued from a press in America. It is a very accurate classification of school management. It tells how he received the children in school; how to keep the children from talking and keep them quiet; and how to treat the children with love that they might both love and fear their teacher. This old pamphlet closes with 100 rules necessary for the conduct of children at all times and of all ages.

The classification began with:

THE MORNING HOUR.

Dear child, accustom yourself to awaken at the right time in the morning, without being called; as soon as you are awake get out of bed without delay. Do not eat your morning bread along the road, or in the school; but ask your parents to give it to you at home; and then get your books together and come to school at the right time.

THE EVENING HOUR.

After the evening meal do not sit down in a corner to sleep, but perform your evening devotions with singing, prayer, or reading before going to bed. Before going to sleep consider how you have spent the day, thank God for His blessings; pray to Him for the forgiveness of your sins, and commend yourself to His merciful protection.

AT MEAL TIME.

Before going to the table, where there are strangers, comb and wash yourself very carefully. During the grace do not let your hands hang toward the earth or keep moving them about; but let them, with your eyes, be directed to God. At the table sit very straight and still; do not wabble with your stool, and do not lay your arms on the table. Put your knife and fork upon the right, and your bread on the left side.

Technique by Means of the Song

By ALYS E. BENTLEY, Washington, D. C.

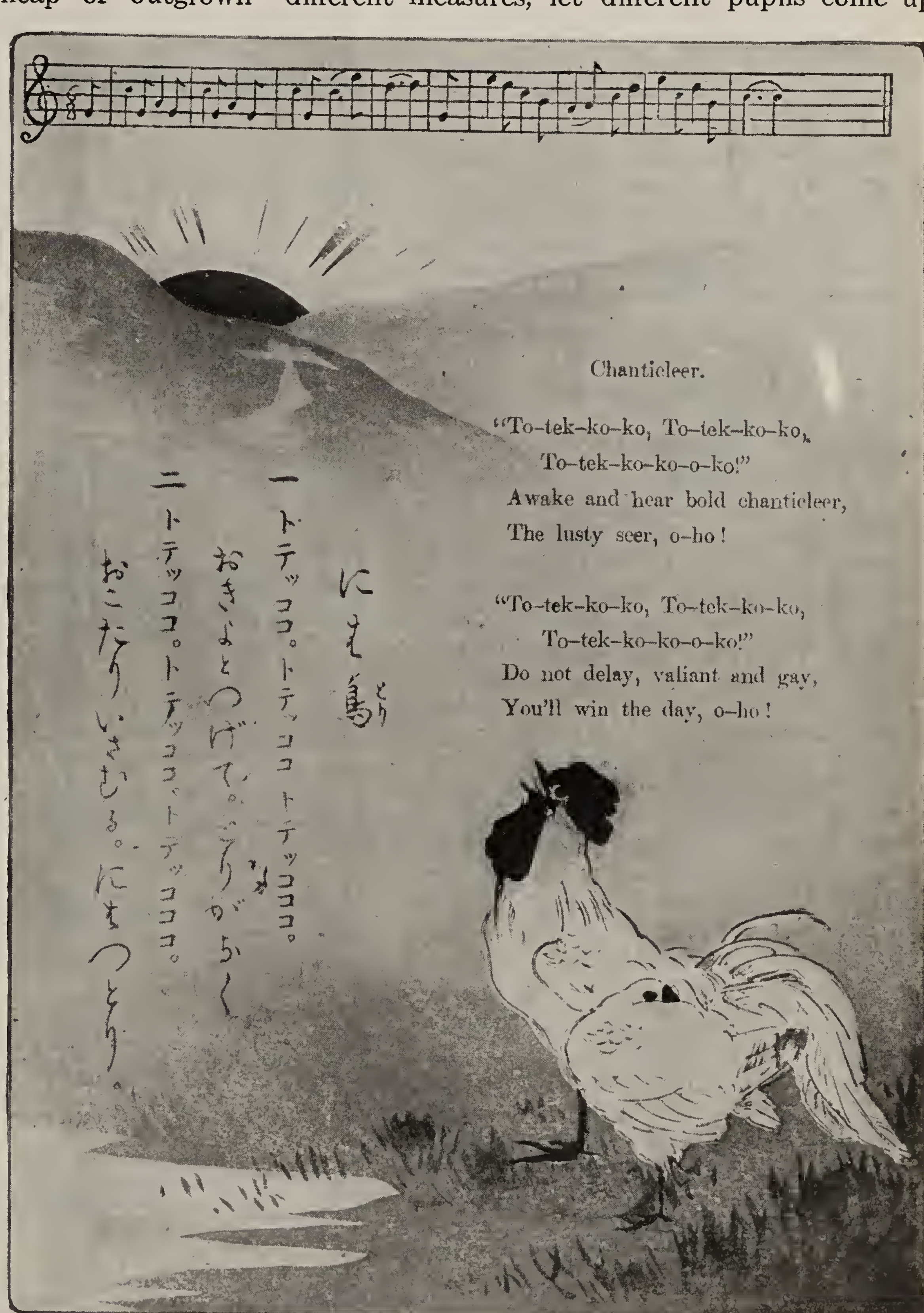
IN the January number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE we began this series of lessons on the study of musical technique thru the song. Let us hope that by this the third lesson, we are all persuaded of the value of this method of musical technique, and are committed to its practice. Just a final word of caution, concerning this same practice: You cannot hope to judge results fairly unless you confine your technical drill strictly to the song. Break away once and forever from the old habit of doing isolated time drill, or of basing interval drill upon the scale.

Relegate to the rubbish heap of outgrown methods the traditional scale drill, and confine your technical study strictly to the language of music, which is the song. The right observation work, of the right songs, is the only logical basis for sight-reading for little children. In singing we find that kind of thinking which may be classed as an intuitional activity resulting from habit, rather than as purely thought activity. The child's intuitive musical sense responds to the suggestion of the symbol representation, without much conscious intellectual effort. Do not be afraid to give him the song, and trust to his being able to bring law and order out of the more or less fragmentary study of his first lessons. Let the child see what he sings, and sing what he sees, for, in the language of one of the master musicians, "To learn to read music one must hear with his eyes, and see with his ears."

In trying to estimate the measure of your success with this observation work in terms of "reading music," be content to await with patience the results of the observation work. Let us have no returning to the scale for a part of the drill; rather let us stand firmly by the proposition that the observation work based on the song will yield results fully justifying its replacing the traditional methods of song technique.

Every song must first be taught by note. The syllables may be taught by rote as a *second verse* of the song.

By this time you can begin to get individual singing. No matter how crude the first efforts of the child in individual singing, these efforts should be encouraged. Only too often do we lose that spontaneous eagerness to try alone, which very little children manifest in their first years at school, and I fear this loss may be directly traced, in most cases, to some thoughtless comment or criticism which has made the child self-conscious. It is the effort, rather than result that we are working for now, so, as you sing the different measures, let different pupils come up



A Japanese Children's Song.
Translated by MAUDE MADDEN, Sendai, Japan.
Illustrated by MR. WANTABE, a Sendai artist.

to the blackboard and point them out. Then, in the spirit of the game, let different children, in turn, take your place, singing different measures, other pupils pointing out the measures sung. If a child makes a mistake in singing his measures, do not correct him, but sing the measures for him, that he may get them correctly by imitation. We will suppose that you have the "Snow Birds" on the blackboard, and that in copying the song you have carefully preserved the form of the song as it appears in this number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.* Now sing the first measure, letting different children find and point out the two measures corresponding to the notes sung; in like manner sing the ninth, the second, the tenth, the third, the eleventh, or indeed any measure of the song, different children pointing to the one or more measures corresponding to the notes sung.

Compare the fourth and sixteenth measures, explaining the dotted half-note, which has three beats in this time.

Sing and compare the eighth and twelfth measures, the ninth and thirteenth, the tenth and fourteenth, the eleventh and fifteenth measures.

The children may count the song while the teacher points. Different children may sing measures of their choice, other children finding the measures. This is the beginning of individual singing.

In the "Dancing Song"* we have a fine opportunity to teach the comparative values of the quarter and eighth notes, but this should be done artfully, and not too consciously. Sing, the children pointing, the first measure. Compare the second and sixth measures, the third and seventh, the fourth and eighth measures. Count and sing the first measure, and compare this, counting, with measures containing quarter notes. Arrange your school to sing the song antiphonally, half the school singing the measures containing the eighth notes and dotted half-note, and the other half singing only the measures containing quarter notes.

Clap the song, while the children count it. Reverse the order, counting while the children clap.

You will find that all of these motor activities are stimulating the child's thinking, and that the mere act of running to the board to point a measure, or the rhythmic clapping of a song is a means of his acquiring accurate and enduring sense perceptions of these musical elements.

From the Modern Music Primer; Copyright 1901, Silver, Burdett & Company.—By permission

* On page 443 of this number will be found the music of the song of "Snow Birds" and of the "Dancing Song," printed as indicated by Miss Bentley.

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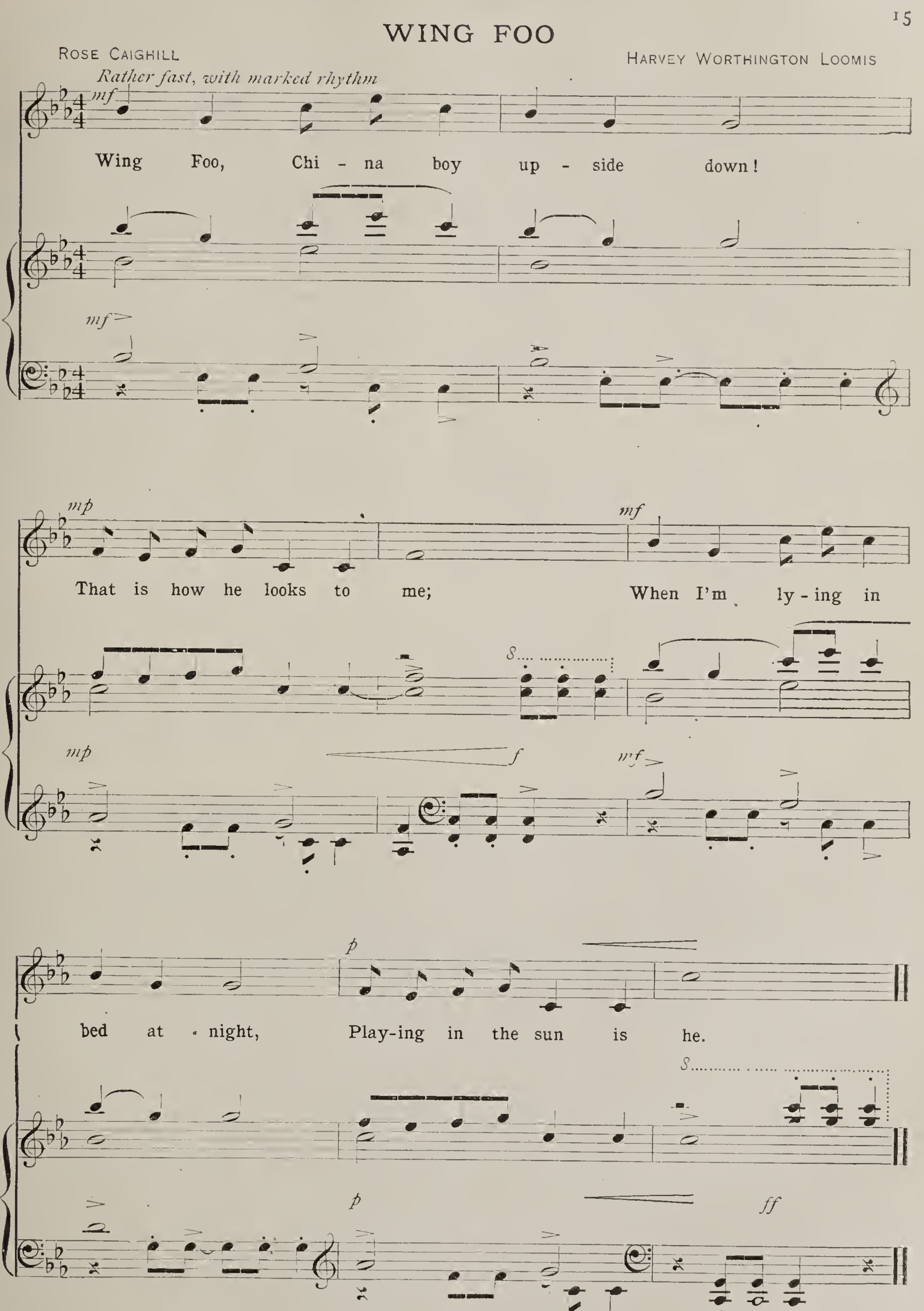

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English Composition in the Grammar Grades. VIII

By Harriet E. Peet, Chicago.

The Method of the Recitation.

A COMMON method for the English recitation is the one where the teacher reads the compositions of the class and further occupies the time by asking leading questions, or by giving her own criticisms. She may be the best reader in the class, and is almost always the best critic, but somehow or other she fails to get the best results possible. The pupils take a passive attitude of mind, and lose their originality, independence, and enthusiasm.

The aim of the recitation is not only the presentation of the principles of composition and other subject matter, but student reaction to the same. It may be legitimate to deluge a class with facts, principles, and illustrations, but this is not sufficient. We must all acknowledge that, just as the successful meeting is the one in which we ourselves take part, the successful recitation, from the child's point of view, is the one to which he has contributed, and toward which he has felt some responsibility. Our mental life is so inwrought with our motor systems, that we do not fully know a thing until we have given it some physical expression. For this reason the teacher must subordinate herself to her class and let them take the work upon themselves. The students should, as far as possible, not only find their own subject matter, compose and read their own papers, but conduct that which is their chief means of growth, the criticism of their own writing. With this method the work will be approached from the students' point of view, and the recitation-room be transformed into that which is the aim of our times, a democratic institution.

The work must come from student initiative, but in this the teacher has an exceedingly important part to play. Hers is the subtle influence that is behind the work. Without seeming to do so she inspires, encourages, and defines the work, giving it its tone and scope. From her point of view the recitation must be a happy social time for the children, a time to which they bring the best of their thoughts and experience for mutual exchange. She is not a judge with victims before her, whom she is to condemn for the least deviation from a straight and narrow path. She is rather the wise counselor who encourages all effort, who aims to point out the successes, and to hold before her class the things which are worthy of imitation.

She is willing to trust to nature for the gradual elimination of some faults, but yet she has very definite plans. Altho she is able to subordinate herself in the regular recitation, she does not hesitate to take the full period, now and then, in order to talk over the planting of gardens, the city improvement plans, or the kind of books to read. If something in literature, such as "Sohrab and Rustum," for example, is to form the basis of the composition work for a few weeks, she will take two or three days to go over the work with the class, that they may get it in its entirety. Further, she watches to see what points in technique the class needs, and she loses no opportunity to make them clear to the children.

The teacher does not forget that the memorizing of good bits of literature reflects directly on the composition work. The ear becomes sensitive to the sound of things, and the vocabulary is greatly enriched. She trains the children in logical thinking. It is not the careful illustration of a rule or principle which makes a matter clear to the child's mind, but the discovery of a thing for himself directly from the field of his own experience. As occasions arise, she leads the children to make their own inference from observations. The continual formulation of these from day to day gives the student a habit of clear thinking, and an accumulation of valuable information.

Teachers and pupils co-operate to give the recitation period its general character. The actual program, however, will differ from time to time. The teacher must find that which is adapted to her own personality, her class, and the subject in mind. The following throw the burden of work upon the students, and may be found in some ways suggestive, particularly to those teachers who have large groups of children in their classes.

A Recitation for Daily Themes.

If a class has reached a degree of independence in their work, they may write one-page themes during their study periods or at home, and have them on their desks at the beginning of the recitation, ready for use. Eight or ten pupils at a time pass to the front of the room, and read their papers, while two or three more are putting their compositions on the blackboard. The children take ten or twelve minutes to hear and criticise the work given orally, and then turn their attention to the blackboard work. Upon this they comment, and from it they draw inferences and formulate rules.

If this work is skilfully managed, the class will have heard from the majority of its members within fifteen or twenty minutes. This leaves from ten to fifteen minutes for the giving of poems committed to memory, for news items, and for the discussion of the subject matter for the next day.

If the class is slow or immature, so that it is necessary to supervise the writing of the compositions, the teacher may begin the period by a few words that will start the children to thinking. She then gives them ten minutes for writing, and the fifteen that follow, for blackboard and oral criticism.

The Student Recitation.

Occasionally there comes a time in the English work where an oral discussion can be handled with profit. If the subject is one that is interesting to the children, they will be able to conduct the recitation themselves. One child takes the floor, and after asking a question, calls upon different members to express their opinions. She asks for the opinions of those who differ from those that have been expressed, and then gets a consensus by a show of hands from the other members. The pupil standing finds out who else has a question, and then gives up the floor to him.

In these discussions it is well to have the children observe two rules: No child who has once spoken is to be called upon until all the other members of the class have been heard from, excepting as a last resort; no child is to speak without permission.

Work of this sort helps to give the children power to think on their feet, and fluency in expression, as well as training their judgment and giving them self-control. The question selected must be one upon which the students are well informed.

The Co-operative Recitation.

In writing a drama where two or three children are working in one scene, the room may be divided into groups, which may be allowed to work quietly together. This creates some confusion, but if the class is small, and in good working order, the work will be very profitable. The class outlines the story to be dramatized by scenes, and these scenes are assigned to different groups. The children work together and then submit their results to the class for criticism. The children put their work upon the blackboard and the class works the scenes over into a simplified play. This will take more than one recitation period.

Story-telling may also be managed in this way. The class is divided into groups, with two or three entertainers in each group. The groups go to different parts of the room and listen to anecdotes and short stories. The teacher circulates from one group to another while the children are telling their stories. The members of a group try to help the story-teller; first, by giving their courteous attention, and then, after the class is again seated, by giving their criticisms. These aim, as far as possible, to be appreciative.

The Good-Time Recitation.

It is well to have a definite program of work so that the students will have the advantage of a regular routine. This is economical of time and energy. But occasionally it pays to set aside the more strenuous part of the work, and to take the time for enjoyment. When these times come, the period can be given up to story-telling, games that are profitable, or the children may bring a number of papers to class and read what they consider their best ones. The class calls upon the different members from whom they would like to hear; or the papers are exchanged, and those read who think they have found a particularly good paper.

Gardens Made and Cared for by School Boys of Yonkers, N. Y.

Our School Out of Doors

By EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Stamford, Conn.

I NEVER could see any more reason for searching in March for signs of spring, than in December for signs of January. The here and the now are always sufficient for the true naturalists. Every season, every month, every day is sufficient to itself. Spring is no more than any other season—it has its peculiar charms, but so has winter. And March is even more of an appendage to winter than it is a harbinger of spring. So, in your outings this month, do not forget to study the waning cold, for you will find more of that than of the waxing warmth. Let us not be more impatient for the coming of spring than we are regretful for the passing of winter.

But perhaps you argue that it is the same thing. It is not; it is the point of view, and that is the all-important point in nature study.

Among the many things to be examined for their own sake in March, are the bark and buds of trees. They are never more interesting.

Our class has taken especial interest in noting the forms of bark. A notch was cut in a tree to show the annual layers of the woody cylinder, outside of that the cambium layer, and outside of this again the cork-like covering known as bark. It is evident then that the growth of the tree is not on the outside, but just beneath this brittle, corky layer. It is evident, too, that this covering must expand in order to make room for the increasing diameter of the woody cylinder. As the bark is not elastic and has no ability to adapt itself to the increasing size of the tree, the result is a continuous catastrophe, in a series of miniature bark-quakes, if such a word may be coined. But the cause of these "quakes" is different from that of earthquakes, as they are the result of an outwardly directed pressure, rather than a wrinkling and folding of the surface due to the subsidence of a support.

The bark tissues are subjected to a constant tension from this outwardly directed force, and are constantly yielding in a series of small, yet severe, fractures. These are produced so slowly that they are not perceptible in the act, but the results are easily seen and are interesting.

It is well, occasionally, to make an "Oh, my!" statement before the class. (Some minds are so constituted that they crave frequent shocks. Steady, commonplace progress seems not enough.)

So I gave the "blow" when I told them that the outward pressure within the growing trunk is about fifty pounds to the square inch, almost as much as that within the boiler of a stationary engine.

"Why! I should think the tree would explode,—that the wood wouldn't be strong enough to bear it," exclaimed the Impulsive Member of the class. Of course, that created a laugh and for a moment the Impulsive Member felt that she was in the wrong, and was chagrined by her thoughtless exclamation.

"That is exactly what does happen," I explained, "and to-day we will study the 'wrecks'."

Before the corky layer is very thick, when the bark is mostly cambium, there are but few wrecks, as we may observe in the younger twigs, where the bark has not become "too old to change its habits." There it conforms smoothly to changing conditions, but this adaptation becomes more and more difficult as the branch grows larger. In the more mature trunks the fractures are strongly marked. The outer layers are dead and long ago passed the time for growth and adaptation, but the world never waits for the old fellows. They must adapt themselves to circumstances, get out of the way or be wrecked. Badly fractured is this bark of the chestnut. Getting out of the way in huge, long strips is the old material of the "shagbark" hickory. In the beech is a constant adaptation to new conditions. Here is a tree at least seventy years old, smooth and still growing at the surface.

The Catkins of the Alders as a Memory of Winter.

Hazel Catkins and Pussy Willows in the Last of March.

The Catkins of Alders as a Prophecy of Summer.

The beech combines, in a most refreshing manner, the experience of age with the appearance of youth. That is why the beech is my favorite tree. The bark on this huge trunk is almost as youthful in appearance as on that chestnut's last year's twig. It is so attractive, that it is an irresistible temptation for the jack-knife. No other tree is so frequently covered with initials, entangled hearts and lover's hieroglyphics.

Sometimes the bark, especially of fruit trees, becomes so dense and strong as to be "hide-bound" and the trunk cannot expand. This arises from a variety of conditions, all of which may be summed up in the statement that youth grows too fast for old age. Under such conditions the horticulturist applies soap, lye, or some other material to soften the bark. If this gentle suasion fails to make crusty old age give way, he resorts to force.

With a strong sharp knife he slits the bark along the entire length of the trunk. This is done in the spring when new life is coming into power, and at first the slit is not conspicuous, but it is efficient. It soon widens and the space becomes filled by new growth.

Perhaps it was not strictly nature study to inquire of a pupil if he had never seen "hide-bound" age in the church, the community, or the educational world when new things were coming along. And he replied, "I suppose you would call that human nature 'barking.'"

"Yes," I agreed, and I add loud enough for you to hear, "I've noticed here and there a good deal of "hidebound bark" in certain, antiquated, educational trees that were trying to hold down a lot of new things—nature study not excepted. Most trees of this kind adapt themselves with only a moderate amount of persuasion to the growing conditions. Others require much mollifying by soft soap, or transforming lye, while occasionally there are trees so hopeless as to be affected by nothing less than a surgical operation radically performed!

The Observant Pupil remarked, "You see a lot of human nature in nature."

A.—"Badly fractured is this bark of the Chestnut."

B.—The White Oak. "The oak strikes a 'happy medium,' and sheds bark so gradually that it never seems too new nor too old, but just properly adjusted."

A.—"Getting out of the way in huge, long strips is the old material of the 'shagbark' hickory."

B.—"The beech combines, in a most refreshing manner, the experience of age with the appearance of youth."

For you, reader, perhaps it is enough to say that growth and change, in nature, take the lead and all else gives way to them. But the reverse is sometimes more conspicuous than anything else in human affairs—educational not excepted.

But we will return to the bark. The oak strikes a "happy medium," and sheds its bark so gradually that it never seems too new nor too old, but just properly adjusted. At the other extreme is the sycamore which appears to shed its bark too profusely, and at a season when the tree seems most to need it.

It was difficult for the Thoughtful Pupil to think of literal bark. The parallel with human nature seemed to be uppermost in his mind.

"I suppose you would call that the Extreme Reformer."

I agreed. It suggests the faddist, whose zeal has no balance wheel and runs away with him. In the end his speed injures him. He tears himself to pieces. Note the tree. For me there is too much sycamore; it is too conspicuous; it needs more clothing. That it learns to put this on, once a year, is consoling and suggestive.

The ring of new tissue that closes a wound is a most interesting study. In time the gap is completely filled. The more regular the wound the more rapid is the healing.

And I replied, "Perhaps that is because it is easier than to see nature in human nature."

At the pupils' puzzled look I explained in detail.

To search for a perfectly cylindrical tree is instructive. Can you find one? If not, why not?

You will be aided in answering this question by a careful study of the annual rings on the stump of a tree recently felled. We can learn much of trees by visiting the wood choppers and studying the results of their work. A large tree just fallen will afford material for an afternoon's study. Note where the lichens and the mosses grow. Peer closely into the crevices of the bark for insects and for their eggs. With the fallen tree the class may imitate nuthatch, woodpecker, chickadee, or brown creeper, and run to and fro along its length, examining trunk and branches with the care of a naturalist.

But March, we have said, is the follower of winter no less than the forerunner of spring. What has the winter done? Answer that by a study of ravines, brook banks (especially by looking at them from the middle of the stream), the overhanging edges of railroad cuts, and even the rills that trickle by the roadside. In these places we shall learn that geology and physiography were as active this winter as they were ages ago, just as they are to-day as much as any day in the past winter. Our March day is more retrospective than prospective. We see in it vastly more of what has been done in the past winter than what is to be done in the coming summer. There are, however, a few prophetic signs that we must not overlook. Toward the end of the month, there appear on the willows, birches, alders, and hazels, those soft and furry catkins that the children so much love, and that so effectively bear us of mature years back to childhood's days in the spring, when all nature then is new. Fortunate is it for us if we can renew our youth. The twigs of maples and willows assume a deeper tint. The maple buds are growing redder. The honey-bees hasten into the swamp to visit them, and the skunk cabbage, that earliest and most odoriferous of all the plants that leap out of the earth at the first call of the spring sun.

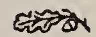
As soon as the frost is out of the ground, there is the fascinating search for insects under upturned stones and branches. As soon as the ice is off the pond, the net should be plied among the decaying leaves and algae near the shore. It will capture innumerable forms of insects and of microscopic life. The grass is daily growing greener, especially beside the springs and in the sluggish streams of the lowlands. Microscopical hunting is at its best. If you own a compound microscope, the days are never long enough—all too soon the clock strikes one, two, in the morning.

Our class gathers, on faith, enough material from various small springs to fill a variety of bottles. Then what pleasure in the evening, to explore with a glass tube some choice, particular corner, that may supply nothing, or a strange creature new to science.

The frogs are awake after their long "sleep" in the mud. The birds from our viewpoint are not migrating. They did that in the autumn when they went South. They are now returning home, for home is the nest. This is their own, their native land.

The barred owl and the phoebe—and do not let us forget that more lovable bird, the farmyard hen—have begun their nesting. The *ok-a-lees* of the red-winged blackbirds are heard toward the last of the month.

The painted turtle is making its appearance by the streams and ponds.



School Gardens.

By A. L. C., Lynn, Mass.

When the spring of the year comes, we all feel tired. The children are tired as well as the teacher. The hardest thing to do is to find some way to interest the children for the last weeks of

school. Here the school garden serves a splendid purpose, aside from its broader educational effects. Children love to dig in dirt. And there are ever so many other interesting things to be done. What with planting, watering, and weeding and other activities there is not a minute

left for feeling tired. Besides, there is the gain for health. Once the school garden is under way the pale faces of the children who have been too closely at work on their books during the winter months, soon get their color back. Here are a few pictures showing some happy first grade children at work in the school garden.

Children of Other Lands

By Dorothy Wells, N. H.

Wee Folk of Japan.

We think that our American homes are the cosiest and prettiest in the world; but to a child of Japan they would seem very tiresome. Our houses are always the same, while a Japanese house may be changed every day. From without, a house in Japan might be taken for a large black barn. Inside—but let us go in and see. First, we must leave our shoes at the entrance hall, on a platform built above ground. Little Miss Haru, who accompanies us, meanwhile slips her feet from her sandals with one slight movement of each foot, and then waits patiently while we unbutton and pull off what she considers our hideous shoes. A screen door slides back as soon as we are ready, and we step in—it may be, to a large room fifty feet square, occupying nearly the whole house. I say may be, for, if it is early in the morning, we are likely to walk into a bedroom instead, or into a little boudoir, where the mistress of the house sits embroidering. It all depends on what kind of a room is wanted. The apartments are divided from one another by screens in place of plaster walls. The screens slide in little grooves in the ceiling, so the whole house may be thrown into one large room, or may be divided in any way the inmates fancy at the time. The panels forming the sides consist of little panes of paper, where we would use glass.

The furniture is simple. No chairs are needed, for the Japanese sit cross-legged on the floor, and every child must learn how to sit down and get up gracefully, as well as learn how to remain sitting on the feet for a long time without becoming tired. Of course, if there are no chairs, they would have no use for tables; and the Japanese consider it vulgar to have many ornaments about the room. The pieces of bric-a-brac are kept in a cabinet, and every morning one is selected and taken out for the day. A vase of fresh flowers is also placed on the stand each morning. It is the duty of one of the daughters of the house to gather and arrange these flowers. The Japanese idea is to have leaves and blossoms look as if they were growing, and the tasteful arrangement requires so much skill that girls have a special teacher to instruct them in the art.

The floors are covered with soft, thick rugs. As shoes are never worn in the house these rugs are always clean and comfortable to sit upon. At night they are used for beds. When the time for retiring comes, a part of the large room is partitioned off for a bedroom; the would-be sleeper takes a blanket from a cupboard in the wall, rolls himself up in it on the rug and is soon asleep.

When a little Japanese baby is born, a special messenger is sent to the relatives and intimate friends to announce the fact, and formal letters are written to acquaintances. All the friends must make a call on the baby, either taking with them, or sending ahead, some present. This is wrapped in white paper and is tied with red and white paper strings. It must be accompanied by eggs or a piece of fried fish, for good luck. The baby receives its name on the seventh day, and a special holiday is celebrated in honor of the event. The child is rarely named for any one, such names as Snow, Sunshine, or Plum being used for girls, while boys of the lower classes are often called Stone, Tiger, or Bear.

When the baby is thirty days old it is taken for its first visit to the temple. Great preparations are made for the occasion, which corresponds somewhat to our christening. The little one is dressed in gayly-colored silk or crepe, upon which appears the family crest. It is carried to one of the temples and placed under the protection of the particular god of the temple. There are many gods, and the one under whose care the child is placed is supposed to become its special guardian

Japanese Children.

for life. After the family has returned home, an entertainment is usually given, and acknowledgement of the presents made to the child a month before is sent. This sometimes consists of rice, sometimes of little cakes, accompanied by a note of thanks. The rice is sent in a lacquered bowl, which is returned unwashed, after the rice has been taken out; for it would be very unlucky to send the dish back clean.

After this time the Japanese baby lives a happy and contented life. It may cry all it pleases, and it is never rocked nor jolted. However, as it is dressed in the loosest, most comfortable clothing imaginable, there is little occasion for crying. Babies of the lower classes are carried about tied to the back of some older member of the family. Often a baby only a few weeks' old can be seen on the street, tied by long bands of cloth to an older sister, who goes on with

* The beautiful colored cover of Teachers Magazine for January will be given new interest if used in connection with this article.

her play, apparently forgetting the child under her care. The children of the higher classes have a nurse, who never leaves them night or day.

The baby begins to talk when very young, and he may often be heard mumbling away to himself before he has learned to walk. This may be partly because most of the words that a baby needs to use are so simple. *Mam ma* means food; *be be* is the dress; *ta ta* the sock, etc. Walking is about as easy to learn as talking. Baby is put upon the floor on the soft rug, and allowed to roll about as he pleases. There is no furniture to fall against, and nothing that he can break. Walking out of doors is not quite so simple, however, for the little one is hindered by the *geta,* a small wooden clog attached to the foot by a strap passing between the toes. At first this is tied to the ankle, but the fastening is soon discarded, and the baby trots along with a skill that seems wonderful to a foreigner.

Distinction between the dress of the boy and girl begins when the child is very young. A tiny baby wears red and yellow, but the little boy is soon dressed in dark blue, gray, or brown, while the girl still has bright colors, red being the most prominent. White is never used for children, as that is the color of mourning in Japan. Both boys and girls wear heavy clogs that would wrench our ankles entirely out of shape. The clogs make people walk with a sort of shuffling gait, but the Japanese are very graceful and expert in using them.

The education of a Japanese boy is similar to that of an American boy or girl. There are schools of all grades, from the kindergarten to the university, and every boy is supposed, as in this country, to study as long as his parents can afford to send him to school. The education of a girl is somewhat different. Altho her place in the family is an honored one, she will be respected only as she learns cheerful obedience, pleasing manners, and daintiness of dress. The little girl must learn always to give up to others, and must never show any emotion except such as will be pleasing to those about her. She must learn all the duties that are necessary for a good housekeeper, as well as reading, writing, and some mathematics. She must know all the laws of etiquette, which are many and elaborate. She must learn to embroider and sew and to play the koto or samisen. The koto is something like a small piano, too large to be taken from the house; but the samisen, which is the Japanese guitar, is easily carried about, and so is very popular.

The boys and girls are early taught that life means hard work and little play. Yet no people do more to give their children pleasure than the Japanese. Especially is this true of keeping holidays, of which there are many in the course of the year. The Japanese New Year comes on the ninth of February. The streets are all cleaned in honor of the day, and the houses are decorated with branches of evergreen and bamboo. A feast is prepared, in which everybody has a share, for the wealthy people send food, all cooked, to their poorer neighbors.

"The Festival of Dolls," which occurs in May, is the special holiday of the girls. When a little girl is born a pair of dolls is purchased for her, with which she plays until she is grown up. Every family has the dolls that have belonged to the girls of several generations. Then two special dolls are kept to represent the Emperor and Empress. Tiny dishes and chairs are kept with these, all being packed away thru the year until time for the doll festival. Then they are brought out and dressed, the toy tables are set by the little girls, and the dolls sit in state in their chairs for a week. Every day the children play serving tea to the dolls, and they visit all their friends, to see how their dollies are arranged. At the end of the week the festival is over. The dolls are packed up and put away, to be a fresh delight on the following third of May.

Hear no evil! Speak no evil! See no evil!

The boys' festival comes the fifth of July, and is called the "Feast of Banners." Banners and toy soldiers are purchased for every member of the family. The boys look very gay as they march thru the streets, wearing toy swords and waving the bright red national flag with its circle of gilt.

Dramatized Stories

By AGNES C. GORMLEY, Rhode Island.

The Cat and the Fox.

ONE day a cat met a fox in the forest. She knew he was a clever fellow. Everybody in the world thought well of him. She made up her mind to speak to him.

"Good-day, Mr. Fox. How are things going with you? How are you getting along this season?"

The fox, full of pride, looked at the cat from her head to her feet. For a long time he did not know whether to answer or not. At last he spoke.

"Why should a mouse-hunter like you ask me how I am getting along? What have you learned? How many tricks do you know?"

The cat replied very modestly that she had only one trick. "When the hounds are chasing me I spring up a tree and in that way I save myself."

"Why, I have a hundred tricks and a whole sackful of cunning besides. I am sorry for you. Come with me and I will teach you some good tricks and how to get away from the hounds, too."

At that moment a hunter came in sight with four fierce hounds. The cat sprang nimbly up a tree. She sat down near the top and the thick foliage concealed her.

She called to the fox to open his sack. But the hounds had already seized him and were tearing him in pieces.

"Of what use are all your tricks now, Mr. Fox? I am only able to climb a tree. My one good trick is worth a hundred of your poor ones.

[Adapted from various readers.]

To Play the Story.

Characters: A boy and a girl.

[A cat and a fox coming from opposite directions. Fox strides, has hands behind him, and is looking at ground, preoccupied. As soon as cat sees him she pauses and speaks to herself.]

Cat: Here is a fox. He is a clever fellow. Everybody in the world thinks well of him. I will speak to him.

[Runs up to him, salutes very low, speaking eagerly.]

Good-day, Mr. Fox. How are things going with you? How are you getting along this season?

[Fox looks her up and down very slowly. Speaks sneeringly.]

Fox: Why should a mouse-hunter like you ask me how I am getting along? What have you learned? How many tricks do you know?

Cat [Clasping her hands and assuming an attitude of dejection; speaks slowly.]

I know only one trick. When the hounds are chasing me I spring up a tree and in that way I save myself.

Fox: Why, I have a hundred tricks and a whole sackful of cunning besides. I am sorry for you. Come with me and I will teach you some good tricks and how to get away from the hounds, too.

[Fox walks off, beckoning over his shoulder. Assumes first manner, head forward and arms behind back.]

Cat: There is a hunter with four fierce hounds. I will spring up this tree.

[Runs off and crouches in a corner at some point opposite to where the hunters are supposed to be. Shouts, terrified.]

Open your sack, Mr. Fox; open your sack!

[Wrings hands in distress.]

The hounds are tearing him in pieces!

[Fox sinks to floor, rolls over, stiffens up, apparently dead. Cat wakes up to situation, then laughingly calls out.]

Of what use are all your tricks, now, Mr. Fox? I am only able to climb a tree.

[Walks away with a swagger, mistress of the whole affair.]

My one good trick is worth a hundred of your poor ones.

DICTATION.

Good-day, Mr. Fox.

Of what use are your hundred tricks now, Mr. Fox?

I have a whole sackful of cunning.

The Three Kingdoms.

One summer morning, when King Frederick William of Prussia was walking alone in the woods, he came upon a group of children singing at their play. He stood still for some time and watched them with much pleasure. After a while he called them around him and they all sat down together under a shady tree.

"Now, my dear little folks," the king said, "I want to ask you some questions, and the child who gives me the best answer shall have a prize. You know that we all belong to the Kingdom of Prussia; but tell me, to what kingdom does this orange belong?"

"It belongs to the vegetable kingdom, sir," said a little boy.

"Why so, my lad?" asked the king, smilingly.

"It is the fruit of a plant, sir," and all plants belong to the vegetable kingdom."

"You are quite right, my boy, and you shall have the orange for your prize." He tossed it gayly to the boy. "Catch it if you can.'

Then he took a gold piece from his pocket and held it up.

"Now, to what kingdom does this belong?"

Another boy spoke up, quickly.

"To the mineral kingdom, sir. All metals belong to *that* kingdom."

"That is a good answer. The gold piece is yours."

The children were delighted. With eager faces they waited to hear what the stranger should say next.

"I will ask you only one more question," said he, "and it is an easy one. Tell me, my little folk, to what kingdom do I belong?"

The children all looked puzzled. At last the littlest child of all said, somewhat timidly:

"I think—to the Kingdom of Heaven."

King Frederick put his arm around her, and as he pressed her close to him, he said: "I hope so, my child, I hope so."

DICTATION.

One morning King Frederick William of Prussia was walking in the woods.

You are quite right, my boy, and you shall have the orange.

The littlest child spoke somewhat timidly.

Tell me, my little folk, to what kingdom do I belong?

To Play the Story.

Characters: Five or six children, at least three of whom shall be boys, and one a very little girl.

Accessories: Orange, chair, new penny.

A group of five or six children holding hands and moving around in a circle, singing one of the familiar ditties of the child-world. Here is a good one:

"Here we are playing together,
We don't care for the weather," etc.

At first the king is seen walking up and down lost in thought. He pauses on hearing the singing and watches the children in the distance. When they finish the first stanza he calls to them.

King: Come here, my children, and sit under this shady tree.

[They do so, and sit on platform or on floor in semicircle about a chair which has been previously placed at one side. King takes it.]

Now, my little folks, I want to ask you some questions, and the child who gives me the best answer shall have a prize. You know that we all belong to the kingdom of Prussia; but tell me, to what kingdom does this orange belong?

[Takes orange from pocket and holds it up.]

First Boy: It belongs to the vegetable kingdom, sir.

[Each child rises in speaking.]

King: Why so, my lad?

Boy: It is the fruit of a plant, sir, and all plants belong to the vegetable kingdom.

King: You are quite right, my boy, and you shall have the orange for your prize. Catch it if you can!

[Tosses it to him.]

Now, to what kingdom does *this* belong?

[Holds up a new penny, which he has also taken from his pocket.]

Second Boy: To the mineral kingdom, sir. All minerals belong to that kingdom.

King: That is a good answer. The gold piece is yours.

[Puts it in boy's hand. All look first at gold piece, then at king.]

I will ask you only one more question, and it is an easy one. Tell me, my little folk, to what kingdom do I belong?

[Children look at each other in wonder.]

Little Girl (timidly): I think—to the Kingdom of Heaven.

King: [Rises and puts arm around her, drawing her to him.]

I hope so, my child, I hope so.

[All return to seats.]

[Adapted from "Fifty Famous Stories."]

A Blackboard Suggestion.
[See article on page 434.]

Suggestion for a Blackboard Sketch.
By Emma J. Linehan.
[See article on page 434.]

A Maple-Sugar Party in a New York School

By Rose R. Archer, New York City.

TO present clearly such a topic as "the making of maple sugar" to little children living in the most crowded section of a great city, to whom the words "field" and "grove" and "stream" convey absolutely no meaning, was a problem which five years ago seemed to the Kindergartener of Public School No. 137, as hopeless as the ancient one of "making bricks without straw." The following account of a maple sugar party held last March in the same school will give other teachers, placed in similar positions, some suggestions that may prove helpful.

The first step taken by the teacher must be the collection of pictures (from magazines or other sources) which will illustrate the subject. If possible, a teacher should see a "sugar camp" while he or she is in the country during vacation. Children are more interested in listening to a teacher's personal experience than in hearing facts read or retold from a book.

But for very little children the making of a "maple sugar camp" in miniature, is one of the best ways to present the subject. For several seasons the Kindergartner has tried this method, and the results have been most gratifying. All the accessories may be kept from year to year (in a large pasteboard box), with the exception of the miniature trees and fence. The camp shown in the illustration was made in the following manner:

One of the large window sills in the class-room (measuring forty-eight inches long by twenty-six inches wide) was covered two inches deep with sand. A picture of the country "in March," was drawn on white water-color paper, by the teacher, and fastened with thumb tacks across the framework of the window, for a background. (Between the glass and the picture a piece of thick cardboard, the same size as the picture was placed to keep the light from shining thru.)

The "country picture" background may be omitted, but it adds to the "illusion" and makes the scene much more natural. The children of the class made a miniature "rail fence," using uncolored wooden splints which they fastened into tiny upright posts of clay (while wet), using three splints to each section of fence. This fence was placed parallel to the background, and about two inches in front of it.

A piece of old window-glass, fifteen by fifteen inches, was used to represent a pond. A hollow space in the sand was scooped out, and tiny twigs, bits of rock, dried grass, and small pebbles were scattered over the surface. The piece of glass was then placed over the hollow, and the square corners and edges covered with sand. A few stones were placed on one side at the edge of the pond.

A miniature "sugar house," made of "log-cabin construction blocks" (which can be bought from the "Milton Bradley Co.," Springfield, Mass.), was placed on the left corner of the window sill on a slight elevation of the sand, purposely arranged that way. On the roof and chimney a piece of white cotton wadding was placed to represent snow.

The cedar trees which surround the house and conceal the side wall at the right of the window-sill were selected with great care by the teacher, who went expressly to the country to obtain them and other specimens which will be spoken of later. The miniature maple trees were also carefully chosen. It is difficult to find twigs or branches which resemble in miniature the outline of a maple tree, but in a walk thru the early spring woods a dozen such branches may be found, if one is persistent in one's efforts to discover them.

If possible, a modern tubular metal spout, with the strong hook attached to it, from which the sap-pails hang, should be shown to the children, but a willow whistle or a tube made from paper can be used to illustrate the principle of this part of the lesson. A log of wood from the janitor's wood pile may be used to illustrate how the farmer taps the trees. A part of the rough bark may be removed with a hatchet, and a hole half an inch wide and an inch deep made with an auger.

As the miniature trees of the sand scene are much too slender to be bored with an auger, we only pretended to do it and a small-sized carpet tack was used to represent the metal spout. The sharp end was driven into the tree and the head of the tack was used for the hook, which kept the miniature sap-pails from falling off. The sap-pails were made from the heavy tinfoil tops of small oil bottles and the handles were of fine wire. (See Fig. 1.)

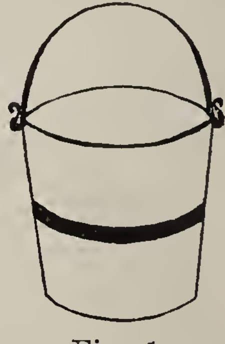


Fig. 1.
"Sap-pail" made from the tinfoil top of small size oil bottle. The handle is made of fine wire. The ends of the wire are fastened at the sides of the pail where small holes are punched in the tinfoil.

Some small twigs were piled near the "sugar house" to represent miniature fire-wood logs, and a tiny hatchet was placed conspicuously in the side of one of the logs.

Note.—A tiny ax or hatchet, Fig. 2, cut out of cardboard and painted with silver water color to represent the metal part, and light brown paint, to represent the wooden handle, is very effective if one cannot obtain the real articles in miniature at a toy store. Little touches of this kind make a sand scene much more realistic than if too much is left to the child's imagination.

Fig. 2.
Sample of hatchet, which may be cut from pasteboard and painted with water color silver paint.

Coarse table salt was sprinkled over the sand, trees, logs, and on the cotton on the roof of the house, to represent snow.

To make a miniature sled which would give the children an idea of how the sap was transported to the

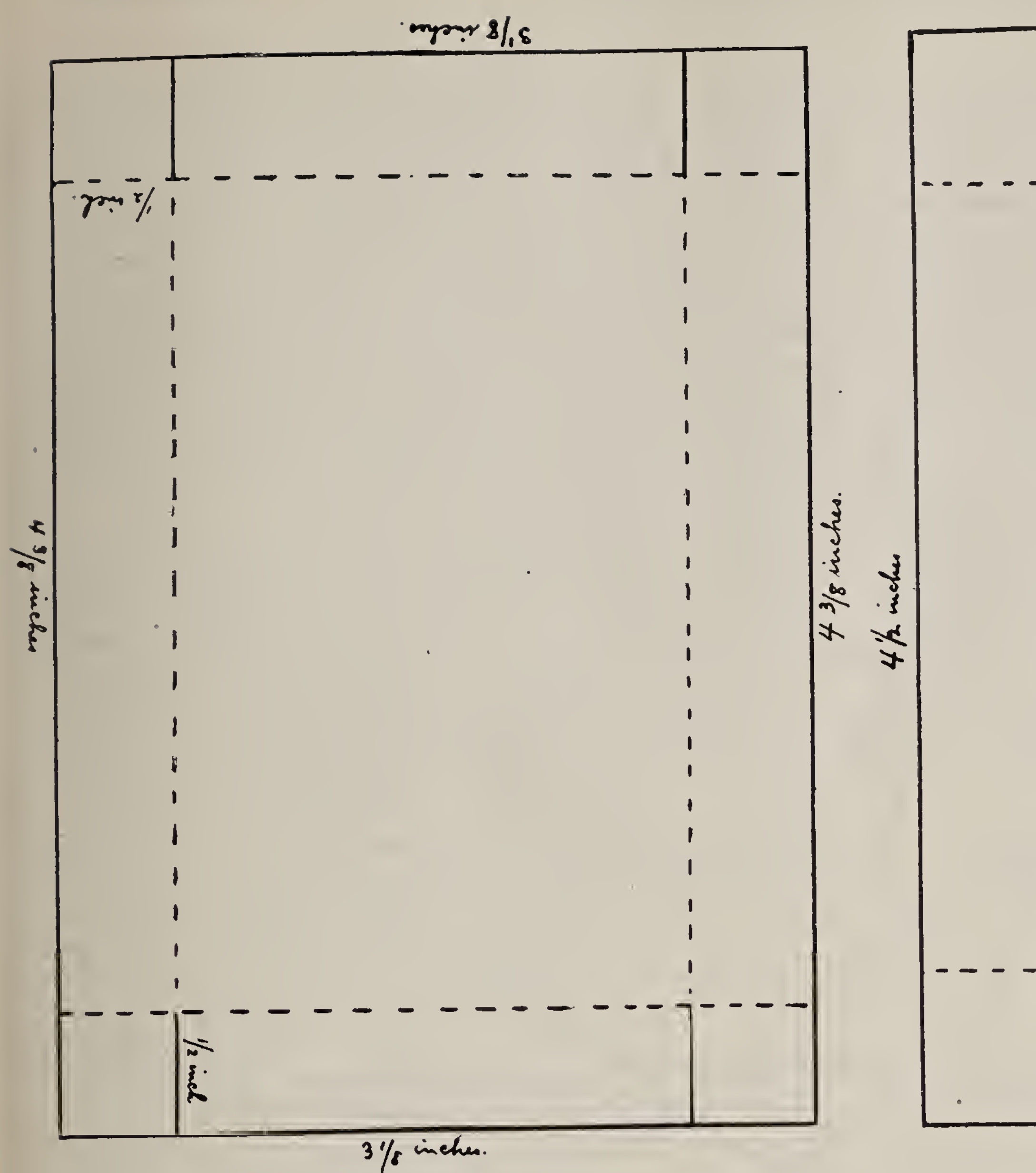


Fig. 3.

Sample pattern of inside box, used in construction of sled. Fold cardboard on dotted lines. Cut cardboard on solid lines.

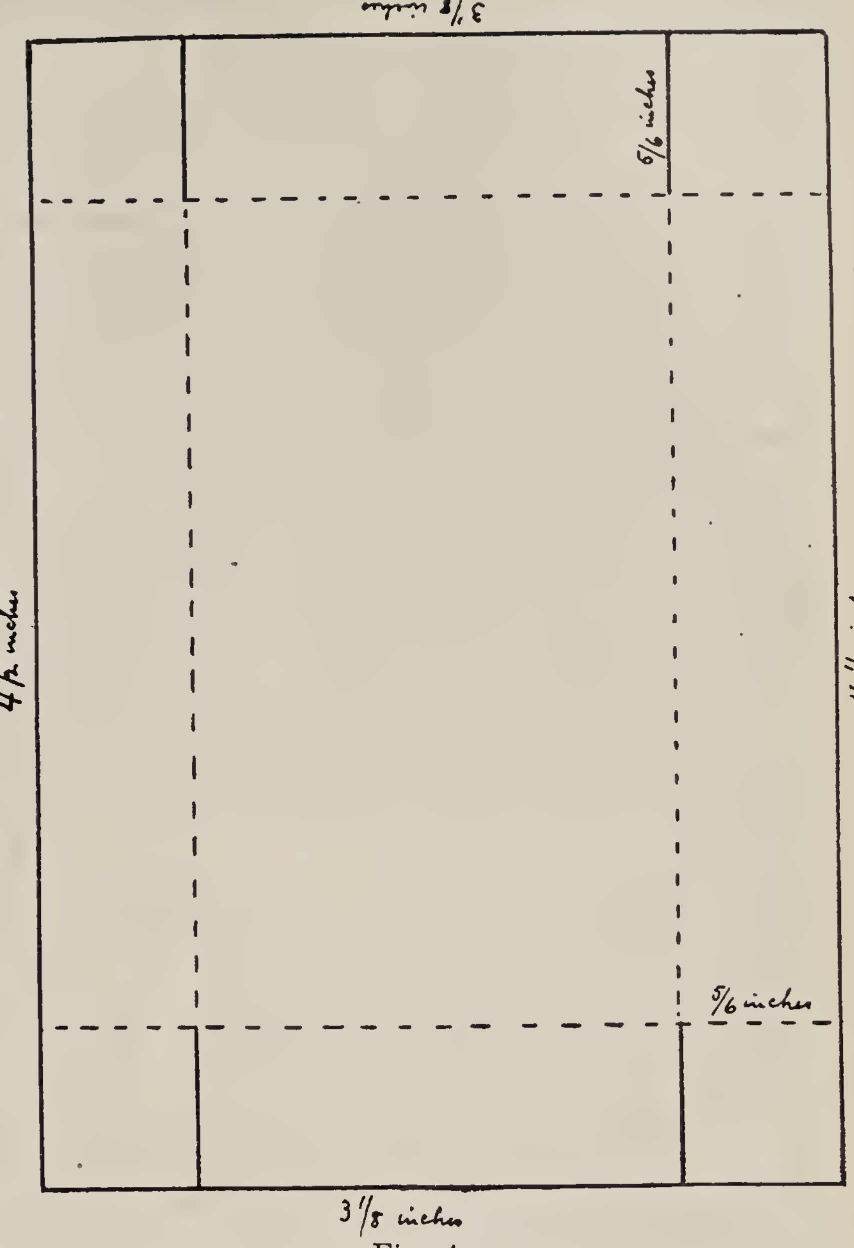


Fig. 4.

Sample pattern of outside box, used in constructing sled. Fold cardboard on dotted lines. Cut on solid lines.

"sugar house" when the maple trees were situated at a distance from the camp, was the hardest part of the proposition. An ingenious boy, in a school where manual training is taught, might solve this problem by making a tiny sled of real wood. For those who do not know such a boy, the following description of a tiny sled of pasteboard may be helpful.

Make a pasteboard box according to the directions in Fig. 3. Paste the corners with photographic paste. Make the outside or cover of the box according to the directions and measurements given in Fig. 4. Paste the corners of the cover, and then paste the cover on the box, thus making the "body" of the sled.

Cut the shafts like Fig. 5.

A small dress hook sewed to the side of the sled (*i. e.*, where the shaft fastens to the body of the sled) is placed there to catch and hold in place the tiny ring attached to each side-strap of the horse's harness, when the horse is hitched to the sled. (No doubt men teachers would laugh at this style of hitching up a horse, but it is the best that can be devised under the circumstances.)

It is rather difficult to explain how the runners were attached to the sled. Follow directions closely as given in Fig. 6. After the two runners are folded, and pasted to the bottom of the sled, as described in Fig. 7, make two extra runners; fold and invert them in opposite position to the first pair of runners, and paste them to the first pair of runners so that the broad surface of each is presented to the ground.

Note.—Paste side Z of *second* pair of runners against side Z¹ of first pair of runners attached to sled.

The toy horse (three and three-quarter inches high), with complete harness, was purchased at a toy store on Twenty-third Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, for thirty-five cents.

A little wooden tub (used for the "draw-tub"), bought at a toy store near the school was fastened to the top of the sled with glue. The cover was made of pasteboard. (A "pill" box cover is more satisfactory if one can obtain the proper size.)

Some jointed china dolls three and three-quarter inches tall, were dressed to represent respectively "David Wylie's" father and the hired men. (See story of "The Maple Tree's Surprise," found in "In the Child's World," written by F. E. Mann.) "Mr. Wylie" was dressed in "city" clothes, long winter overcoat, etc. The hired men wore warm winter clothes, and "overalls."

1/8 inch X H 4 3/4 inches

Fig. 5.

Sample pattern of shaft. Make two. x Top end of shaft. At H sew small one-half-inch dressmaker's hook. Sew shaft end (with hook) to side of sled.

"Little David" was represented by a two-inch jointed doll, dressed in a "Buster Brown" costume.

To illustrate the *interior* of a "sugar house," a wooden box (without a cover), the same size as the house in the "window-sill" scene, was used. The longest and broadest side of the box became the floor of the house, the corresponding side the ceiling (the front of the house was left open like a doll's house). In this small space the teacher placed the following accessories: In one corner, a bed of real hemlock branches (only the tiniest bits of hemlock twigs were used), some little red flannel blankets, and a tiny straw pillow. A small toy stove was placed in the opposite corner, with a rectangular-shaped pan (for cooking the sap), on top. Shelves made of

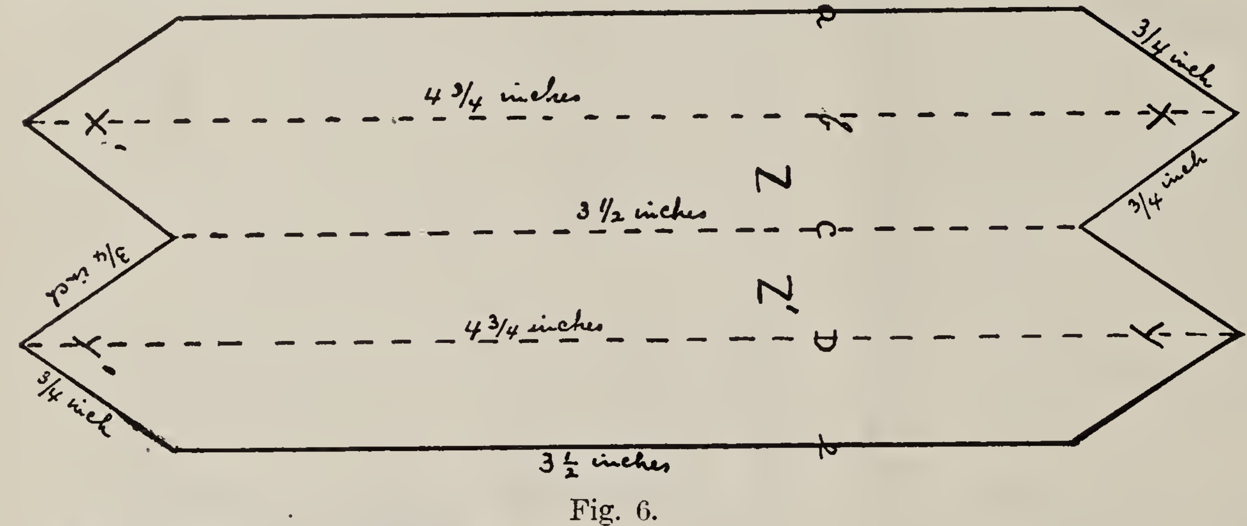


Fig. 6.

Sample pattern of sled runner.
Make two like sample.
Fold on dotted lines.
Solid line marks outline.
When folded, edge c becomes the runner edge.
Edge b and D are pasted together. Tip of point x meets tip of point y'.
Tip of point x meets tip of point y.

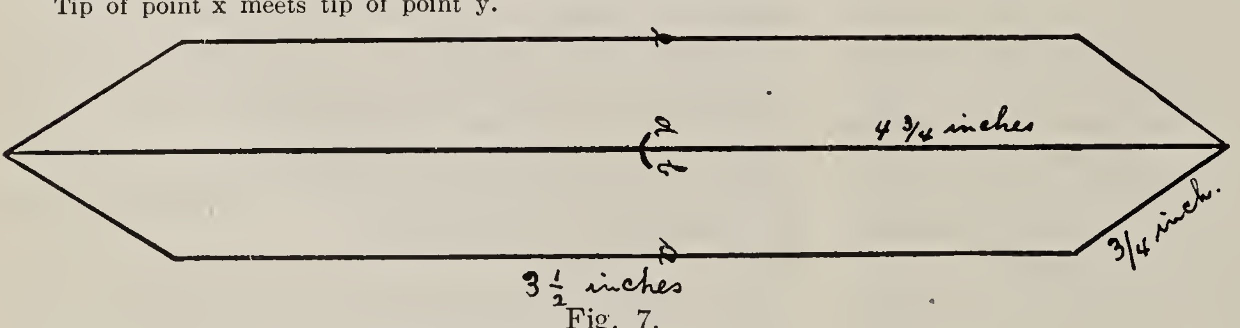


Fig. 7.

Under side of runner after being folded.
Edges d and b are close together—side touching side.
Paste paper between edges b and a to the bottom of inside box of sled. Edge a even with edge of box.
Paste paper between edges e and d in similar manner. Edge e even with other, opposite side of box.
If all directions are followed carefully, the space between the two runners on under side of sled will be one-quarter of an inch.

pasteboard were fastened to the side walls and held tiny pans, cooking utensils, and dishes. A "wood-box" and basket of chips were placed to one side of the stove. A small washstand with bowl, pitcher, soap dish, etc., bought at a toy store, was placed near the bed, and a towel rack made of a piece of wooden slat (two inches long) was fastened to the wall with two long tacks. (The tacks were only pushed into the wood far enough to hold the wooden cross-bar securely.) Miniature towels were hung on the rack. A small chair, a tiny kitchen table, and a toy lamp, completed the furnishings.

Two children at a time were allowed to play with this little "camp house" before school commenced, or during the free play periods. They were allowed to take the dolls from the "camp scene," and the way that they would *play* the story of making maple sugar was really very cunning. It was amusing to hear them talk to each other—the small doll "David" usually had the most attention. He was put to bed under the blankets or made to go thru a regular siege at the washstand. Sometimes he was allowed to watch the imaginary sap cooking in the pan, and sometimes the hired man let him sit in the chair at the kitchen table and eat maple syrup or sugar. Before school the children of their own accord used to stand often in front of the window, in which the miniature camp was made, and talk to each other intelligently about how sap was converted into sugar.

As the term "roots" conveyed absolutely no meaning to the children, some orange and lemon seeds, and also red beans, were planted. After the little folks had watched the development of the seeds (for each day they pulled up either an orange or a lemon tree to see the growth of the roots), the teacher found it much easier to explain how the little mouths at the ends of the roots of the maple trees drink in the moisture from the ground, and how this moisture is converted into the sap.

The orange and lemon seeds were planted in boxes of dirt, and the red beans in the following manner: Each child was requested to bring a plain glass tumbler from home. The teacher lined the glasses with one thickness of blotting paper (cut to fit the glass.) A small sponge (size of an egg) was placed in the bottom of the glass, inside the blotting paper. Five beans were placed at equal distances apart, between the glass and the paper, and midway between the top and bottom of the glass. By removing and washing the sponges each day, and replacing them without squeezing out the water, the blotting paper was kept sufficiently moist to cause the beans to germinate.

Two weeks before the party, at the time when the teacher collected the tiny cedar and maple trees for the camp scene, she also collected pussy-willow, elm, maple, and fruit-tree branches (especially cherry, which always gives more satisfactory and certain results than any of the other fruit and shade trees when blossomed under artificial conditions.) The branches were placed in glass jars and the water was changed daily. The fresh water was always placed upon

the radiator for a few minutes before it was put into the jars so that there should be no change in the temperature from that in which the twigs had been standing previously. From assisting the teacher every day in this process, it was surprising how quickly the children learned the names of the different twigs and branches.

Last year the winter season was unusually mild, and the leaf or flower buds of all the specimens opened two weeks after they were brought into the class-room. The children, who had been deeply interested in watching the development of the buds, were so delighted when they found that the cherry-branches were covered with dwarfed but perfect white blossoms. The "greenish yellow" flowers on the sugar-maple twigs and the golden brown elm blossoms were also very much dwarfed, but still they had served their purpose in illustrating the story of the sap. The opening of the maple buds was celebrated by a little party. The six kindergarten tables were arranged in pairs to make three wide tables, and these were covered with the "party" table cloths. At each child's place there was a white crepe-paper napkin decorated with a delicate border of pale green leaves outlined with gold, and another plain white one folded for use.

NOTE.—The plain white napkins were found to be more satisfactory for use, as the green and gold rubs off the decorated ones.

Jars in which the twigs and branches had been standing during their artificial development were converted into beautiful "jardinieres" by covering them with golden-yellow crepe-paper. The twigs were then placed in the decorated jars, and three jars were placed on each table. One table was decorated with cherry blossoms, another with maple blossoms, and the third with pussy-willows. Cherry blossoms were also placed on a little square dining-table (decorated in the same manner as the children's tables), for the Principal always accepted, very graciously, the children's invitation to remain and partake of the refreshments, whenever there was a party in the kindergarten room.

The remaining twigs in jars also covered with crepe-paper, were placed in the brilliant sunshine of the long narrow window-sill on the south side of the room. On the window-sill was a bowl of yellow jonquils (sent by the same florist who always remembers us on party days).

The Saturday before the party the teacher discovered quantities of beautiful green ferns under their warm blankets of leaves in the March woods. Packed in damp newspaper, these were transported to the kindergarten and kept moist in a large tin pan. Each day they were immersed in water for several hours, then drained and packed closely in the pan (which was covered with a thick damp cloth.) The day of the party the ferns were placed on the table in a circle around the base of each jardiniere. (The pointed ends of the ferns forming the circumference of the circle.) At each child's place was a little round yellow crepe-paper basket. These baskets may be made by older girls of the school in the following manner: A five-inch circle of white water-color paper is pressed over a two-inch second gift cylinder (a small-size baking-powder can will do as well); making a cup-shaped foundation for the basket. The handle is a strip of water-color paper five-eighths of an inch wide and seven and one-half inches long. The handle is covered with a strip of one-half inch wide crepe paper thirty inches in length, wound around and around the handle diagonally (as described in the making of the crepe-paper baskets used at the "autumn party"). A strip of yellow crepe paper, six inches wide and thirty-two inches long, folded double lengthwise, is fringed to the depth of two inches on the two loose upper edges, and wound around the "cup-shaped" foundation in the same manner as one would trim a flower-pot, only the first layer of crepe paper should be pasted to the foundation, and each succeeding layer of crepe paper to the one preceding it. The handle, covered with crepe paper, should be attached to the outside of the "foundation" before the paper is wound around the outside. Tissue paper may be used instead of crepe paper. When the basket is finished, brush the fringe back and forth gently with the finger-tips and it will settle gracefully over the sides of the basket and conceal the rim of the foundation. The little baskets should be lined with a five-inch circle of paraffin paper, and then filled with little pieces of maple sugar.

Fig. 8.
Dotted lines mark the outline of the circle folded ready for cutting. Solid lines A, B, C, and A′ B′ C′ show where paper is to be cut with the shears. When opened the paper will be divided into twelve petals held together by the uncut paper in the center.

The class-room was decorated with twelve yellow tissue paper chains, made by the kindergarten children, and festooned from the side walls to the center chandelier, from which hung streamers of yellow baby-ribbon and smilax. On the ends of the baby-ribbon, which were of different lengths, were paper daffodils made from crepe and tissue paper as follows: A three-inch circle of yellow tissue paper is pressed over the first finger of the left hand, as one would press the finger of a glove when putting on a new pair. The paper, under this pressure will crinkle easily into a shape similar to the cup-like center of a daffodil. A five-inch circle of yellow crepe paper is folded in halves, then in halves a second time, and then into thirds. It is cut into petals by two strokes of the shears. (See Fig. 8.) One circle of the crepe-paper petals is pasted to the cup-shaped tissue paper and a second circle of petals pasted over the first circle, in making *one* daffodil. These flowers, if the circles and petals are cut out by the teacher, may be made by the children. The stems may be made from strips of green tissue paper rolled and twisted to the proper size, and fastened to the flower with paste.

(To be concluded next month.)

Entertainment for April

By Bertha E. Bush, Iowa.

An April Song.

The spring is coming, coming fast;
The willow wears a shimmering veil;
The maple stretches tiny hands
And scent of flowers is on the gale.
And bird-songs fill the happy air;
And April's balmy breeze is blowing.
The signs of spring are everywhere,
But best of all is the green grass growing.

Refrain.

O the green grass growing, the green grass growing!
We well can bear life's toil and care
If we can see the green grass growing.

April's Way.

April is here;
A smile and a tear,
A warm touch of sunshine, a bleak touch of cold;
Summerlike hours,
Chill, drizzling showers,
Following swiftly with change manifold.

Do we complain
Of changes and rain?
April makes answer, a smile flashing bright,
"That is the way
I waken the flowers."
Then we are sure that her way is just right.

April Flowers.

Wind Flowers.

Out on the hill-tops the windflowers are blowing,
On soft, furry stems, muffled up from the cold;
Out toward the hill-tops the children are going;
Baskets and pails their small, eager hands hold.

Oh, the rose may be sweeter, the lily be brighter,
The violet shine with a lovelier blue,
But naught can be dearer to flower-seeking children
Than the first flowers, the windflowers, so pale in their hue.

Buttercups.

I saw a royal feast to-day;
The dishes were of gold,
And filled, no doubt, with sweetest food;
As full as they could hold.
The feast was laid out on the green;
'Tis there King Bee loves best to sup;
I found it waiting, ready spread,
Each dish a buttercup.

Violets.

Violets, violets,
Won't you tell us why
You are such a pretty blue?
"We look at the sky."

An Arbor Day Dialog.

It will be very easy, with the help of tissue paper and cotton wool, to make costumes for these little nature sprites. If that is not expedient, let each one wear a scarf from shoulder to waist with the name printed on it in large, black letters.

Enter a group of children with spades and garden tools.

First Child.

Come, children, let us plant a tree,
For Arbor Day is here.
'Twill spread its branches wide, and grow
More beautiful each year.

Second Child.

Yes, let us plant a little tree
We'll bring the rake and spade,
And dig a hole and put the roots
Into the bed we've made.

Third Child.

We'll cover them up carefully
With soft fine earth. You'll see!
We'll tend it so we'll *make* it grow,
Our own dear little tree!

They go to one side. Enter Jack Frost with the nature sprites, sunbeams, raindrops, dewdrops, snowflakes, and wind.

Jack Frost (pointing at them roguishly):

They'll make it grow. Ho, ho! Ho, ho!
The thought just makes me laugh!
True, they may tend and water it,
But O, that is not half!

Beckoning to the sprites.

Come little sprites, just tell them now
The things that *you* will do!
No tree can grow without your care.
Come, let us hear from you!

Sunbeams.

We shine on it from morn till night;
We give each little leaf
The life that thrills each pulsing vein,
From out our sun-bright sheaf.

Raindrops.

We patter, patter on the earth;
We sink down deep and give
To thirsty roots the drink they crave
To make the whole tree live.

Dewdrops.

We deck the leaves with shining pearls;
And every tiny drop
Relieves a tiny thirst. The growth,
Without our care would stop.

Snowflakes.

We clasp the shivering branches bare
With soft and feathery white.
We keep the roots all covered warm
In winter's frost and blight.

The Wind.

I blow and blow; and oft my breath
Is very fierce and cold,
But the resistance gives each tree
A greater strength, I'm told.

All the sprites.

The sun and rain and sparkling dew,
The wind, and snow, and cold,
And even sharp Jack Frost, they all
Will help your tree to grow.

All the children (to the sprites):

We thank you truly, every one.
Grateful indeed are we,
For what you tell us you have done.
Now let us plant our tree.

They march out together singing to the tune of "Jolly Old St. Nicholas."

Arbor Day has come at last!
We will plant our tree.
Sun and rain and kindly breeze
All will helpful be.
Winter's storms will make it strong,
Summer make it grow;
Fair shall be its leafy crown;
Fair its crown of snow.

REFRAIN.

Arbor Day has come at last
Forth we go in glee.
Glad in heart and grateful, too;
We will plant our tree.

What a Tree Did.

RECITATION.

A kindly man planted a wee little tree;
He dug out its bed with the tenderest care;
He pressed in the roots with a fatherly touch;
He covered them close like a child sleeping there.

He watered the tree, and he watched it each day;
He loved the tree; loved it with all of his heart.
Now, how could so small a tree show to a man
'Twas grateful and ready to do all its part?

"I'll be quite content," said the kindly old man,
"If it only will grow just as fast as it can."

The little tree did all a little tree could.
It grew and grew; that was its way to be good.
Can it truly be said now of you and of me
That *we're* doing our best like that good little tree?

Fairies.

RECITATION.

O, summer is coming,
The time of delights,
When the fairies dance
On moonlight nights.

They dance so still
You cannot hear!
You'd think they were shadows
Hovering near.

But it must be fairies
At their play,
For when daybreak comes
They skip away.

A Fairy Dance.

A song to be acted out. Tune: "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grow." While the first stanza is sung, let a dozen or so little fairies trip out from their seats and form a circle in the front of the room with the fairy queen in the middle. At the same time the children in their seats take up imaginary violins and bass viols and transform themselves into an orchestra. At the refrain the dancing and circling begin. Then the music is repeated a second time without words, the crickets and grasshoppers singing "tra la la," as they scrape their play violins, the frogs adding a deep "zum zum" for the bass, and the fairies dancing. They stand still during the second stanza and when its refrain, which has no words, but is sung to the syllables as before, comes, the fairies break up their ring and trip away to hide in their seats.

O what do fairies do at night
When all the grass is fresh and green?
They softly form a fairy ring
Around their lovely fairy queen.
The orchestra are katydids
And croaking frogs that sound the bass
And crickets chirping shrill and high,
Each making music in its place.

REFRAIN.

While whirling, dancing, skipping,
And swirling, circling, tripping,
They dance away till morning light
And that's what fairies do at night.

O what do fairies do at day
When early birds begin to sing?
They run and hide themselves away
Far from their grassy fairy ring.
They creep into the nodding flowers;
The dainty bells that lightly sway;
And dream thru all the sunlit hours;
And that's what fairies do by day.

REFRAIN.

Tra la la, etc.

How the Pupils of the Highgrove School, Riverside County, California, dressed up as the Puritans and Indians celebrated in the first Thanksgiving. (This is a rural school having about eighty pupils.)

☞ Please send photographs of successful entertainments to the Editor of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Teaching a Process.

An Addition Catechism.

By Alice E. Reynolds, Supervisor of Primary Education, New Haven, Conn.

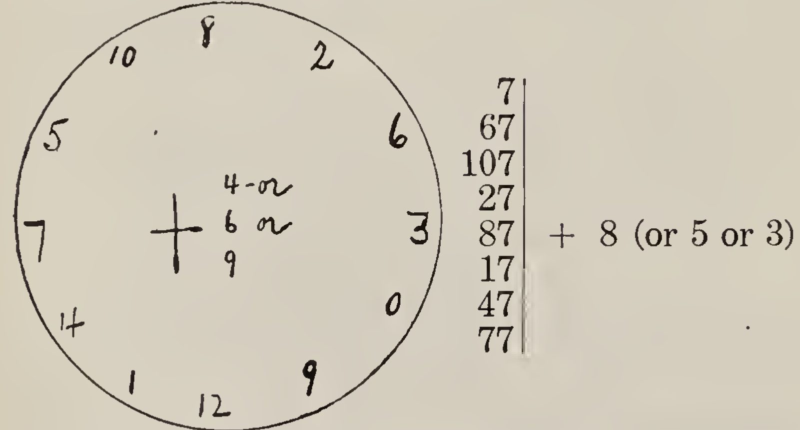
When a class understands addition, what ought the pupils to be able to do?

1. To add single columns with average rapidity.
2. To read and write numbers of reasonable length.
3. To interpret addition terms and signs, and to use them.
4. To arrange numbers for adding.
5. To handle column answers when carrying is necessary.
6. To recognize problems calling for addition, and to solve them.

I. Column Addition.

1. Have you given many oral drills similar to these?

Begin with 5 (or 3 or 9) and add 6's (or 8's or 4's) [5, 11, 17, 23, 29, etc., to 100.]



2. Can your class add columns if they contain 6's, 9's, 7's? [Too much drill turns on numbers below 5. Ability to add should not mean ability to handle a selected lot of small figures.] Try these, one by one, with the whole class:

A	B	C	D	E	F
3	4	5	8	6	7
4	2	7	9	2	2
6	7	7	3	9	3
4	2	3	7	7	4
2	9	8	2	3	3
3	3	4	3	7	8
7	5	6	4	3	2
—	—	—	—	—	4
					—

G	H	I	J	K	L
9	6	7	4	6	9
5	2	3	3	2	8
3	4	6	8	7	7
7	7	2	5	3	2
6	3	8	9	8	9
8	9	4	3	4	3
7	3	7	4	9	4
—	—	6	—	5	—
		—		—	

3. How many children counted on their fingers?
4. Did you call on the best pupil first?
5. Are the others *apt* to *imitate* his answer?
6. Can you devise a plan for taking answers which will show just who finished promptly, and what result was secured?
7. Do you often ask for oral addition in order to discover who works rapidly, who is slow, who has never committed the combinations to memory, which facts prove most puzzling?
8. Do more pupils finish each column to-day than did a week ago?
9. How many can add the first six columns in one minute?

II. Writing Numbers.

1. Can your class write these numbers from dictation?

Nine hundred six.
Forty-five.
Two thousand four hundred fifty.
Seven hundred.
One thousand forty-five.
Nineteen.
Eight thousand seven.
Nine hundred twenty-five.
Seventy-eight.
Four.
Four hundred fifty-six.
Three thousand seven hundred eight.

2. Can they read these numbers?

1353	809	70
1131	6507	7035
857	7256	2640
4070	680	29

3. In the numbers mentioned in 1 and 2, can pupils point out the largest number? the smallest number?
4. Can they begin at the right and name the orders in each number?
5. Can one child dictate numbers for the others to write?
6. If each child writes an original number on the blackboard, can some one read them all?

III. Sign Language and Terms.

1. Do sum, plus, and add, amount, and "+" all stand for addition?
2. Will correct answers be given to such questions as these?

What is to be done with these numbers?
What is to be found?
What does "+" say?

[Inexact thinking is promoted when a teacher asks, "What is to be done with these numbers?" and allows the answer, "Addition."]

3. Have you made an addition vocabulary which you use, and train children to use?
4. Does your blackboard ask for the same thing in several different ways?
5. Can your class do the work if another teacher,

or a visitor, or a principal states the example? In other words, have they mastered the *subject*, or are they merely familiar with *your* directions and *your* question forms?

IV. Arrangement.

1. Which example is harder, A or B?

A	B
247	2347
536	2
299	907

[A will do in an early stage of the teaching, but be sure to practice the irregular columns shown in B.]

2. Is C or D more like the bookkeeping of every-day life?

C	D
.60	$1.75
$ 1.27	2.63
.05	5.41
29.87	7.28
.02	

3. Can your class arrange this lesson properly?

Find the sum of 95, 2075, 348, 7, 407
5338+125+50+2716+4+27
Add 7845 and 29
7896 plus 72 plus 8 plus 439
Find the total amount of ninety-four, 305, 2999 and seventeen
Add 99, 9, 9000, 19 and 999.

V. Carrying.

1. Have you taught the *idea* of carrying?

2. Did you advance by easy stages, or present all possible difficulties at once? The following examples are suggestive:

A

216	25	305
24	7219	26
5	7	9008
1543	509	142
	36	17

B

4307	5213	24
560	700	801
602	4	6200
310	2552	752
1410	400	11
		541

C

316	5225	05
524	719	6826
605	7	708
343	509	42
1410	2436	517

D

127	82	7133
81	164	2
390	3	180
4151	50	591
70	270	13

E

126	85	2495
84	76	7
295	5158	86
3	2	199
5370	177	

F

437	329	488
87	5978	5269
9789	6	5
909	773	74
5		3903

3. Have you made the process so automatic that when the answer is 29, every pupil carries his 2 *tens*? [If the 2 is written down and the 9 carried, the performance stands for *no idea* and *too little* practice.

4. Do you insist that the carry figure be remembered, or else written down at some distance from the example in hand? [Some teachers allow so much writing in of helping figures, and in such confusing places, that no one can correct the work.]

5. Do you teach your pupils to use the carry figure at once, making it the first number of the new column, so that it can not be forgotten?

6. Are you sure that such a column answer as 108, 121, or 307 can be handled? [A boy who knows just what to do when his units add to 85 is often at a standstill when they foot up to 105. School columns are not likely to add to more than 99; business columns are more apt to than not. The class-room teaching should touch on this point.] Try these:

A	B
18	79
97	35
26	69
85	58
39	44
78	29
25	97
19	63
98	39
89	46
77	54
66	79
49	38
63	19
55	27
36	96
29	79
	83

VI. Problem Work.

1. Can your pupils state the correct answers for these oral problems?

A. If 5 cents is spent for a pencil, 10 cents for a book, and 2 cents for an eraser, how much money is spent?

B. If a farmer sells 2 bu. of apples from a bin containing 10 bu., how many bu. remain?

C. In this room are 5 small maps and 2 large maps. How many maps are in the room?

D. John has 62 marbles in his bag, 2 in his pocket, and 4 in his hand. How many marbles has he?

E. Find the cost of 3 five-cent pads.

2. Can they name the process used in each problem?

3. If you substitute larger numbers and write the lesson as given below, can they find answers for problems A, C, and D?

A. If $25 is spent for a bookcase, $364 for books, and $17 for a desk, how much money is spent?

B. If a drover sells 492 head of cattle from a drove containing 3000, how many remain?

C. In this room are 29 boys and 28 girls. How many pupils are in the room?

D. Mr. Smith has 18 sheep in one field, 127 in another, and 82 in a third. How many sheep does he own?

E. Find the cost of 9 sixty-eight-dollar machines.

4. Do you find the pupils quick to see and ready to do when you copy problems verbatim from any arithmetic?

5. Can they invent problems to correspond with such expressions as these?

$—— + $—— + $——
bought 87 bushels more
and Mary is seven years older
325 children + 76 children + 627 children.

[Problems in addition can never be fully appreciated when seen out of their relation to the other processes. Hence this phase of the subject can not be *mastered* until later in the term when subtraction and multiplication problems have been studied.]

Some Miscellaneous Questions.

1. When you send a class to the board, do you plan to give individual examples?

2. Have you devised plans by which you can supply a large class with individual examples, and keep them all working rapidly?

3. Can you do all the work outlined in this paper in thirty school days, by teaching twenty minutes a day, and allowing twenty minutes for seat work? [This is a generous time allotment for a class beginning process work.]

4. When you think you are ready to take up a new subject, will you write the following exercise clearly on a blackboard, exactly as printed here?

Answer no questions.

Allow the class just twenty minutes.

Correct the work, and ponder the results in this way:

Are the papers on the whole satisfactory?

Which problem or example was generally failed?

Can you account for the failure?

Was the example longer or harder than usual?

Did it contain some "catch"?

Does the general showing suggest that you have left some point untouched?

Which pupils must be called deficient?

Can you explain each case by absence? or extreme youth? or lack of interest? or carelessness? or lack of number sense?

[Keep a list of the backward pupils and check off a name as soon as any one listed thereon becomes proficient.]

Test Exercise.

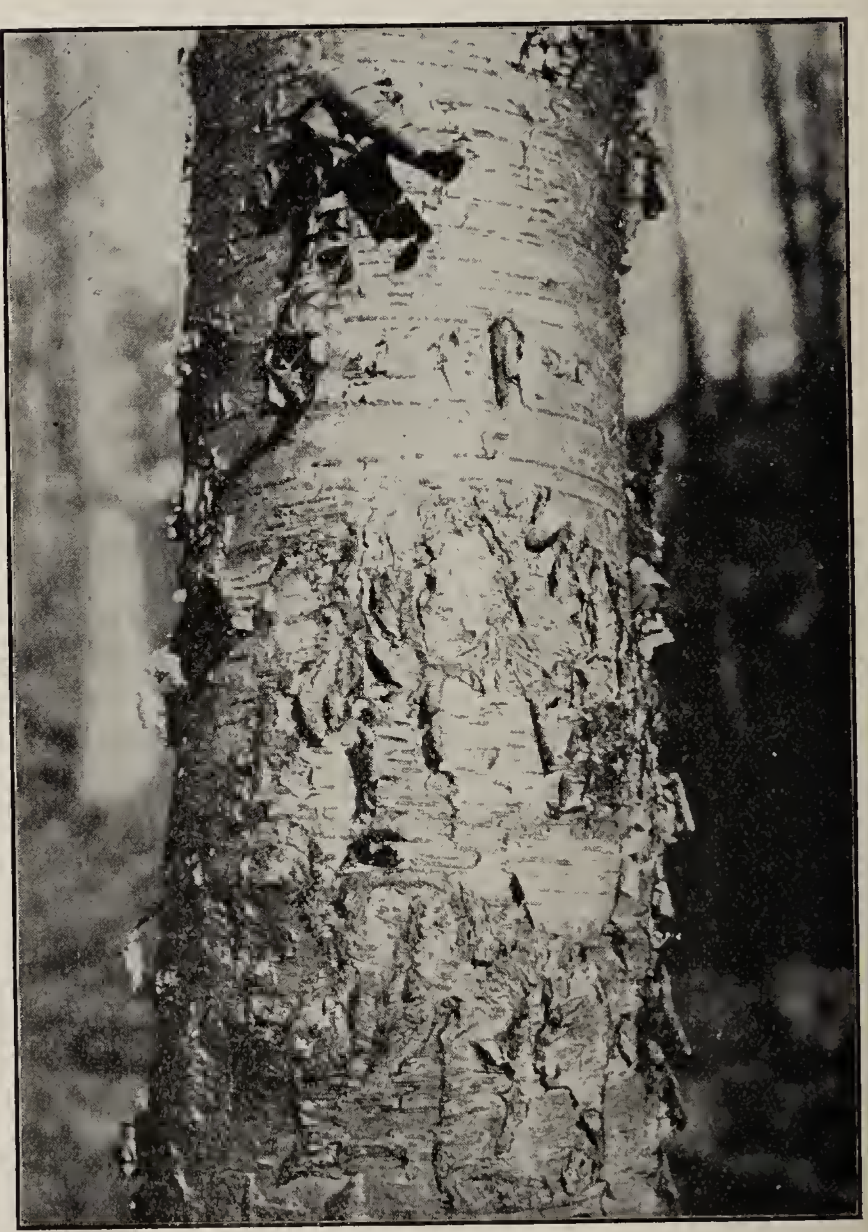
I. If a man pays $2890 for a house, $68 for a well, and $925 for a barn, what does his property cost?

II. 895 trees were planted in a nursery containing 796. How many trees are there now?

III. Add 327, 29, 4995, 89.

IV. 9 + 9857 + 18 + 786.

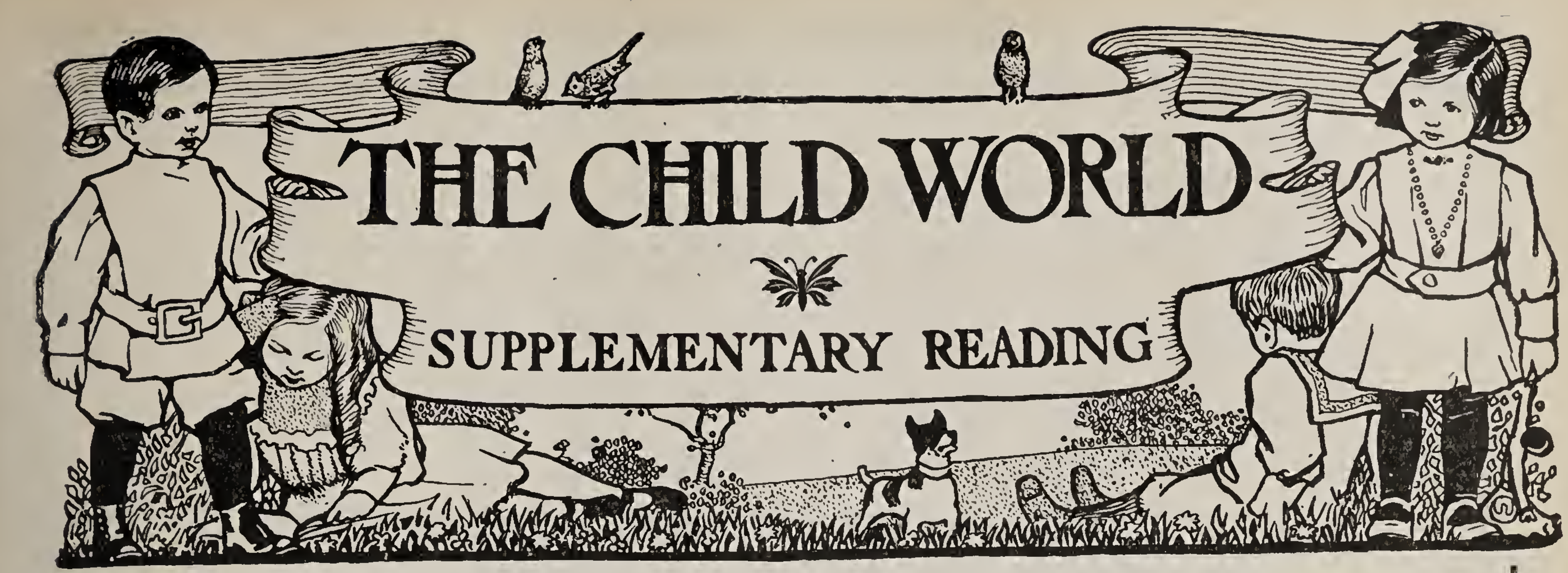
V. Find the sum of 386, 19, and 493.



THE SILVER BIRCH.

Interesting curling of outer bark, trunk scars and lenticels (the short, horizontal marks.)

[Another striking photograph by Dr. Bigelow to illustrate points in his article in this Magazine.]



Bunny, The Rabbit

A Play.

By MARGARET and CLARENCE WEED, Massachusetts.

Dramatis Personæ:

Bunny, The Rabbit.

Mother Rabbit.

The Fox.

The Wolf.

The Bear.

ACT I.

Scene: A field on the edge of the woods, Bunny playing in the foreground. The Fox enters; as he comes near, the Rabbit hops away.

The Fox.—Oh, Bunny dear, see here, see here,
I want to feel you very near.

Bunny.—Oh, no, no, no! Don't take me yet,
But wait until I bigger get:
Then I shall be so fat and good,
I'll serve you better for your food.

The Fox.—All right, my dear, I'll wait a bit
Till you are bigger and more fit.

Exit the Fox: enter the Wolf, when Bunny shies to one side.

The Wolf.—Oh, Bunny dear, see here, see here,
I want to feel you very near.

Bunny.—Oh, no, no, no! Don't take me yet,
But wait until I bigger get:
Then I shall be so fat and good
I'll serve you better for your food.

The Wolf.—All right, my dear, I'll wait a bit
Till you are bigger and more fit.

Exit the Wolf: Enter the Bear, Bunny shies to one side.

The Bear.—Oh, Bunny dear, see here, see here,
I want to feel you very near.

Bunny.—Oh, no, no, no! Don't take me yet,
But wait until I bigger get:
Then I shall be so fat and good
I'll serve you better for your food.

The Bear.—All right, my dear, I'll wait a bit
Till you are bigger and more fit.

Exit the Bear in one direction and Bunny in the other.

Curtain.

ACT II.

Scene: A field with a briar patch in the background. Mother Rabbit sitting quietly on the grass. Enter Bunny in great haste.

Bunny.—Oh, Mother dear, see here, see here,
I met The Fox, The Wolf, The Bear
And each did give me such a scare,
For each did say in his own wild way,
"Oh, Bunny dear, I want you near."
And I replied, with beating side,

"Oh, no, no, no! don't take me yet,
But wait until I bigger get."
Now, Mother dear, please keep me near,
And tell me how to conquer fear.

Mother Rabbit.—All right, my dear, now listen clear,
Keep always near, and when you hear
The Thumpity-thump and thumpity-thump,
Of my feet going jumpity-jump,
Run for the shelter of the briars so kind
Where the Fox and the Wolf and the Bear never find
The Rabbits whose bones they love so to grind.

Curtain.

Scene: Same, three months later. Mother Rabbit and Bunny, larger, playing in the grass. As the Fox enters Mother Rabbit goes thumpity-thump with her feet and runs into the briars on one side while Bunny runs in at the other side.

ACT III.

The Fox.—Oh, Bunny dear, so stout, so stout,
At last, at last, I've found you out.
Come quickly near and never fear,
I want to whisper in your ear.

Bunny.—Oh, no, no, no! don't take me yet,
I am a rabbit hard to get;
My ear's too long to risk near you,
I fear 'twould make too good a chew.

The Fox.—How hard to think of food so good
When it is hidden in the wood!

Exit the Fox.

Re-enter Mother Rabbit and Bunny. Enter the Wolf, when they take to the briar patch as before.

The Wolf.—Oh, Bunny dear, so stout, so stout!
At last, at last, I've found you out;
Come quickly near and never fear,
I want to whisper in your ear.

Bunny.—Oh, no, no, no! don't take me yet,
I am a rabbit hard to get;
My ear's too long to risk near you,
I fear 'twould make too good a chew.

The Wolf.—How hard to think of food so good
When it is hidden in the wood!

Exit the Wolf.

Re-enter the two Rabbits: enter the Bear, when the Rabbits run as before.

The Bear.—Oh, Bunny dear, so stout, so stout,
At last, at last, I've found you out,
Come quickly near and never fear,
I want to whisper in your ear.

Bunny.—Oh, no, no, no! don't take me yet.
I am a rabbit hard to get;
My ear's too long to risk near you,
I fear 'twould make too good a chew.

The Bear.—How hard to think of food so good
When it is hidden in the wood!

Exit the Bear.

Re-enter Mother Rabbit and Bunny.

Mother Rabbit.—You see my son how fine to run
When wolves and bears are out for fun.

Bunny.—Yes, Mother dear, I'll never fear
When the briar-patch is near.

Curtain.

Homely Talks to Young Teachers. V

By Thomas E. Sanders, Tennessee.

A Catechism in English.

(To be used by the teacher when communing with his conscience on the subject of duty to his pupils.)

1. Do I estimate the study of English as highly as its importance demands?

2. What subject can be of more worth to the individual in after life than the power to express his thoughts, orally or in writing, in pure forcible English?

3. Do I seek to correct the language of pupils and form *habits* of correct speech? Above all do I set the example of correct speech?

4. Do I teach the child to see the thought back of the form or does he rattle off grammatical constructions, parrot-like, at the rate of two-forty per minute, with as little comprehension of their meaning as the parrot has?

5. Do I teach the child to analyze the thought of a sentence, or am I content if he can picture it in any kind of a haphazard manner by some "system" of diagraming?

6. Do I train children to express their thoughts in writing?

7. Do I neglect the mechanical side of the composition work—the spelling, capitalization, punctuation, paragraphing, folding of papers?

8. Do my pupils express themselves with freedom in the ircomposition work, or is it stiff, stilted, and pedantic?

9. Do I realize that it requires time and persistent effort to establish the habit of neat, correct written work?

10. Do I criticise the written work of pupils so severely that I disgust them with it and cause them to dread composition work?

11. Do I teach one thing at a time and after it is taught do I hold the class responsible for its application in all subsequent work?

12. Do I teach the pupils *why* such expressions as "have saw," "I seen," "Jim and me went," and numerous others are incorrect?

13. Do I teach pupils to select subjects for composition which they know something about and which requires them to use their own thought and observation?

14. Do my pupils choose for graduation orations such abstract subjects as "Memory," "Hope," "Patience," "The Stream of Time," "Honor," "Virtue," etc., subjects worthy the mature mind of an Emerson rather than a boy in his 'teens? If they do, what is wrong?

15. In teaching grammar do I make it consist of memory work alone, or do I go to the other extreme, teaching a little of this and a little of that, but in such general terms that the pupils clinch and hold nothing?

16. Do I hold closely to hair-splitting distinctions in my English classes and allow all kinds of slipshod expressions in the other classes?

17. In written work in other subjects, as history, geography, etc., do I hold pupils responsible for correct written English? If not, why not?

18. Can I do more for the moral and spiritual uplift of a pupil than to teach him to appreciate the beautiful thought and language and imagery of a great masterpiece of literature?

19. Do I seek to store the minds of my pupils with gems of literature, jewels of expression and beautiful sentiment, to uplift and brighten and cheer—gems which inspire to higher, purer, and nobler thoughts and which shut out the low, the groveling, and the vicious?

20. Do I read critically one or more standard classic each year?

If I Were a School Official—and Could.

1. I would not employ any teacher whose time was not worth at least forty dollars a month.

2. I would have a minimum term of not less than six months in the district schools and nine in the towns and villages.

3. I should make the school-houses compare favorably in neatness and comfort inside and out with the best homes of the community.

4. I would have large playgrounds with plenty of shade.

5. I would see that the sanitary conditions, drainage, water supply, out-buildings, light, heat, ventilation, blackboards and desks were the best possible.

6. I would see that a good well-paid janitor looked after the building and grounds carefully.

7. I would not employ any teacher the second term who did not in the meantime strive to improve her qualifications.

8. I would not employ any teacher who did not have at least the beginning of a professional library and who did not add to it two or three good standard books each year.

9. I would not employ any teacher who failed to attend all Teachers' Institutes and Associations when possible to do so. Fossils may be interesting enough to the geologist but the pedagogical fossil creates little interest in the school-room.

10. I would employ no teacher who did not take at least two or more good educational journals and read them.

11. I would very probably not be elected for a second term, but maybe some one in the future might rise up and call me blessed.

A Story for Reproduction in Fourth Grade

By LILLIAN FINNELL, Georgia.

The Easter Rabbit.

THERE is a curious and very sweet little legend cherished by German children concerning the Easter rabbit.

Once upon a time, they tell us, a nice kind rabbit, who was walking along a quiet woodland road, came across a fine large nest filled with eggs.

The poor mother hen had been seized by a wicked fox and could not get back to her darling nest, so this kind rabbit slept upon it, and when he awoke in the morning (it was Easter morning), the nest was full of little downy, yellow chickens.

The chickens thought the rabbit was their own mamma, so they cried out for something to eat, and the rabbit ran about and fetched food for them, and kept them warm and fed them until they were all old enough to take care of themselves.

Ever since then, the rabbit has been the special genius of Easter time, and this holiday is not complete for German little folk without an "Oste Hare's nest."

It holds many a favor and present, serving the same purpose that Christmas stockings and wooden shoes do at Christmas time.—Elizabeth V. Brown. [By permission of The Globe School Book Co.]

Suggestions to the teacher: (1) Read the story so that the children may get its thread. (2) Re-read by paragraphs requiring the pupils to give the topic of each paragraph as it is read. They should then form an outline similar to the one below.

I. Legend cherished by German children.

II. What rabbit came across once while walking along.

III. Mother hen seized by a wicked fox, could not get back to her nest. Kind rabbit slept upon it all night.

IV. What rabbit did for little chickens that were hatched.

V. How German little folk have regarded hare ever since then.

VI. What nest serves the purpose of at Easter time.

3. Call attention in a second or third reading to the following facts:

(*a*) A *proper* adjective is formed from a proper name.

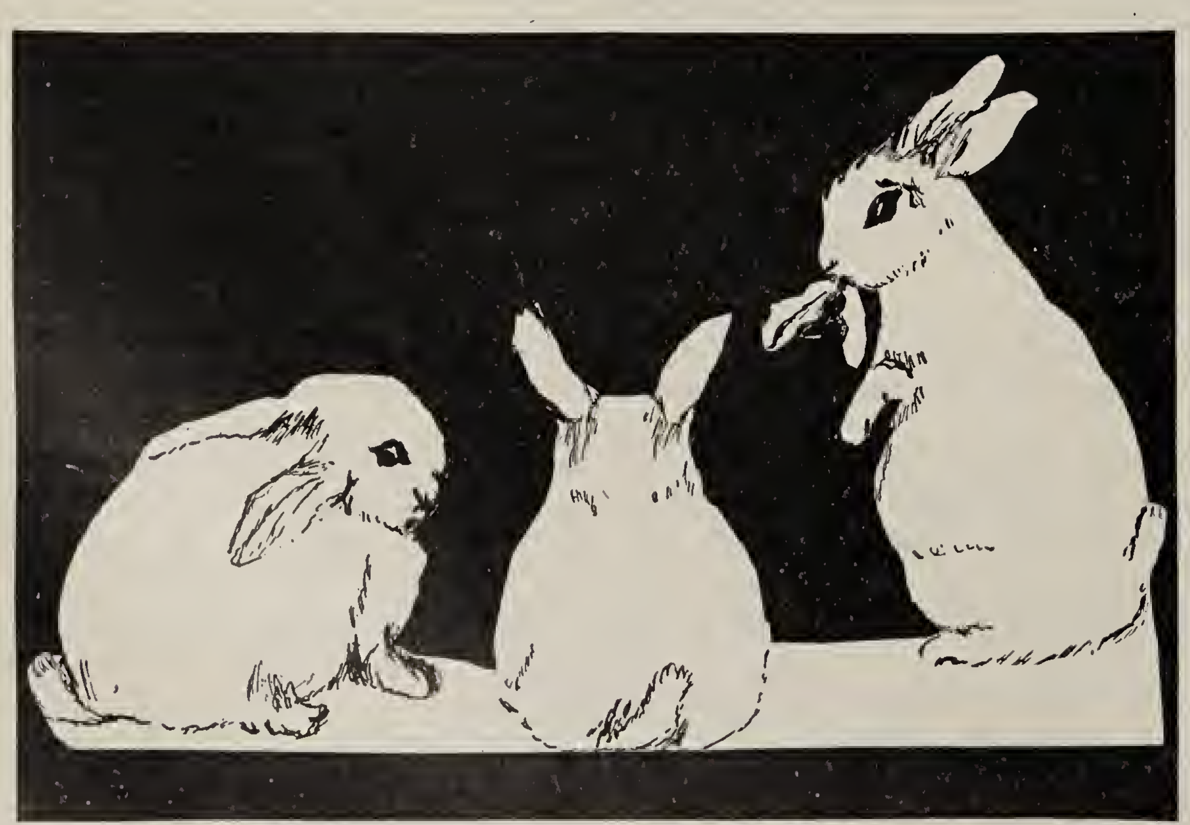
(*b*) *Parenthetic* or *Intermediate* expressions are separated from the context by commas, by dashes, or by marks of parenthesis. The last are less common now than formerly.

A parenthetical expression can generally be recognized from the fact that it can be omitted from the sentence without injury to the sense.

(*c*) Expressions in the language of another require marks of quotation.

(*d*) A *homonym* is a word agreeing in sound with, but different in meaning from, another.
Their—possessive case of they.
There—in or at that place.

(*e*) A *proper noun* is the name of a person, particular place or thing. It should always begin with a capital letter.



For description of method for making these rabbits see the article on Constructive Work for the month, by A. J. Linehan.

4. Give the children such help with the spelling of difficult words as they need. A good way of conducting a drill of this sort is to send a child to write at a blackboard in full view of the class and then ask him questions which can be answered by the desired words. For example, these questions might be asked: What children cherish the legend of the Easter rabbit? What was walking along a road? What kind of a road was it? The child would write first *German*, second, *rabbit;* and third, *woodland.* This process should be continued until the children are familiar with all the words.

5. The children should write the story using the topical outline.

Blackboard Calendar by G. H. Shorey.

Watertown Plans in Literature and Reading

(Upper Grammar Grades)

By Frank R. Page, Watertown, Mass.

A GOOD deal of the education which a person gets comes from the reading of books. If the schools teach the children how to read, and neglect to teach them what to read, the reading they learn to like is just as apt to be a hindrance as a help in their education. Our course in literature is based on the assumption that a guide for reading is of vital importance, that instruction about good books and about reading should be given in school, that it should not be postponed until the high school or college since so many never reach either, that the best of all the world's literature is open to children. So we try to teach children what good reading is, but more than that we try to make them *want* to read good books.

Our aim is threefold. First, we plan to acquaint the pupils in the course of the elementary grades with the best things within their comprehension in the whole field of the world's literature. The children read and learn about the myths, Homer and the Greek writers, Virgil, the stories and legends of the dark ages, Chaucer and Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Wordsworth, Keats, Scott, Dickens, Hawthorne, and other great landmarks in literature. The relation of the different authors to each other and to the age in which they lived is seen. The events in history are talked about, and their relation to the great ages of the world is shown. So the pupil has a framework upon which, even if he leaves school, he may go on building. A great aid in this side of the work is the literature chart, an idea borrowed from Miss Burt's "Literary Landmarks." The basis of the chart is a straight line representing all time. For each author talked about a little mountain is erected on the line in its proper place. The color of the mountain denotes the writer's nationality. As different epochs are talked about they are marked off and named on the line. For the historical events flags are drawn below the line, the different colors standing for the different nations. It is of value in giving a pictorial view of all history and literature and their mutual relations. The children see how the Age of Pericles followed the Persian Wars, and they understand why it followed; they see the relation between Demosthenes and Alexander; they see the relation of the fall of Rome to the dark ages, and they see the relation of these ages to literature; they see the relation of the fall of Constantinople to the Renaissance, and the relation of the Renaissance to literature; they see the relation of the tales of chivalry to the crusades, and the relation of Cervantes to the tales of chivalry, and so on.

Second, we undertake to make the children want to read. In each of the grades above the primary one or two books are introduced for the sole purpose of making readers out of the non-readers. There are certain books which boys and girls, even if they have never cared for reading, simply cannot resist. "Little Men," "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," while not real literature, are useful as entering wedges. Once get a boy to like books, the question of getting him to like the right sort is less difficult. The school reading is a *real thing*, not a school-room thing—you understand the difference. If the teacher loves literature, and we expect she shall, she can make the pupils love it. We try to have the children look on a piece of literature just as you and I would, as a pleasant, to-be-enjoyed thing, not as a thing to be studied and dug out. It is dreadful, almost sacrilegious, to sacrifice the true significance of a story or poem to "looking up definitions" or "allusions," and yet that is what "literature" is often made to mean. Philological discussion is not the children's entrance into literature. The pupils in each grade from the fourth on, keep lists of the books they read, and there are frequent pleasant and familiar conversations between the pupils and the teacher on their outside reading. Incidentally, they are guided to choose their outside books by authors whom they have learned about, rather than by mere pleasant-sounding titles. "Who wrote it?" is a frequently asked question. The pupils make "Literature Books." The reproductions, summaries, author biographies, etc., are written on punched paper; each separate thing is a chapter in the book; the chapters are bound together; the books have covers, illustrations, prefaces, tables of contents, just like real books. The children are interested in the personality of the authors taken up. Pictures of the authors are studied and collected, mounted, and exhibited in the "literature corner." Any legitimate thing to make the work interesting is done.

Third, in the upper grades a systematic effort is made to teach *appreciation* of literature. There are talks about the plot of a story; there are lessons on character sketches; the value and some of the elements of effective description are talked about; an attempt is made to get at the significance and value of poetry. In the lower grades, without attempting anything definite in this line, there are stories, like "The Dog of Flanders" and "The Sabots of Little Wolff," which leave a feeling not left by the ordinary story, and there are poems, too, especially the poems memorized, which arouse a certain indefinable feeling or "habit for literature."

We do not overlook the value of literature as an inspirer. The lives of some of the authors are a help, so are many of the poems and the talks on historical events and great heroes. Some of the reading in the upper grades is introduced especially to arouse the pupils to the meaning of life. The lesson is never forced or dragged in. Its force comes thru its repetition in different forms and thru different authors.

Reading done by the upper grammar grade: *Of King's Treasuries* from Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." This is Ruskin's advice to young people about books and reading. It makes a good introduction to the year's work. The teacher talks about Ruskin and his books and teaching. The point of the essay, which she tries to bring home to each pupil, is that reading trash is as easy and as wasteful of time as gossiping with the stable boy; but that, on the other hand, there are within the covers of books a company of kings and queens willing to admit each one to the pleasure of their acquaintance, provided only each one is willing to make the effort to gain entrance. There are two kinds of books: books of the hour and books for all time. While we do not neglect the former we need for our own happiness to try to appreciate the latter—the real books. The teacher tries very hard in the course of the preliminary work to bring straight home to each pupil the importance of making the resolve to enter "King's Treasuries," and to learn to enjoy and appreciate the books stored there. It does take an effort, for "if you will not rise to us," the books say, "we will not stoop to you." With each book taken up during the year the question is asked, "Is it just a story—, if not, what is there besides just the story that makes it a piece of literature?"

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." One or two selected stories. This is decidedly one of the "books of the hour." It is used first because it makes a good entering wedge for pupils who don't care much for reading, and second, as a study of one of the simplest kinds of plot, where the reader's interest is held until the last page by his wonder as to "how it is coming out," like a ball of yarn slowly wound up around a mysterious something and then as suddenly, when the winding ceases, cleft to the core. The pupils try to see if other books they have read come under the same category.

F. Hopkinson Smith. These from among his short stories are read: John Sanders, Laborer, An Arrival, Among the Fishermen, Captain Jo, Jonathan, The Canal de la Viga, and selections from Colonel Carter of Cartersville. These stories, altho "books of the hour," possess certain qualities, comprehensible by young people, which go to make literature, namely, lifelike characters and vivid descriptions. The teacher tries to make the pupils see that a piece of literature may have no story to it at all, it may be just a character sketch, or a word picture. She tries to show them just how Smith creates his characters and how skilfully he uses figures of speech in his descriptions. The pupils apply the lessons in writing character sketches and descriptions of their own.

"The Merchant of Venice." In so far as children can, the teacher tries to have the pupils get from this masterpiece what the author meant his readers to take away. First of all, enjoyment. It would be injustice to Shakespeare, and wanton waste of time as well, to cloak the enjoyment with looking up definitions and allusions. Besides the pleasure of the story, which is important, for if the children like this they will want to read others of Shakespeare's plays, the work amounts to this: They are told something about Shakespeare himself, and are given a list of plays most suitable for their own reading. They note the beauty of the language and the many beautiful quotable passages, and they select and memorize their favorites. They dramatize certain scenes. They note the life-like characters and comparing them with Hopkinson Smith's, learn that Shakespeare's are universal types, while Smith's are merely local. They discuss the characters and decide which they like best. They discuss especially Shylock. Was he altogether bad? Did he love his daughter or his money more? The very fact that he can be discussed, shows that Shakespeare made him real, and real characters are one of the distinguishing marks of "books of all time."

"A Tale of Two Cities." The teacher tells about Dickens and his other books so that pupils may have some guide in the reading which this story should inspire them to undertake. There are preliminary talks on the French Revolution. The teacher tries to have the children like this story, to have it make a deep impression. Its ethical significance is emphasized, but the teacher should not try to drag in a lesson. It ought to make an impression, but the impression should not be forced. Pupils are encouraged to read other books of Dickens, especially "David Copperfield," and to talk about the characters in the class. Life-like people, they learn, are characteristics of Dickens' books.

"A Study of Poetry." There are brief talks on the lives

of the poets, and selections like the following are read: Longfellow, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Maidenhood, Resignation, Psalm of Life, The Poet and His Songs, Ladder of St. Augustine; Bryant, To a Waterfowl, Yellow Violet, Fringed Gentian, Thanatopsis; Celia Thaxter, The Sandpiper; Gray,

Horizontal rows of holes made by Yellow-Bellied Sapsucker on apple tree.
This bird does this on its migrations. It is fond of the sap and the Cambium layer. Note the rows on the trunk and on the two larger limbs at the top.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard; Keats, Opening stanzas of Endymion, To a Nightingale; Wordsworth, Daffodils. In the preceding grades the more familiar narrative poems have been read. In this grade the pupils set out to discover what is true poetry; that is, how, apart from meter, it differs from prose. Its beauty of form and its figurative language are compared with prose. It is shown as an inspirer and an interpreter of nature The pupils see that the true poet is born, not made; that he sees and hears things that ordinary mortals cannot see and hear and that by revealing these things to us he makes our lives nobler and happier. Poetry can't be "taught." But the teacher who loves it can lead her pupils to see its meaning and love it too, and in all our work in literature there is no greater or worthier aim than this.

Thomas Nelson Page. Selections from his stories—Marse Chan, Elsket, A Soldier of the Empire. These stories are used to show the value of suggestion in ending a story. At first thought to the pupils Elsket and A Soldier of the Empire seem to end abruptly, but that isn't really so, for the thing the story sets out to tell has been told. In Elsket, for example, it is the story of a father's devotion. What happened afterwards is *another story*. The teacher should try to get the pupils out of the habit of caring only for the fairy story style of ending, where "they marry and live happily ever after." She explains to them the difference between a well told story and a history or a diary. For the rest of the year they try to apply the principles of unity and suggestion in the stories they write.

"American Magazines." This is one of the most enjoyable pieces of work done during the year. Copies of the best current magazines are collected in the school-room—*Harper's*, *Century*, *McClure's*, *Scribner's*, *Collier's*, etc. The teacher talks about them and reads one or two of the best stories. A great many things are assigned to the pupils to find out and report on, such as the subscription price, the circulation, the advertising rates, the approximate income from advertising and from sale of magazine, the name of the editor. Collections are made of illustrations, and there is some study of the work of the best-known illustrators like Smedley, Pyle, Frost, Remington, etc. The pupils also find out what magazine publishers are also publishers of books, and collect the leading book catalogs. From this point on they are asked always to note the publishers as well as the author of the books they read. The study ends with a visit to one of the large publishing houses near Boston, the Athenaeum, or the Riverside Press, where the whole process of the making of a book is investigated.

"Justice and the Judge." The reading of this Old Chester Tale of Margaret Deland supplements the previous study of character sketches. The teacher usually reads one other of the Old Chester Tales and one of Mary Wilkins Freeman's character sketches, and they are talked over and compared in class.

"Les Miserables." A somewhat abridged

Interesting transformations of bark of Cherry tree due to rows of holes made by Yellow-Bellied Sapsucker.

edition is read. There are talks on Victor Hugo and his other works. This is too great a book to study. The teacher simply tries to have the children enjoy it and to have it make an impression.

About Birds

Conducted by WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT, Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University, and Director of the Worthington Society for the investigation of Bird Life, Shawnee, Pa.

Thru this department it is the hope of TEACHERS MAGAZINE that teachers may be kept informed of the happenings in the bird world. The comings and goings of birds, their nesting time, locality and season, their food and how this varies with the time of year, their song, their behavior, and particularly their attitude to man, are to be treated in these columns. Professor Scott is desirous that teachers should write him, giving him any items of interesting information and telling him just what they would like to find out about birds. Write him, in care of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Seasonal Comment.

THE month of winds is upon us. The brown stretches of fallow field and meadow are as yet untouched by the plough. The acres of winter grain alone begin to show that shade which will soon prevail over the entire landscape. March has its characters as clearly defined as perhaps any month of the year.

Bird life is becoming daily more redundant. With the ever-increasing throng enters, too, a new factor to the beginner who has followed this monthly comment since September. True song is now associated with each of the several sorts of birds whose acquaintance we may make. Up till the present our eyes were the chief powers thru which we differentiated feathered friends, but now before we see the robin perched on some naked branch, we know he is near by the song that swells on every side. The carol of the bluebird tells of his presence along the fence, as does the lay of the song sparrow from brush-heap and hedge-row. In the fall and thruout the winter call-notes and cries have helped us to distinguish some birds, but silence has been a common characteristic of many. All this is changed, and from now till early July song is inseparable from the consideration of most of the smaller birds.

The flicker, a woodpecker even participates, and dumb allies and relatives find means to swell the grand chorus. The downy woodpecker discovers some resonant dead limb from which he regularly sends forth a roll-call to his mate, and the cock grouse drums in the sequestered places with his wings, beating the air. The wild duck and the snipe and plover each are vociferous, and the scream of the hawk is associated with the season. Owls hoot and cry their shivering songs by night, and the woodcock trumpets before he soars to warble in the ether at twilight.

Color is also an attribute of the time of year. Many of our friends who went away in the late summer and fall in the plainest if daintiest apparel, will return in the brilliant dress of the breeding season; at least the prospective fathers will. The cock robin is already distinguished by his brighter colors, as is also the male bluebird. But shortly the scarlet tanager, green when he left us, will be back in the coat from which he derives his name; the bobolink will appear in his harlequin garments, having laid aside his grass-colored suit; and the goldfinch, no longer dull olive green, will flourish in his gold and black livery. In most kinds of birds there is an appreciable change in appearance with this season and the females, too, if not gayer in dress, are on the whole different. There are a few exceptions to the rule of the males wearing the more brilliant plumage. Some snipes and phalaropes, as well as a number of birds of prey, present the mothers of families in finer raiment of richer color than is worn by their consorts.

Near New York the breeding season may be said to be fairly under way in March. Another nocturnal bird, the screech owl, finds a nesting-place late in the month in some deserted flicker's dwelling, or where time and the elements have made a natural hollow in some dying branch or bole. The woodcock, too, has mated and his mate sits close on some well-concealed nesting site, brooding four eggs mottled in shades of lovely brown. On the ground both the sitting bird and the eggs, when exposed by her absence, are wonderfully protected by their prevailing tones, matching the dry leaves and the dead grasses, which serve to conceal them.

A College Professor Asks Advice as to Cats, and Discusses Their Relation to Birds and Men.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,
South Bethlehem, Pa.
March 28, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT:

There is a question which I believe you can answer better than any one I know. I am quite often asked about the amount of harm done to birds by cats. I think you know that I am much more of a bird-lover than a cat-lover. My natural inclination is to condemn cats—but I am withheld by two considerations: first, I do not know the real condition of affairs. It is easy enough to accept the statement that each cat kills so and so many birds per year; but is it true? I confess that I do not know. My second reason for not condemning them without hearing their defense from one who must know the true facts is, that I believe a cat may, as a household pet, perform a valuable service. There is no doubt that she fills a gap in many a lonely heart and, more important still, that a cat, or any pet, may prove valuable in the hands of those who are training young children. Beyond question there are many cats which are of no use to any one and are only a misery to themselves. These should be undoubtedly put mercifully to death. But how about the rest? Those that are really cared for? The only excuse I need in asking you to go to the trouble of answering this is my knowledge that you are interested in both the cats and the birds.

Yours sincerely,
ROBERT W. HALL.

A Reply to the Foregoing Tells the Writer's Point of View as to Cats in Their Human and Avian Relation.

WORTHINGTON SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF BIRD LIFE.
SHAWANEE-ON-DELAWARE,
Pennsylvania,
March 30, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. HALL:

Your letter in regard to cats has been received and has interested me not a little. I am really very much of a cat-lover, and a cat is one of my household gods; in fact, I always mean to have two for the sake of the pleasure they afford one in their gambols and because cats need society of their own kind.

A Successful Struggle with Winter and a Prophecy of Spring.

A dainty and refreshing clump of moss and thallus of lichen (Cladonia) on the edge of an overhanging bank by the roadside.—Gather some of these bits, put in a dish with glass cover and watch transformation. Peer closely and use a magnifying glass.

That cats do destroy birds in numbers goes without saying, tho I feel sure that there has been hysterical exaggeration of the proportions of this evil; for that it is an evil to be deplored no one can deny. It appears that this comes back to those who are responsible for so many ills; I was about to say all our fellow-men. Pets and domesticated animals are in the nature of a responsibility, and cats are not an exception. This position of men to animals, which for sundry reasons they have fostered and made dependents, is so fully realized as to have become a matter for legislation, both for the welfare of our neighbors and for the proper attitude of men to the creatures they have enslaved. Prevention of cruelty to animals is a keynote in modern civilized legislation. The cat seems to be the only one who has not had a fair consideration; chickens and pigs are in an enviable condition in the eyes of the law as compared with the cat. Therefore, I should reply to you in a broad way that it is our own fault, having no restrictions enacted, that cats do kill birds to the great extent that they do without question.

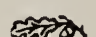
It is essential to have this question on a basis of justice to men and cats, for I cannot believe that cats can be exterminated, even were that desirable, without some far-reaching results that space forbids me to more than suggest. Therefore I think that cats should be licensed even more strictly than are our dogs. That no cat found at large, even when licensed, should be impounded, but that it should be so far as that is concerned in the same class with the domestic fowl, in most of our States considered an estray that may be dealt with when trespassing at the discretion of the landlord on whose property the trespass is committed. The funds from the cat license should be devoted to such policing that unlicensed cats would not flourish. This seems a fair position to everybody interested.

But as I am fond of cats, and it is possible for me to keep an animal that is an implacable foe to birds, I believe that the law should demand of me further care than that suggested during a certain part of the year at least. For it is evident that if I live in the country, and my cat is licensed, and can be maintained on my premises, there is still jeopardy to the wild birds which do not belong to me, but which are *the property of the State*. During six months of each year birds are practically undisturbed by cats; in fact, adult wild birds are rarely caught by cats. But with the nestlings and fledglings it is very different, and countless young birds are no doubt destroyed by cats every year during the breeding season and just after it. At this season, that is, in this part of the world, from the first of April until the first of September, it is essential that our domestic cats be treated much as we do our fowls.

This can be best accomplished by having an outdoor run of wire, top and all, leading from some window in a sunny exposure, on the ground floor, preferably from the kitchen. Such a cage or run may be twenty feet long, five feet high, and seven feet wide. Now, I think I see you smile, but this is just what I have leading out of my kitchen windows, and my cats take all outdoor exercise during the time I have mentioned in this runway. The fly screens on the windows and doors in summer make it an easy matter to control the going and coming of the two house cats. And what is the result? A yellow warbler had its nest in the woodbine on one end of the piazza, a chipping sparrow being his rival on the other, while two pair of song sparrows bred in the small evergreens close to the porch, and a catbird in the syringa bush. There were three robins' nests in bushes and on the grape arbor, and two pair of house wrens bred in boxes on either side of the house. I am not taking into account any birds, and there were many, that bred in the immediate vicinity. *No young were killed by cats.* Nor were the cats discontented and they were never in finer fur nor more exuberant in spirits. So it is fair to presume that much suffering would be spared the birds, and that the cats would be better off than are those that are allowed to roam to the detriment of their owners and the neighbors.

With kindest regard I am sincerely,
W. E. D. Scott,
Director.

To Prof. Robert W. Hall,
Lehigh University.



The Eagle.

He clasps the crag with hcoked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—Alfred Tennyson.

A Variety of Interesting Fungi Make Their Homes on Decaying Bark of Stumps and Fallen Trunks and Branches.

This is an especially interesting cluster of *Lenzites flaccida*.

How Some Out-of-Door Babies are Cared for

By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota.

IT is not so easy to spy out the secrets of the domestic economy of a fish, especially his homestead, if his homestead is in the ocean. Last summer, however, I managed to drop into the homes of several of my water neighbors, and found out considerable about their family affairs.

The pipe-fish happened to be one of the first that I came across. He had, so far as I could find, no special abiding-place. His domain was not staked off in any perceptible manner, but his fine characteristics were shown in the way he took care of his babies. Unlike most other parents, the fishes usually give up the care of the little ones to the father.

The kangaroo carries his little ones about in a soft, strong pouch at the front of his body. Perhaps my pipe-fish had taken a lesson or two from his Australian brother, for I spied on the under part of his fish-ship, a pouch which appeared to be made from two folds of skin, which seemed to be grown or rather glued together by a soft sticky glue that oozed out and held the edges firm and tight.

In this were the eggs, taken up carefully after being laid by the mother, and carried safely about thru the winds and waves, until they were ready to hatch. Down by a heavy stone, in deep green shadow, I found the father one day about noon. The safe pouch-home had parted, toward the upper end at least, and more than twenty baby fishes were swimming about, close to their father. I raised my hand, and instantly every wee fish hid himself safely in the pouch from which he had just come, and the father swam slowly away with his family.

This was a delightful portable nursery, where, when frightened, the little ones could creep into safety and be carried about free from danger.

There is another member of the pipe-family who does not take just this trouble for his family. He simply glues the eggs to himself and when they hatch they follow him about, but there is no safe closed nursery for them to run into, in case of an attack from an enemy. Another has ridges like a groove, which hold the eggs loosely until they are ready to hatch.

These contrivances are much safer than the way of the careless fish which just lays the eggs loosely on the sandy bottom of the ocean, ready for the firstcomer to take a bite of. The little fish that have a nursery are much better prepared to set out on their life voyage, for their muscles and fins are stronger than those who are thrust out haphazard to hatch without care.

While the father usually looks out for the baby fishes, once in a while the mother takes a hand. Down in the bays of California, under the warm sun, there is a beautiful silver fish about ten inches long. The mother holds the eggs until they are hatched, and the babies at least three inches long, and there are a good many of them, too. One can often see them when looking down into the waters of clear blue, for it is not much more of a trick to catch a fish keeping house than it is a bird.

The stickle-backs make another kind of a nursery. They actually build their nests like birds; and I once saw one making his nest. There are two kinds of stickle-backs, those that live in fresh water and those that live in the sea, but the one that I saw was in a brook not far from my door.

I saw him fearlessly pulling at a waterweed that was near the bank, and I sat down to watch him at his work. All day he took little pieces of soaked grass and waterweeds and wove them into an egg-shaped nest, the weest nest that I ever saw, for it was not more than an inch and a half long, and about three-quarters inches wide at the largest part. It was not closed like an egg, but had a round door at each end. Into one door the mother swam, laid her eggs, and floated away.

I watched it for a week, then another week went by, and out of the nest one morning, right before my eyes, came twelve little stickle-backs, with the tiny sharp points already started all over their bodies. The father proudly headed them, and they began their search for the worms which were to be their first breakfast. I took a look at them several times a day, for several days. Within a week the family had deserted the father, evidently, and gone out into the water-world to shift for themselves.

I saw also a common bullhead or catfish make a similar nest on the bottom of a stream, and both the father and mother watched the eggs safely hidden within the nest until the family was ready to set forth on its travels. It was built of grasses and water-soaked shreds of bark, and I saw the parents carry these in their mouths, at last weighing and anchoring them to the bottom of the stream, where their nursery would withstand quite a fierce storm, without being floated off.

Wandering along the seashore, I found a queer, purse-shaped egg, oblong and four-sided, and from the four corners were handles sending out long tendrils that were useful for catching on corals and seaweeds on the bed of the ocean. The outside was tough and leathery and slippery, and it was just the color of the seaweed to which it had been attached and then floated up on the beach by some stronger wave than usual. It was the egg of the dog-fish or skate.

The life of a fish is not all sailing safely in sunny brooks or calm seas. It is as hard to set their offspring forth well equipped and ready for life as it is for any beast of the field or bird of the air. Innumerable are the tricks and devices that these seemingly stupid fish resort to, and they have quite as much ingenuity as is shown by their more highly developed neighbors.

Suggestions for Lesson on Fish.

A lesson on fish may be arranged if it is possible to bring in a goldfish in a bowl, or a fish

Interesting Formations of Bark on Twigs and Branches of Sweet Gum. The bark grows in wings.

Cocoon of Cecropia Moth.
March is the best time for hunting for all kinds of cocoons.

caught in a stream may be kept for some time. Even dried fish, such as herring and mackerel, will give material for an interesting talk.

The skeleton of a fish is easily obtained.

Notice the shape. Draw a fish. Notice the fins as to position and number. How does a fish swim? Most children will say that a fish swims with the fins, whereas it is the fins that serve to balance him while the tail propels him along. How is the tail divided? Are the parts alike? How does the size of the mouth compare with the rest of his body?

Notice the eyes. Can a fish move them? Does he wink? Notice how the fish breathes. That is, he takes in the water, breathes the air, and then lets the water out thru the gills.

What does this particular fish eat? Why do not fish die in the streams? The children know that they do die if kept in the school-room in water that is not frequently changed. Notice the ribs and backbone.

Detailed View of Queer Bark Wings of Sweet Gum.

Reading Exercises

Copy on Cards or on the Blackboard.

The Month of Winds.

I am the month that brings the Wind.
My name is March.
The Wind comes from many ways.
It blows from the east.
It blows from the west.
It blows from the north and from the south.
The Wind does much work. It turns the windmill.
It flies the kites, and it moves the little boats in the water.
It dries the washing and it dries up the mud.
The Wind sweeps the dusty ground.
It helps to make us cool.

The North Wind.

The North Wind lives in the north land.
He blows loud, and we can hear him.
He is a cold Wind.
He shakes the bright leaves from the trees.
He shakes the nuts and fruits for us.
The birds hear his loud voice.
Then they fly away to the South.
The North Wind brings the snow clouds.
He puts ice on the rivers and lakes.
He shakes out the seeds and the snow covers them till the warm winds come again.

The South Wind.

I am the warm Wind.
I live in the land where it is always summer.
I am soft and warm.
North Wind comes in the winter.
I come in the summer.
I wake up the sleeping seeds and flowers.
I bring back the birds from the South.
I help the blossoms to open and the little leaves to grow.
Every one likes the South Wind.
I play in the sunshine.
I like fun.
I take the little boys' hats and play with them.
I blow the little girl's hair and twist her ribbons.
I bring back the bees to make the honey.
I wave the flowers and they give their sweet smell to me.
In the fall, little white seed children sail with me.
I take them to a safe home and they sleep there all winter. I help everybody as much as I can.

The West Wind.

I am the pleasant Wind.
I blow when days are warm.
The butterflies dance on my breeze.
The little seeds with sails ride on my wings.
I blow the clouds about the sky.
I fly the kites for the children.
I bend the flowers to look in the brook.
Children can hear me but they can not see me.
I swing the birds in the nests.
I rock the little birdies to sleep.
I am busy all day long.

LILLIAN C. FLINT.

A WOUND IN CHERRY BIRCH HEALING.

"The ring of new tissue that closes a wound is a most interesting study."—DR. EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

Constructive Work for March

By ANNA J. LINEHAN, New York.

Grade 1.

First Week.—Folding and cutting pin wheel from square of colored paper.

Second Week.—Illustrating what the wind does. The pictures could show either the help the wind is, or the disorder caused by it. About this time it is a good idea to plant some large seeds, like beans, and if they have sprouted at the end of the month, have the children paint the plant-leaf and root in green, or with ink.

The little finger play of Emily Poulsson's collection fits in nicely here, especially this verse:

> Then the little plants awake,
> Down the roots go creeping,
> Up they lift their little heads
> Thru the brown earth peeping.

Third Week.—Cutting eggs or chickens for Easter card or booklet.

Fourth Week. — Finishing same to take home.

Grade 2.

First Week.—Review front faces of hemisphere and triangular prism, drawing on the blackboard; paper, etc.

Second Week.—Combining these two faces to make a kite. It may be made of thin paper, using wooden toothpicks for the frame, or the class may make large drawing. If the teacher makes a quick sketch of a kite in the air, above a small village, the children will easily make similar pictures.

Third Week.—Folding and decorating booklet or card for Easter with ducks or other subjects appropriate at this time of year.

Fourth Week. — Lettering and finishing same to take home.

Grade 3.

First Week.—Practice on drawing ellipses and ovals of different diameters.

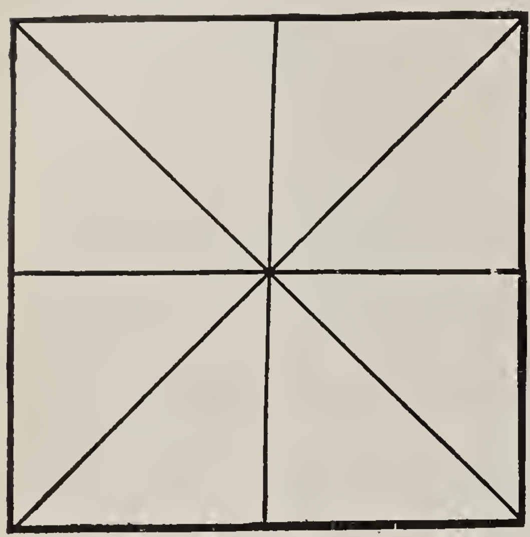
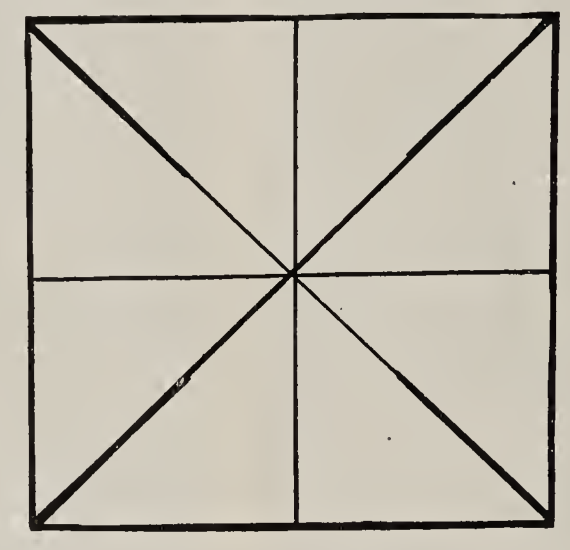
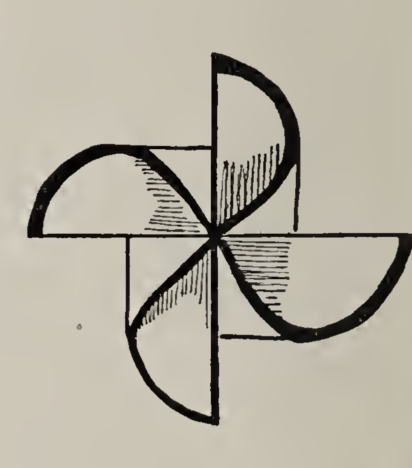
Second Week.—Designing border of ellipses or ovals to decorate cover of lesson paper.

Third Week.—Making Easter booklet, with rabbits for decoration, or any appropriate subject, such as the early spring flowers.

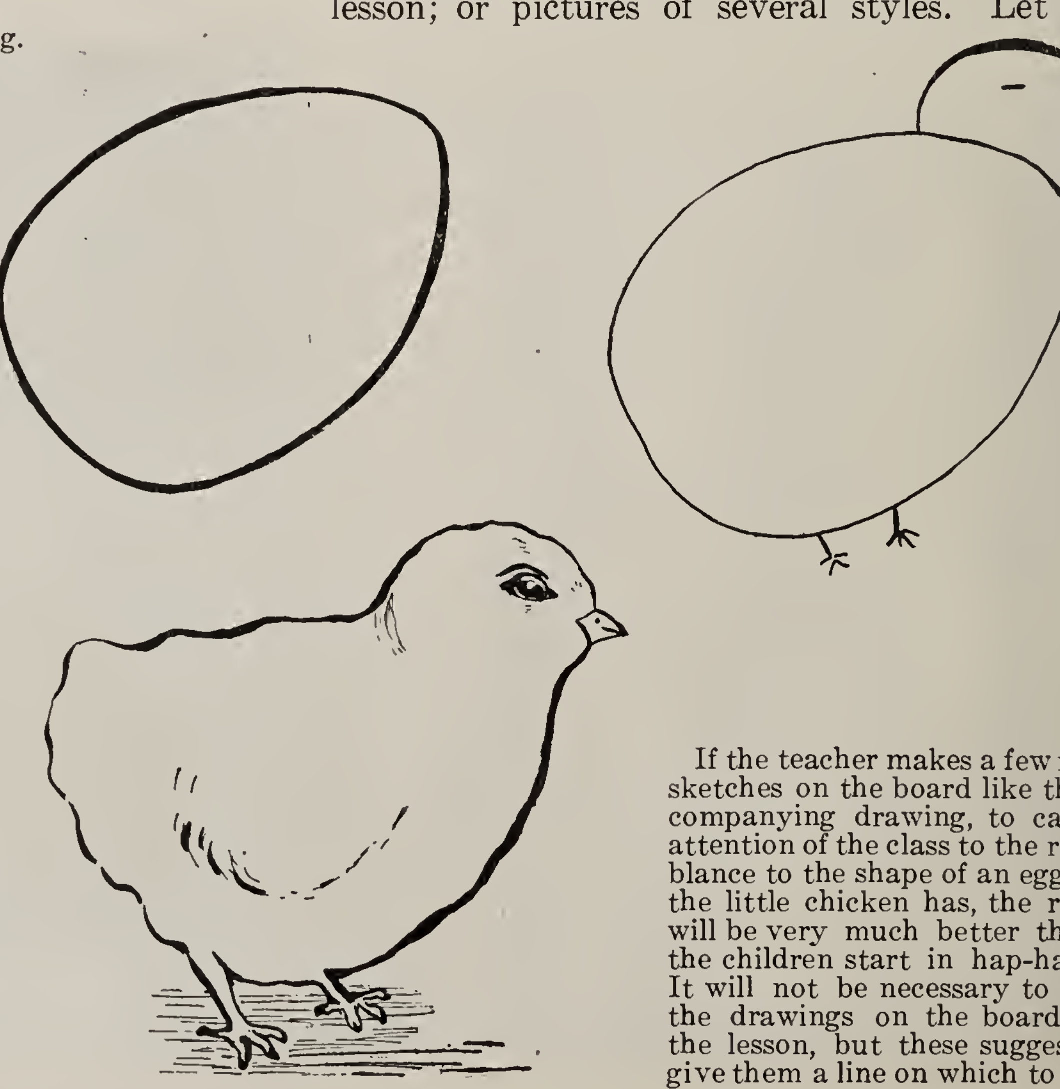
Fourth Week.—Lettering and finishing same to take home.

Grade 4.

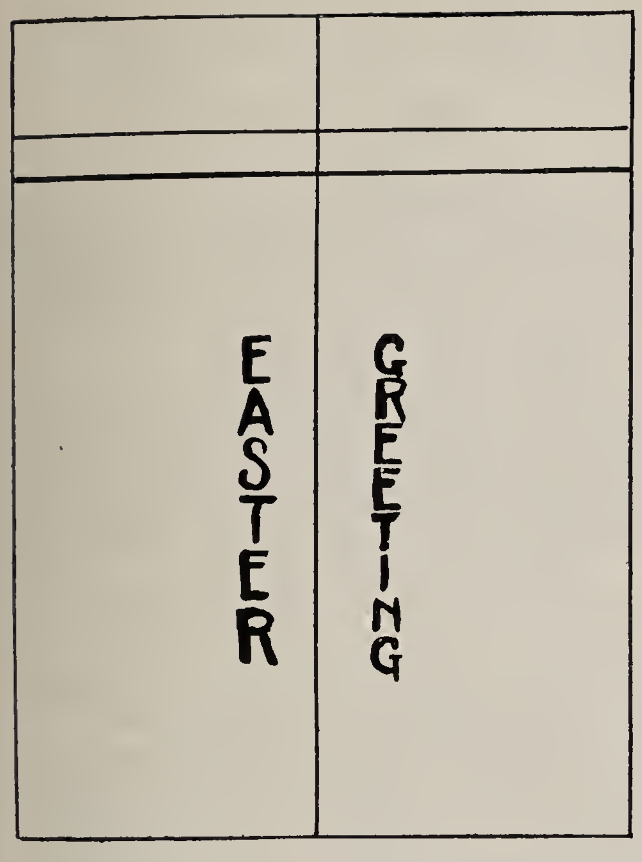
Cutting designs for vases from paper. The teacher should have a collection borrowed for the lesson; or pictures of several styles. Let each

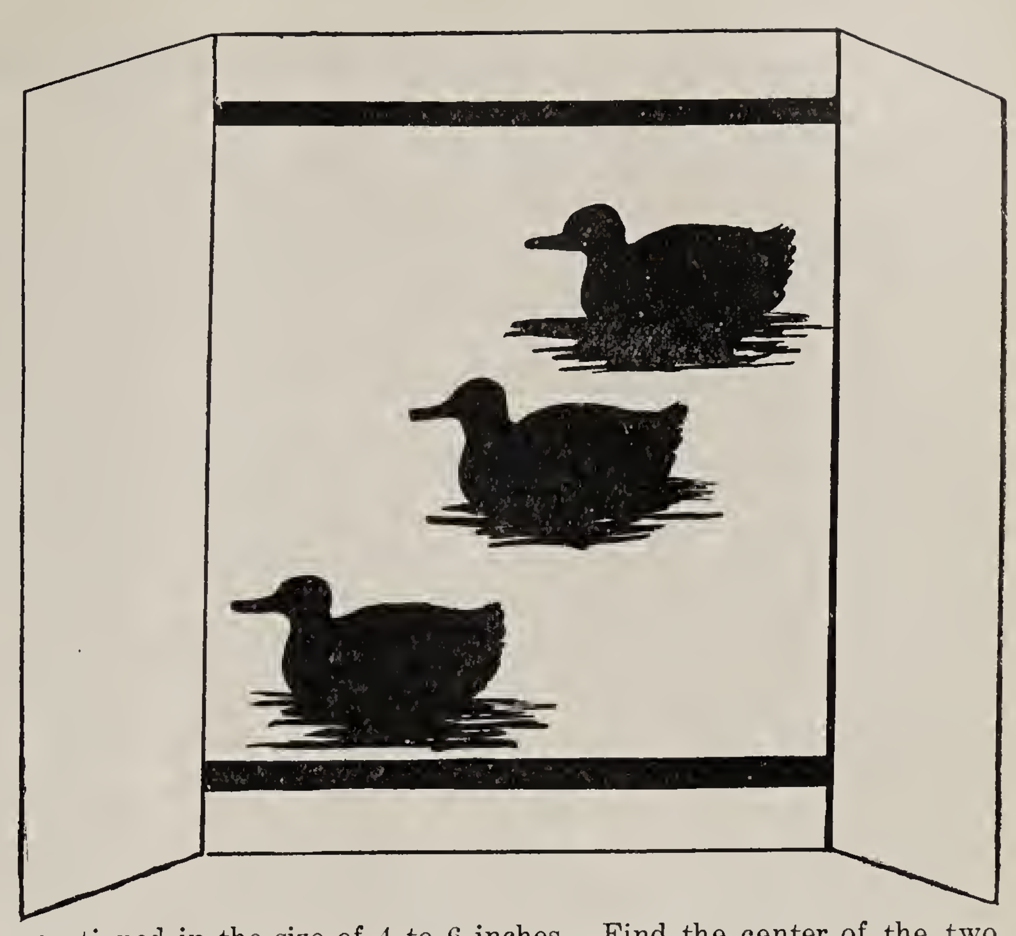




For the pin wheel, fold a square of colored paper on its diameters and diagonals. Unfold and cut down about half the distance on each diameter, as shown in the second diagram. Fold alternate corners of those just made, by the cutting to the center, and fasten with pin.



If the teacher makes a few rough sketches on the board like the accompanying drawing, to call the attention of the class to the resemblance to the shape of an egg that the little chicken has, the results will be very much better than if the children start in hap-hazard. It will not be necessary to leave the drawings on the board thru the lesson, but these suggestions give them a line on which to work.





For the booklet take an oblong of paper, proportioned in the size of 4 to 6 inches. Find the center of the two longer sides, indicate by point, and fold outer edges to these. The inside may be decorated to suit the maker, and the outside have a simple border, and words selected by teacher or pupil.

pupil decide to what use his will be put, and make his design appropriate for that use. Some simple design may be added. If clay is used in the school, these designs should be worked out in clay, and the decorations in color added when the clay is dry. Work of the Cherokee Indians show designs in line work done in the clay before it is dry, and are good examples of simple, effective work.

Large drawing of chair. Have them draw two or three simple designs. Call the attention of the class to the useless chairs one sees exhibited, and try to lead them to choose simple, appropriate articles for daily use.

Have the class make booklet folder, or book-mark, using butterflies for the design. Cocoons may be studied at this time.

Grade 5.

Have the class make a study of the early spring flowers. Perhaps there are some growing from bulbs in the school-room. The white lily known as the Easter lily, the narcissus, jonquil, crocus, or tulip all make beautiful designs at this time of year.

Have the class work at the design until satisfactory results are obtained, then have this traced on rice paper, or where this cannot be obtained use a good quality of tracing paper. The space around the flower and foliage may be filled in with india ink, and the sheet mounted on a larger one of white or gray. This may be used as the top of a blotter, having been fastened to blotting paper of the same size, with a fine silk cord, or it may be used as a card, or a cover for some message to send to a friend.

This is the time of year when Nature, awakening from her winter's sleep, asserts herself in the welcome evidences of spring.

The attention of all grades should be called to the new life thus exhibited in the opening of the buds, for the leaves and blossoms to appear, the breaking of the shell for the little feathered friends to come forth, and the opening of the cocoon to allow the butterfly to awaken to new

life. All these phenomena are interesting to children, and studied in connection with their drawing and constructive work, a new view presents itself.

Whereas children may tire on the road that leads to good work, they are always pleased when they reach the goal and are able to produce creditable results. Children are easily diverted, and if the same subject is presented in different ways, the child enters upon it each time with fresh vigor. For instance, if ducks are to be studied, the first time the class could model them in clay, the next time, cut them from paper, and again, paint them in color or ink. If the ducks are shapeless at this time, there is something wrong in the way the lessons have been presented. Good work in one direction always assists in the next step, for the work just spoken of will prepare them in the bird study which follows later. If chickens are to be used in the first grade, after one has been cut or drawn satisfactorily it may be cut from, or traced around, for the repeat in the border drawn by the class.

If possible have a live rabbit brought into the class for the lesson on rabbits, but if that is not possible, the plaster rabbits in different positions can be procured easily.

The design may consist of a group like the drawing on page 424, or two facing each other, or a border of three or more in line across the page.

Squares.

For first grade pupils, hectograph a number of "Base Forms," and then dictate each design. Have pupils draw a number of each, until they are perfectly familiar with each design.

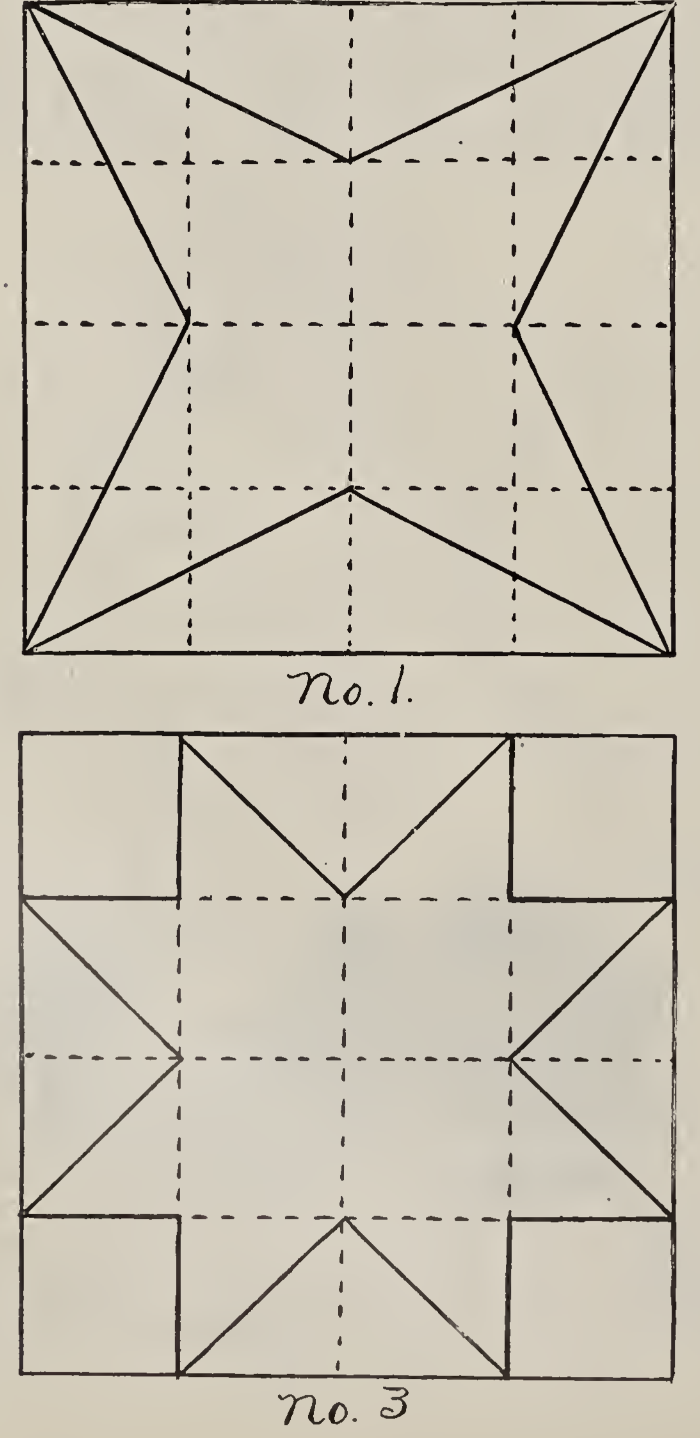
Allow them to color the best each day. One day have the inside colored, the next have them color the outside of design. Then have the inside colored, using one color and the outside colored, using a contrasting color. All these give different effects.

Original designs may be made by pupils (or teacher).

For second grade have pupils draw the dotted squares (as soon as they can use the ruler).

Use paper six inches square. The four-inch square will then be drawn one inch from the edge of paper. Place dots on lines one inch apart, and connect from opposite sides, with *dotted* lines.

Each day the design may be placed upon the board by the teacher, and copied by the pupils at a given time.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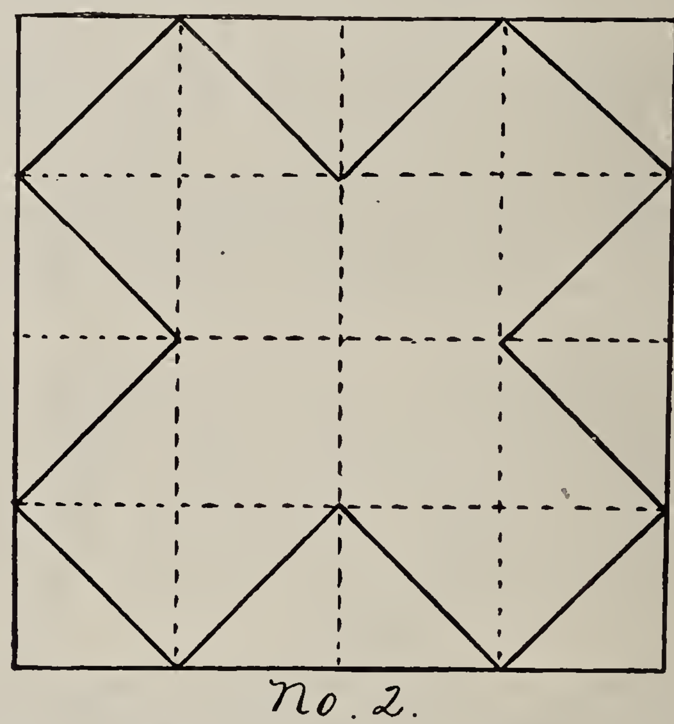
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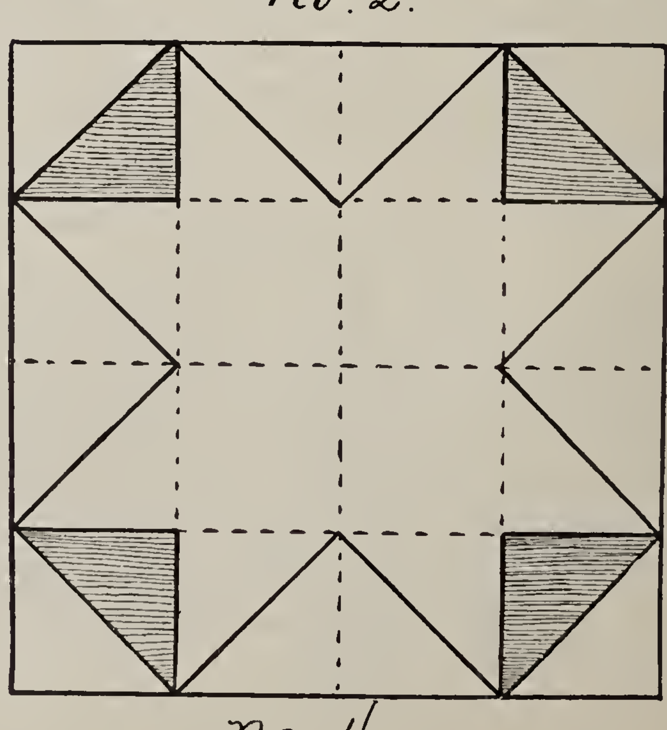

No. 4

Hints and Helps

Plans, Methods, Devices, and Suggestions from the Workshops of Many Teachers

This feature originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School* has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the couutry. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the hundred thousand teachers who will read this Magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best thing is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will *you* not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.

A Letter from Iowa.

In every reading class that I have tried to teach, I have found my greatest trouble in getting children to finish a sentence, especially a long one, without letting the voice fall once or twice before the close, especially at a comma, as tho the thought was finished there.

The advice is given: Let them get the sense of what they are reading fully in mind, and they will not do this. Very well; but when a new lesson is assigned and after they have studied it and learned all the hard words, they must read this before they have fully mastered the thought.

I suppose it is considered improper or old-fashioned to say anything to a child about commas or periods, letting the voice fall or rise, but I find that he reads a new paragraph much more intelligently when he has learned that at a comma he must make a short pause, suspending the voice but not letting it fall until he has finished the sentence.

I require the whole class to pay very close attention when one is reading, but do not ask them to criticise each other. I do all that myself. After a time they learn to try to do their best in order to get a "well done" from the teacher.

During the last year we have not neglected to remember the birthday of each pupil. On a large calendar hanging on the wall the name of each child is written at the proper date. They look forward for weeks to these days, as the teacher is sure to have some little treat for all and a special favor for the birthday child.

Some teachers may think that these little favors are not appreciated, but experience has taught me differently. The nicest flowers, the sweetest and best fruit the farmer's orchard can produce, was none too good for the teacher. I find that parents, especially mothers, love to be invited to the school on every special occasion, after they have come once, and been well entertained. They will often say a few words of appreciation before the school, very helpful to both teacher and pupil.

I was much pleased with the article in the October number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE, as to the care teachers should give to their health, especially in out-door exercise. I believe bicycle riding is one of the best of these exercises. I rode eight miles to school and back home nearly all the fall term, as our prairie roads were very good most of the time.

There is no better way to practice deep breathing than in a long, swift ride on a wheel. Of course one has to come to this gradually, as it is not well for a beginner to ride very far at first.

PRUDENCE JACKSON.

Iowa.

Suggestions for Teaching Reading.

As soon as the new words in the lesson have been thoroly taught the child should study it for the sake of the thought. It is a good idea to have a systematic plan for silent reading.

Young children cannot study their reading in a profitable way unless their attention has been called to something particular in it. The pupil must have something definite to work for or soon tires of it. Any of the following exercises will help to keep up interest besides being of valuable mental training.

The teacher writes on the board two or three questions and the children find out and are able to tell the answers. The teacher writes a list of words and the children tell how the words were used in the story.

Have children write list of words that name things, colors, places, or people.

Write words that name things you have seen.

Write words you did not know at first, but found out for yourself. Write words you think will be difficult for the class, but which you know.

Write words you cannot pronounce.

Write words whose meaning you do not know.

Write words which tell what some one did, and the name of the person or thing that did it.

Write a list of phrases beginning with "of."

How many questions are asked in this story?

Make questions that you would like to ask us when you come to class.

For a change, instead of writing have the children make pictures. Make a picture of anything you choose that was talked about in the lesson.

Draw a picture showing the part you liked best.

Tell in a few words the story.

Tell the part of the story you liked best.

SADIE MACDONALD.

Minnesota.

A Child's Conundrum.

Here is a language paper written by a little nine-year-old girl in my school. It is entirely original. What she had in mind is a *road.*

ADELE M. WARD.

Minnesota.

It is long and it is short.
It is smooth and it is rough.
Sometimes wide and sometimes narrow.
Sometimes hilly and sometimes level.
Sometimes wet and sometimes dry.
Sometimes hard and sometimes soft.
Sometimes straight and sometimes crooked.
It is used almost by every one.
What is it?

ESTHER MESENFRING.

A Reading Plan That Helped.

At the first of each month I state to the pupils of each grade the number of pages they will be required to cover during the month.

After they have prepared their lesson for the day in reading, if any of the reading study period remains they are allowed to begin at the beginning of the month's reading and read the entire month's work. If they have been able to cover the *entire* month's reading one or more times before recitation they record it on a slip of paper, which I collect at the recitation period.

At the end of the month the one who has read the month's reading the greatest number of times gets the "Class Honor" and the one who has the most class honors at the end of the term gets the certificate of class honor from his class.

To prevent any unfairness in their reports of their work any one who appears in class and hasn't a well prepared lesson forfeits all his previous marks and must begin again; hence no pupil will neglect the lesson of the day to gain marks, and no person is able to appear before the class with an unusual number of marks unless he has a well prepared lesson, for it would be impossible if the reading had been intelligible while reading the month's work.

I find by this method that by the end of the month all the lessons have been well mastered and it causes an enthusiasm among the pupils in their work, which relieves the monotony.

Kansas. CLARA M. BLACKBURN.

Leaves and Language.

Last year I had my third grade children gather leaves from as many different trees as they could find, and bring them to school. I found that some did not recognize our common forest leaves, while others brought some I didn't know. We took one leaf from the specimens each day, and combined our nature study and language lesson.

We took the oak leaf the first day and learned to spell "oak," drew the picture of the leaf, cut the picture, talked of the color (dark green), of the deep notches and the color the leaves turn when putting on holiday shades. And then each child neatly drew the leaf at the top of his paper and wrote everything he had learned about it, underneath, in complete sentences.

Kentucky. LOUIE EVANS.

The Multiplication Table.

The following I found a very helpful plan to learn the multiplication tables.

I cut out as many small pasteboard cards as there are factors in the tables. On each one I wrote a set of factors with the answer.

At class-time each pupil in turn was asked to give the answer to the set of factors asked him. If his answer were correct he received the card, if not, it was passed to the next one. At the close of the recitation the pupil holding the greatest number of cards was the winner.

Iowa. MILLIE HANSON.

Teaching Colors by Weaving.

I use black oilcloth mats and strips of colored paper. The black makes a more effective background than any other, when many different colors are used.

I write on the board a list of the different colors, using red chalk for the word *red*, etc. Of course the words must be changed often.

The children weave the strips into the mats in the order in which the words are given. After they have learned the colors I write the words in white chalk.

The more advanced children write their own list of words on paper and then weave their mats, or vice versa.

Illinois. JOHANNA R. M. LYBACK.

Number Cards.

For drill in addition I find the forty-five combination cards a very great help. I also have a set of cards of my own make which are almost invaluable in my first and second grade classes.

Take two-ply white cardboard, cut into cards size two and one-half inches by five inches. Then with a compass with a radius of about one-eighth of an inch proceed to draw circles in the same position as the spots on dominoes. Separate the upper and lower portions by a line broken in the center by a dot. Make both sides alike, and color either with water or oil colors. Making spots black and division line red.

New York. LULU A. PROPER.

Excelsior.

Unless we resort to a fair method of suppression, the bright boy or girl is going to be at the head of the class always. The less apt pupils feel their position keenly.

To avoid this, every Monday I send some child to the head of the class with the promise that if he is there Friday night, regardless of being trapped a dozen times during the week but gets "home" again by Friday, he will have his name recorded in my hand book.

Like Ivory soap, he is often pushed to the bottom, but by hard work bobs to the top again and Friday sees a happy boy if he is still head, as we count "head" marks the last day of school.

Pennsylvania. E. MAIE SEYFERT.

A History Device.

The use of scrap books has become so well known and so successful in geography that it suggested itself in history and has proved equally successful in that subject. The greatest handicap, especially to the country teacher, is the lack of

time, but this may be overcome largely by a little planning, and letting the pupils do most of the work, which greatly enhances its value.

An old composition book makes a good scrap book. Cut out part of the leaves to allow for the added thickness of the pictures. The pupils may be aided a little in collecting the pictures, but as far as possible let each child collect and classify his own pictures, only giving a little advice or a few suggestions as to the topic. Each day's lesson may be taken as a topic, if there is time; for example, when the class is studying some battle, as the battle of Gettysburg, let each try to find pictures illustrating this battle; many such pictures may be found in old magazines. This brings the lesson more clearly before the mental vision, keeps it in the mind longer, and creates an interest.

Pictures of the noted statesmen may be used as they come in the lessons, and a brief sketch of the life of each learned in connection with the picture. Pictures of old historic buildings, forts, etc., all help in making the subject interesting. The children never tire of them, and vie with each other as to who can bring the most practical and useful pictures, and who can picture out the topic in the most graphic manner.

Another aid in the study of history is map-drawing—drawing maps of each section of country as brought into prominence in the lessons. This also helps in making history real. In the wars the maps are drawn, then the routes of the different armies are traced in colored crayons, a different color being used for each army. The best of these maps are saved and put into the scrap books.

History studied in this manner is much more real to the pupils than when studied by merely committing to memory the words of a text-book. Approximate dates are associated with nearly every picture, so that times and places are permanently located in the mind, and looking over the scrap book when completed gives a quick review of the entire term's work. This method is especially helpful in seventh grade history.

New York. M. E. RAPALJE.

Geography Plans.

To teach my pupils the shape and relative size of continents and countries, I have them take a thin paper and lay on the map, then with a pen copy the outlines of the continent or country, adding rivers, lakes, mountains, etc. With scissors they cut the map out, following and cutting in the outlines. Then they paste the cut-out map on a heavy, square piece of paper. The back of waste wall-paper does nicely.

The following is a partial list of what we glue on the map to teach products: grain of all kinds, tea, coffee, silk, cotton, wool, leather, fur, coal, bits of wood to represent forests or lumber, pieces of glass to represent diamonds, gold paint for gold, tinfoil or pieces of bright tin for silver, and small pictures of cattle, fruits, etc. If the genuine article is too large or unobtainable it is not very hard to find something to represent it.

To get my pupils to think of other States as something more than a definite space on the map we exchange letters, written work, and products with other schools. We have received cotton, rice, sugarcane, etc., from South Carolina; cotton from Texas; and gold quartz, mahogany wood and leaves, mistletoe, pumice, sagebrush, and many other things from Oregon. We learned by their letters, to our surprise, that the only nut that they had in Oregon was the acorn, that they had never seen coal, and that they knew little or nothing about natural gas, which we burn in our school-house.

We have received letters from Michigan and have written to schools in other States. This work helps pupils to think of other States and countries as containing real live boys and girls like themselves with many interesting things to tell about which we desire to know, and it tends to awaken us to the fact that we have things of just as much interest to tell them.

West Virginia. L. S. McDANIEL.

Games for Upper Grades.

Finding it a difficult task to get my pupils to learn the States and their capitals, I assigned them as a lesson, and let the children learn as many of them as they could. I then cut some pieces of cardboard, about three by two inches, and on each wrote a State and its capital.

Now, when two, three, or four of that class have all their lessons and are looking for mischief, I let them take the cards and play with them. They deal three cards to each player. The one at the left of the dealer reads the name of a State from one of his cards, and his left-hand neighbor names the capital if he is able, if not, he passes on to the next. The one who has the most cards at the end is the winner.

This stimulates the lazy ones to an effort to learn them better, as there are few children who are not anxious to excel in the game. I make it understood that there is to be no talking, loud whispering, nor laughing during the game. If any one is noisy he is not allowed to play again until he can remember to be quiet.

I have also a set of cards for the sixth grade. At the top of each card is the name of a State; below are ten questions concerning that State, all so worded that the name of the State is the answer to each of them.

I have a set of spelling cards containing words in common use. Some days, especially rainy ones, nearly all of my fourth, fifth, and sixth grades may be found sitting in groups around the room playing these games. I have a school of forty pupils and allow all pupils below the third grade to go home at recess, so the games are usually played from 3:30 to 4 P. M. Any one who has never seen it tried would be surprised at the quietness of the room during the games. Children delight in trying their skill in this way, and in so doing will often learn that which they would not otherwise even attempt.

New York. M. E. S.

Pieces to Speak in Spring

A Little Planter.

Down by the wall where the lilacs grow,
Digging away with a garden hoe,
Toiling as busily as he can—
Eager and earnest, dear little man!
Spoon and shingle are lying by,
With a bit of evergreen, long since dry.

"What are you doing, dear?" I ask.
Ted for an instant stops his task,
Glances up with a sunny smile
Dimpling his rosy cheeks the while;
"Why, it's Arbor Day, you see,
And I'm planting a next year's Christmas tree;
For last year, auntie, Johnny Dunn
Didn't have even the smallest one,
And I almost cried, he felt so bad
When I told him 'bout the splendid one we had;
And I thought if I planted this one here,
And watered it every day this year,
It would grow real fast—I think it might;
(His blue eyes filled with eager light;)
And I'm sure 'twill be, tho very small,
A great deal better than nothing at all."

Then something suddenly comes between
My eyes and the bit of withered green,
As I kiss the face of our Teddy boy,
Bright and glowing with giving's joy,
And Johnny Dunn, it is plain to see,
Will have his next year's Christmas tree.

—*Selected.*

A Lesson From the Sparrows.

I awakened one morning early,
The great city slept near by,
And the first faint coming of daylight
Flushed pink in the eastern sky.

The cool, sweet breeze stirred gently,
The trees had revived again,
And they lifted their green, wet branches
Refreshed with the cool night rain.

Earth lay in a calm, still waiting,
Before it awoke to toil,
And the new day breathed its blessing
On the children of the soil.

As the dawn grew clear and stronger
And the rosy East grew bright,
I thought of the hearts that still wished for
The silence and peace of the night,—

Hearts that were faint in life's battle,
That had lost their faith and trust,
That saw not the glory of living,
But dragged out their lives in the dust.

And lo! as the sun rose brighter,
From under the eaves I heard
The first faint twitter of rapture
From the heart of a little bird!

And another and then another
Caught up the joyful lay,
And louder swelled the chorus
As they greeted the new-born day.

They were only the Father's sparrows,
But they knew His tender care,
For they fall not to earth without Him,
Or flit in the sunlit air!

And I thought if we would but remember
The same Lord guides our days,
We, too, would greet each new morning
With a pæan of joyful praise!

—*Selected.*

Springtime.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

The winter storms have passed away,
And springtime now is here
With sunshine smiling all around,
And heavens blue and clear.
The gifts of Nature brighten earth,
And make her garden gay;
They give a cheery greeting bright
On this, the Arbor Day.

The birds with gladsome voices sing,
Each its melodious lay,
And music swells each little throat
On this, the Arbor Day.
The trees put forth their greenest leaves
On this, the Arbor Day,
And welcome now the chosen tree
Which we shall plant to-day.

—Ellen Beauchamp.

Arbor Day Song.

Air—"My Bonnie."

The breezes of spring wave the tree-tops
The flowers so sweet bloom again,
O, joyfully birds sing of springtime,
While flying o'er mountain and glen.

Chorus:

Sing here, sing there,
Sing of the springtime to-day, to-day.
Sing here, sing there,
Sing of the springtime to-day.

O glorious country of freedom!
Our lives we will make pure and sweet;
Thou givest to us this bright springtime
With hearts full of love we now greet.

Chorus:

Then shout for the oak in the Northland,
And answer, O South, with the palm.
And we who inherit this Union
Sing gaily our Nation's great psalm.

Chorus.

A Useful Gift.

One day wee Willie and his dog
Sprawled on the nursery floor,
He had a florist's catalog,
And turned the pages o'er.

Till all at once he gave a spring,
"Hurrah!" he cried with joy;
"Mamma, here's just the very thing
To give your little boy!

"For when we fellows go to school,
We lose our things, you know;
And in that vestibule
They do get mixed up so.

"And as you often say you can't
Take care of 'em for me,
Why don't you buy a rubber plant
And an umbrella tree?"

—Carolyn Wells, in *St. Nicholas.*

Four Dogs.

There were four dogs one summer day
Went out for a morning walk,
And as they journeyed upon their way
They began to laugh and talk.

Said dog No. 1, "I think really
My master is very wise;
For he builds great houses tall and grand
That reach clear up to the skies."

Said dog No. 2 in a scornful tone,
"Ho! Ho! That's wonderful—yes!
But listen to me! My master writes books,
He's sold a million, I guess."

Then dog No. 3 tossed his curly head
And gave a little sly wink.
"That's nothing to tell! My master is rich,
He owns half the world, I think!"

The fourth little dog had been trotting along
With a wise, reflective mind.
At last he said with a happy smile,
"My master—he is kind!"

Now if your opinion should be asked,
I wonder what you would say—
Which dog paid the sweetest compliment
To his master on that day?

—Alice J. Cleator, *In Pets and Animals.*

Little School Gardners at Lynn Mass.
[See Note on Page 405]

Questions on Current Events.

The answers to these questions are found in *Our Times* for January 5, 12, 19, 26, and Feb. 2. For the convenience of those who desire more complete answers than those given below, the name and date of issue are given in each instance.

1. What important canal is probably soon to be dug in this country?

Ans.—Prominent business men have agreed to finance scheme for digging a ship canal across Cape Cod. Mr. William Barclay Parsons, the well-known engineer, has drawn plans for the undertaking. January 5, page 294.

2. What is the largest passenger steamship ever launched?

Ans.—The Cunard steamship *Mauretania.* She is 785 feet long, 88 feet wide, and 60½ feet deep. There are nine decks. She will carry a total of 3,070 people at one time. January 5, page 299.

3. Who is the new ambassador to this country from Mexico?

Ans.—Mr. Henry Clay Creel, the leading financial expert, and one of the leading promoters of Mexico. He is a self-made man. He began to support himself, his mother, and several younger children when he was a mere boy. To-day he is worth $25,000,000. January 5, page 302.

4. Who is the new ambassador to this country from England?

Ans.—James Bryce. He was the intimate friend of the late Mr. Gladstone, and he is the author of a very famous book, "The American Commonwealth." He is said to be genial, and a delightful conversationalist. His appointment as ambassador is pleasing to this country. Mr. Bryce is sixty-eight years old. January 12, page 307.

5. What famous Englishwoman died early in January?

Ans.—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, called England's most generous benefactress. She was the first peeress created in her own right. She was very wealthy. She died at the age of ninety-two years. January 12, page 309.

6. What great telegraphic invention has recently been perfected in Germany?

Ans.—A process of photographing by telegraph. Professor Korn, of Germany, has been at work for some time on his invention, which will soon come into practical use. January 12 page 314.

7. What world-famous ruler died early in January?

Ans.—The Shah of Persia died at his palace in Teheran, on January 8. He had been ill for months. He was succeeded by his son, Prince Ali Mirza. January 19, page 325.

8. What are some of the immigration statistics for last year?

Ans.—During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, the population of the United States was increased by the admission of 1,100,735 foreign immigrants. Of the number who intended to settle here, 764,463 were males, and 336,272 were females. January 19, page 326.

9. What eclipses will there be in 1907?

Ans.—A total eclipse of the sun, invisible in America, occurred on January 13-14. There was a partial eclipse of the moon on January 29, partly visible in the United States. There will be an annular eclipse of the sun July 10, and a partial eclipse of the moon July 24-25. January 19, page 331.

10. What terrible disaster overtook Jamaica on January 14?

Kingston, the capital of the island of Jamaica, was largely destroyed by an earthquake. Many people were rendered homeless, and there was great destitution. January 26, page 341.

11. What important railroad was opened in January?

The Tehuantepec railroad began work in Mexico, on January 23. President Diaz touched a lever which started the first load of cargo to be carried on the road. February 2, page 358.

12. What plan has been inaugurated for the extension of Lake Michigan?

Ans.—Lake Michigan is to be extended forty miles inland from Chicago. February 2, page 361.

13. What United States Senator died in January?

Ans.—Senator Alger, of Michigan, died on January 24. He was a self-made man. He served in the Civil War, and later became very wealthy. He served as Secretary of War under President McKinley.

A Japanese Sailboat, drawn by A. Bonawitz.

Readers will be glad to have this charming illustration for use with the article on Japanese Child Life.

No Mistake Here.

Discovery of a Proof-Reader.

Even a proof-reader may make mistakes unless careful reading is maintained all the time.

It makes a lot of difference sometimes, just how a thing is read.

This is the tale:

"'No tea and not one drop of coffee,' ordered the doctor—and I rebelled. But alas, with nerves that saw, felt, and heard things that were not, rebellion was useless.

"With the greatest reluctance I gave up these lifelong companions, and drank milk, milk—until the very step of the milkman grew hateful.

"My nerves were some better, but breakfast without some warm beverage grew wearisome, and bid fair to be entirely slighted. And with a brain that for nine hours daily must work hard, ever demanding nourishment, the failing appetite was a serious proposition.

"Then in despair, Postum was tried. I had tasted it once and heartily disliked the pale watery compound, but now, literally starving for a hot drink, I read and re-read the directions on the package with the critical eye of the proof-reader, following them out to the letter and lo! the rich brown liquid of the advertisements.

"Not one but three cups disappeared and since then Postum has been my sole warm beverage, unfailingly refreshing and helpful; both body and nerves testifying to its helpfulness by new strength and vigor." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Devices for Drill on Sight Words or Phonograms

By Ruth O. Dyer, Virginia.

WITH the great store of devices for drills on sight words and phonograms that is within reach of every thoroly awake teacher, it becomes a crime to use any one device until the drill becomes a humdrum mechanical process. The following ten devices have been used in my room of First Primary pupils with good results.

I.

Climbing the Steps.

Jack
see
does
look

In this drill the teacher points to the words as the pupil reads, and thus he climbs up step by step. If he fails on any word another pupil is called upon to help him reach the top. After he is up it is necessary, of course, for him to come down, and the words are pronounced from the top step down.

II.

Birds Flying into the Bird House.

All children are especially interested in motion, and even when not in motion themselves the idea of movement attracts them. In this drill they are told to see how many birds they can make fly into the bird house. Each word pronounced means a bird in the house, and when these are all in another pupil will be much interested in letting them out one by one.

III.

Hiawatha Arrow Drill.

This drill can be used after the children have studied Hiawatha. The question "Who would like to play Hiawatha, to-day?" will bring an interested look to every face and, "Who will be the strongest little Hiawatha in the room and shoot the most arrows?" will make each child ambitious to pronounce all the words or sound all the phonograms, as the case may be.

IV.

Fishing Drill.

The boys will be especially interested in this drill when they are allowed to take the pointer, which will serve as a rod and line and catch the fish.

V.

Flying the Kite.

bread.
eat.
what.
drink.
take.
dog.
tell.

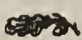
When the March days come and the chief recreation outside of school is kite flying, much interest can be created by using this drill. Every child will be anxious to fly the kite higher than the preceding child. The list of words should grow more difficult as it nears the top, and the number of words to be used can be determined by the ability of the class. The child begins at the bottom and pronounces the whole list if possible. If he fails on any word, another child is called upon to assist in flying the kite higher.

VI.

Bird Drill.

This drill is especially designed for review of words or phonograms, as a great number can be used. The teacher tells the class that she will let them play that they are birds, and to increase their interest she may let them tell what kind of a bird they prefer. Then she announces that she wants to see who can be the quickest bird and eat all the grapes. Some will doubtless be unable to sound all the phonograms, or pronounce the words, but they are weak birds and will be allowed to try again after they have rested.

(Continued on page 443.)



A Friend's Tip.

70-Year-Old Man Not too Old to Accept a Food Pointer.

"For the last 20 years," writes a Maine man, "I've been troubled with Dyspepsia and liver complaint, and have tried about every known remedy without much in the way of results until I took up the food question.

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts food, after I had taken all sorts of medicines with only occasional, temporary relief.

"This was about nine months ago, and I began the Grape-Nuts for breakfast with cream and a little sugar. Since then I have had the food for at least one meal a day, usually for breakfast.

"Words fail to express the benefit I received from the use of Grape-Nuts. My stomach is almost entirely free from pain and my liver complaint is about cured, I have gained flesh, sleep well, can eat nearly any kind of food except greasy, starchy things and am strong and healthy at the age of 70 years.

"If I can be the means of helping any poor mortal who has been troubled with dyspepsia as I have been, I am willing to answer any letter enclosing stamp." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Dancing Song.

One, two, three, one, two, three, Danc - ing we go.

One, two, three, one, two, three, Light - ly tip toe.

The Snow-birds.

Ma - ny dear snow - birds came troop - ing a - long,

Mak - ing the air full of twit - ter - ing song. They

flut - ter and twin - kle a - bout in the trees, And

let us come tow'rd them as near as we please.

By permission of Silver, Burdett & Co., from the "Modern Music Primer." Copyright, 1901.

VII.

Chime Drill.

The chime drill is a decided favorite, and even those members of the class whose interest it is the hardest to arouse will be anxious to take the pointer, and when the bells are touched sound the phonogram, or pronounce the word.

VIII.

The Crow and Pitcher Drill.

In every primary class-room the children are familiar with the story of the crow and the pitcher, but in order to have it more clearly in their minds tell the story just before having the drill. Impress on their minds that it will take the crow a long, long time to put the stones in, but if the little ones in the room help the poor crow he can soon make the water reach the top. Pronouncing the word or phonogram by each stone is the same as dropping the stone in the pitcher.

As in the drill of the bird and grapes a great many words may be used, making it especially suitable for review work.

IX.

Bee Hive Drill.

This drill is one of the favorites, and the children never tire of getting the bees into the hive. The fact that the bees are apt to sting them will appeal to the boys, and they will strive hard to pronounce all the phonograms. Failing to pronounce one means that the bee bearing that name has stung them, and they are unable to go on.

X.

Candle Drill.

As many candles may be used in this drill as the teacher desires. They may be drawn smaller and placed upon a Christmas tree if desired. The children are asked to see who can light *all* the candles and if a word is missed the one who is lighting the candles must stop and let another finish, as his match has gone out.

Spring Medicine

is made a yearly necessity by a yearly certainty—the return in the spring of such troubles as pimples, blotches and other eruptions, biliousness, headache, loss of appetite, and that tired feeling.

The perfect Spring Medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla—it cures all these troubles, strengthens and builds up the whole system.

"I was all worn out in the spring. I was led to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gave me strength and appetite and I was soon restored to perfect health."—MRS. C. K. TYLER, Burlington, Vt.

Pimples, blotches and all other spring troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla—the most effective of all spring medicines.

In usual liquid form or in chocolated tablets under the protected trade name, SARSATABS. 100 doses, $1.00.

The delicious Cod Liver Preparation Without Oil.

Vinol contains all the medicinal elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cods' livers, but no oil. The oil, having no value as medicine or food, is thrown away.

Vinol is therefore better than old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions to restore health for

Old people, delicate children, weak run-down persons, and after sickness, colds, coughs, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

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Failed Merrill & Baker, Nat. Book Concern, Cash Buyers' Union, Colonial Pub. Co. Standard Pub. House, The Dominion Co.

We purchased the entire stock of four of these Big Bankrupt Book Houses and big quantities of the other two. We are **closing it out now** at 10 to 50c on the dollar.

SAMPLE PRICES: Late copyright books, were $1.50. My price **38c.** List includes **The Sea Wolf, House of a Thousand Candles, Clansman, Hearts and Masks, Eben Holden, Man of the Hour, and dozens of others.**

Encyclopedia Britannica, Half Morocco. Regularly $36.00. My price **$7.75.**

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David B. Clarkson, The Book Broker, 251 Como Building, Chicago.

Mabel's Philosophy.

By Nettie Dixon Hahn, Iowa.

Mabel sat perplexed and thoughtful
Softly rocking in her chair
While the sunbeams and the shadows
Glanced and deepened in her hair.

"So *he never* told a story
That is what the folks all say,
There's Luella with her dollie,
Dear, I wish she'd go away.

"I don't want one bit to see her
But I must not tell a lie,
Anyway, she's *so* conceited
I just b'lieve I'm goin' to try."

Then there came a gentle rapping
On the half-way open door,
And a wee girl sweet and smiling
Stood before her on the floor.

"Why, dood mornin' cousin Mabel
What's de mattah now wive you?
Aren't you glad I've tomed to see you
Here's my dollie dressed in blue."

Mabel quickly ceased her rocking,
Stood erect with flashing eyes.
"No, I am not glad to see you
There, I'll not tell any lies.

"I don't like to see blue dresses
Anyway on Ann Marie,
She is just the *worstest* dollie
How *you* like her *I can't see."*

Mamma, standing in the hallway
Heard the tearful, angry tone
Which to do Miss Mabel credit
Scarcely sounded like her own.

"Why! oh Mabel, what's the matter?"
Mamma questioned from the door,
While the child with tears and sobbings
Fell upon the nurs'ry floor.

"Oh, I've went and told a story
Cause I didn't want to lie,
Said I didn't like blue dresses,
Or her dollie. Oh, don't cry

"I am just as bad as can be
Same as other lying girls."
Here she suddenly stopped crying
Shook the tangles from her curls.

Why, that dress I think is lovely
And I do like Ann Marie,
And I'm glad you came to see me
Mamma, can't she stay to tea?"

"Certainly, I'd like to have her,"
Mamma said with twinkling eyes
"But be careful, little Mabel,
Envy's *almost* bad as lies."

A Reasonable Plea for the Stomach

If Your Stomach is Lacking in Digestive Power, Why Not Help the Stomach Do Its Work—Especially When It Costs Nothing to Try?

Not with drugs, but with a reinforcement of digestive agents, such as are naturally at work in the stomach? Scientific analysis shows that digestion requires pepsin, nitrogenous ferments, and the secretion of hydrochloric acid. When your food fails to digest, it is proof positive that some of these agents are lacking in your digestive apparatus.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain nothing but these natural elements necessary to digestion and when placed at work in the weak stomach and small intestines, supply what these organs need. They stimulate the gastric glands and gradually bring the digestive organs back to their normal condition.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been subjected to critical chemical tests at home and abroad and are found to contain nothing but natural digestives.

Chemical Laboratory. Telegraphic address, "Diffindo," London. Telephone No. 11029 Central. 20 Cullum St., Fenchurch St., E. C.

London, 9th Aug., 1905.

I have analyzed most carefully a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets (which I bought myself at a city chemist's shop for the purpose), manufactured by the F. A. Stuart Co., Temple Chambers, London, E. C., and have to report that I cannot find any trace of vegetable or mineral poisons. Knowing the ingredients of the tablets, I am of opinion that they are admirably adaptable for the purpose for which they are intended.

(Signed) John R. Brooke, F.I.C., F.C.S.

There is no secret in the preparation of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Their composition is commonly known among physicians, as is shown by the recommendations of 40,000 licensed physicians in the United States and Canada. They are the most popular of all remedies for indigestion, dyspepsia, water brash, insomnia, loss of appetite, melancholia, constipation, dysentery and kindred diseases originating from improper dissolution and assimilation of foods, because they are thoroughly reliable and harmless to man or child.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are at once a safe and a powerful remedy, one grain of these tablets being strong enough (by test) to digest 3,000 grains of steak, eggs and other foods, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest your food for you when your stomach can't.

Ask your druggist for a fifty-cent package or send to us direct for a free trial sample package and you will be surprised at the result. F. A. Stuart Co., 64 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

A Japanese home built of bamboo and matting, with windows of paper.
Drawn by A. Bonawitz.

Children's Compositions.

BENJ. FRANKLIN.

Benjamin was born in Boston January, 1706.

His father was a soap and candle maker. Benjamin had sixteen brothers. When he was seventeen years old he landed in Philadelphia to look for work; he had one silver dollar in his pocket, also his extra shirts and socks. He carried a loaf of bread under one arm and in his hand another he was eating for his breakfast; his future wife laughed at him. He printed a newspaper and a book that is "Poor Richard's Almanac."

One rainy night he made a kite out of a silk handkerchief and went out by the shed. He tied a key on the end of the string. The lightning came down the kite and down the string. When he touched his knuckles to the key he knew that lightning and electricity was the same. Two thousand persons came to his funeral. When he died he was eighty-four years old.

John Bazina, Age 8.
Third Reader.

THE BEAVER.

The beavers are chiefly found in North America. They build their houses late in summer. They build their houses of mud, stones, sticks, and leaves. They are grayish brown and their tails are thick. They always build their huts on the bank of a river or lake. The beavers swim much. They have long shining hair on their back which is chestnut colored. They have fine soft fur. They play on the long thick logs and throw one another into the water.

Francis Grenko, Age 10,
Third Reader.

An Apology.

By Joseph E. Lovvorn, Georgia.

I've been wondering all this week
What piece I'd speak to-day;
But I've been so busy I've not had time
To learn one that's fit to say.

Teacher gives us so much work
It runs us 'most to death;
And time I get my lessons learned
I'm almost out of breath.

We have the most hard words to spell
That ever you did see;
Then read about a page or more,
And sometimes two or three.

We have to copy all the "script,"
And draw the "Gibson Girl";
And when I reach my number work
My head goes all a-whirl.

We have a basketful of figures
Scattered all over the page;
I really think it's 'most too much
For a boy of 'bout my age.

We have to write them in straight rows,
And give the answers, too;
And when we get in the higher grades
I don't know what we'll do.

If teachers don't cut down the length
Of lessons every day,
They're going to take up all our time,
And have none left for play.

I don't like to "dodge" like this;
I don't hope to win a prize;
So, I'll not speak a piece to-day
I'll just apologize.

W. R. Whitehead, M. D., of Denver, Col., tells us that he used antikamnia tablets, for years, and with the most satisfactory results, in cases of neuralgic headache, associated or not with disordered menstruation. He prescribes two tablets every two or three hours for adults.—The Chicago *Medical Clinic.*

A Clear Complexion

Pure sulphur, as compounded in Glenn's Sulphur Soap, will clear the complexion of pimples, moth patches, liver spots, dry scaling and other defects. Use it daily in toilet and bath. Sold by all druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye
Black or Brown, 50c.

Just Published

A Short History of Social England

By M. B. SYNGE

12mo, cloth. 423 pages. Price $1.50 net, by mail, $1.64

It will be merely a sketch of the material conditions in which our ancestors lived and died. There will be brief glimpses of their houses, food, clothes, manners, punishments, families, gardens, education, and social development. For instance, the reader may learn that William the Conqueror ate with his fingers, and never saw a coal fire; that the two thousand cooks of Richard II. could make neither plum pudding nor mince pie; that Chaucer never saw a printed book; that Queen Elizabeth never heard of tea or a newspaper; that George I. had no umbrella, and that Queen Victoria was the first sovereign who tried locomotion by steam. ¶ The gradual leveling of social distinctions as described in these pages will present no more striking development than the rise of democratic power as we know it to-day.

A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers NEW YORK

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The best series of music ever prepared for the use of schools

Published in 1906

Among the prominent cities which are now using the New Educational Music Course in their schools, are *Cambridge*, Mass., *Columbus*, Ohio, *Kansas City*, Kan., *Denver*, Colo., *Memphis*, Tenn., *Superior*, Wis., *Springfield*, Mo., *Hartford*, Conn., *Newark*, N. J., *Auburn*, N. Y., and *Berkeley*, Calif.

New York City includes *all* of the books in this course upon the *supply list*.

An Authoritative Endorsement

"The New Educational Music Course is an advance over earlier schoolbooks in its more serious conception of the idea of music books for school children. The course contains the best in all music. The second great improvement over all former schoolbooks in America is in the setting and arrangement of the songs. The course is made up of the best classic tunes set by the best American composers. Another great distinction of the series is that its authors have boldly invaded the whole flower garden of classic music from which school children of America have been practically banished, and have brought it within the intimate knowledge of every child."—PHILIP H. GOEPP, Author of "Symphonies and their Meaning."

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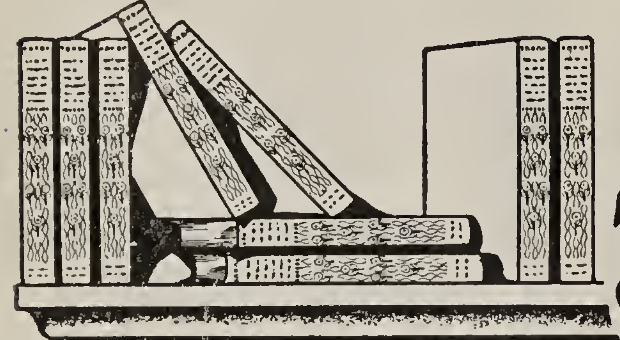

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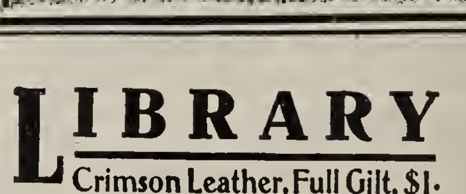

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She was a favorite among the blossoms and all the grasses of the brook-side waved and nodded to her across the rippling water

She had never lived in any other place and so, of course, the little home in the brook was to her, the most beautiful in the world.

"I am so happy," she whispered to the water-cresses beside her. "We would not care to change places with the blossoms in the meadow, would we? They have but one blue sky and we have two."

"What can the dear little creature be talking about?" said a golden ragwort which stood close by.

But the speedwell had not been listening and so went on.

"See how the pretty white clouds float around us, and above are the very same ones!"

Every water-cress in the cluster raised its face to look at the blue sky, where snowy cloud boats were sailing, and then looked up and down the brook.

"Strange we never saw them before," said the cresses. "Have they always been there?"

"Oh, no," said speedwell. "Sometimes at early morning the sky and brook will be a beautiful pink. And just as the sun goes down they will be the color of gold. Some days they will be a beautiful dove color."

"Dove color indeed," exclaimed the ragwort. "Who but this little creature would ever have thought to call a rainy day cloud a beautiful dove color? I wish we all might be able to find as much to be happy about!"

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And a pot of raspberry jam;
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a dozen rashers of ham.
I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget;
For if I chance to get things wrong
My mother gets into a pet!

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam.
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.
There in the barn the children play,
They're having lots of fun;
I'll go there too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errand is done.

A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of-er-new laid jam;
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.
There's Teddy White a-flying his kite—
He thinks himself grand, I declare!
I'd like to try to fly it sky-high.
And then-and-then-but there.

A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of new laid jam;
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.
And here's the store, outside I'll stop
And run thru my order again;
I haven't forgot, no, never a jot;
It shows I'm cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham;
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new laid jam.

—*The Riverside.*

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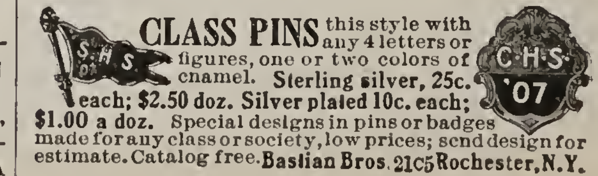

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But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be ought but a greenwood tree.

—Thomas Love Peacock.

Wishing.

Ring-Ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and the moss to keep across,
And the Elm-tree for our King!

Nay—nay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs
And sweetly sing!

Oh, no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Thru forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing.

Well-tell! Where should I fly to?
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Here comes the rover,
For mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing!

—William Allingham.

The Light-Hearted Fairy.

"An Old English Song."

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy? heigh ho,
Heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-headed fairy? heigh ho
Heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From the primrose's lips
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy? heigh ho!
Heigh ho!
The night is his noon
And the sun is the moon,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

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A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry nest.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bell is seen,
Thru their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth, purple, and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew,
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense.

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube rose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Wind.

The wind has a language, I would I could learn;
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern;
Sometimes it comes like a low sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along;
And the forest is lulled by the dreamy strain;
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main;
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
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(Continued from last month.)

36. I bought thirty-six oranges and then twenty-eight more. I gave the whole away to some boys and girls, one orange to each. There were twenty-nine boys. How many girls were there?

37. James has twenty-seven marbles and John nineteen. How many must I give John so that he may have ten more than James?

38. There are ninety-four children in a school, and of these forty-nine are girls. How many more girls than boys are there?

39. Add the sum and difference of eighteen and thirty-six.

40. I had twenty-four nuts on one plate and twenty-eight on another. I took five nuts from the first plate and placed them on the other. How many were there on one plate more than on the other?

ANSWERS.

36. 35 girls. 37. 18 marbles. 38. 4 girls. 39. 72. 40. 14 nuts.

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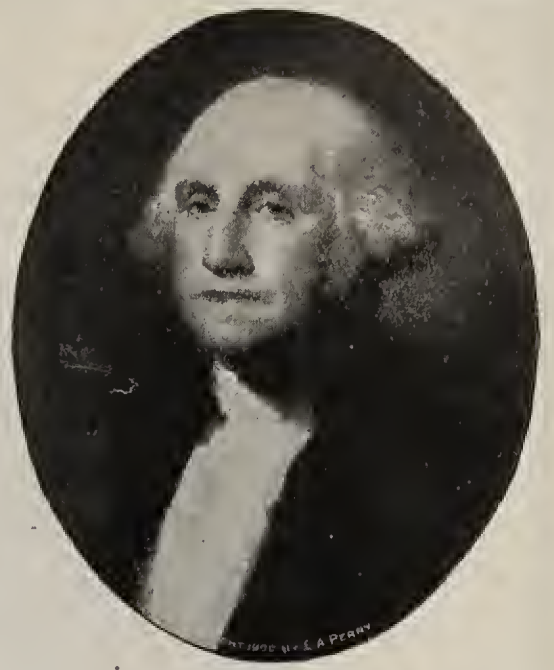

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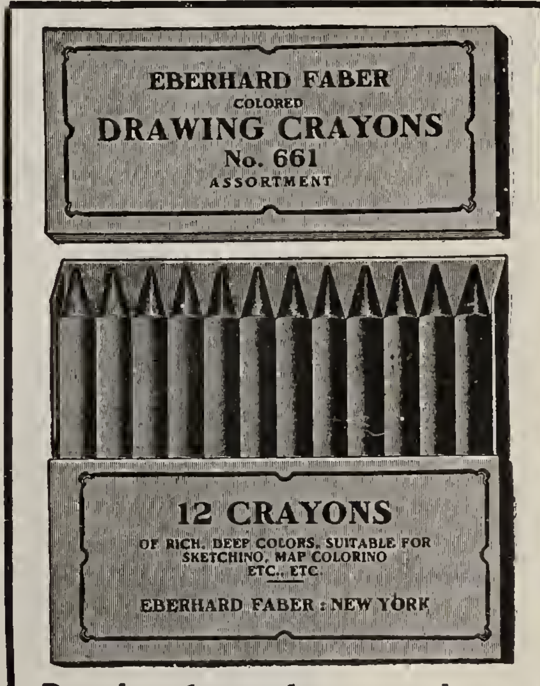

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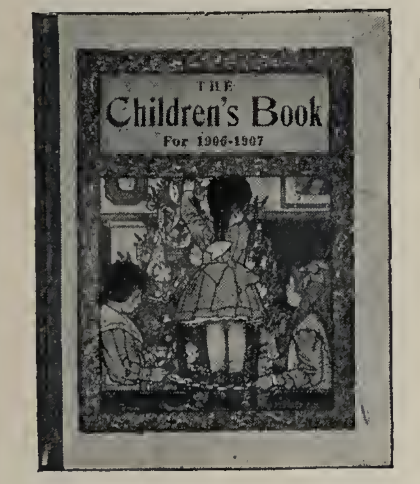

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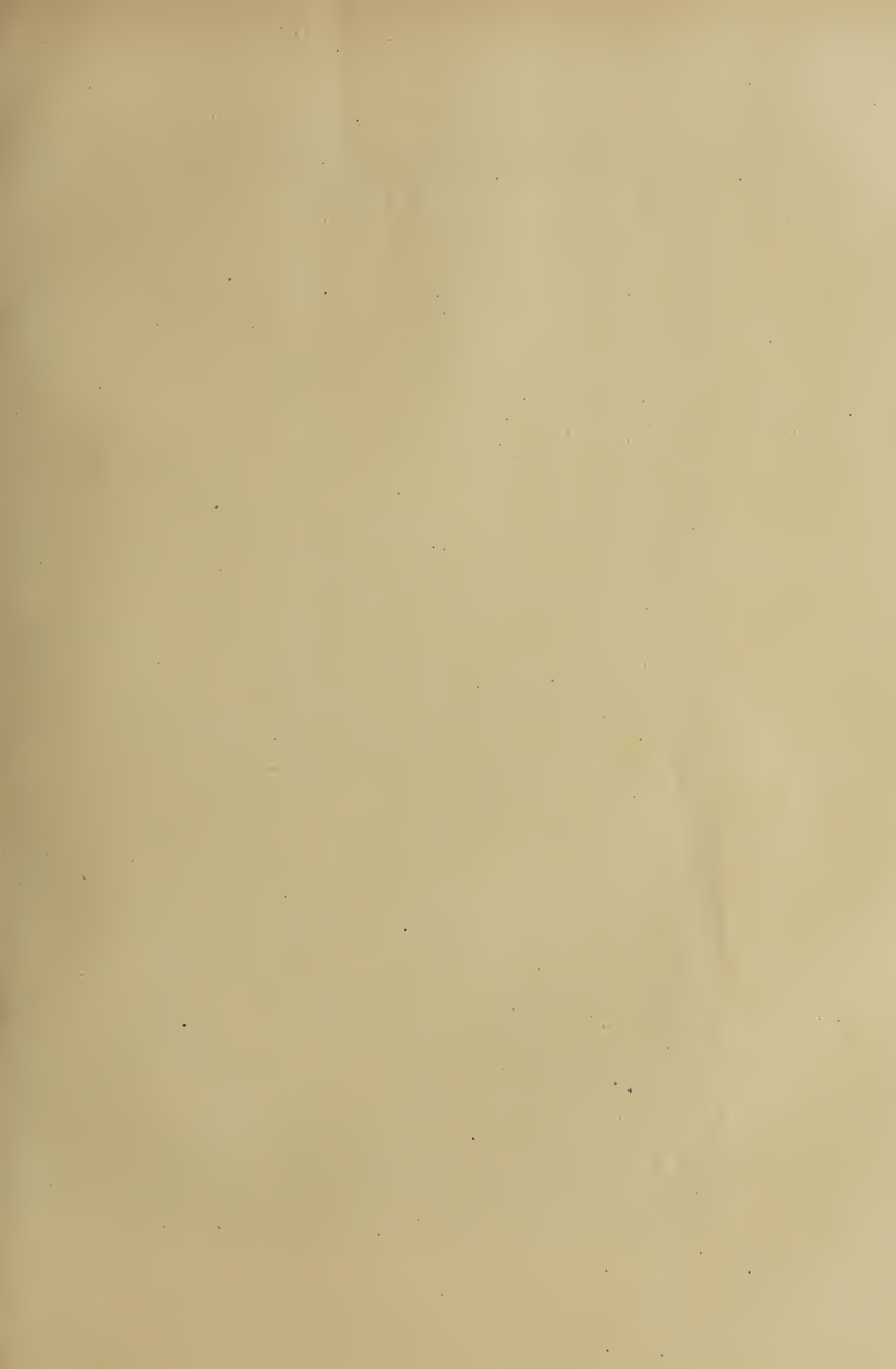

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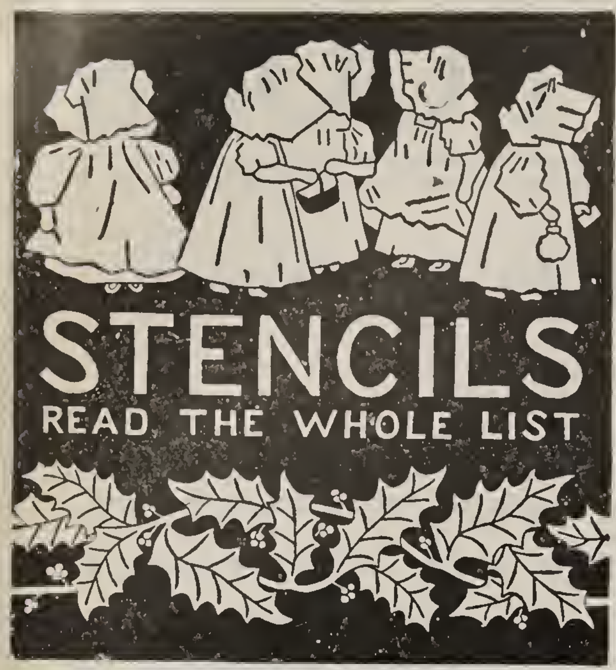

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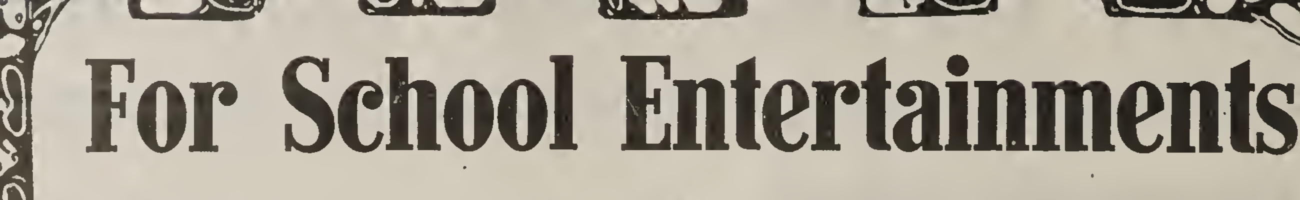

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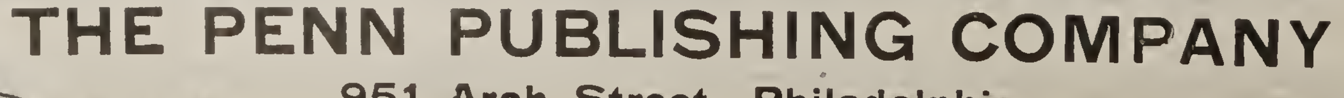

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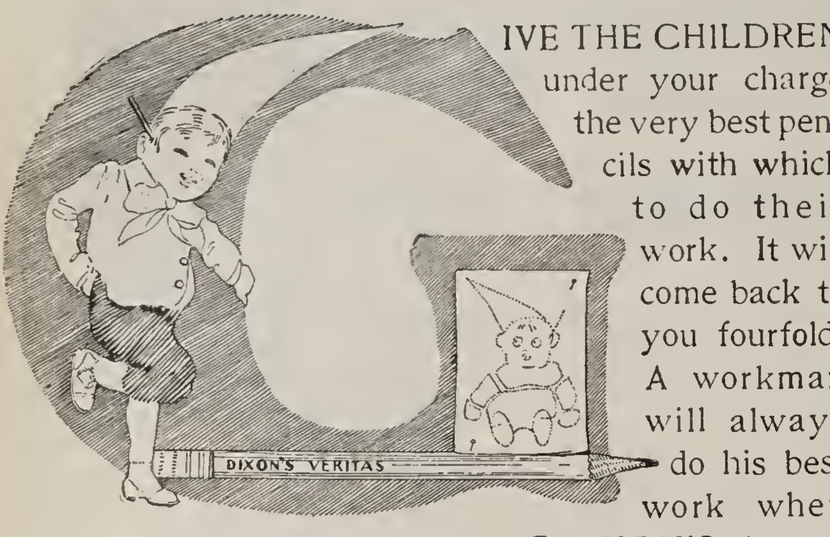

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Vol. XXIX APRIL, 1907 No. 8

Seed-Time

SOME people have the misfortune to be so constituted that everybody considers it necessary to correct and teach them. Many of these unfortunates are teachers. Superintendents, principals, and school trustees will seek to impress them during the week with the need of reform, and on Sunday the minister may take occasion to include a passing criticism upon the shortcomings of the schools. At teachers' institutes and summer schools there are usually heard the voices of Jonahs proclaiming the speedy downfall of all that is.

I recall talking to a Vermont teacher just after an address by G. Stanley Hall, in which that distinguished iconoclast had demonstrated *ex cathedra* that reading and writing were abominably taught; that arithmetic had no place at all in the early curriculum; that the text-books in geography were worse than useless, that the school readers were namby-pamby, and everything generally bespeaking slow death for the proper education of the young. How do you suppose she felt about it all? Everything that she had been doing and was expected to do stood condemned by authoritative dictum. The books that to the pupils were to serve as reliable guides were exposed as below mediocrity. No doubt there was much ground for criticism. But far greater was the need of encouragement. It is by this latter means that the true reformer would accomplish the best results. Negative criticism is well enough for a layman to present, but of the teachers of teachers we have a right to expect that it shall be constructive.

School is the seed-time. The ripening of the fruit is often hidden from the eyes of those who toiled faithfully to make the harvest abundant. The teacher's work is made up of many small duties that do not all, on the face of them, show their relation to the future results. The watchful care and loving thought are not always estimated at the value they actually have in the upbuilding of young lives. Looking after the little niceties of conduct, clean hands, sharpened lead pencils, neat writing, and the thousand other details profits more than exhibits at the county fair. Faithfulness in these little things is well worth while. The heart and thought behind them will not always be taken account of, but the results have entered into the shaping of character and the world has been made the better thereby.

Let theorists build glittering castles, but let us be sure of at least a humble hut to shield us from the storms, and, if so it may be, a little garden around it, where the birds shall visit us and tell us why our own flowers are so much sweeter than those of Never-Never Land.

It is a good plan for a teacher to take stock occasionally of the things done each day, and to consider what positive gain these must have meant to the pupils. Some keep a dair, . Among the numerous items recorded there an occasional mention of the progress at school would not be out of place, and in later years might be a source of much gratification. A cheerful outlook upon life is essential to a teacher's usefulness. Not the cheerfulness of self-satisfaction but of gratification—gratification at one's own growth and the growth of one's pupils.

The cover this month represents the design awarded first prize in the TEACHERS MAGAZINE contest. It is the work of Miss Hilda Streed, a pupil in the South High School of Minneapolis. Several other excellent designs were received from pupils in the same city. Honorable mention goes to St. Louis, but just which one of the many attractive designs entered for competition shall be selected for publication next year cannot be announced at this time; the choice is a difficult one. The interest in the contest has been widespread. Many interesting drawings have been received from teachers in all parts of the United States and Canada. To all these hearty thanks are extended.

Next month TEACHERS MAGAZINE will have a beautifully colored cover representing a typical scene in Holland. The artist is Mr. George Bonawitz. It was he who drew for us the striking Japanese cover in January. Six other colored pictures have been secured from him for next year. They will be enjoyed by teachers and pupils alike.

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Tragedies of Childhood.

By JESSIE B. MONTGOMERY, Wisconsin.

WHEN I was seventeen years old I taught my first school, in a neighborhood of small farmers. Some owned their land; the most of them farmed for large land-owners who lived in town. The little frame school-house was beautifully situated in the bend of a large creek whose banks were lined with drooping willows, alders, and birches. The lower branches of the trees made most comfortable seats from which to drop hook and line at recreation times. All around was a wood of giant oaks, shag-bark hickories, walnuts, maples, and all those magnificent trees which nature has given to certain regions of the Ohio Valley.

A wagon road wound thru the wood, past the corner of our school-house, crossing the bridge in the rear and wending its way among the river-bottom farms beyond. I see now those huge elms and sycamores that spread their giant sheltering arms across, making a flecked shade the entire length of a long bridge.

Among the children was a little German boy of seven years, with golden hair, large, serious, violet eyes, and the fair, spiritual face of an angel. He played with the other boys, who seemed fond of him, but he was, in the main, a quiet, pensive child. Another boy of the same age was Georgie, a bullet-headed little fellow with beady black eyes and a stocky, sturdy figure.

One sunny autumn day at recess, the older pupils scattered in various directions, gathering nuts and flowers, while I remained indoors to place some work on the blackboard. I could hear the hum of voices just outside an open window, and as soon as my work was finished, I started to join the talkers, with a view to taking them on a short excursion. As I neared the window, their serious tones arrested me, and I paused to look and listen. The two little boys were seated under a tree on the bank, throwing an occasional pebble into the water, and serious is a mild term for the gravity of their demeanor.

There came from Georgie, continuing a discussion, these words: "Yes, when I'm a man, I'm going to live in town." "What do you want to live in town for?" asked Willie. Georgie fairly swelled with pride and anticipation as his reply greeted my horrified ears, "So's I can go to the s'loon every day. It's fine there. They have flowers and gold-fish and marble-topped tables and it's just ever so nice. My father takes me there when we go to town."

There was a pause as Willie looked at him curiously and then gazed into the water again. Then Georgie said, "What are you goin' to do when you grow up, Willie?"

The reply came earnestly and quietly; there was no passion in it, "I don't want to grow up. I wish I could die now and go to Heaven," adding slowly, "where my mother can't come." His cheek bore the blue mark of a strap and his back probably bore many more.

Georgie gasped, and at last said, "I want my ma to stay with me. Why don't you?" Willie went on, "She whips me about every day and I can't help it. She just gets mad and whips me when I'm not doing anything and I don't know what for. I want to go clear away from her forever."

I went out presently, sat down beside them and talked of indifferent interests, a crippled flying squirrel we were caring for, and such things. I knew nothing better to do.

I knew Willie's mother. Besides meeting her frequently at my boarding-house, I visited her occasionally in her own home. I knew her to be fond of this golden-haired boy, but I could easily believe her capable of working off her tempestuous feelings on the most opportune helpless thing that came in her way. No doubt her wrath relieved itself in wielding the strap on the little boy.

She died some few years later. Willie and his father moved to a new farm where they lived until Willie was about fourteen years old, always a beautiful, sensitive child, not quite like the hardy, boisterous boys of his neighborhood. A new farm hand was employed. On the first day he was sent to plow behind a team of mules, one of which was not of an amiable disposition. Willie interposed, saying he would take that team, as the mule was not safe for a stranger, and the "hand" should follow the horses. On the first round, the mule proved unsafe even for one accustomed to him, and the little boy was brought in limp and lifeless. He had gone to meet his mother where they would see each other thru a clearer vision, let us hope.

In the same school was a group of pupils from a region popularly called Pawpau Bend. These children were bright and well behaved in spite of the contempt cast by their neighbors on their local habitat. One James, a little lad of twelve years, displayed to me one day after absence

Paper cuttings done by Lillie Frantsi, a little Finnish girl in Minnesota.

a bullet wound in the lower jaw, and gave me the information that he carried the bullet in the opposite cheek somewhere. The doctor's probing had failed to locate it exactly and it had not gone thru. His seventeen-year-old brother had shot James and then himself because of unhappiness in the home, due to the presence of a step-mother, according to the children's story.

Some years later, while teaching in a large ward school in one of our northern cities, my attention was attracted to a handsome, slip-shod and down-at-the-heel boy, named Harry. He was not one of mine, but belonged in the principal's room. I noticed him when on duty as monitor in the upper corridor, because of his shy, diffident manner, differing so markedly from that of the alert, mischievous group with which he allied himself. He was docile and studious when in school; but he had the "disappearing" habit.

For a fortnight or more he would be in his place promptly every session. Then he would "stop out." He could not be found at home. Nothing was known of his whereabouts there. An older brother was put on his track and usually found him in a day or two; or else after a few days, Harry emerged of his own free will, from his temporary eclipse. He was received at school on each return by an application of the rod. Such a reception seemed to have no disciplinary effect on the culprit, for he disappeared again after a certain trial of routine respectable living; but discipline must be maintained, and truancy could not be countenanced.

The principal had appealed to the father, a member of the city fire department, who lived away from home, except during an occasional drunk, when he inflicted his family with a visit and a beating all round from the wife to the youngest child. He promised heartily to co-operate with the teacher in securing more regular attendance on Harry's part. With this laudable intention in mind, he journeyed home, sober for once, and administered the periodic chastisement, thus ending his responsibility in the matter.

In due course of time, Harry disappeared again. The principal was in dispair, and made no move in the matter of looking him up. A couple of days later, as I walked back and forth in the corridor, anxious for the late squad to get in before the tardy gong should sound, I glanced out of the window. The group of chronic late-comers who kept us daily on the anxious seat on account of their loitering along the railroad tracks, "hopping" engines and trains, came hurrying along. Harry was in the midst. I announced to the principal that our wanderer was returning. She transferred a healthy-looking rod from the cloak-room to the office. She was of a large-boned, masculine type, of whose stentorian tones and muscular arm the pupils stood much in awe. (One boy whose father was a railroad engineer and an unusually large man, confided to his mother this opinion: "Why, I believe she could lick pa.")

Harry came slipping upstairs behind the other boys, a slight, ragged, unkempt figure, the very picture of miserable anticipation, and yet with an eye that met the principal's steadily and without defiance as he passed. I glanced from one to the other and it was more than I could stand. It was all so futile, anyway. The boys passed on and I, too broken up to meet my pupils, made a break for the teachers' rest room. Presently I felt a not unkind hand on my shoulder, and the principal said, "I didn't know you were such a goose or I should not have taken you into my confidence about Harry."

That closed the matter, for I could ask her no question. I bathed my eyes and returned to my room. I did not learn until after the end of that school year that Harry had not been punished that day, nor why he continued with entire regularity to the end of term. Some two years later, however, he ran away and it was reported that he had joined the "hoboes."

I shall not stop to speak of the boys whom unwise discipline sent to the reform school, nor to enumerate the maiming and deaths that occurred among the older boys of that school from the train-riding habit; except to mention the boy who maintained under the surgeon's knife, while his leg was being amputated, that he was merely standing beside the track and that the suction from the passing freight train was so great that it drew him under, *feet first!* I omit the details of one or two cigarette tragedies that came under my notice the next year, and of the accidental death of one of my boys just growing into manhood, whose home surroundings and early training for life were such that death in any form was the greatest blessing that could come to him.

A little later, while doing critic work in a fourth grade in a state normal school, I had in the higher division, a bright little boy whom I will call Gordon. He was neat in appearance, frank, alive, and interested in his work, and ambitious to lead his class. His parents, whom I met casually, were pleasing, intelligent looking people. The father was connected with a newspaper. After a few months Gordon began to change; he became untidy, even ragged and slouching, and this outward change was matched by a change of mental attitude. He worked, but in such a listless, disheartened, don't-care sort of way, that I felt worried. I did what I could, but things went from bad to worse. He looked ill, and one morning asked to leave the room.

After some time I sent Charles to inquire for him. Charles returned saying that Gordon was very ill; he had swallowed hickory-nut shells in order to kill himself. Later, when we were alone together, Gordon told me about it. He said his father had been drinking for a long time, and that he always came home cross or sullen, and that his mother was so angry with the father that she was cross all the time. When the father was home, he, Gordon, was either ignored or abused, and when the father was not there, the mother was either cross or wouldn't speak to him. He couldn't stand it any longer, he just couldn't. Only nine years old—think of it!—and life unendurable. The mother shut herself up and could not be reached, tho every effort was made to get into communication with her.

In that same class was a boy of marked peculiarities. He seemed mentally deficient—entirely foolish in some ways, and in some respects he

seemed a genius. He was capable of being very annoying. It was explained to me that when he was younger, his father's mode of punishment was catching him up by the heels and "lamming" him against the table, the wall, or whatever was handy. I had known of cruel boys putting cats to death in that manner, but it was to me a new form of torture for human kind.

There was another bright boy in this class who was somewhat irregular in attendance. The father was a physician who had had a fair practice at one time. One morning I heard a rap at the door and, stepping to the threshold, I met this boy and his father. The latter was very unsteady on his feet. Hat in hand, he swayed back and forth, trying to keep his balance. He began, "Madam, I'm 'shamed of my boy. I'm very much 'shamed to think he won't come to school regularly and gives trouble. Madam, his mother and I want him to be a good boy and grow up right. And if he gives any more trouble and doesn't come to school every day, just let me know, 'n' I'll see that he's all right." And the boy? Well, he stood by unashamed, but amused by his father's condition and futile promises of assistance.

Some time later I was again brought in contact, thru supervision, with the younger children in school. It is among the younger pupils that I have generally found the most positive unhappiness, for children are hardy beings, and will outgrow or overcome in time, a deal of misery. In the third grade was a boy who gave his teacher any amount of trouble. Henry was the kind that sulked and scraped his feet on the floor and played with the ink wells just to annoy, and outside he fought any one who crossed him in any way, and some who didn't. In a private talk with him, the teacher finally got at the root of the trouble. Henry said, "It's no difference. Nobody cares whether I'm good or not."

Then began an inquiry into his family history, and it was far from pleasant. The disgrace of his birth had seemingly raised every arm against him, and his against them all. Soon after this, a poor but benevolent old lady took him into her home, and she not only fed and clothed him, but cared for him, and took a real interest in him. It was good to see his gratitude, shown in the voluntary but gruff manner in which he worked to lighten her labors. The children's attitude toward him changed, and his toward them. He grew positively cheerful and quite well behaved.

The opportunity to enlist the sympathy of a few leading boys in his grade came in this wise: There was in school a small aristocrat of untidy appearance, who frequently went about with dangling shoe strings. One day, as he was walking to school with a number of boys, these untied strings were trailing behind. Henry stepped on them, deliberately and "on purpose." The well-born youth at once resented this hindrance to his progress, and came out of the engagement with a bloody nose. Henry had fought his way from the cradle up, and it took a skilful boy to parry the blows of those pugnacious fists.

In the inevitable interview which followed, it was brought to the attention of the untidy aristocrat, along with other data for future conduct, that something of forbearance was due to one whose childhood differed so from his own. He was a generous lad, and from his kindly conduct toward Henry there grew a more tolerant and kindly spirit in his mates.

I merely mention the little boy who spent three brave years trying to win his mother's affection and regard. Think of a child having to plan deliberately not to *deserve* the love of a parent, but to *win* it.

It may be noticed that I have referred only to boys. Are girls never unhappy? Don't they have their little tragedies? I have had my attention drawn to a few feminine miseries, but as a rule, if a girl suffers cruelty or indignity, she'll die rather than tell it, and that notwithstanding the common imputation that she cannot keep a close mouth.

I have related some half dozen instances of childish distress, when I readily recall scores from my own limited experience as a teacher. I have not told you all, nor the worst. If I should recall every childish unhappiness I have known, the miserable ones would still form a minority, perhaps. So I have not given these cases to prove that all childhood is tragic, nor to prove that any class of children is more prone to mistreatment than another. None of the cases I have in mind occurred among "slum" children. Some were among country children, some in a factory district, others were from the "professional" class. Four cigarette tragedies and several cases of boys who ran away from home belong to the so-called better families who send their children to the public schools. In many cases the children were of educated parents.

I have not related these stories to arouse any sentimental gush toward children. They need firm direction and good, wholesome discipline. The child who has it is more agreeable to all his friends and acquaintances, and therefore it is his due.

Young teachers are apt to be taken up with the preparation of the lesson, with the method of presenting it, in fact, with the lesson, so much so that the child may be the last factor that they will feel a vital interest in, unless he obtrudes himself on the attention by stupidity or misconduct. Now, I ask you, when you have to deal with a child for *any* irregularity: first, spare him public criticism and rebuke; second, get hold, as early as possible, of the mainspring of action; and you will often find that warm human sympathy is much more needed than chastisement; third, rarely take a class for wholesale condemnation or punishment. Deal with the individual offender whenever possible. Individual conditions and consequent motives for action differ so, and only in this way can you get into close and sympathetic touch with the offender.

Four things a man must learn to do,
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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THE RAIN

ARTHUR HENRY

ALYS E. BENTLEY

Very softly

Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter falls the rain. How I wish the sky could be a win - dow pane. I have a top to spin, I have a rope to skip; Oh! it is so sad to hear it drip, drip, drip.

rit.

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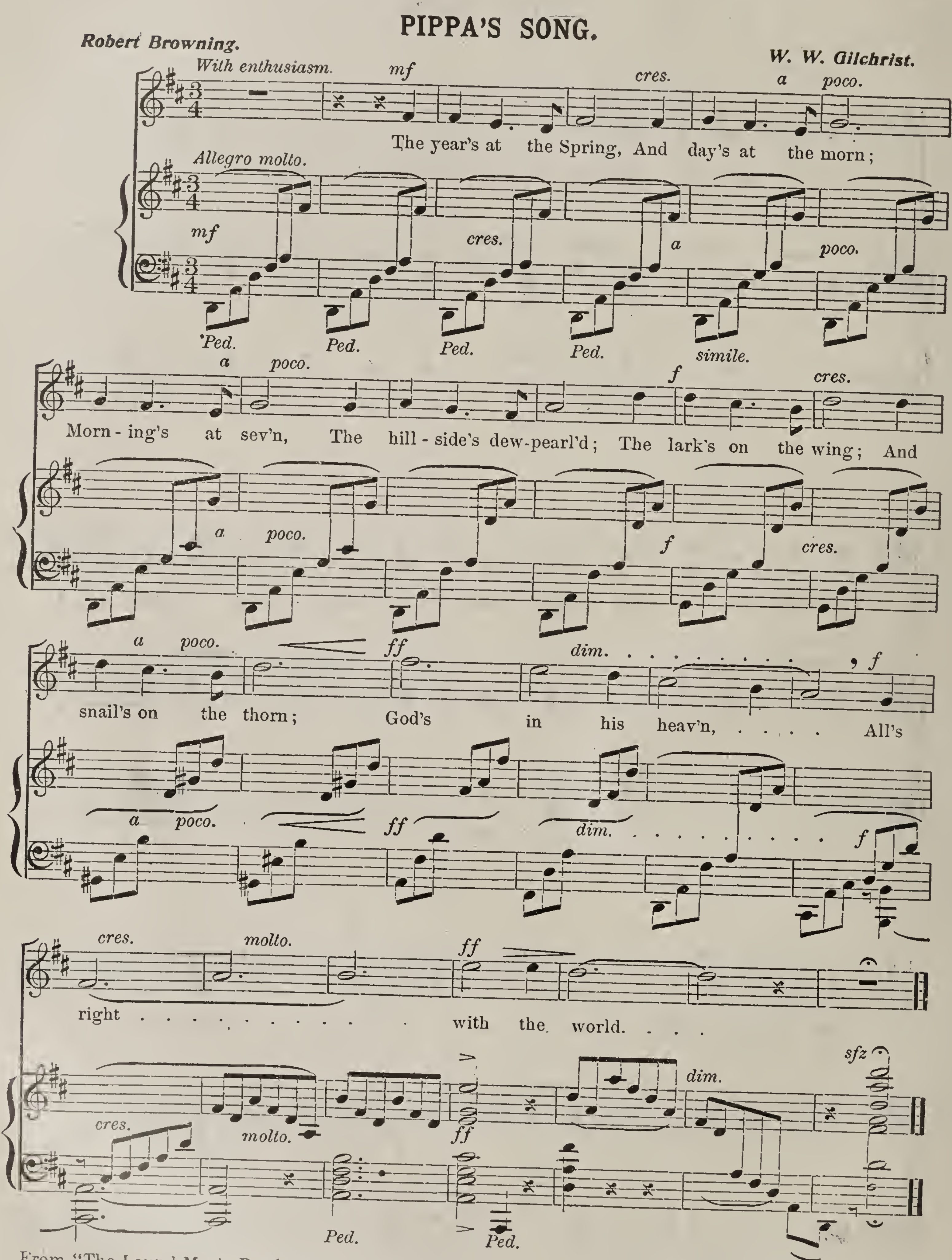

From "The Laurel Music Reader," by courtesy of the publishers, C. C. Birchard & Company, Boston.

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THE TOAD'S MISTAKE

Words and music by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Fast

A toad came in from out of town And said, "I real - ly must sit down; This mush - room here will do for me." . . . The mush - room said, "Get off, you toad! I was not built for such a load; I'm not a toad - stool! Can't you see?" . . . .

crescendo *Sustain the C* *p* *f* *pp* *sfz*

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Live Lessons in Civics

(Especially adapted to Fifth Grade.)

By Flora Helm Krause, Chicago.

THERE are some arrangements made for the necessity, comfort, and progress of citizens which pupils ought to know about, because knowledge of their existence and purpose (1) points to the pupils themselves the means of making use of them now and in later years of adult life; (2) gives the recipients a wider interest in their human and dumb kin; (3) and inculcates the idea of governmental necessity for institutions that provide for the welfare and progress of citizens.

These arrangements are public baths, parks, libraries and museums, systems of sewerage, and humane societies.

Public Baths.

Pupils from third grade up are capable of grasping the thought that civic progress pertains to all action that makes people healthy, educated, happy, and altruistic.

In this progress, health is the first consideration because a sound body is the basis of the others.

Cleanliness is the first step to getting and to keeping health. Most people are clean in their bodies thru instinct and by training. Some people, who know the value and pleasure of cleanliness, are not able to maintain it on account of their unfortunate circumstances. Some are so ignorant that they do not know its value, and some so lazy they do not know its pleasure.

All these must be provided for.

Public baths are established for the cleanliness of the persons taking them, as safeguards for the general public health, and, in connection with swimming-pools, as recreation.

They are established and maintained by the city; hence their common name, municipal baths; or by private philanthropists.

The institution of them is old in European countries (the oldest going back to 1794) but it is as late as 1868 that cities in the United States introduced them.

These cities are Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Newark, Hartford, Des Moines, Lawrence, Springfield (Mass.), and a few smaller ones. Boston leads in this civic enterprise, having twenty-four establishments.

These baths are free, and are taken advantage of by the poorer people, who have either no homes or no facilities for bathing at their home.

In connection with the bath there is generally a wash house, where laundering can be done by the participants, and, in connection with the wash house, a room where the unwashable clothes can be disinfected by sulphur fumes or other methods.

Some cities have the old-fashioned tub-bath, others the spray baths, and some have, in addition to the baths, free swimming tanks and gymnasia. The model one would have all these facilities combined.

Public Parks.

The next step to cleanliness in health preservation is fresh air, exercise, and recreation. To answer these requirements public parks are maintained by the cities.

In crowded cities, where brick walls take the place of foliage, smoke obscures the sky, and stone pavements react to weary feet, there is a positive necessity to provide for the freedom, restfulness, and beauty of nature.

Rich people can secure them in their homes or by leaving the city for periods; but for those who are poor or very busy with the labor of self or family support, the community must provide these spots of nature. It is in pursuit of this civic obligation that each city feels it a duty and a pleasure to provide public parks.

Public parks are laid out first, with a view of giving nature's benefactions, by open space, pure air, foliage, and grassy areas; next, the view of yielding comfort by seats, shelter houses, drinking fountains, etc. Then comes the view of cultivating a love for the beautiful by landscape gardening, flowing fountains, winding paths, water expanses, monuments, statuary, and musical performances.

Parks serve educational purposes as well as sanitary and recreative ones. A study of foliage from grass to bush, from bush to tree, of flowers in the gardens, of the birds and the squirrels in the trees, of the water-fowls and the fish of the ponds, of the various soils, of the water and ground formations, can be pursued in the parks.

Many school classes realize this and go to the nearest park for nature study.

In the large cities the various parks are connected by a system of boulevards and drives, called parkways. These parkways are paved, lined with trees, and in other ways beautified in harmony with the natural and beautiful conditions of the parks they connect. Then the parks and parkways together form what is called a park system.

There is now more and more a growing tendency to substitute in the large cities for the large, elaborate, expensive, and far-removed parks, small areas whose chief charm is natural freedom, and whose chief advantage is accessibility by the poor in their crowded districts.

Public parks are maintained by city taxation and controlled by park boards, whose members may be appointed by the Mayor or elected by the people.

Permission to establish and maintain parks and tax the people for their cost, like all other powers exercised by the city, is given it by State legislation.

Dramatized Stories

By AGNES M. GORMLEY, Washington, D. C.

Boston Boys.

During the Revolution, the American boys were troubled a great deal by the English soldiers.

One day, when some of these boys went to the Boston Common to skate, they found the ice had been broken by the red-coats.

"I wish we were not boys," said one of the little fellows, whose name was James. "If I were big enough to carry a sword and a musket I would drive them out of the land in no time."

George, one of the other boys, quickly answered, "What if we are boys? I, for one, shall bear this treatment no longer."

All the boys, of course, said he was right, but wondered what they could do.

"I'll tell you," replied George. "We'll form a line of march and with drum and fife and colors wait upon General Howe at his tent, and tell him we will *not* be insulted by the British soldiers."

All cheered George for this good plan, and together they started for General Howe's headquarters.

As they approached the tent, the sentinel pacing before the door heard, in the distance, the noise of the drum, and wondered if the town was up in arms again. As the troop of boys came in sight he saw that an Indian was painted on their flag, instead of the English cross.

"Oh, the land is full of rebellion!" he exclaimed. "It is full of it and running over!"

The boys halted in front of the tent.

"Is General Howe at home?" George asked.

"Who are you?" demanded the sentinel.

"We are Boston boys, sir," answered George.

"What do you want here?" the sentinel inquired.

"We come for our rights," replied George, "and we wish to speak to the British general."

The sentinel was very angry, and told them the British general had better business than listening to ragamuffin little rebels, and that *he* would do none of their messages.

"As you please, sir," answered George, "but here we wait till we see General Howe. We *will* see him and *he* shall do us justice."

"Justice for you would be to hang you, and your cowardly countrymen," answered the sentinel. "I suppose you are making all this fuss about the little dirty pond on the common that does not at best hold water enough to fill a milk can."

"Cowards, do you call us?" shouted the boys. "Say it again if you dare!"

Hearing the noise the general came out to ask what was the matter.

George told him that they had come to complain of the insults and outrages of his soldiers. "They break our kite-strings and ruin our skating-ponds and steal our drums from us. We have spoken more than once to no purpose and now we have to say that we cannot, and we will not, endure it any longer."

General Howe was a just man and could not help admiring the spirit of the boys.

"Go, my brave boys," he said. "You have the word of General Howe that your sports shall never be disturbed again without punishment to the offender. Does that satisfy you?"

"Yes, General Howe," answered George, "and in the name of my country I give you thanks."

"No thanks," responded the general. "You are brave boys; you are English boys: I see plainly you are English boys."

"No, sir," shouted all the boys together. "Yankees—Yankee boys, sir!" And with colors flying the little band marched off in triumph.

[This narrative is constructed from a dialog in Monroe's Third Reader, Cowperthwait & Co. The dramatization which follows is only very slightly changed from the original in Reader.]

Dictation.

Grade IV.

One day the boys went to Boston Common to skate.

We will wait upon General Howe at his tent.

Specimen of Tree Moss.

The sentinel was pacing before the door.
We have spoken more than once to no purpose.

To Play the story.

Characters: Six or eight boys.
Sentinel.
General Howe.
His Aide.

Accessories: American flag.
Drum (if desired).
Any school article, like window stick, to imitate gun of sentinel.

[At back of room a crowd of boys come in together. They look about at the floor—the skating-pond—with different degrees of excitement.]

George: [Very excited.] Here it is again, boys! The ice is all broken in by the red-coats! We shall have no fun to-day.

James: I wish we were not *boys!*

If I were big enough to carry a sword and a musket I would drive them out of the land in no time!

George: What if we are boys! I for one shall bear this treatment no longer.

All: Right, George, right.

James: But what can we do, boys?

George: I'll tell you. We'll form a line of march; and with drum and fife and colors wait upon General Howe at his tent and tell him we will *not* be insulted by the British soldiers!

All: Hurrah!

[They pass out and round to front of room, where a sentinel on guard is pacing before door of dressing-room—the general's tent. He pauses and listens.]

Sentinel: What in the name of wonder can that be? Are they up in arms again in this town. [Boys come in.] A troop of boys! An Indian painted on their flag instead of the English cross!

[Continues his walking.]

Oh, the land is full of rebellion! It is full of it and running over!

[Boys halt in front of tent. George, who carries flag, salutes.]

George: Is General Howe at home?

Sentinel: Who are you?

George: We are Boston boys, sir.

Sentinel: What do you want here?

George: We come for our *rights* and we wish to speak to the British general.

Sentinel: The British general has better business than listening to ragamuffin little rebels. I shall do none of your messages.

[Walks off.]

George: As you please, sir; but here we wait till we see General Howe. We *will* see him, and *he* shall do us justice.

Sentinel: Justice for you would be to hang you and your cowardly countrymen. I suppose you are making all this fuss about the little dirty pond on the common that does not at best hold water enough to fill a milk can.

All: Cowards do you call us? [Close on him threateningly.] Say it again if you dare?

[General Howe and his Aide step out.]

General: What is the matter here? Why is this noise?

George: [Salutes general.] General Howe, we come to complain of the insults and outrages of your soldiers. They break our kite strings, and ruin our skating-ponds, and steal our drums from us. We have spoken more than once to no purpose; and now we have to say that we cannot and we will not endure it any longer!

General: [Aside to Aide.] Good heavens! Liberty is in the very air! [To the boys.] Go, my brave lads. You have the word of General Howe that your sports shall never be disturbed again without punishment to the offender. Does that satisfy you?

George: Yes, General Howe; and in the name of my country I give you thanks.

[Salutes again.]

General: [Smiling.] No thanks. You are brave boys; you are English boys; I see plainly you are English boys.

All: [Shouting.] No, sir; Yankees! Yankee boys, sir!

[Teacher should explain the attitude of England to the Colonies, and the meaning of the term "Yankee."]

These stories are intended for playing and for individual telling.

"The Cat and the Fox" has been successfully written in grades three and four, by omitting the quotation marks. The quotations are all complete sentences containing no explaining words. Wherever a quotation is used in the story it is a complete sentence.

Both—"William Tell" and "King Midas" are simple narratives with few technical points. The exclamatory sentences may be written as declarative and interrogative, since it is the manner of utterance that so often gives them their "feeling" quality.

Many stories, like these here given, may be played in low grades and written in higher ones. Stories for writing should always be arranged with such purpose in view that their technical points may be within the grade attainment.

Every oral story should have some technical correlation as soon as the pupil has learned to write. It helps greatly to have oral or written *spelling* lessons from the stories as far back as the first and second grades.

In grades three and four, even when the whole story is *not* written, there should be dictations on constructions unusual to child usage as well as on the technicalities within the story.

Different methods of taking the written story will be made the subject of some future paper.

Two Little Windows.

There are two little tiny windows
You peep thru every day;
They show you the beautiful world,
And help you to work and play.

And then, when you go to bed,
You draw the blinds down tight;
The eyes are those little windows
That always shine so bright.

—*The Teachers' Aid.*

Our School Out of Doors

By EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Stamford, Conn.

WE shall have this outing in honor of those tingling sensations of boyhood days on the old farm," I remarked to the members of the class as I met them early one bright afternoon about the middle of April.

At once, exclaimed the Impulsive Member, "How can that be? Isn't is too late to find more of those frost forms you were showing us at the cold spell two weeks ago?"

I explained that times have changed. We now are in the city. And the tingling sensations of half a century ago never to a country schoolboy brought to mind the beautiful work of Jack Frost. No, you Enthusiast, and my reader, too, the tingling sensations referred to were associated with lachrymal liquid rather than with crystalline curios.

Some one in poetical fancy has said that newborn spring, like a baby, cries during the first few weeks. If, indeed, the rains of April are to be likened to the tears of youth, then the figure still holds good, for interest in twigs and buds is especially and closely associated with the tears of youth.

For the next two or three weeks we are to study the "burst of spring." Again, perhaps, our poetical humorist would maintain that application of twigs makes the "spring." There is no doubt that many an old-time schoolboy could testify that not only were the activities of twigs associated with many "showers," but with "spring"-time as well.

But our lesson to-day is to be taken from those of later years who look at buds and twigs from a less painful standpoint. Let us go out to gather buds, study buds, talk about buds, and admire buds. There is variety enough to suit every taste—buds fuzzy, glossy sticky, short, long, queer, little, and big.

Then what interests there are in the twigs, on the one year twigs, two year twigs, three year twigs, and twigs of increasing years developing into the larger branches. Twigs! What an endless variety of twigs. Dear, little, smooth, round, rough, dull, bright, colored, straight, and crooked.

"Why," says our Quizzical Member, "this sounds like a lesson in grammar, or an exercise in the use of adjectives!"

"And, indeed," I replied, "you will need to become a skilful user of adjectives if you would do full justice to the beauties and interests of the buds and twigs of early spring."

No habit of the non-naturalist is more astonishing than is his almost total indifference to the charms of such objects. Even the most generally indifferent would, one might suppose, sometimes notice a flower, and become, if only for a moment, enthusiastic over the approach of spring. But to me the flower is not so redolent of spring as is the bud or the twig. The flower suggests fruiting and seed, almost an "intent" (if one may so speak) of the seed production and the death of the plant. The buds and twigs are your true youth that look forward in exuberant activity, highly-colored hopes, to midsummer and an intensity in the life of cell growth and movement.

Twigs and Bursting Buds of "Pussy Willow."
(In April.)

So let the spring poet turn his attention to buds and twigs, for they, more than flowers and birds, are the peculiar property of this season. Flowers bloom and birds migrate every month in the year, but buds and twigs celebrate only spring.

One of the very earliest signs of the season is the increased coloring of the maple twigs and the marsh willows. To see them brightening, brightens one's own life.

For our most serious study of buds, note the structure and varying forms. How astonishingly long are those of the beech, and how close

and social they are on the cherry and the maple. Note the sticky covering on those of the horse-chestnut, the fuzziness of the magnolia, and the gloss of the fruit trees. The buds of the spice-bush are close and "knobby," and offer alluring suggestions of a bloom that shall open long before the plant will venture to unfold its leaves in the cool breezes.

We smile approvingly and give a glad welcome to the hepatica, spring beauty, anemone, and to the other delicate little blossoms that begin to shine like stars in the damp shades. But it is the sight of the catkins on the willows and the alders that make us cry aloud with delight and throw up our hats with a shout of "Hurrah." Tho I write "us," I mean only those to whom the catkins and the willows bring back the days of their youth—half a century ago; only those who can see in these tiny telescopes the youthful days of the swamp just back of the old homestead. I say that we throw up our hats. Of course I do not mean *en masse*, and simultaneously as at a particularly good point made by the orator of an outdoor political meeting, but rather singly, here and there, each member of the "us" fraternity rejoicing as he walks along in the ravine that leads to the swamp.

"Bursting" of Walnut Buds.

This, my School Out of Doors, and my Readers, too, is only a bit of verbal activity, a form of rhetorical gymnastics. Such undignified proceedings of course do not actually occur—at least not when a School and Readers are present. And the Members of the Class! Of course they listen indulgently, and are amused by the prattlings of one who has come out of the long ago. None of them, and not one of you is thus affected. You never by physical movements express enthusiasm for buds and twigs. No, not yet; but you will when you go alone at some time in the future, and remember the class of many years before.

Once upon a time, a mature man was walking quietly with a friend along a railroad embankment. Nothing could be more prosaic, nor less poetical than the surroundings. At a sudden curve in the road, appeared a pond, with a thicket and a grove on one border. A water lily or two was blooming on the water. That changed the scene. In a moment that man appeared to become a raving maniac. He dashed his hat on the gravel. He leaped into the air, and leaped again. He flung his hands abroad, and with his enraptured face toward the sky, he cried: "Oh, Billy, look, look, look! It is, it is! I know it is, I know it is! Oh, Billy, it is, it is!" Insane? A raving madman. And Billy looked not at the pond, but at the raging creature prancing on the bank. The cause of it all? Nothing but a little bunch of yellow flowers blooming between two water lilies.

When he was calm, he said, "Billy, I feel better now. But if you had just finished reading Darwin's book on 'Insectivorous Plants,' as I have done, and for the first time in your life saw *Utricularia* in bloom, as I see it yonder, you would go crazy with delight, just as I have done. I have never before seen *Utricularia*, but I know that that is it. On the spur of the moment I couldn't recall the name. All that I could do was to jump and yell with delight and frighten you." But Billy laughed until he cried. And for many a day he entertained his friends with an exaggerated account of my performance, when I first saw the carnivorous *Utricularia*, and for the first time saw it in bloom.

You will probably have a similar experience in the future, when some of us are dead, and you repeat this afternoon's walk alone, and remember, and keep on remembering. The buds and the twigs, the alder catkins, and the tender green of the willows, may perhaps not make you leap, and cry to Billy, for Billy will not be with you yet. They surely—but I prefer to change the subject.

The buds and twigs bring many a burst of tears, as well as of spring, in many a sense to those who really know or have known them. And they bring many a laugh. Sometimes the borderland between the two is very narrow. When I see *Utricularia*, a pain strikes my heart, and I would give all that I possess for a single glimpse of Billy, or for a single repetition of his boyish laugh.

How much any School Out of Doors, young

or old, one or more members, misses, if there is left out, what Wordsworth refers to as the "still, sad music of humanity," even one's own "humanity," one's moments when the spiritual rises far above the physical. Truly, said Emerson, "Nature is loved by the best that is in us"—and that love also cultivates and brings back that "best."

The reminiscences of my love of nature inspired the Class with deeper interest. From even the strictly botanical point of view nothing in spring is more interesting than a bursting bud or a brightly colored, fresh-appearing twig. We gathered a large number of all sorts and sizes; studied their forms and colors and structure. Then we arranged them on the Nature Bulletin Board. What a valuable thing is that Board, so important that it is well worthy the dignity of a capital B. We use it in the early spring for the named buds and twigs, later for flowers, and then in the autumn for seeds and other "fruits"—especially, when the Board is covered with cloth, for the stick-tight fruits.

But now, in the spring, our Board gives us in the indoor school a panoramic view of all the buds and twigs found by the School Out of Doors in their varied ramblings. It does not take a large Board to contain samples and names of nearly all of the more common kinds. The preparation of the Board and the trimming and fastening of the twigs on it, give the best kind of correlation. The boys, especially, like to interpolate their jackknives into things.

* * *

The predominant colors of April are yellow and white. Yellow dots the lowlands in the marsh marigold, spicebush, and adder's tongue. White is the color of the rocks—saxifrage, anemone, dicentra, shadbush, and dogwood. The faint lines of pink among the spring beauties, and the deepening shade of the hepatica (some are almost white), are color prophecies that deepen and become real as the year grows older.

The spring beauties and some other flowers seem regretfully to come into life, or to have come too soon, for they shrink back every night into what may be called the bud stage of their winter.

The warm days bring out many insects to glint the sunshine, like so many "flowers of the air." Among the moths and butterflies dull colors, however, prevail. The brighter hues, like the showiest flowers, wait for the hot days of July and August.

In the pools, especially in the early part of the month, there are fairies about—real, yet fragile fairies, the fairy shrimps. These are graceful creatures, altho they are hardly attractive to the student of "general natural history." To appreciate their good qualities, the microscope is needed. They then become a source of delight, yet a source, too, of regret, because to study them they must be killed and dismembered. Perhaps the general student will be better pleased with them as they are in the pond, where they rise and fall in graceful curves and long, descending lines; and where he may observe that, active as they are, they always swim on their back. This is a provision of nature that I have never seen explained. Any Member of the Class, or any Reader, is permitted to discover the reason, if he can.

Many Members of our Class were especially interested in watching the sunfish hovering over its nest. These fish are now ornamented with gorgeous shades of blue and red, with tinges of yellow. They all are near the shore now laying their eggs or guarding them. The female clears away a hollow in the sand about as large as a soup plate. It is curious to note how she and her mate guard the young. Not infrequently she selects a place under overhanging, aquatic plants, perhaps really for protection, but giving the place an appearance of curtain decoration.

The young of most of our small, four-footed animals are born this month.

This is the time for aquarium and terrarium making. The attractions of the ponds and pools and marshes are at their best. The salamanders are out before the end of the month. For newts, it takes not many dips of the net at the edge of the pond, nor many stones to be overturned in the brook to procure an abundant supply.

Turtles are active and can easily be watched or gathered for the terrarium. Frogs and toads are laying their eggs.

* * *

But perhaps more than any natural history details, our Class enjoys the landscape. That is a part of the lesson that I would emphasize with every class. Do not miss the whole—the woods, the brook, the pond, the clouds, and the sunshine. It is far easier, I have found, to interest my Class in the brook as a whole than in any caddis fly larva from under a stone in that brook, or in any single flower growing on its bank. And I make bold to say, tho it is almost iconoclastic, perhaps even "nature-studiedly" sacriligious, that the brook is worth more than the larva or the flower; and the sunshine is worth more than any bud or insect that it brings forth. Emboldened by this burst of bravery I hastily add, then speedily run to cover, that on this beautiful April day an hour of enjoyment in the open is worth more than the same time spent in detailed instruction; that bright eyes and rosy cheeks are worth more than a stack of notebooks four feet high.

Isn't that so, Members of my Class?

"Yes-s-s," unanimously, with peals of laughter, and approving applause.

There, you antediluvian, formal systematist, and protester of "things in the air," what do you say to that?

Now I'm off, after firing just one shot. Hoping it will hit the mark, I escape before a volley can be sent in return.

Literary Suggestions.

One of the most appreciative essays on "April" is the chapter by that name in John Burroughs' "Birds and Poets." Mr. Burroughs explains his peculiar fondness for the month: "April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delight and new surprises at each return of it." Here is one of his expressive metaphors of the month. "April is the tenderest of tender salads, made crisp by ice or snow water."

I like also that pretty comparison of March, April, and May, by Thoreau. He said: "Spring. March fans it, April christens it, and May puts on its jacket and trousers."

Home Industrial Work

By Supt. O. A. Morton, Georgetown, Mass.

IT seems to be the tendency to make the school the social and industrial, as well as the educational, center of the community. While the conditions in our large cities may demand this, the principle, unless handled very judiciously, will be detrimental to the best interests of our country.

The practical efficiency of the public schools has increased very rapidly in the last few decades; yet, if we rely wholly upon the increased educational advantages offered by them, and ignore those influences that made for intellectual strength in the past, in my opinion, the world will be disappointed in the results.

The reason why so many successful men have come from rural communities is not to be found in the efficiency of the schools of their times by any means, but in the vigorous, wholesome, and educative influences of the home environment. The opportunties for taking the initiative that are open to a boy in the country, the manual work which he does because he enjoys it, the duties and responsibilities he is called upon to meet, the obstacles his environment forces him to overcome, and the helpful instruction given him by his parents are important factors in fitting him for active, business life.

The most pertinent criticism of our schools is that the children, when they leave school, have but little ability to notice the things that need to be done, nor the desire to do them without definite direction. If the children are to become self-directing individuals, which should surely be the object of education, they must be allowed some freedom of choice, must be encouraged to take the initiative, to estimate the obstacles to be overcome, to plan the mode of procedure, and to stick to their selected tasks until they have conquered.

Recognizing the importance of these elements and the inestimable value of the co-operation of the home in the education of the children, we have inaugurated this year some lines of home industrial work that have proved very satisfactory. About a year ago we discussed with the teachers and also with the pupils, the possibilities of home gardening, and the following circular letter was sent to each parent:

To Parents:

We wish to begin, in a small way, this year, a work that we believe to be of great value to the boys and girls who are now in school. If you are interested in it, we shall appreciate your hearty co-operation and support.

1. Each boy or girl who wishes should have a plot or plots of ground set aside for his or her exclusive use. If for vegetables, it may be near or part of the large garden; if for flowers, it may be by some fence, wall, or mass of shrubbery.

2. All who intend to take up this work should give the teacher their name and address, number of plots they intend to cultivate, the approximate size of each plot, and the name of each vegetable or flower that they intend to raise.

3. Pupils may plant whatever you and they decide to be best for them. But I give the following list as suggestive of desirable varieties: Vegetables—Beets, carrots, turnips, cabbages, onions, tomatoes, potatoes, squashes, pumpkins, and melons; flowers—sweet peas, nasturtiums, poppies, mignonette, gaillardia, etc. Too many varieties should not be selected. A few well cared for will give better results.

4. All the preparation of the soil that is done by hand, the planting, watering, hoeing, etc., should be done by the boy or girl whose plot it is. Parents should suggest, advise, encourage what they think best, but all the work should be done by the owner.

I intend, sometime during September, to visit and inspect each garden, noting the shape and arrangement, the kinds of vegetables and flowers cultivated, the care that has been given them, the thriftiness of their condition, and the general results of the work. Such things should be selected and should be planted at such a time that they will be at their best during September.

The objects of this work are to furnish pupils something interesting, practical, and instructive to do during vacation; and to bring them into touch with Nature and her laws in a sensible way.

If a sufficient number engage in this work and the results are fairly satisfactory, an exhibition of the products will be held about October 1.

After the pupils had talked the plan over among themselves, and with their parents and teachers, those who desired to take up the work organized themselves into neighborhood groups, electing one of their number as superintendent of that group. The duties of the superintendent were to visit the gardens occasionally to see how they were progressing, and to meet and conduct me to each garden when I made my visit of inspection in September.

The children were very much interested, and began at once to lay out their plots, measure them very accurately, draw to a scale a diagram

A Section of the School Exhibit Held at Georgetown, Mass.

of each; and to collect seeds for future planting. Their nature work became a thing of interest and they were exceedingly eager to read anything pertaining to the preparation of soil or the cultivation of plants. When the time came for planting, they entered upon their work with determination to win.

In September I visited about 150 gardens, and was surprised and much gratified at the results. Nearly every garden showed thought care, and persistent effort; while many of them would have done credit to an experienced gardener. Some of the children in the primary grades had beautiful little gardens that they had watched, watered, and weeded with great care, that the flowers and vegetables might be vigorous and fresh when I visited them. Not over eight per cent. of those who took up the work made a partial failure of it. And these had learned a valuable lesson by the effort, and are on the list for the coming year.

Home Garden of One of the Georgetown School Children.

In October the promised exhibition was held. All the details were discussed freely by the children, and the arrangement and execution were outlined largely by the pupils themselves. In this way they learned how to select, the number of each variety, and approved ways of arranging such articles as they had. When the day of the exhibition arrived, nearly every one was on hand with his exhibit. The varieties, the quality and size, and the arrangement did credit to all concerned. Many parents and citizens visited the rooms during the day and were intensely interested in the results.

The home gardening aroused so much interest and enthusiasm that we decided to extend the idea to sewing, cooking, tool work, and other industrial lines that could be taken up at home.

As the teachers and pupils were very much interested to have this done, mothers' meetings were called, at which we explained the possibilities of home industrial work and submitted suggestive lists of subjects from which they might choose.

In January an exhibition of the work was held; and the variety, quality, and quantity of the work surprised even those who had been closely identified with it. As only the variety can be suggested, I give below a short representative list of articles: White bread, brown bread, biscuit, rolls, cup cake, muffins, doughnuts, sponge cake, loaf cake, pies, tarts, salads, gelatines, candies; doll's table, bird houses, bicycle chain, rolling pin, basket, gig-saw frame, brackets, wheelbarrow, bob-sleds, single sleds, burnt frame, sawhorse and saw, chopping-block and axe, match-boxes, canoes, hoes, rakes; tray-cloths, bead collars, pen-wipers, plain and embroidered doilies, pin-cushions, doll's quilt, doll's clothes, flat-iron cleaner, dish-towels, sewing bag, handkerchiefs, sofa pillows, mats, Mexican work, etc.

Another Home Garden Laid Out by One of the Georgetown School Children.

Such work as the above, when it is done with a will, is educative, practical, and valuable. It encourages parents to do for their children some of the things that their parents did for them; it emphasizes the value of home and home influences; and it also brings the two great forces in the development of the child—the home and the school—into close, co-operative, and vital relation.

A Maple-Sugar Party in a New York School. II

By Rose R. Archer, New York City.

THE teacher's collection of magazine pictures representing life in a modern maple-sugar camp was shown and explained to the children individually.

The "country picture," always kept on one of the large blackboards of the class-room, was changed from the winter scene to one representing the country as it appears during the early days of March. This picture was invaluable in illustrating the "talk," for in the picture were "woods," the "fields," the "roads," and all the things which would be mentioned in talking of a maple-sugar camp, and which must be pictured for the children who have never seen one in reality. The day of the party the children wore yellow wreaths made of fringed tissue paper. Both teachers wore wreaths also, and the thin, white summer dresses which they donned for the occasion were effectively trimmed with rosettes and streamers of yellow baby-ribbon.

Program of Exercises.

Fancy Marching
The Bowing Game
Hymn (Class)
Greeting to the Sun (Class). Song (Gaynor No. 41)
Rain Song (Class). "Pit a Pat." (Gaynor No. 30)
Afterward as Song play a musical selection, by "Kindergarten Orchestra" and piano.
"Springtime Song," sung (with piano accompaniment), by individual child.

Note.—The song was then played by the Kindergarten Orchestra, assisted by the teacher presiding at the piano.

Contest Games:
1. Transporting the Sap-pails.
2. Who Takes the Cake?
3. Jack Frost and Spring.
4. First Snowshoe Race.
5. Second Snowshoe Race.
6. Sap or Syrup?

Note.—Use small-size "lard pails" for the "sap buckets" in these contest games, as pails of a larger size would be too heavy and unmanageable.
'Moon Song" (A Lullaby)

Sung by: A child holding doll dressed in long baby clothes. The child sits in a Kindergarten Chair and pretends to look at the moon.

Taken from "Song Stories" in the Patty Hill book, page 54.

Note.—Change words "children" and "people" to *baby* in the song.

Note.—The first two songs sung at the party were learned in connection with the talk about the "rising of the sap," the second verse of the first song refers to the opening of the "leaf buds," which makes it particularly appropriate.

Note.—An article entitled "Making Maple Sugar," by Max Bennett Thrasher, which appeared in one of the magazines a few years ago, proved very helpful in planning the party and explaining sugar making to the children. The article will probably be found in the public library, and may be readily identified with the aid of "Poole's Index."

Contest Games.

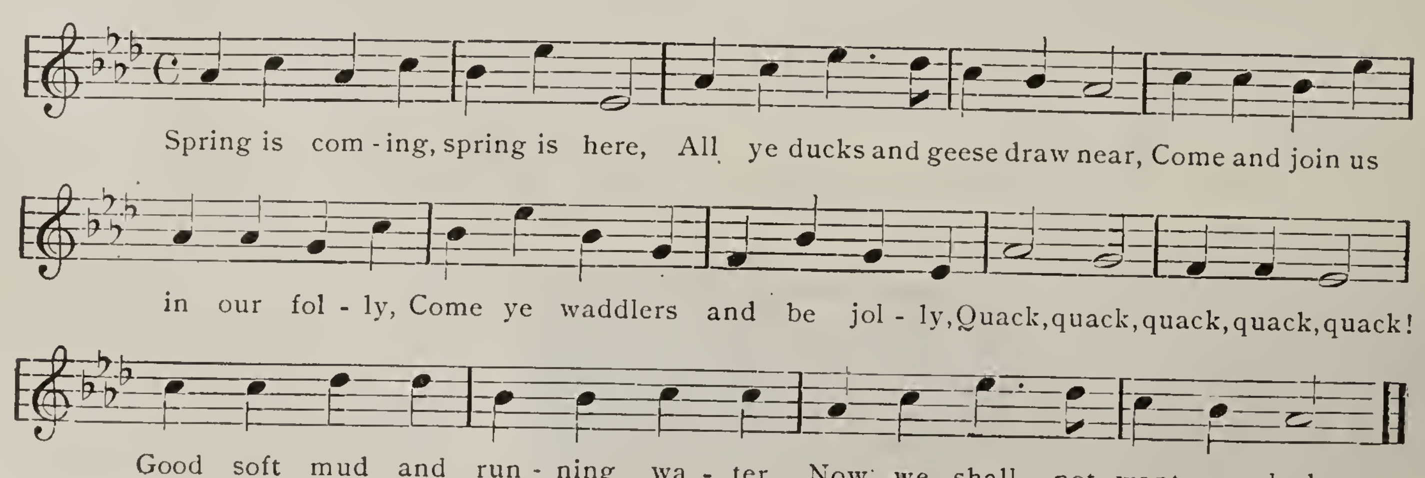
Two sets of simple outline drawings made with white chalk, by the kindergartener, on the floor of the playground were used to indicate the starting points and the turning-points used in the contest games. On the western side of the yard two sugar houses were drawn; on the eastern, two maple trees. (Each drawing did not exceed thirty inches in length.)

First Race.—Two boys start at signal from the "sugar houses," run across yard, and each picks up a tin sap-bucket (nearly filled with water) which they find placed at the foot of each tree. They walk back slowly to the sugar house. The one who arrives first without spilling any of the "sap" wins.

Race for Maple-Sugar Cakes.—Two girls stand at foot of maple-sugar trees, each holding a cake of maple sugar (wrapped in paper) in her hand. Two girls stand at door of "sugar houses," and at a signal race to opposite side of yard, and, accepting the maple-sugar cake from the children standing there, run back quickly to starting-place. The one who wins "takes the cake." The one who loses forfeits her maple sugar.

Jack Frost and Spring.—Boy dressed in Jack

"SPRING-TIME SONG."



Frost costume (of fringed white glazed cambric trimmed with silver tinsel used at a Christmas party), and a girl dressed in Nile green and white costume. (The white tarlatan dress used at the valentine party, from which the paper hearts were removed, and the dress then trimmed with smilax.) Jack Frost tries to catch Spring, who carries a branch of maple blossoms. If he succeeds, Spring must give him the maple blossoms. Spring was given the advantage of the start in a "go as you please" race once around the entire yard, (this would have been impossible if we had had any visitors), and a convenient "dodging" place was made by placing an old-fashioned long kindergarten table in the center of the yard. Spring's object was to keep Jack Frost at such a distance that she could successfully make a run for the janitor's broom-closet (which for the occasion was supposed to be a cave in the woods); and if she succeeded in entering and closing the door, Jack Frost was defeated.

Of course the "*trash basket*" races were too popular to be omitted; only this time we pretended that the baskets were "snow-shoes." In the fourth race, the contesting boys wore only one "snow-shoe," and they had to race from the "sugar houses" to the "trees," each carrying two empty sap-pails to see who could reach the "maple tree," deposit the tin sap-pails, and return to the starting-place first. In the fifth race the boys wore *two* snow-shoes and each carried only *one* sap-pail to the maple tree, depositing the pail at the foot of the tree and returning to the starting-place ("sugar house").

Two little girls, each standing at the door of a "sugar house," held a small drinking-glass. In one glass was a small amount of water, in the other a small amount of syrup. Two other little girls were stationed at the maple trees. At a signal they ran across the yard to the sugar houses. The child who was ahead had the privilege of going to the house where the little girl held the glass with the maple syrup, and the other child had to go to the other house and drink the water, which we played was just plain "sap."

After the exercises were over the children marched into the class-room and were served with maple syrup and crackers. The syrup was poured into small saucers (borrowed for the occasion), and was eaten with the "silver party spoons."

When the children went home they took the crepe-paper baskets filled with maple sugar, and each child was given a few of the blossoming branches and twigs. Just before dismissal the son of the Grand Street florist (before mentioned) arrived with an immense bundle of pussy-willow branches for distribution among the children. After the party was over the crepe-paper decorations and the tissue-paper wreaths were placed in a box and put away for future use.

The Kindergarten Orchestra was composed of the little children of the class, who played on toy musical instruments, such as horns, whistles, drums, flutes, violins, guitars, etc. (They sang thru the wind instruments, instead of merely blowing, thereby producing a very realistic effect, but simply imitated the characteristic motions of real musicians in using the violins and guitars.) All the children kept perfect time with the music, played on the piano by the assisting kindergartner. Preceding the performance there was a regular "tuning up period," followed by the usual significant silence. One child, using a toy baton and imitating the arm movements, etc., of an orchestra leader, conducted with much enthusiasm, his gestures being obeyed by the children. The leader guided entirely by the piano music, as to whether he should direct the little musicians to play loudly or softly, quickly or slowly.

Maple Sugar Making Scene on Miss Archer's Window-Sill.

Constructive Work for April

By Anna J. Linehan, New York.

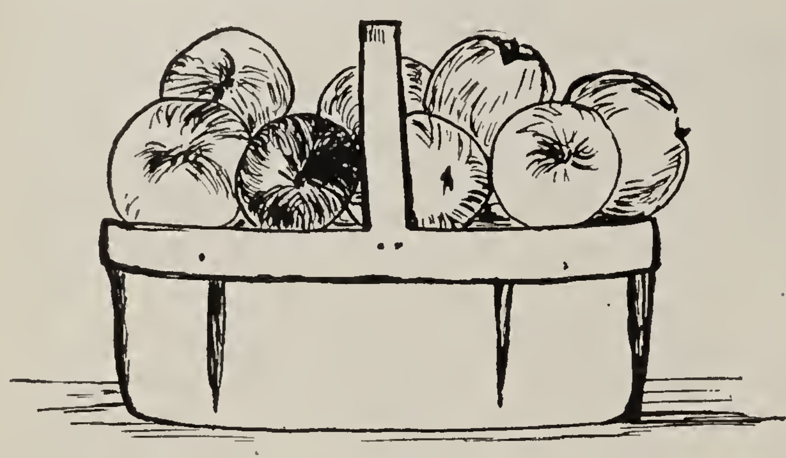
Grade I.

First Week.—Cutting circles or squares from colored paper, then making borders.

Second Week.—Folding gray or white sheet for booklet, then decorating with border designed the preceding week.

Third Week.—Cutting forms for April story, or modeling flower-pot in clay.

Fourth Week.—Painting spring flowers.



Grade II.

First Week.—Review the twelve colors, and have the class able to recognize those to be found in the spring flowers and foliage.

Second Week.—Continuing design work from diagram in February Magazine.

Third Week.—Using the design made for booklet or box cover.

Fourth Week.—Painting little views.

Grade III.

First Week.—Illustrative drawing of some of the children's games.

Second Week.—Making cover for some book. Have each child take his own measurements for the cover from some book in his possession.

Third Week.—Finishing book cover.

Fourth Week.—Views of the spring landscape. Or, painting some of the early flowers.

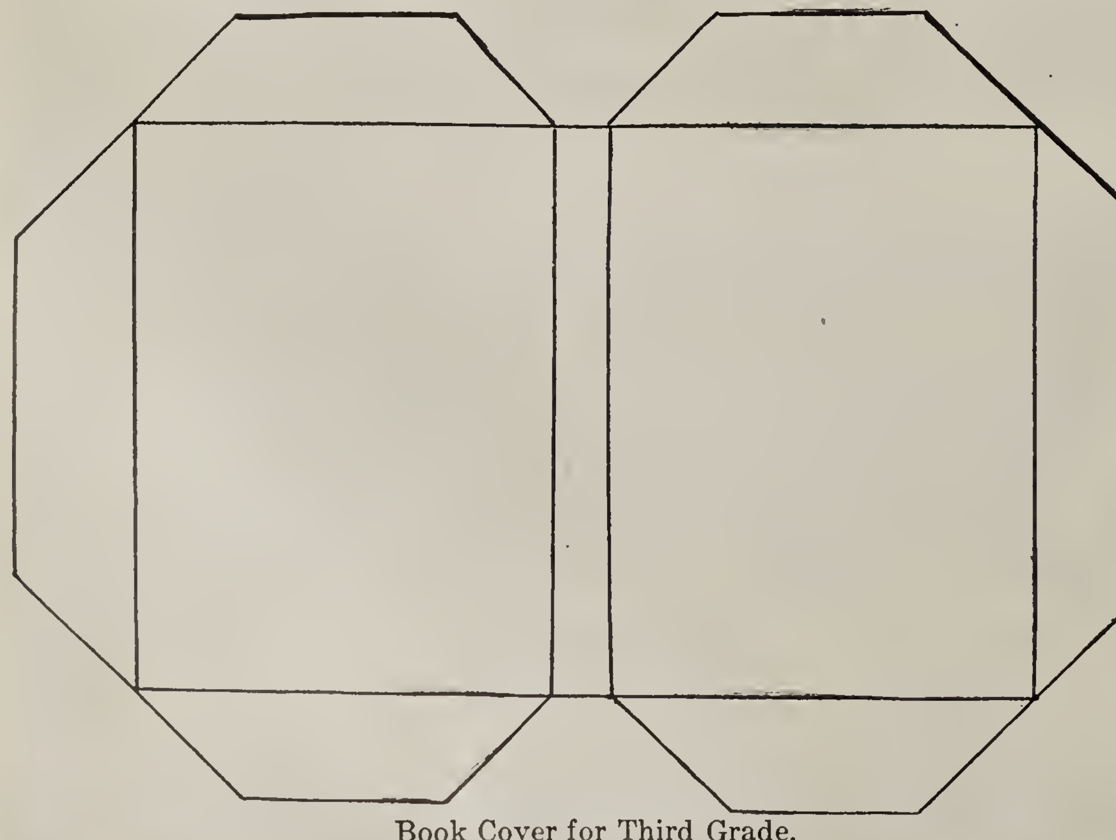
Suggestion for an April Story, First Grade.

Grade IV.

Making sketches of flower form to be used as design on tile; such as tulip or any of the early spring flowers.

Having completed a satisfactory drawing, have the class make an oblong tile of clay of the required size. On this tile build the reproduction of the drawing. When the clay is dry, tint the flower and leaves in their natural colors. The tile should be of some neutral color to harmonize. A tile four and a half by seven inches will be in good proportion.

If clay is not used in the school a large drawing of the school-window, or one softened by a draw-curtain, may be preferred. Have one or two potted plants in front of the window. Avoid detail, but have finished drawing.



Book Cover for Third Grade.

Grade V.

Have the class make large drawing of basket of apples, oranges, or other fruit.

Have the class work on diagrams for letters, getting ready for the lettering for programs at end of term. Patience and perseverance are required for this, but satisfactory results are sure to follow if care is taken.

Grade VI.

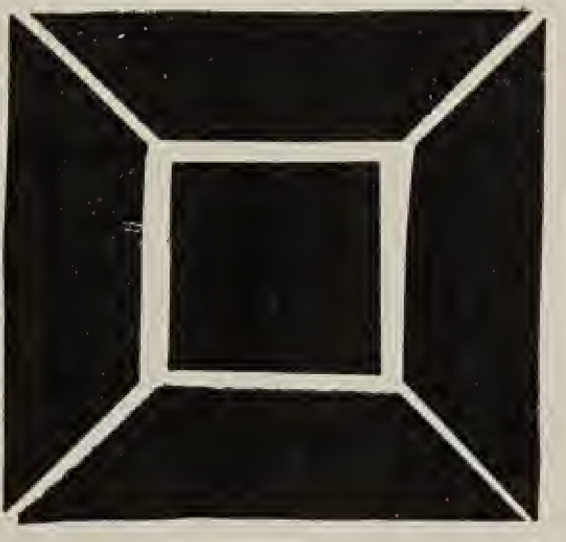
Let the class study grouping of three objects, and try to cultivate their individual tastes in this matter. Then have

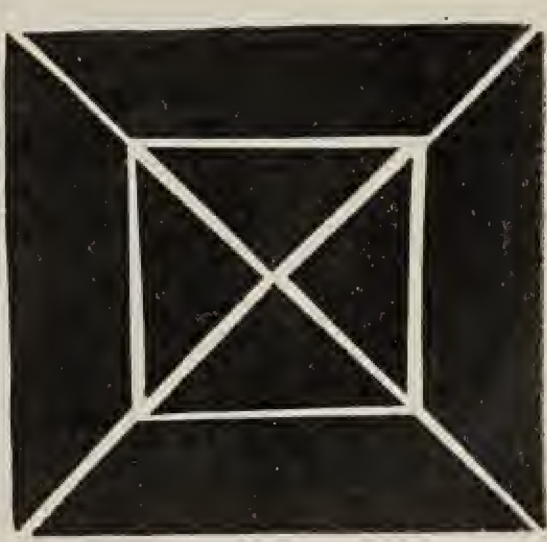
them draw from the group decided to be best.

Have collections made of single letters used as decoration. If the plain, black letters have been studied in the lower grade, then variations of this may be taken up. Copying a few of the simplest examples will be good practice.

If the teacher of the second grade desires to continue the design begun in the February works, light variations may be suggested, to be worked out by the pupils. Abstract designing, as a rule, will not interest the younger children as much as when it is to be applied. For that reason when a satisfactory result has been obtained, have the pupil apply it to a box cover or some other object.

In painting the little views suggested for the lower grades, a soft green is obtained by covering the paper with a wash of blue, then covering the part that is to be the earth with a wash of yellow.





To secure intelligent results the teachers will discuss the subject with the class before they touch brushes or crayons. If the school-house is so happily situated that the children can view a stretch of country from the windows, each child will make his picture from what he sees. If the building is encompassed by stone walls, the lesson can be from memory.

A pleasant way to present the lesson is to have the teacher quickly sketch a number of oblongs on the board, varying in dimensions as she chooses. Then call on different pupils to tell whether they wish more sky than earth in their picture, or if mountains are to be added, or if it is to consist of part land and water. Then, as the answers are received she can fill in the oblongs as desired, working with the side of the crayon to expedite matters. The children will thus get the spirit of the lesson and will be desirous of putting on their papers the thought in their minds. In this way it is the pupil's own design. These sketches should be erased before the pupils begin their work.

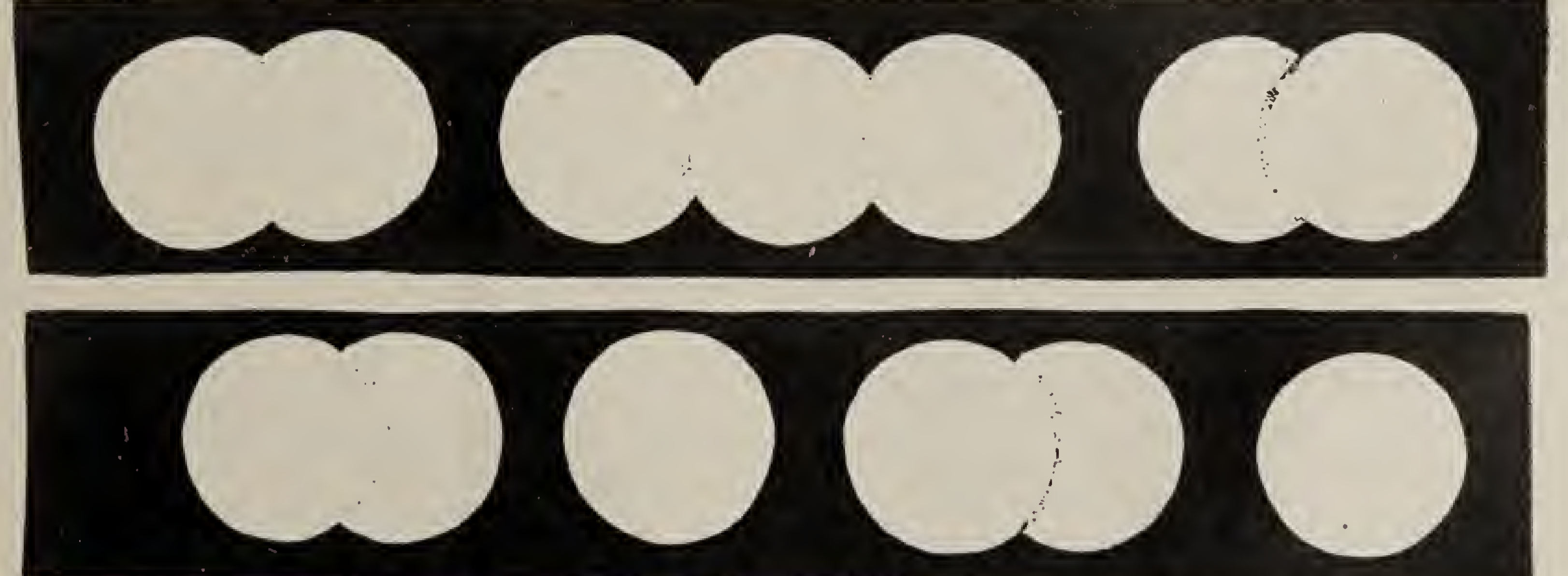
Trees, a boat, or a figure cut from their pose drawings, may be added, but simplicity is greatly to be desired.

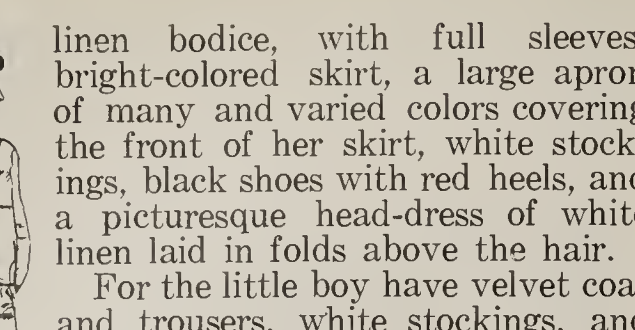
In the third grade have the book cover made of heavy manila paper. Have the children take time with their measurements to get these correct. Then let them test them before cutting. The problem is a simple one, and each child should get it correctly done. If there is time for a name-plate, each child can decide whether he prefers an oblong, circle, etc. Neat and accurate results should be required from each child.

Dressing Italian Dolls.

During infancy, yards and yards of linen bands are wrapped around the Italian baby. When these swathing bands are taken off, girls are dressed in garments exact counterparts of their mothers', differing only in size; and the boys sport trousers as soon as they can walk.

The girl's costume consists of a shirred white





linen bodice, with full sleeves, bright-colored skirt, a large apron of many and varied colors covering the front of her skirt, white stockings, black shoes with red heels, and a picturesque head-dress of white linen laid in folds above the hair.

For the little boy have velvet coat and trousers, white stockings, and roughly-made sandals, and a soft black hat with a band of green and red ribbon.

The patterns are given to fit a five-inch doll.

The bodice may be cut of any thin white goods, the shoulders laid on a fold of the goods. After the under-arm seams are joined, gather the neck to fit the doll and gather in the bodice at the waist line by the band of the skirt. The latter may consist of two pieces, skirt and band, made from some bright-colored cloth. The apron should be of bright color, perhaps green with gay bands of red, yellow, violet, and green.

The boy's suit could be of brown velvet, coat, red waistcoat, white shirt, and yellow trousers. The waistcoat may be cut in one piece as given in the diagram, the body of the coat in one piece, and the sleeves added. The trousers may be cut on the double of the cloth, and the seams joined. The sandals may be made of pieces of enameled leather with straps of the same to fasten them to the ankle.

APRON

BODICE

COAT

SLEEVE

TROUSERS

Entertainment for May

By BERTHA E. BUSH, Iowa.

May.

May is here and days are long;
Happy hours are full of song.
Birds flit gaily; flowers sweet
Blossom all around our feet.
Dandelions, like wee suns bright,
Star the grass in morning light.
Fragrance filling all the air;
Joy and sweetness everywhere;
Orchards like a big bouquet;
O who would not love the May!

A May Flower Exercise.

Enter two heralds with wands, and a maid of honor. They advance to the center, make a low bow, and speak.

First Herald.—

We greet you, dear children,
We greet you to-day.
We come in the name
Of our mistress, the May.

Second Herald.—

She's coming apace
O'er the fresh springing grass;
And troops of flowers follow
Where e'er she may pass.

Maid of Honor.—

Then hail her with pleasure,
The bright, joyous May.
With blossoms and bird-songs
She comes on her way.

They go back and escort in the May Queen and her procession. The May Queen wears a wreath of flowers and carries a flower-trimmed scepter. Her procession consists of boys and girls carrying all the kinds of flowers that blossom in May that you can get. The heralds conduct the May Queen to a throne at the center of the room. The maid of honor sits on a stool at her feet. The heralds stand each side of her, and those carrying flowers group themselves at her right and left. Meanwhile the school has been singing a welcoming song to the tune "Lullaby," page 12 in Modern Music Series, First Book, by Eleanor Smith.

A Welcome to May.

Song by the School.—

Welcome, welcome, merry May,
With your train of fairest flowers!
Well we love your sunny hours.
Welcome May, O welcome May!
O welcome May!

Welcome, welcome, merry May!
Birds are singing, bees are humming;
All are joyous at thy coming.
Welcome May, O welcome May!
O welcome May!

Welcome, welcome, merry May!
All thy hours are full of pleasures;
Ev'ry day brings richer treasures;
Welcome May, O welcome May!
O welcome May!

May-Queen (rising and bowing).—

I thank you, dear friends, for your kind welcome. I do the very best I can to make you happy, and it makes my heart glad to hear you say that I succeed. I have brought my flowers to-day and I want to introduce them to you.

Calls each flower to her and introduces each one after this fashion.

This flower is the violet. I would be glad to learn if you know where it grows and what time it blossoms and a great many more interesting things that might be told about it.

Goes on introducing each flower. It would be a fine exercise to have some child rise and tell about each flower that is introduced. Try to interest the children in seeing how many kinds of flowers they can find for this exercise. At the close of this part, let the heralds arrange the flower children in a line across the front of the room at sufficient distance from the throne and far enough apart to let the children march thru the flower line, passing back of the first and in front of the second and winding in and out in this way.

As they march, let them sing the following Maying song to the old German tune of "Trot, trot, my pony."

Maying Song by the School.

O come, let's go a-Maying;
The sky is clear and blue.
The birds are singing gaily
And we'll go singing, too.
The fields are full of blossoms
This happy, happy day.
O come, come, come, we'll gather flow'rs,
For 'tis the month of May;
O come, come, come, we'll gather flow'rs,
For 'tis the month of May.

At the close of the march let each child "gather" a flower and escort her to her seat while the heralds escort the May Queen.

Flower Pieces.

Apple Blossoms.

Apple blossoms, apple blossoms,
Sweetest flowers e'er lifted up,
Offering fragrance to the children
Out of every pinky cup.

Every breeze their sweetness brings;
Snowy petals downward fall.
Truly apple blossom time
Is the lovliest time of all.

Lilacs.

The lilacs are tossing their long purple plumes;
The bees cluster close 'round the rich fragrant blooms.
Oh happy the bees are, and happy am I,
When lilac buds open beneath the May sky.

May-Flowers.

Wandering thru the bare woodland,
Clad all in Puritan gray,
Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Dreamed of the hedgerows of May.

Dreamed of the flowers of old England;
O but the bleak day was chill!
Dreary and cold was the forest;
Cold blew the wind on the hill.

Homesick and sad was the maiden.
Eyes scanned the ground wistfully.
"Had I one flower for May-day!
Only one flower!" sighed she.

Stooping to hide the quick tear-drops,
She saw, pink and white, small and shy,
Like the faces of children held upward
The May-flowers were growing close by.

With a sob she knelt suddenly and kissed them
And a fragrance she never had known
Like an answer of love floated to her,
And her heartache and sorrow were flown.

"Truly this desolate country
Hath blossoms e'en sweeter than ours,"
She cried; and with eyes bright with gladness
She brought home the first-found May-flowers.

The Pansies' Ball.

Song by the School.—
(By L. L. O.; adapted by B. E. B.)

Tune: "Upidee."

The pansies gave a ball one night;
Tra la la, tra la la.
The fireflies came to make it light;
Tra la la la la.
The flow'rs from all the garden round
Came tripping up without a sound.

Chorus.—

Tripping, tripping, come and go;
To and fro, to and fro,
Tripping, tripping, to and fro,
Pretty flower belles.

The crickets played a merry tune;
Tra la la, tra la la.
The dancers found their places soon;
Tra la la la la.
They danced from night till dawn of day,
Then each guest softly stole away.

Chorus.—

Tripping, tripping, etc.

The party ended long ago;
Tra la la, tra la la.
But still the flow'rs, when breezes blow
Tra la la la;
Go nodding, nodding, one and all;
Remembering the pansies' ball.

Chorus.—

Nodding as the breezes blow;
To and fro; to and fro.
Nodding as the breezes blow
Pretty flower belles.

Some Rhymes for Bird Day.

May-Time Cradles.

Wonderful cradles are hung in the trees,
Rocked to and fro by the soft May-time breeze.
Woven so nicely with wonderful art,
Warmed by the mother's own fluttering heart.

Marvelous treasures within them are found,
Pearly-shelled eggs, smooth and perfect and round.
Soon they'll be birdies and warble and fly.
Who would disturb them? Not I, no, not I.

What the Birds Say.

High in the tree-tops
Swaying and swinging,
Birdies are calling,
Birdies are singing.

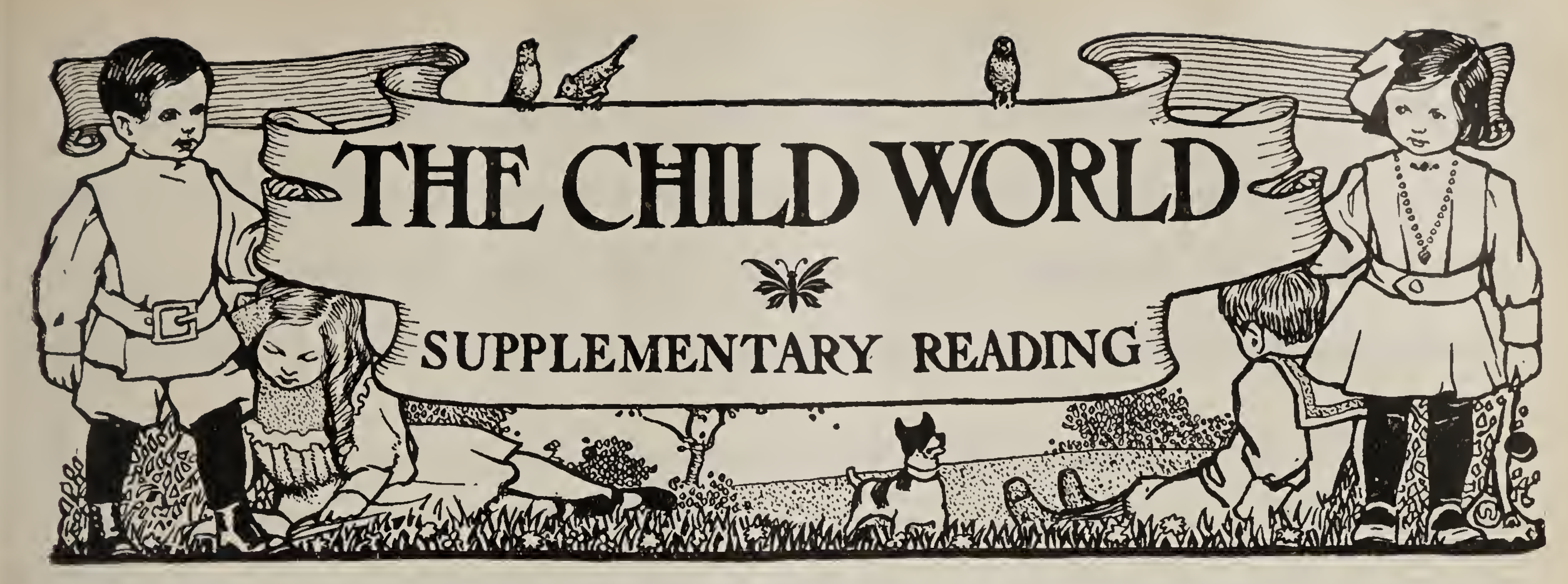
What are they saying?
"This is the nest-time.
This is the May-time;
This is the best time.

Robin's Sermon.

Robin in the branches
While the rain is falling;
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
Wisely he is calling.

"Cheer up." That's his sermon.
"Never mind the weather."
Let us heed his message
And be glad together.

For the Spring Blackboard
By Bess B. Cleaveland, Ohio.



The Wise Old Crow and the Scarecrow-Man

By Margaret and Clarence Weed.

One fine spring morning a Wise Old Crow led his flock toward Farmer Brown's cornfield. The corn was just coming up and the crows were eager to pull the plants and eat the tender kernels.

In the middle of the field there was a fine Scarecrow-Man put there by Farmer Brown to keep the Crows away. It looked just like a live man, with long arms and long legs and a Jack-O-Lantern head on which was a tall hat.

When the Wise Old Crow flew to the field he lit right in front of the Scarecrow-Man, and sang out:

> "Caw, Caw, Caw. Who's afraid of a Scarecrow-Man?
> Let him catch me if he can!"

And then the Wise Old Crow was surprised to hear the Scarecrow-Man sing out:

> "If you won't fly I'll surely try
> To catch you and hang you up so high."

But the Wise Old Crow replied:

> "All right, you fright, if you won't bite,
> I'll run away with all my might."

At that the Scarecrow-Man started after the Wise Old Crow and the Wise Old Crow ran away as fast as his black legs could carry him. He turned this way and that way about the field. But wherever he ran the Scarecrow-Man followed after, getting nearer and nearer every minute.

At last the Scarecrow-Man caught up with the Wise Old Crow and grabbed him by the head and twisted his neck till he was dead. Then the Scarecrow-Man went back to the place where Farmer Brown had put him and stood up straight, dangling the poor dead Wise Old Crow from his right hand.

We know this is a true story because the other day when we were riding by Farmer Brown's cornfield we saw the Scarecrow-Man, and sure enough there was the poor dead Wise Old Crow dangling from his right hand.

But the other crows do not go there any more.

The Story of a Butterfly

By Margaret and Clarence Weed.

One morning in early summer, a beautiful butterfly flew into the garden. She was black, with rows of blue and yellow spots along the outside of each wing.

She flew around the garden until she found a row of carrot plants. These were what she had been looking for. Then she laid an egg on one of the pretty leaves and flew away to the fields.

The egg was a strange looking thing. It was only a little larger than the head of a pin. It was light yellow in color.

About a week after the egg had been laid, a little caterpillar came out of the shell. It hatched from the butterfly's egg just as a little chicken hatches from a hen's egg. This tiny caterpillar was black, with one white band near the front end of its body and another near the hind end.

The caterpillar knew that the carrot leaf was good for it to eat. And so it began to gnaw the leaf with its little jaws. It kept this up day after day for about a week.

Then a strange thing happened. The caterpillar had eaten so much that it was too large for the skin with which it was born. So it stopped eating for a day, and this skin cracked open and the caterpillar crawled out of it. And behold it was clothed in a new skin that had been formed beneath the old one.

After resting for a few hours after thus casting its skin, or molting, the caterpillar began feeding on the carrot leaf again. And it fed day after day for about ten days. Then it molted again and came out in a new skin larger than the second one.

The caterpillar continued to eat and molt and grow in size for about six weeks from the time it hatched from the egg. It was then a full-grown caterpillar.

The caterpillar no longer needed to eat the carrot leaves. So it left the plant and crawled around on the ground. Soon it came to the garden fence. On one of the boards it spun some silken threads in which it fastened its feet, and it also spun a loop of threads to hold the front part of its body.

Then the caterpillar cast off its skin again. But this time when the skin dropped away it no longer looked like a caterpillar. For it had

become a *chrysalis*—a quiet stage during which the caterpillar changes into a butterfly.

There were no distinct legs, or wings, or eyes, and there was no mouth. So the insect could not walk, fly, see nor eat. But inside the skin the caterpillar was being made over into a butterfly.

Two weeks after the caterpillar became a chrysalis another change took place. The skin of the chrysalis broke open and a butterfly came out. At first its wings were small and crumpled, but they soon expanded. Then the butterfly looked like the one which flew into the garden weeks before, to lay the egg.

Is it not wonderful that a butterfly should have such a life story? And would you not like to see the caterpillar go through these changes? You can do so if you keep one of the caterpillars in a box and give it fresh food every day.

An April Day.

Take a dozen little clouds
    And a little patch of blue;
Take a million rain drops
    As many sunbeams too.
Take a host of violets,
    A wandering little breeze,
Myriads of little leaves
    Dancing on the trees.
Then mix them well together,
    In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and flowers,
    And you'll have an April day.

—RACHEL G. SMITH.

The Primary School

Edited by Alice E. Reynolds, New Haven, Conn..

Phonics for Grades III and IV.

During the first two years in school the phonic exercises aim to use many phonograms, to teach letter sounds, to make liberal additions to the *Reading* vocabulary, and to furnish pupils with means by which they can work out unknown words. Drills which accomplish these results should be continued until the initial work has been thoroly done. The following lessons are *not* for children who need practice in word-getting. They suggest exercises for classes whose habits of speech need correction and cultivation.

I. To Secure Flexibility of all the Vocal Organs.

A. Repeat rapidly

ē, ä, o͞o — ē, ä, o͞o — ē, ä, o͞o,
o͞o, ū; ow — o͞o, ū, ow — o͞o; ū, ow
o͞o, ah; o͞o, oh; o͞o, o͞o; o͞o; ē

B. Repeat any single sound in a whisper, softly, louder, loudly, softly, in a whisper.

C. Repeat a line or column of words, similar in sound:

all;	oil;	aisle;	owl;	old;	ale;
at;	ate;	it;	eat;	feed	

D. Say distinctly:

c
se, se, se
sad, sink, seal
se, se, se
c

II. To Secure Correct Pronunciation.

A. Practice on these lists containing a troublesome vowel sound.

ask	root	tube
half	room	nude
grass	roost	assume
dance	roof	duty
staff	rood	use
path	pool	mute
grasp	moor	tune
last	moose	pure
chant	noose	cube
graft	noodle	jury

B. Practice on these lists containing troublesome consonants:

when	this	valve
why	these	vapor
where	then	velvet
while	there	viking
which	that	volcano
white	them	weave
whistle	those	windmill
whiff	other	woolen
whist	father	wisdom
whoa	together	walnut

C. Repeat correctly common words often mispronounced:

picture	God	company
squirrel	just	geography
draw	again	potato
was	said	recognize
dog	coffee	fortune

D. Print long words by syllable; have pupils pronounce them. Work from familiar words to unfamiliar Fourth Reader words:

e-las-tic	con-fi-den-tial
va-ca-tion	in-dif-fer-ent
tel-e-phone	mil-i-tary
sub-trac-tion	in-sig-nif-i-cant
dan-de-li-on	re-spon-si-bil-i-ty
dis-ap-point-ment	ob-sti-nate
med-i-cine	ex-ul-ta-tion
pun-ish-ment	suc-ces-sor
ac-ci-dent	mys-te-ri-ous

III. To Secure Distinct Enunciation.

A. Practice on such lists as these:

bent	mass	hid
sent	moss	hit
rent	mess	hill
tent	miss	him
dent	muss	hip
vent		his
went		
string	clutch	draft
tring	lutch	raft
ring	utch	aft
ing	tch	ft
ng	ch	
artist	stoned	romping
post	called	singing
guest	remained	writing
arrest	refused	doing
interest	invited	crying
confessed	concealed	walking
Did you?	It is	We will
Could you?	She is	Will will
Must you?	He is	She will
Don't you?	Here is	The sea will
Would you?	There is	You will
Can't you?	Where is?	It will
Won't you?	Who is?	He will
Would you?	Which is?	They will

B. Ask children to bring in lists of short words. See how many can pronounce them so that the teacher can write them on the board.

C. Practice on alliterative sentences:

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper.
In the summer season soft was the sun.
Fly from field to fen.
Many men of many minds.
She sells seashells.
He clasps the crag with crooked hands.

IV. To Secure Expressive Reading.

A. Notice that single words can express thought:

sad	jolly
huge	tiny
enormous	wee
calm	titter
pop	swish

B. Sentences from the school readers may be used for drill:

Look! look! See all the pretty colors.
I love the flag.
How pretty she is!
Oh, how beautiful it is now!
"You shall not have it," said Albert.
"I will have it," said Rose.
O Frank, Frank, get up and see the snow.
"Not I," said the little mouse, "I am too little."
Please give it to me, Grace.
Hark! hear the firebell.
Poor little dog, does the thorn make you lame?
O Duck Luck, the sky is falling!
No flowers, no food, no little girl! Nothing but gold.
O mother! mother! Farmer Brown says he must cut the grain himself to-morrow.
Good Jack! good old fellow!
Don't be afraid; don't cry, I am here.
"Oho," he cried, "who cares for the wolf?"
Dear me! dear me! That isn't a good cent.
The winter was cold—so cold.
Are you not ashamed to load him so heavily?
See how tired he is!
"Ha! ha!" they laughed. "Here come two fools."
Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense! Run into the house this minute.

English Composition in the Grammar Grades. IX.

By Harriet E. Peet, Chicago.

Suggestions for April Work.

THE following outline of work is adapted to short daily themes for fifth and sixth year pupils. The seventh and eighth grade teachers will find the outline useful if they substitute more difficult poems for the most childish ones, and if they require a search of natural histories for the work from the imagination.

The work begins with the study of some poems which every child should know. This is followed by compositions from experience, stories from the imagination, and by directions for original work in verse. The poems studied can be copied from the blackboard by the children, or typewritten copies given to them. The work in poetics should be preceded by the memorizing of some good poem in simple rhythm, so that the children will have a feeling for rhythm in mind. Much form work, the knowledge of paragraphing, sentence-forming, the choosing of right words, and grammatical structure, can be worked in with the class criticism of the two or three compositions put upon the blackboard daily. This will be found very helpful, for those things, which children usually learn as abstractions, will have practical, and therefore vital, interest to them. The work should have for its strongest motive of course, the desire to bring the children into a humane relation with our birds.

I. A Study of Some Bird Poems.

The poems are to be read, questions asked which bring out the thought and, where possible, an incident told to further interest. In the critical comment upon the poems which the children are to write, the teacher is to seek an honest expression from the children, and therefore originality and individuality. The papers are to be short and to the point. After writing, the members of the class are to read their papers and comment upon each other's work. While most of the class are busy with this, one or two members are to put their work upon the blackboard, in order to submit their compositions to more vigorous criticism than can be given to the oral work.

The O'Lincoln Family.

By Wilson Flagg.

(The bobolink or rice-bird builds its nest in the reeds of a swamp. The male, which is a little smaller than a robin, is coal-black with a breast and patches of white. The female is a drabbish brown.)

A flock of merry singing-birds were sporting in the grove;
Some were warbling cheerily, and some were making love:
There were Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, Conquedle—
A livelier set was never led by tabor, pipe, or fiddle—
Crying, "Phew, shew, Wadolincon, see, see, Bobolincon,
Down among the tickletops, hiding in the buttercups!
I know the saucy chap, I see his shining cap
Bobbing in the clover there—see, see, see!"
Up flies Bobolincon, perching on an apple-tree,
Startled by his rival's song, quickened by his raillery;
Soon he spies the rogue afloat, curvetting in the air,
And merrily he turns about, and warns him to beware!
"'Tis you that would a-wooing go, down among the rushes O!
But wait a week, till flowers are cheery—wait a week, and ere you marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry!
Wadolink, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait, wait, wait!"

Every one's a funny fellow; every one's a little mellow;
Follow, follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and in the hollow!
Merrily, merrily, there they hie; now they rise and now they fly;
They cross and turn, and in and out, and down in the middle, and wheel about—
With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincon! listen to me, Bobolincon!—
Happy's the wooing that's speedily doing, that's speedily doing,
That's merry and over with the bloom of the clover!
Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, follow, follow, follow me!

This poem is to be read rapidly and with spirit, so as to bring out its humor and the bird-like sauciness and freedom. Such questions as these may be asked: What is the poem about? What is the story? The scene? The characters? What kind of a poem is it? What do you like about it? The teacher is to give such directions for writing as the following:

(1) Write a poem telling what the poem is about and why you like it. Make it complete. Or (2) write a paper comparing this poem with "Robert of Lincoln" or with some other bird poem with which you are familiar.

Criticise your paper from these two standpoints. Re-read the poem and see whether you have judged it rightly. Read your paper and see if you have said clearly just what you meant to say. In other words see if your paper tells the truth.

Home Thoughts From Abroad.

By Robert Browning.

(The English poet, Robert Browning, spent many years in Italy, to which country he went for his wife's health. They were happy years, for she was well, but every one feels a touch of homesickness at times. We can understand the poet's longing as it is expressed in this poem.)

I.

"Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning unaware
The lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

II.

"And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And tho the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!"

Chaffinch.—A bird belonging to the finch family, having a very sweet note.
Bole.—The body or trunk of a tree.
Brushwood sheaf.—A thicket of stalks.

The teacher tells the children something about Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning, reads the poem, and then gets the children to discuss the poem by answering questions similar to these: What thoughts of England brought the feeling of homesickness to the poet? What in your opinion was the most beautiful thing that he had in mind? What are your favorite lines in the poem? What in general do you like about the poem?

Teacher's directions to pupil.—Write a paper (1) describing an English country scene in April; or (2) one describing this poem so that some one who had never read the poem would become interested in it and wish to.

Read your papers thru, criticising both what you have said, and how you have said it. Have you made your papers complete and interesting? Do they give a real picture?

The Sparrow's Nest.

By William Wordsworth.

(The poet, William Wordsworth, had a very tender-hearted little sister with whom he often played when a boy. When she grew to womanhood she made her home with him and devoted herself to him and his children. She was a sympathetic friend and a very good companion, as well as a very cultured, high-minded woman. The scene of this poem was a garden near his father's house in Cockermouth, England. The town was in the midst of the lake district and the garden commanded a fine view of a river and a castle The garden was a favorite playground for the children. The terrace-wall was covered with closely clipped privet and roses, which gave shelter to birds that built their nests there.)

Behold, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
I started—seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.
She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, tho wishing, to be near it.
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

Directions: Tell the story of the poem. What feeling did the little girl have toward the sparrow's eggs? What was her influence over her brother? What do you like about the poem? Write a short paper telling what the poem is about and what you like about it.

Other bird poems which may be treated in similar ways to those above: "The Sandpiper," by Alice Thaxton; "The Skylark," William Wordsworth, Percy Bysshe Shelley; "The Whip-poor-will," "The Ruby-Crowned Kinglet," Henry Van Dyke; "The Stormy Petrel," Barry Cornwall.

II. Compositions From Experience.

As occasions arise the children may write their own experiences or observations of pigeons, robins, sparrows, jay-birds, king-fishers, or if they have access to the country, the wood birds.

III. Compositions From the Imagination.

Directions to pupil: Write (1) an account of the experiences that might occur to a wild duck as it migrated in the spring from the South to its breeding-place in the marshes and lake regions of Canada. Use your geographies to help you. Imagine that you yourself are one of the birds, and write about all that you might see, the traps and hunters you escape, and all that you might do. (2) Tell the story of an imaginary adventure between a woodpecker and a squirrel, in which the woodpecker tries to get a hole in a hollow tree from a squirrel for his nest. (3) Tell how a young robin which has fallen from its nest is rescued. Or (4) tell how a father and mother-bird taught their young ones to fly.

The reading of "Mother Partridge's Adventure with a Fox" and "Redruff Winning His Bride," from Ernest Thompson-Seton's story of "Redruff" in "Wild Animals I Have Known," will stimulate the children to write imaginary adventures in bird land.

IV. Original Bird Poems.

Directions to pupil: Mark the meter and notice the rhyme of these verses.

The Cuckoo.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

The Linnet.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
That twinkle in the gusty breeze,
There! see the flutter of his wings.
And listen to the song he sings.

Add two lines to each of these half verses, seeing that alternate lines rhyme and that each new line has the same nmmber of accents as that with which it rhymes.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green
Thy sky is ever clear;

THE CAGED BIRD.

She sings her brief unlistened songs,
Her dreams of bird-life wild and free.

High at the window in her cage
The old canary flits and sings.

THE SANDPIPER.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry

THE HUMMINGBIRD.

A flash of harmless lightning
A mist of rainbow dyes,

Write a poem about bird life. See first that you have something worth saying, and then see that your rhyme and meter are right. The following titles may be somewhat helpful to you in finding your own: The First Robin, The Cradle in the Elm Tree, The Bird's Lullaby, Above the Clouds, Winging the Depths of the Air, The Mother Bird, Skimming Swallows, The Eagle's Nest, Protecting Her Young.

May-Time Selections From Robert Browning.

The primary room is not the place to teach children biographies and formally called literature, but it is one of the best places to give them an interest in literature. If they learn when they are in the lower grades to love a poet's name, they will have an entirely different feeling toward his poems when they come upon them. The way will be all made for them to understand them and love them.

May 7 is Robert Browning's birthday. Would it not be wise to put his name upon the blackboard on that day and tell the children about him and have the children learn a few lines from his poems? What could be more appropriate for children than the song from "Pippa Passes"? And what story could be prettier to tell to primary children than this story of Pippa who was only a little girl, but made all she passed happier and better and wrought good that she did not dream of, simply by her happy singing?

Song From "Pippa Passes."

By ROBERT BROWNING.

The year's at the spring;
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

How Browning Describes a Bird.

"That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

A Concert Recitation for Memorial Day.

In many localities the school children assemble at the school-house and march out with the procession, each bearing flowers to place on the soldiers' graves. If this is not your custom, try to inspire your children with the meaning and value of Memorial Day, so that if they do not go as a school, they will want to go as individuals to honor our soldier dead by strewing their graves with flowers.

On Memorial Day.

Softly, go softly, while muffled drums beat,
Laden with beautiful blossoms so sweet.
Softly, go softly to each soldier's grave;
Lay our flowers down where the pretty flags wave.
Under the colors they loved and defended
Lie our brave heroes, their last battle ended.
Softly, place softly, our flowers above them.
So may we show that we honor and love them.

If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and lighter hearted,
Perhaps in some near by and by,
A good time might be started;
Then what a happy time 'twould be,
For you and me, for you and me.
–Selected.

The Alder Catkins in April.

History and Civics--Fifth to Seventh Years

By Flora Helm Krause, Chicago

Public Care of the Blind.

It is conceded in this country that the blind have the same right to education that the normal person has.

Therefore their instruction is made a part of the public school system. They have separate buildings, teachers, and methods, because they require it. In olden days no one thought otherwise than that the blind had to be dependent on others for support. Now the impression thruout the civilized world is that they can and ought to be self-supporting.

The general aim is to give blind children the same instruction as is given in the other schools; to teach them music especially, and to train them to some handicraft they are capable of performing. One craft taught the blind is

Weaving.

They perform the mechanical part of this work the same as a normal person using the ordinary loom. The way they get the colors and designs of scroll-work, leaves, fruit, flowers, stars, and cross-bars, is as follows:

The threads of wool and cotton are all placed convenient to use *in a certain order*, as white, crimson, blue, yellow, and brown, and this order never varies.

The blind worker always knows, then, what color he is using, from the order in which he selected the thread.

Convenient to his hand is placed a square of smooth, thin deal on which is traced the pattern of his article in nails with heads. Each nail in the pattern indicates by the shape of its head the color to be used. As O stands for red, △ for white, □ for blue,   for brown, × for green, etc.

Or, the required pattern may be indicated to him by embossed letters or figures on paper—which is to him *a written* description.

Other Occupations.

Other crafts are sewing, knitting, embroidery, lace-making, basket-weaving, weaving cane-bottoms for chairs, broom-making, mattress-making, etc.

The American Association of Instructors for the Blind have made a record of the various occupations of the blind after they leave school. This record shows that many become officers and teachers in blind schools—some also in other schools and colleges—ministers, authors, various craftsmen, tradesmen, and farmers.

Of course the majority follow some line of music for a livelihood, and almost every occupation has some blind in its practice.

* * *

In 1829, the first American institution created for the blind was the Perkin's Institution at Boston.

The second one was the New York Institution, founded in 1831. The superintendent of this institution is the Mr. Wait who invented the New York Point System referred to later.

The Pennsylvania Institution of Philadelphia is another famous one.

There is an American Association of Blind Instructors which meets biennially. It consists of representatives from the blind institutions all over the United States, and they discuss methods and ways for best instructing the blind.

The American Printing House for the Blind, at Louisville, Kentucky, is supported partly by the Federal Government, and is partly under its control. Nearly all the printing for the blind in the United States is done here.

It both sells and gives away its publications, so it is self-supporting and also charitable.

School Methods.

Large cities like New York, Boston, and Chicago have schools for the blind as a part of the city school system.

These, like the rest of the schools, are supported by State tax.

There are, besides these, two or three large institutions to which the blind outside the large cities may go. These are also a part of the State school system.

At recess time the little attendants play and romp very much as normal children, in such games as jump-rope and leap-frog. The gymnasium exercises and calisthenics are always important elements in these institutions.

Reading, as before suggested, is by the point system.

Writing is produced by a stencil upon stiff paper especially prepared for this purpose. The writer makes little indentations from right to left on the back of the paper. When the paper is turned over, these little indentations are the points which mean to the blind person's fingers what printed letters do to the eye of the normal.

In other words, what the blind *have written* on the paper *can be read* by the blind. The typewriter is also much used for writing. And a third process consists in writing with a pencil on a grooved sheet of cardboard or aluminum.

Geography is taught by relief-maps, generally made of wood, some of paper with the relief parts embossed.

Coast-lines are raised above the water; rivers are depressed; mountains are elevations; tacks or screws, with varying shapes and sizes are cities.

Then there are maps which can be taken apart—each part representing by shape and relief the particulars of a section, State, county, or town.

The globes have longitude and latitude lines in brass bands.

Arithmetic is taught principally as mental. But long problems are worked by means of little cubes which have on them a raised character or point, which stands for a number. These cubes are adjusted in a frame or slate of metal with holes in a way to indicate the relationship of their numbers in a problem the same as we

arrange figures in certain positions in a problem to indicate work and results.

Music is, of course, a most important study. It is taught thru the ear and by the point system.

And most important of all in the school course is the construction, manual, and craft work.

The Blind in History and Literature.

Homer was the first great blind person history gives us. As harpist and poet his strains of rhythm and poesy reverberate down the ages. Sad indeed was the lot of the blind in ancient days unless they had genius like Homer's to compensate.

The blind seem naturally to have been the musicians both for the people and for royalty. A tablet from the tomb of an ancient Egyptian ruler represents eight blind musicians who are apparently the professional entertainers of his Majesty.

The earliest asylum for the blind was in Paris, 1254. It was founded, so says tradition, as a refuge for several hundred knights whose eyes had been put out by the Saracens when they were fighting in the Crusades.

But whether that is true or not, it became a shelter for blind men and women. These inmates were required to help support the institution by contributions obtained by begging on the streets and at church doors.

The genius of Milton, the blind poet, stands like that of Homer as a great milestone in the onward procession of the ages. He lived in the seventeenth century.

In the eighteenth century, Nicholas Saunderson, blind from birth, was a professor of mathematics in Cambridge, England. He invented an arithmetic slate for the blind and wrote learned treatises on mathematics.

In the eighteenth century, also, lived Francis Huber, a blind naturalist. He made a special study of bees—a study about which very little was known then. He established the most interesting facts concerning their habits, as, that bees use their antennae to recognize with and to talk with; why bees swarm; how the shape and size of the cells influence the shape of the bees; how their larvae spin silk; how the hives are ventilated by the motion of their wings; and an indefinite number of other interesting scientific data which one can with difficulty imagine a *seeing* man discovering.

Another blind expert of the same period was John Metcalf, an English road-maker. He designed and constructed roads and bridges, which stood the test of time and wear better than those made at the same time by his competitors, who had the advantage of him by one more sense.

John Stanley, also of the same century, was an English composer of music. The biography of him reports that, "as a composer, few could equal him; while, as a performer, he had perhaps no superior."

The great German musical composer and performer George Frederick Handel, may come in our list also.

He belongs to the eighteenth century. He became blind towards the latter part of his life, but continued to perform the accompaniments to his own compositions after he became blind. His great work was "The Messiah."

Blind Tom was an American negro of the early nineteenth century, whose powers to perform on the piano were so great, considering his other deficiencies as to intellect, education, and general development, that no one has ever been able to explain them.

In 1771, Valentine Haüy, a Frenchman, determined to do something in the way of educating the blind. He invented the idea of raised type for the blind to read by.

To conceive this, to perfect it, to have it accepted by authority, and to have it put into practice as an educational scheme for this class of unfortunates required twenty years of unremitting struggle against obstacles arising from conditions of his private life and from the cold and critical attitude of the public.

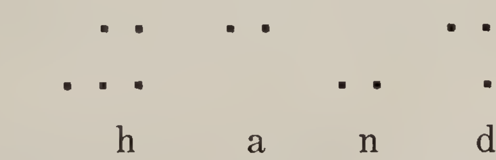
This noble philanthropist leaves a grander appeal for the loving memory of posterity than his invention, in the record of his efforts to establish an institution to be supported by the Government for the education of the blind. Tho this institution passed thru many failures, it seemed destined to be repeatedly reborn. It is now the leading school for blind in France. It is called the *Institution des Jeunes Avenglis.*

The raised type of Haüy gave rise to many other forms of print by different inventors.

In 1809 Louis Braille invented the "point system." This is a system by which the blind are taught to read and do read by means of raised points on a little frame. The way these points are arranged makes the different meanings of what is written. He also invented a slate by which the blind may write.

The point system, like any invention, became much simplified and improved as time went on, and educators and inventors experimented with it. The last and best form of it is called the New York Point, presented to the world by Mr. Wait, principal of the New York Institution for the Blind.

In this system the points read from left to right, like print; the points combined in certain numbers and positions make the letters.



In 1837, Laura Bridgeman, blind and deaf-and-dumb, created great attention in the United States. She became an intelligent and educated person in spite of her natural handicap.

The most noted blind person in the United States of modern times is Lewis B. Carll. He wrote a deep book on higher mathematics which created attention among the professional people.

The Question of Spelling.

By Geoffrey F. Morgan, California.

We do not exaggerate when we say that many lessons in the Spellers in use to-day contain from five to fifteen words which are entirely new to the pupil. What is the value of teaching him how to spell them? Can he assimilate fifteen words a day? Can you?

The stereotyped reply to this statement of fact is to say that Johnny must "look them up." That is a pet notion with many teachers. The boy finds new words in a geography lesson. He must look them up. He cannot explain some terms in History. He should have looked them up. When he attempts to enjoy his literature lesson, his ardor is dampened by a list of ten utterly unfamiliar words which the teacher has placed upon the board for him to look up.

Have you ever looked up ten entirely strange words, all at once? How many could you define next day, or even use in a sentence? Try it some time, it may surprise you. Of course, if these new words are to be met with frequently hereafter, there is some reason for including them in the spelling lesson. But the lists constantly include words which the child may not encounter again for a year to come, and which he will certainly have no occasion to use in his own composition. We have one book before us, for instance, which gives *sceptre* in the tenth lesson. In the twelfth we find *throb* and *waive*. When and where will fourth grade children, for whom these words are intended, meet with them again? It seems to us that a child should first learn to spell the words he can use himself. After that he should learn those he can understand. When he has mastered both of these it will be time enough to launch out into the deep waters of words entirely beyond his comprehension.

The most deplorable thing about the present method of teaching spelling is its waste of time and energy. A boy is concentrating his brain power in an effort to spell *sphinx* and *crucible*, and meanwhile he is spelling *finally* with one *l* and *water* with two *t's*.

How often do you receive a full page of composition which does not contain a misspelled word? What words are misspelled? Does not the list include *scholar*, and *bought*, and *caught*, and *brother*, and *judgment*, and *skeleton*, and *goal*, and *receive*, and *grammar*, and *scarce*? Well, why is it? Is it not because you are dwelling in your spelling lessons upon words the pupils don't understand, rather than the ones they do understand?

We recently conducted an interesting experiment to test the familiarity of the pupils with the words of the spelling lesson. In assigning it, it was announced that, instead of writing each word in a blank in the usual way, the pupil would be expected to incorporate each word, when it was pronounced, into a written sentence. The wailing and gnashing of teeth which greeted this assignment was a truthful indication of the results which would be forth-coming. Among the words given were *refrain*, *franchise*, *convince*, *denounce*, *decease*, *expanse*, *scarce*, and *preface*. The class worked hard with the dictionaries in preparing the lesson, and the teacher did a generous amount of explaining. Here are some of the sentences received, copied exactly:

1. Don't refrain the book.
2. I will preface thee.
3. The ditch was expanse.
4. They will refrain you.
5. The boy was scarce to death.
6. The man can preface.
7. He denounced him to die.
8. I will convince you to tell me.
9. We had a franchise against him.

As an occasion for mirth the lesson was an entire success, but as a lesson in spelling it seems somewhat valueless. The words are apparently simple, yet they are all outside the ken of the writers. What did the girl think she was saying who announced, "I will preface thee"? The situation of the boy who was "scarce to death" is conceivable, of course, but why the warning, "Don't refrain the book"? It is plain that words such as *refrain*, *convince*, and *denounce*, short as they are, are not in the speaking vocabularies of children in the grades. Think for a minute if you have ever heard children use these words.

In the meantime, a careful record was kept of the pupils' written work. Here are some of the mis-spellings found in one day's papers: *fornoon*, *siting*, *onily*, *troft*, *midle*, *clime*, *rabits*, *ferther*, *schollar*, *dementions*, *noumber*.

Now, what does this test prove? Does it not prove that the pupils were devoting their energies to the mastery of words they were wholly incapable of using, while at the same time they were unable to spell the common words of their own vocabularies?

This experience is not recited here because it is in any sense a unique one. Any teacher will find the same condition in her own school-room.

Spelling is not an independent study, it is simply a necessary adjunct to all written expression. The fact that a pupil spells his daily lesson of twenty words correctly is little indication of his ability as a speller. It is in common written work that the true test is found.

In short, it seems apparent that we are the victims of misdirected energy. Let pupils learn to spell their own vocabularies; that is enough. Wait until a child is in some degree familiar with a word, or at least until it is necessary for him to write it, before asking him to spell it. No doubt we shall not cover so large a field, but the work we do will certainly be of more practical benefit.

Just A Little.

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push thru the snow;
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom at a burst;
Slowly, slowly at the first,
That's the way,
Just a little every day.—*Selected.*

Some Spring Visitors

By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota.

ONE of the first evidences that spring is coming is the cheerful music of the frogs that live in the pool where the cat-tails grow thickly. So loud and full are their notes that they seem as tho they were shouting thru speaking trumpets.

These animals live in a pool, and there is a good reason for this. They have to keep their skin moist, for they breathe thru it. As soon as it becomes dry and they can not get the air in that way, they die. So unless the frog is amongst wet grass or weeds, he must remain where he can plunge into the water and wet his skin. The home of most frogs is near the water, but in wet weather they wander a considerable distance from their home. They may usually be found on the banks of any stream or pond.

How does the frog look? Well, he has two parts; a head which is shaped like a triangle, and a body that is large and bulky. He has nothing that may be called a neck, and he has a pair of long, strong hind legs, and a little pair of short front ones. When you find him he is usually squatting. He has a bright green skin, a yellow vest, and a wide mouth.

He has one clever trick that often saves him from being caught. He can conceal himself by changing his color. If he is a frog that lives in a tree, and some frogs do live in trees, he does this in a marvelous manner. He is bright green if he is among the green leaves; if he is on the bark he is gray or brown. He cannot, however, turn all colors. He takes the main shade of the trees and grass around him, but he cannot turn red or blue and it would not do him any good if he could.

His skin is smooth, except that there are little protuberances or bunches near his hind legs. He gets about by leaping and swimming, and he uses his strong hind legs to do this. Take him in your hand, if you can steal up softly enough to catch him, and see with what force he uses his legs in his attempts to get away. Once he is out of your hand he gets his legs in the form of a letter Z, and away he goes, making leaps of two or three feet at a time. When he gets to the water, down he dives and swims away with great swiftness. Sometimes he floats about to amuse himself, with the tip of his nose just above the surface. After you are gone he will come warily back to the surface and get down among the weeds by the shore.

What does this active, noisy fellow eat? He will take anything that is small enough to be seized and swallowed,—insects, spiders, earthworms. He eats snails, as many as six at a time, and he eats them shells and all. He eats May beetles, using the forelegs to push the rougher legs of the insect into such a position that it can be forced down the throat, an operation of considerable difficulty. Bullfrogs sometimes eat up the little ones. Even decayed meat will be seized, for the sense of smell is not strong, and once anything is in the frog's mouth he swallows it greedily.

He has an ingenious way of catching his food. His long tongue is covered with a sort of glue, and when a venturesome insect alights upon it, it sticks in this glue and the frog gets his meal. If the frog sees an insect moving, he snaps it up at once, but if the insect keeps still the frog does not notice him.

If he happens to swallow a piece of grass or moss when he is eating his breakfast he throws up this piece of worthless food and thus gets rid of it. A frog does not drink thru the mouth like other animals, the water soaks in thru his skin.

He is the most defenseless of all animals, and animals who like frogs eat them in great numbers. His greatest foe is the snake, but cranes, herons, and crows often take a taste of frog. Water rats and skunks come next, and the clever skunk searches out the place that the frogs have made their winter home, and, ravaging among the great numbers gathered together, kills many. Once in a while a turtle gets one, and sometimes the larger frogs eat the little ones. Next comes man, who wants to eat the legs.

About the only way he has of getting away from his enemies is to jump into the water, and he does this without any hesitancy. Indeed, if one is near a frog pond, no sooner is one frog alarmed and jumps into the water, than every neighbor who hears the splash jumps too, and so they get out of danger.

What does the frog do in the winter? When the cold weather comes it warns him that he must look out for himself, and down he goes into the water, burying himself in the mud beyond the reach of frost. Here he lies and sleeps till spring, and it requires but little expenditure of energy to do this. All last summer he ate everything that he could find, and his muscles laid up a store of food which is used up to keep him from just freezing during the winter.

But we have not found out just how the frog begins life. He is first an egg, and the eggs are laid in the spring, in water. Around them is a jelly-like substance that is transparent. As the eggs are often laid when it is very cold, the jelly acts like a hot-bed, keeping the eggs warm. When they hatch out they are pollywogs, and after a while they get to be grown up frogs.

Frogs manage to get on in life very well, and seemingly have a comfortable time. They can be tamed easily. You can get a frog to come and eat out of your hand in a little while, you can even stroke him and he does not show the least sign of fear.

He does things that come under the head of curious habits. He draws in his eyes every time he winks; he travels long distances from home

and has no trouble in finding his way back again. He has not very much ingenuity in getting food, and if he does not catch it the first leap he generally gives up trying. If you have a tame frog and put a glass between him and the earth worms or other breakfast that you are giving him, he will continue to snap at it for a while and then stop, as he sees it is useless.

Suggestions for Frog Study.

Take a walk with the children and hunt for frogs' eggs.

Have the children see that the eggs are in strings or chains of white with the yolks at regular distances.

Put the eggs in a glass bottle and have the children note the time that it takes to hatch them out.

Watch the frogs as they hatch. Note the first signs of the legs in the pollywog, the formation of the tail and last the perfect frog.

Arbor Day—A paper cutting of how the tree was planted.

A Blackboard Flower-Bed.

In teaching names and spelling of flowers to my primary pupils, I made use of a drawing of a circular flower-bed with paths radiating from a circle in center. The names of flowers were written where flowers were supposed to grow. Each pupil chose a path, and as he traveled towards the center, named the flower on both sides of the path. As they finished their walk they wrote their names in the inner circle.

When class was called one day the pupils found a drawing of a sun-bonneted maid blowing bubbles, which were sailing across the board. Each bubble had a word written on it. The pupils turned their backs and I erased a bubble. They then told me which one had been erased. The game proceeded until all bubbles had bursted. A review of the words and their spellin showed that they had unconsciously learned to spell every word.

Every Friday a review of the week's spelling is given in Primary Spelling. It is a written exercise and only correctly spelled words are copied in booklets. These booklets are made of dainty colored paper, children choosing the color, and tied with raffia. When these books are complete, they proudly take them home. The title of these booklets is "Words I Can Spell."

As a variation from regular routine of work in numbers in the third grade, each child brings a given number of original problems, which he has solved. These are exchanged and each works one another's problems. The originator of the problems is the judge of the work.

Illinois. EVA HOEHN.

Watering the Flowers.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow,
If thou another soul would reach;
It needs the overflowing heart,
To give the life full speech.

Think truly and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—EMERSON.

About Birds

Conducted by WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT, Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University, and Director of the Worthington Society for the Investigation of Bird Life, Shawnee, Pa.

Thru this department it is the hope of TEACHERS MAGAZINE that teachers may be kept informed of the happenings in the bird world. The comings and goings of birds, their nesting time, locality and season, their food and how this varies with the time of year, their song, their behavior, and particularly their attitude to man, are to be treated in these columns. Professor Scott is desirous that teachers should write him, giving him any items of interesting information and telling him just what they would like to find out about birds. Write him, in care of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Seasonal Comment.

IN the northern States during the month of April, the return of the birds from their winter resorts is under full headway. The breeding season has begun and the daily happenings in the winged life about is varied and interesting to a degree.

In the plant world the blooming of fruit trees is a feature, and the cherry blossoms of April as well as the later bloom of early May are welcome each year as new events. That the fruit of these flowers is sought for by the robin and many of his kin we all know; but that the relation of birds, the robin included, to the fruit-grower is a beneficial one many of us do not realize. No birds feed more consistently than do the robins on our small fruits, but paradoxical as it may seem the great proportion of robins eat little or no fruit during the early spring and summer months. Every well regulated pair of robins rears two broods of young and frequently a third nesting occurs. To each pair of old birds of this kind is born at least six young each year, and the aggregate of the several broods is often ten and even twelve. While adult robins consume much small fruit they feed their young almost exclusively on insects of some kind as long as the dependents are cared for; this is usually for at least five weeks. The naturalists who have watched these birds supplying their young with food have all arrived at this conclusion, and the examination of the stomachs of young robins has revealed a constant kind of diet in all parts of this country wherein the absence of any kind of fruit is the marked characteristic. So that during the time when the smaller fruits are at their best, for every robin that eats this kind of fare there are at least three times, and often four or five times as many robins who never taste these dainties at all. Nor is this all; for the very insects which are injurious to the growth and development of berries, cherries, and apples are largely held in check by the old robins, who use them as provender for their callow chicks. It appears that the robin is therefore one of the great friends, and not, as would seem from a superficial standpoint, an enemy of the fruit grower.

What is true of the robin's food for its young is the rule with most of the smaller wild birds. The blackbirds, sparrows, meadowlarks, tanagers, and orioles all feed their young on an almost exclusive insect diet. Any depredations on the part of the elders for their own use must be forgiven, as they much more than pay for the fruit they eat by the harvest of insect pests with which they feed the multitude of young.

Two Remarkable Pigeons: The Dodo and the Solitaire.

By R. BOWDLER SHARPE.

The Dodo lived on the island of Mauritius, where it was plentiful a little more than three hundred years ago. Its unwieldy size and feebly developed wings deprived the poor bird of any chance of survival on the earth, as it was not able to fly and so escape from its enemies; and the survivors of this interesting and anomalous form of bird life were annihilated by the sailors who visited the island and brought cats and pigs with them, which must have hastened the process of extermination. The Dodo was a gigantic, flightless, antique pigeon, and appears to have been confined to the island of Mauritius, where a considerable number of its osteological remains have been unearthed during the past forty years, so that more than one nearly complete skeleton is to be found in museums in this country. Several drawings and paintings of the bird are also preserved in various institutions in Europe, but the actual remains of the bird itself are very few, and no perfect specimen of a stuffed Dodo is in any collection to-day, tho in the Oxford Museum is a head and right foot, and the British Museum possesses a left foot. Another head of the Dodo is in the Copenhagen Museum. Many of the pictures representing the bird must have been drawn from life, for it is certain that more than one specimen reached Europe alive.

In the neighboring islands of Reunion and Rodriguez also live two pigeon-like birds. Of that which inhabited the former island nothing remains but tradition, and no specimens of any kind are known. Of the "Solitaire" of Rodriguez, many osteological remains have been discovered in the caves of that island, and we also know something of its habits from the writings of the old Huguenot, Leguat, who landed on Rodriguez with other refugees in 1691, and lived there for two years. Altho discredited and considered fabulous by many recent writers the description by Leguat of the Solitaire has been strongly confirmed by the bones discovered by Sir Edward Newton and other naturalists who have made explorations in the island.

The following is Leguat's account of the bird and its ways: "Of all the Birds in the Island, the most remarkable is that which goes by the Name of the 'Solitary,' because 'tis seldom seen in Company. There are abundance of them. The Feathers of the Males are of a brown-grey Colour; the feet and beak are like a Turkey's but a little

more crooked. They have scarce any Tail, but their Hind-part covered with Feathers is Roundish, like the Crupper of a Horse; they are taller than Turkeys. Their neck is straight and a little longer in proportion than a Turkey's when it lifts up its Head. Its Eye is black and lively, and its Head without Comb or Cop. They never fly, their wings are too little to support the weight of their Bodies; they serve only to beat themselves, and flutter when they call one another! They will whirl about for twenty or thirty times together on the same side, during the space of four or five Minutes; the Motions of their Wings makes then a noise very like that of a Rattle; and one may hear it two hundred Paces off. The Bone of their Wings grows greater towards the Extremity, and forms a little round Mass under the Feathers, as big as a Musket Ball; That and its Beak are the chief Defence of this Bird. 'Tis very hard to catch it in the Woods, but easy in open Places, because we run faster than they, and sometimes we approach them without much Trouble. From March to September they are extremely fat, and taste admirably well, especially while they are young; some of the Males weigh forty-five Pound.

"The Females are wonderfully beautiful, some fair, some brown; I call them fair because they are of the colour of fair Hair; They have a sort of Peak like a Widow's, upon their Breasts, which is of a dun Colour. No one Feather is straggling from the other all over their Bodies, they being very careful to adjust themselves, and make them all even with their Beaks. The Feathers on their Thighs are round like shells at the end, and being there very thick, have an agreeable effect. They have two Risings on their 'Craws,' and the Feathers are whiter there than the rest, which livelily represents the fine Neck of a Beautiful Woman. They walk with so much Stateliness and good Grace, that one cannot help admiring them; by which means their fine Mein often saves their lives.

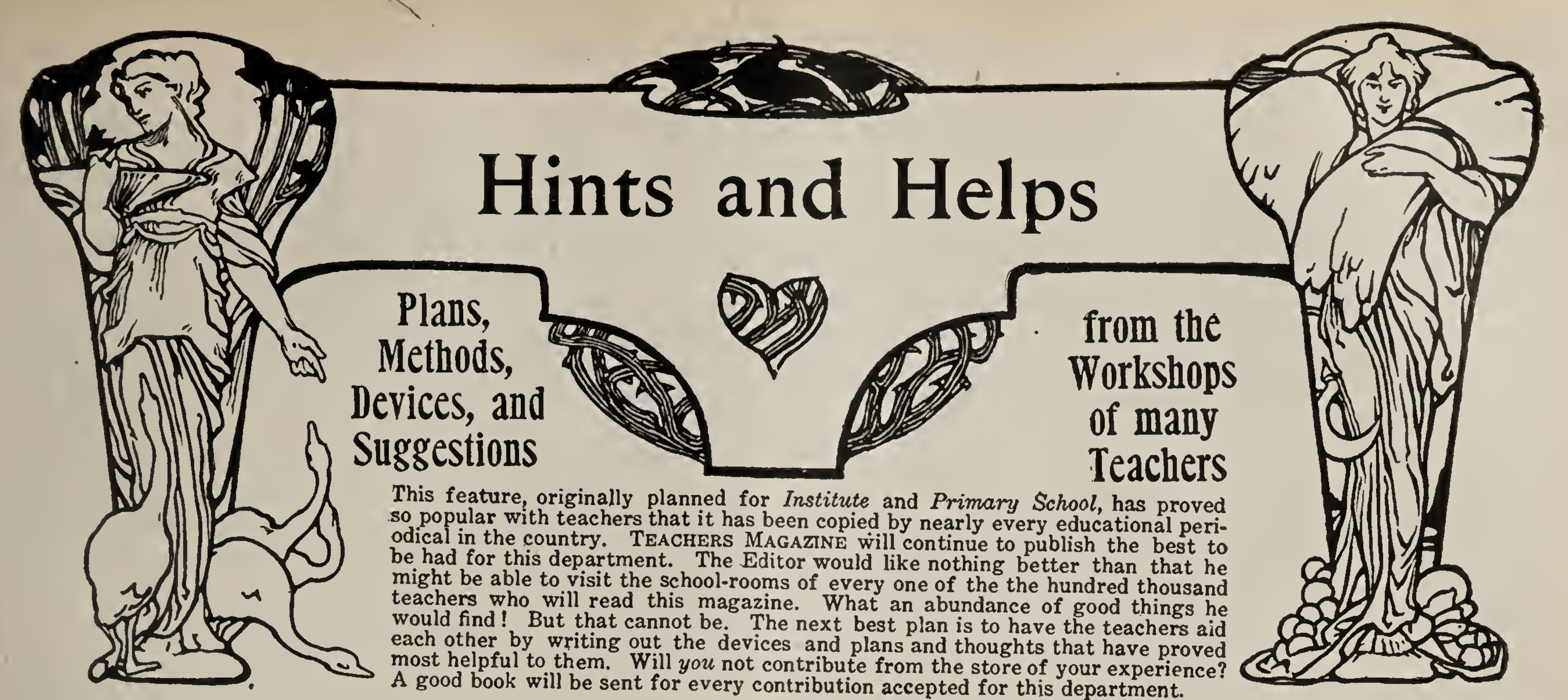
"Tho' these Birds will sometimes very familiarly come up near enough to one, when we do not run after them, yet they will never grow Tame. As soon as they are caught they shed Tears without Crying, and refuse all manner of Sustenance till they die!

"We find in the Gizzards of both Male and Female a brown stone, of the bigness of a Hen's egg; 'tis somewhat rough, flat on one side, and round on the other, heavy and hard. We believe this stone was there when they were hatch'd, for let them be never so young, you meet with it always. They have never but one of 'em, and besides, the Passage from the Craw to the Gizzard is so narrow, that a like mass of half the bigness cou'd not pass. It served to whet our knives, better than any other Stone whatsoever.

"When these birds build their Nests, they choose a clean Place, gather together some Palm-Leaves for that purpose, and heap them up a foot and a half high from the Ground, on which they sit. They never lay but one Egg, which is much bigger than that of a Goose. The Male and Female both cover it in their turns, and the young is not hatched till at seven Weeks' end. All the while they are sitting upon it or are bringing up their young one, which is not able to provide for itself in several Months, they will not suffer any other Bird of their species to come within two hundred yards round the Place. But what is very singular is the Males will never drive away the Females, only when he perceives one he makes a noise with his Wings to call the Female, and she drives the unwelcome stranger away, not leaving it till 'tis without her Bounds. The Female does the same as to the Males whom she leaves to the Males, and he drives them away. We have observed this several times, and I affirm it to be true!

"The Combats between them on this occasion lasts sometimes pretty long, because the Stranger only turns about and does not fly directly from the Nest. However, the others do not forsake it till they have quite driven it out of their Limits. After these Birds have raised their Young One and left it to itself, they are always together, which the other Birds are not, and tho they happen to mingle with other Birds of the same Species, these two Companions never disunite. We have often remarked that some days after the young one leaves the Nest, a Company of thirty or forty brings another young one to it; and the new-fledged Bird with its Father and Mother joining with the Band, march to some bye Place. We frequently followed them, and found that afterwards the old ones went each their own way alone, or in Couples, and left the two young ones together, which we called a Marriage."

The above account, of the authenticity of which there is no reason to doubt, introduces us to a type of bird-life now extinct, but existing on the globe within historic times, and a strange interest therefore attaches to the nearest of kin to the Dodo which survives at the present moment. This is the Tooth-billed Pigeon of Samoa. This bird, which is about the size of an ordinary domestic Pigeon, is only found in the Navigator's Islands, as Samoa is sometimes called. It has perfectly formed wings, but until recently it never used them, as it had no natural enemies in its inland home, and was accustomed not only to live on the ground, but to breed in colonies and deposit its eggs on the side of a hill. As Samoa became more civilized, however, the usual accompaniments of civilization prevailed in the shape of cats and rats, the former devouring the birds, and the latter their eggs, and speedy extermination appeared to be the fate in store for the *Didunculus*. It then appears that the Pigeons began to use their wits, and did not see why they should be wiped off the face of the earth, as their distant relatives the Dodo and the Solitaire had been, and they not only began to use their wings to save themselves, but changed their mode of nidification, and took to building their nets in trees. The Rev. S. J. Whitmee, who was for long a missionary in Samoa, credits the *Didunculus* with a high intelligence, and writes: "It has probably been frightened when roosting, or during incubation, by attacks of cats, and has sought safety in the trees. Learning, from frequent repetition of the fright, that the ground is a dangerous place, it has acquired the habit of building, roosting, and feeding on the high trees; and this change of habit is now operating for the preservation of this interesting bird, which a few years ago was almost extinct."



Memory Gems.

Memory gems should not only be good literature but should contain noble thoughts or beautiful word-pictures that will appeal to the child's esthetic nature. Children should be led to appreciate and enjoy the memory gem. If this cannot be done, stop short. Better never teach a quotation than to have the children despise it.

Little pupils will learn best by hearing the selection repeated often. They enjoy saying poetry in concert. The nature study work and the reading and language lessons will often suggest suitable quotations. In most schools, extracts from Hiawatha are read in the primary grades. The children like to learn these by heart, especially the lines about the fire-fly and those that tell that Hiawatha learned the language of every bird and every beast.

The nature study work will suggest flower and bird poems, and these nearly always please the children. The different seasons and the different holidays call for the learning of appropriate quotations.

What child will not be delighted to learn in early springtime:

Good morning, sweet April,
So winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip
And a tear in your eye.

Another little poem that always appeals to young children is:

There's a fairy in Blue-Bell Hollow,
That wakes in the spring of the year.
She calls and the children follow,
Down Blue-Bell Hollow.
There the flowers are all blue,
And the little brook, too,
Half hidden from view,
Is of just the same hue.

The "Merry Brown Thrush" is a favorite with most children and is easily learned. Some bleak day in the fall or winter the pupils will be glad to feed the robins and afterwards to learn Whittier's beautiful lines:

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all 'round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin, Redbreast,
O Robin, dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!

Pupils who write readily will find pleasure in making a "Quotation Book." In the grammar grades the memory gem should go hand in hand with the study of authors.

California. ANNA MCLANAHAN.

Literature Drill.

Illustrating the names of poems by drawing is helpful for creating a desire to know more about literature and at the same time making such an impression on the minds of the pupils that they will not forget the subjects studied.

Sketch on the blackboard as many pictures as may be desired, representing such poems as "Hiawatha" (an Indian boy), "Rainy Day" (a man in the rain carrying a large umbrella), "Birds of Passage" (birds flying), etc.

Then hand slips of paper to the pupils, telling them to write the names of as many of the illustrations as they can guess. After all have finished, collect, and if any one has failed to guess them all, ask some other pupil to give the omitted ones.

The teacher can tell the name of the author before handing out the slips, or have some pupil do so afterward.

Use poems of only one author at a single exercise.

This may be used as a general exercise or in connection with a literature lesson.

Kansas. LUCY HARRIS.

Spring Grass.

Ten thousand little soldiers
Have come to fight the cold;
Don't you see their sharp green spears
Thrust, gleaming, thru the mold?

Detroit. ALICE CAMERON.

Cut Work.

This year has been my first experience with cut work. I must say it is very helpful and enjoyable to the pupils.

The School Board bought thirty pairs of scissors for my grade, and I furnish the paper and mounting. We use the plain white paper, and mount the best specimens of each lesson on the blue cardboard. These lessons in cut work are given three or four times a week, and the work is entirely free hand.

The first lessons were to cut squares, spheres, angles, and other flat work. Later as our imaginative and inventive powers increased, and our scissors became more steady, our subjects took new and better lines.

It is wonderful, the growing ability that the pupils attain, and they are always eager for the time to cut.

Indiana. NETTIE E. PLEASANTS.

First Grade English Drill.

Perhaps it will interest some primary teachers to know a device I have used in teaching correct English.

I choose two children. They stand with hands to mouths, in the shape of a telephone mouthpiece. Then one child says "Hello." The other child answers, "Hello, who is this?" The first replies, "It is I."

Then I play "house." I have a great many errands to be done. Two children may go on one errand, one choosing another to accompany him.

"I wish some one to go to the store for a can of beans. Willie, you may go."

"May Johnnie go with me?" asks Willie, or pointing to Willie, "May he go with me?"

More hands go up, and I call upon Mary.

"May Susie and I go, too?" or pointing to Susie, "May she and I go, too?"

Some teachers may say this little device consumes too much time. I find ten minutes of such drilling very profitable. Time is saved by letting the children choose others to act in their places.

California. GERTRUDE JOURNEAY.

A hint for the Spring Blackboard by BESS B. CLEAVELAND, Ohio.
(The children may want to do this in colors and it is well adapted for brush and paper cutting too.)

How We Spent Friday Afternoon.

One morning early in the week I announced to my pupils that we would have a post-office on Friday afternoon. During the week each pupil was requested to write at least three letters to the pupils. They had previously been taught the forms for letter-writing, so with a warning as to carefulness, that was all that was needed.

When Friday afternoon came the letters were written. Each was enclosed in an envelope made by the children. Old stamps were placed on the envelopes.

We then chose one of the boys to be the Rural Route carrier, and he collected the mail.

It was brought to my desk, which we called the post-office. Here it was arranged by another carrier, who returned it to the pupils. The letters were then opened, each choosing the best one received to read to the school.

One Friday afternoon I addressed a card to each pupil. The distribution was done by one of the boys who acted as Rural Delivery carrier. On one side of the card was written:

You are cordially invited to take a trip with me, on January 11, 1907. The train will leave for Chicago at 3:30 P. M. Meet me at the depot.

On the reverse side was written:

So pack your trunk and come with me,
Because you have the world to see.
When you return you'll wiser be.

At 3:30 I announced that the train was ready to leave for Chicago. Then I explained the game. Each pupil was to select one of the letters in the word Chicago, give the name of a city beginning with that letter, and tell something about that city. When all were ready I said: "All aboard!" and the fun started. By 4 o'clock we all agreed that we had spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

Illinois. BERTHA I. GLOYD.

A Few Hints.

If any one who happens to read this has trouble in getting pupils to follow the copy, in writing, let him try having the pupil begin at the bottom of the page, thus having the copy only, above, on which to let his eyes fall.

I have offered a prize for the neatest writing book handed in when the term closes. This has proved a splendid incentive to care and tidiness.

Are you teaching in a school where the desks are not screwed to the floor? I am, and when evening comes the desks are arranged somewhat like the chairs after a party. But I have remedied that evil. I screwed the desk to strips of inch-board, one inch by four inches. Now the desks are kept in place and still I have the convenience of having the desks loose, for all practical purposes. When I sweep I just move the whole row aside at once, and every seat remains in its place.

South Dakota. R. L. NORDNESS.

The Pioneer.

A School Story.

By Mattie Griffith Satterie.

HE was the most captivating specimen of little boyhood I had ever encountered, even in my long experience among the boy world; an experience ranging among boys from four to fifteen and sixteen years of age. This particular one was a chubby little fellow. In stature he was positively tiny, altho his little body was fairly padded with flesh, soft velvety brown flesh, that gave him the appearance of a bronze cherub. His face was perfectly circular; no apple could have been rounder. The resemblance to the apple continued in the brilliantly red cheeks and lips. But the eyes, those wondrous eyes—we all surrendered to them. They were neither blue, nor black, nor gray, but were frequently all those colors, blended. Occasionally, they were distinctly hazel. Great orbs of light, every feeling was mirrored in their luminous depths. These beautiful eyes were fringed with long, almost unnaturally long, silky lashes. When these lashes laid on the boy's round cheeks, we wished for the brush of a Correggio to transmit to canvas that exquisite child face.

His name was Guiseppi, and despite the documentary evidence which he produced to prove he had attained eight years, he was our special pet. Notwithstanding his little baby boy look, he was a manly little fellow, always eager to help, taking much pride in attempting a new task. One of the teachers said to me one morning after the assembly, as Guiseppi passed to his place in his class, having held "the flag" for the salute, "Little Guiseppi is delicious; yes, absolutely delicious; he is so cute and yet he is so manly. Look how he walks, just as he does everything; a sort of do-and-die manner. See how he strides along!" I laughingly said, as I looked after Guiseppi, "Yes, he is so earnest. He is a little pioneer." The name appealed to the teachers, and shortly Guiseppi was called by all of us "the pioneer." Of course, the children were not slow in hearing and adopting the soubriquet.

One morning the little pioneer entered his class-room in a very different manner from his usual buoyant, yet dignified carriage. He hung his head, his red lips were quivering, and his beautiful eyes were full of tears. His appearance was generally wretched and heartbroken. He approached his class teacher, and gazed at her in positive agony. "Why Guiseppi," she asked, "what is the matter?" Guiseppi's woes overpowered him, the floodgates were opened, and he sobbed out, "de fellers, all of 'em call me 'de pion deer.'" "The pion deer" repeated his teacher; "pray, what does *that* mean?" Guiseppi, the aggrieved one, replied, his sobs lessening as his wrongs dignified and calmed him, "de name de capa maestra made on me." By "capa maestra" he referred to my humble self. Very shortly after this accusation, in the character of capa maestra, I entered the room. The teacher, in some perplexity informed me of Guiseppi's grievance, adding she really pitied the child, as she knew how the boys could and would torment him, spreading the persecution until every boy and girl in the neighborhood would jeeringly call him "de pion deer." I considered for a few minutes, and one of those rare flashes of inspiration which come in every one's experience, and is the flashlight of the teacher's life, broke upon my mind.

At a quarter past one I made a stately entrance into Guiseppi's class-room. The injured boy showed evidences of more insults and abuses. His sweet little chubby face had assumed a sullen, downcast look. Such an expression had always been foreign to his alluring little visage. I said, in an easy, conversational manner, "We have called Guiseppi the pioneer because he always tries to be a good, bright, polite boy, and then he is so manly, he would never tell a falsehood, or strike a little girl, or take anything that did not belong to him. That is the reason we always call him the pioneer, the leader in the right way. We are *now* going to have a pioneer-list, that is, every boy who tries his best to do what is right shall be called a pioneer, a leader in the right, you see. We shall have, I hope, pioneer Giovanni, pioneer Luigi, pioneer Vincenzo, pioneer Geranimo, naming the most troublesome boys in the class. The suggestion acted like a charm. There were twenty boys on the class-roll, and half a dozen of them were very trying. The pioneer honor became a wild enthusiasm among them; something to be striven for with an eagerness and earnestness that was pathetic. The worst boys asked no greater honor than to be on the pioneer list. To be a pioneer was all they wished for.

Everything was going on finely; there were no disorderly boys, no complaints, no punishments. We were all in a beatific condition, when suddenly the feminine portion of the class became restive. There were eighteen girls in the room, and they, up to this time, had taken an intense and active interest in their pioneer classmates. They seemed to be disinterestedly happy over this great movement of reform among the boys. One day however there was an evident unrest, dark looks, lowering brows, and a generally sullen, discontented air, over the ranks of the girls. At about eleven o'clock on a certain morning, the teacher observed a great deal of inattention among these girls. Being an expert in her knowledge of children, she turned from the blackboard, laid down the chalk, and said pleasantly, "What is it, girls? "Do you wish to ask me anything? I see you are not thinking of our work on the board. You know, if you do not think, we cannot do good work. Tell me what you are thinking about."

Rosina, a black-eyed, dimpled little beauty, said: "We would like to have a name just as the boys have." "Well," said the teacher, is it not enough to be called "good girls" or "model girls?" A chorus of girlish voices called out, "no ma-am, we want a real name, just as the boys have"; that settled *that* suggestion. The teacher then quieted them by proposing to wait until I came into their room, and ask my advice on this most important question.

Upon my entrance a few minutes later, my

services were desired—as umpire I said. "What name would the little girls like to be called?" as our one effort with the children in every crevice and portion of the school work is to make them think. To my surprise Rosina raised her hand to suggest a name. Pretty Rosina's beauty was more famous than her brains. For this reason I said in delighted tones, "Rosina, dear, I am so glad to see you are going to give us a name. What name do you think would be nice and pretty for the good girls to be called?" My tone was happily complacent. As I said this I was placidly thinking with pleasure, how successful my system had been with Rosina. The girl dimpling with delight, brought on a grand climateric, and nearly paralyzed us both when she said, her beautiful eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing with excitement, "O Miss Satterie cara, *may* the good girls be called *lunatics*, because *lunatic* is such a *lovely* name!"

Miss De Land's quaint illustration of a small Pennsylvanian returning from school, proudly exhibiting a piece of work for which he has obtained a merit card from his teacher, the good old Christopher Dock. [See the story of this famous teacher in TEACHERS MAGAZINE, last month.]

Poems Worth Having in Springtime

The Rain It Raineth Every Day.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With heigh-ho! the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

—William Shakespeare.

The Dawning Day.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

Shower and Flower.

Down the little drops patter,
Making a musical clatter,
Out of the clouds they throng;
Freshness of heaven they scatter
Little dark rootlets among.
"Coming to visit you, posies!
Open your heart to us, Rosies!"
That is the raindrops' song.

—Lucy Larcom.

The Brown Thrush.

There's a merry brown thrush singing up in the tree;
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy.
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy, as happy can be!"

—Lucy Larcom.

Sir Robin.

Rollicking Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest?

—Lucy Larcom.

Signs of Rain.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the grass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
The spiders from their cobwebs peep;
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head.

—E. Fenner.

In the Heart of a Seed.

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light";
"Wake," said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the beautiful
Outside world might be.

—Kate L. Brown.

Sing, Robin, Sing.

Sing, robin, sing,
High up in the tree!
Sing a sweet song
For baby and me.

Sing, robin, sing,
For baby and me,
Sing for your little ones
High in the tree!

—*Selected.*

Play-Time.

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

—Gabriel Sotoun.

Buttercups and Daisies.

Buttercups and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers;
Coming ere the springtime,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

—Mary Howitt.

Over in the Meadow.

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So she winked and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the streams run blue,
Lived an old mother-fish,
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother musk-rat
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

—Olive A. Wadsworth.

A Swinging Song.

Merry it is on a summer's day,
All thru the meadows to wend away;
To watch the brooks glide fast and slow,
And the little fish twinkle down below;
To hear the lark in the blue sky sing,
Oh, sure enough, 'tis a merry thing—
But 'tis merrier by far to swing—to swing.

—Mary Howitt.

Violets.

Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorne in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

—F. Moultrie.

Watertown Plans in Geography

(Grade Five.)

By Frank R. Page, Watertown, Mass.

THE fifth grade pupils in their study of geography take these countries—Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, and Australia. The history lessons in this grade are correlated with the geography. They consist of stories of important men and events in the history of the world, the topics running something like this: The dispersion of nations; the Egyptians; the Chaldeans; Moses, Joseph, Solomon; Miltiades, Leonidas, Pericles, Alexander; Romulus, Regulus, Horatius, how Rome fell; life in the dark ages; how England was settled; Alfred, William the Conqueror; the Crusades, Richard the Lion-Hearted; the Renaissance, the invention of printing, gunpowder, the compass; Columbus; Joan of Arc, Elizabeth, the Spanish Armada. By means of our history chart we try to give pupils an idea of the consecutiveness of history—it is just one single story.

While children ought to be made familiar with the location and relative position of the different countries, the important rivers, mountains, and cities, we believe that a great deal of this information may be acquired incidentally, by encouraging map study, by using railroad and steamer folders, and by use of cut maps to be put together. The important things in geography are not merely the geographical facts. When we think of France for example, we think of Paris, the Louvre, Venus de Milo, beautiful boulevards, gaily dressed people, Joan of Arc, the Reign of Terror, the Marseillaise. The name "France" suggests these just as much and vastly more than it suggests the names of rivers, mountains, cities, productions, etc. Similarly it is the facts of England, of Japan, of Brazil, and so on, that we want the children to know *the facts,* not solely the *geographical facts,* but the things that naturally occur to you and to me when we think of such a country.

I said in beginning that these children "take" five countries. We are apt to associate this pedagogic use of "take" with its use in conjunction with medicine—Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, and Australia—a mighty dose indeed for ten-year-old children. But let me explain.

We believe that there is nothing so deadening, nothing so distinctly *un*educative as covering the pages in the text-book, taking everything in the geography, important and unimportant, simply because it is in the book. The very last thing on earth expected of children in the fifth grade, or in any other grade, studying geography, is glib recital of the text-book. In fact we think it is best to give up studying the book, using it merely for its maps and pictures and for occasional reference. Fifth grade geography is taught topically. For topics only the most important and interesting things are selected, and these are dwelt on. It is vastly better to omit altogether than to skim over, and vast indeed are our omissions. The keynote of the plan is *concentration* of attention on a *few typical* things. We emphasize especially that word *typical.*

The use of carefully selected, typical pictures is indispensable, and here again that word *typical*

More Boxes of Gold

AND MANY GREENBACKS.

325 boxes of Gold and Greenbacks will be sent to persons who write the most interesting and truthful letters of experience on the following topics.

1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum.

2. Give name and account of one or more coffee drinkers who have been hurt by it and have been induced to quit and use Postum.

3. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?

4. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make it clear, black, and with a snappy, rich taste?

5. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, and beginning at that time when actual boiling starts, boil full 15 minutes more to extract the flavor and food value. (A piece of butter the size of a pea will prevent boiling over.) This contest is confined to those who have used Postum prior to the date of this advertisement.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Contest will close June 1st, 1907 and no letters received after that date will be admitted. Examinations of letters will be made by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Their decisions will be fair and final, and a neat little box containing a $10 gold piece sent to each of the five writers of the most interesting letters, a box containing a $5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best, a $2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a $1 greenback to each of the 200 next best, making a cash prize distributed to 325 persons.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause, and costs the competitors absolutely nothing.

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.

is emphasized. Simply a picture of a foreign city is not enough. It must illustrate. Each teacher tries to get a *complete* collection to illustrate the work in geography. The pictures and other collections representing a given country are always displayed in the room while that country is being studied. For displaying pictures, etc., one or more blackboards in each room have been covered with burlap, to which the pictures are fastened with ticket holders. The stereopticon is used, altho here too careful selection of typical slides is made.

Constant comparison with home things is essential. Each room ought to secure a collection of pictures of every day objects seen in the more important countries, for comparison with a similar collection of American pictures. These would include, for example, railway train, electric car or other means of transportation, schoolhouse, school children, church, country road, city stores, costumes of the people, a school book, a newspaper, postage-stamp, flag, etc.

We try to have the recitation looked on not as a test directed to the teacher to be rewarded with a mark, but as a symposium to which children and teachers contribute. Sometimes a special topic is assigned to be reported on by a certain pupil; sometimes a pupil essays a little lecture for the benefit of the class; teachers, and occasionally parents who have been abroad are invited in to give a little talk. We believe it absolutely essential that geography be made a real, interesting, live thing. We like to see children awake and alert, interested, and anxious to listen and to contribute to the information of the class. Occasionally little programs are planned and for a given country, consisting of talks readings by different pupils, singing national hymns, with a contribution by an outsider, perhaps. Dead geography is worse than no geography at all.

These are the topics:

Europe.—A little talk on the map. The direction of Europe from us. The ocean surrounding it. Its size compared with the United States. The number of separate countries compared with the number in North America. Do you know the names of any countries in Europe? Point them out. Find other important countries, and rivers, and mountains.

Follow this with lessons on routes to England. Have the children bring newspaper advertisements of steamship lines to school. What are the best lines from Boston? Where do they go? Trace routes. Where do they land? Get the Cunard Log-Book from the Cunard Steamship Company, 126 State Street, Boston, and give the pupils two or three lessons based on facts gotten from this book, using a great many pictures. Names of the largest Boston boats. Size. Compare with familiar things. Classes. Rates. Staterooms. Berths. Dining-room. Drawing-room, etc. Engines. Distance to Queenstown. To Liverpool. Time of journey. Correlate arithmetic.

England.—First get together a collection of pictures, newspapers, stamps, the English flag, etc. How will you get from Liverpool or Queenstown, where you land, to London? What hotel will you stop at? How much will it cost? Thames, London Bridge, Houses of Parliament, Tower of London, Westminster, London *Punch*, London *Times*, English country life, roads, hedges, houses, castles (see "Little Lord Fauntleroy"), Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare, "God Save the King," "Rule Britannia," the Story of Alfred, the Story of the Norman Conquest, the Story of the Spanish Armada. Conclude with a program or an exhibition of lantern-slides, accompanied by a talk and music.

Scotland.—Country life. Kilt. Bagpipes. "Campbells Are Coming." "Bluebells of Scotland."

Ireland.—Peasant life. The Giant's Causeway. "Wearing of the Green."

France.—As with each country to be taken up, first get together a collection of pictures, etc. As with each country, too, begin with a few map questions. Relative position and size. Its two or three important rivers. The three or four important cities. How do you get there from London? Crossing the English Channel. Paris. Use a map of the city. The beauty of Paris. The boulevards. The Seine. The out-of-door life. Joan of Arc. Napoleon. The President of France. The Louvre. Venus de Milo. Louis

(Continued on page x.)

Sea-Rover's Remedy.

POSTUM COFFEE AND ITS POWER TO REBUILD.

The young daughter of a government officer whose duties keep him almost constantly on board ship between this country and Europe, tells an interesting tale of the use her father made of Nature's food remedy to cure an attack of malarial fever:

"Father recently returned from a long sea-trip, bed-ridden, and emaciated from an attack of malarial chills and fever," she writes: "In such cases people usually dose themselves with medicines, and we were surprised when he, instead of employing drugs, proceeded to devote himself exclusively to Postum Food Coffee, of which he has long been fond. He used two or more cups at each meal, drinking it very hot, and between meals quenched his fever-engendered thirst at all hours of the day and night from a supply we kept ready in the water-cooler. For several days his only drink and sometimes his only food was Postum Coffee, hot or cold, according to the moment's fancy.

"Within a day or two his improvement was noticeable, and within a week he was a well man again, able to resume his arduous occupation.

"He first began to drink Postum Food Coffee several years ago, as a remedy for insomnia, for which he found it invaluable, and likes it so much and finds it so beneficial that he always uses it when he is at home where he can get it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. While this man uses Postum as a remedy, it is in no sense a medicine but only food in liquid form. But this is nature's way and "There's a reason." See the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Recreative Activities

By Belle R. Parsons, California.

The Industrial Life of Man.

Series I. Food.

LESSON I. PLOWING AND PLANTING THE FIELD.

1. Plowing. Ready, position:

(1) Arms forward raise, fingers touching to represent plow-share. Strong pushing movement, walking forward in straight line.

(2) Arms forward raise, as if holding handle of plow, driving and guiding horse. Walk forward, making straight furrow, turning plow over at end of furrow.

Order: Ready — Position — Plow! — (around room)——Position!

2. Sowing grain.

With bag of grain tied around waist or swung over shoulder.

Ready—Position: Holding bag open with left hand.

Right hand take grain and spread it broadcast. with large, free swing of arm, walking forward in rhythm with movement.

Order: Ready— (Swing) (Back) (around the room)—Po-sition!

Indicate the broad sweep of the arm movement by prolonging and accenting the word "Swing."

3. Making the holes.

Planting the corn.

Corn may be carried in bag tied around the waist or in bucket held in left hand.

Ready—Position.

Right hand take kernels out of bag or bucket.

Trunk slightly forward bend, reaching out and dropping kernels.

Take one step forward to next hill (slow swinging of leg from hip, weight on ball of foot); repeat the dropping.

Order: Ready— (Take) (Drop) (Step) (around the room)—Position!

Keep straight rows.

GAMES.

The Farmer in the Dell. (Adapted.) See "Children's Singing Games," page 20.

Use words: "The farmer plows his field"; "The farmer sows his seed," etc.

LESSON II. MAKING THE GARDEN.

This game may be used with the "Farmer" series, the planting of the early vegetables, such as lettuce, peas, beets, radishes, etc., or simply as a flower-garden game in a spring sequence.

1. Spading.

Ready—Position: Left hand held as if grasping handle, right knee upward bend, as if foot were resting on the top of the spade.

Right knee extend, arms downward stretch, trunk forward bend, pushing spade into the ground.

Trunk erect, arms to right fling, as if tossing dirt, trunk to right twist.

Order: Ready—Position— (Down) (Up) (Toss) (Front) (8) Po-sition

Do not let children stamp as they come down. Remind them that the shovel would not make a noise when going into the earth.

Good Natured Again.

GOOD HUMOR RETURNS WITH CHANGE TO PROPER FOOD.

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion and nervousness amounting almost to prostration," writes a Montana man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered, and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted, nor handle accounts satisfactorily. I can't describe my sufferings.

"Nothing I ate agreed with me, till one day I happened to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store, and bought a package, out of curiosity, to know what it was.

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do.

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort, and happiness. Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion has been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eye-sight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good-natured that my friends are truly astonished at the change. I feel younger and better than I have for 20 years. No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

2. Hoeing; Breaking up the large lumps after spading.

Ready—Position: One foot advance, arms outward stretch, trunk forward (or right or left) bend.

Chopping movements of forearm.

Order: Ready—Position—Hoe! (8) Position!

3. Raking.

Ready—Position: Same as 2.

Extending arms, sway forward and backward, changing weight from foot to foot. Repeat with trunk to right (or left) twist, swaying forward to right (or left).

Order: Ready—Position (Front) (Back) (8) Po-sition!

4. Picking up Stones out of Garden and Throwing over Garden Fence.

Ready—Position: Stoop to get stone. Trunk forward (or to right or left), bend, with or without knee-bending.

Stand erect.

Throw with right (or left) hand, repeating equal number of times with each hand.

Order: Ready (Stoop) (Stand) (Throw) (8) Po-sition!

Get good stretch and balance exercise out of the throwing.

Repeat exercise, taking deep knee-bending (squatting), for balance work.

5. Making Furrow for Seeds.

Ready—Position: Trunk forward bend from waist, pretending to hold stick in hand.

Swing arm in front of body, from right to left, pretending to make a furrow.

Order: Ready—Position—swing arm (Right) (Left) (8)—Po-sition!

6. Planting seeds.

(1) Balance exercise.

Ready—Position: Squatting, weight on balls of feet.

Holding this position, pretend to lay seeds in furrow.

Order: Ready—Position. One! Two! etc. to Eight!—Po-sition! Planting one seed at each count.

(2) Trunk exercise.

Ready—Position: Arm bent at elbow as if holding seeds in hand.

Trunk forward, downward bend, putting seed in furrow.

Order: Ready—Position (Down) (Up) (8) Po-sition!

(3) Leg exercise.

Stoop to put each seed in furrow, returning to position.

Order: Ready—Position (Down) (Up) (8) Po-sition!

7. Covering seeds with Earth.

Ready—Position: Kneel or stoop.

With large, sweeping movement of right, then left arm, pretend to cover the seeds.

Order: Ready—Position—Swing— (Right) (Left) (8) Po-sition!

Make movement just above the floor, to avoid soiling the fingers.

8. Watering the seeds.

Ready—Position: One foot forward place, holding watering can in one hand.

Swing arm front and back, swaying from foot to foot in rhythm with the movement.

Order: Ready—Position—Swing— (Front) (Back) (8) Po-sition!

See that children do these exercises as if they were actually working in the garden. If possible, let the children make a real garden out-of-doors.

9. Pulling weeds.

GAMES.

Garden Game. See "Children's Singing Games," page 21.

"In my little Garden Bed."—Poullsen.

You should not feel tired all the time—healthy people don't—you won't if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a while.

SPRING HUMORS

Impure or effete matters accumulated in the blood during the winter cause in the spring such disfiguring and painful troubles as boils, pimples, and other eruptions, also weakness, loss of appetite, that tired feeling.

The best medicine to take is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly cleanses the blood, and effects permanent cures.

Mrs. L. Bickford, Gossville, N. H., says: "Every spring I was completely prostrated, run down, from dyspepsia and that tired feeling. But I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla helps me from the first dose, completely restores good health and strength."

In usual liquid form or in chocolated tablets under the protected trade name, **Sarsatabs.** 100 doses One Dollar.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. No. 324

The delicious Cod Liver Preparation Without Oil.

Vinol contains all the medicinal elements of cod liver oil actually taken from fresh cods' livers, but no oil. The oil, having no value as medicine or food, is thrown away.

Vinol is therefore better than old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions to restore health for

Old people, delicate children, weak run-down persons, and after sickness, colds, coughs, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

Get it at THE Leading Drug Stores Everywhere

Exclusive agency given to one druggist in a place

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Term July 8th to August 17th

Courses will be given in Chemistry, English, French, German, Greek, History, Latin, Mathematics, Music, Pedagogy, Philosophy, Physics, Psychology, and Spanish.

Special Courses in Child Psychology

For information, write for Circular D, to A. H. QUINN, Director of the Summer School, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Penna.

FLOWERS FOR SCHOOL GARDENS

If yon are preparing to interest the school children in gardening the coming spring and snmmer yon shonld write ns. We put np 25 varieties of the prettiest, easiest growing annnal flowers especially for this purpose. Each packet has beantifnl lithographed pictnre of the variety, trne to natnre; also cnltnral directions for growing. Twenty-five varieties of vegetable seeds also. All good, fresh, reliable seeds and all at the uniform price of 1 cent per package, not less than 100 packages at this rate. less quantities 2c. Send 25c. for sample each var. flower seeds or 50c. for both vegetable and flower seeds.

Monadnock Greenhouses, - Keene, N. H.

For Arbor Day

Planting Trees in the Spring.

(He who plants a tree, and cares for it until it is able to take care of itself, has conferred a blessing on the world. In some way, if it lives the life that is its due, it will give pleasure to the eye, supply warmth or shelter, or give comfort to some people, who or how many none of us can know. At any rate, he who plants a tree does not labor in vain. The following suggestions on tree planting, from *The Industrialist*, a pamphlet published by the Kansas Agricultural College, are worth reading now when tree planting time is near at hand.)

Kinds of Trees to Plant.—In selecting the kinds of trees to form border belts it is a safe rule to choose from those that are native to the locality or have been thoroly tested there by years of cultivation. Other things being equal, long-lived trees should be given the preference. Some trees will stand transplanting better than others, and this fact will help to determine our selection.

Cottonwood and box elder make a rapid growth, but, except on the lowlands, they may not live long enough to pay for the trouble of planting and caring for them. For general planting, elm, hackberry, honey locust, and ash give good results. Golden willow, Russian olive, and soft maple give pleasing variety and can be grown in many localities, particularly on lowlands. The trees on the north side of a lot, being designed primarily for shelter, may be made up entirely or for the most part of evergreens. The Austrian and Scotch pines, certain spruces, and our native cedar are best adapted for this shelter belt.

How to Plant Trees.—It is a waste of time to plant trees in sod. The ground to be occupied by belts and groups should be plowed or spaded and allowed to mellow until just before planting time, when it should be pulverized by harrowing. The holes or trenches for the reception of the trees should be wide enough to take in all the roots left on the seedling, without crowding, and deep enough to allow the latter to be set to the level it formerly occupied or a little below that.

As soon as the ground can be worked in early spring is the best time to plant. The young trees may be selected from nursery or native timber belt, at this time, or they may be dug up in the fall and healed in over winter. Without special facilities for prosecuting the work, it is not best to attempt to transplant large trees. It is, moreover, a difficult matter to make such trees grow after transplanting. Trees from five to eight feet in height are easier handled and will give better results. Select only such as have made a vigorous growth the previous season. Certain individual elms, particularly, have a scrubby habit which they never outgrow.

In taking up the young trees secure all the roots possible, or at least consistent with convenience in handling. Avoid exposing them even for a few minutes to sunshine or dry air. With a sharp knife cut back each root a little from the place where it was broken off, and trim the top of the tree to correspond to the reduced root surface. In resetting the tree one person may be responsible for holding the trunk erect and working the soil in among the rootlets while another handles the spade. Allow the roots to radiate at the levels of their respective origins and firm the soil about them frequently. If the earth is dry, water may be used in resetting, provided it is not poured on the surface of the ground or applied in such a way as to wash the soil particles from contact with the fine rootlets. A thin layer of loose soil should be left on top for a mulch.

The proper distance for spacing the trees will depend somewhat on the kinds of trees and on local conditions and requirements, but about eight to twelve feet apart will be a good average.

Care of Trees.—To plant living things, and then neglect them is morally equivalent to making a promise and failing to keep it. Nature expects more of you. With even the best of care, some replanting will be necessary; but then we must not expect that the adornment of a school ground will be the work of one season only. Frequent and clean cultivation and careful pruning are the requisites to success in tree growing. After the trees have had a start of five or six years, clean mowing, as often as necessary, may be sufficient to keep them in vigorous, healthy condition; but the first few years nothing can take the place of the cultivator, the disc, and the garden rake or hoe.

The drier the period or season the more frequently should one resort to the cultivator for the purpose of securing a surface mulch of loose soil and dust. An area of cleanly cultivated soil should be maintained by the use of the hoe around each isolated group of shrubbery. A mulch of straw or litter is sometimes used in starting young trees, but if thick enough to be effective in keeping down

the weeds it usually results in bringing the roots of the young trees too close to the surface.

Intelligent pruning while the trees are young will develop well-formed trunks and tops. Make a clean cut with knife or saw and leave as little stub as possible. An old maxim has it that the best time to prune is when one has the knife in his hand. Some horticulturalists advocate late fall or very early spring; others recommend early summer, when the tree has just come into full foliage.

Song—For the Tender Beech and the Sapling Oak.

For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

—From Wisconsin *Arbor Day Annual* for 1906.

Spring and Summer.

Spring is growing up,
Isn't it a pity?
She was such a little thing,
And so very pretty!
Summer is extremely grand,
We must pay her duty;
(But it is to little Spring
That she owes her beauty!)

All the buds are blown,
Trees are dark and shady,
(It was Spring who dress'd them, tho,
Such a little lady!)
And the birds sing loud and sweet
Their enchanting hist'ries.
(It was Spring who taught them, tho,
Such a singing mistress!)

From the glowing sky
Summer shines above us;
Spring was such a little dear,
But will Summer love us?

She is very beautiful,
With her grown-up blisses,
Summer we must bow before;
Spring we coaxed with kisses!

Spring is growing up,
Leaving us so lonely,
In the place of little Spring
We have Summer only!
Summer, with her lofty airs,
And her stately paces,
In the place of little Spring,
With her childish graces!

—Anonymous.

There are many important uses for antikamnia tablets. Everybody who is out in the sun should take an antikamnia tablet at breakfast and avoid entirely that demoralizing headache which frequently mars the pleasure of an outing. This applies equally to women on shopping tours and especially to those who invariably come home cross and out of sorts, with a wretched "sightseers' headache."—*The Chaperone.*

The Girl Who Smiles.

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary;
For nobody smiled and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked,
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in;
Oh, she was homely—very!
Her nose was pug and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

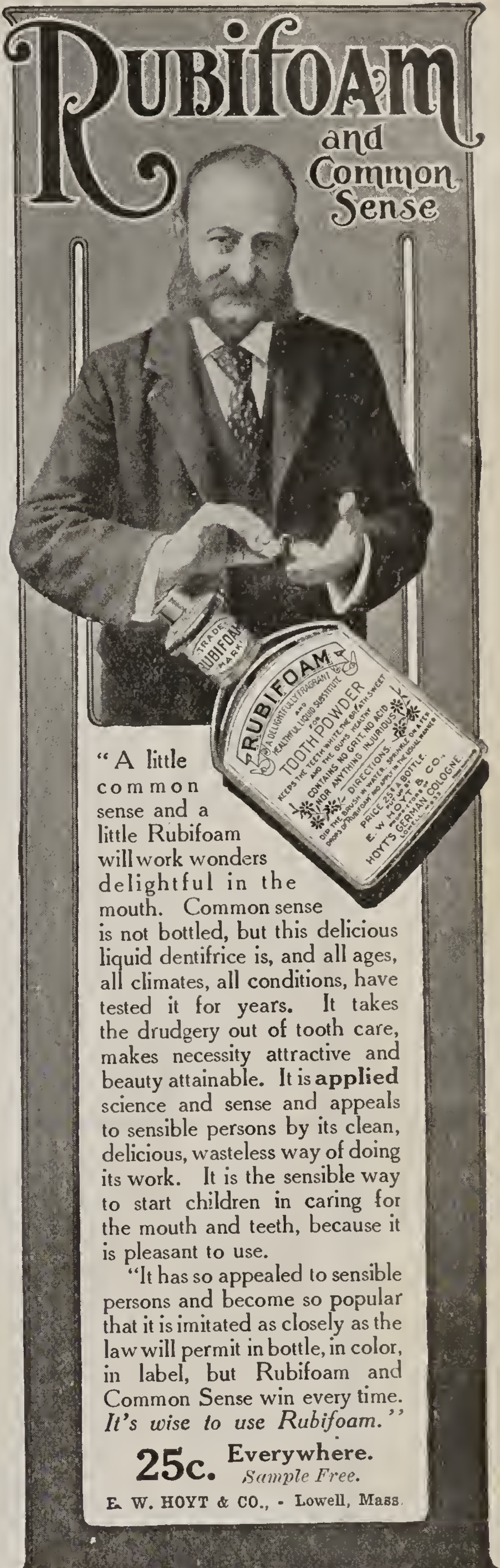
She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her;
But she mended the fire and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From what it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crimson gown;
And she looked so gay when she so came down,
They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter;
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing,
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing;
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

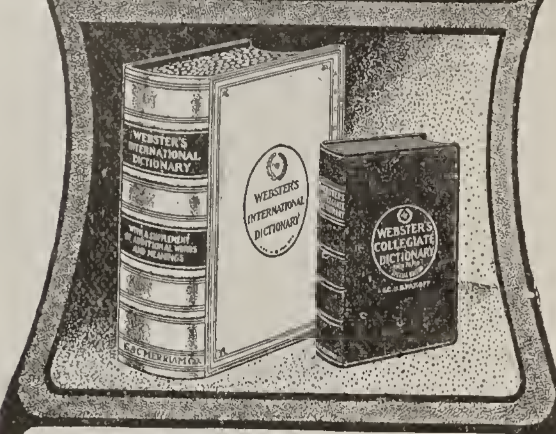
—*Selected.*



A Clear Complexion

Pure sulphur, as compounded in Glenn's Sulphur Soap, will clear the complexion of pimples, moth patches, liver spots, dry scaling and other defects. Use it daily in toilet and bath. Sold by all druggists.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye
Black or Brown, 50c.



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Watertown Plans.

[Continued from page 491.]

XIV. and the French Revolution. The Marseillaise. Peasant life. Millet. Program and lantern-slides.

Germany.—Collection of pictures; etc. Remember to try to get a collection of pictures on familiar things to compare with our own. Brief map study. How can we get to Germany from France? From the United States? Soldiers. Schools. Manufactures. Clean streets. Berlin. Unter den Linden. The Emperor and his family. Palace. Government. The Rhine. Castles on the Rhine. Mouse Tower. Lorelei. Cologne. Cologne Cathedral. Niebelungenlied. German National Hymn. Wagner. Goethe. Faust. Grimm's Fairy Tales. Legends. Heidelberg and students. Try especially to arrange an interesting program in summary of the study of Germany. A sample for such a program might be as follows:

PROGRAM.

1. A talk by an outsider on the differences between childhood life in America and in Germany.
2. Singing the "Watch on the Rhine."
3. A talk or a paper on the Emperor and his family.
4. An account of some famous buildings in Germany.
5. Singing the "Lorelei."
6. Sights on the Rhine.
7. Selections from the Rhinegold stories by a pupil.
8. Some Rhinegold music by an outsider.

Switzerland.—Emphasize its mountains and its scenery. A famous summer resort. Use many pictures. The Matterhorn. Mont Blanc. Jungfrau. Glaciers. Crevasses. Avalanches. Mountain climbing. Swiss chalets. Read "Heidi."

Italy.—Collect pictures; etc. Map study. How can you get to Italy from the United States? Milan Cathedral. Venice. Gondolas. St. Mark's. The Bridge of Sighs. Vesuvius. Maples. Pompeii. Rome. With Italy emphasize the history. Center the lesson about the Colosseum. The legend.

"While stands the Colosseum; Rome shall stand;
And when the Colosseum falls, then Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

The story of the Roman conquests. Caesar and Augustus. How Rome degenerated. Gladiatorial combats in the Colosseum. Nero. Christians and wild beasts. The fall of Rome. St. Peter's and the Vatican. Raphael. Peasant life.

Russia.—How can we get to Russia? The size of Russia. Japanese war. St. Petersburg. Palace. The Czar. The government. Siberia and its railroad. Mosow. The Kremlin. The bell. Country life in Russia. The Russian Hymn.

Questions on Current Events.

The answers to these questions are found in *Our Times* for February 9, 16, 23, March 2 and 9.

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1. What has the Salvation Army been doing the past year?

Ans.—The Army supplied 4,000,000 beds to homeless wanderers, furnished 12,000 meals to hungry men, and distributed 600 tons of coal and 22,000 pounds of ice. February 9, page 377.

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2. What are the two largest counties in the United States, and what is the smallest?

Ans.—The largest counties are Custer County, Mont., and San Bernardino County, Cal. The smallest is Bristol County, R. I. February 9, page 377.

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3. How is the number of cadets to West Point determined?

Ans.—Each Senator is entitled to appoint one cadet. There are forty candidates at large, conferred by the President of the United States. Appointees must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age, free from infirmity, and able to pass the required examination. February 9, page 379.

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4. Who is the greatest man in China?

Ans.—Yuan, Viceroy of Chi-li, is the leader of the reform movement and the most powerful man in China. He is worth millions of dollars and is surrounded by great state. He is comparatively young, and he realizes that China can never hope to hold her own until she has acquired a knowledge of the West. February 16, page 395.

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5. What are some of the faults of modern housekeeping?

Ans.—Buying provisions by order and telephone instead of seeing them; buying prepared foods; buying fruits, etc., out of season; lack of knowledge of cuts of meat, and how to cook inexpensive things to bring out food values and good taste. February 16, page 397.

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6. What is the United States worth?

Ans.—The United States is the wealthiest country on the globe. Its wealth is estimated at $107,000,000,000. Since 1800, it has been multiplied 119 times. February 23, page 404.

SCHOOL SOUVENIRS!

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7. What is President Roosevelt's attitude toward the matter of public lands in the United States?

Ans.—In a recent message to Congress the President urged legislation on the land question. He advised that the coal deposits be held by the Government, and that the Government control the public pasture lands of the West. March 2, page 421.

8. What great school is being arranged for by Charles M. Schwab?

Ans.—Mr. Schwab has a plan for training American boys to become the world's greatest makers of steel in all its branches. He offers an opening to 3,000 boys to enter the mills at Bethlehem. There they will become experts in the iron and steel business. March 2, page 422.

An Article of Genuine Merit.

In this age of shams it is pleasant to meet with an article of genuine merit. Such an one is Glenn's Sulphur Soap, a remedy for diseases of the skin, and a beautifier of the complexion. All the advantages derived from sulphur baths are conferred by the use of this inexpensive substitute. The ladies speak of it in the highest terms as a means of softening and whitening the skin. The recommendation of physicians has been frequently cited in its behalf, and testimonials from respectable sources would seem to leave no reasonable doubt that it possesses claims upon public confidence of the most positive kind. Merely regarded as an adjunct of the bath and toilet, it is very desirable, and as a remedy for eruptions, irritation, and abrasions of the cuticle, it takes high rank.

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Froggie's First Walk.

Froggie was hatched from the smallest of eggs,
With a soft jelly blanket around her,
A queer little creature without any legs,
So tiny you would not have found her.

No proper body had Froggie when young,
But a head with a tail growing on it,
A very wide mouth with a long sticky tongue,
No clothing—not even a bonnet!

"She's only a tadpole!" the bigger boys cried,
As they croaked at the queer little figure,
But Froggie had eyes in the top of her head,
And she knew that each day she grew bigger.

One day she noticed two legs growing out,
Then wasn't Miss Froggie excited!
And when the two others appeared, without doubt,
Their owner was greatly delighted.

She jumped from the water to go for a stroll,
Her mouth wide open for her dinner;
And dozens of insects she swallowed down whole
Quite easily for a beginner!

All of a sudden with satisfied "quack!"
A duck very nearly had caught her;
But while it was shaking the wet from its back,
Miss Froggie hopped into the water.

—*The Teachers' Aid.*

The Throstle.

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it,
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O, warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

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Spring Song.

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart-beats one by one,
Send them where the winters perish;
Then some golden noon recherish
And restore them in the sun,
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart-beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow—
Every migrant is my fellow,
Making northward with the spring.
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again;
Fife of frog and call of tree-toad,
All my brothers, five or three-toed,
With their revel no more vetoed,
Making music in the rain;
Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again.

Wisconsin *Arbar Day Annual*, 1906.

The Ballad of the Thrush.

Across the noisy street,
I hear the careless throw
One warning utterance sweet;
Then, faint at first and low,
The full notes closer grow—
Hark! what a torrent gush!
They pour, they overflow—
Sing on,—sing on, O Thrush!

What trick, what dream's deceit
Has fooled his fancy so
To scorn of dust and heat?
I, prisoned here below,
Feel the fresh breezes blow;
And see, thru flag and rush,
Cool water sliding slow—
Sing on,—sing on, O Thrush!

Sing on, what tho thou beat
On that dull bar, thy foe!
Somewhere the green boughs meet
Beyond the roofs a-row;
Somewhere the blue skies show;
Somewhere no black walls crush
Poor hearts with helpless woe—
Sing on,—sing on, O Thrush!

Bird, tho they come, we know,
The empty cage, the hush;
Still, ere the brief day go,
Sing on,—sing on, O Thrush!

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

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His laugh, like the song of the blackbirds,
Just bubbles up out of his heart.
His blithe, happy spirit brims over,
And care seeks a friendlier mart
With the various trials she offers—
His laugh is a hint to depart.

He's a good word, a kind word, for others,
Whatever their rank or degree.
The poorer and humbler the person,
The kinder and pleasanter he;
And the children—why, all of them love him,
And that way he likes it to be.

"Don't tell me the world's growing worse, sir,"
He said to a neighbor to-day.
"I think it's about what we make it.
Then let's make it better, I say,
And there will be less to complain of.
It's a pretty good world, anyway."

This jolly old fellow—God bless him!
His life is a lesson to me,
A sermon whose text is, "Be cheerful;
Be helpful, and happy"; and we,
By making the best of what happens,
May be just as jolly as he.

—EBEN E. REXFORD, in *Christian Weekly.*

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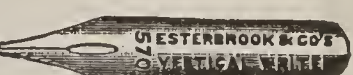

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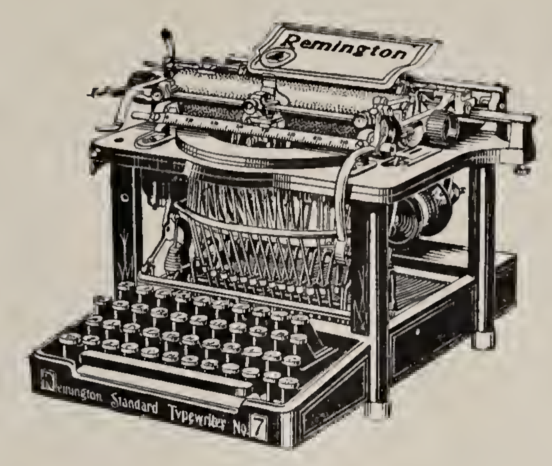

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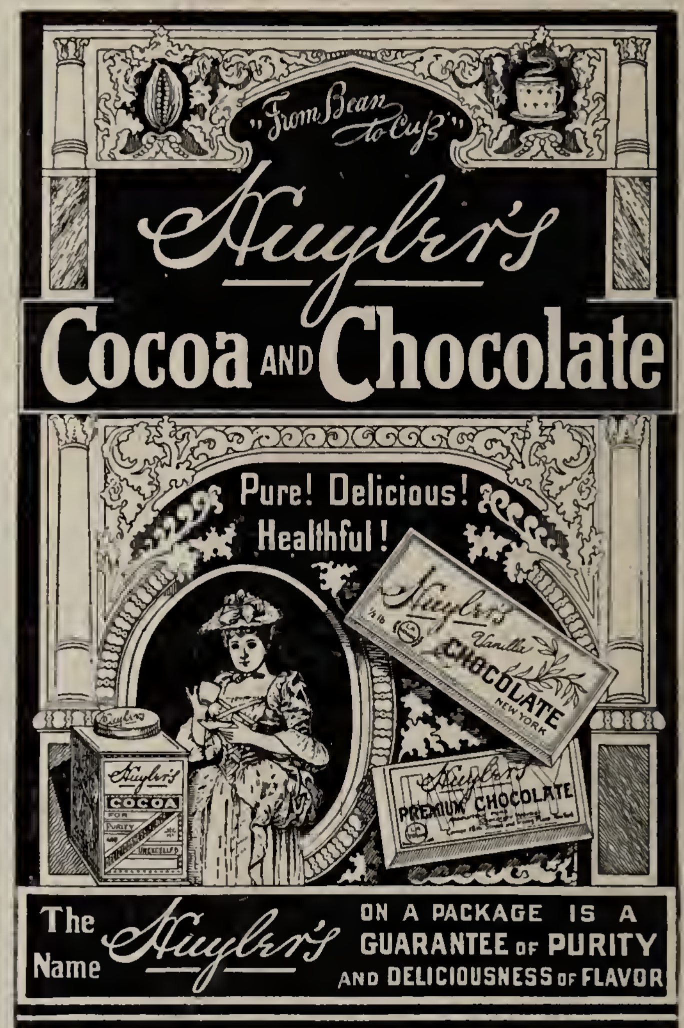
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Publishers' Talk

The plans for the new volume of TEACHERS MAGAZINE beginning in September are rapidly nearing completion. The most popular features of the present year will be continued.

The department of music will be in charge of Miss Alys E. Bentley, and many new songs will delight our readers.

"Our School Out of Doors" will be better than ever, with Dr. Edward F. Bigelow as conductor. Here will be told concretely the experiences of an enthusiastic and most successful teacher of nature study. The photographs illustrating his articles are wonderful; they were taken expressly for TEACHERS MAGAZINE, and surpass everything heretofore given in publications for teachers.

Miss Harriet E. Peet's suggestions on English Composition have been pronounced the best things on composition ever written for grammar grades, so we shall have more of them.

The dramatization of stories has taken strong hold upon the schools from the first year up thru the high school. Miss Gormley will handle the grades of the primary school.

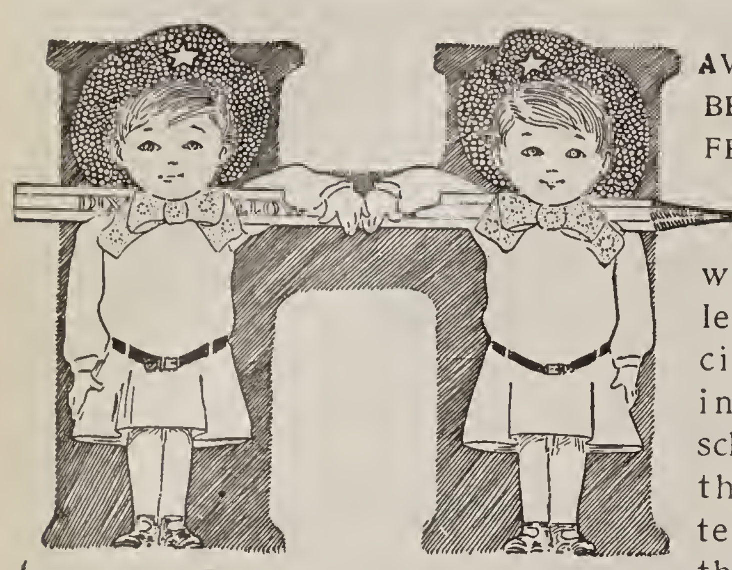
Miss Helen M. Cleveland, of Boston, well known as a writer and distinguished as a teacher, will supply suggestions for dramatization in the grades from the fifth year up; she will also contribute many plans for taking school entertainments.

Of course Miss Bush, of Iowa, will stay with us. She seems to have an inexhaustible supply of delightful helps for school entertainments with the young pupils.

The nature stories by Miss Flint, of Minnesota, have been commended by many. We shall have more of them, and—they will be better than ever, Miss Flint writes.

Some special features are under consideration, which will be announced next month.

Meanwhile suggestions are always welcomed. If you will write us your wishes they will receive due consideration. This magazine is planned to help YOU. Do let us know what *you* want.



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Vol. XXIX MAY, 1907 No. 9

Lasting Impressions

IN many countries the new school year begins in spring, at Easter time; in the season when soil and sky and brook unite in the care and nurture of the growing things. It is a significant time symbolically. Practically, for our own conditions, our American plan is better. We open our schools in September, when the heat of the summer has been allayed; and mind and body are ready for vigorous work. Spring means closing time, last days for our schools.

Last days! They may be the last days of the teacher in the community, perhaps the last days in school work. Has it been worth while? Have you grown by your experience? Have others grown because of it? Is the school district the better for the services you have given it? Has the life of at least one human being been made richer or happier? Will you be missed? Was it worth while?

Last days these will be for many pupils—the last days with the teacher, perhaps the last days at school. What has the year profited them? It is for their sake that schools and teachers and TEACHERS MAGAZINE exist. Has all this vast expenditure of time, of money, of labor, of lives; helped them on their way to a brighter, cleaner; nobler world than ever was? Good intentions, worthy motives, regrets, do not take the place of visible results. The school community which failed to avail itself to the fullest extent of its blessed privilege of supplying the most favorable conditions for the education of its children has wasted one precious year of the progress of humanity; and its sinful neglect will remain a black spot in its history. Has the teacher worked according to the best light that was in him? Did he strive with all his might to increase that light; by study, by conference with other students of education, by searching for the best things wherewith to benefit the lives of his pupils; by cultivating in himself breadth of view, hopefulness, good will toward all, sweetness, loveliness?

Last days; days of grace. There is still time to make good. Two full months still remain before the books are closed. Much may yet be accomplished. The school-room kept bright with sunshine and good cheer will imprint upon the minds of the young a pleasant memory of the year. Last impressions are far more important and enduring than first impressions. The uncertainty of the morning, the inclemency of the noonday storm, are forgotten; only the picture of the golden sunset remains, and the bright glory of the rose-garden of the sky which the curtain of the night shut out from our view.

Many a great name in the world's history owes its luster to the achievement of the owner in his last days. On the other hand, we have had the sad experience of Aaron Burr and many others; who rendered noteworthy services to their country and their time, and then were inscribed upon the tablets of infamy, because of some real or supposed wrong committed at the close of their earthly career. The clever actor or singer who deals with the temper of the public mind as it is; knows that his last words, his final phrase is the climax that will win or lose him the applause of the audience. Last impressions are of great importance. It is well that this should be remembered by those who have failed thus far to do their full duty by the community, as well as by those who have labored early and late, loyally, conscientiously, and hopefully; at their task.

To the Dandelion.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An El Dorado in the grass have found
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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Hints for Good School Housekeeping

By L. Moore-Eyre, Indiana.

EVERY intelligent child takes a real joy in helping with the school housekeeping. First of all he must feel it an enjoyable thing to be very neat about his own personal appearance. He will soon find out whether the teacher expects him to have clean hands and face, well brushed hair, and shining shoes. As Bryan says in his "Practical Basis of Education," "The child is made up of soul, body, and clothes." Any teacher who has ever taught a child to "clean up," and then watched for good results, will bear Bryan out in this statement. Are visitors impressed with the clean, bright faces of the children in your room? How far are you responsible for the appearance of your pupils, as well as the room they are occupying? Have you ever heard of any teacher who is a success at teaching "rag o' muffins"?

The thing that the child uses most (next to thought) in all school work, is his desk. Only the teacher and child can fully place the right value upon an orderly desk. What spillings, droppings, blottings, quarrelings, tears, and angry words an orderly desk will save. How easy it is to avoid all of these things. Appoint an impartial child to be desk inspector for two weeks. Ask him to place a list of pupils' names on your desk each evening, including those whose desks are untidy, or books marked in any way. Post a list of these names where all can see them on Monday morning. State that a personal inspection of these books and desks will be made within two days. Also state that a small book-mark will be given to those who have kept clean books.

Have you ever visited a school-room where it took something like ten minutes to decide who was to pass the waste-basket? Had the worried teacher ever tried putting the weekly monitor's name on the board on each Monday morning? There is a right and a wrong way to pass a waste-basket. Crumpled paper and everybody helping make "a boisterous bit of badness" as one teacher puts it. Preferable to a very great degree is the method of having the children fold each paper neatly, placing it on the left side of the desk-top. Let the children understand that the monitor's work is that of doing all of the collecting of papers from the desks. It is well to have a very definite time to pass the waste-basket, and take time for it always before intermissions, thus avoiding that feeling of freedom which too many children have that they may clean house at any time they please to do so.

Have two weekly monitors appointed to clean blackboards and erasers. The same monitors may see that inkwells are cleaned and filled half full (this precaution saving many spills and blots.)

A single glance into the school-room often reveals many points of bad management in housekeeping to the experienced eye of the principal. To avoid a disorderly-looking room at this time be careful to close your recitation period at least five minutes before dismissal time; pass the waste-basket; close inkwells; place all books inside the desks; collect erasers and chalk; and pass to the cloakroom. (If one row passes at a time, going in on the right hand side and coming out on the same side, after facing about, great confusion will be saved. It is very necessary that lobby hooks should be numbered. This assignment of individual hooks makes minding some other fellow's business an impossibility.) Ask each child in his regular turn to be leader of the line passing out.

The boys will remember to see that their shoes are very clean before entering the room, if the fact that they are expected to do so is impressed strongly upon their minds. My boys got the impression indirectly. We were studying about the Japanese and their queer ways of showing courtesy. Taking off their shoes at their host's door, was considered a very strange thing to do to show politeness, until we worked out the meaning of that word. One of the boys suggested that perhaps the visitor wanted to keep his host's floor clean. Another thought it just as kind an act to keep a friend's floor clean as to stand with uncovered head in his presence. Some of the girls then laughingly asked the boys if they would not try to be Japanese and thus help our good housekeeping.

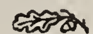
After learning those things which are the first requisites of good school housekeeping, there are many things about the artistic arrangement of the school-room that children love to know about, and which will be of use to them in later life. Some people have excellent taste along other lines, but could not place a picture well, or drape a curtain with simple grace, or arrange a vase of flowers tastefully. One must have a few ideas about spacing, beauty of line and proportion, before he can do any of these things well. The child's ideas at first are very crude, but with a little thought and time he can be taught thru comparison to have a keener appreciation of these things. The simple exercise

of arranging daily work on the burlap screen has the value of comparison in different ways of spacing for beauty in arrangement. The natural idea of placing flowers that grow near the ground in low vases, while placing those that have longer stems in high ones, will prove a new one to many of them.

So far, all hints given have been for the help of the pupils. A few words of advice might be added here for the benefit of the very new teachers, whose hold on the mechanical side of teaching is at first a struggle, no matter how much previous normal training they may have had. First, and I was about to say, most important of all, how careful are you about your personal appearance? Remember that you are a pattern of neatness for forty pairs of childish eyes for at least seven hours each day. Do you sometimes hurry away from home in the morning without brushing your teeth? Do you dress as attractively for your school friends as you do for those who see you fewer hours during the day, and whose tastes and habits of dress are less dependent upon your example? These are the very things that the children note first about you. Do you sweep the cobwebs of care out of your well-kept school-room with a smile? Blessed are the school teachers that can work and smile, but still more blessed are those that can get others to work and smile.

The blessed privilege of hard work on your part will make you and your little flock contented and happy. Have you ever known the joy of a well-kept and well-used set of notebooks? You will be surprised what stores of knowledge and confidence you will reap from them in the making. How secure and purposeful is the life of the teacher who has assignments for each day written out clearly, so that every golden moment is improved. Briefly, desk notebooks eliminate desk disorder. I once knew a principal who made it her business to visit each room in her building at the beginning of sessions for the pure and simple purpose of seeing how many teachers had their desks in order. She used to say that any teacher who could not keep a neat desk was too "scatter brained" to teach school.

Plenty of well-classified books on your shelves prove invaluable for definite answers to those questions which so often unexpectedly arise. Can you put your finger on the book needed, no matter how sudden the emergency? Does your supply closet contain plainly labeled boxes of classified pictures, supplementary reading books, constructive work, finished and dated papers, drawings, and drawing materials, geography maps, globes, and references, as well as card devices for various exercises in the fundamental processes? If not, here is a small field within which you can work and sing. I hear some one saying, "This must be the "tin-man" talking, but will add that experience has taught that one will have better nerves by doing these things than by shirking them.



The Order of Recitations.

The order of recitations in the school-room is too frequently arranged without observing any pedagogical principle. But there is necessarily a large variety of powers taxed by the school subjects. The reason, memory, and imagination are called into exercise by the several studies. These recitations should be so arranged as to call into use first one set of powers and then another. I have clipped from a recent paper the following, which may be of service to many teachers.

1. No class exercise should immediately succeed another in the same subject.

2. No recitation of a subject should immediately succeed its preparation.

3. No class exercise should immediately succeed another, or the preparation of another, of a similar nature with regard to the mental or physical powers taxed; as reason, memory, mechanism.

4. No heavy subject should immediately follow a full meal.

5. No vocal exercise should immediately succeed a full meal or any violent physical exercise.

6. Neither drawing nor writing should immediately succeed a full meal or any violent physical exercise.

7. Neither drawing nor writing should be placed later than 3 P. M. during the short days of the winter months.

8. The nature of the successive exercises should be as dissimilar as possible and not violate any of the foregoing rules.

9. Change is rest in the mental as well as the physical world.

10. The maximum time of a writing or drawing exercise should not exceed fifteen minutes in the grades below the fourth in the ward schools, and it should not exceed twenty minutes in the grades from the fourth up, inclusive.

Hyde Park, Mass. William A. Mowry.

Technique by Means of the Song

By Alys E. Bentley, Washington, D. C.

THIS is the fourth of a series of articles on the development of musical technique thru the song. I am going to believe that you have been faithful, that you have conscientiously used the song as the basis of technical drill of the sort suggested in this series of papers, and that you are ready for the next step. In every other lesson I have suggested that the song be taught first by rote, and that all formal drill work on the musical elements be done after the children are perfectly familiar with the melody. It will now be interesting to try observation work on an unfamiliar song. Take, for example, the song published in this number of Teachers Magazine, Gilchrist's setting of that exquisite Pippa's song of Robert Browning. There was never a more lovely setting of this song, and the form is so simple that the song may be used in any grade, even the lowest, where in many schools the verses are already used as a memory gem.

Form.

You will be amazed to see how even your smallest children can find the highest note, the lowest note, a note with three beats, a measure containing a half and a quarter note. *Form* is an all important factor in the presentation of these first study songs. Make your presentation of it with this always in mind, for the song should stand out clearly and distinctly, a perfectly definite eye-picture to the child, as does this lovely Pippa's Song.

Real Names.

Encourage the children to be perfectly fearless in giving you the "real name" of any note, this question being only another way of saying "What does this note *say*? How does it sing?" Select such a note as the F sharp in the third measure of the third brace, the "real name" of this, or of any note, is its sound, its pitch, its highness or lowness. Different children may be called on to sing the pitch, that is, give the "real name" of this note, other children criticising the accuracy of the sound given, whether too high, or two low, or about right. They may learn that we can get the "real names" from a piano, a violin, or a pitch pipe, but that sufficient practice and ear training will enable them to sing the "real names" with great accuracy without the help of these instruments. They may be told that this note has many "nicknames" as well, which different people use when speaking of it in different connections, that it is sometimes called "high mi," or "F sharp," or "three." Perhaps if Emmie Lou's teacher had been equally explicit we should have lacked that delicious story of "dough-d-dough-m Adam," which sent a ripple of laughter across the Continent, but it is equally certain dear Emmie Lou would have been spared a soul-torturing confusion.

Accuracy of Pitch.

In the same way get the "real name" (or pitch) of the last note in the song, then its "nicknames," "Eight," or "Do" or "D." Depend as little as possible upon the help of instruments in determining accuracy of pitch. Let the children freely criticise each other, each offering his judgment as to the correctness of the sound given.

Recognizing Sounds.

It is a curious fact that we do not relate to our music other experiences in testing sounds. Teachers who claim to be tone deaf will own to recognizing certain familiar sounds, such as a certain step, or a familiar sneeze, or cough. A teacher who declared herself absolutely unable to distinguish differences in pitch was talking with me one day when she suddenly said, "O! there goes my Chevy Chase car!"

I was surprised, for the car line is a block distant, and she was not standing near the window. She explained that she was able at any distance to distinguish between the Chevy Chase car and other cars running on the same line, the peculiar hum of this heavier car being perfectly defined in her mind. I am afraid it did not occur to her that the basic cause of this discrimination is the same in differences in pitch in music.

Slavish dependence upon a pitch pipe has made many of us helpless in determining pitch. Ear training of this kind I have suggested ought to make these children much more sensitive to pitch than all the average grown-ups of our generation.

Ear Training.

Adapt this work to all the songs of your repertoire. Sing the first phrase of each of many songs, challenging the pitch of each song. They will soon become very keen in detecting even very small degrees of "too high" or "too low," and their accuracy will help to correct any lack of it on the teacher's part.

Sensitive to Pitch and Movement.

A few days since I heard a teacher testing for movement in the same way, asking for opinions as to whether the songs were sung "too fast" or "too slow," and one child said, "Yes, and it's too low, too." When we have made these children sensitive to the pitch and the movement of songs, we are well in the way to doing successful interpretive work.

Next month Teachers Magazine will have a stirring flag song, which will occupy eight pages. Miss Bentley and several other experts to whom the song has been submitted, have pronounced it the best flag song ever written, and one of the finest patriotic songs produced in many years. Harvey Worthington Loomis is the composer. The song is more particularly adapted to the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth school years, and the high school, but it will be universally enjoyed. Flag Day and other patriotic celebrations in June will afford splendid opportunities for letting the song be heard thruout the land. Remember the song can be obtained nowhere else, until some time after its appearance in Teachers Magazine, when its retail price will be fifty cents.

Spring Song.

LOUIS C. ELSON CHOPIN

Allegro ma non troppo

mf tr tr tr tr tr tr FINE *p* *cres.*

1 List to the blue - bird, O'er the mea - dows wing - ing, Mes - sage of hap - pi - ness to the earth 'tis bring - ing. Joy bells are ring - ing, car - ol - ling, swing - ing, Van-ished is every sad - ness: List to the blue - bird, O'er the meadows wing - ing, Mes-sage of glad - ness To the earth 'tis bring - ing

2. See the bright sun - beams, O'er the glad world glanc - ing, Swift - ly and joy - ful - ly ca - per - ing and danc - ing. Leap to the meas - ure, Join in their pleas - ure, Win - ter's long reign is ending: See the glad sun - beams O'er the wide world glancing, Swift-ly de - scend - ing, Ca-per-ing and danc - ing.

p *marcato* *rall.* *sf* *p* *cres* *p* *cres.* *p* *mf*

(From Teachers' Edition "Educational Music Course," by the courtesy of GINN & Co., Publishers.)

A PRETTY PASSENGER

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Our School Out of Doors

By Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Conn.

THIS is our busy time. "What shall we see and study in May?" Rather let us ask what we shall not see, for the real problem is not to secure material but to make selection. But the feature of the situation widest open to criticism is that the very abundance of material has caused many persons (nature study classes not excepted) to get the impression that nature is interestingly active only in the spring. I will not admit that she is then more interesting than at any other time, but my class and I often find that she is more confusing. There may be some advantages in a circus with three rings all in action at once, but there is surely also a disadvantage in a distracted attention. There are too many things viewed with a leisurely freedom never applicable to those of spring. The interests of May, more than of any other month, make me want to live forever. And yet for mere physical existence, I regard March, April, and May as the least desirable months of all the year. For the other nine, one lives bodily; for the spring the delights are pre-eminently mental.

These thoughts, and hosts of others replete with the present, with hopes for the future and memories of the past (how May overwhelms) were running thru my mind as my class and I were riding into the country on the trolley car.

"Where are you going to take us to-day?"

"I don't know. We can stop anywhere and find plenty of material for the day's work. One

The Brook in Early May.
On the banks and nearby damp places may be found skunk cabbage, false hellibore, adder's tongue, and many lowland plants.

to see at once; and the spectator loses many interesting facts.

I am in never so calm a frame of mind as in other months; for I constantly fear and feel that I am missing so much. There is such intense activity in every direction that I have a feeling similar to that which I have when I am trying to photograph some very lively and interesting animal. Then I should like to get all the attitudes, and regret that with my utmost diligence I can secure only a small percentage.

So it is in May; with the camera, field glass, microscope, collecting case, or pen and pencil; the utmost industry can gather in only a small fraction of what is there. In winter or in midsummer or in autumn, things wait and can be place is about as good as another, and to prove this I think it will be best to take you to several. We will stop on the next corner and cross over the hill to the ledges for the flowers that are daring to bloom; then thru the ravine by the brook for the life of the lowlands."

The ledges were especially attractive. Columbines, saxifrage, and dicentras kept nodding and beckoning us to climb higher and higher. One must be especially brave to follow the lead of these May flowers. They take you to the highest and most precipitous places. But the road upward is lined with much encouragement in the shape of hepaticas, bloodroots, spring beauties, and anemones. The trees, too, are musical with their burden of migrant birds.

The road we took was my favorite. I had been over it with many classes. A few days later a younger class were wild with enthusiasm not only for natural science, but, let me admit, for play. They soon learned how delightfully to mingle the two.

The class on the first visit discovered great beds of the low blueberry (*Vaccinium vacillans*) in bloom, and another company a few weeks later found the same yellowish green shrubs in delicious fruiting. But, strange as it may seem, neither party missed a feast. The flowers are almost as delightful to eat as is the fruit.

Every country boy and girl knows that the flowers of both the high and the low blueberry are pleasing to the taste. The fruit of the low huckleberry (*Gaylussacia resinosa*) is regarded, at least in the city markets, as more edible than the blueberries (*Vaccinium*) but every lover of "browsing" knows that the flowers of the blueberries are the best to eat. These blossoms are almost the only ones that are eaten raw and entire by country people. The yellow flowers of the cowslips or marsh marigolds (*Caltha palustris*) of the lowlands, which bloom at almost the same time, are also eaten freely, but these are invariably cooked with the other parts of the plant. Even the city people are fond of these as a rival of the succulent asparagus and spinach for "greens."

Of all the flowers, those of the *Vaccinium* have the field almost to themselves as food, entire and uncooked, altho those of the sassafras and the spicebush are sometimes so eaten. The petals of roses and the nectaries of violets also share in the honors of our floral delicatessen.

From the ledges we went down the further side of the hill, and crossed a stretch or "piece" of almost barren land, where the coarse grasses had not yet become green. The only trees on this tract of waste ground were a few cedars, but on them we found the wonderful cedar apples. This is not the fruit of the tree but a fungous, sharing the term "apple" with the edible fungous growths of the azalea. But these apples are not good to eat. They are cedar rusts. The dry, hollow forms of the early spring appear like galls and are not dissimilar to the hard and crusty excrescences of the oak trees, which should not be confounded with the fungous growths of the cedar, nor with similar ones found elsewhere, for the majority of such formations on the oak are the result of the irritation caused by an insect that punctures the twig or other part and in or near the incision deposits her eggs, around which the "gall" is formed as a protection. The swamp oak (*Quercus palustris*) is frequently loaded with a burden of hard, woody, spine-bearing formations that are sure to attract the wondering attention of the observer, especially the youthful observer. These are not fungous growths, but are the result of punctures made by a gallfly

THE SPIRIT OF THE BROOK.

"When I go out into the woods in the spring or early summer, one of the first sounds I hear is the dashing or tinkling of some happy brook; and it always seems to me as if there were real musical tones, and a song with living sweetness and meaning in the sound. To many people, I know, brook-music seems like an unintelligible, confused babble and murmur, without the character and distinctness of the songs of birds. But I doubt if such people have ever listened very long and intently to the music of a brook. It is, in a certain sense, a more classic music than that of birds,—less distinctly phrased, and harder to interpret, but of deep and significant meaning. Let us sit down here on the bank, and listen for a few minutes to the music of this small brook that chatters over the stones."—*Where Town and Country Meet.*

(*Cynips quercus-cornigera*). Each egg terminates in a long stem which stands erect, or nearly so, when the egg is placed in position, and it is these egg stems that are changed or developed into the projecting spines that roughen the surface of the so-called gall, and extend outwardly for a quarter of an inch or more, while the "gall" itself may vary from the size of a cherry to that of a walnut. The grub matures within the body of the egg proper, and the little, black, hunchbacked fly creeps up the hollow stem, gnaws a small, round hole at the point beyond which she finds the space too contracted for her size and her movements, and escapes, a perfect insect, into the warmth of the summer air. The length of the egg, including the stem, is one-fiftieth of an inch. The length of the spinous body into which it develops, or which is developed about it, is seven-tenths of an inch, a comparatively enormous increase. These "galls," if kept in a warm room, under a glass shade or bowl, will speedily "hatch out," and the observer will then see an interesting little gallfly, with an almost black body and a prominent hunch on her back. It is not known when the eggs are deposited, and the male gallfly of this species has never been seen. Altho there are one hundred and fifty known species, in the majority of these the males have not been found. A German entomologist examined fifteen thousand specimens without finding a single male. He had twenty-eight thousand galls of another species, rearing ten thousand flies from them, all of which were females. Osten Sacken alone claims to have seen a single male.

Head of Bullfrog.

Photographed so as to show front and back of projecting eye; also shows the ear back of the eye. Note also the huge mouth for catching small frogs, fish, and insects.

The delicate threads of the growing cedar rust enter the twigs and leaves in early summer, and the results are seen in these growths. The surface of the "apple" is marked by curious projections that are hard and thorny in dry weather, and, while they bear some superficial resemblance to the spines of the *Cynips* gall on the swamp oak, they have an entirely different function. Together with the spores there is a great quantity of material that in wet weather develops into characteristic, jelly-like, orange yellow, trembling tassels. These we found in great profusion late in May.

"Say, what is that?" came in excited tones and a clutch at my sleeve.

"A witch's broom," I said. And that, too, is caused by the growth of a rust fungus. These witch's brooms are huge, irregular, disordered masses and tangles of branchlets, often forming great clusters several feet in diameter, like huge crow's-nests, for which purpose they are frequently used when produced in the proper localities favored by the birds that thus utilize them. These fungous "witches" plant their ragged, rough, and tangled brooms on the hickory, the

The Hog-Nosed Snake.

It requires the discovery of a snake to add the bit of harmless adventure to the ramblings of a school out of doors. That day in which a real, live, big snake has been seen is not without claim to enduring memory.

pine, the balsam, the spruce, and perhaps on other trees. The power for evil of a microscopic fungus-spore is an astonishing thing, comparable for "pure cussedness" with nothing but the bacilli and bacteria that play havoc with us human beings.

Oak galls, witch's brooms, and cedar apples, are always interesting, but they become entrancing when something is learned about their origin and their cause.

Into the swamp I led the class thru a tangled thicket to impress upon them the great contest for existence that here takes place. Vines vied with one another in the struggle upward toward the sunshine, and the shrubbery grew so dense that one could appreciate the exaggerated remark that, "A rabbit couldn't run thru it without skinning himself."

Here the boys were especially delighted when they found a path by the pools. What boy does not like to wade and search for frogs?

Among the "catches" was a bullfrog that might well be called "Jumbo." The expression of its eyes in profile view was almost startling. The ear-drum just back of the eye was plainly visible. He was indeed a monster batrachian, with a mouth especially formidable to an occasional small frog and to hosts of insects.

The bank of the brook was fringed with adder's tongues and yellow violets. The young people vied with one another in a friendly contest to obtain bouquets of these beautiful flowers.

But not less interesting were some of the lower forms of plant life. A neighboring stump proved a treasure-house of mossy wealth. Bordering a small pool between the two was a springy, spongy bed of sphagnum moss. The porous, water-absorbing nature of the leaves of this moss was easily seen under a simple microscope.

Another strange and attractive plant was found almost completely covering a small pool. It is this habit that makes it so conspicuous and so exciting to the curiosity, which, in this instance, was still further stimulated when the plants became known as duckmeat, tho really having but little to do with ducks except that it is found covering some of the pools in which they delight to swim. The botanist calls it Lemna. It is actually a flowering plant, altho the minute bloom is anything but conspicuous, comprising only the parts essential for the production and the maturing of the ovules. These flowers burst from the margin of the leaf (properly the frond), and consist of a minute envelop called the spathe, and of one or two stamens with a one-celled ovary. The plant's rootlets are prominent objects depending from the center of the frond into the water, where they probably help to keep the plant in an upright, floating position. The free end of each straight rootlet bears a little, pointed cap visible to an acute eye, and easily visible under a pocket lens.

It was interesting to observe how closely together the plants may lie and yet not overlap. In a few moments after they had been made into a thick mass by the help of a stick, they had so completely separated that not one frond remained above another. How was this speedy separation accomplished? Each plant seemed, not to attract, but rather to repel every other plant.

The discovery that gave a spice of variety to the excursion, and proved to be the adventure of the day, was the finding of a hog-nosed snake on a gravelly hillside, as the class was crossing the fields toward the road that extended homeward. This snake has a most formidable appearance when it practices its accomplishment, as it usually does, by flattening its head and neck, and hissing in a venomous but entirely harmless way. It was frightened, and was trying to frighten us. But it is not so bad as it appears, for it seldom attempts to bite, devoting all its energies to the terrifying of its enemies by its characteristic and repulsive antics. It has a variety of common names, including "flat-headed adder," "blowing viper," "puffing adder," and "spreading adder." In some respects

Low Blueberries in Bloom.

The yellowish green branches of the *Vaccinium vacillans* and the cylindrical, bell-shaped corollas are especially attractive and interesting. The entire flowers are "good to eat." What more delicious, crisp and slightly acid morsel? They are the salad appetizers of summer to many "young savages."

it resembles the copperhead, and this has probably added to its bad reputation as a poisonous snake, which it is not. The hog-nosed or "puffing adder" will feign death after the well-known manner of the opossum. Even when handled severely by an expert herpetologist, it will often continue to pretend that it is dead.

Agricultural operations are especially interesting in May. Of all these not one is more pleasing to look at than ploughing. I say "to look at," intentionally. If the reader likes to plough or to hoe, he may do my share and his own, too, if he will, altho there is, in these actions, alluring premonitions of a crop, and the preceding and equally pleasing suggestion of sprouting seed and growing plant. Plough, if you will. I won't, unless—

On the road home the pupils were much interested in watching a farmer "working the roads." He had a fine pair of oxen and was ploughing by the roadside to deepen the gutter and to obtain gravel to scrape up on to the road.

Literary Suggestions.

I have always greatly admired that excellent chapter, "A Morning in May," in "Clear Skies and Cloudy," by Dr. Charles C. Abbott. It begins:

"I was laughed at not long ago for suggesting that the other months resign in favor of May. It is not, after all, so very surprising that such a thought should come, when we consider how full to overflowing is this perfect month."

Perhaps the best prose poem for May is "Hours of Spring" in "Field and Hedgerow," by Richard Jefferies. If you have never read this, get the book and read it and be happy. It is enough for the whole month, and yet it is a short chapter. But if you can live it entire, in all its fulness, you will be the best nature study teacher that ever entered a school-room, and one of the many happy naturalists who know the charm of Jefferies—dear, sweet, sad, sorrowing, happy Jefferies!

A Tribute to Certain Single Lives

By Mrs. James Farley Cox, Author of "Home Thoughts."

CERTAIN lives seem destined to exercise the noblest self-control and the most surprising self-effacement without adequate acknowledgment. The position is anomalous: the inclination set aside is only known to the heart which never permitted itself to speak its wish aloud, and the work would fall from its high level of human endeavor if it performed its beautiful office in the light of day, where it "could be praised of men."

In many a home, that woman of varied endowment, the maiden aunt, plays her quiet rôle of unrecorded and most valuable service, and her beneficiaries are scarcely aware of her sacrifice of time or personal enjoyment, or of the check she has to put on her individual preferences or opinions in order to carry out the family rule, which she often neither approves nor sympathizes with. She is ever ready to take the helm when illness or absence forces the heads of the home to yield it to other hands. If she has an independent income, this boy goes to college, and that girl receives the musical education for which she longs. Too often, even in grateful young hearts, no inquiry is made as to what might have come into her single and, in some ways, lonely life had she used the money to gratify herself. She is dear and good and generous—they fully understand that; but where she would have traveled, what she would have taken delight in possessing—books, pictures, a home which was her very own, in which to express herself—they do not think or dream of these. "How could she be happier than she is?"

Beside a sick-bed she keeps a close and tender watch, and when the mother, refreshed by sleep, made beneficial by her perfect trust in the care which supplements her own, returns to her post, she sees with unjealous eyes the joy with which the patient welcomes back the best-beloved. Never to be the very nearest and dearest, and yet gladly and cheerfully to fill all the offices in which many a brave and high-hearted single woman serves her family, calls forth the very highest type of character and belongs to the noblest class of human endeavor.

It would surprise many a household, and even astonish the minds of many a mother, to know how often a lovely and richly-endowed sister or daughter shuts the door of her heart against the entreating affection which would woo her to come forth into a freer life and world of her own, and stands valiantly at a post where she feels she is needed. Unrecorded, except in those angelic tablets where we love to believe human endeavor is never without comprehending recognition, to-day, and every day, fair girls mature, but at the most receptive and perfect stage of life's experience see before them the way to their hearts' full satisfaction, and deliberately turn back to keep the cup of joy full for a mother or father, otherwise desolate. "I thought they cared for each other, but I am glad to say there is nothing in it." How often have you heard some dependent mother say this?

Can we not readily bring to mind homes which are absolutely permeated by the patience and enduring love of one strong, devoted heart? Have you not seen flaxen locks grow gray, and the straight carriage of a beautiful figure change to the stoop of an old, bent woman, without one faltering moment or backward look toward a past youth, while the burden of labor and administration and the fond bearing of burdens went on from decade to decade? And yet no man called this faultless woman wife, nor did any child name her mother. Not until the great summing up of human achievement shall be made, will the true estimate of such heroic lives be known.

Nor do women alone live such great lives in

silent, self-forgetting devotion. To men, perhaps, belongs the brighter laurel, for it is the climax of a young man's unselfishness to arrest his career, and to live to make other lives possible; to give his energies and strength to fulfil the wishes of others and abandon his own dreams and hopes.

We are apt to count single lives abortive, and to feel that in marriage and in the fulfilment of its duties and its great and sacred obligations men and women can develop their highest possibilities. But the world's story is replete with what lonely and unaided women have accomplished for the uplifting and enriching of humanity, while in homes all over the civilized earth, in silent beauty, the devoted lives of men who have for some unselfish reason never married adorn the history of the progress of mankind.

Those not in touch with the lives of working men and women can scarcely realize what it means for either sex to bring home his or her wage in "an unbroken envelope." Saturday night means freedom to spend, a taste of pleasure, a bit of fun; it would lift the estimate of human character if, to those who do not have to measure their income by their labor, it could be told how many thousand lads and tired bright-eyed girls carry to their homes those tight-sealed little treasuries to be dispensed for the family good. The sweetheart must wait, the door of the theater remain closed, the coveted new clothes be abandoned, until the rent is paid, the fuel is stored, the younger children clothed, and mother kept from worry. The young lives erect themselves like pillars to uphold the roof and stand guard until they can without self-reproach pass on to their own homes. Alas! in innumerable cases that hour never arrives.

A juster estimate of the possibilities of single lives would, I imagine, engender a broader view of probable happiness and influence in the minds of many a waiting or disappointed young heart; and surely a juster estimate of their value in our families and a higher tribute of praise for what they achieve would sweeten their years as they roll on. A girl cannot say even to the mother for whom she remains unmarried: "I have laid aside all else for you"; the fragrance of the sacrifice would vanish with the speaking, and even the most selfish woman would be ashamed to accept what so often she ignorantly takes day by day without a word of regret or contrition.

If to live for others without personal claim or award, and to make the chief result of endeavor an impersonal harvest of relief and comfort to lives more or less dependent on the worker, is a noble life—and who will gainsay this?—then the laurels of many a good son and brother, of many a daughter and sister, should be the greenest and most imperishable which crown men and women.

* * * * *

But while that capsheaf of our heart's exaltation, the standing first and by supremacy apart, in the home circle, which only comes to happy wives and husbands, is denied the single life, it is fully in its power to attain the very acme of noble action and to stand even above and beyond the level of the most devoted mutual lives when they are so placed that to make sacrifice becomes the highest joy, because of its object. For this reason there are capabilities of self-forgetfulness which are denied to married people.

That I have recently been taxed with forgetting that any one lived in families but fathers and mothers and their children, has caused me repentantly to sing the praises of my single brothers and sisters. To do them honor is not only a pleasure, but a welcome opportunity. And I here heartily make the assertion that my thoughts of home would be indeed imperfect without including them.

There are sisters truly named "of Good Aid," who wear no coif and who are free from any vow, in half the houses of the land, and wanting, indeed, is the circle which does not claim at least one of this helpful community; and there are thousands of homes where "the windows would be darkened and the sound of the musicians would cease" but for the upholding hands and courage-giving presence of sons and brothers who are the joy-makers of the household.

In those great houses of charity where dwell those women who have laid aside all narrower ties of personal relationship to gather in their kindly arms the sufferings of all ages, there is an inexpressible pathos in seeing a nun with a little child in her arms. The name of "house-mother" has a strange minor inflection when applied to her whose somber habit proclaims that she has set aside all hope of motherhood. To see baby arms clinging closely around the neck of one whose coifed face does not disguise the maternal tenderness in her nature, is a strange and fascinating anomaly. Sometimes, in this large adoption, one can see that fervent hearts are kept from being destroyed by their own unused fire of love. I hardly recall a more expressive picture than one lately shown to us of a young Sister of Charity lifting a blind baby from his crib, just as the dusk of a winter evening fell. "He always wants his mother towards night," she said, as she kissed his sightless eyes.

I wish I had some bright suggestion by which we might make places of honor for the single pillars of our homes. Great service finds great reward in all the world's extremities of need, and it is quite time that we founded some domestic "Legion of Honor," into which we might enroll the dear ones we keep so near our hearts; sisters and brothers, sons and daughters, who are our upholding strength. That France chose the cross as the symbol of her honorable distinction, is not without a significance which we cannot ignore, and our home legion would surely merit this symbol as a token of self-forgetting endurance and the outpouring of strong love.

But we would add some flower of beauty and joy in token that it has not been borne in vain, nor lacked the adornment of fond appreciation. There is much talk of unrewarded devotion and of loving service which brings no return, but happily this is the foolish murmuring of those who neither love nor serve. I would love to write here the names of those whose faces rise before me as I try to pay them tribute, as refutations of the cynic's theories. They are names to conjure by in many a grateful heart.

[From "Home Thoughts," Vol. II. By "C" of the N. Y. *Evening Post.* A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers, N. Y]

English Composition in the Grammar Grades. X

By Harriet E. Peet, Chicago

Suggestions for May.

A NUMBER of the compositions for the month should be based upon the regular school work and upon some of the out-of-school experiences of the children, but it will add to the interest in writing if this work is supplemented by studies from literature, and by attempts at original stories and verse-making. These latter will give the children a chance to use their creative ability in a world of things beyond the commonplace, and they will not only lead the children to get glimpses into the real meaning of things, but they will help them to express themselves in good form. The following outline may be found suggestive for this work.

Studies in Flower Poems.

In selecting the poems which are to be used, two things must be kept in mind. The poems must first be childlike, and second, thoroly worth while. Too much time is wasted over things that are either good and beyond the comprehension of the children, or still more, worthless jingles supposed to be within their range. The great classics are the first things to be searched; contemporary writers who understand our own country and time, the second.

The method of the presentation of the poem should be such as to reinforce its central thought and feeling. The teacher may ask a question or two which will give the children something to watch for when they hear the poem; she may tell an incident about the author which will help to make his attitude in the poem clearer, or she may tell a story to arouse the children's interest and curiosity. It is well to remember always that only those facts which are closely enough connected with the poem as to make its thought more impressive should be searched for and given in connection with it.

From Midsummer Night's Dream.

After leaving the story of Oberon's quarrel with Titania over the little changeling, Oberon's plan for revenge, and the incident with Bottom and the donkey's head, the children in fifth and sixth grades will enjoy committing the following verses to memory, and writing descriptions suggested by the verses, or interpretations of them. The children will suggest such titles as these for short themes: The Fairy Queen Asleep, Cupid and His Dart, The Wounded Flower, The Fairy's Bower.

Oberon. "That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
Flying between the cold morn and the earth,
Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronéd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound:
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once:
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees."

* * * *

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxslips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enameled skin.
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:"

To a Mountain Daisy.

This poem was written by Robert Burns on his turning a daisy down with a plough in 1786. The children of fifth and sixth grades will be interested in it if they are told that Robert Burns was born in a clay house in a barren part of Scotland, and grew up in the midst of poverty, with few opportunities, and yet became Scotland's most beloved poet. They should be told that this was because he had a kindly heart and a very deep love for homely things. In seventh and eighth grades the verses omitted here may be used. Such titles as these may be suggested for the written work: The Poet and the Flower, The Lark and Her Neighbor, Love for Lowly Things.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
　　Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
　　Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neeber sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mong the dewy weet!
　　Wi 'speckl'd breast!
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet,
　　The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
　　Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
　　Thy tender form.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Flower in the Crannied Wall.

Alfred Tennyson was fond of taking long walks in the country and thinking over the great problems of life. We can imagine his finding a columbine or some other flower growing in a fissure between the rocks; his picking it, and then looking wonderingly at its marvelous form. He would see its delicate tissue; its exquisite color and fragrance; the way each part fitted in with the others; and how the parts together made, with all their beauty, a perfect mechanism. Perhaps the thought came to him that in a world where such tiny things were so carefully planned, the great Spirit ruling it must have had foresight far beyond human comprehension.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

The Rhodora.

The children in seventh and eighth grade may be able to interpret the above poem or write a comparison of it and "The Rhodora." The topics suggested for the children to choose from may be these: The Little Wonder, Thoughts Suggested by Flowers; Poet's Thoughts; An Interpretation of "The Rhodora," A Comparison of "Flower in the Crannied Wall" with "The Rhodora," Pictures; Where the Rhodora Grows.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same power that brought me there brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Lowell's "The Dandelion," Frank Dempster Sherman's "Arbutus," Wordsworth's "Daffodils," Bryant's "The Yellow Dandelion," are also worth intensive study.

Original Stories.

The one thing essential in a story is the solution of a situation. There must be some one or something in a difficulty that has to be got out of it. The children are sure to have some fancy about the dandelion, the rose; the nun-like violet; the lily-of-the-valley; or the lady-slipper; which can be elaborated into a story. Before the work is commenced, however; it is well to have the children familiar with other people's fancies about flowers. The first and last part of Hans Christian Andersen's "Thumbelina," the story of "Little Ida's Flowers," and "The Pinks," from the "Wild Flower Fairy Book," will help them to see how to handle their material. The poems printed at the end of this article may give them still further ideas. The stories must be made to seem plausible. The children should be allowed to choose or furnish their own subjects; but the following may help them to find what they want: In Flower Land; A Fairy's Adventure with a Bumble Bee; The Wild Flower's Ball; The Little Nun and Her Neighbor; Hard Times in the Woods, The Life History of a Flower; Flower Fairies; The Fairy's Cradle; The Boy Gardener, The Result of the Drought.

Original Poems.

Flowers appeal to the imagination of the majority of children so that they not only furnish good material for original stories; but an excellent opportunity for work in simple verse making. Two things must of necessity precede the actual writing: an idea which admits of poetic treatment; a knowledge of simple rhymes and rhythms. The best way of securing the first is by bringing the children into actual contact with the flowers themselves; and with some of the most imaginative literature on them. The knowledge of rhyme and rhythm may be obtained by calling the attention of the children to their different forms in the poems which they read. Further than this the children should practice scanning and the making of rhymed couplets. Such lines as the following may be used for this. The children are to make complete verses of these by adding two lines written in a corresponding meter and with alternate rhymes.

1. There was no leaf upon the forest bare
   No flower upon the ground

2. I met a lady in the mead
   Full beautiful, a fairy's child

3. SPRING
   By woodland paths she came,
   Past leafless vine and tree;

4. THE BLUE HERON.
   Above him in the sycamore
   The flicker beats a dull tattoo.

5. The hern nods. The charming runes
   Of Nature's music thrills his dreams.

The following poems may be found helpful if used either in connection with the work on original stories and poems, or for intensive study.

The Dandelions.*

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.

We were not waked by bugle-notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded;
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

*From "Oberon and Puck."—By courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We careless folk tne deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marched upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans talking.

They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Flowers.

I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is twined by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

THOMAS HOOD.

The Gardener.

The gardener stands in his bower door,
  Wi' a primrose in his hand,
And by there cam' a maiden
  As jimp[1] as a willow wand.

"O lady, can ye fancy me
  For to be my bride?
Ye'se get a' the flowers in my garden
  To be to you a weed.[2]

"The lily-white soil be your smock;
  It becomes your body best;
Your head will be tuckt wi' gilly flower,
  Wi' primrose in your breast.

"Your gloves will be the marigold,
  All glittering to your hand,
Weel spread o'er wi' the blue blaework,
  That grows among corn-land."

"O fare ye weil, young man," she says,
  "Fareweil, and I bid adieu;
If you can fancy me," she says,
  "I cannot fancy you."

From "The Listening Child."

[1]Jimp, slender.
[2]Weed, dress.

Oh, Restlessly.*

The gay sweet-pea
Nods on her slender stem;
Far up in the sunny skies
She sees the sailing butterflies,
And longs to go to them.

She wonders why
She must not fly,
Her warm heart's love to say.
Her pink and white and scarlet wings
Were surely made for better things
Than thus at home to stay!

Margaret Deland.

The Little Elf.†

I met a little elf once
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me thru and thru.
"I'm quite as big for me," he said,
"As you are big for you."

John Kendrick Bangs.

*Copyrighted.

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The School Orchestra.

These young musicians take part in every one of the entertainments described by Miss Rose R. Arthur in Teachers Magazine

Entertainment for June

By Bertha E. Bush, Iowa.

June.

When the roses everywhere
Sweeten all the summer air,
Red and yellow, pink and white,
Crowding out to greet our sight;
When the shadows flying far
Show how bright the sunbeams are;
Flitting o'er the landscape wide
Sun and shadow side by side;
When the leaves are thick and green;
Each in full perfection seen;
When 'tis lovely far and near,
Then we know that June is here.

Crowning the Rose Queen.

An exercise for eight little girls. The leader is the queen. The second carries a wreath of flowers to crown her, and the third her flower-tipped scepter. The rest carry bouquets. All the flowers should be roses if possible. The throne is made by draping a large arm-chair in white and looping up the draping with bunches of flowers. The exercise is really meant to be given out on the school grounds but may be given in the school-room. The following drill is given while a march is played.

1. The eight girls enter and march around the throne in single file. The queen is seated upon the throne and the rest march around again, each making a bow to the queen as they pass in front of her.

2. The crown and scepter-bearers kneel before the queen's throne. The other five girls, swinging their bouquets in time to the music march around twice more. Then they halt, the two kneeling children rise, and all sing

Crown Our Queen of Summer.

[Tune: Down in Old Virginia.]

Come children all with merry tune;
Crown our queen of summer!
We'll crown her now in merry June.
Crown our queen of summer!
We'll crown the lassie we love best
And e'er the sun sinks in the west
We'll trip around with merry zest.
Crown our queen of summer!

All love and honor to our queen!
Crown our queen of summer!
Enthroned 'neath bowing branches green;
Crown our queen of summer!
We'll serve her truly all the day;
We'll gladly own her gentle sway;
For she is good and sweet alway.
Crown our queen of summer!

3. The crown-bearer crowns the queen with the wreath, and the scepter-bearer places the scepter in her hand. All bow again and sing.

[Tune: The Dairy Maids, page 9. Modern Music Series Primer, by Eleanor Smith.]

Crown our queen of the summer-time.
Crown her! Crown her!
Crown our queen of the summer-time!
Queen of the summer-time.

4. March around the throne twice more. Then march off in couples, the queen leading, escorted by the crown-bearer.

In June.

Flitting, flitting to and fro;
Hover airy butterflies;
Like bright flowers with wings they go
Floating 'neath the fair June skies.

Buzzing, buzzing all the hours,
Busy, bustling, working bees
Gather honey from the flowers
And the blossoming linden trees.

Nodding, nodding, fresh and sweet,
Flowers beckon little hands.
Grassy carpets wait small feet.
Rippling wavelets lap the sands.

June is here! Glad June is here!
School-time will be over soon.
Let us give a rousing cheer!
Hip, hurrah, for happy June!

The Barnyard Gate.

A Bit of Exercise for Little Boys.

The children in the first row of seats are lambs; in the next row, cows, in the third row, ducks and other fowls, and in the fourth row, colts. Two children at the front of the row clasp their hands and hold them across the aisle to form the barnyard gate. As each stanza is sung, the designated row of children run thru the gate, which is lifted to let them thru, and frisk around the front of the room in the character they represent. When the chorus is ended, they return to their seats and the gate is closed again. The song is to be sung by all who are in their seats.

[Tune: Little Brown Jug.]

We hold the barnyard gate up high
To let the little lambs run by.
They frisk and frolic as they pass
To play upon the fresh green grass.

Chorus:
June is here, happy June!
Life runs like a merry tune.
See the lambkins skip and play,
Happy on the fair June day.

We hold the barnyard gate up high
To let the gentle cows go by.
Their soft bells tinkle on their way.
Oh, what a feast they'll have to-day!

Chorus:
June is here, happy June!
Life runs like a merry tune.
Cropping, cropping, happy they
In the fresh June grass to-day.

We hold the barnyard gate up high
To let the quacking ducks go by.
And to the pond they waddle fast
To swim as long as light shall last.

Chorus:
June is here, happy June!
Life runs like a merry tune.
Quack and cackle, peep and crow!
All the fowls are glad we know.

We hold the barnyard gate up high
To let the frisky colts run by.

They kick their heels and prance and chase
And round about the pasture race.

Chorus:

June is here, happy June!
Life runs like a merry tune.
Every creature's glad and gay,
Happy on the fair June day.

What We Need.

I'll tell you what you need in June:
Two eyes, one mouth, one nose.
The first to see the flowers around,
The last to smell the rose;
The second? Dear me! Most of all
You need a mouth to eat
The luscious ripe red strawberries.
Oh, aren't they good and sweet!

My Pansy Bed.

Recitation for a group of children with pansies. At the close they all hold their pansies up and make them nod at the audience.

I have a little pansy bed;
I planted it with care,
And every day I watered it
And worked and weeded there.

At first 'twas only bare black earth;
Then tiny leaves arose
Like little wee green hands held up,
Held up to me, I s'pose.

And oh! when next I went to it
I saw a tiny face
Look into mine with elfin glee
And winsome, childish grace.

And then a dozen faces came;
And every morning now
I see a new one smile at me
And nod and gaily bow.

I love them like wee sisters;
My pretty pansies true,
With their darling roguish faces
Of purple, gold, and blue.

A School-Room Game of Ball.

A big soft nursery ball, as large as a football, but stuffed with cotton, which a certain lively little Harwood brought to school, originated this form of exercise of which the children never wearied. A circle was formed around the room and the holder of the ball stood in the center. Then the rhyme was recited and the ball thrown from the center player to one after another in the circle and back. Whoever missed catching the ball took his seat; and it was held a great honor to be the last one up. As a special reward for a diligent class or a bit of exercise for a rainy day, this cannot be excelled.

Vacation is Coming.

Vacation is coming. I'm glad it is near,
For summer's the loveliest time in the year.
I'll run and I'll jump and I'll laugh and I'll play,
But I mean to help mother beside every day.

A Story for Teaching Subtraction.

Three men, whose names were Mr. Dollar, Mr. Dime, and Mr. Penny, were neighbors.

On a certain day Mr. Dollar had only seven dollars in his purse. Mr. Dime had five dimes, and poor Mr. Penny had but two cents.

They all owed the grocer some money. Mr. Dollar owed him four dollars, Mr. Dime nine dimes, and Mr. Penny eight cents.

Let us write the story on the blackboard in this manner..

Dollars	Dimes.	Pennies
7.	5.	2.
4.	9.	8.

That day the grocer called on Mr. Penny, and asked for his money.

"Mr. Penny," said he, "You owe me eight cents. I wish you would pay it to-day."

"I would gladly pay you, Mr. Grocer," said Mr. Penny, "but I have only two cents in my purse. I cannot pay you to-day unless Neighbor Dime will help me."

Off he went, and soon he returned, bringing with him a dime. "Now I can easily pay my debt," said he, "for I have a dime and two pennies, which make twelve pennies. Here are your eight pennies, and I have four pennies left for myself."

The grocer now visited Mr. Dime.

"You owe me nine dimes, Mr. Dime. Can you pay me to-day?"

"Wait a few minutes," said Mr. Dime, "while I run over and ask Neighbor Dollar to help me. I had five dimes but I gave one to Neighbor Penny, and now I have but four. Please take a seat while I call on Mr. Dollar."

Back he came, bringing a dollar with him. "I can pay my debt now," said he, "for this dollar and my four dimes make fourteen dimes. You have your nine dimes, and I shall have five left over."

The grocer now called on Mr. Dollar.

"You owe me four dollars said he, "Can you pay me to-day?"

"Certainly, Mr. Grocer," said Mr. Dollar, "I have six dollars in my purse, having given one to my neighbor Mr. Dime. You may have the four dollars that I owe you, and I shall have two dollars left for my own use."

"Thank you!" said Mr. Grocer.

$$\begin{array}{ccc} 7 & 5 & 2 \\ 4 & 9 & 8 \\ \hline 2 & 5 & 4 \end{array}$$

Florida. M. C. FAIRLIE.

A Little Recitation for Flag Day.

A hundred years ago
And thirty more beside
Our land received its flag,
The flag that is our pride.

Our pretty, pretty flag
Of red and white and blue!
Our fathers served it well
And we will serve it too.

A Lover of Sunshine

By Lillian C. Flint, Minneapolis.

OUT in the sunshine, one day in early spring, a small plant stirred in his cool cradle. He had had a long sleep, ever since last fall, with perhaps a little stir when the warm days came in the middle of winter.

He straightened himself and held up his hands to the sun that bent over him with protecting warmth, and the blood leaped in his veins as he thought of the blossoms that would soon hold themselves up from this rosette lying so close to the earth that even the grass could not get a foothold under it. This was the way he had managed to pre-empt his homestead, this tenacious grip, that made it impossible for any neighbor plant to get under it.

He first looked out for his foundation and sent down into the earth long, tenacious roots, that defied the wind, and altho he was but four inches high, he was anchored as firmly as a tree.

The rain might cease, and long weeks of sunshine dry the earth, this determined little fellow was taking no chances. His draught of water was ready for him whenever he was thirsty.

Over his daintily-made flowers for protection he drew a notched and fringed cloak of delicate green, which kept the wee florets warm and safe until the days were warm enough to allow them to open. It made a beautiful contrast with the golden color of the robe of this Dandelion, which just matched the sunshine.

At night he drew his green cloak around his brilliant suit, and slept until the sun told him the next morning that he must put forth all his strength for his work.

He made not just one blossom but a veritable nest of flowers, for what was protection for one baby would be protection for many, and he might send out more children upon their journeyings than if he had taken all this trouble just for one.

Everywhere around him the neighbors, burdocks and thistles were pressing impatiently forward, and their shabbiness was beginning to show in the long hot days of summer. The sordid dustiness of the thistles detracted from their dignified appearance. They had not been so far-seeing as the sunshine plant at their feet, and their irrigation methods were inferior to those he had developed.

These hurrying burdocks and thistles, in their haste to set their offspring forth on their journey in life, had not planned so well.

But the sunshine plant worked not in so hasty a fashion. There were many things to do before he could set forth his seeds from their delicate balloon-like castle. When the sun had dried the yellow bloom and it had faded quite out of sight, he wrapped his children softly in the warm green cloak, laid down close to the earth the long strong, hollow stem, hollow because it was so much stronger, and the wind rocked his plant babies to sleep.

All thru the hot months his little ones slept, cradled in their downy nest, but when the long still days of August came, he straightened his stems that had hugged the earth for weeks while the perfecting of the offspring was going on.

For each little one there was a sail, not a broad flat one, but one on the plan of a parasol. Rollicking along in the wind, these careless babies might not be able to fix themselves securely in a desirable place, so along with the parasol went a mast, and to each side of the seed were grappling irons, strongly barbed, so that they might catch into some good abiding-place.

The sail must reef as well as furl, else when the little ones were anchored, the wind that at first had proved a friend might become an enemy, and force them away from their fastening, for their delicate wings would not stand his harsher caresses.

Some of these babies reached a brush pile, and falling softly, for they were held up by their parasol sails, sunk safely toward the ground. Their sails shut up like umbrellas and the silky hairs let them slide so safely that there was no resistance as they dropped from branch to branch, and, weighted by their slender bodies, they lay down on the earth, ready for another year.

This easy passage, however, was not for quite all of the little ones. A few caught in the twigs, and a strange feeling of terror came over them. But their mother had looked out for this. The little parasol-like sail now did its work in another way. It shut while the little seed was working its way thru the brush, and when the wind changed and began to blow from the under side, the ribs caught like the ribs of an umbrella, and would not let the little one be blown away, and have again to sail out to find a stopping place.

So this Dandelion, this creature of the sunshine, had done its life work, brought its little ones to the sun, and when they were ready, laid them down on the ground for their summer ripening, wrapped as closely in their green garments as before they blossomed. If you look about, you will scarcely see one single head standing up in July or August, but when the nights get cooler, the heads straighten up and open, making those fairy lace-like globes that seem the very ghosts of flowers.

No insect has molested them, for they have not been in sight. No grazing cow has bitten them off, for they have been clasped so tightly to the earth. Their seeds, with their little sunshades shutting and opening, have let them slip into the most desirable places, and once there the little grappling-irons have anchored them to their resting-places.

This unfailing ingenuity of the Dandelion shows the wonderful resources of Nature.

Dear child, live in peace and unity with every one and be entirely courteous from humility and true love of your neighbor. If you have promised anything try to hold to it, and keep yourself from all lies and untruths. Let what you see of good and decent in other Christian people serve as an example for yourself. "If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things."

—Christopher Dock.

[See page 396 of the March Teachers Magazine]

Lessons in Penmanship.

By Agnes C. Gormley, Rhode Island.

THE plan given here applies to one-height letters (i, u, r, w, n, m, v, a, o, c, e, and s) built in an oblong. The scale is about two parts of width to three of height. If the device is used for the first time in the fourth year, have the space the size of a square. Little children are apt to crowd their strokes, therefore the aim of the earlier efforts should be for openness of the characters.

A single letter is first studied in the full space *on* the construction lines; the letter is then tried on the full space *without* construction lines; then reduced to one-half the space, also without construction lines. In ordinary writing, the small letters should occupy one-third of the space of regularly lined paper; but for drill purposes *one-half* the space is small enough.

Have the blackboard ruled with light blue crayon. Let the teacher make the letter carefully on these lines, calling attention to the niceties of its form. The teacher should use the directions in presenting the letter which she means to employ when operating it with the class. It has been found that the directive words help more than counting. Keep the voice up in giving directions. Where the slant joins a curve, the sliding of the voice must indicate it. Voice and hand may rest wherever an angle, or point, is made by retraced lines.

Bear in mind that there are only three elements, —the right curve, the left curve, and the slant. These are only modified, extended, or reversed in the other letters. The recurrence of an element in a letter may be forcibly brought to children by marking the element with colored crayon.

Too much attention cannot be given to accurate instruction in the basal letters *i, v, n,* and *a.* Never let a child lift his pen to dot an *i* or to cross a *t.* It destroys rhythm as well as speed. Finish writing the whole word first.

When giving the writing lesson it is a good plan for the teacher to stand in the front of the room, that she may judge the school as a whole. It helps her to keep the rhythm if she does with her hand the thing she directs.

Teach over and over! Children should not be left to themselves during the writing lesson, except to test what has been already taught. If children below the fifth grade are left much to themselves during written work careless habits will be formed.

If the younger pupils have any great difficulty in acquiring the spacing or the ovals, let the teacher make these construction devices and have such pupils go over them during the class drill. It is wiser to move over a given ground than to waste time and effort in the scratching that so often passes under the name of penmanship. The stubby little fingers of children acquire form more easily than they do movement. The muscles need to be first trained within certain limits. We do not acquire facility on the piano by practicing the trick known as "the slide." Strength and flexibility are gained by doing the same simple movements over and over.

Wherever possible the letter has been applied at the beginning, at the end, and in the middle of short words, usually of three letters, the aim being to carry the hand smoothly a short distance at the outset.

The "finish" is a right curve in many of the letters. In *b, v, w,* and *o* it is a "dip." In *j, y, g, z, q,* and *f* it will be a right curve or a left curve, according to the letter which follows.

"Reverse" is a right curve begun at the top.

It is impossible to put on paper all the devices which suggest themselves to a skilful teacher. The present plan is meant to indicate a method that has been remarkable of results; the competent teacher, however, will invent a way of her own after seeing the present plan.

Altho the device has been used exactly as set down here with pupils of the *third* grade, it will not have failed altogether of its purpose if it prove no more than a body of directions for the teacher's own use.

One Height Letters.

(Containing right curve, left curve, and slant.)

Scale: Slant about 23°.

Directions: *slant*
stretch
slant
stretch
slant, etc. (9 times).

Directions: Same as above.

Directions: *right*
slant
right
slant
right
slant
finish

In going up see that there is a good split. Retrace almost to end of slant, yet have the corner well cleared. Word "finish" ends letter; it is frequently a right curve.

Directions: Same as above; carry on count for added elements.

Directions: *right*
slant
right
slant
Stretch
slant
right
slant
finish

Word "stretch" joins letters.

Notch upper blue line of first space in three parts. Push the upward line thru second notch extending it a little *above* blue line; dip back to blue line and join the slant. The upward line is a modification of the right curve.

Directions: right
dip
slant
finish

Directions: Same as above; add "stretch."

The up line is a *left* curve. Follow slant about one-third of the way up, aiming for a good split, and just touching upper blue line at the turn.

Directions: *left*
slant
left
slant, etc.

Directions: Same as above.

Directions: left
slant
left
slant
stretch
slant
left
slant
finish

Directions: Same as above, remembering the extensions.

After teacher has made word on board let pupils trace it in air under direction; then with dry pen on paper under direction; then *write* it, *under direction*.

Directions: left, slant
left, slant
right, slant
right, slant
left, slant
left, slant
finish

Directions: Same as above, with extensions.

Directions: right, dip, slant
right, slant
left, slant
left, slant
left, slant
finish

"Inn" and "urn" may be directed in the same way.

Cut upper blue line of third space into thirds; close with modified right curve at second notch; end with a dip extending half way into next space. Let the hand rest a bit on "close."

Directions: slant, right
slant, close
dip

Directions: Same as above; use "stretch" for joining.

Directions: slant, right
slant, close
dip, slant
left, slant
left, slant
finish, dot

Cut upper blue line of second space same as in "w" and close at second third. Carry dip to middle of next block.

Directions: left, slant
close, dip

Directions: Same as above; add "stretch."

Directions: left, slant, close
dip, slant
left, slant, left, slant, etc.

Cut *lower* blue line of first space into thirds; cut *upper* blue line of second space into thirds. Cross *downward* joining nearer cuts, and passing thru *middle* of slant.

Directions: left, slant
finish; cross

Directions: Same as above; add "stretch"; cross 2; cross 1.

Directions: left; slant
left; slant
left; slant
right; slant
left; slant
finish; cross; dot.

All one height letters which contain slant; left curve, and right curve; in simplest form, have now been taught.

The first line of "a" is a right curve reversed. Pull this line well over top of space; clear the first lower corner more fully than in line for finish.

Directions: reverse
right
slant
finish

Directions: Same as above; add "stretch."

From what has gone before; the directions for above words will easily suggest themselves.

For the Little Ones—Verses by Arthur Henry

Selected from "The Song Primer," by ALYS E. BENTLEY.

(Copyright, 1907, by A. S. Barnes & Company.)

The Zoo.

I like to watch the tall giraffe,
The seal and kangaroo,
And all the friendly animals
That gather in the zoo.

I like to hear the bears go "woof,"
And see the monkeys play.
When I can travel by myself,
I'm going there to stay.

Teddy Bear.

Dolly's lying in the closet
Since my brown bear came;
He is shaggy, big, and woolly;
Teddy is his name.

The Butterfly.

I wish that I could float thru air,
And circle round and round:
I wave my arms and hop and skip
But cannot leave the ground.
Do not go, butterfly, butterfly, butterfly.

Bobby Redbreast.

There's a nest for Bobby Redbreast,
There's a hive for Bessie Bee,
There's a hole for Jacky Rabbit,
And a bed for me.

Honk! Honk!

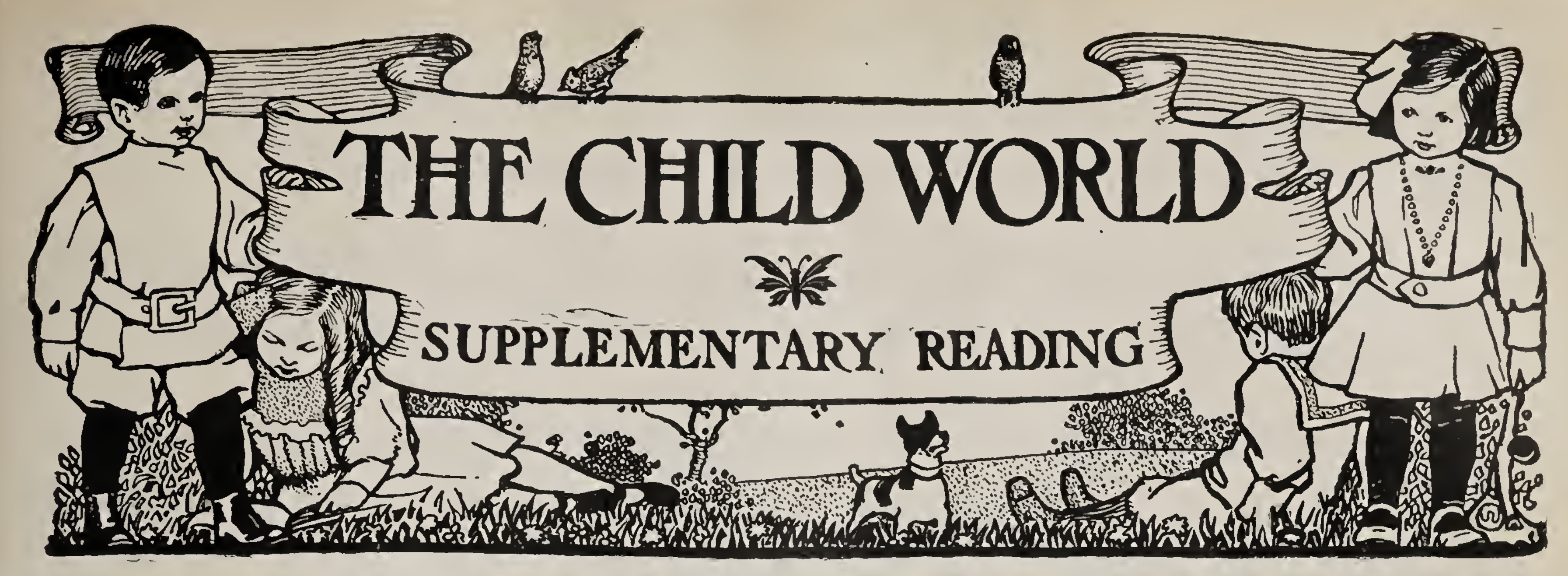
Honk! Honk! In my motor car,
All around the world we go.
Very fast and very slow,
Honk! Honk! In my motor car.
Honk! Honk, Honk!

The Train.

All aboard!
Tchuff, tchuff, tchuff, tchuff,
Now the train is moving,
Tchuff, tchuff, tchuff, tchuff,
Fields and fences all run back.
Clickety, clickety, clickety, clack,
Cows look up as we rush past,
Off on a journey and home at last, Toot!
Round the world and home again,
Right where we started we stop the train,
chee.

The Rain.

Pitter, patter, pitter, patter falls the rain.
How I wish the sky could be a window pane.
I have a top to spin, I have a rope to skip;
Oh! it is so sad to hear it drip, drip, drip.



The Naming of Forget-Me-Not

By Jessie Goodall.

In a dark wood, where the sunshine and shadows played hide-and-seek, wild flowers of many varieties and colors grew.

Among them, most gentle and timid of all, was a tiny, blue-eyed blossom, almost hidden in her dress of green leaves.

As the wind played about her, she meekly bowed her head, too modest to meet his glances, too shrinking to ask that he desist from ruffling her petals that had caught the blue of the sky. Behind larger flowers she hid, quite unnoticed, save by the Father, as he looked down on the cool, dim woods, giving each flower, large and small, a name.

A golden smile lit up the faces of the daffodils, the roses grew red with pleasure, the lilies swayed until they were purple and white with exertion, kissing the water in their delight that a name had been given them.

In shyness the little blue-eyed flower received her name, grateful for the Father's notice.

The fires of sunset paled into lengthening shadows of night. Silence brooded over the woods and the flowers slept.

A bee, stopping too long to sip the sweets of clover blooms in a near-by field, on his tardy return to his hive, rested a moment in the blood-red heart of a rose, then flew lazily on.

The daffodils, nodding their heads, dreamed of the dew that, on the morrow, would sparkle as diamonds in their crowns of gold.

Violets, born of tears that fell from the blue eyes of a lost child in the wood, stirred in their rest, nestling closer to their protecting leaves.

Daisies, children of the stars, wrapped their white mantle about them, pinned it with a brooch of gold, and laid themselves down to dream of twinkling eyes watching over their slumber.

Only the tall lilies kept watch, swinging their white censors filled with incense over the slumbering flowers.

Like a benediction that follows prayer, the incense hovered lovingly over the baby-blue flower. The blue eyes opened, then grew wide with distress, for the name given by the Father she had forgotten.

Would the violets, her best friends, chide her for her carelessness?

The daisies, proud of their noble birth, would they gather more closely about them their white gowns lest they touch the simple, unpretending flower, born of the earth?

It could not be that she should ask assistance from them in recalling her name.

Always she had feared the midnight in the eyes of the Black-eyed Susans, and oft-times they had tossed their yellow tresses in an arrogant way at the humble flower at their feet. To them she dared not appeal.

True it is, the lilies often waved their flags over her head, shielding her from the beams of the sun, lest it wither her tiny petals, but in their fair, cold beauty they seemed so removed from her.

She shrank within herself hopeless, but when the grey dawn touched the tree tops, and the flowers awoke to the kiss of the sun, a determination was born in the heart of the tiniest of all, so

"Standing at the Father's feet,
And gazing on His face,
She said in meek and timid voice,
And with a gentle grace:

"Dear Lord, the name Thou gav'st me,
Alas, I have forgot!"
The Father kindly looked on her,
And said, "Forget-me-not."

The Fairy's Party

By Margaret and Clarence Weed.

The Queen of the Fairies once lived in the woods in a beautiful pink lady-slipper's blossom. Near by was a fairy ring of beautiful white toadstools over which the Queen of the Fairies loved to dance in glee.

One day she wanted to give a party to all her fairy friends. So she sent to all the other fairies in the wood a lovely bit of birch bark on which she had written:

Come dance with me
My ring to see.

And each fairy sent back a lovely bit of birch bark on which each had written:

I'll come with glee
Your ring to see.

When the fairies came to the party they found that each toadstool was lit up by a glow worm while the air above was beautifully lighted by a host of fireflies. And they all cried out:

What a fine sight
For our delight.

Then the crickets started the dance music and the Queen of the Fairies said to the King:

Come dance in glee
O'er the ring with me.

And each of the Lady Fairies chose a partner, saying:

Come dance in glee
O'er the ring with me.

And they all danced around the toadstool circle nine times, keeping step to the music of the crickets. Then the Queen of the Fairies said to the King:

Now the dance is done
Thank you for the fun.

And each of the Lady Fairies said to her partner:

Now the dance is done
Thank you for the fun.

Then the Queen of the Fairies clapped her tiny hands three times, when here came from the woods all around a great number of elves. And each elf carried in his arms a tiny tablecloth made of spider's web and a beautyful Columbine blossom. Each elf went direct to one of the toadstools in the fairy ring and spread the tablecloth over it and placed the Columbine blossom upon the cloth. Thus each toadstool became a lovely dining table lit by the light of a glow worm.

Then all the fairies sat down beside the tables and sipped the nectar in delight. When they had finished they all went up to the King and the Queen of the Fairies and each said:

Now the moon is showing
We must all be going:
Good night, dear King and Queen,
Thanks for what we've seen.

Watertown Plans in Geography

(Grade Five.)

By Frank R. Page, Watertown, Mass.

(Continued from last month.)

Spain.—Its climate and consequent difference in the disposition of the people as compared with those further north. Bull fights. Madrid. The king. Remember that Spain, once a great power, is now unimportant. Call to mind Columbus and the Armada.

Turkey.—A totally different country. A different race. Constantinople. Bazaars and things sold in them. Bargaining. Dirty streets. Poor schools. The Sultan. His palace. St. Sophia. Turkish religion. Women in Turkey.

Greece.—Emphasize its historical importance. The story of how learning came to us. Athens. The Acropolis. The Parthenon in detail. Pericles. Miltiades. Thermopylae. Greek myths. Homer.

The Netherlands.—How do you get there? Significance of the name. Dykes. Canals. Wind mills. Reclaiming the land. The story of "The Leak in the Dyke." Occupations of the people. A Dutch farm. Dutch dress. A Dutch village. Amsterdam. Its picture gallery. Rembrandt. Dutch hymn.

Asia—Japan.—Map study. First get together a collection of typical pictures, books, newspapers, curiosities, lanterns, and flags, etc.; and decorate a corner of the room. Japanese people, appearance and customs, their houses and furnishings, street scenes, schools, modes of transportation, the Mikado, beauty of Japanese scenery. Fujiyama, chrysanthemums, Tokio, Japanese art. Remember that the idea is to try to get at the atmosphere of Japan, the things that are typical of the Japanese. What do we import from Japan? The Japanese war. The progressiveness of Japan. Ask pupils to visit Japanese stores on Boylston Street. Correspond with a Japanese school. Japanese national hymn. Have a Japanese program—Japanese tea with children in costumes and papers read by the pupils inviting the parents. Use stereopticon. Have a talk on Japan by some one who has been there, or by a Japanese.

China.—Collection of pictures, curiosities, etc. Its great size and population. Chinese people, typical customs, the great wall, street scenes, houses and furnishings, schools, transportation. Compare with Japanese in progressiveness. *Reasons for difference.* Antiquity of China. Why are Chinese goods so cheap? Encourage visits to Chinese stores on Harrison Avenue. A Chinese city compared with a Japanese city. Pekin. River life of Canton. (Carpenter's *Asia* good.) Arrange a Chinese program. Use the stereopticon. Sum up with a talk on interesting differences between Chinese and American child-life. ("When I Was a Boy in China," by Yan Phou Lee, is good.)

India.—First make the usual collection of pictures and stamps. Size and density of population compared with United States. Government. Calcutta. Viceroy and the Durbar. Dress and appearance of the people—same race as our own. Fakirs and snake charmers, and their tricks. A trip into the Himalayas. An illustrated talk on India. Religion. Buddhism. Castes. Statue of Buddha. Great pagoda at Rangoon. Taj Mahal. Farm life. Poverty and famines. Indian jungle and its animals. Royal Bengal tiger. The elephant as a beast of burden in Burma. Read jungle book stories, especially Toomai of the Elephants. Benares and the sacred Ganges.

Siam.—Flag. Customs. King. White elephant.

Korea.—Queer dress and customs.

Arabia.—The desert and desert life. Bedouins. The camel. Mecca and Mohammedanism. Pearl diving.

Turkey in Asia.—Treat mainly on side of history. Wretched condition to-day—to what due? Mesopotamia the earliest home of civilization. How the history has been *dug up.* The story of how civilization came to us from Chaldea. Assyria. Babylonia. The Phoenicians. Persia. (See the Story of Ancient Peoples.) Palestine—places connected with the life of Christ. The "promised land," and the children of Israel. Jerusalem. The Jews a nation without a country. The conflict between Mohammedanism and Christianity. Armenians and their persecution.

Africa.—The dark continent. Why so called? Map study.

Egypt.—A trip to Cairo and the pyramids. The Nile. How to get there. The people. Emphasize especially the history. The belief in future life explaining the pyramids and mummies. Use the Story of Ancient Peoples. Plan the work with reference to a trip to the Art Museum. Joseph and Moses. The Red Sea and the Promised Land. Suez Canal.

Sahara. — Caravans. What goods carried. From where to where? Cases. Dangers of trip.

Central Africa.—Center about the story of Stanley and Livingstone. Tropical forests and animals. Ivory hunting. (Carpenter's Africa.) Rhinoceros. Hippopotamus. Victoria Falls. A talk on stereopticon lecture on Central Africa. The people (note the different race.) Their houses and manner of living.

South Africa.—The Boers and the Boer War. Agriculture. Cattle raising. Ostrich farming. Diamond mining. A talk or stereopticon lecture on South Africa.

South America.—Important physical features. Map study.

Brazil.—How do we get there? Rio de Janeiro. Coffee and rubber. Tropical Amazon forest. Animals.

Panama.—The canal. Balboa.

Argentina.—Cattle raising and agriculture. Compare with the United States. Buenos Ayres.

Chile.—Industries. Nitrate. A trip across the Andes. The Christ of the Andes.

Peru.—Mining. Pizarro and the Conquest of Peru. Llamas and other queer animals.

Try to have one or two talks or stereopticon lectures on special topics.

Australia.—Brief map study. Queer animals. Sheep raising. Gold mining.

Hawaiian Islands.—*Philippines.* Brief talks on each.

History and Civics--Fifth to Seventh Years

By FLORA HELM KRAUSE, Chicago.

Public Libraries.

Public libraries are for grown-up people what schools are for children: centers for developing interest in the activities that make up the life of doing, thinking, and feeling.

Libraries give knowledge both along general and technical lines, in the sciences, arts, architecture, engineering, geography, literature, history, religion, and morals. They promote a human interest in countries, races, classes, and existences outside the reader's immediate environment. They refresh, entertain, and amuse.

We might sum it up then and say public libraries promote good citizenship.

From this it will be seen that libraries are no longer the headquarters of "bookworms" only—they are the bureaus of information on *how to live.*

The growth of the public library has covered these various stages:

(1) The library of the individual for himself.

(2) The library of the college or other institution for the attendants of the latter.

(3) The library of a body of people for the subscribers.

(4) The public library free to all.

The second stage—the college library—had its beginning in America in the little group of books bestowed on Harvard College as a nucleus for that purpose in 1636, when that college was founded.

The third stage—the library for subscribers—had its national beginning for Americans in Philadelphia in 1732, under the influence of that patriotic patron to whom we owe so many of the beginnings of our national institutions, Benjamin Franklin.

The fourth stage—the public library for all—dates in America from the Boston Public Library, founded in 1852.

The greatest activity of the library movement in the United States is comparatively recent, say within twenty years. During that time the established libraries have doubled their volumes, the greater library buildings have been constructed, and the most valuable lines for the extension of the movement have been pursued.

All this shows that the sense of the necessity of adult education is growing.

The Congressional or National Library at Washington, D. C., occupies one of the largest and finest buildings ever erected for that purpose.

Boston, New York, and Chicago have the greatest public libraries in the country.

The most noteworthy American college library is that of Columbia University, New York.

There are many libraries free to the public which are the results of donations—the most noted of these being the New York Public Library, the combined gifts of Astor, Lenox, and Tilden, the Crerar and Newberry Libraries of Chicago, bearing the donors' names, the Peabody and Pratt Libraries of Baltimore, and the Rush Library of Philadelphia; besides which there are many scattered over the country, donations of Andrew Carnegie.

About twenty-five years ago a system of establishing schools in which to educate librarians was developed. There are four of these well known now—that of the State University of New York, that of the State University of Illinois, the Pratt and the Drexel Institutes. In these schools men and women learn library methods, and such training as would make them intelligent and useful officials in libraries.

The modern trend of activity in library work is to make the libraries useful and attractive to the masses of people. This is done by establishing much latitude as to hours of admission, freedom from rigid and restricting rules, such classification, cataloging, and indexing, as well as personal help from officials, as will lead beginners and novices to understand and make use of all the advantages; by lowering the age limit of children, giving them special rooms and special collections of books. Children's Library Leagues for promoting the care for and reading of good books are organized in many cities.

Much effort is also made to make the schools and libraries co-operative. The latter keep informed on the school course of study and supply collateral reading. Books are issued direct to the schools in large amounts. One of the most important actions that express the modern trend of making the library available to the people is that of establishing branch libraries and stations for delivery at out-lying places accessible to those living at great distances from the main building.

Most libraries have three departments; the circulating, the reference, and the newspaper and periodical.

Some libraries have departments which educate the public in specialties, as halls for lectures on hygiene, civics, art, etc., and exhibits of rare books, manuscripts, engravings, etc. And, still

again, there are provisions made for special classes of readers, departments for the blind, departments for authorities on music, patents, medicine, law, public documents, etc.

Besides city and town libraries, there are in many States traveling libraries for rural districts. These are collections of books sent from one locality to another after temporary stops.

The organization, maintenance, and support of these are matters of the county, or sometimes they are extensions of the nearest city library.

And now a word as to how municipal public libraries are established and supported.

Each State has its own legislation on what the cities and towns in it may do for libraries. This legislation grants power to establish a library in a certain community and power to tax the people of that community and outlines what the tax may be.

The organization and control of the library then falls under the city or town control. Usually the Mayor or city council selects people to manage the library; these are called trustees. Most of the Western States have a body of men for library control, elected by the people; these are called a library board.

In New York the city makes large annual contributions to the three gift libraries now combined as the New York Public Library, and the management is in the hands of the same body of trustees which has in trust the donations.

Some States have a Library Commission as a part of the State government, which controls all matters pertaining to the libraries of that State.

In some States the library expenses are partly paid for out of money raised by State taxation.

Donations for libraries have sometimes been sufficient to cover establishment and maintenance, and some, sufficient to establish on the condition that the community raise the cost for maintaining. Most of Carnegie's library gifts are made on this plan.

The National Library at Washington is, of course, the property of the nation, owned and paid for by it.

Entertainment Helps for Closing Day

By Grace B. Faxon.

By this time teachers are planning exercises or entertainments for Closing Day. Some will use programs made up of songs and recitations, while others are on the lookout for something new or more pretentious. Help may be derived from the following accounts of how Closing Day was observed in a half a dozen schools in 1906.

A Patriotic Program.

One Massachusetts school devoted two hours to a discussion of "Our Country." The resources, opportunities, and future of the United States were taken up by various pupils who had prepared papers on their topics, but who spoke without notes. The discussion was interspersed with patriotic quotations and songs by pupils and the school. The last feature was the transferring of the flag from the class of 1906 to the class of 1907.

Class Give "Lady of the Lake."

The graduating class of a girls' grammar school in Boston presented Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Eleven were costumed for the various parts. There was singing of Scottish songs by the school.

Historical Sketches.

A Virginia school devoted a graduating program to "A Water Journey to Boston." Historical sketches and declamations, with musical numbers, made up the entertainment.

"Opportunity" a Theme.

One number on an interesting program that came to me from Maryland was entitled "Opportunity in Prose and Poetry." The theme "Opportunity" has often been used by celebrated writers. There are two very noted poems, one by Sill, the other by Ingalls. The latter is so short that I shall quote it:

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I,
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;—
I answer not, and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

The Story of Our Hymns.

In the *Delineator*, 1905-1906, appeared a series telling the history of our most famous hymns. In June a grammar school in Georgia used this series as a basis for one feature in the graduation program, entitling it "The Story of Our Hymns."

Present a Cantata.

One Boston school chose to present a cantata as a Closing Day entertainment. In this instance "The Building of the Ship," by Lahee, was taken. There are many less difficult cantatas that would be found very pleasing and effective for use in a graduation program.

May Day in a City School

Every year Miss Archer arranges a May party for her little tots in School 137; Manhattan. A queen is chosen, and the children, dressed in the gayest of pink and green tissue paper wreathes, then dance around a May pole which is set up in the recreation room in the basement of the school. It is some work to decorate the pole and keep the wreathes from year to year, but the joy of the children makes the effort well worth while. On another page of this Magazine the party is described more fully.

To little city children who know that spring has come only from the "display of artificial flowers in the millinery shops," a blackboard sketch of a May party in the "truly" country helps to give some idea of trees and flowers and fields. Pink and green ice cream flavored with genuine pistache and genuine strawberry is a pleasure that will make any May party a success, most of all one held in a Grand Street School, which is located in the most crowded part of New York's east side. Both these delights are a part of what Miss Archer arranges for her little folks, as she explains on another page. This photograph shows the May party at refreshment. The blackboard has two pictures: one of a May outing in the country, the other of a May out-of-doors on Grand Street.

About Birds

Conducted by WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT; Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University.

Seasonal Comment.

MAY days witness the very culmination of the bird-life. Before the end of the month all of our resident and visiting birds have taken up family duties; and those that have not tarried in our region have hastened to some favored spot far away to the North; there to find summer homes where nesting and breeding are almost immediately undertaken. These travelers must hasten in the land where the short season prohibits dalliance. Let us consider one of the many migrants who makes this annual pilgrimage to build a temporary home and bring up a family ready to attempt with the old folks a long and unknown journey ere they, these youngsters, are scarce ten weeks old. That jewel of warblers, the blackburnian, passes thru the territory near New York City in May. The birds go to the northern part of the United States and northward to breed. They have been recorded during the colder months in the Bahamas and West Indies, as well as in Central America, Venezuela, Colombia, and in Peru. The journey from the North is begun so that these birds reach our vicinity again late in August and early in September. They have only been absent some ten or twelve weeks, in which short period many hundreds of miles to and fro have been traversed; a carefully constructed nest, a most dainty fabric, has been built and after the laying of four eggs and a period of incubation of probably twelve days, a brood of young has been hatched, reared, and fed with infinite care, to fly with their kind over the long route to their winter quarters.

Many of the shore birds, who go even further north to breed, return much earlier so that by the end of July or in the first week in August they throng the beaches of our coast, where they leisurely pass the late summer, going on and on till some of the kinds find a terminus to their travels south of the Rio Negro in Patagonia.

With the regular appearance of our more delicate birds, followed at the approach of cold weather by their departure, naturalists in former times were familiar. But that these pilgrims really journeyed to distant lands these wise men did not know. Hibernation, a long winter sleep, was the accepted theory to account for the phenomenon, at least in the case of the swallows, and equally fantastic tales were current in regard to other common birds. They congregated together to pass the cold weather at the bottom of the ponds in the mud; they lay huddled behind some protecting wall or in some cranny; they slept in unused chimneys. In fact, every possible and many impossible places were assigned to the migrants whose goings and comings, and whose whereabouts at all seasons are now well known, the actual conditions being more marvelous than the fancied ones.

Cowbirds.

On seeing one of my friends this morning my mind went back to the days when I first met her. It was some six years ago during the early part of June. Strolling thru the edge of a piece of woodland I was arrested by the song of a wood thrush, and after a short search was rewarded by finding the nest, in the crotch of a slim sapling, perhaps ten feet from the ground. The fact that the parents were neither of them brooding caused me to wait a little for what might happen, when along came one of the old birds, its bill heavy-laden, and went directly to the tree. Then I could see, even at the distance where I stood, a brood of nestlings that in a few days would leave their home.

Securing the nest, I examined the inmates at my leisure. Three of them were undoubtedly wood thrushes, and tho still in infantile dress, closely resembled their parents; they were fully feathered and about half grown. The fourth fledgling was wholly unlike the others, being a dull grayish brown in color, the feathers on the lower parts faintly streaked with a lighter shade edged with pale buff. I felt doubly pleased with my discovery, for here was a young cowbird, which I had long wished to observe at first hand, and a chance offered to study the behavior, not only of the intruder, but of his foster-brothers and sisters. I adopted the brood and for the succeeding three days they remained in their cosy home.

The young wood thrushes proved most dainty fledglings, receiving the kindnesses shown them with extreme politeness and dignity, and in this the cowbird fairly rivaled them. There was no disposition on the part of any of the four birds to crowd forward at feeding time; they waited till each in turn was supplied, only indicating their expectancy by opening their large yellow mouths, and uttering plaintive baby cries. Meadow larks, and bobolinks, on the contrary, as soon as able to stand, always crowd eagerly forward, pushing and jostling; but of all the birds of my acquaintance, the red-winged blackbird is easily paramount as a wrestler. Broods of young red-wings that I have reared, in their efforts to get at the morsels of food brought them before they can feed themselves, have no regard at all for each other. Their action savors of the football field when the runner with the ball has been "downed," and a struggling heap of humanity is piling upon him.

The fraternal relations of the cowbird and the three thrushes did not end with the nest-leaving. For years they have lived in a large room together, with never a suspicion of anything that might be termed a difference or quarrel. In fact, no bird could be more kindly disposed to other songsters than was this cowbird.

I am glad to add another bit of personal experience from one of the pioneers of American ornithology, the distinguished Wilson. Speaking of what he calls the "Cow-pen Bird," he says: "In the month of July last, I took from the nest of the Maryland yellowthroat, which was built among the dry leaves at the root of a briar bush, a young male cow bunting, which filled and occupied the whole nest. . . . . I took this bird home with me, and placed it in the same cage with a red-bird (*loxia cardinalis*), who, at first, and for several minutes after, examined it closely, and seemingly with great curiosity. It soon became clamorous for food, and from that moment the red-bird seemed to adopt it as his own, feeding it with all the assiduity and tenderness of the most affectionate nurse. When he found that the grasshopper which he had brought was too large for it to swallow, he took the insect from it, broke it in small portions, chewed them a little to soften them, and, with all the gentleness and delicacy imaginable, put them separately into its mouth. He often spent several minutes in looking at and examining it all over; and in picking off any particles of dirt that he observed on its plumage. In teaching and encouraging it to learn to eat of itself, he often reminded me of the lines of Goldsmith:

> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to "*favorite food*," and led the way.

"This cowbird is now six months old; is in complete plumage; and repays the affectionate services of its foster-parent with a frequent display of all the musical talents with which nature has gifted him. These, it must be confessed, are far from being ravishing; yet, for their singularity, are worthy of notice. He spreads his wings, swells his body into a globular form, bristling every feather in the manner of a turkey cock, and, with great seeming difficulty, utters a few low, spluttering notes, as if proceeding from his belly; always, on these occasions, strutting in front of the spectator with great consequential affectation.

"To see the red-bird, who is himself so excellent a performer, silently listening to all this guttural splutter, reminds me of the great Handel contemplating a wretched catgut scraper. Perhaps, however, these may be meant for the notes of *love* and *gratitude*, which are sweeter to the ear, and dearer to the heart than all the artificial solos or concerts on this side of heaven."

My dainty friend, at the end of six years, wears a lead-colored coat, whose shade is more or less tinged with brownish, showing in certain lights a greenish iridescence. She has during the entire time lived on most agreeable terms with her feathered associates, and by her gentleness and amiability has won many other friends and admirers. I am constantly asked when "Molo" walks in prim and mincing fashion to receive a meal-worm from my hand, in striking contrast to "Bob-Robin" with his running hop, "Will you tell me the name of that charming little bird?" And this by persons who know most of our common songsters. Have they perhaps shunned cowbirds' close acquaintance because of an evil reputation? To their minds should she be rather clad in Satan's livery than in the sad-colored garb of a Quaker?

That the cowbird should be held a reprehensible character and a most desirable acquaintance is not strange. The following extract from the valuable handbook of an eminent ornithologist fairly indicates current opinion.

"The cowbird is an acknowledged villain, and has no standing in the bird world. English sparrows, either because they are not aware of the customs of New World bird-life, or because of a possible and not unlikely affinity, associate with him; but no self-respecting American bird will be found in his company.

"As an outcast he makes the best of things; and gathers about him a band of kindred spirits who know no law. There is an air about the group which at once tells the critical observer that their deeds are evil. No joyous song swells the throat of the male. His chief contribution to the chorus of springtime is a guttural bubbling produced with apparently nauseous effort. In small flocks they visit both pasture and woodland, and are given to following cattle, clustering about the feet of the herd, presumably to feed on the insects found there. They build no nest, and the females, lacking every moral and maternal instinct, leave their companions only long enough to deposit their eggs in the nests of other and smaller birds. I can imagine no sight more strongly suggestive of a thoroly despicable nature than a female cowbird sneaking thru the trees or bushes in search of a victim upon whom to shift the duties of motherhood.

"The ill-gotten offspring are born with the cowbird character fully developed. They demand by far the greater share of the food, and thru gluttony or mere size alone, starve or crowd out the rightful occupants of the nest. They accept the attention of their foster-parents long after they could care for themselves; and when nothing more is to be gained desert them and join the growing flocks of their kind in the grain-fields."

In the field, as in my bird-room, I have found the cowbird an agreeable and attractive companion, and have had keen delight in watching the handsome male, with his purple black gown and snuff-colored hood, "burbling" and "chortling" forth his grotesque song. Following the herd, now on their backs, now at their feet, in relations of mutual understanding and sympathy, making way with harassing insects, should this call forth invective?

As to the escape from parental duty, and the freedom from care involved, as well attribute moral rectitude to the cooing dove, or to the solicitous house-cat, as to impute its absence to the cowbird, whose development on these lines has followed some well-defined law, the working of which we may not yet understand. Some light has come to me of late offering a possible solution of the growth of the instinct which has led to the abandonment of nest-building; this shall be presented as my story develops.

(*To be Continued.*)

Live Lessons in Civics

(Especially adapted to Fifth Grade.)

By Flora Helm Krause, Chicago.

Sewerage—Water-Supply.

IN connection with this subject the meaning of the following words should be learned by experiment and discussion:

Decomposition, organic, impervious, drainage, disinfect, sanitary, sanitation, deodorized, refuse, precipitate, filtration, siphon.

The House.

In building a house the builder has to consider these necessities for life and health:

First: To secure the place against excessive dampness in walls, cellars, and surrounding atmosphere.

Second: To provide for the instant and perfect removal of fluid wastes.

Third: To guard against evils arising from the decomposition of organic wastes.

Fourth: To provide a sufficient supply of pure water.

If they are not considered, diseases like typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and malarial fever will be apt to ensue. Thus it is the sanitary condition of a house is a matter of life and health.

The First.

Thoro draining, dry cellars, and impervious foundation walls are necessary to carry out the first.

Thoro draining may exist naturally when the house is on elevated ground and ground of gravel or dry sand; if the house is built on soil naturally damp, a system of drainage must be constructed by man.

This means a drain should be laid, lower than the lowest rock-layer of foundation, which leads the water to an outlet. This drain may be made of gravel or broken stone, or it may be drainage tile made for this purpose. These tiles have open joints, are laid with a slight but continuous fall to the outlet, and are well covered with earth.

Cellar-floors and foundation-walls must be made of impervious substance like stone, or covered with an impervious layer of concrete.

The Second.

For the removal of fluid wastes, the house should be built with drain-pipes. These must not leak and must have their outlet at such distance that well and home atmosphere will not be affected by their discharge. Gas, which comes from the decay of the waste, may escape thru the leakage into the house or, at the outlet, into the atmosphere, and cause disease by inhalation. Or, if the outlet is near the well, liquid will find its way thru the soil into the drinking-water and cause disease by being taken into the stomach.

The Third.

To guard against the evils arising from the decomposition of organic wastes—

1. Cellars should be ventilated and kept constantly free from decomposing animal and vegetable supplies.

2. Cesspools and outlying unflushed closets should be made with cemented, perfectly tight vaults, the contents of which should be daily disinfected by carbolic acid or other disinfectant, or by being sprinkled daily with ashes or dry earth. (Every substance in fine powder disinfects. The surface is enormously increased in such bodies and surfaces attract the air. The air being caught and held in the pores of the substance, causes purification, by a process called oxidation.)

3. The eventual removal or disinfection of organic waste-matter should be under the control of workmen who know the scientific way of doing it, for the health and life of the occupants depend on this.

The Fourth.

The purity of water in a well depends on the ability of the earth thru which it passes to deprive it by filtration of its organic impurities. Therefore, these precautions must be taken:

1. That the well has a deep bottom that there may be the more filtration by the surrounding earth.

2. That the well is so placed that impure fluid from drain outlet or from barn-yard may not soak thru the soil into the well. (Filth in the soil may affect to great distances, being carried with the motion of the soil water.)

3. That there are no rock fissures or seams near the top that will admit surface water.

The Municipality.

The house is the unit from which to calculate in sanitary matters. What is necessary for the sanitary condition of a house is necessary for the sanitary condition of a community where many houses are aggregated.

As all in a community are dependent for health and even life upon the sanitary condition and surroundings of every one else, to the most distant and to the most negligent and ignorant one, the sanitary necessities mentioned above are put, by legislative permission of the State, in the control of the city government instead of being left to each individual to look after.

The sanitary necessities of a municipality are what they are for the single house, namely:

First: Security against constant dampness.

Second: Action regarding the unclean refuse of life.

Third: A pure water-supply.

In a large city these necessities are put under the control of three departments; the Sewerage Department, the Sanitary Department, and the Water-Supply Department.

The expenses are generally borne by city tax

or by special assessment. The chief officers are generally appointed by the Mayor.

The Sewerage Department has control of the first and second necessities where work with regard to them is under the surface.

The Sanitary Department has control of the same where work with regard to them is above the surface.

The Water-Supply Department has control of the supply of water.

The Sewerage Department.

To prevent rain-water's standing in puddles and becoming stagnant, streets in a city are built sloping to the corners. Here are located catch-basins. These are walled passages with strains to hold back the solid refuse matter; they convey the water to sewers.

Sewers are the channels which convey the water to an outlet. They vary in size from a small pipe to a tunnel large enough to be traversed by man.

Sewers above eighteen-inch diameter are made of brick, stone, or concrete; below eighteen-inch diameter, of vitrified pipe, which means earthenware made impervious by burning. They are laid in the center of the street under the surface. Each street has its sewer, which opens into the sewers of the streets crossing it. And so in a city there is a network of these sewers crossing and recrossing in every direction. They are built with a slope that causes the water in them to flow. This water from all the sewers, with its diluted contents, at last reaches a main sewer. This conveys the fluid to some place where it can do least harm.

Generally, main sewers empty directly into a neighboring lake, ocean, or stream. Some cities have works for disposing of the sewage. They consist of large basins where the fluid is drained off and the solid matter is deodorized and disposed of for fertilizing.

Sewers are all distinguished as main, lateral, and branch, the two latter derived from the relative position to the main sewer. The sewer system is ventilated by man-holes. These are passages covered with perforated lids leading from the street downward to the sewer. Man-holes are also placed where cross sewers meet or where there is a change in the vertical or horizontal direction, because here refuse accumulates and workmen can descend thru the man-holes and clean the sewers.

Every house built in the city must have its system of sewerage which connects with the city system. When a house is being constructed, the plumbers, who have charge of this work, notify the Sewerage Department. Inspectors are then sent to see that proper connection is made with the city sewerage.

The Sanitary Department.

This department also furnishes inspection of house sewerage to see that it is done and done properly. Their inspection takes place when the parts are put up and before the plaster is applied. They have various ways of testing the work. One of the main points for the inspection to determine is that there is no leakage in the pipes. Gas from the decomposing waste-matter in the pipes escaping thru leakage, is a source of danger to health and life.

(To be Continued.)

"De Gang" at the Ferry Selling Papers at Night.

Selling Chewing-Gum in Cheap Theaters.

One Reason for Dullness in School Hours.

The Value of Visiting Day.

By Geoffrey F. Morgan, California.

WE all lament the failure of parents to visit the school on work days and see the children at their daily tasks. We feel that if Mrs. Jones heard the way in which Johnnie and Susan read and recite in their regular lessons she would not feel as aggrieved as she does when they fail of promotion.

This is very true, and yet we teachers are somewhat to blame for it. We get up a "program" once or twice a year, dress Johnnie up as George Washington, or Susie as Columbia, and urge the whole neighborhood to come and hear their somewhat laborious "pieces," forgetting as we do so that this is not regular work at all, but special work, to which we are calling the parents' attention. I believe that we could easily persuade parents to come to the school on work days if we devoted as much energy to the matter as we do when a special program is prepared.

After all, the chief business of a school is to teach arithmetic, and geography, and reading, and spelling, and to try to teach grammar (for few of us succeed). Two or three times a year, or once a month at most, we may devote a special day to celebrating the Pilgrims, or Christmas, or Washington, or an author or artist, but the great bulk of our time must be given up to a study of percentage and the location of principal cities. This is the basis for all school work. Children are not promoted on the strength of their ability to impersonate Miles Standish, or to recite "Barbara Frietchie." The things that count are their knowledge of figures, and dates, and maps; their ability to spell "separate" and "finally," and to extract the square root to one decimal place.

Now, since this is the condition as it exists, it stands to reason that it would be better to have the parents see them do the latter things than the former. If chance visitors to the school had a fair opportunity to see the work we do, there would be a more widespread sympathy for teachers and a more general disposition to raise salaries.

But even when a caller does spend an hour in the school-room, she seldom gets an accurate idea of conditions there. Why are we all so prone to call upon the bright pupil in the presence of company? Did you ever try calling upon your worst reader to read, or your worst mathematician to calculate, when a visitor was present? The kindness and self-restraint with which you work with that pupil will tell very favorably for you.

Most teachers fail to call upon the dunces because they fear the observer will throw the blame for the latter's ignorance on the teacher. I do not think there is much danger of this. Visitors are far too sensible to make any such deduction. They will usually place the blame where it belongs. Perhaps an illustration will make this clear.

The other day a pupil who was working in cancelation had reduced the denominator of his fraction to 103 + 103. There he stuck.

"Well, George," I said, "how much is 103 times 103?"

"Two hundred and three," he replied.

"Think again," I said. "One hundred and three times 103"?

"Two hundred and three," he insisted,

"What are five times five"? I asked.

"Twenty-five."

"Six times six"?

"Thirty-six."

"How did you get it"?

"Multiplied," he answered.

"Very well. Multiply 103 by 103; what have you"?

"Three hundred and nine," was the reply.

Now, do you suppose the two visitors who were present thought the boy's ignorance due to my poor teaching, or to his thick-headedness? I have nothing to fear.

To return to my original point, then, we would be better understood in our work if parents would come and see us engaged in our regular studies. It is worth while, therefore, to give some thought as to how this may be done.

It may be because misery loves company, but the fact remains that parents prefer to call when they are all invited on the same day. No extra work need be provided, nor any decorating done, nor need any refreshments be served, but parents are far more willing to visit the school if a certain day be set apart for the purpose. The first step, therefore, is to appoint a Parents' Day.

It is well to choose the middle of the week for this, when scholars are most apt to be in the full swing of work, and to select some part of the month when no special lines of work are being prepared. This is to be a typical day, and children should be engaged upon typical lessons.

The day once selected, invitations should be written by the pupils themselves to be carried home. Have each pupil take home his first attempt. Don't let him copy and clean until he has produced a creditable piece of work. If he can't produce a creditable paper at the first try, let him take it home in order that his folks may see just what it looks like. It is well to send a copy of the schedule home also, as every father who comes at all will want to know when the arithmetic lesson may be heard. The day and program may also be announced in the local paper.

It is well to explain to the pupils the day before just what is expected of them, and to caution them not to stop and stare when visitors enter, or do anything that is out of the regular order. It is also well to decide whether or not pupils are to hand books to visitors. In some rooms I visit, a pupil rises and offers his book as a matter of course, and then sits with some other pupil. If this is done on Visiting Day, however, it is easily seen that half the class will speedily be bookless. It is best, therefore, to tell the pupils to keep their books in the regular way, and leave the teacher to do any explaining that may be necessary.

Strive to have everything as natural as possible on that day. Of course, entire naturalness will not be possible, because the situation of having many strangers in the room is unnatural.

The coming and going, too, however quietly it is done, will prove disturbing. Be sure to have Johnnie and Susie read when Mrs. Jones is in the room, and if Susie is an exceptionally poor reader, call upon her twice. Give Mrs. Jones a chance to hear some of Johnnie's foolish answers in arithmetic. Let her see how Susie's map work compares with that of other pupils. Make all the recitations oral when possible, and let the written work be done at the board. In this way the parents will be able to see the kind of work that is being done.

They will have still other opportunities for observing if a display of written work be made. Lay out some recent compositions, examination papers, and spelling slips, and see that the author's name is upon each one.

After the children have gone home it is a good plan to ask the parents who may be in the building, to gather for a little discussion. It is a good opportunity for the teacher to explain some of her aims and ideals, and her methods for attaining them. A short explanation of any line of work is usually of interest.

Finally, lose no opportunity to talk with parents in private about the children. Find out just what Mrs. Jones' estimate is of her offspring's ability. In what line does she really consider Johnnie a genius? How does she think Susie could be best assisted? Get her ideas on the matter.

Very often, after a talk of this kind, the teacher will see her hitherto troublesome pupils in a quite different light. We had a boy ourselves once. He was backward, and slow, and we were tempted to slight him. It was so much easier to let a bright boy tell it right than to wait while he told it wrong. Finally we bestirred ourselves, and took some interest in the boy. We lent him books, and worked with him till he began, just began, to show improvement.

Then, one day, his mother came to visit the school. It was on Visiting Day. After the rest had gone she lingered to talk about William. She said his papa was so thankful that William had a teacher who took some interest in him. He had never liked his other school, but now he was getting on so well. They were so much obliged.

Well, that woke us up in earnest. We had never supposed any one cared whether William did well or not. If that was the way his folks felt about it, we would give them some grounds for their gratitude. And William has not been neglected since.

This is only one example of the good which may be done by a Visiting Day. There are countless others. Possibly it may serve to arouse some interest in you, just as your interest may be aroused in a pupil. It serves to unite the home and school, to enlist the sympathy and support of the parents, and to promote helpful and beneficial co-operation.

Does an Education Pay?

By Thomas E. Sanders, Tennessee.

In the January Teachers Magazine I emphasized the point that the teacher should be representative of the best product of the school, and that he should be able to defend the school and its value. I spoke of three points the teacher should present. 1. That the schools, especially the public schools, were pauper schools, or at least for poor people only. 2. That the people were not able to support good schools. 3. That the cost of books and equipment was exorbitant on parents.

The teacher should believe in education. This belief should be deep seated so that to question its value puts him on his mettle. Deep convictions produce earnest efforts. To question a man's deepest belief brings fire to his eyes, a flush to his cheek, and words to his lips. He stands more erect. He is ready to defend the faith that is in him. If the preacher can not defend the Church, who can? If the judge can not champion justice, who can? If the teacher can not defend the worth of the school, who can? And yet, too often, these defenses are weak. An upright consecrated life, living an example and worthy product of the Church, of justice, of the school—these are the basis of the best arguments after all. But these are passive arguments. At times active arguments must also be made.

The teacher must know the worth of education to the State and to the individual. He should be able also, upon occasion, to demonstrate this worth in words as well as in his own life and actions. Communities grow lethargic at times. One prosperous town not long since dropped its high school grades in the interest of a sleepy little moss-backed college near by. The pungent words of some able teacher who feels keenly the worth and need of a public high school should break this lethargy. With thoroly competent teachers such things would occur less often.

The world oft stands with uncovered head in awe of some great character of history who looms head and shoulders above his time and nation. A single oak may look a giant, but the same tree in the forest may attract little attention. The best modern thought and life is not seeking a leveling down process but a leveling up process. Its purpose is not to produce a giant, but a race of giants. The worth of education to the State needs no defense to the thinking man. The fool, the bigot, and the ignorant are the only ones that doubt its worth. There is no hope for the first or second, and the third needs but to be taught to think. Tested from any standpoint right education pays. The best educated and enlightened nations of the earth are the most moral. With the growth and enlightenment of mankind the world grows better year by year, the pessimist and the croaker to the contrary notwithsanding. To-day is the best day in the world's history.

From a commercial point education pays the State. The intelligent nations of the earth are the trading nations. The bulk of the world's trade is between the half dozen nations of the earth whose citizens show the highest intelli-

gence. There is a close relation between the earning power of a State and the money the State spends on education. Nations whose average intelligence is greatest have the most wants. The people of these nations have also the energy to supply these wants. Ignorant persons have few wants and are too indolent to exert themselves to supply the same. Thus the nations of the highest average intelligence are the greatest commercial nations. They are the nations whose people have wants to supply and the means and energy to supply these wants.

What is true of nations is true of States and smaller communities. The money spent in education is an index to the earning power of the people. Every dollar spent for education by the State brings golden dividends in the increased efficiency and productiveness of her people. Each dollar spent by the State in right education is a dollar wisely invested, the proceeds of which will not only return the dollar to the treasury of the State in due time, but will yield more than money can buy in the higher, purer, nobler life of the future. Compare the earning power of a State composed of intelligent, educated citizens with one whose citizens are illiterate, and then ask if education pays. The teacher must be able to present in convincing form the argument for money for schools and education.

The teacher must understand and be able to drive home to parents and pupils the value of an education to the individual. Let no one think for a moment that a money value is the chief end of education. To one who is educated, who has tasted of the higher life, whose horizon has been broadened, whose mind has been awakened to the beauty and harmony of nature, whose eye can catch the beauties of the evening sunset, and whose ear can catch the cadence of the voices of the night—to such, an education is above all money value. Granted that the money value of an education is among its least benefits, the teacher must often plead the cause of education with those who can reason only in dollars and cents. The almighty dollar shuts all else from the vision of many good and influential men. The clinking of coin is the highest music some ears can appreciate. The teacher must talk with such persons in terms that they can understand. The finest symphony may be lost on the ear of a Fiji Islander, while the beating of a tin pan may hold him spellbound. The teacher must be able to use either the symphony or the tin pan as occasion requires.

Does an education pay the individual? Let us exclude all but a money value. Does an education pay? Let us figure.

It is estimated that the illiterate man earns not to exceed $300 per year. The man with a common school education earns on an average of over $400 a year. This is an increase of $100 per year. Now, if we estimate the earning period of a man's life from the time he is twenty until he is sixty, a period of forty years, what is a common school education worth to him? Evidently $4,000. What makes the difference? Eight years of school of six months each. Let us count it fifty months for good measure, and what is it worth per month to the boy to be in school? Eighty dollars a month or four dollars a day. Does it pay?

The graduates of our high schools, taking our high schools to include the many schools whose graduates are admitted to the colleges and universities without examination, earn, it is estimated, $600 a year. What then is the difference in the earning capacity of the boy with a common school education and one with a high school education, in life? The difference between four and eight thousand dollars, or four thousand dollars. What makes the difference? Four years of school of nine months each. Let us count it forty months for good measure. What is it worth to the boy to be in high school? Two hundred dollars a month or ten dollars a day. Does it pay?

The average graduate of our university earns over $1,000 a year. The earning power for a lifetime then is about $40,000, an increase over the earning power of the high school boy of sixteen thousand dollars. What makes the difference? Forty months of study. What is it worth then to the high school boy to take the university course? Four hundred dollars per month or twenty dollars per day. Does it pay?

A School in the Tree-Tops.

Constructive Work for May

By ANNA J. LINEHAN, New York

Grade I.

First Week.—Give lesson on hemisphere. Have the children model bird's nests from this form.

Or, if clay is not used, have them make a large drawing of nest.

Second Week.—Have bird stories, either on what the children have observed themselves, or, from some reading by teacher which the children will reproduce. Then have the children study the birds from pictures. Encourage them to find pictures of birds at home, and a sheet of birds could be mounted from these.

The Perry Pictures Co., and the Mumford Co., of Chicago, furnish a large variety of birds in color at such small cost the teacher can easily get a collection.

Third Week.—Have the children write some little bird story either original or copied from the blackboard, perhaps only a couple of sentences, and the children in the first and second grades may enjoy the following verses from the St. Nicholas Collection:

Two little birds once met in a tree,
One said "I'll love you, if you will love me,"
The other agreed and they built them a nest,
And began to keep house with very good zest.
They lived there all summer, and then flew away
And where they are now I really can't say.

Then make a cover with a bird's nest for design.

Grade II.

First Week.—Making large drawing of bird's house, either from the object; from memory, or original drawing.

Second Week.—Drawing and coloring bird from picture.

A few simple drawings of birds are here given that may suggest blackboard drawings for the children in the lower grades. The class could either cut them or draw in wax without any detail.

Third Week.—Illustrative work of children's games.

A design of dogwood appropriate for a cover of blotter or other simple object to be made by pupils. The drawings should be made from a branch of the dogwood, and the delicate tints to be found in flower and leaves may be reproduced.

If in the vicinity where May Day is celebrated by the class, make pictures of Maypole, or the children's procession.

Fourth Week. — Making drawings in color of some of the spring flowers.

Grade III.

First Week.—Drawing from branch of dogwood or any early spring flower.

Second Week.—Have them write story of early spring flower; and plan cover for same.

Third Week.—Have them finish cover or plan blotter or other simple articles to be decorated with dogwood design.

Fourth Week.—Have the class plan and model tile to be decorated with flower design.

Grade IV.

Have the class plan and draw letter receiver.

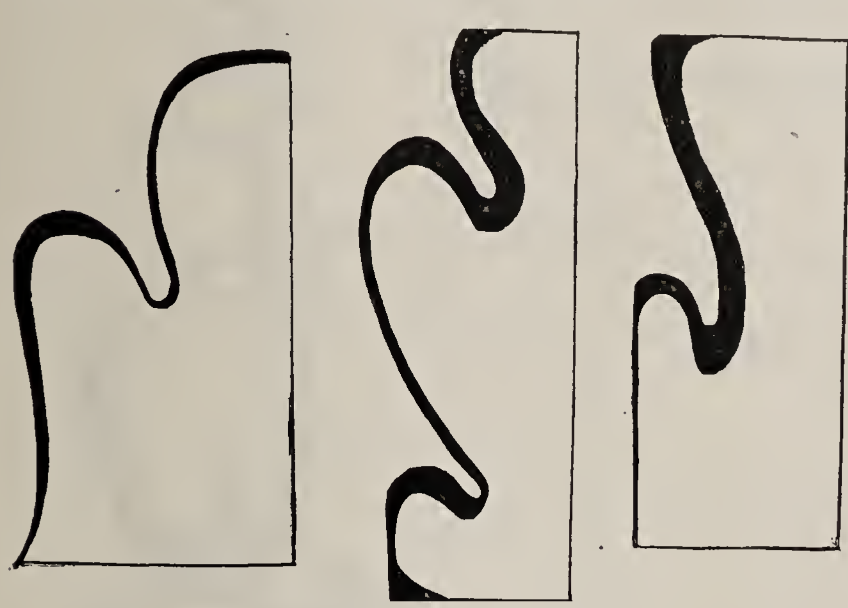
Have the decorations made according to pupils' taste, which of course has to be directed.
Then have the cutting and finishing neatly done.

Grade V.

Have the class plan program or exhibit covers of simple views or objects appropriate for the occasion.

Grade VI.

Large drawings of early spring flowers; have ink work, simple gradations of black and white. Or, drawings in charcoal or crayon.



Have them copy a picture, taking a part, each selecting what he wishes, perhaps two or three trees, or a boat, either with a simple background.

If the plain block letters have been studied in the lower grades, letters of more decorative design should be taken up, having them learn how these may form the design for the page.

A few simple examples are given.

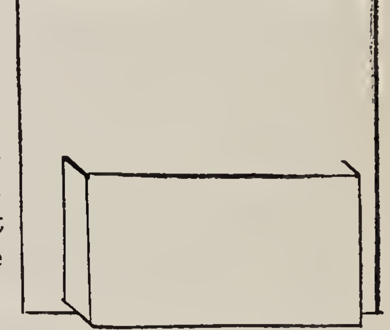
In the lower grades it is the general shape and action that one wants to emphasize. With some children this result is best produced in clay, with others, paper cutting, and again with brush work or crayon.

The little ones get valuable lessons in object-drawing when the children can draw from toys in connection with their illustrative work.

The toy bears, so popular with the children just now, make good subjects for pose drawings, in the story of The Three Bears, and the children are very happy in their work.

Letter Holder.

To make the letter holder it will require a sheet of cardboard or heavy paper nine by twelve inches. If the cardboard is to be covered with tinted or water-color paper, the latter will need to be cut about three-quarters of an inch larger than the dimensions given.



Having drawn the plan and cut it out, fold on lines A and B. Fold the flaps on the lower part, and insert at openings C. These should be folded flat and pasted on the reverse side. Three suggestions are given for designs for the top, and the pupils will easily invent others in order to have the work of each pupil. The design for the pocket may consist of a line in color just inside the outer edge or simple design around the center as each one chooses. To expedite matters the pupils could take narrow strips of paper the length of the holder, double the paper, and cut the edge until a satisfactory design had been procured. Then this could be traced on the original plan.

$3\frac{3}{4}''$ $\frac{9}{16}''$ $6\frac{3}{4}''$ $5\frac{3}{8}''$ $7\frac{1}{2}''$ $\frac{9}{16}''$ C C A B

Dutch Dolls.

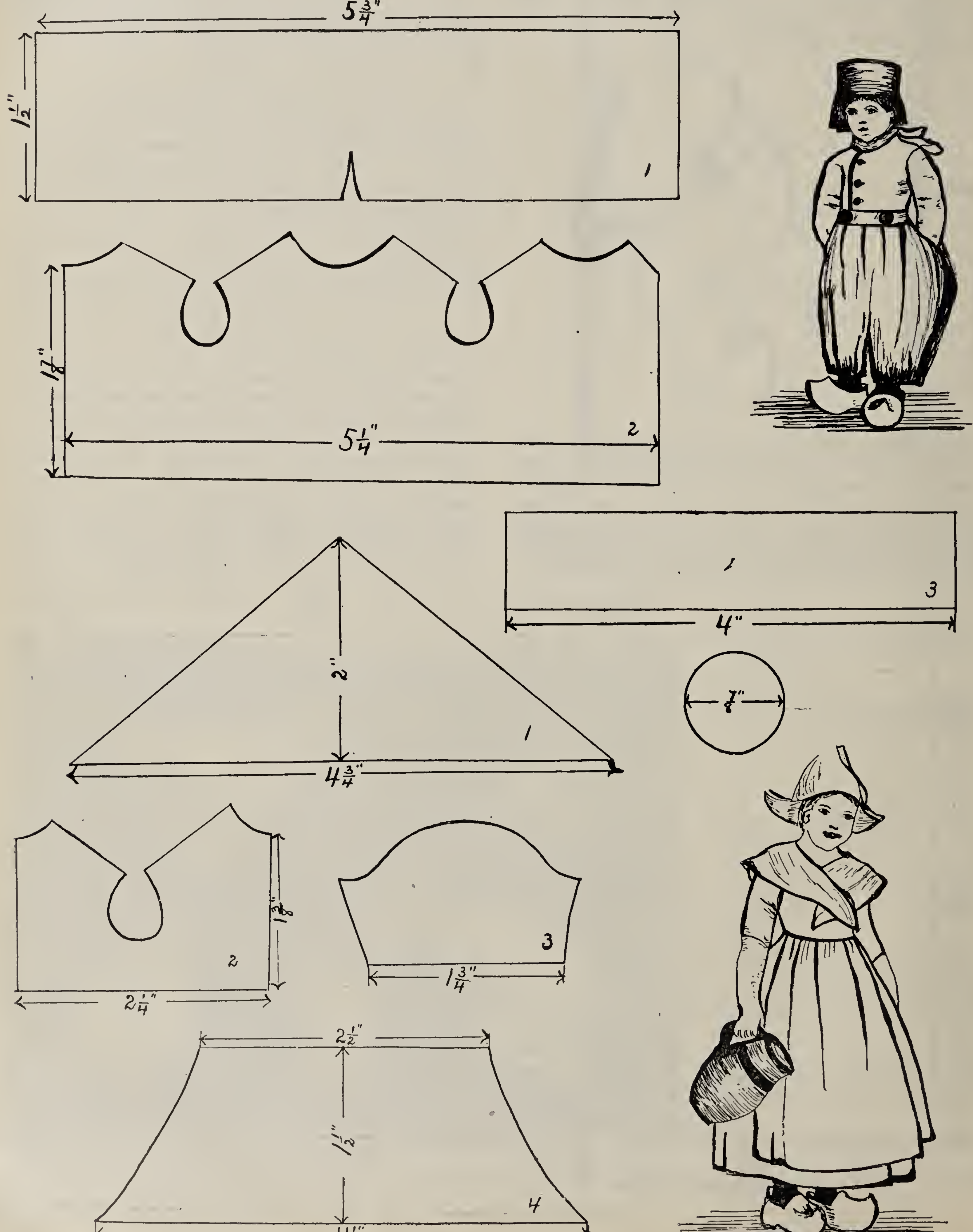
The costume for the little Dutch dolls have been planned for one about five inches in height.

In the diagram for the boy's suit, number one is the trousers, which may be made from one piece, the ends joined to the center, gathered into a wide band.

Number two is the jacket, one side fastening over the other. The sleeve pattern is the same as that for the girl, adding about half an inch to the length.

Number three is the pattern for the cap, the circular piece having the straight piece joined to it.

In the diagram for the girl's outfit, number one is for the neckerchief, to be made of soft white material to be folded around the shoulders; number two is the bodice which is to be cut double, the shoulder seams joined; then the sleeves, number three, made and fastened to the waist. Number four is the pattern for the cap, and the edge measuring two and one-half inches should be doubled and joined. This fits firmly on the head.



The skirt should be made of a straight piece of goods measuring eight inches long by one and three-quarters inches wide.

The apron is also cut from a straight piece measuring two and one-half inches by one and five-eighth inches.

The wooden shoes are worn by girls and boys, and are cut from a solid piece of wood. The white cap covering the head from the eye-brows to the nape of the neck, and from ear to ear, curving out in rounded wings on each side of the cheeks, is worn by girls and women alike. In fact there is no apparent difference in the costume of young and old, except that the little girls wear much gayer colors than those worn by mothers and older sisters. Young and old seem possessed of narrow chests and very large hips. All wear very full skirts, frequently of black or dark-striped material, under which are worn innumerable petticoats. The dark apron has a bright-colored band at the top. Rows of dark red coral beads, fastened by large silver clasps are worn around the neck in place of a collar.

When a strong breeze is blowing a group of little girls in their gay, full skirts and white flapping caps, would remind one of a group of butterflies.

Nature Stories for Spring

By Lillian C. Flint.

The Story of the Peas.

I lived in a long green pod.
There were four peas just like me in this pod.
The pod is green.
We thought the whole world was green.
We grew larger and larger, and our green home grew too.
One of my sisters said: "Must we stay here always?"
"I should like to see what is outside."
We stayed in the pod a long time.
After a while the pod turned yellow.
Then we thought the whole world was yellow.
One day a little boy came along.
He pulled us off the vine and put us in his pocket.
We wondered what he would do with us.
The smallest pea said, "Now we shall see the world."
The little boy had a pea-shooter.
He put one of the peas in the shooter.
"Good-bye," said my sister, "I am going."
Out she went far into the meadow.
My next two sisters fell out of the little boy's pocket on the ground.
They rolled under a stone.
Then the boy shot my last sister and me out into the world.
We saw green trees and flowers and birds.
I fell under a board, high up by an attic window.
In the attic a poor woman lived.
She washed for people.
She cleaned floors and worked very hard.
She had a little sick girl.
One day I began to grow in the dirt under the edge of the board.
The little girl saw me.
"Oh, mother," she said, "see what is here."
Her mother looked and said, "It is a pea vine."
The mother tied a string for me to run on.
The little girl watched me day after day.
In a little while she began to get well.

The Bean.

I am a little white bean.
I have been soaked in water.
I have a thin skin on the outside.
If you rub it, it will come off.
My skin is called coats.
I can be broken into two pieces.
Down in one end is a tiny baby plant.
It has two parts.
My baby plant has a root and two leaves.
Its leaves are folded like a baby's hands.
I hold the baby plant's food.
Your baby gets food out of a bottle.
The baby plant sucks up the food in me.
You eat the beans when they are cooked.
So I make good food for the baby plant.
I am first put in the ground.
Then the rain comes and makes me soft.
Then the baby plant can suck up the food.

A root will grow from the baby plant.
It will grow in the black earth.
It will now get the food for the baby plant.
It has little mouths to suck it up with.
The root has many little threads.
The little threads take up the food and water for the baby plant.
Then leaves will grow.
The leaves will be heart-shaped.
After a while there will be a blossom.
The blossom will be red.
After the blossom a long pod will grow.
The pod will be full of beans.

A May Party in a New York City School

By Rose R. Archer, New York.

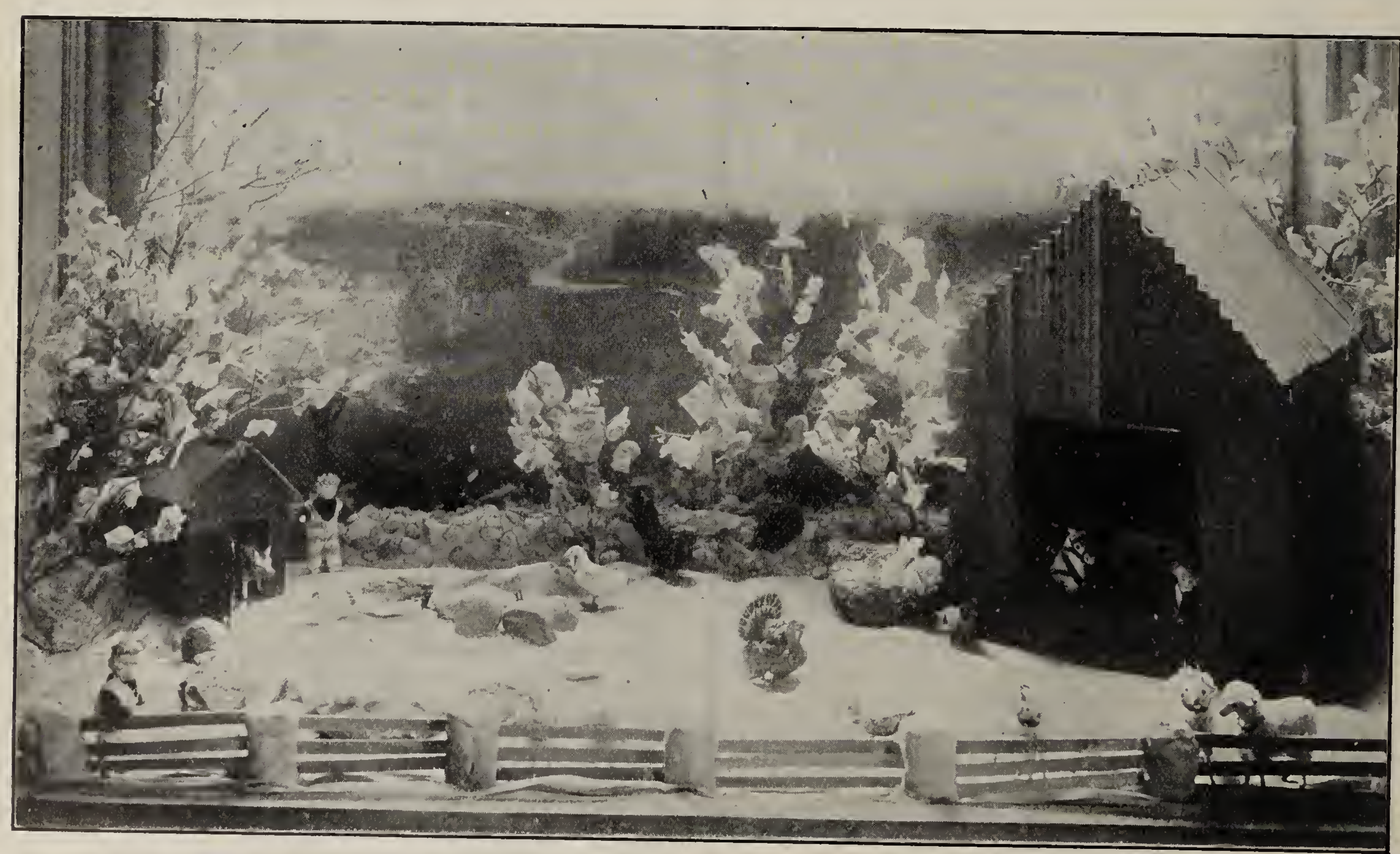
THE coming of spring in Grand Street is heralded only by the blossoming of artificial flowers on the hats in the shop windows. The only bird songs to be heard are the occasional screechings of a parrot, whose cage, hanging on some fire-escape, is concealed by the family wash. Until recently there has been no park within walking distance of the school, so we have coaxed Mother Nature into the class-room, and have had our "May Party" there. For the benefit of other children living in similar neighborhoods the following description of our parties is given.

During the month of April, as the teacher passed thru Central Park on her way to school, she collected such twigs and branches as were blown off the trees during stormy days. These were saved until the first week in May. Then, like "Aaron's rod" of old, they burst into bud and blossom under the skilful manipulations of the wee folks of the kindergarten. Nile green tissue-paper cut in squares ($1\frac{1}{4}$ by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches) was used to make the leaves. Each paper was pinched and crumpled before being pasted to the twigs, with a dab of photograph paste. Pink tissue-paper the same size (but with rounded corners) was used for the "blossoms." The teacher supervised the pasting, directing the children as to the number of leaves and blossoms to be placed on each twig. Each child should be given a damp sponge and a little square muslin towel to keep the fingers from becoming sticky.

The branches were arranged in artistic masses, being held together by strong cord, so that they would not slip or separate, and fastened to the walls of the class-room. In each group of branches a bird's nest was placed. The six pairs of lovely little Japanese birds (with real feather plumage and legs and feet made of silk-covered wire, which had been given to the kindergarten children at Eastertime, were utilized in the following manner. The two birds with red and brown plumage were used to represent the "robins." Mrs. Robin was placed in a real robin's nest, on four tiny blue candy Easter eggs. Mr. Robin with his mouth as widely open as his wooden beak would permit, was perched on an overhanging twig as if "singing." The orange and black Japanese birds were similarly placed in the oriole's nest, the brown birds in the sparrow's nest, etc.

A number of pictures of baby birds being fed by the parents were mounted by the teacher on green cartridge paper and placed in the panels of the doors to illustrate further the story of bird life.

The little trees used in the window sill "sand scene" of the barnyard (see illustration), were treated in the same manner as the branches described. The color of the grass in the picture used for a background was the same shade as the green tissue-paper used to represent the grass which covered the sand. Two inches in front of the background picture a little stone fence was



May Barnyard Scene in a School Window.

[The barn, clay posts for the fence, and the leaves and blossoms of the trees were made by the children themselves.]

placed. It was made by the children, who pressed small pebbles, the kind used in asphalting, into bricks of moist clay. The children made the bricks according to measurement, five inches long, one inch thick, and three inches high. The stones were pressed into this brick on both sides and the top. The bricks were then brought to the teacher, who pressed the different sections together in the window sill, to make a continuous wall across the back of the scene. A toy cow was placed between the background picture and the stone wall, to appear as if she had just returned from the distant meadow and was looking over into the barnyard at the other animals.

The barn was made by the teacher out of two hat boxes, using one for the lower part and half of another (cut diagonally) for the "pointed roof" for the loft. Inside, in the lower portion, were three stalls for the two horses and the cow. A feed box was fastened to the wall in each stall. Miniature garden tools, harnesses, blankets, and pails hung on nails on the walls. A toy ladder connected the lower part with the upper by means of a trap-door cut in the floor of the loft.

The loft was filled with bales of hay, grown, cut, and dried in the kindergarten room. Real feed for cow, sheep, and chickens was kept here also, and was consumed frequently by real mice.

Wooden slats to cover the outside of the barn were glued on by the teacher, and when the glue was thoroly dry the children stained them, using red water-color paint. At the rear was a window with shutters which really closed and opened. The pig was so careless about his "personal appearance" that the other animals would not allow him to patronize the barn at night, so his own little house appears on the opposite side of the yard, under the apple trees.

In front of the piggie's house there is a little duck pond, a circular mirror eleven inches in diameter, on which some white china ducks swim. It is bordered with rushes made of spears of green tissue-paper, and plants of the same material covered with tiny scraps of pink crepe paper, for flowers. These things do not show in the illustration on account of reflected light on the mirror when the photograph was taken. Some of the other barnyard animals do not show either, but it is only just to add that they were all present and stood "very still" while the picture was being taken.

Y
2½ inches
30 inches
A
2¼ inches
Z

Diagram I

The blackboard drawings seen in the illustration represent the city and the country respectively. The city picture is a reproduction of Grand and Ludlow Streets, exactly as they appear from the south windows of the kindergarten room. The people and objects are familiar to the children. Each child can point out his or her picture when requested, for each one is sketched with a truthfulness of detail much appreciated. The country picture represents the kind of a May party which our children would like to have, if we could all go to the real country. The color scheme of this picture harmonized beautifully with the class-room decorations. There were blossoming apple trees and rose-trimmed white dresses for children and teachers, with delicate soft greens of grass and foliage for the background. Above the blackboards was a border of mounted Perry pictures. The birds were chosen for the beauty of their plumage, which harmonized with the decorations.

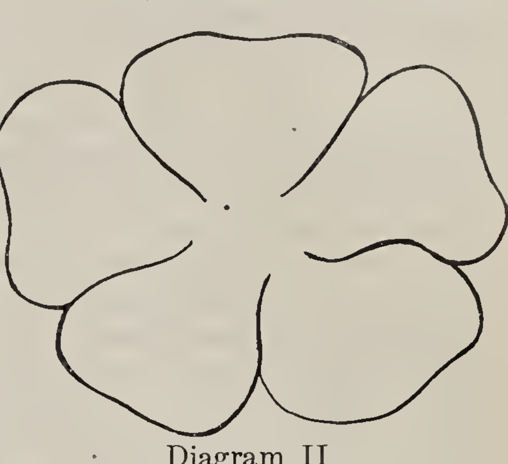


Diagram II

The border of robin pictures on the west side of the class-room and another of bluebirds on the north side, were made by the children under the teacher's direction. The "Perry Pictures" of the robin and the bluebird, were used as sample outlines from which robin and bluebird pictures were traced, cut out "on line" by the teacher, and painted by the children. They were mounted on backgrounds painted by the children as follows: White water-color paper was covered with a blue wash, leaving some places white to represent white clouds, and a branch of apple blossoms, "impressionist style," was painted from one corner of the paper to the corner diagonally opposite. The birds were pasted on these branches.

Under the teacher's direction the children fringed Nile green tissue-paper to make the pretty wreaths which they wore at the party. (See Diagram I for foundation.) The teacher fastened the wreaths together and trimmed each with five pink paper roses, spaced apart at equal distances from each other. (See Diagram II.) The children made twelve Nile green tissue-paper chains (each link measuring 7 by 1½ inches) which were festooned across the room from the side walls to the center chandelier, from which a "shower bouquet" of pink roses was suspended.

The "queen" of the May Party was chosen by vote. The one who was chosen remained after school on the Friday before the party in order to have the white tarlatan dress (mentioned in previous parties) fitted to her and trimmed with roses.

Paper Roses.

A sheet of pink tissue-paper is opened and folded in half lengthwise on the longest side of the paper. Then into thirds, lengthwise. Divide the strip thus formed (measuring 30 by 3½ inches) into six equal parts, the new folds being at right angles to the previous folds. This gives a compact mass of paper (thirty-six sheets in thickness) each measuring 5 by 3½ inches. From the "rose petal" design (Diagram II); cut out a sample pattern and use it as a guide to trace the same outline on the top sheet of the folded tissue-paper.

Use a pair of sharp shears and it will be possible

to cut thru all the thirty-six sheets of paper at the same time in following the outline of the design drawn or traced on the top paper. It takes ten of these sets of rose petal papers for one rose, which is made thus:

Press a rose-petal paper over the pointed finger of the left hand, as one would smooth down the finger of a glove. On the spot covering the tip of the finger, put a bit of photograph paste. Then add a second paper, treat each in the same manner till all the ten papers are used. The last paper is not treated with paste. A wet sponge and dry cloth must be used constantly, to insure the daintiness and freshness of the roses.

Nile green paper bows (made as one would fashion ribbon bows, only using paste instead of needle and thread), are made with four or five loops and two pointed ends from one and one-quarter inch strips of tissue-paper, each thirty inches long. These bows are fastened to the back of the roses with photograph paste. The roses may be made by girls in the upper classes.

Rose Garlands.

For each garland use two 1¼ inch wide strips of Nile green tissue-paper each thirty inches long. Place these two strips together, one over the other. Twist the paper into a rope, holding one end, *still,* in the left hand, and twisting the paper with the right. When twisted sufficiently the rope will measure twenty-six inches. Use four roses (decorated with bow-knots) for each garland. Place a rose at each end of the "rope," and the other two roses at equal distances from these. Fasten with photograph paste.

The May Pole.

The May pole consisted of a light-weight wooden pole (measuring seven feet three inches in length, and one inch in diameter). A socket or hollow was bored in the top of the pole two and one-quarter inches deep and five-eighths of an inch in diameter.

A small "go-cart" wheel (metal) measuring twelve inches in diameter was used for the "revolving top" of the pole.

A cylindrical axle, measuring three-eighths of an inch in diameter for the upper five inches, and one-half of an inch for the lower two inches, was run up thru the center of the wheel at the point where the narrow and the wide portion of the axle met. A wooden ring (one-quarter of an inch in thickness) was glued securely to prevent the wheel from slipping down the axle.

The two inches of the axle below this ring revolve in the socket of the pole when the top is in place. A wooden hoop twenty-eight inches in diameter was used to make the lower part of the "revolving top" of the May pole.

This hoop and the wheel were wound with one-inch wide strips of Nile green tissue-paper to conceal the wood and the metal. The ends of the tissue-paper strips were fastened with paste.

Three yards of Nile green unglazed cambric and three yards of white, were divided lengthwise into seven equal strips each. Six of each color were used for the "streamers" and the other two strips were wound around the pole to conceal the wood. The ends of these two strips were fastened to the pole with photograph paste.

In fastening the streamers to the pole, care was taken to have the spacing perfect. Small safety pins were used in fastening.

Twenty-six inches below the rim of the go-cart wheel the hoop was attached, one person holding the pole and another arranging and fastening the streamers in place, by wiring each to the hoop.

The garlands of roses are added last, each garland resting on top of a streamer (see page 524) from the rim of the wheel to the hoop. The ends of each garland are wired to the framework of the "revolving top," and the "rope" of the garland is held close to the streamer by means of tiny safety pins concealed under the petals of the roses.

By having a May pole with a "revolving top," there is no confusion or danger of the children's being wound up in the streamers. The children can turn easily, and dance in the opposite direction at a given signal from the piano, thus avoiding dizziness.

May Pole Souvenirs.

The Friday before the party ten girls from the highest class made fifty little "May poles." They used for each a stick of candy (eight inches in length) covered with paraffin paper, and eighteen tissue-paper streamers, each one-half inch wide and twelve inches long (six of green, six of white, and six of pink) decorated it. The streamers were fastened an inch from the top of the pole, with white thread.

The Sarmiento School of Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic, on the occasion of the visit of Secretary Root, of the United States.

This is one of the public schools of the beautiful city of Buenos Aires, "the Paris of America." Señorita Ernestina Lopez is the principal of the school.

Hints and Helps

Plans, Methods, Devices, and Suggestions from the Workshops of Many Teachers

This feature originally planned for *Institute* and *Primary School* has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the couutry. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the hundred thousand teachers who will read this Magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best thing is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will *you* not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.

A Request—Who Will Help?

Will the readers of the TEACHERS MAGAZINE please give suggestions as to how best to arrange a program to accommodate five grades in a crowded rural school? With all my efforts it seems I cannot do justice to them all. The study period of at least one grade seems so long that interest wanes before recitation time.

Perhaps others have had a similar experience and could give valuable advice.

North Dakota. H. A. J.

Literature in a Country School.

I am teaching a country school of six grades. Any one who has taught a country school knows that there is not much time for "extras."

I want to tell you how we do special work in literature, aside from what we do in connection with the reading lesson.

On Thursday, in connection with the morning exercises, some member of the seventh or the eighth grade reads a carefully prepared sketch of a noted author. The other pupils give quotations from his writings.

The story, as we call it, of the author is illustrated with small pictures tied with red ribbon and hung upon the wall.

This method, aside from its value in a literary way, teaches those in the lower grades to use reference books.

I notice that they do not learn the first quotation they find unless they like it, but search until they find something that seems to please them. They often learn whole poems.

A Busy Work Device.

I want to tell you about one of my busy work devices.

I provide each pupil with white cardboard and a leaf.

They first draw an outline of the leaf, putting in the principal veins. Then with a pin they prick the outline. The card is then used as a sewing card. They prick and sew their names on the cards, which are then placed on the wall.

As they know their work will be on exhibition they are very careful to do neat work.

Pennsylvania. MARY B. McGRANAHAN.

Two Devices as Reminders.

Merits in Spelling.

This little device is not original, but I have found it so good that I want to tell others of it.

Upon the board I have placed the name of each child who is enrolled. When a child has received ten hundreds in spelling, I place opposite his name a golden star, a star colored with yellow chalk. It excites quite a rivalry, as each child is desirous of having the most golden stars when the term is over.

Pictures for the School.

I have always thought how much a teacher could do to improve the minds of her pupils by placing good pictures on the walls of the schoolroom. A few pictures of the best kind are a great deal more imposing and instructive than a great many pictures that are of no value.

I have made it a rule which I never encroach upon, never to hang an unframed picture. This may seem a very expensive rule, but let me explain: I started with a very few pictures, only two or three, but from time to time I would buy one and have it mounted in a neat frame, which rarely costs more than twenty-five cents. In a short time one's stock of pictures will make a very good showing.

Every teacher knows what pictures appeal to her pupils.

Indiana. NETTIE E. PLEASANTS.

In a Shadow.

INVETERATE TEA DRINKER FEARED PARALYSIS.

Steady use of either tea or coffee often produces alarming symptoms as the poison (caffeine) contained in these beverages acts with more potency in some persons than in others.

"I was never a coffee drinker," writes an Ill. woman, "but a tea drinker. I was very nervous, had frequent spells of sick headache and heart trouble, and was subject at times to severe attacks of bilious colic.

"No end of sleepless nights—would have spells at night when my right side would get numb and tingle like a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. At times I could hardly put my tongue out of my mouth and my right eye and ear were affected.

"The doctors told me I was liable to become paralyzed at any time, so I was in constant dread. I took medicine of various doctors and no end of patent medicine—all to no good.

"The doctors told me to quit using tea, but I thought I could not live without it—that it was my only stay, I had been a tea drinker for twenty-five years; was under the doctor's care for fifteen.

"About six months ago, I finally quit tea and commenced to drink Postum.

"I have never had one spell of sick-headache since and only one light attack of bilious colic. Have quit having those numb spells at night, sleep well, and my heart is getting stronger all the time. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

What One Successful Teacher Does.

I always have several entertainments during the school year, as I consider speaking before an audience a very necessary part of a child's education. I teach the first four grades, and always plan ahead so that the songs, memory gems, etc., that I use the preceding month are such as may be utilized for my entertainment. It is perhaps easier for the lower grade teachers to do this, as they give more work of the kind.

The children enjoy helping all they can, and they can prepare very neat invitations. For the autumn entertainment they trace maple leaves and cut them out, and write the invitations neatly upon them.

For Thanksgiving they make the turkey booklets, tying two cut-out turkeys together with red ribbon. They color the first one and write the invitations on the second.

For Washington's Birthday cardboard hatchets tied with red, white, and blue baby-ribbon, are pretty. For Arbor and bird day a cut-out bird, with the invitation written neatly upon it, pleases both pupils and parents.

You will find that pupils will be delighted to do this work, and it is profitable busy work. The cutting, writing, and tying must be carefully done, for no child would wish to give a soiled or imperfect invitation.

Every Friday afternoon I put a word on the blackboard and ask the pupils to be able to tell by Monday morning all they can find out about it. They always seem greatly interested, and each one tries to get the most information. Some of the words I have used are: Llama, Great Wall of China, peanuts, and oysters. It was quite a surprise to some to learn that oysters grew inside a shell, and that peanuts did not grow on trees. I find that my pupils are generally all in their seats on Monday mornings, for each one is anxious to tell what he has found out.

Here is a device I have used for several years in the lower grades, and find it very successful in diminishing my tardy list. When a pupil comes in after the last bell has rung, the pupils in their seats recite in unison the old nursery rhyme:

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon,
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

My little people are generally on time, for they do not like to be "dillar-dollared" as they call it.

I had been having considerable trouble with rusty pens and decided that what we needed was pen-wipers. So Thursday night I told the children to bring to school in the morning pieces of flannel or any woolen goods. As a result, the next morning I had enough material to make pen-wipers for several schools the size of mine. I brought a package of needles and some bright colored twist. Early in the afternoon the first grade traced and cut out a number of cardboard hearts. After recess each child was given one of these hearts, three pieces of cloth, scissors, needle, and thread.

They cut three hearts from the cloth and overcast the edges with the twist, then fastened the pieces together at the top, leaving a long string of the twist with which to tie them to the desks.

Some of the children did very nice work indeed. I was especially surprised at the boys, who did very much better than I had expected.

I always keep the pasteboard backs of tablets and find them useful in many ways. I mount cuttings, drawings, and pressed flowers and leaves upon them. Of course mounting board is nicer for these purposes, but when there are so many things to buy for our school work it is well to make use of what we have, and spend our money for the really necessary things.

I often find poems that I wish to keep, in magazines and papers. I cut the poem or article out and paste it upon a tablet back. If I wish to give the poem to a child to learn for a recitation, it is not liable to get lost, as a slip of paper might.

I have a number of these poems on pasteboard and have them assorted in strong manila envelopes, one envelope containing recitations for Thanksgiving, one for Christmas, etc. This is a great help to me when getting up a program, for I know just where to look for material.

Minnesota. HARRIET E. THOMPSON.

Appendicitis.

NOT AT ALL NECESSARY TO OPERATE IN MANY CASES.

Automobiles and Appendicitis scare some people before they are hit.

Appendicitis is often caused by too much starch in the bowels. Starch is hard to digest and clogs up the digestive machinery—also tends to form cakes in the cecum. (That's the blind pouch at entrance to the appendix.)

A N. H. girl had appendicitis, but lived on milk for awhile—then Grape-Nuts and got well without an operation.

She says: "Five years ago while at school, I suffered terribly with constipation and indigestion." (Too much starch, white bread, potatoes, etc., which she did not digest.)

"Soon after I left school I had an attack of appendicitis and for thirteen weeks lived on milk and water. When I recovered enough to eat solid food there was nothing that would agree with me, until a friend recommended Grape-Nuts.

"When I began to eat Grape-Nuts I weighed 98 lbs., but I soon grew to 115 lbs. The distress after eating left me entirely and now I am like a new person."

(A little Grape-Nuts dissolved in hot water or milk would have been much better for this case than milk alone, for the starchy part of the wheat and barley is changed into a form of digestible sugar in making Grape-Nuts.) Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There' a Reason."

Questions and Answers

By Amos M. Kellogg.

IT is a good sign that pupils ask questions. I recall the inquiry of a boy, "Do you think the American Indians are descended from the lost Ten Tribes?" I was then an inexperienced teacher, and set myself to investigating the matter. The result has been that I am still interested in the whereabouts of the Ten Tribes. The teacher should spring upon the pupils an inquiry that sets them to thinking; this was the plan of that remarkable teacher David P. Page.

The Great Ice Age.—That such an age once existed on the earth and came to an end about 80,000 years ago, is a conclusion reached by eminent geologists. Then Finland, Norway, Sweden, Scotland, the North and Baltic seas, all of the continent of North America as far south as Philadelphia, were swathed in a sheet of ice varying from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in thickness. The traces of this sheet of ice are to be seen everywhere in this country north of Philadelphia. It has carved the mountains of New England in their present beautiful outlines, has covered their sides with boulders, and in many places filled the valleys with romantic lakes. All of this is discussed in geological works.

Antiquity of Man.—The writer of the letter suggesting this and the previous question refers to a lecture given at a teachers' institute, and expresses surprise that any one can believe that human beings lived on this earth 240,000 years ago. Yet such is the conclusion of eminent geologists. The argument is too long to find a place here; I advise this teacher to investigate the matter by owning suitable books. The "development theory" means that mankind originated from a race of non-human animals similar to the anthropoid apes; this theory (now generally accepted) and the "Ice Age" and the enormous antiquity of man, are all closely connected subjects.

The Puritan Idea.—A voice comes from New Hampshire objecting to the statement that the Puritans were not in search of a place where religious freedom could be enjoyed, and quotes Mrs. Heman's beautiful lines:

They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

This, however, is poetry and not fact. The Puritan effort was the founding of a theocracy where God should be worshipped according to the Puritan idea; this failed. But the English idea of self-government, which was deeply built in them, had an opportunity for expansion on natural lines, and has given form to the constitutions of the several States, and to civil life and thought in the northern half of the Union. This is the great and glorious work done by the Puritans.

A Teacher's Library.—The list of books given by E. G. B. denotes a thinking teacher. A reader of such books will leave a deeper impression than one who is merely a lesson hearer. Such a teacher is thinking of the *interior* work that is going on in the minds of his pupils; he is an endogenous teacher; the other is of the exogenous variety, looking to the outside results. My advice is to own and read books on education.

Punishment.—There is greater doubt by people as more is known as to the efficacy of the punishments inflicted by civilized communities. Something must be done with criminals, and as prisons seem to be the handiest things, they are employed. The experienced teacher will have his doubts, too, as to his punishments. Something must be done, it is thought, when rules are broken. Bear in mind that when the pupils *do not want* the rules broken the problem of government is solved. Some call this creating the proper "atmosphere." To this end both teacher and pupils must contribute.

Let us suppose that John has broken the rule against whispering; that he is called up; that the rest of the pupils are much interested to see him punished; that the teacher is by no means averse to inflict it; that John returns to his seat angry and determined to be smarter in his infractions next time; that the others feel they have had quite an entertainment. This pictures most schools.

Let us now suppose another school-room; that John has broken the rule against whispering; that he is called up; that both teacher and the rest of the pupils are really pained at the occurrence; that some of the latter propose to "go bail" for John, and thus take a deeper interest in his future conduct. This would be the result of a moral "atmosphere." The pupils would feel that they had a responsibility as to conduct on their shoulders; they assume the punishment when they regret that John has broken a rule. We conclude it is of little use to

(Continued on page xi)

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Our School Out of Doors.

Definite and positive rules may be formulated for science teaching, but not for that relation to natural objects which is known pedagogically as "Nature Study." Intellectual dogma may be applied to natural science, but individual enthusiasm and love are the essential elements in Nature Study. One plan of Nature Study for all teachers is neither desirable nor possible. Two persons can seldom profitably adopt the same plan for doing anything. "Courses of reading" rarely satisfy every reader's longing for literary nourishment. Some persons so admire Dickens that they read, re-read and read him again. Some are unable to read him even once. An accomplished literary man and acceptable public speaker of my acquaintance, abhors Thackeray; another friend so admires him that he has read "Vanity Fair" three times, and hopes to read it three times more. The prime merit of Nature Study is that it is so adaptable to every capacity, "even the meanest," that every field contains something to please every student, even those that can think of nothing but classification, arrangement, and cataloging. These systematists have misjudged Nature Study, because it seems to offer so little that can be classified or pinned to the wall with a label attached. And their criticisms have done more than anything else to prevent the general adoption of Nature Study in the schools. Many educators, before introducing it, are waiting for a more general agreement as to methods and materials. Whenever there comes to be such a general agreement with ironclad rules, that will be the time to stop. Nature Study is not like a railroad company whose chief object is to transport a certain amount of material for a definite number of miles. It is more like a walk across the open country, along the ravines and thru the woods, to be taken only when the pedestrian feels the need; and to be continued only until he is weary or until he has accomplished his object.

It is in this spirit of enthusiasm and suggestion that "Our School Out of Doors," a new feature in TEACHERS MAGAZINE, hopes to be helpful. It is not to be an effusion about the abstract delights of Nature Study, nor its intellectual importance as a factor in education; but it will tell concretely the experience of one enthusiastic Nature Study teacher who has actually studied Nature and done it successfully.

Dr. Edward F. Bigelow, who is to supply this series of seasonal articles, has had experience with more teachers and young folks, and for a longer time, than has any other person. He was for eight years editor of *The Observer*, a magazine for naturalists; later he was editor of *Popular Science* for three years, and for the past seven years has been Nature and Science editor of *St. Nicholas Magazine* for young folks. In *St. Nicholas* he tells us of Nature interests for the young. In TEACHERS MAGAZINE he will tell teachers how to direct these interests, and how best to utilize Nature as an educational factor. He is the author of "How Nature Study Should be Taught," "Walking: A Fine Art," and "The Spirit of Nature Study." This last is issued by the publishers of the TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Dr. Bigelow, as a lecturer to teachers, is well known from Calais, in Maine, to San Diego, in California. He has been a guide to natural history parties for more than a quarter of a century, and thousands of teachers and young persons in all parts of the United States have accompanied him.

Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, Cal., says: "I most heartily endorse Dr. Bigelow as a master educator in the study of Nature."

Milton J. Brecht, County Superintendent of Schools, Lancaster, Pa., says: "Dr. Bigelow is an ideal Institute instructor. His talks are realistic pilgrimages brimful of the

atmosphere and fragrance of Nature and make one feel that he is out in the open country taking a jaunt with the Doctor thru wood and field."

Prof. Waitman Barbe, of West Virginia University, says, "No man can take such joy in his work as Dr. Bigelow takes and not quickly impart enthusiasm to others."

In "Our School Out of Doors," Dr. Bigelow will not tell teachers what they must do, but rather what he himself has found enjoyable and of educational benefit, and he will try to impart some of his enthusiasm to the reader. He doesn't necessarily expect that all teachers will find the same things at the same time, nor conduct their classes in the same way. He will show how he has done it, and make seasonal suggestions.

A teacher of biology once went to Woods Hole laboratory to study earthworms. He had studied them for six years and expected to meet earthworm specialists. So he did. But the man from whom he derived the most benefit was studying a dogfish. The dogfish man didn't know any more about dogfish and other things than the earthworm man knew about earthworms and allied subjects. He loved more; that was all. And the spirit is always worth more than the letter.

While "Our School Out of Doors," may not tell you of trees that grow with their roots uppermost, nor of the squirrel that danced a hornpipe to the music of the bullfrog, it will tell of uncommon love for commonplace objects. The "Oh my!" spirit is always worth more than "Oh my!" material.

* * *

Dr. Bigelow believes in the individual spirit. For that reason he will answer individual questions, if they are accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope. Address Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Conn.

Dr. H. G. Remsnyder says: A lady was suffering with headache and vomiting. I prescribed antikamnia tablets, and when next I saw her she informed me that the medicine I gave her not only relieved the headache, but also the vomiting. Having other cases on hand, I gave each of them antikamnia tablets, and was delighted to find that every case was decidedly benefited thereby.—*Hospital Bulletin.*

Common Joys Are Sweetest.

"What have I to be thankful for?"
Well, there's plenty of good, sweet air;
Did you ever thank God for All Out Doors,
With its wide-open cure of care?

"What have I to be thankful for?"
Why, the water runs all da--
God's liquor! Go ask the ship-wrecked wretch
What he'd give for what you throw away!

"What have I to be thankful for?"
Have you ever met with Love?
Have you ever seen an eye light up for you?
That's a gleam from the God above.

Does the soft-footed angel of Sleep visit you?
At your table waits Appetite?
Do you know any little child who is glad
When you come home at night?

'Tis the common joys of common men
That are sweetest after all;
For turtled feasts and fevered wines
Leave an after-taste of gall.

So pick up the diamonds you've trampled on
There's Love and Life and Youth;
And it's thankful to God we all would be
If we loved the simple truth.

—Frank Crane, in Boston *Herald*

The Finding of the Lyre.

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover;
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;
And there the fisher girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, thru wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimensions!
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O, empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's
In thee what songs should waken!

—James Russell Lowell.

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When the Birds Come North Again.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds come North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's vein turns crimson—
And the birds come North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds come North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds come North again.

ELLA HIGGINSON, in *Every Other Sunday.*

The Song of a Robin.

I heard a robin singing,
When the world lay white and drear,
And ne'er a ray of sunshine fell
His little heart to cheer,
I listened to the gladness
That was mingled in his song,
And from my heart the shadows fell
Of weary years and long.

I heard a robin singing,
When the skies were dark above,
And from the song a lesson learned
Of hope, and trust, and love.
It spoke to me of patience,
Of a spring our hearts shall know,
When snows of winter falleth not
And cold winds never blow.

KATHLEEN WEATHERHEAD, in *Westminster Gazette.*

A Song.

The year's at the spring,
And the day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

—From "Pippa Passes,"
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Questions on Current Events.

The answers to these questions are found in *Our Times* for March 2, 9, 16, and 23.

1. What interesting relics have been found in the tomb of Queen Meie, of Egypt, recently discovered?

Ans.—The Queen's jewelry, and the sheets of solid gold with which the sepulcher was filled, were found untouched. The mummy itself was wrapped in sheets of gold. March 2, page 420.

2. What great school for boys has been opened at Bethlehem, Pa.?

Ans.—Charles M. Schwab has offered an opening to 3,000 boys to enter the great mills at Bethlehem. Among the trades to be taught are brass molding, iron molding, electric wiring, care of dynamos, etc. March 2, page 422.

3. What is the cost of living to-day as compared with that of a few years ago?

Ans.—A dollar to-day is worth only ninety-one cents as compared with 1903, and only fifty-four cents as compared with 1897. March 9, page 438.

4. How can a hektograph be made at home?

Ans.—All that is required in the way of materials is: A pint of glycerine, a pint of water, four ounces of gelatine, and a tin pan. Complete directions are given in *Our Times* for March 9, page 443.

5. What was accomplished by the Fifty-ninth Congress?

Ans.—It passed, among others, the following: The hours of service bill; the federal appeals bill; the immigration bill, the currency bill, etc., etc. March 16, page 457.

6. What great railroad wants college men on its lines?

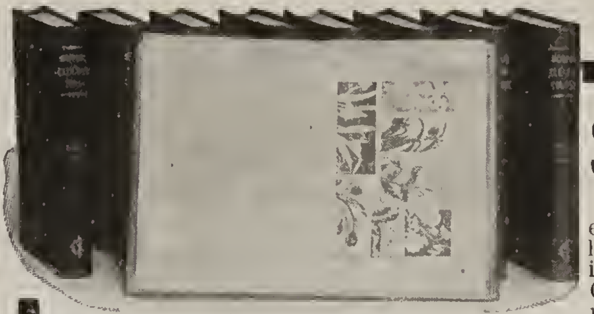
Ans.—The Pennsylvania Railroad is anxious to get hold of college graduates. It will give sufficient pay from the first to afford a man a living, tho one must begin at the bottom of practical railroading. March 23, page 473.

7. When were twenty thousand telegrams sent to Congress?

Ans.—Twenty thousand telegraph operators telegraphed their Senators and Representatives in Congress protesting against the massacre of the Hours of Service bill. March 23, page 473.

7. What is a simple cure for insomnia?

Ans.—A Swedish remedy for insomnia consists in dipping a napkin in ice-cold water, wringing it slightly, and laying it across the eyes. March 23, page 476.



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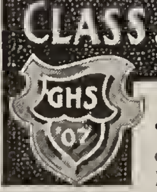

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The Voice of Spring.

I come! I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have sent thru the wood paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night bird's lay thru the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly!
With the lyre and the wreath and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

The Sandman.

The Sandman comes across the land,
At evening, when the sun is low:
Upon his back a bag of sand,—
His step is soft and slow.
I never hear his gentle tread,
But when I bend my sleepy head,
"The Sandman's coming!" mother says,
And mother tells the truth always!

He glides across the sunset hill,
To seek each little child like me:
Our all-day-tired eyes to fill
With sands of sleep, from slumber's sea.
I try my best awake to stay,
But I am tired out with play;
"I'll never see him!" mother says,
And mother tells the truth—always!

Marie Van Vorst, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

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But Exams Go On Forever.

A Pittsburg paper after listing a large number of teachers' examinations soon to take place, remarks:

It seems from these announcements, with many more to come soon, that Pennsylvania teachers are not allowed to forget that they are always subject to examination, legal or otherwise, no matter how efficient they may have proved themselves. After qualifying for the provisional certificate for a number of years in succession, then comes the professional the permanent, the State normal, and the college diploma certificates, after which the eminent pedagogists on local school boards are likely in a spasm of efficiency, but without authority, to demand still further tests of the poor teacher. The latter is expected to swear or affirm on short notice, in the words of the patter song made famous by Richard Mansfield in "The Pirates of Penzance," long before he became a heavy tragedian:

I have information vegetable, animal, and mineral;
I know the kings of England and I quote the fights historical.
From Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical;
I am very well acquainted too with matters mathematical;
I understand equation both simple and quadratical,
About binominal theorems I am teeming with a lot of news;
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse.

The multiplicity of certificates provided for in Pennsylvania and the lack of uniformity in examinations lead Dr. Schaeffer to remark that a friend of his says, "The Pennsylvania system of certification of teachers reminds him of Mormonism; as in that scheme no man can reach the highest bliss of heaven unless he has more than one wife, so a Pennsylvania teacher cannot reach the highest rank without more than one examination and more than one certificate." He also gives a case where politics cuts a figure. "In a city where the superintendent is elected by popular vote," says Dr. Schaeffer, "it was necessary, in order to get the support of a certain ward boss to promise his sister a school. 'But it can't be done,' objected the examining board, 'she can't spell, and the children will laugh at her every time she writes on the blackboard.' 'You give her a certificate, and I'll see to the rest,' was the reply. The ward was carried, the certificate was mailed and with it went the injunction, 'Never write on the blackboard.' "

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for OVER FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure to ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." And take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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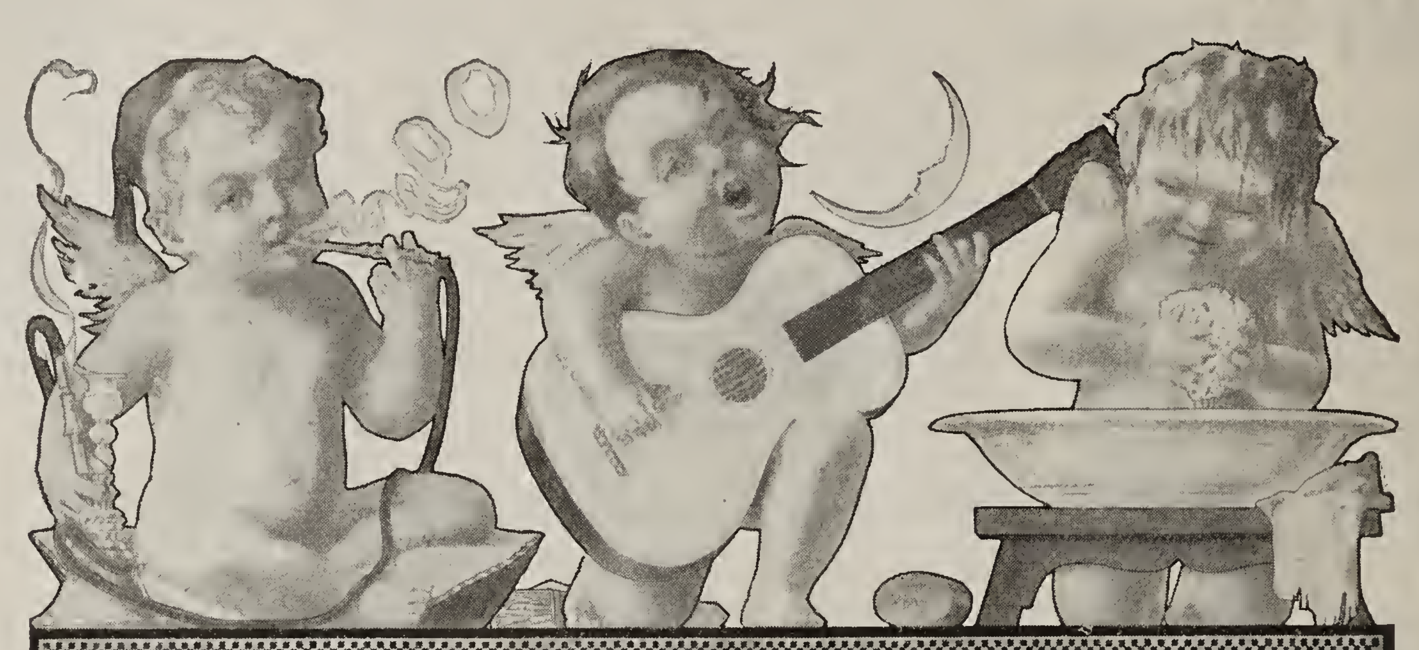

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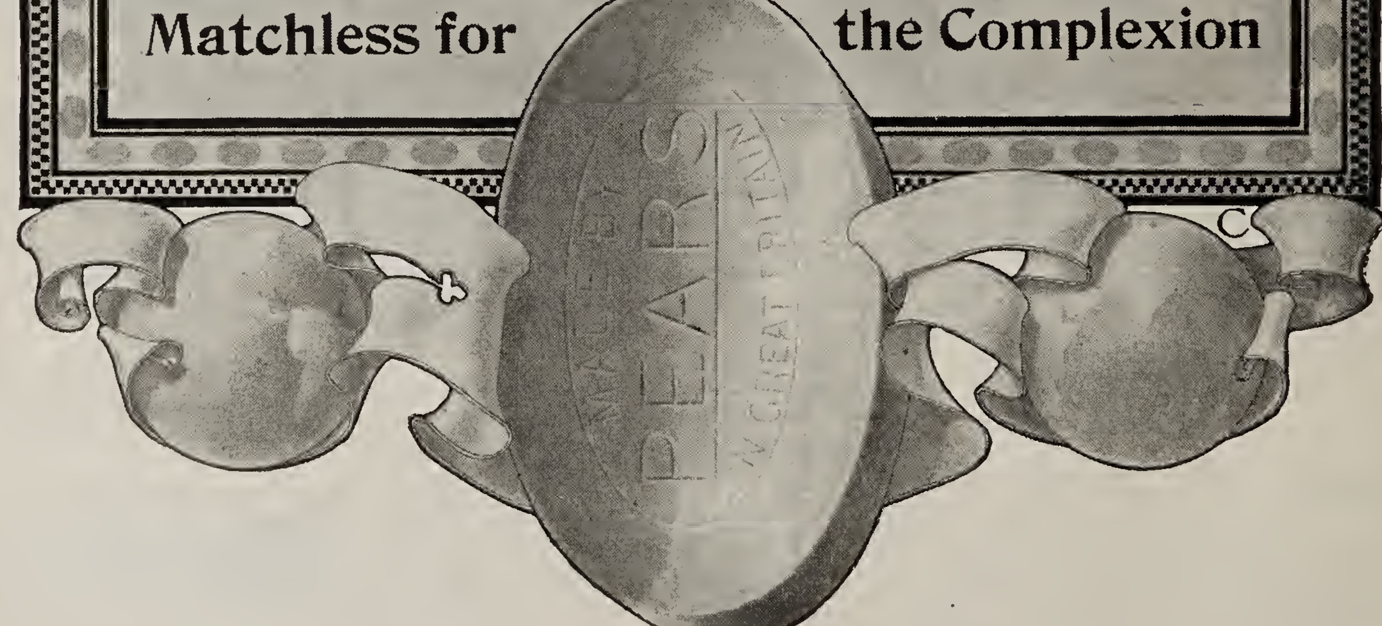

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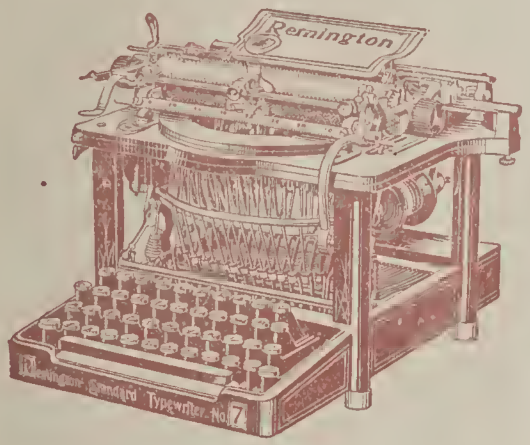

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St. Louis	2,633	**Cincinnati**	1,113	**Omaha**	723
Boston	2,198	**Dallas**	1,048	**Buffalo**	697
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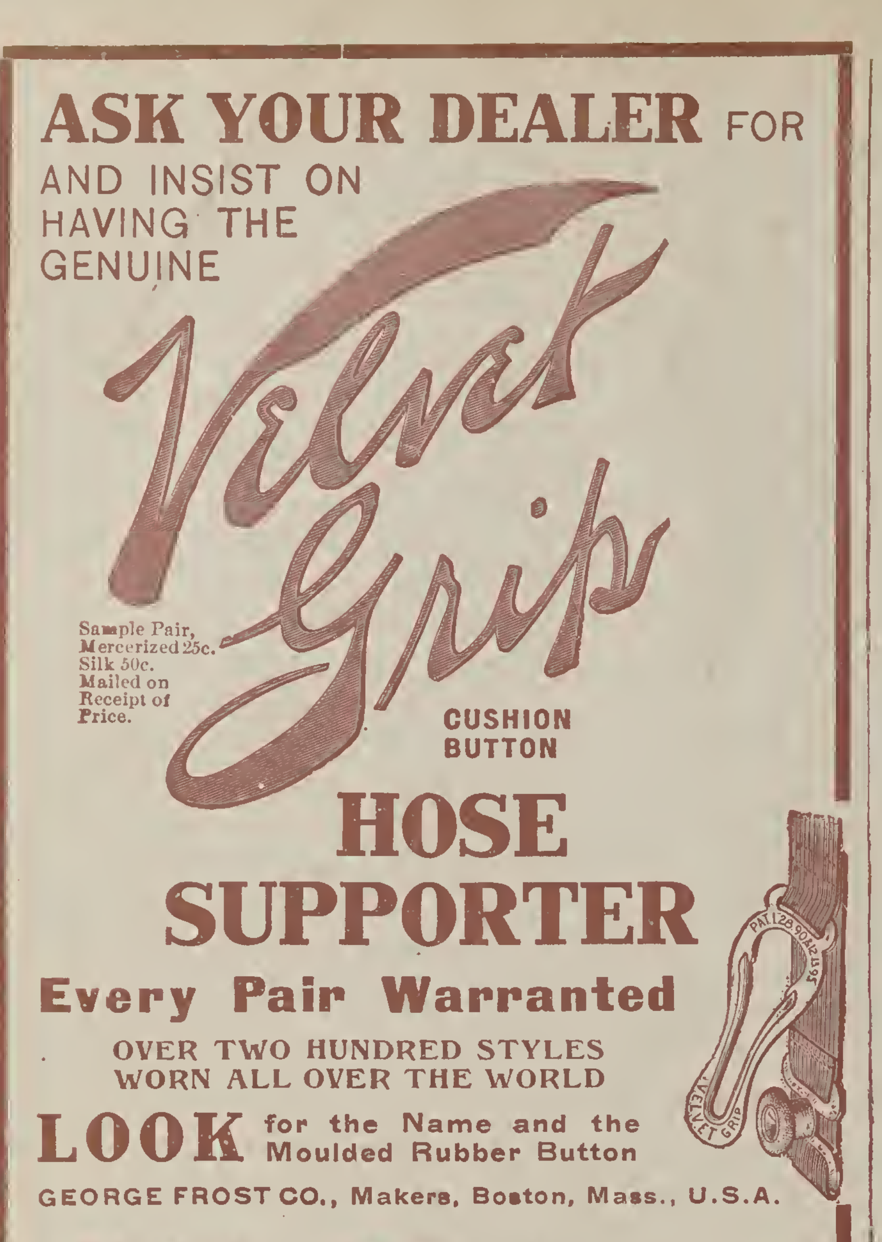

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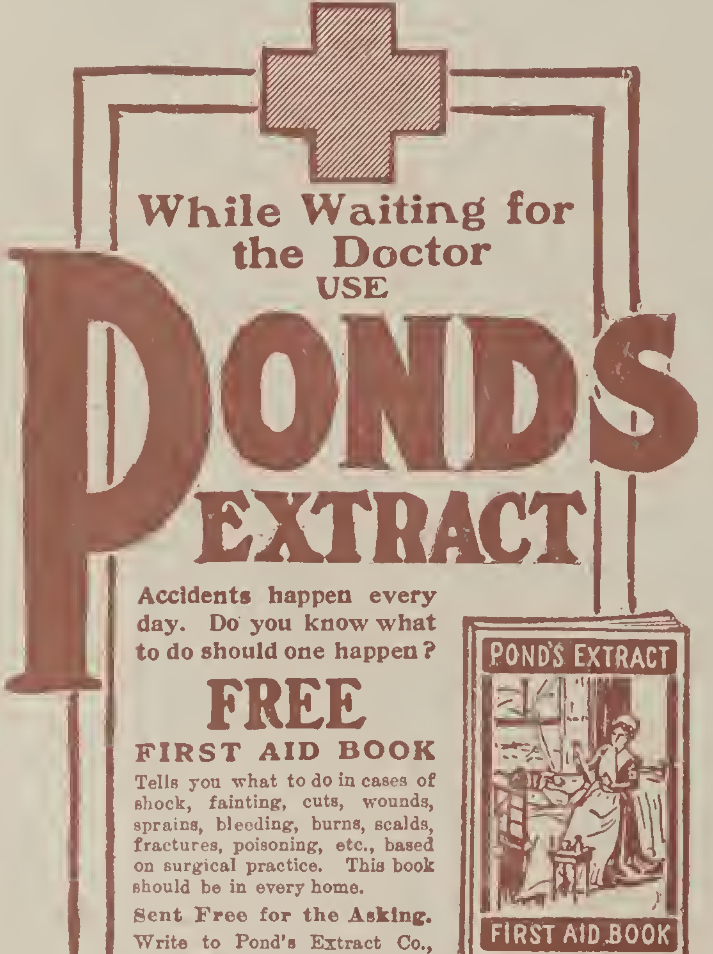

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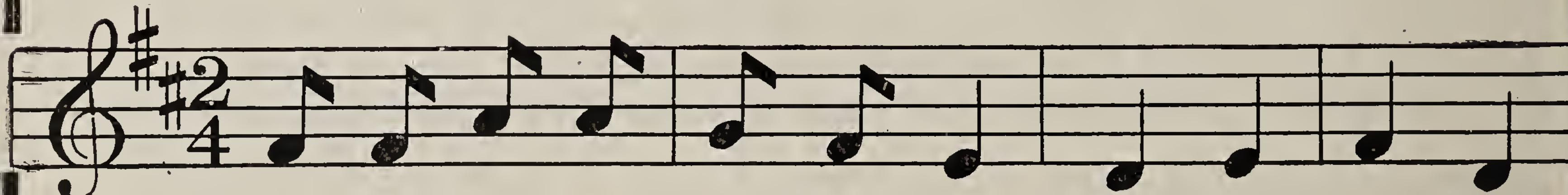

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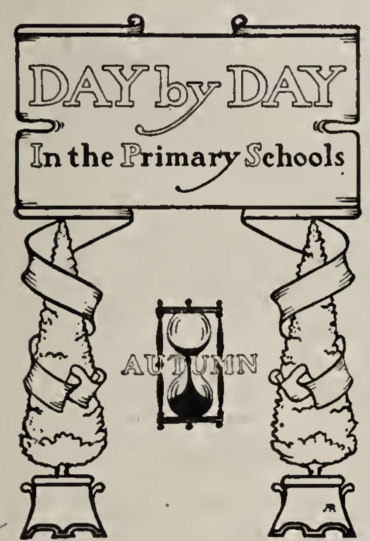

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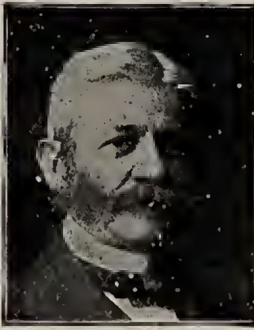

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

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Missing Numbers Should any subscriber fail to receive his copy by the tenth day of any month, notification should be sent us and another copy will be mailed.

Advertising Rates will be furnished upon application.

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

The plans for the new volume of TEACHERS MAGAZINE beginning in September are rapidly nearing completion. The most popular features of the present year will be continued.

The department of music will be in charge of Miss Alys E. Bentley.

"Our School Out of Doors" will be better than ever, with Dr. Edward F. Bigelow as conductor. Here will be told concretely the experiences of an enthusiastic and most successful teacher of nature study. The photographs illustrating his articles are wonderful; they were taken expressly for TEACHERS MAGAZINE, and surpass everything heretofore given in publications for teachers.

Miss Harriet E. Peet's suggestions on English Composition have been pronounced the best things on composition ever written for grammar grades, so we shall have more of them.

The dramatization of stories has taken strong hold upon the schools from the first year up thru the high school. Miss Gormley will handle the grades of the primary school up to the sixth year.

Miss Helen M. Cleveland, of Boston, well known as a writer and distinguished as a teacher, will supply suggestions for dramatization in the grades from the fifth year up; she will also contribute many plans for novel school entertainments.

Of course Miss Bush, of Iowa, will stay with us. She seems to have an inexhaustible supply of delightful helps for school entertainments with the young pupils.

The nature stories by Miss Flint, of Minnesota, have been commended by many. We shall have more of them, and—they will be better than ever, Miss Flint writes.

Miss A. T. Quinn, a teacher in an orphan school for boys, has worked out a unique plan for teaching civics. Her boys have a government of their own, which is working splendidly in practice. Just how she has arranged all the details will be described in TEACHERS MAGAZINE next year. Photographs will accompany the series of articles, showing the officers of the little school republic.

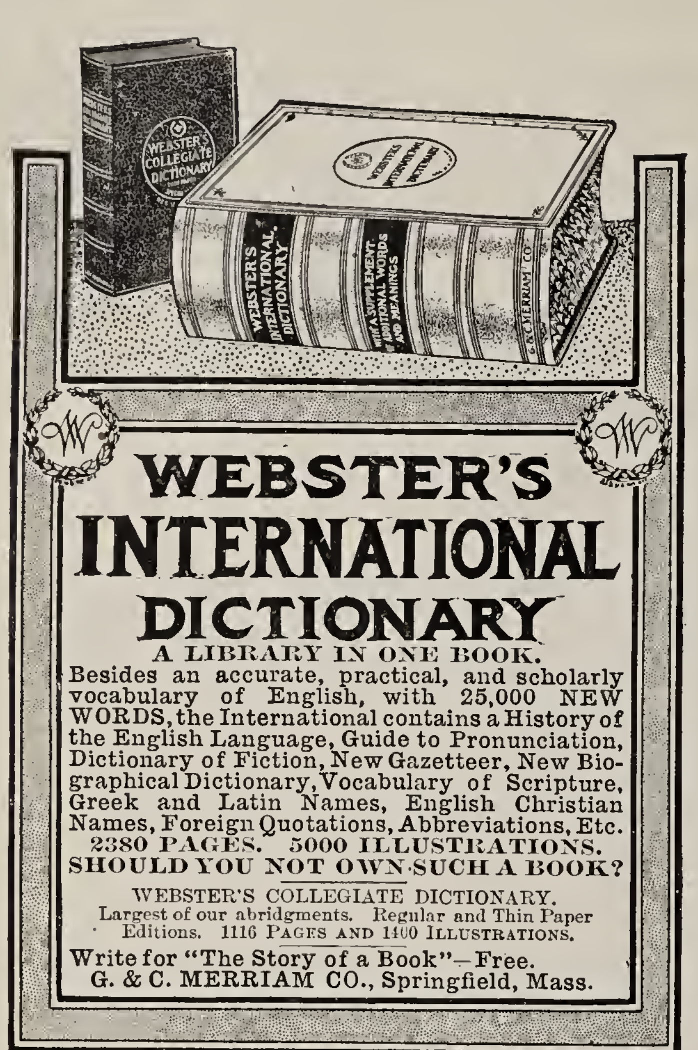
Dr. Emily Noble, who has spent several years in India and has formulated a "method for the millions who only half breathe," will give us a remarkable series of illustrated talks on "The House We Live In." Her method will be found of highest vitalizing effect upon teachers. It will give them new life, good health, vigor, cheerfulness, and greater power to resist disease. Besides, the lessons can be transmitted to pupils and be made of equal benefit to them. The first Talk will discuss "Daily Physical Regeneration," which will be followed by "Suggestions on Better Lung Development."

Mrs. Margaret Small Dodge will give us more of her delightful child studies, a foretaste of which appears in the story of "Julius and the Other Forty-Seven" in the present number.

Mrs. Flora Helm Krause will add to her interesting lessons in civics some practical suggestions, thoroly tested in her own school at Chicago, for developing civic helpfulness and co-operation among pupils.

Some special features are under consideration, which will be announced in September.

Meanwhile suggestions are always welcomed. If you will write us your wishes they will receive due consideration. This magazine is planned to help YOU. Do let us know what *you* want.



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TEACHERS MAGAZINE
COMBINING
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PRIMARY SCHOOL ◈ PRIMARY SCHOOL ERA

Vol. XXIX JUNE, 1907 No. 10

Savages and Faddists

THERE are savages in Central Africa; so benighted that we send missionaries to them to instruct them. What strange notions they do have! The line which we have drawn between man and beast is not visible to them. Dogs and birds and trees and stones are beings like themselves. They firmly believe that monkeys could talk if they only wanted to, but that they are too lazy to learn. And that reminds me that I have met teachers who insist that the small boy who does not readily grasp a new idea is a lazy, good-for-nothing criminal. The African savage probably regards the missionary as an ignorant simpleton who does not know monkeys, much as the savage teacher stoutly maintains that other people do not know *her* small boys.

It is hard to be misunderstood by those we love. It is bitter to be misunderstood when we have made special efforts to please them. A good rule to adopt is to assume, whatever the appearances may be, that the pupils are doing their level best to meet the just expectations of the teacher. One is far less apt to go wrong under this rule than by persistently looking for the old Adam.

Child students have discovered that a surprisingly large percentage of the children at school have defective sight or defective hearing; that many more have growths in the nose or must contend with other physical difficulties which are so many obstructions on the road to learning. With the best of intentions the pupils' attention may wander; this may be owing to physical causes, or the teacher herself may be at fault. In either case the child is not to blame. The monkey is not too lazy to talk. The African savage is in need of enlightenment.

The month of June is an especially trying one indoors. Sensible teachers bear this well in mind. They have planned carefully so as to have the work of the year practically completed before the summer days set in. They assign no home work. Reviews and out-of-door studies to a large degree monopolize the program. Fresh water is freely supplied and signs of fatigue are not black-listed as evidences of perversity. The pupils are kept busy but are not driven. Interest and good cheer reign in the class-room.

There are other things which the poor fetish-worshipper can teach us. Nor are they all negative. For instance,—The fetish is his amulet, his god. But he is by no means wedded to the fetish forever. He may add other fetishes to help and protect him on special occasions, and what is more he is ready to dismiss a fetish when it appears to him that he derives no particular benefit from its worship, even tho that fetish be the phonic method of teaching reading, or weaving tiny strips of paper! Go to the poor savage, thou fad worshipper, and learn of him.

What a stupid world this would be if there were no fads! I have my fad and I am glad if you have yours. Now let us both agree to dismiss our fads when their vital force has become extinct, and then let us choose new ones. There are abiding things and there are fads. The former we *must* have, the latter we *may* have. Our African brother has *only fads.* That is why we send missionaries to him to save his soul.

If you should smile, and I should smile,
While walking out together,
Sad folks would say, "Such looks beguile
The weariness of many a mile,
In dark and dreary weather."

ANNA M. PRATT.

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Sight Reading Versus Music Reading

By Alys E. Bentley, Director of Music, Washington, D. C.

SUPERVISORS of music are still debating the old question of "sight reading," waxing eloquent in heated argument in defense of the time-honored custom of drilling for the sake of drill, aghast at the deplorable results sure to follow any method based upon the child's interest, or upon his desire to express himself thru song.

The main argument would seem to be: "Here, forsooth, is something tangible. Here is mental training as exact (and as exacting we may add), as mathematics. Let the faddists run mad with their voice training and song interpretation, as for us, and our schools, we will drill on sight reading." Of course this argument presupposes that in our public school music we are looking for a mental drill as severe as mathematics. My contention is quite the contrary—that music in our public schools should be largely recreative—that sheer joy in singing should be its ultimate end and aim, and that the "sight reading," as music interpretation, should be spontaneous and intuitive, *almost* a subconscious process.

Surely our friends of the opposite view will not hesitate to judge with us the results of the mechanical system. Let us face them squarely. For a quarter of a century the whole theory of public school music teaching has been built on sight reading as the absolute fundamental, the *sine qua non*. And the result? We have today many people so trained who can read the *notes*, but few among them who can interpret *the music*, and therein lies the whole difference. On the one hand we have the painstaking, accurate, methodical reader, whose effort is purely intellectual, whose voice, more often than not, is unpleasantly hard, and who utters (I may not say "sings") all of the intervals, in absolutely carrect time.

A dear old farmer, in speaking to me of his aged mother's accomplishments once said, "Why! you could pronounce hundreds on hundreds of words to her out of the spelling book, and she'd spell 'em right off, and do it handy, too. Of course, now, she can't write any, on account of her hand being stiffened up for twenty years with rheumatism, but she can spell!"

Many of our "excellent readers" have had all the music starved out of their souls by this unmusical practice of droning all possible and impossible intervals. They can read, and they can "do it handy" at that, but they do not feel the sweep of emotion that stirred the composer when he wrote his hymn, or choral, or spring song, or ballad. The real quality in the music does not reach them.

We all know the "good reader." Is there one among us who cares to hear him sing?

In contrast with this, take the student trained to grasp the entire phrase, to seek the inner meaning or movement of the song, to lose himself in the mood of the composer; the student who, even with a minor inaccuracy or two, can carry you at once into the very spirit of a song. The one is a reader of notes; the other is a reader of music.

Song interpretation (the real sight reading) is an emotional experience. The emotion *ought* to be one of pleasure.

Let us consider for a moment an experience commonplace enough to be familiar to each of us. A child receives a dozen gift-books on some anniversary. One or two are at once selected as favorites. These are dragged about to be viewed and talked over, and discussed with older brothers and sisters, grandmothers, or friendly chance visitors. There is no especial continuity of interest. The little one is quite content to begin in the middle or back of the book, and turns freely to any page, asking any question. He does not know that he is laying the foundation of a power to read the printed text. Now, my friends of the Sight Reading Creed, be honest with yourselves, and confess! Did you not learn to read music in some such haphazard way, as this baby with his queries and his dissociated ideas is learning to read print? One man tells me, "I learned to read music sitting on my grandfather's knee, following where I could, as he sang from an old book." Another said, "I guessed. I used to let myself go with the music, and I got it about right; at any rate I enjoyed the experience of trying to sing new things. It was a delight." My good friend, a Welshman, confessed: "I always had a good voice, and was a fair judge of distances"!

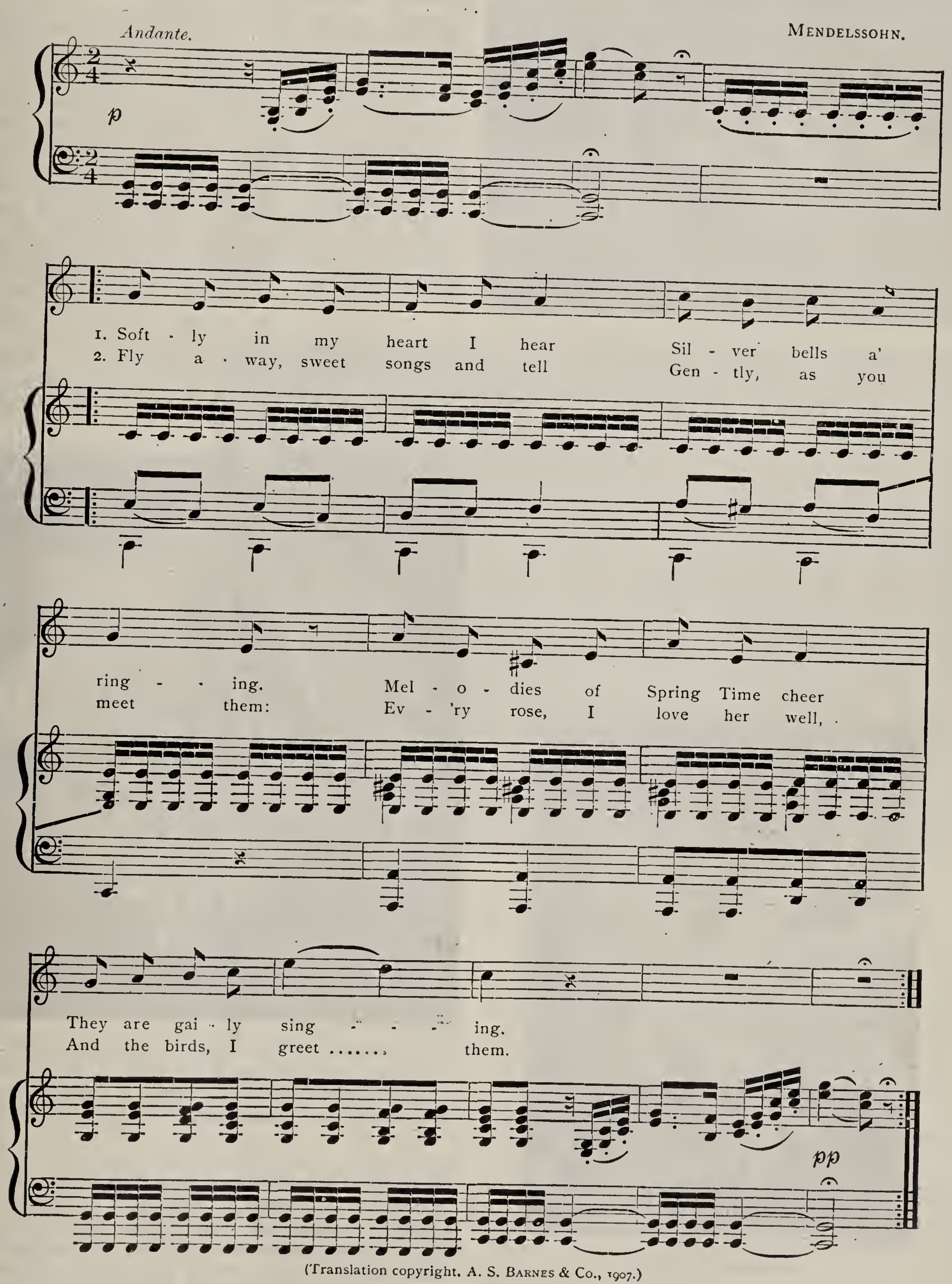
To go at this business of reading music with malice aforethought is to absolutely kill that interest, the lack of which robs the exercise of all spontaneity and vitality. The desire for self-expression thru song is a delicate and self-conscious impulse which must be handled so deftly, so subtly, that the initiative will persist in the pupil thru all the stages of childhood and adolescence, until this form of emotional expression is so natural and familiar a part of his life that it can never be killed thru embarrassment. It is quite safe to leave the formal drill until such a time as the pupil's desire to possess more of this power to read music is prompted by his love for the music itself and a real eagerness to know how to interpret for himself its symbol representation.

Sight reading should be a process—for the individual. Too often we have regarded it as a class exercise. One child may "sense" the meaning of the page of music in one way, another in quite a different way. What matter how each arrived at his result, provided only that the result be *music reading*.

Here is a child who could not, or did not, read in her primer. At seven she was given a copy of Robinson Crusoe. She devoured the book, and was, thereafter, an omniverous reader. You can recall many similar cases within your own knowledge where desire to know, passion to go on with an absorbing interest, has leveled every barrier of technical difficulty.

And finally the ultimate aim of our public

SPRING TIME GREETING.



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school music will, of course, define the methods of our instruction. If we are seeking to impart accurate knowledge of the technical elements of music, that is one thing, and that end will, of course, define the technical instruction to be given. If, on the other hand, we are endeavoring, thru our public school music, to develop a generation of music-loving people, a generation of singers of beautiful songs, a generation of patrons of great orchestras and choral societies, and musical festivals, then I believe the method that I urge, which places the song first, and makes the formal drill subordinate to the love of music and of self-expression thru music, is the only right method.

A Nest of Young, White Pekin Ducks.

Borrow a setting hen and buy the duck eggs if you please, and produce your own "quacks." The fields and woods hold nothing more interesting.

Chestnut Blossoms.

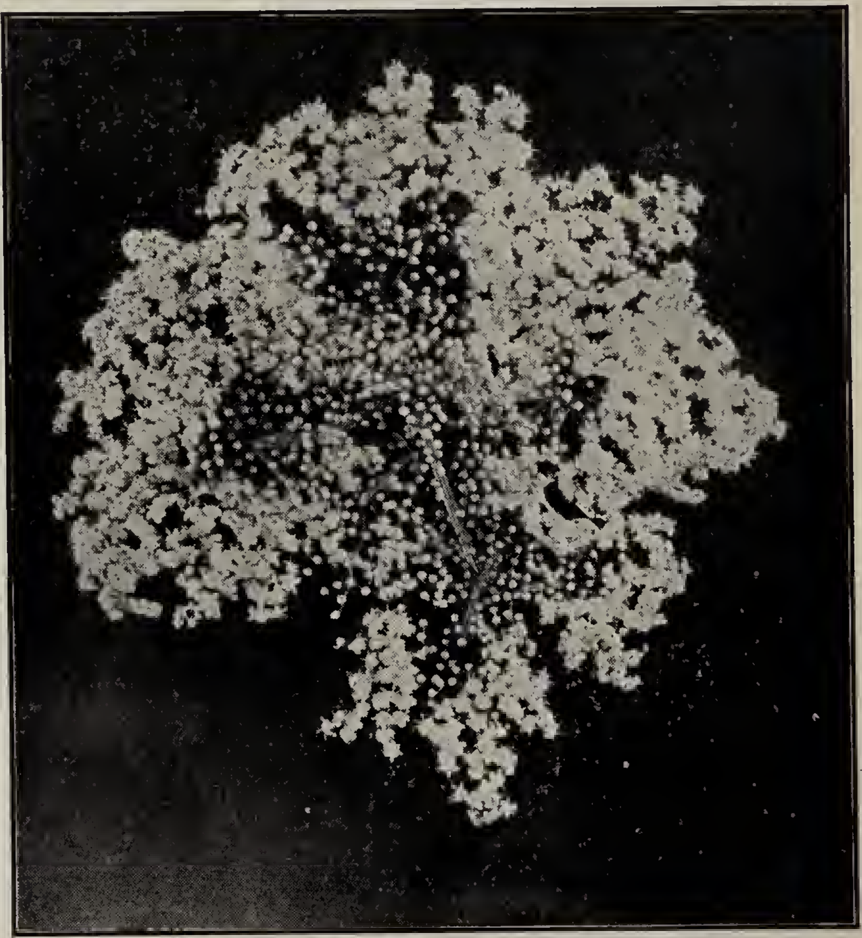
Here are three tests by which to judge any method. Will you not apply them, rigidly, to your sight-reading exercises?

First: The correct development of the child's voice must be safeguarded in every stage of the music work.

Second: The natural desire to express himself in song must never be killed in the child.

Third: Reading music must never be considered as an end, but only as a *means* to an end. It should *always* be subordinated to the development of a real love for the thing itself—for music.

Recently, I heard a class of high school girls read Schuman's "Moonlight" at sight. The accompanist played the piano part with the correct movement, and the one hundred or more fresh young voices, singing with just a shade of hesitation, feeling, as it were, the mood as well as the melody, produced an effect I could hardly hope to get again when perfect familiarity should lend a quality of confidence and assertiveness to the voices. I spoke of this to a Supervisor of Music who was present. Her reply was, in effect, "that a new piece should *always* be taken up without an instrument." In other words, she would have had a labored, hard tone, an absolutely unmusical conception of the composition; a definite concentrated intellectual effort as the preliminary to appreciation of Schumann's "Moonlight."



Detail of Elder Head—a Compound Cyme.

Shows white globular flower buds in center, and the outer bursting urn-shaped bloom. No other flowers by the roadside or in the meadows will better repay careful attention.

This class hardly knew how they read it. The process was largely intuitive. They read it, loved it, sang it in a way that gave pleasure, and all without conscious effort, so absorbed were they in the thing itself—the music. Does any one know a better way? Shall we never be rid of the doctrine of our Puritan ancestors, that to be right we must of necessity suffer and be miserable?

Our School Out of Doors

By EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Stamford, Conn.

YOUNG animals and their homes, and also the early summer bloom, are the principal things to observe this month.

As usual, my class rode on the electric car into the country. The trolley-car is one of our most useful pieces of apparatus in nature study. We employ none of our tools so regularly and so often. On this occasion it carried us to a small clearing in the woods, and there left us. Nearby was a small cottage, from which a dog welcomed us in language sharp and emphatic. Several children gazed at us, in their wonderment forgetting to close their mouths. A cow, tethered on the croft, stopped her grazing to observe the surprise party, and a woman with the corner of a wet sheet in one hand and the clothes-line in the other, joined the list of spectators, now increased to rather formidable proportions by about a hundred chickens and a dozen ducks that waddled hastily, with many a "Quack," "Quack," toward a frog pond under the hill.

"Got any young chickens?" I inquired of the woman.

Even before she could courteously, yet wonderingly, reply "Yes-s-s, a few," one of those facetious pupils, whom we all know, inquired, "Going to instruct us in the poultry business?"

"No, no," was my reply; "I am to give you a lesson in 'available ornithology.' I think it a good plan to start this class in a study of young birds with the 'praecocial,' or the members of the ornithological division receiving that name, because they are able to care for themselves as soon as hatched. Let us now have a look at these praecocial young chickens."

After the first shock of surprise, and perhaps a feeling of bashfulness, had passed off, the good washerwoman and her children became enthusiastic in their efforts to show us the sights of the little farmyard. The woman explained that her husband was away at work, and she and the "kilders" had to look after things.

We were escorted to several coops and told the peculiar, personal traits of each hen, and permitted to feed some of the little chickens from our hands. The class was intensely interested, and many of the members had to be repeatedly cautioned not to squeeze too hard the little bunches of animated fluff. This injunction was especially needed in regard to the ducks taken from a small coop and placed on a grassy mound. This interesting display of miniature quackers (still in the peeper stage), apparently "lost" and bewildered by the sudden change of quarters, was a good subject for my camera. Nothing more expresses "something gone wrong," and, "where am I?" than young ducks taken suddenly from the mother or from the hen that hatched the eggs.

Nest of Partridge (Ruffled Grouse).

Probably the nest of no bird more flavors of the wild than does this. And no nest gives greater thrills of pleasure.

After looking for a few moments over the fence of a pen at some young pigs, the class was coaxed and commanded to go down the hill to the frog pond.

"But that was so interesting," explained a member of the class, "that I should like to stay longer."

And I said to her, as I say to you, Reader, do not forget that chickens and ducks are not only poultry, but *birds*, available birds, and to the nature lover among the most interesting of the class. And I may well add that the altricial birds, that is, those hatched unfledged and helpless, are not always interesting, nor even endurable. My experiences have taught me that there are birds and birds, and that it is always safest to begin with chickens and ducks. These never offend.

In the frog pond we found many tadpoles. A piece of bread, crumbled and thrown into the

water, attracted the tiny wrigglers until they gathered around each piece like a black fringe. In the adjoining marsh was found a specimen of the beautiful leopard frog. It took a lively chase and many ineffectual graspings to catch it, for these frogs make long, low jumps that seem more like flying than leaping.

And after it had been caught, to hold it was found even more difficult. The slippery skin, the slender body, the strong muscles were all brought into play for the advantage—not of the captor, but of the captive. It would not stay caught, and the active pursuit after that one frog reminded a beholder of a game of basket-ball. When, however, the batrachian became a little more tame, or perhaps was exhausted, it was interesting to watch the rhythmic motions of the white throat and the wide, orange-gold eyes and beautifully colored skin—especially on the under side.

There was not a sound except the murmurous crunching of the carriage-wheels in the sand, and an occasional creak of the harness, and no human eye but mine had ever seen those glorious clusters of yellow bloom, and when I passed by, no other human eye would ever see them, for I was lost in the "Pines."

The plant is found from Nantucket, southward, increasing in abundance and perhaps, too, in luxuriance of bloom, as it progresses. We are so apt to think of the cacti as plants of the far South, or of the greenhouse, that it was indeed a surprise to see them growing here in the temperate zone, and luxuriantly out of doors.

As we looked from the hill over the marshes, a harrier hawk claimed our attention, and for several minutes we watched its low, zigzag flight, and listened to its peculiar screechings.

Two of the youngest members of the class, as we entered the woods, saw a little cottontail rabbit hardly old enough to run, and evidently not old enough to understand the proper way of doing it, for in one leap, it was so energetic, and its hind legs so powerfully muscular, that it turned a complete somersault. The young folks tried in vain to capture the awkward and lively little creature, and I have my suspicions that it went into the stone wall, not, as they thought, into the base of a hollow tree.

"Is there anything more attractive than young rabbit?" I said to one of the older members of the party.

"Nothing but a chicken," was the reply. And to this day, I do not know which of us was right. Perhaps both, for there seems to be no comparison.

Our Northern Cactus in Bloom.

The prickly pear or Indian fig is found quite frequently in sandy fields and among the rocks on the summits of hills near the seashore.

We crossed the fields of daisies to the top of a hill and there found an abundance of "outdoor cacti." The ground was almost covered with the rich, thick leaves, and studded with the really magnificent, sulphur-yellow flowers. This is the *Opuntia vulgaris*, the only representative of its botanical family in the eastern part of the country. But look out for bristles and spines. In these respects it is true to its cactus nature, and will protect itself, and wound the careless finger that approaches too near without much preliminary caution.

I can recall no more pleasing sight than that I once saw, as I rode noiselessly thru a long stretch of pine forest, with here and there an open space, where the sun shone down warm and undimmed by intervening leaves, and where *Opuntia* blossoms fairly blazed in the yellow light, and illuminated the dusky shades of that "pine barren."

On the hillside, homeward bound to the trolley-car, we stopped to admire a beautiful oak. It is my opinion that an entire tree is as well worth careful study as is an insect or a bird. The tree is a living organism of detailed beauty and interest—none the less so because it is large and we stand under it rather than above it or hold it in our hands.

Outings in June should be frequent. On others we found every minute packed with interest. Of course the camera could make a record of only a few of these.

In an interesting ramble on the edge of a shrubby pasture, we discovered an indigo bunting's nest containing two little ones nearly full grown. As the mother bird flew from the nest, we at first glance hailed her as a sparrow, but we soon rediscovered her among the low shrubs, where her brilliant coat revealed her as the

"really true" bluebird. Isn't it strange that our only real bluebird is known by another name? What we know as the bluebird is one that is blue only above, and earth-color below.

I hope that you have not been fortunate enough to have seen Father (or John B., but he is a Roman Catholic, and "Father" is his official title as a priest), Tabb's exquisite stanza, on "The Bluebird," for I should like to be the first to bring the gem to your attention. It is as beautiful as the bird itself.

> When God had made a host of them,
> One little flower still lacked a stem
> To hold its blossoms blue;
> So into it He breathed a song,
> And suddenly with petals strong
> As wings, away it flew.

In the meantime, some members of the party had been hunting for the nest, as the mother bird's manner of flight indicated that she had only recently left it. The cup-shaped structure was soon found skilfully hidden in the dense, low thicket.

On one of my outings alone, I had discovered the nest of a flicker high up in a tree. But the telephoto lens brought it near to view. Under promise of something novel the class was induced to sit still beneath a neighboring tree, till the bird's shrill call was heard. Soon a bright, pigeon-shaped creature came flickering thru the upper branches, and we all regarded her common name as entirely appropriate. I observed at this visit, and at many others, that both parents paused for a moment before entering the excavated cavity in the trunk, and looked about as if to see that everything was right and safe; but when they went out of the nest, they went like a dart. All my attempts at photography were blurs except one caught during the entering pause.

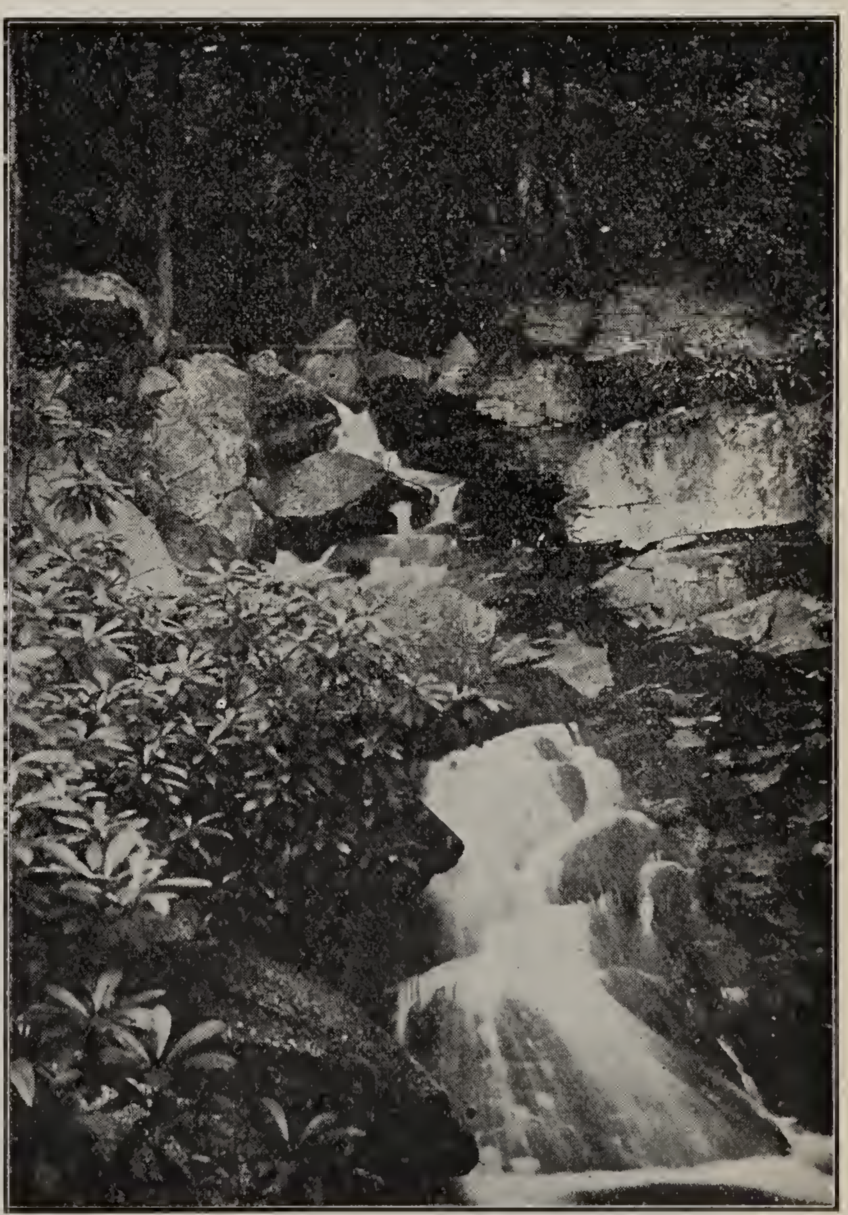
On the road home from this particular outing, we admired a fine elderberry shrub (*Sambucus*) in full bloom. It was interesting and instructive to note the cream-white, short-tubed corolla, and the manner in which it unfolds from the white little flower globe. This is a plant that every year may be depended on to display a wealth of bloom and to fruit fully. Nothing seems to affect it disastrously. Many other shrubs are the victims of insect raids, of drought, and of storms, but nothing short of a tornado, that shall tear up the plant by the roots, will prevent its perfect and luxuriant blooming and fruiting. In view of this astonishing quality it is strange that horticulturists have not given it some attention. The shrub itself is extremely attractive, the bloom is wholesome and has a dainty perfume. The fruit is prolific and fairly good to eat, even more than fairly good when well cooked in "grandmother's elderberry pies." The fruit seems to need only a little culture to make it one of the best.

About the middle of the month we directed our outing toward the lowlands. We followed the brook down the ravine. In the tangled wilderness not far away was found the nests that suggest to the farmer boy all the wildness, the "tang," the bittersweet of an untamed good thing, a nest of a partridge under a fallen log, and the nest of a quail in the tangled grass.

One of the most beautiful of floral specimens gathered late in the month was a profusion of the chestnut tree's long tassels. On later trips in July and August we were surprised by the rapid growth that the burrs had made. By the middle of August they were almost, if not quite, full size. I think it would be well worth while for a class to visit a chestnut tree at least once every week, from early June to September, and closely examine the course of the inflorescence and fruiting. No one plant, it seems to me, could be more interesting.

For the study of a parasitic plant, the dodder in its many varieties is entitled to first rank. Here, too, in the lowlands by the pond side, the dodder on the "lizard's tail" is interesting material for consecutive and detailed study. Note how insidiously the slender stems enfold the larger host and the suckers develop and pierce the bark to become a thief of its juices. Originally the plant sprung from the ground; but now that it has developed its suckers, it discards its lowly connection, for it is easier to steal than to dig.

We tramped on. We took the path leading diagonally thru the fields to the shady brook.



The Brook in June.

The most winsome and wayward of brooks draws now and then some lover's foot to its intimate reserve, while the spirit of a bursting water-pipe gathers a gaping crowd forthwith.—Lowell.

Summer Songs for Summer Days

Sweet Peas.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

—John Keats.

Sing-Song.

Rushes in a watery place,
And reeds in a hollow;
A soaring sky-lark in the sky,
There a darting swallow;
Where pale blossoms used to hang,
Ripe fruit to follow.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Fern Song.

Dance to the beat of the rain, little fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain,"
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

—John B. Tabb.

Apple-Blossoms.

Apple-blossoms, budding, blowing,
In the soft May air;
Cups with sunshine overflowing,—
Flakes of fragrance, drifting, snowing,
Showering everywhere!

—Lucy Larcom.

Berrying Song.

Ho! for the hills in summer!
Ho! for the rocky shade,
Where the groundpine trails under the fern-leaves,
Deep in the mossy glade.
Up in the dewy sunrise,
Waked by the robin's trill;
Up and away a-berrying,
To the pastures on the hill!

—Lucy Larcom.

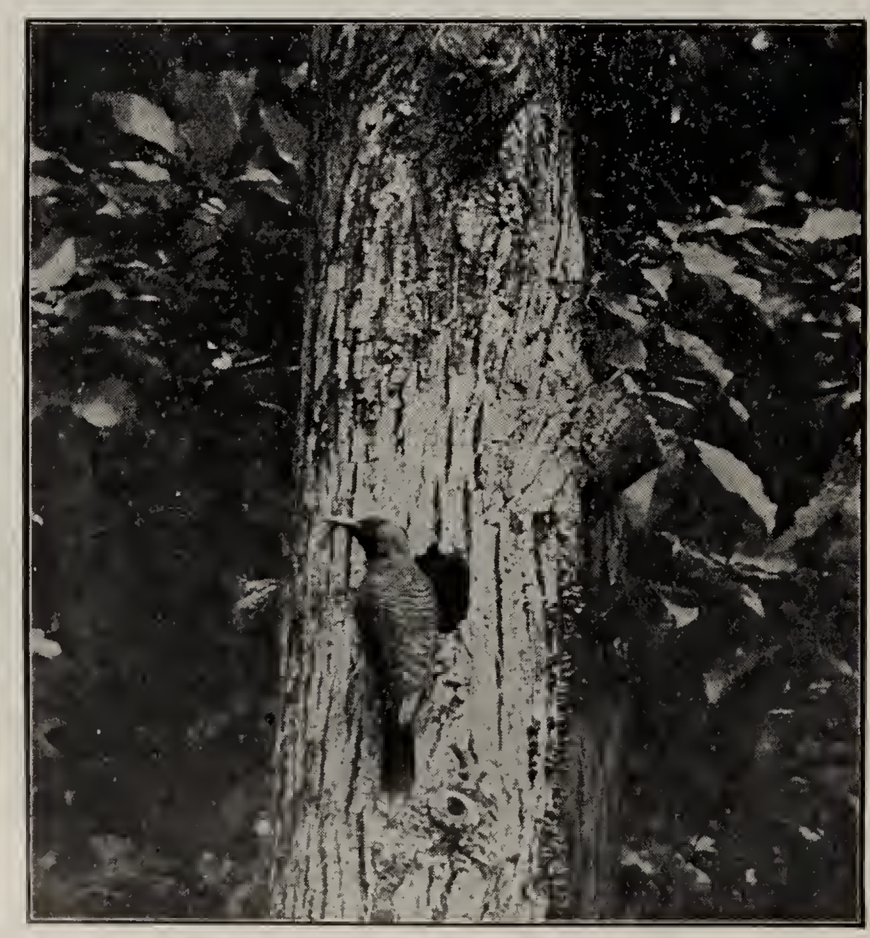
Swinging on a Birch-Tree.

Swinging on a birch-tree
To a sleepy tune,
Hummed by all the breezes
In the month of June!

Little leaves a-flutter
Sounds like dancing drops
Of a brook on pebbles,—
Song that never stops.

Swinging on a birch-tree!
This is summer joy,
Fun for all vacation,—
Don't you think so, boy?
Up and down to see-saw,
Merry and at ease,
Careless as a brook is,
Idle as the breeze.

—Lucy Larcom.



A Flicker at the Door to its Home.

This bird has about forty common names and even more interesting characteristics.

[Photographed by Edward F. Bigelow for Teachers Magazine.]

The Rivulet.

Run, little rivulet, run;
Summer is fairly begun.
Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing to the fields of the sun
That wavers in emerald, shimmer in gold,
Where you glide from your rocky ravines crystal-cold;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing of the flowers, every one,—
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue;
Of the red mountain rose-bud, all dripping with dew;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Carry the perfume you won
From the lily that woke when the morning was gray,
To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Stay not till summer is done!
Carry the city the mountain-bird's glee;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea;
Run, little rivulet, run!

—Lucy Larcom.

Song.

Sing, little bird, oh sing!
How sweet thy voice and clear!
How fine the airy measures ring,
The sad old world to cheer!

Bloom, little flower, oh bloom!
Thou makest glad the day;
A scented torch, thou dost illume
The darkness of the way.

Dance, little child, oh dance!
While sweet the small birds sing,
And flowers bloom fair, and every glance
Of sunshine tells of spring.

—Celia Thaxter.

Watertown Plans

By Supt. Frank R. Page, Watertown, Mass.

Dramatizing.

DRAMATIZING in our lower grades occupies a place beside story-telling and composition. It is not designed to produce actors any more than the story-telling aims at making orators or the composition, authors. There is always a tendency in schools for the teachers to do too much, and for the children to have too little opportunity to do things for themselves. And yet it is this doing for themselves that is the very essence of education. The dramatizing we have is of a sort that gives the participants the fullest opportunity to express *themselves*. The teacher is audience. The children think out what to do, and what to say themselves. It is a spontaneous thing; they enter very heartily into it. "I'd rather play Hiawatha," said a little second grader to me the other day, "than any game I know." Dramatizing that is planned and rehearsed by the teacher, where parts are committed to memory and are drilled into the children like the multiplication table, where there are elaborate costumes, even a stage and stage settings, make a pretty show, but it is only a show; it is not educative.

Our first grades dramatize every day—Little Red Riding Hood, The Pied Piper, Jack and the Beanstalk, The Bremen Town Musicians, The Goose and the Goslings, The Three Bears, and ever so many others. It is a pleasure to see how self-consciousness disappears, how they throw themselves into the play. There is frequent dramatizing, too, in the second and third grades, a little less in the fourth and fifth, where it depends largely upon the material offered in the reading.

The Hiawatha play which follows was worked out by a second grade taught by Miss Glenna M. Sackett, of our Hosmer School, after a series of reading-lessons from Hiawatha, which by the way is the most popular reading done in our primary grades. All the properties were made by the children or brought by them from home. This is considerably longer and more elaborate than most of the little plays given by the primary children. It is entirely spontaneous, however. The children planned it and made up the dialog themselves. The characters are not always taken by the same children, and the dialog varies from time to time. Until I took it down as the children themselves gave it to me, it had not been written out. The play is given in the part of the room where a wigwam made of burlap over bean poles has been set up with two or three ex-Christmas trees for a forest. One or two of the children have Indian suits, real store ones. The other costumes are improvised, and consist chiefly of feather headdresses for the boys, and shawls for the girls. The bird and animal parts are taken by the children without any attempt at make-up. These are the characters: Hiawatha, Nokomis, Iagoo, Chibiabos, other Indians, Owls, Robin, Bluebird, Squirrel, Deer.

The Hiawatha Play

[The play opens with Hiawatha and Nokomis seated at the wigwam door. It is supposed to be evening.]

Hiawatha.—What's that bright star up there, Nokomis?

Nokomis.—That's Ishkoodah, the comet—Ishkoodah with fiery tresses.

Hiawatha.—What are those flaming lights over there?

Nokomis.—Those are the spirit's plumes and war clubs flaring far away to the north land in the frosty nights of winter.

Hiawatha.—What's that white path over there?

Nokomis.—That's the broad white road in heaven. The warriors are walking forth on the broad white road in heaven.

Hiawatha.—What's that bright thing over there?

Nokomis.—That's the moon rising, rippling rounding, from the water.

Hiawatha.—What are those shadows on it?

Nokomis.—That's an old woman up there.

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother,
And threw her up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Hiawatha.—What's that light in the forest, Nokomis?

Nokomis.—That's the firefly lighting up the brakes and bushes.

Hiawatha.—I know a song of the fire-fly.

(Sings) "Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Nokomis.—Come, I think it is time for you to go to bed, Hiawatha.

Owls.—Hoo, Hoo.

Hiawatha.—What's that, Nokomis?

Nokomis.—That's only the owls and owlets hooting in the forest. They are not hooting at you. They are talking in their native language. The old owl is scolding, and the little owl is laughing at the moon.

(Sings) "Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam,
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

[Hiawatha and Nokomis lie down in the wigwam and go to sleep. Soon it is supposed to be morning. Iagoo enters.]

'Then upon one knee arising."

Iagoo.—Good-morning, Hiawatha. Good-morning, Nokomis.

Hiawatha. — Good-morning, Iagoo.

Nokomis. — Good-morning, Iagoo.

Iagoo.—Do you want a bow, Hiawatha?

Hiawatha. — Yes, I never had one before. I'd like one, Iagoo.

Iagoo.—You come into the forest with me while I get a branch of ash for the bow; and a branch of oak for the arrow. It's straight, and it won't break. (They go to the forest, *i. e.*, walk about the sch ol-room pretending to find branches, etc.) Hei e's a fine one! Here's a good ash! Here's a good oak! Now we want some feathers while we are out here. Here are some.

"Iagoo, the marvelous story teller."

Hiawatha.—Here are some, too.

Iagoo.—Now go and ask Nokomis if she has some deer-skin for a string.

[They return to the wigwam.]

Hiawatha.—Have you any deer-skin, Nokomis?

Nokomis.—Yes.

Hiawatha.—Here's some deer-skin, Iagoo.

Iagoo.—Here's your bow, Hiawatha. Now we want to go to Big Sea Water for some flint.

[They walk across the room pretending to look for flint.]

Here's your arrow, Hiawatha. Now we want a quiver. Go and ask Nokomis if she has a big strip of deer-skin.

[They return to the wigwam.]

Hiawatha.—See, Nokomis, what Iagoo has made for me. He has made me a bow and arrow and quiver. Don't you think it's lovely?

Nokomis.—Iagoo is your best friend, Hiawatha. What will you do with that bow and arrow, Hiawatha.

Hiawatha.—I'll shoot a deer.

"What's that bright star up there, Nokomis?"

Iagoo.—"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!

[Hiawatha walks about the room looking for deer.]

The Squirrel.—Don't shoot me, Hiawatha.

The Robin.—Don't shoot me, Hiawatha, I'm your little brother.

The Bluebird.—Don't shoot me, Hiawatha, I'm your little friend.

[Hiawatha hides. The deer, impersonated by a child, comes out and stamps and starts to run. Hiawatha shoots, and the deer falls. Hiawatha takes the deer by the hand pretending to carry him home, passing on the way the squirrel, robin, etc.]

Hiawatha.—I've killed the famous roebuck of the forest, Opechee. I've killed the famous roebuck of the forest, Owaissa. I've killed the famous roebuck of the forest, Adjidaumo.

Nokomis.—(Looking out of the wigwam.) I wonder when Hiawatha is coming. Won't you go into the forest and find him, Iagoo?

Iagoo.—Ugh! He'll come when he has shot the deer.

Hiawatha.—(Bringing in the deer.)

I've killed the famous roebuck of the forest, Nokomis.

Nokomis.—You are a famous hunter, Hiawatha.

Iagoo.—Ugh! you are a good boy, Hiawatha.

Hiawatha.—What will you do with the deer-skin, Nokomis?

Nokomis.—I'll make you a warm coat, Hiawatha.

Hiawatha.—What will you do with the flesh, Nokomis?

Nokomis.—I will make you a banquet, all the Indians and all the squaws and all the children will come to the banquet.

Iagoo.—You cook the deer, Nokomis, while I go out and invite them.

[Iagoo walks among the children at their desks, some of whom are dressed as Indians. He invites these to the feast. Hiawatha and Nokomis hang up the kettle and pretend to cut up the deer. The guests come and sit about the fire and make believe eat from the kettle.]

Iagoo.—Ugh! This is a pretty big deer for you, Hiawatha. Tell us how it happened.

Hiawatha.—When you told me to go into the forest I went straight away, I didn't mind my brothers, either, my thoughts were with the famous roebuck of the forest. Then I hid in the bushes. Then upon one knee arising, I aimed an arrow at the deer. Then I ran to the deer and shouted to my brothers.

"Go my son into the forest."

One of the Indians.—You are Soan-ge-taha, Hiawatha.

Another Indian.—You are Strong-Heart, Hiawatha.

Another Indian.—You are Loon-Heart, Hiawatha.

Hiawatha.—Tell us when you were a little boy, Iagoo, when you had a bow and arrow like mine.

Iagoo.—Well, I'll try to tell you. Once I had a bow and arrow like yours and they told me to go out into the bushes and I saw a deer drinking and then I shot the deer and everybody praised me.

Hiawatha.—Ugh! You are a marvelous story-teller, Iagoo. Sing a song, Chibiabos.

Chibiabos.—(Sings.)

Tomahawk a day
Doodle may day
Tomahawk a day
Doodle may day.

Ick nearer doo la la
Ha ha ha
Ick nearer doo la la
Ha ha ha.*

Hiawatha.—You are a sweet singer, Chibiabos.

*This was the way it sounded to me. Chibiabos told me it was an Indian song his mother had taught him.

"Surprise Envelopes" for Seat Work.

In my desk may be found a stack of twenty envelopes which the children have well named "The Surprise Envelopes." These contain ten different kinds of busy work which every teacher of a primary grade can easily obtain.

The envelopes used are the large manila ones, and are numbered from one to ten, there being twenty envelopes, two of each kind. The two bearing the number "one" contain cut-up pictures. I obtained the stiff calendars exactly alike, and cut the pictures from them. One I left uncut and cut the other into small pieces and placed the cut and uncut one in the envelope together.

On the second envelope is written a simple little story, and the envelope contains every word in the story, written on small cardboard squares so that the story can be built on the desk.

The third envelope has colored circles cut from different colored papers. These are to be assorted in piles according to the colors.

The fourth contains easy problems which are to be neatly copied and slated.

The fifth has a poem to be copied.

The sixth, fifty pictures of child-life cut from magazines.

The seventh contains a list of words and the letters with which to build them.

The eighth contains colored fruits cut from fruit catalogs, with the names written on the back. Sentences are to be made about each fruit, telling the color.

The ninth contains a square, circle, and triangle, cut from cardboard and placed in the envelope whole. The same objects are cut from cardboard and cut in small pieces and mixed together. The square, circle, and triangle are to be built from these pieces.

In the tenth envelope are found a few words on small cardboard squares, and small pictures of objects from which illustrated sentences are to be built.

As many duplicates of each envelope can be made as the teacher needs to supply her pupils, and it will be found that the pupils do not easily tire of these "surprise envelopes" if care is exercised to give each pupil a different one as often as possible.

Virginia. RUTH O. DYER.

Dramatized Stories

By Agnes M. Gormley, Washington, D. C.

King Midas.

THERE once lived a king named Midas. He was very rich, and he loved gold better than anything else in all the world.

One day as he was counting his money a stranger came into the room.

He remarked that Midas was a very rich man. But Midas said he had not half enough gold.

The stranger asked him how much gold would satisfy him. Midas thought a while, and then said he wished that everything he touched might turn to gold.

The stranger told him it should be as he wished. At sunset that night the golden touch should be given to him.

As soon as the sun began to set Midas went into his garden to see if the stranger's words would come true. He touched the leaves and the flowers. They turned at once into gold. He touched the trees and the bushes, and they became gold, too! Midas told himself that he should soon have the most beautiful garden in the world! He made up his mind to come again after supper and make it all gold!

But as soon as he touched his food it, also, changed into gold. Midas did not know what to do. He was very hungry! Even the water was filled with a golden sand!

Just then he heard his little daughter calling to him. He opened his arms and stepped forward to meet her. But no sooner had he touched her than she stiffened and became a golden statue!

When Midas saw what unhappiness his wish had brought him he covered his face with his hands, and wept. He knew, now, that gold was not everything. He would rather have his little daughter than all the gold in the world.

Just at that moment the stranger came into the garden. He asked Midas if the golden touch was making him happy.

Midas told him he had nothing now *but* the golden touch. Neither food nor daughter were left to him.

The stranger then wanted to know whether he would rather have the golden touch or his little daughter.

Midas answered that his child was worth more than all the gold in the world.

The stranger saw that Midas was wiser now than he had been in the morning, when he thought so much of gold. He told Midas that if he wanted to get rid of the golden touch he might bathe in the river at the foot of the garden and then pour some of the water over everything he wished to have as it was before.

Midas ran into the garden at once and plunged into the river. He soon returned with some water and poured it over his child. In a minute she was herself again.

As Midas felt her arms around him he told her that *she* was dearer than all the gold in the world.

["Graded Literature" II.—*Adapted.*]

Dictation.

GRADE I.

The stranger remarked that Midas was very rich.

Even the water was filled with golden sand.

He opened his arms and stepped forward.

II.

In a minute she was herself again.

Midas was wiser now than he had been in the morning.

She stiffened up and became a golden statue.

To Play the Story.

Characters: King Midas—a tall pupil.
His daughter—a very little one.
A stranger.

Accessories: A box of letter or number tablets (the gold)
A cup or bottle (the pitcher).

[Midas seated at side table, toying with box of tablets which we assume is gold.]

Midas: How I love gold! I love it better than anything else in all the world!

[Enters stranger.]

Stranger: You are a rich man, King Midas.

Midas: Yes, I have some gold, but not half enough.

Stranger: What! Are you not satisfied?

Midas: No, not yet.

Stranger How much would satisfy you?

Midas: Let me think. [Assumes attitude of thoughtfulness—hand resting on head. Suddenly looks up.] Oh, I know. I wish that everything I touch might turn to gold!

Stranger: It shall be as you wish. To-night at sunset the golden touch shall be given to you.

[Stranger passes out. Midas continues a moment, handling the gold. Then looks up at the sky.]

Midas: There is the sun going down! I will go into the garden and see if that stranger's words will come true.

[Walks off. Touches post, windows, desks, several things as he goes.]

Why, the leaves have turned to gold! And the flowers! The trees and the bushes, too! [Touches a different thing as he speaks.] I shall soon have the most beautiful garden in the world! After supper I'll come back and make it all gold!

[Passes out of room as if to supper—then returns.]

What shall I do? [Appears distressed.] Even my food has turned to gold! And the water is full of golden sand! I am so hungry! [Walks about in agitation.]

Daughter: Papa, papa!

[Child calls to him from distance and runs to meet him. Midas turns, steps forward with outstretched arms.]

Midas: My darling!

[As he embraces her she closes her eyes, stiffens up, becomes a statue.]

Why, what is the matter?

[Realizes what has happened.]

Oh, she too, has turned to gold! My wish has only brought me unhappiness! [Covers his face.] Gold is not everything! I'd rather have my little daughter than all the gold in the world!

[Stranger enters garden.]

Stranger: Well, friend Midas, does the golden touch make you happy?

Midas: [groans] I have no daughter! I have no food! I have nothing but the golden touch!

Stranger: Which would you rather have, friend Midas, the golden touch or a glass of water?

Midas: I should much rather have a glass of water.

Stranger: The golden touch or your little daughter?

Midas: My child is worth more than *all* the gold in the world.

Stranger: You are wiser now than you were this morning, friend Midas. You see now there are things in the world better than gold. Go to the river at the foot of the garden. Bathe in it and you will get rid of the golden touch. Pour some of the water over everything you wish to make as it was before.

Midas: I will go at once!

[Passes out quickly—returns with pitcher. Pours supposed contents over child who has been standing rigid all this time. She wakes, smiles, moves. Midas embraces her warmly. She returns it.]

My child, *you* are dearer to me than *all the gold* in the world!

Entertainment Helps

By Grace B. Faxon, Nevada.

A Pantomimed Poem.

In a program of essays, recitations, and songs, no prettier feature can be introduced than a pantomimed poem.

Especially suited to the springtime is Alice Cary's beautiful poem, "Picture of Memory."

Select from six to fourteen girls whose ages range from ten to sixteen, to take part in the pantomime. Let half be dressed in pale green cheese-cloth, and half in light brown, to suggest the colors of a tree. The dresses should be made Grecian—a pattern of which is easily obtained, and the hair may be worn either flowing or in a Psyche knot, with a fillet of narrow "baby" satin ribbon to match the color of the dress.

The reader of the poem stands behind a thin curtain, at one side of the stage. The reading may be accompanied by soft violin music. Tobani's "Hearts and Flowers" is well suited to this poem. It may be obtained at any music store.

The poses in the pantomime will be very easy, the poem being subjective in character. Only three rehearsals should be necessary.

A Poem with Tableau.

Alice Cary's "An Order for a Picture," has become a classic, is taught in almost every schoolroom, and is required in many courses of study. Let the recitation be given by a boy or a girl possessing a strong, clear voice, and who has some imagination. The reciter may stand in front of the closed curtain on the stage, or platform, and at the end of the recitation the curtain may be drawn, revealing the following tableau: Characters, mother and two children, a boy and a girl. The mother is dressed in a plain gingham dress with apron, the boy in overalls and large straw hat, and with bare feet; the girl in a cotton dress with pinafore.

The mother is seated, and holds a bird's nest in her left hand. She raises her right hand, with forefinger pointing to the nest. A sad, reproachful look is on her face. The little girl is leaning against her knee with head turned from mother's gaze, and has her apron over her face. Her head droops. The boy holds both sides of his hat down very tight, and stands erect on his feet, but with downcast eyes and drooping head.

"Hiawatha" with Tableaux.

Especially appropriate for Arbor Day would be a reading from that part of "Hiawatha" of the building of the canoe. Several tableaux with Hiawatha as the central figure will suggest themselves.

One of the prettiest of spring tableaux is "Winter in the Lap of Spring." The part of Winter may be taken by a small girl wearing a long, black cotton robe flecked with bits of cotton to represent snow, and with a white wig and beard. She (he) is seated on the knees of Spring, and holds a long black scepter in her (his) hand. (Of course Winter is a male character.) Spring wears a loose, trailing dress of white, airy material, and has her hair flowing. Her dress is decorated with sprays of real or artificial flowers, and there is a wreath on her head. She extends a scepter made of cardboard covered with gold paper. Around the chair may be scattered flowers.

A Geography Game.

I have used the following as a geography game and gained good results.

I take slips of paper and write on them names of cities, rivers, mountains, countries, etc., and distribute to the pnpils who are studying geography. One takes his slip and stands before the class and tells something that has been learned of it before. The one guessing the greatest number of slips wins the game.

In order to do this they must study these topics to be able to give a good recitation, and also in order to guess them. To the one guessing five slips, I give a certain per cent. on class work.

Wisconsin. Alma Casey.

Recreative Activities

By Belle R. Parsons, California.

Industrial Life of Man.

(Continued from the April Teachers Magazine.)

Lesson 3. Haying.

Activities:

1. Cutting Grass with Scythe.

Ready—Position: Left foot forward place, hands holding handles of scythe, arms held to right and back, trunk slightly to right twist.

Bring arms with a swinging motion to the front and around to the left side, trunk slightly forward downward bend and to left twist, bending left knee, slightly, at each step, to give a good downward swoop. (Cut close to the ground.)

(Back) – (around
Order: Ready—Position ( ) the room)
(Front) Po-sition!

Good practice in opposition rhythm, arms right and left, trunk up and down.

2. Trimming with Garden Shears.

Ready—Position: Kneeling.

Working shears with right hand. Repeat left.

Order: Ready—Position—Cut! —Cut! —Cut! etc.—Po-sition!

3. Raking the Grass.

Ready—Position: One foot forward place, arms forward reach, as if holding handle of rake, chest up.

Swing forward and backward, changing weight from foot to foot, extending and bending arms in rhythm with movement.

(Front)
Order: Ready—Position ( )—(8)—Po-
(Back) sition!

Repeat, swinging front and back, with trunk to right or left twist—position.

The farmer usually begins on the right side of the field and rakes the grass into windrows, stepping slowly toward the left. Class could imitate this movement by working in horizontal rows.

Lesson 4. Raking Hay into Haycocks.

4. Same exercise as three, changing the position of rake with each movement, and thus giving continuous trunk twisting.

5. Pitching Hay.

Ready—Position: One foot forward place, trunk erect, head and chest high, both hands forward, reach as if holding pitchfork.

Swing forward and downward, as if getting grass on the fork, bending knees slightly to get a good purchase.

Trunk upward raise, balancing grass on fork, head to right twist, aiming at wagon.

Arms to right fling, trunk to right twist, head upward stretch, tossing grass on to wagon.

(Down)
Order: Ready—Position (Up)—(8)—Po-
(Toss) sition!

6. Riding Home on Hay Wagon.

Ready—Good standing position.

Imitate the springing of the hay by teetering up and down—springy movement in knees.

(Spring!)
Order: Ready (Bounce) (8)—Po-sition!
(Bounce)

7. Tossing Hay from Wagon into Loft.

Same movements as tossing hay into wagons, combined with high knee-bending movements, at intervals, pretending to tread or wade over hay to another part of wagon.

8. Jumping off of Wagon and Walking into House.

Note:—The seats may be used for the wagon work, thus offering good balance exercise.

Lesson 5. Reaping the Grain.

1. Representation of Fields of Grain.

Same movements as in scythe exercise; with a forward jerk of arms added when they have reached the full extent of the swing. This movement is to relieve the cradle of the grain and lay it in a straight swath, which is called a "gavel."

(Back) (around
Order: Ready—Position (Swing) the room)
(Jerk) Po-sition!

2. Cutting Grain with Sickle.

Ready—Position: Bending forward from hips; right hand holding sickle, left hand grasping bunch of grain or grass.

Give quick stroke of right arm; with wrist movement.

Order: Ready—Position—Cut! —Cut! —Cut! Po-sition!

Step forward slowly between each command "Cut!"

3. Raking.
4. Binding into Sheaves.
5. Pitching into Wagon.
6. Pitching out of Wagon.
7. Threshing with Flail.

Ready—Position: Left foot forward place; toe raised, arms held as if grasping flail.

Swing arms upward overhead and downward; bending trunk forward on downward stroke, and letting toe of left foot come down to make sound of flail striking floor.

(Up)
Order: Ready—Position—( ) (8)—Po-
(Down) sition!

Keep movement well poised in hips to avoid bending at waist.

8. Lifting Straw on Pitch Fork and Shaking to Separate Straw from Wheat, finally Tossing Straw Aside.

9. Winnowing.

(1) In Sieve.

Shaking; turning, tossing wheat in sieve to separate wheat from chaff.

(2) In Hand-mill.
Shoveling wheat into hopper.
Turning the crank of the mill.

This exercise keeps two people busy; one to shovel, the other to turn, and may consequently be given to opposite rows.

10. Shoveling the Grain into Sacks or Bins, to take to Mill or Store away for Winter Use.

Lesson 6. Harvesting the Corn.

1. Represent Field of Corn.
2. Going thru Field, cutting Stalks with Sharp Knife; holding the stalks in left arm. Arm and trunk movements with slow walking step.

This is usually done in October.

3. Shocking the Corn; to let it stand to dry.
4. Opening the Shocks.

This is done any time from November to spring.

5. Husking the Corn.

Tearing open the Husks, breaking off the ears and tossing them into piles, or baskets, or a wagon.

6. Shelling.
7. Storing away.

A Southern corn-husking; with the games and pop-corn party, might be worked up as a climax to this series.

Lesson 7. Maple Sugar Sequence.

1. Walking thru snow and slush, carrying tools, buckets, etc.
2. Boring or "tapping" trees.
3. Driving spicket, placing trough or bucket.
4. Drinking sap.
5. Carrying buckets to kettle.
6. Making the sugar.
   Straining, pouring into kettle.
   Boiling.
   Stirring.
   Skimming.
   Pouring into pans—cooling.
7. "Sugaring-off" and eating wax on snow.

Christopher Dock.

By Eugenie De Land, Washington, D. C.

[See Teachers Magazine for March and April, pages 396 and 488.]

In a *St. Nicholas Magazine* published some years ago, Dr. Edward Eggleston contributed a beautiful article to the memory of Christopher Dock, and ended his paper with the pathetic statement that the dear old master taught school until he was old and feeble; and at the close of day was found dead on his knees in the school-house, where he had remained to pray, as was his usual custom after the day's duties were over. We can well imagine that he was beloved by all who knew him.

HOW A CHILD SHOULD BEHAVE ON THE STREET.

Dear child, altho after school you are out of sight of your teacher, God is present in all places, and you, therefore, have cause upon the street to be circumspect before Him and His Holy Angels. Do not stare aloft with your eyes; do not run against people, and do not tread purposely where the mud is thickest or in puddles. If any known or respectable person meets you, make way for him; bow courteously; and do not wait until he is already near or opposite to you; but show to him that respect while you are still some steps from him.

For Opening Exercises.

I. It often becomes a task to the primary teacher to find material for opening exercises. Here are two exercises which I have found very helpful.

The little poem "Who Made All Things?" which is copied below, can be used with good results when the question is asked by the teacher and the pupils give the answer in concert.

WHO MADE ALL THINGS?

Who made the sky so bright and blue,
Who made the fields so green,
Who made the flowers that smell so sweet
In pretty colors seen?

All.
'Twas God our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all His praises sing.

Who made the birds to fly so high,
And taught them how to sing,
Who made the pretty butterfly
And painted her bright wing?

All.
'Twas God our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all His praises sing.

Who made the sun to shine so,
And gladden all we see;
Which comes to give us light and heat,
That happy we may be?

All.
'Twas God our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all His praises sing.

Who made the silver moon so high,
The dark, dark night to cheer,
The stars that twinkle in the sky,
And shine so bright and clear?

All.
'Twas God our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all His praises sing.

Who made the rocks, the hills, the trees,
The mountains and the vales,
The flocks, the herds, the cooling breeze,
The streams that never fail?

All.
'Twas God our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all His praises sing.

II. I have found Ralph Waldo Emerson's Morning Poem helpful also, for opening exercises. The children delight to call it "The Thank You Poem," and they like to repeat it in the morning, all standing with bowed heads, and reciting in concert.

For this new morning with its light;
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food and love and friends
For everything Thy goodness sends
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

Virginia. Ruth O. Dyer.

Primary Nature Study

By Lillian C. Flint, Minnesota.

A Vegetable Heater.

We have in this country an adventurous plant that does not wait for the melting of the snow, but begins to grow under it and melts its way up to the sunlight by its own heat.

This is the Pasque flower, that comes so early that it is, in some parts of the country, on hand for Easter.

It fearlessly displays its deep lavender blossom, all wrapped in its fur coat, every part of it, both stem and colored leaves. It is not known by everybody that plants have considerable power of making heat for themselves, but this is true, and all growing parts of any plant are a wee bit warmer than the air around them, on account of the energy they use in growing. Just as exercise makes a boy or a girl warm, so the growing of a plant makes it warmer.

In the spring, when everything in the ground starts growing, much heat is made, and this very heat that the plants make in growing helps them to get larger. During this wonderful spring growth the earth is warmer even than it is in summer, and if it were not for the number of plants that begin growing at this time, in cold countries, nothing would get a start at all.

We know that a heap of barley will soon generate heat enough to set itself afire, if not checked, and so it is with the plants; not even a bud can open without making heat.

This pale purple Pasque flower, or Crocus, or "Gosling," as the children call it because the soft, furry down looks like the soft down on a real gosling, has been cannily laying up provision for this very time all during the past year.

All the previous summer this plant was getting together material for the next year's blossoming, and when the spring comes there is the fuel all ready for use. It comes in the very warmest color possible: a pale purple, and this color has the faculty of taking every bit of sunshine and heat going. Besides this color, as I stated before, it is wrapped in fur from head to heels. Another trick by which this plant gets on is by coming so very early, before the grass has grown enough to overtop it, and for this reason it has no trouble in blooming. After the blossom has been looked after and gotten out of the way of the smothering grass, this plant leisurely grows its leaves and ripens its long feathery seeds to do the same thing next spring.

After these Pasque flowers comes the Hepatica, and this plant has copied the same methods. The very first blossom that comes has a deep, purple outside for the capture of every stray particle of heat, and it also grows its blossoms before the leaves. It is not quite like the Pasque flower in one respect. The thick leathery leaves that have lain sleeping under the snow all winter are the storehouses of material, instead of the root, and they hold the fuel and the plant uses up the material in blossoming from the leaves that came up with the plant a whole year ago. All the summer before, the Hepatica spread out its thick leaves to the sun and took in every wee bit of heat that it could get, and this is what it is now using. It comes with its fur coat like the Pasque flower, every little stem thick with the warm covering. After the flowers are done blossoming, it grows its green leaves, ready to go thru the same process that it did the year before.

If you look at the last year's leaves in the summer you will find that every particle of them has been used up and there is nothing left but the bare skeleton.

These plants do not display such an astonishing amount of originality. Their speciality consists in the unusual quantity of heat that they manage to make. Other plants lay up a store of food. Look at the so-called Century Plant, which, by the way, blossoms sooner than every hundred years, altho the time from one blossoming to another is long. This plant has big, spiny leaves with spines as sharp as needles, which defend it from grazing animals, like a row of bayonets. It wisely lays up its material for future use, at the part of the thick, fleshy leaves nearest the stem. The leaves form a gigantic rosette, very much swollen and enlarged, for it takes time to get a meal large enough to make its blossoms.

After the Century Plant has done this for about fifteen years with exemplary patience, it has collected enough for flowering, and feeling that the time has come, it suddenly sends up a stalk twenty or thirty feet high, an immense one it is, sometimes larger around than the wrist. After the flowers have fallen, then comes the crowning work of the plant, ripening the seeds. The thick leaves that were packed with nutriment give it away slowly as the seeds suck it up, and by the time the seeds are ripe, every bit of the nutriment has been drawn out of the leaves, and they lie used up and withered on the ground.

If you will examine closely the spring buds and flowers, especially the hazel and willow catkins, you will find that they are enclosed in warm overcoats to protect them from the cold; and also that they grow in spring before the air is warm enough to be of much help to them in growing. In other words, they depend on their own fuel for their warmth at their first growing.

We all know that the Esquimos can live in snow huts, keeping warm inside by their own breath and the heat of their bodies, and this on just the same principle as the plants, they have their heat in themselves. A mouse bores his way thru the snow not by gnawing, but by breathing into the snow and melting it.

A plant has to develop numerous dodges and devices to accommodate itself to every need of its situation at every point; it has to secure for itself a foothold in the soil, it thrives mostly on gaseous food, and so must manage to get it from the surrounding air. It has to have its seedling duly dispersed, and it must be a good parent as well as a prudent, cautious adventurer.

Seven Secrets of Success with English Classes

By Florence Ellis Shelby, Indian Territory.

Suggestions on Assigning Topics and Stimulating Individual Effort and Research.

(*a*) Primarily Be Interested Yourself. Would you let the recitations drift just as they do nowadays, if your own little son were in the class? Suppose he was that dull, inattentive, little pupil who isn't beginning to grasp the work, wouldn't you work with him in private sometimes (and that sweetly, without a word of scolding?) And wouldn't you even expend a few of your hard-earned dollars for educational papers and books in search of new methods and ingenious devices to help draw him out?

This ability to be sincerely interested one's self is, in short, the technique of teaching English (or any other language). It comes naturally and unconsciously to the "born teacher," and seems to be naturally and unconsciously lacking in others. Doubtless you yourself have pitiful recollections of that teacher who sat at her desk in monumental submission, "to duty," while one after another around the weary length of the class were read the compositions for the day.

Any one, even you, can develop and cultivate an interest, tho he start out with next to none. And then the grand secret of obtaining a satisfactory effort from each individual pupil is out. You must *honestly* care and not only care, but honestly *enjoy* directing and stimulating the development of each pupil.

Not infrequently a teacher finds language, grammar, and composition tedious and worrisome, because she herself is actually ignorant and uninformed on the subject. Did you ever have opportunity to look over a set of grammar papers handed in at the County Teachers' Examinations? Well, it is true that many who are trying to teach it, need to buckle down and *study;* to say nothing of those who scarce see the cover of a teacher's magazine or modern pedagogical work. If you are not well up on a subject yourself, it goes without saying that you will dread the ordeal of explaining it to others.

Again, there is such a being as the "lazy teacher." If it is "too much trouble" to correct exercises and manuscripts, and "unnecessary" to prepare the lesson yourself with bright varied exercises before the recitation, and "tiresome" to read educational literature, then you are your own fate and alas, that of the class, also. Pray for *Vim.*

Thirdly, it may be the teacher has gradually demoralized both her own interest and the enthusiasm of her class, by procrastinating. If to-day's exercises are not corrected to-day, to-morrow's won't be corrected to-morrow, and what about the next day's? You know how a great stack of back work (especially ungraded papers), has power to benumb the most industrious and talented teacher. And most likely you learned during your own school days, the drudgery of preparing written work which you realized might never be criticised or returned.

(*b*) Cover A Wide Range of Themes. Don't be dogged by your outlines or text-books, and by that I mean be superior to them; make them your servants. Sad to say, some teachers are themselves slaves to these "helps."

It may be that your class needs something just a little different than that suggested by superintendent or author, even to attain the same end. And it may be, too, that you are quite clever enough to decide and select it yourself. Never under-rate your own originality and ability. Never overestimate it.

A wide range of themes does not refer simply to essay subjects, for often a grammar student is actually waked up if you tell him to diagram the sentence that last fell from his own lips. I think it has never once occurred to some pupils that the "sentences" and "exercises" in the text-books are the self-same language they are using daily. Convince them that learning grammar and rhetoric, day by day, by trying over and over, is no harder than for the baby to learn to talk word by word, a little at a time. Let them analyze, diagram, correct, and remodel their own talk as often as possible.

Neither is it necessary to take extraordinary topics in order to secure variety. The most ordinary things often make most fruitful lessons. For instance "Windows" (as you glance at them) —something the child is so familiar with,—that when you assign it, his first thought is "that's easy." And you may secretly rejoice should the unruly boy say as much aloud. By all means call upon him to recite it next day. Draw him out to make suggestions. Give him a bit of outside reading on famous stained windows. In short, make him proud of himself, and you have won the day.

Bear in mind that there is always much to gain in writing on a topic that "comes easy to you"; and again, equal gain in some subject entirely new and strange. The familiar subject leaves all your attention concentrated upon the structure; the other gives opportunity to develop confidence in the use of reference books, etc.

(*c*) "Dry" Subjects. If you should see fit to give out a theme somewhat beyond the class, or should, perhaps, be called upon to do so by the superintendent's outline, *be tactful.*

Lead them up to see good reasons for it and get their mental approval before naming the appaling subject. Be enthusiastic and cheery in suggesting outlines for it, and just as patient and helpful as possible about suggesting and providing reference books and parallel reading.

A student is vastly more of a mind to put forth an effort another time, when a "dry" subject is proposed, if he can produce a creditable paper this time, tho it be with lots of assistance from you or others.

(*d*) Use Common Sense. Follow a difficult lesson, after it is at least fairly mastered, with a lively or imaginative one. For once give each one the sort of a topic he is best at. If one boy can produce lucid, elegant analysis, but invariably ranks low in English, assign him several

problems as his composition; or let him write a little exposition of fractions or interest. Surely good analysis is good English.

(*e*) As a General Working Rule; Assign Only Topics Within the Thought-Experience of the Student. But ever and ever lead him from the known to the unknown. Somehow the word "broad-minded" is a big word. You are invariably prejudiced in favor of a stranger who is said to be broad-minded. And, on the other hand; what a character you summon up to fit the word "narrow-minded." Which are you? You must measure their present thought-radius; then put yourself in it.

Half life's ills (gossip; laziness; envy; arguing; fault-finding, etc.), would vanish if men were thinkers. Train them to it.

(1) Cultivate an acquaintance with each one's mental scope. It takes time but it saves time.

(2) Let the mother-spirit guide you. That is the gift that makes women natural teachers.

(3) Bear in mind that your real aim is to make them *speak* and *write* good English in daily life. If his graduating grammar grade is ninety-nine per cent. plus, and he still speaks incorrectly; if her rhetoric standing is one hundred per cent. and she still writes careless, incorrect letters—what is gained? And what is lost?

(*f*) Treasure the Child's Individuality. Seek for it; cultivate it; guard it; therein lies all his talent. Every one has some natural bent of thought, he will be at his best in expressing that. Help him.

Then; too; you must strengthen his weak points by arousing his pride in his strong points.

Encourage him to write out just what he thinks. Perchance his natural way is superior to his more labored efforts.

History and Civics—Fifth to Seventh Years.

By Flora Helm Krause, Chicago.

House Water-Supply and Sewerage.

When a house is built, the plumbers run a house supply-pipe from the branch pipe nearest to the property. This house pipe, with its branches, supplies kitchen; toilet, bedrooms, etc.; with water. These pipes are made of cast-iron or lead.

The plumbers also lay a drain-pipe from the kitchen sink to the street sewer to carry off waste fluids. As this waste fluid is apt to be greasy; and as grease congeals, when cold; and clogs; the kitchen drain pipe generally leads to an enclosed box or chamber in the ground. This is deep enough for the grease to settle in while the fluid is conveyed thru an opening at the side, high enough to be out of the way of the precipitated grease. This opening, of course, leads to a pipe connecting with the sewer. The box must be cleaned every so often of its precipitated grease.

The Toilet.

One branch of the house supply-pipe leads to a box over the toilet-stool, and keeps the box supplied with water. This pipe opens into the box at the side near the top. This opening is closed by the end of a little rod or arm. This rod or arm is balanced on a pivot and to the other end of it is attached a rubber or tin ball floating in the water. A chain hanging from the box is attached to a trap-door in the bottom of the box. When the chain is pulled, the trap-door is lifted and the water in the box runs down a pipe into the basin of the stool and flushes it. When the water flows from the box; the rubber ball floating in the water also goes towards the opening. Its movement downward pulls on the arm or rod whose other end stops the opening of the supply-pipe. With this pull on the rod, the opening is free for a rush of water from the supply-pipe to take the place of that which ran out. As soon as the water rushes in, the ball again rises and floats; because it is lighter than the water. The upward movement of the ball pushes on the rod which goes toward the opening, closes it, and the supply of water is cut off for the time.

Below the basin of the stool is a siphon-shaped passage. It is placed with its long arm connecting with the stool basin and its short arm opening into a soil-pipe. This siphon conveys the water that flushes the basin of the stool to the soil-pipe and the soil-pipe conveys water and refuse to the street sewer. The bad air from the soil-pipe cannot force itself back into the house thru the siphon because, altho this is an open passage-way, the pressure of air in the long arm of the siphon is always greater than that in the short arm.

The soil-pipe is ventilated by a stack or vent pipe, leading upward to the housetop. These stacks of all the houses together help to ventilate the whole sewer-system; with which all the soil-pipes connect.

The Expense.

All the water supply-pipes of a house connecting with the street supply-pipes, and all the drain- and soil-pipes connecting with the street sewers, tho inspected by the city departments described, are laid at the expense of the owner.

Each house is also supplied with a water meter, which gauges the amount of water used by the occupant. The water tax the owner pays the city is reckoned on the amount registered by this meter.

Chicago Drainage Canal.

Chicago has a gigantic sanitary canal; the construction of which was probably the greatest engineering feat ever accomplished. It is thirty miles in length, 200 hundred feet in width, and thirty-five feet in depth. The plan on which it was devised was to change the Chicago River from its flow towards Lake Michigan to the canal, the city sewage to be conveyed by the river in its course to the canal, and to be ultimately emptied into the Illinois River near Joliet. This was done that the water-supply of the lake might be unpolluted by the sewage.

Its construction cost twenty-eight million dollars; work on it was begun 1892, and it was completed and put in operation January 2, 1900.

Drawing and Constructive Work for June

By ANNA J. LINEHAN, Supervisor of Manual Training; Asheville, N. C.

Grade I.

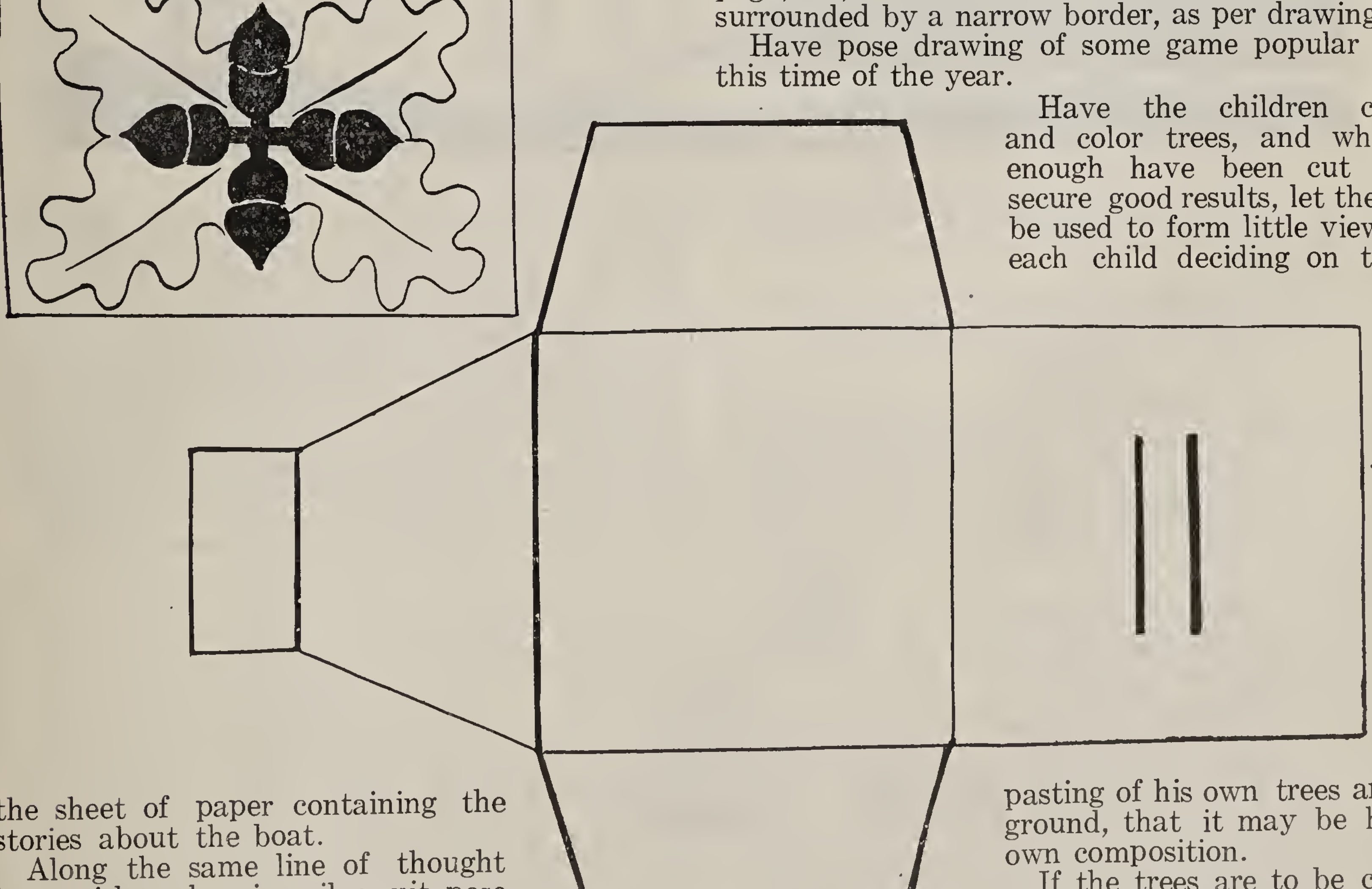
Have quick review of type forms used during the term, also of colors.

If clay is used it would be well to have one lesson in which the children may model what they like. The teacher will in that way discover what impressions have been made in the child's mind.

In reviewing color, when possible, have flowers of different colors, and let the children select the reds, blues, yellows, etc., and pronounce the names of the flowers distinctly.

At this time the thoughts of the children will naturally turn to the seashore or country, and lessons pertaining to either will be appropriate.

If the subject is to be the seashore let the children fold a paper ship as per diagram. If there is a sand table in the room an island can be made of the sand with the fleet of ships in the water surrounding it. If the folding is done correctly the boats will stand on the table or desk. Or, the folding completed, it could be used in connection with the language lesson, and pasted on the sheet of paper containing the stories about the boat.

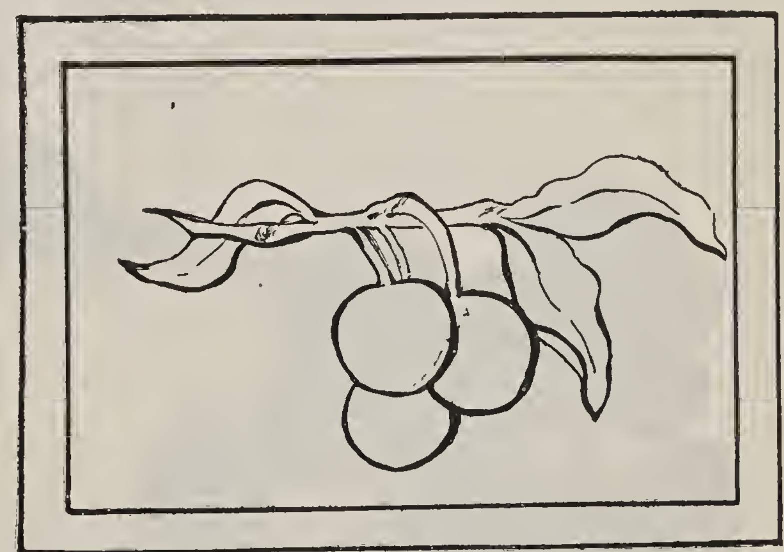


Along the same line of thought have girl or boy in sailor suit pose for the class. In preparation for this lesson have the children cut out at home, and bring in, pictures of children in sailor suits. Mount these and hang the sheet in some conspicuous part of the room. At the time of the lesson this should be out of sight, but the little ones absorb a great deal unconsciously, and it is well for them to learn to observe pictures they meet. The impression formed in this way will help them plan their own drawing.

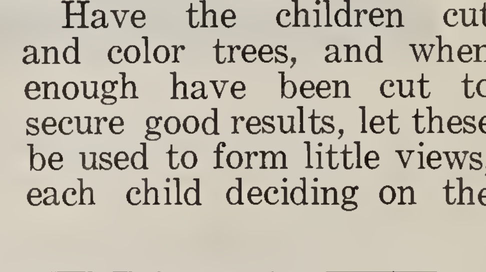
Grade 2.

Have the class study cherry tree from seed to blossom and fruit.

Let them draw cherries on stem with leaves. If they write some little story about cherries have a branch of the fruit in color, at the top of the page; or, have a cover with branch in the center surrounded by a narrow border, as per drawing.



Have pose drawing of some game popular at this time of the year.



Have the children cut and color trees, and when enough have been cut to secure good results, let these be used to form little views, each child deciding on the pasting of his own trees and ground, that it may be his own composition.

If the trees are to be cut from colored paper, have the trees green, the earth in the foreground yellow-green, and the hills of blue-green. Use the same colors if crayons or water-colors are used.

Grade 3.

Have the class make drawings of dandelions or buttercups. If there is time to permit it,

have several sketches made of the flower on separate paper, before commencing the final drawing. Have the work in color on gray paper —or, if on white paper have this cut down to the drawing, and mount on gray sheet.

Have the class cut leaves, maple, oak, or any leaf suggesting itself to the teacher. Some of the children may speak of the general resemblance of the leaf to the tree.

The class having cut the leaves, let them be used for center or corner design to decorate portfolio to hold drawings of the term, which will be taken home.

A simple folding is given, but if time permits, a more elaborate one could be substituted.

Grade 4.

If there is a bowl of gold fish in the school, let the class draw from that, making several sketches of the fish; trying to get the action, before starting on the final page. Have a large drawing made, and let the pupils have time to make a finished drawing.

The clover blossoms, done in ink or natural colors, make an interesting study.

The design could be applied to some object chosen by the pupils. The girls might apply it to some piece of needlework to be made during the vacation. The boys could use it for some box, made of wood or heavy cardboard.

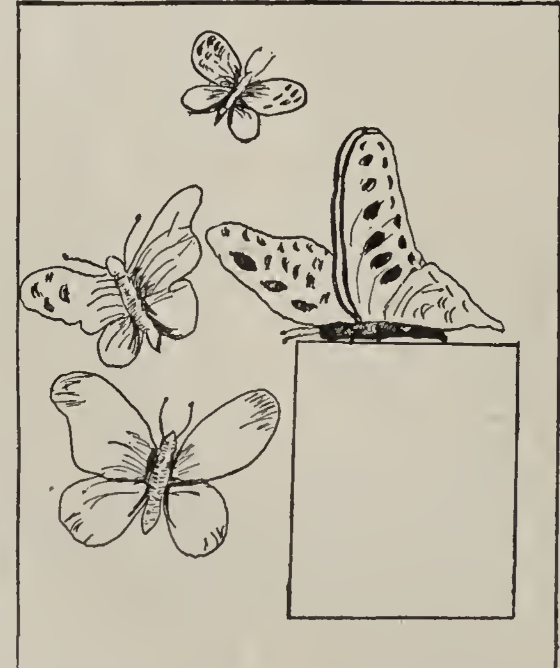
Grades 5 and 6.

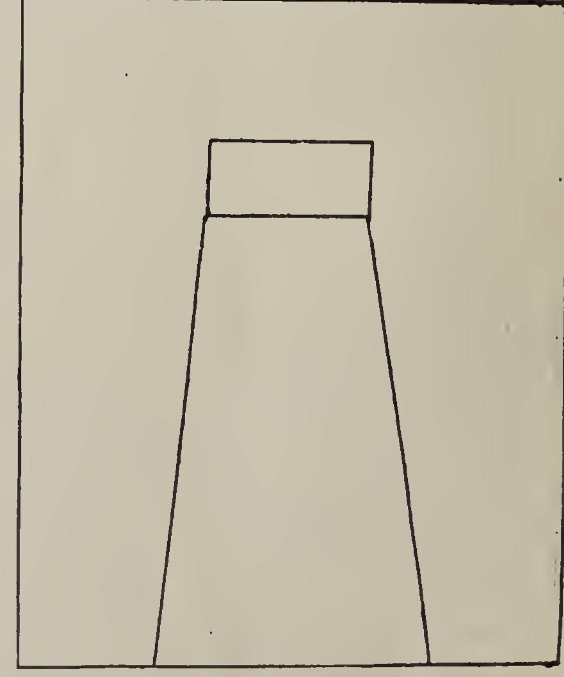
Some sultry afternoon when the work drags, suggest having the pupils draw and color designs for fans. A few examples of Japanese fans will add to the interest of the work.

A basket of strawberries makes a pleasant subject for drawing, either in black and white or in color.

A string of Japanese lanterns, varying somewhat in shape, can be done in black and white or in color.

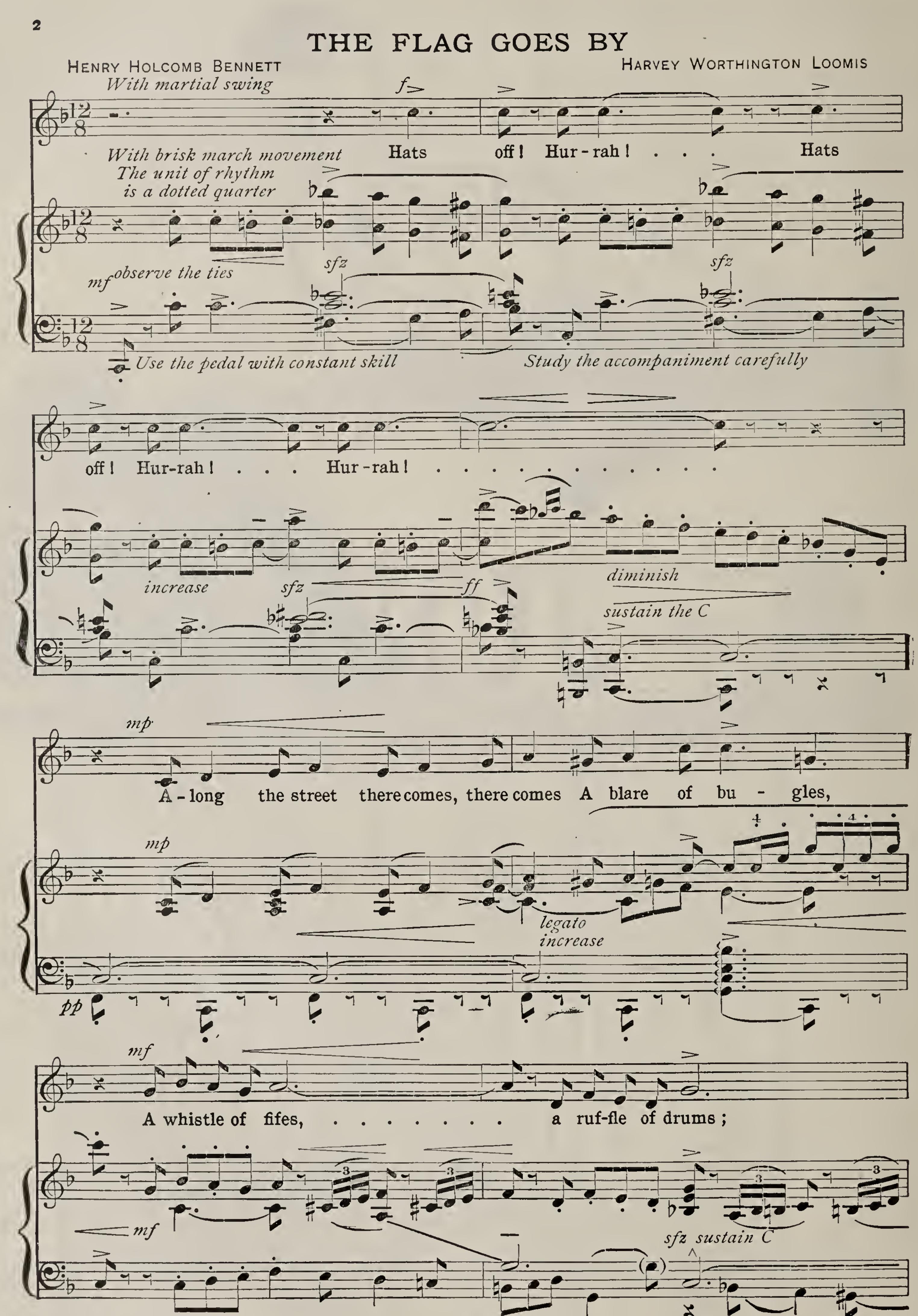
If butterflies have been studied during the month, they will lend themselves most satisfactorily as decoration for picture frame. If the pupils have used knives for wood-work, they will be adept enough to cut around the wings of the butterfly, raising it from the body, and thus giving a very life-like appearance. If this is to be done, the cardboard from which the frame is to be made should be of contrasting color from the water-color paper on which the butterflies are to be drawn. In order to cover the edges smoothly the water-color paper should be cut one-half inch larger on each side, to allow for turning in.





Decorated Picture Frame.

Blackboard Calendar Designed by G. H. Shorey.



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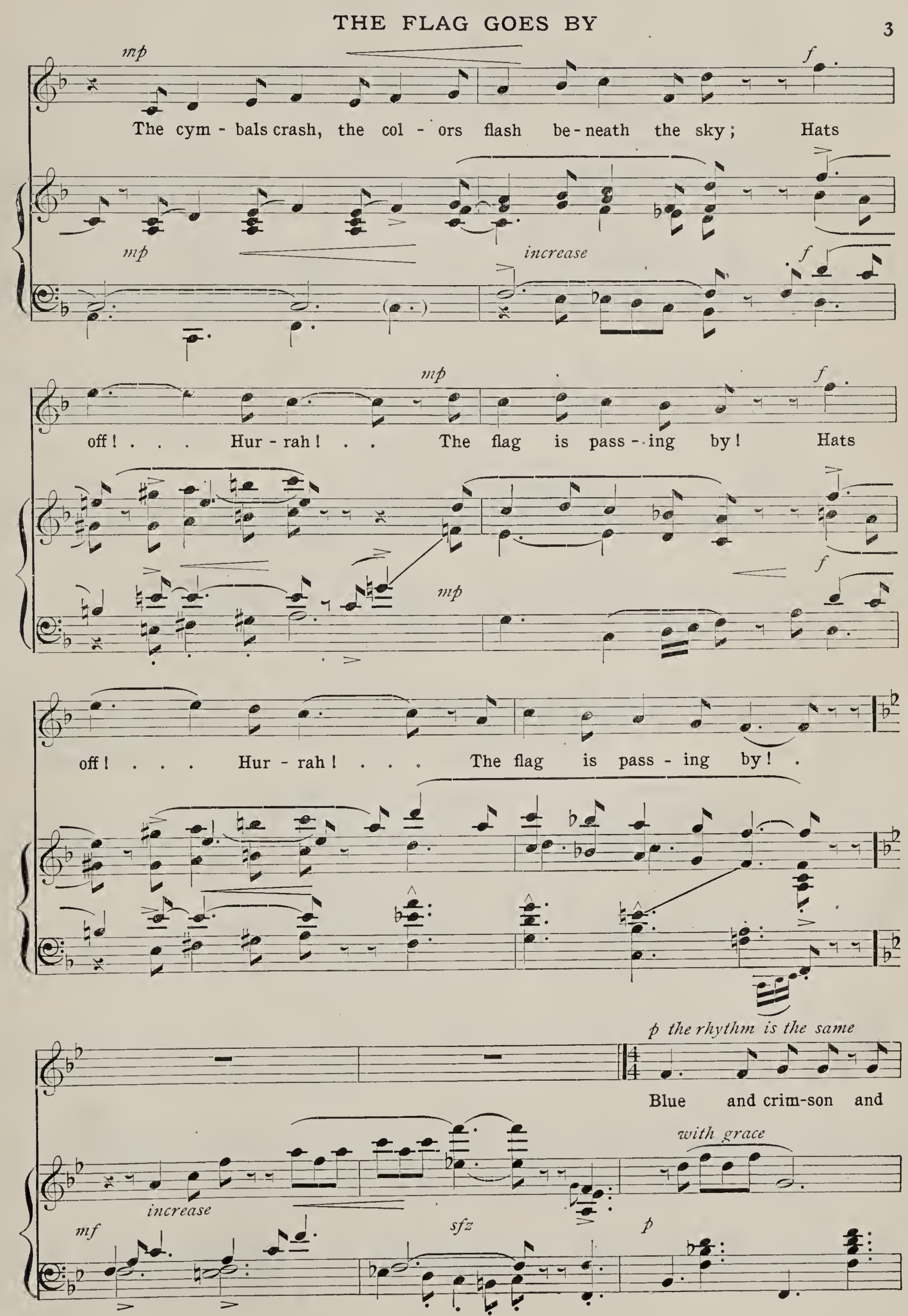
THE FLAG GOES BY

3



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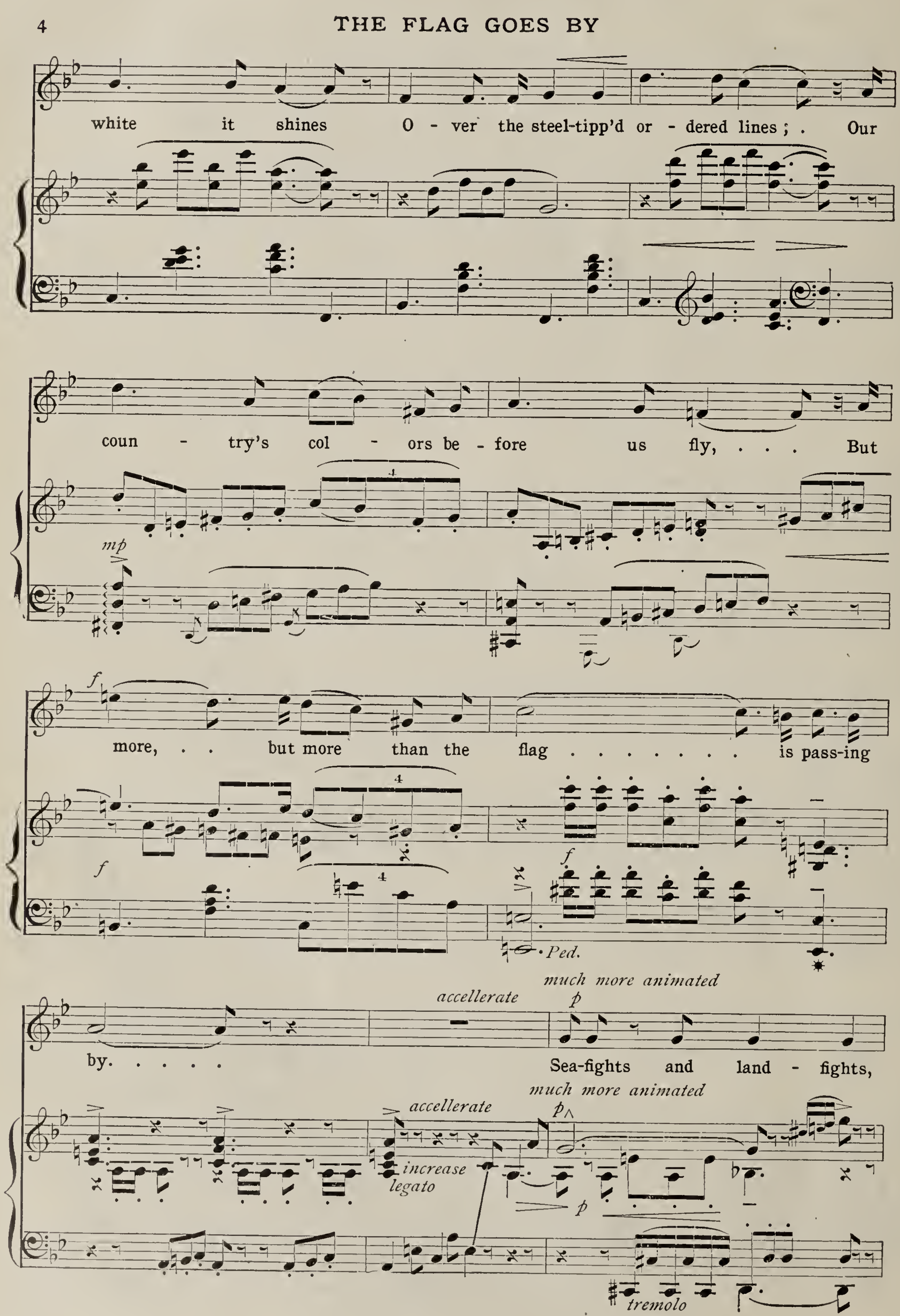
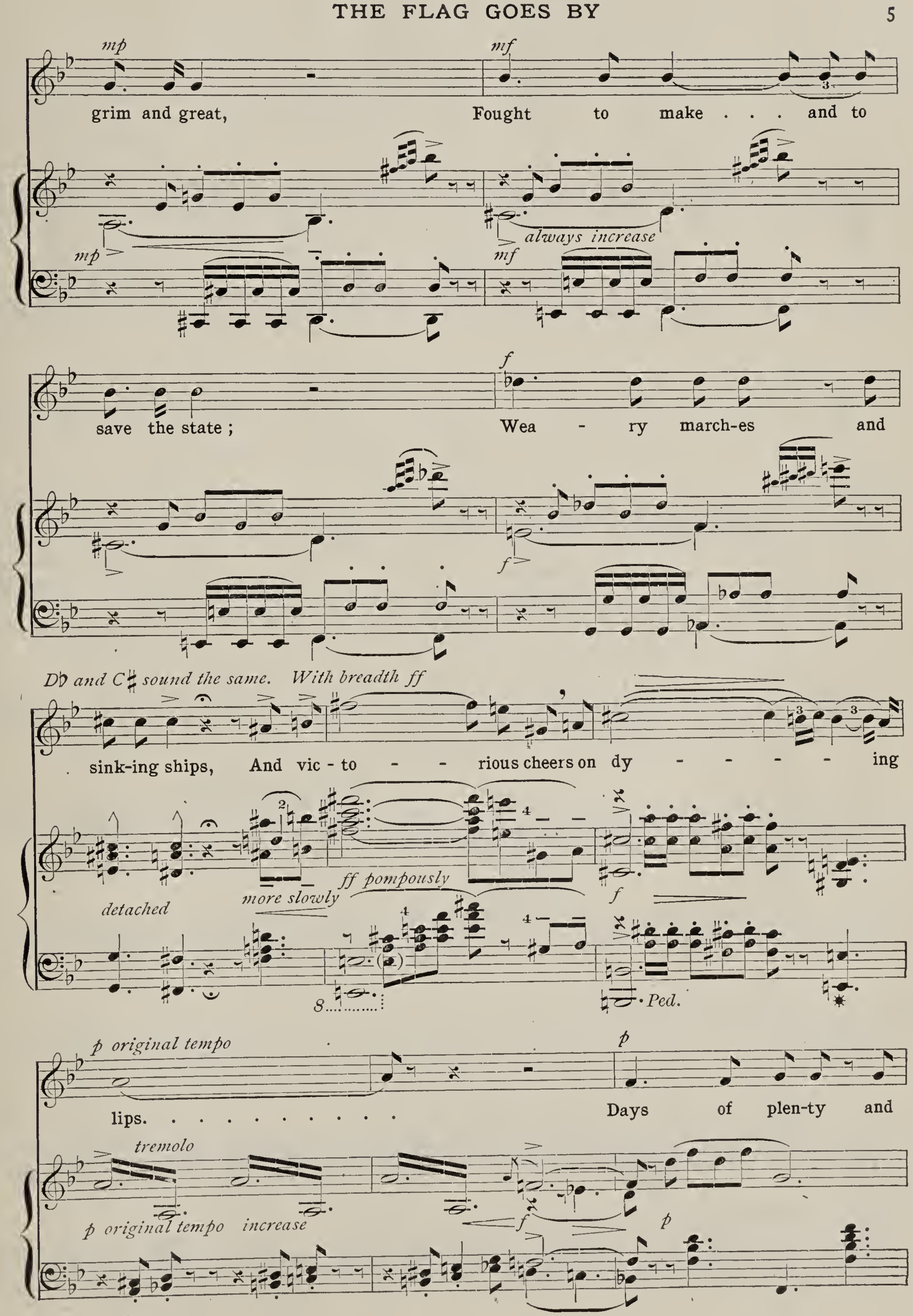
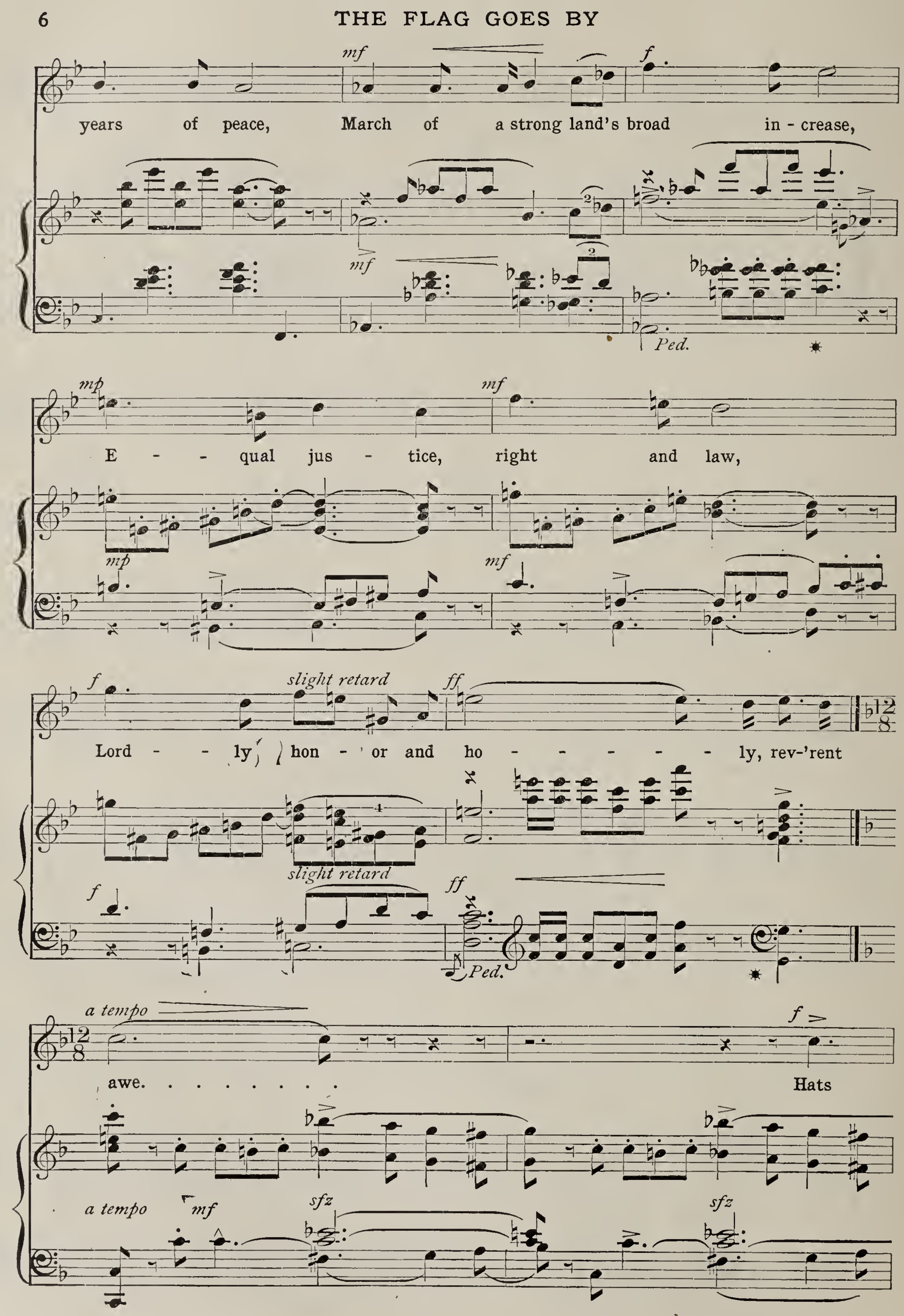
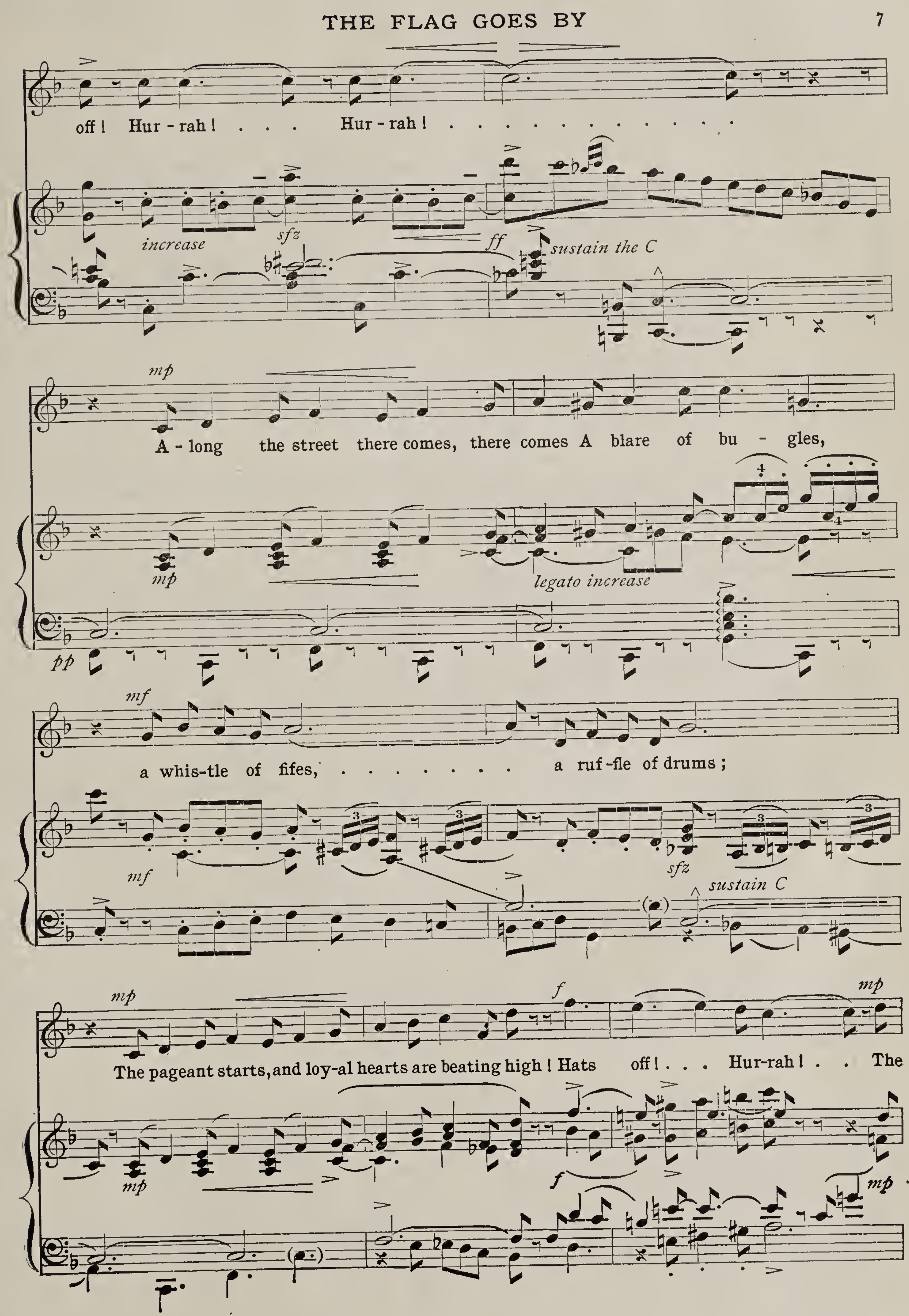
THE FLAG GOES BY



THE FLAG GOES BY 5

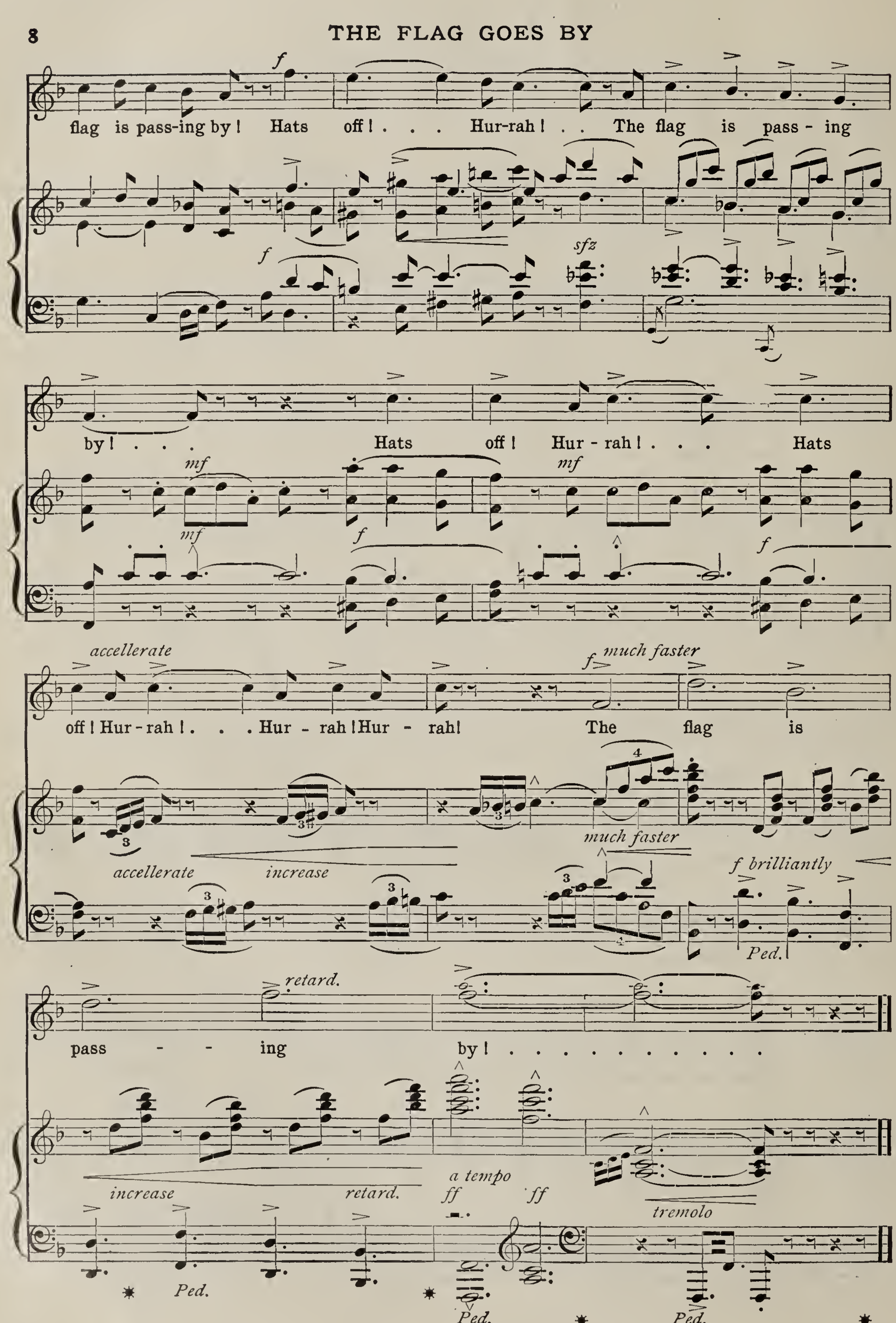



6
THE FLAG GOES BY
years of peace, March of a strong land's broad in - crease,
E - - qual jus - tice, right and law,
Lord - - ly hon - or and ho - - - - - - ly, rev-'rent
awe. . . . .
Hats
mf
f
mp
ff
slight retard
a tempo
sfz
Ped.


THE FLAG GOES BY
7
off! Hur-rah! . . . Hur-rah! . . . .
increase
sfz
ff
sustain the C
mp
A-long the street there comes, there comes A blare of bu-gles,
legato increase
pp
mf
a whis-tle of fifes, ... a ruf-fle of drums;
sfz
sustain C
The pageant starts, and loy-al hearts are beating high! Hats off! . . . Hur-rah! . . The
f

8

THE FLAG GOES BY



Stories for Teachers

Julius and the Other Forty-Seven.

By Margaret Small Dodge, New York.

JULIUS CORBIN, he of the ebony skin and the Prince Albert coat, afforded me some degree of training. Julius was somewhat of a dandy—note the Prince Albert coat. His mind soared not above the fit of his shabby clothes. Every day, just before dismissal, the up-to-date teacher gives the children a mind limberer in mathematics. Don't know what it is? Five times three, divided by three, plus ten, times two, etc.; that's a mind limberer. Apt name, isn't it? The first pupil who has the right answer is the best man. Julius always shouted "a hundred." There was nothing mean about Julius—nothing short of excellence suited him. So I had a tacit arrangement with him. Whenever company came in, my first limberer was always such that the result would be a hundred. Julius' war-cry rings in my ears to-day whenever his black face pokes thru the cloud of years that separates me from Room One of the primary grade.

It was Julius of the ebony skin who whispered one day in a hiss that carried even to the anteroom of the critic, "See her back shake"—meaning me. I had turned my back on an impertinence of one of the members of the "forty-eight," and was laughing to myself. I admit I should not have laughed, but I didn't know what else to do. I also admit that Julius showed poor taste in calling attention to it. My critic told me when the term was at an end, that she was afraid I'd never be a disciplinarian. I didn't resent the observation; I was afraid myself that I'd never be one.

On each Thursday afternoon the sewing teacher arrived, full of the pride of responsibility, and armed with a big bag of white flannel rags. These rags were cut into six-inch squares. A fine, shiny needle, and a knot of red cotton were handed about to each member of the "forty-eight." For three-quarters of an hour they stitched and darned and button-holed, the red cotton stitches showing up on the white background in awful majesty.

It was my duty to go up and down the aisles and keep the needles threaded and the knots picked out. How I hated it! The poetic soul of Peter, the auburn-haired, too, crept out from the bondage of white flannel and red cotton string. As I bent over his red and white hodge-podge, so close I brushed his beautiful auburn locks with the point of my chin, he whispered, hoarsely, "Teacher, I hate to sew. It's sissy's work. I druther have my breeches fall off than sew a button onto 'em."

And yet, to the watchful eye of the critic, Peter sewed with interest in his work. I never betrayed him. Peter and I were kindred spirits. I hated Room One of the primary grade. I couldn't sew. I couldn't discipline. I couldn't learn, but like Peter of the auburn hair, I had to make believe. I trust the gods were kind to me. I trust that I deceived the critic as gracefully as did Peter, Peter of the auburn locks, Peter the diplomatic, Peter of the buttonless breeches.

But I was only seventeen. They ranged from nine to twelve. I hadn't a fair start. There was only one of me. They were forty-eight. We were lined up against each other. I didn't know how to teach—no, I didn't, for all my certificates and my brave front. They did know how to take advantage.

Jim and Mamie were quick to see that I didn't do a thing of my own accord. I hadn't full sway. I was embarrassed by the presence of the critic just behind the half-closed door of the anteroom. In all those five months I worked in that training school on Greenwich Avenue, I never made one request nor gave one command that didn't have a string to it, the end of which was firmly held by the fingers of the supervising genius. It was her business. She was paid for it. The fault wasn't hers. If there is any blame let it rest on the shoulders of the system.

Did you ever get into a tight place and have to squirm out the best way you could? Did you ever look back and rejoice that nobody but your very own self knew how near to a fool you really were? What compensation in the thought! What balm to wounded pride! Suppose you had a critic behind the door of the anteroom!

I stood before the reading class. I was to teach the lesson to the left half of Room One. The committeeman was upon the platform. We were using Mr. So-and-So's text-book,—I hated it so I never would remember his name. I only knew my reader by its green cover. He was one of those fellows who put dry bones together and make a skeleton of a reading-lesson,—a vague something about the earth and the air and the heavens, full of unpronounceable words. This for children of ten! Oh, that Rip Van Winkle had turned in his sleep, awakened, and come to our rescue. Oh, that Jack had cut the bean-stalk and tumbled to earth. Even the company of Ali Baba with his forty thieves would have been better. But they couldn't come. They were barred out by the Honorable So-and-So, who wished to introduce his green-covered reading-book. The day was warm. The hour was late. We were fagged, and cared not a whit about the geologic formation of Narragansett Bay.

"First class, attention. One, two, three, stand." Each pupil had a little dun-colored dictionary. He was told to look up all the words in the lesson he did not understand. The "forty-eight" had been preparing this reading-lesson—did I say preparing? They did not know that the committeeman was coming in, and while they were supposed to be preparing they were—let me not digress, however. Results don't lie. Right here let me say that no matter how dull or vicious the "forty-eight" may seem to be, they always have one redeeming trait, a keen sense of loyalty to the traditions of their room, a desire to shine before an outsider. It may be

in a sense a matter of pride to outshine the class across the way; it may be any one of a number of selfish motives. I prefer to believe it is just a plain, every-day, call it divine if you will, sense of loyalty to the traditions of the room. You can always touch the chords of loyalty in the child. Think you can't? Try it on your next-door neighbor, then. No? Stop awhile in Room One of the primary grade and watch it work.

We struck the first snag—meteorological. That was a big word for Lucy. She stumbled and sweat, but she couldn't pronounce it. No matter if her face did get red, she couldn't bluff any more. We left Lucy to her dun-colored dictionary, and called up Frank Sullivan. Frank was a student. He could be depended upon. "Very well read, Frank. Just a little more expression in that last line. What is the trouble? Didn't get the meaning of the word when you looked it up? Let's see." Under the management of seventeen, ten-year-old Frank got the meaning of the word. He finished up the paragraph well.

Marguerite came next with her paragraph. I had stolen a book at the clock. Time was flying. I must advise some way to get on, else Mr. Committeeman would consider me slow. That would never do, for I must get his vote on my permanent appointment. I must be my own lobbyist. Fine business that, being one's own lobbyist. I asked Marguerite to give a sentence containing each of the tongue-twisting words. That would enable her to get the expression without going to the dun-colored dictionary. She got on very well with primeval, geologic, stratum, and prehistoric, so I gave her an easy one that she might come in at the finish with flying colors. The word unformed was chosen. Marguerite knitted her brows, thought a bit, and blurted out, "A chicken is an unformed hen."

Had I known as much at seventeen as I know to-day, I should have joined in the laugh, my little Marguerite. I should have saved myself much ineffective disciplining,—discipline which is cold is always ineffective. I thought then I could not correct a fault until the committeeman had gone. I am wiser now. A laugh at the right time with the "forty-eight" never upsets them. It is a reflection on their intelligence to deny them their laugh when it is due them. You'd resent it,—why shouldn't they?

To cover my embarrassment I turned to the diligent Lucy, who had been shuffling over the pages of the dictionary looking up meteorological. She shook her head negatively. I glanced at the clock; it had taken her ten minutes. Why had she not finished?

"Please, teacher, you told us when we didn't understand a word in the definition we was to look that up. I've been lookin' up words in every definition an' forgot what the first word meant."

Painstaking little Lucy, Mr. So-and-So, of the green-covered reading book has much to learn before he can expect little lassies of ten to keep looking up the big words in the definitions. Wake up, Mr. So-and-So! We don't want your green-covered book. Give us Jack and the Beanstalk.

The lesson was ended. I had failed miserably. The children had droned out the dull facts concerning the whys and the wherefores of the geologic formation of Narragansett Bay. What could you expect with a green teacher and a lesson like that? I put my book down carefully. I was heavy with the sense of failure. The ever-present realization of the critic in the anteroom harassed me. I would gladly have run out and hidden. I glanced furtively at the committeeman on the platform. The dear old gentleman was fast asleep. By the expression of his placid face I knew that he was happy. My hopes began to rise. The critic in the anteroom was forgotten. I struck my bell. The committeeman was at my side.

"I enjoyed your class, my dear young lady. You have a talent for your work. Call upon me at the close of the year. I shall remember you."

And so he did, God bless him. Dear old Doctor Webb, perhaps you, too, were glad to squirm when the geologic formation of Narragansett Bay confronted you on that warm day in September, at three thirty in the afternoon.

The critic was a woman of tact. The next day she taught the reading lesson for me. I aped her and got along fairly well for the remainder of the term. That's the only thing I learned to do at that training school—ape. Herself a capable teacher, she had not the faculty to impart to me the essence of teaching. I must get it somewhere and somehow before I could hope to be successful. I did not find it at Greenwich Avenue.

Little Square Root.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

(Reprinted from *The Youth's Companion*, by special permission of the author and the editor.)

ELIZABETH decided roses.

"For," she said, "nothing else is quite sweet enough for mother. I'll get her thirty-six roses."

That would be one for each dear, beautiful year. Mother was going to be thirty-six years old on Wednesday—why, Wednesday was to-morrow! There was not a moment to lose. The roses must be ordered this very to-day from Mr. Page, the flower man. That was the way people did. Uncle Joseph did that way when he gave Miss Cornelia twenty roses on her birthday. Elizabeth had gone down to the flower man's with him, and seen just how it was done. She would give the flower man a card, too, to put in with mother's roses when he sent them up. She was a little uncertain what she should write on it—Uncle Joseph had not told her what was on his.

"I know! I'll ask Uncle Joseph to tell me, so's I can write it on mine," Elizabeth decided. "I'll write it on to-night, and carry it to the flower man to-morrow before breakfast. But I must order my roses this very to-day."

"Order" was such a nice, grown-up word! Elizabeth was only six years old herself. And maybe six-year-old little girls did not go down to flower men's stores and order thirty-six roses

for their mothers' birthday presents—maybe only one little girl did, and her name was Elizabeth!

Mr. Page's beautiful, sweet-smelling, flower-filled store was not far, and Elizabeth could go alone quite well. Mother often let her go as far as that. She got her soft little purse and hurried secretly away.

"I came to order thirty-six roses for my mother's birthday present," she piped, bravely. It was a very high counter—it seemed as if it must have grown since she and Uncle Joseph stood there in front of it.

"Ah, roses, is it?" beamed Mr. Page, rubbing his smooth white hands together. "Well, we have some regular beauties in to-day. Now what kind—"

"Oh, that is the kind I'd like—the reg'lar beauties!" Elizabeth cried, eagerly. She had her soft little purse out. "I'll pay you the money now, an' to-morrow morning I'll bring my—my card down. To put in, you know, when you send them up." She took out her two bright quarters—all the money she had in the world. Two seemed a good deal to pay for the roses, but mama deserved two. Besides, of course there would be some change—there had been a good deal of it, Elizabeth remembered, when Uncle Joseph paid for Miss Cornelia's roses. The flower man's beam faded slowly from his big, smooth face. He looked down at the beautiful quarters queerly. The counter seemed to be growing now, right now this minute!

"Er—thirty-six roses, was it? Thought I understood you to say thirty-six. Well, they're eight cents apiece, but of course I could make a little discount considering the large numb—"

Eight cents apiece! Then—oh, how much was eight cents apiece times thirty-six roses? If Bobs were only there,—Bobs was in the big arithmetic,—he would know. "Do—do you mean it will take it all?" asked Elizabeth, in a small voice. She had not quite expected all—still mother deserved it.

"It will take two dollars and eighty-eight cents—call it two seventy-five," Mr. Page said, crisply. He jingled the two quarters in his hand.

"That is all the money I've got in my world," little Elizabeth answered, simply, but there was a tremble running along the words and getting ready to curl up into a little round sob. Her beautiful roses seemed withering before her eyes.

"Then you better get a bunch of pinks or asters," the flower man laughed. It is queer how people can laugh without beaming.

Pinks or asters—and mother! Elizabeth would have been scornful if it had not been for the little round sob in the way. She went closer to the counter and looked up entreatingly at the flower man. It was very hard to let him know she was not good in arithmetic.

"How much would—would half of eight cents apiece times thirty-six roses be?" she faltered, shame-facedly. For she had decided in her extremity that half as many roses as mother was old might do.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Page. Then, taking pity, he reckoned hastily: "Half of two seventy-five's one thirty-eight. Oh, call it one an' a quarter!"

"Is that same as one quarter an' another quarter? Then I'll take half of the roses, if you please," eagerly.

Poor Elizabeth! It was not the same. The flower man explained a little impatiently.

The extremity grew worse. But Elizabeth, remembering mama, tried again. Perhaps quarter as many roses as she was old—

"How much is quarter of—of it?" she trembled. The flower man must have been in the big arithmetic, too, for he answered instantly that it would be seventy-two cents, straight—no discount on small lots. And two quarters were only fifty cents; that was in the little arithmetic. Elizabeth reached up for her money.

"Good morning—I mean good ni—I mean good afternoon!" she said, rather unsteadily.

The little round sob stayed on in her throat. It was queer that it should be something in Bobs' big arithmetic that should make her swallow it in the end. Bobs always studied his big arithmetic right after the children's early tea, and Elizabeth usually sat at the table with him and played quietly or drew pictures. To-night it was pictures.

"I don't see the good of knowing what the square root of things is!" Bobs broke out.

"Why, Bobs!" Mother looked up from her sewing.

"Well, I don't, honest, mama. You look here. What's the good of knowing that the square root of thirty-six is six?"

Elizabeth's sore little mind was all full of thirty-six. She caught at Bobs' words. Then—in her sudden excitement she swallowed once for all the little round sob. A great enlightenment flooded her mind.

"Oh, I know—I know! I know the good of quare root!" she cried, joyously; then, in hasty care for her secret, she clapped both brown little hands over her mouth. Not another word would she say.

The square root of thirty-six was six. Elizabeth was six. She was the square root of mama! She would get six roses, one for each of her years, for mama's birthday to-morrow. Oh, she would—she would! She had learned the six table in the little arithmetic, and six times eight cents apiece was forty-eight! She would go down to the flower man's before breakfast. Oh, to think that Bobs, in the big arithmetic, did not know the good of square root!

The rest of the evening Elizabeth sat and smiled to herself. She did not dare to speak to any one for fear she should say roses or birthday or flower man.

The only thing she dared to say to mother was "Good night!" and even that sounded dangerously rosy.

The next day a long box was handed to mother. It contained six beautiful roses and a little white card. The card, in big, clear, printing letters, said:

TO MY VERRY BEST MOTHER

FROM

HER LITTLE SQUAIR ROOT.

The Teddy Bears at School

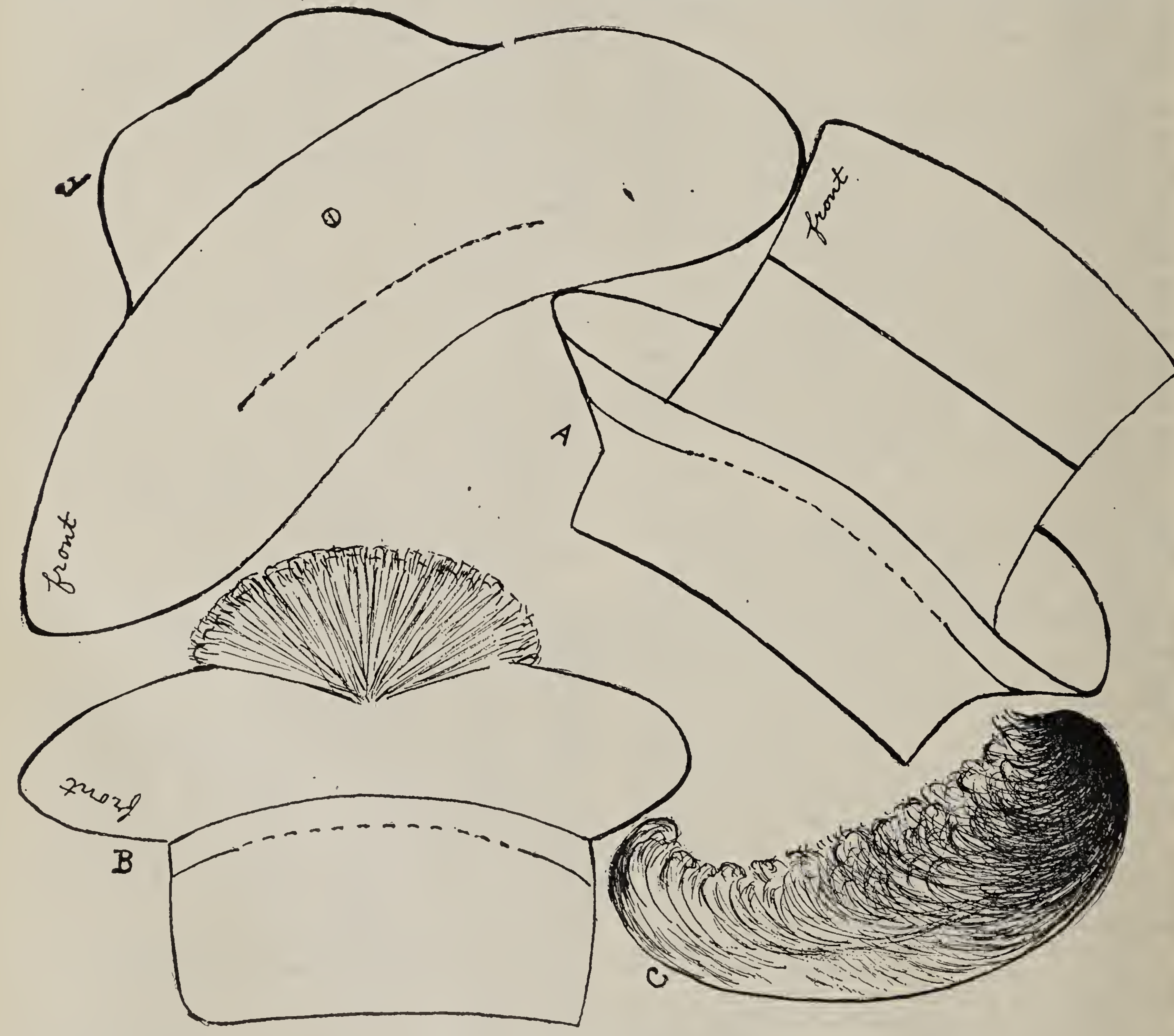
By Rose R. Archer, New York.

Directions for Making Paper Teddy Bears.

[See the diagrams on opposite page.]

COPY each of the four sample patterns (head, body, arm, leg), with tracing paper, and transfer these designs on white water-color paper. Cut out on line, like paper dolls. Use this set of water-color paper outlines for sample patterns with which to trace the outlines for as many Teddy Bears as are needed for a class.

As six sheets of water-color paper can be cut at one time, if sharp shears are used, the work connected with the cutting of the different parts of the Teddy Bears is much simplified by drawing a set of sample patterns on the top sheet only. Then cut all six sheets at once, just as if only one paper was being handled. A little practice is necessary, but if the paper is held firmly, the results will be satisfactory. In this way "cut out" material for *three* Teddy Bears is made in the same time that it would take to draw and



HATS OF THE TEDDY BEARS.

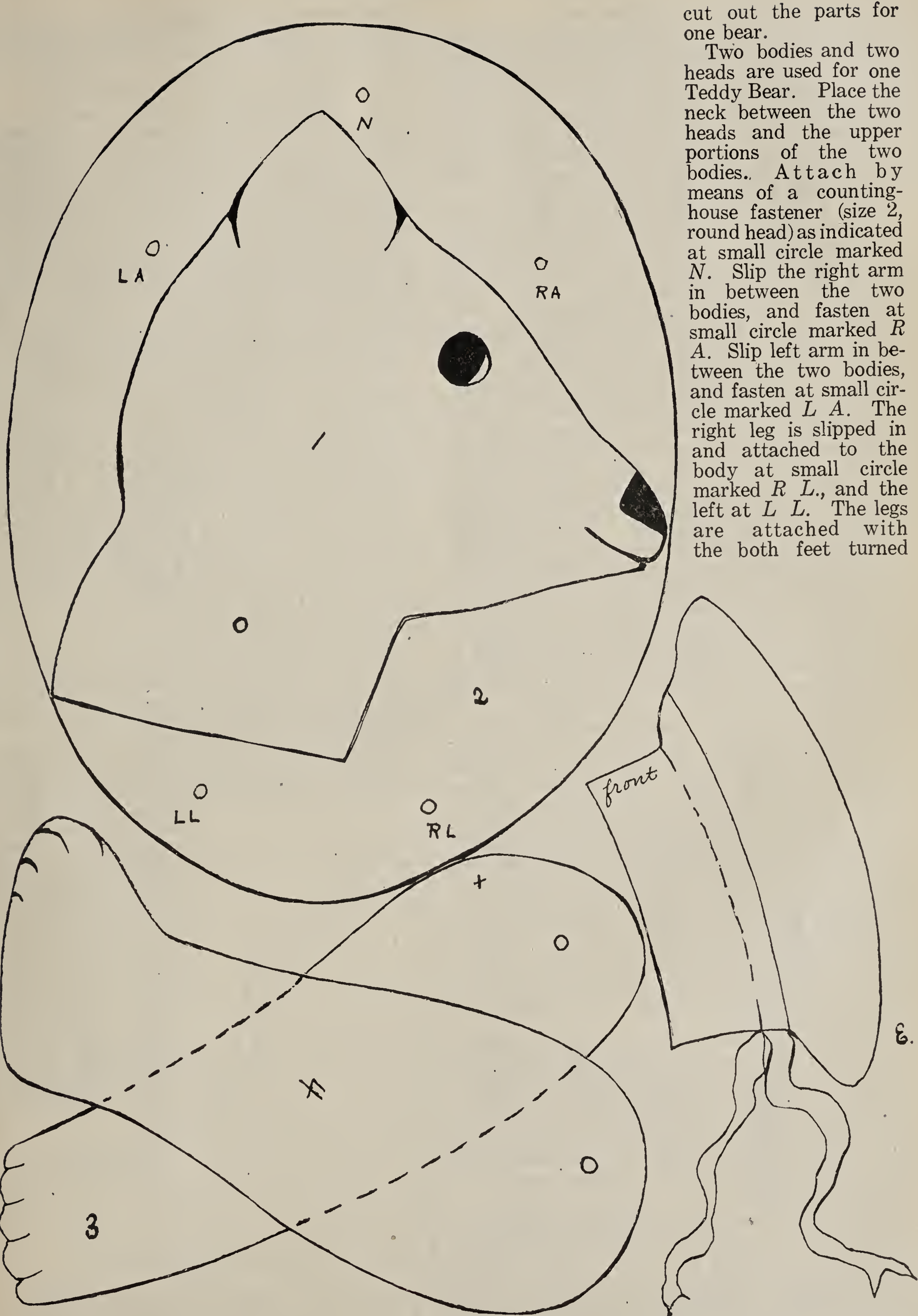
[Diagrams of foundations.]

Figure A.—Sample pattern of high hat, to be cut out on outline. Solid lines inside of hat pattern indicate guides for painting rim and wide silk band. Dotted line indicates where hat is to be cut with a penknife. Slip the tip of the bear's ear thru this opening and push the hat down as far as it will go. The hat is held in place with a clip at the right hand side. Paint hat with pale wash of black water-color paint (or ink), make rim and band deep black. Older children may try a light and shade effect—but little children cannot do this.

Figure B.—The Tam O'Shanter. Cut out on line, fringe the pompon from outside edge to center of hat, as indicated by fine lines. Paint body of hat a solid color, leaving the band white. Dotted lines indicate opening.

Figure C.—Feather. To be cut out on the outline and fringed on the curled side, cutting the paper in curves to imitate ostrich plume. Older children may attempt shading, even little children do this very nicely, when told to leave some places white while they are painting.

Figure F.—Rough Rider Hat. Use pale brown wash and outline with deeper tone of same color. For a picture hat paint the same shade as the costume it is to be worn with, add feather in contrasting color. Attach feather with brass counting-house fastener at point indicated by tiny circle on the diagram. Cut opening on dotted line.



cut out the parts for one bear.

Two bodies and two heads are used for one Teddy Bear. Place the neck between the two heads and the upper portions of the two bodies. Attach by means of a counting-house fastener (size 2, round head) as indicated at small circle marked *N*. Slip the right arm in between the two bodies, and fasten at small circle marked *R A*. Slip left arm in between the two bodies, and fasten at small circle marked *L A*. The right leg is slipped in and attached to the body at small circle marked *R L.*, and the left at *L L*. The legs are attached with the both feet turned either to the right or to the left, according to the direction of the profile. By using the counting-house fasteners, the bear can move arms and legs and head like a real Teddy Bear. A soft ribbon (an inch in width) tied around the bear's neck, with the bow in front, will conceal the joining of the head and body.

The Bears in the Class-room.

When the paper Teddy Bears were introduced into the class-room, the children were divided into two groups. The "cut-up" material was distributed in "surprise packages." A paper bag containing a bear's head, a body, two legs, and two arms, and a little paper with five pins on it, was given to each child. The children were told to open the bags and to try and see what they could make with the things found inside.

The brightest children were the first to discover the joke, and called out excitedly, "Teddy Bears!" Then all the children were told to lay the papers down on the table and to make Teddy Bears. The different parts were then pinned together. The results were very comical. The teacher suggested a few changes to such children whose bears appeared to be walking "backward" or doing acrobatic feats, and when the children had corrected these mistakes, holes were punched near the pins, by the teacher (who used a small metal skewer for the purpose), and the children were each given five counting-house fasteners. Some of the very little children had to be helped during this part of the lesson, but the majority of the children were able to fix the fasteners without any assistance. The children were instructed to remove the pins one at a time, before each fastener was inserted. When the children found that the bears could move their arms and legs like real Teddy Bears, the delight was unbounded. The teachers then drew the "faces" on the bears with black crayon, being careful to leave the white spot in the eye (see sample pattern diagram 1). This gives the bear a comical expression.

At another time we made brown Teddy Bears. Two arms, two legs, two heads, and two bodies were cut out of white water-color paper by the teacher, for each child. The children painted these brown on both sides of the paper. A thick wash, made of black and orange-color paint, makes the most desirable shade of "Teddy Brown"; it should be made in sufficient quantity for each child before the lesson. When the children finished painting all the parts, the papers were dried and pressed, next day they were put together, and the faces and claws drawn, as indicated in sample pattern, with black crayon. Black paint may be used with even better results, if the teacher has the time to spend over this part of the work.

The next step was to let each child outline a bear on water-color paper (using crayon for the purpose). A paper bag containing a "sample set" was given to each child. When the children had finished this part of the work, they were given scissors and told to cut out their own outline drawings. When this was accomplished, they fastened the parts of the bear together by means of pins.

Next time the children were given papers and pins and scissors, and told to cut out the head, body, arms, and legs of a Teddy Bear, and fasten these parts together. They were not assisted by suggestion, or helped in any way by the teachers. The results were very good, but seemed to prove that the children's sense of humor was far in advance of their sense of proportion.

The last and most delightful part of all was the making of costumes for the Teddy Bears. In February, when the children made soldier caps

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TEDDY BEAR ACCESSORIES.

[See diagrams on opposite page.]

FIGURE G.—Pocket Book Bag. Trace outline on water-color paper. Cut on outline, also cut line marked ccc. Fold paper on heavy dotted lines. The fine dotted line, to be made with pen and ink, represents a row of machine stitching. The small circle represents clasp, and small letters, a monogram. Paint bag with an all-over wash, on both sides of paper. Dry and press before folding. Fold side marked y so that it rests on side marked x. Fold side z against side y to form first outside flap of bag, then fold side w over this, making second flap. This will leave space marked vvv for handle. Paint the bag to match costume of bear who carries it. Inside pocket book bag place a tiny pocket handkerchief, made of white tissue paper, edge cut and fringed to represent lace. Tiny circles one-fourth inch in diameter painted on both sides with gold water-color paint may be made for money.

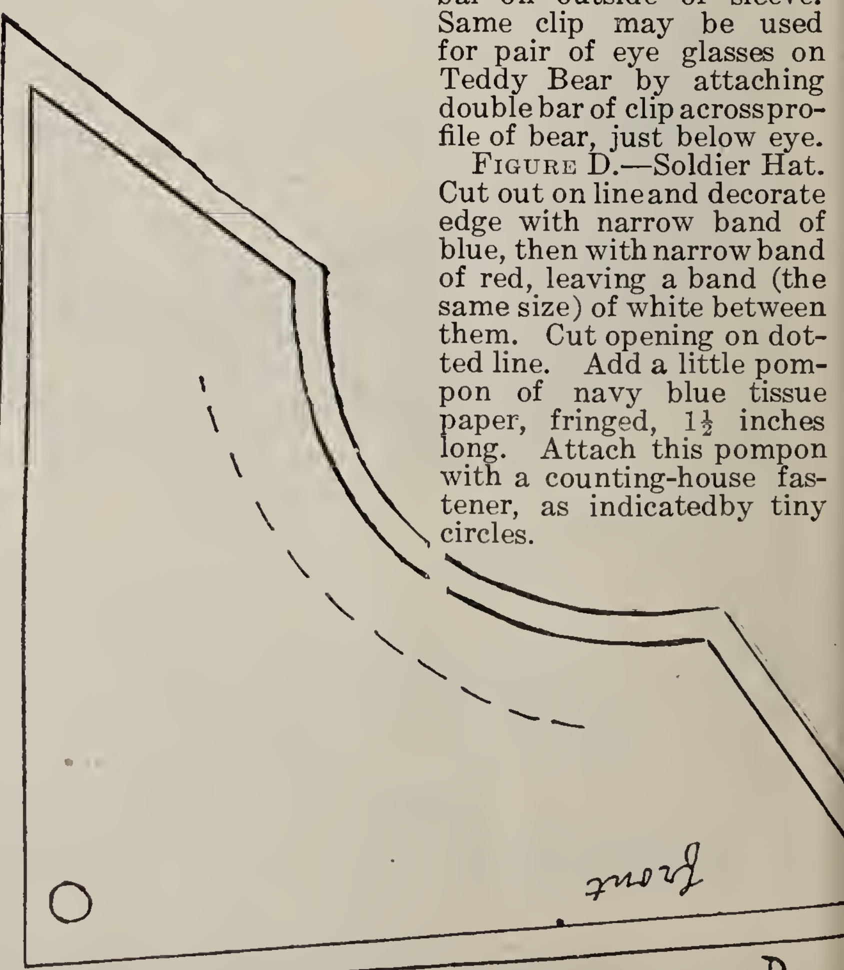
FIGURE H.—Traveling Valise. Trace outline on water-color paper. Cut on outline, like sample. Fold paper on dotted lines. Solid lines on side marked y are guides for painting, to indicate top of bag, clasp, and monogram. Paint alligator brown, dry, and press. Fold side z under side y; fold side x over side z. Paste the handle, L, to under side y, at points designated by v and w. Paste body of bag together like an envelope, leaving flap unpasted.

FIGURE I.—Golf Bag with Golf Clubs. Trace outline on water-color paper. Cut on line. Fold on dotted lines. Paint brown, dry, and press. Fold side y on side z, side x, back of side z. Attach with paste the handle (see Figure K) to under side of z, at points directly under spots marked v and w. The monogram on side z is to be made on outside of golf bag, and decoration bands above it is to be painted in outline after bag has been folded. Use clip on the right side to keep bag closed.

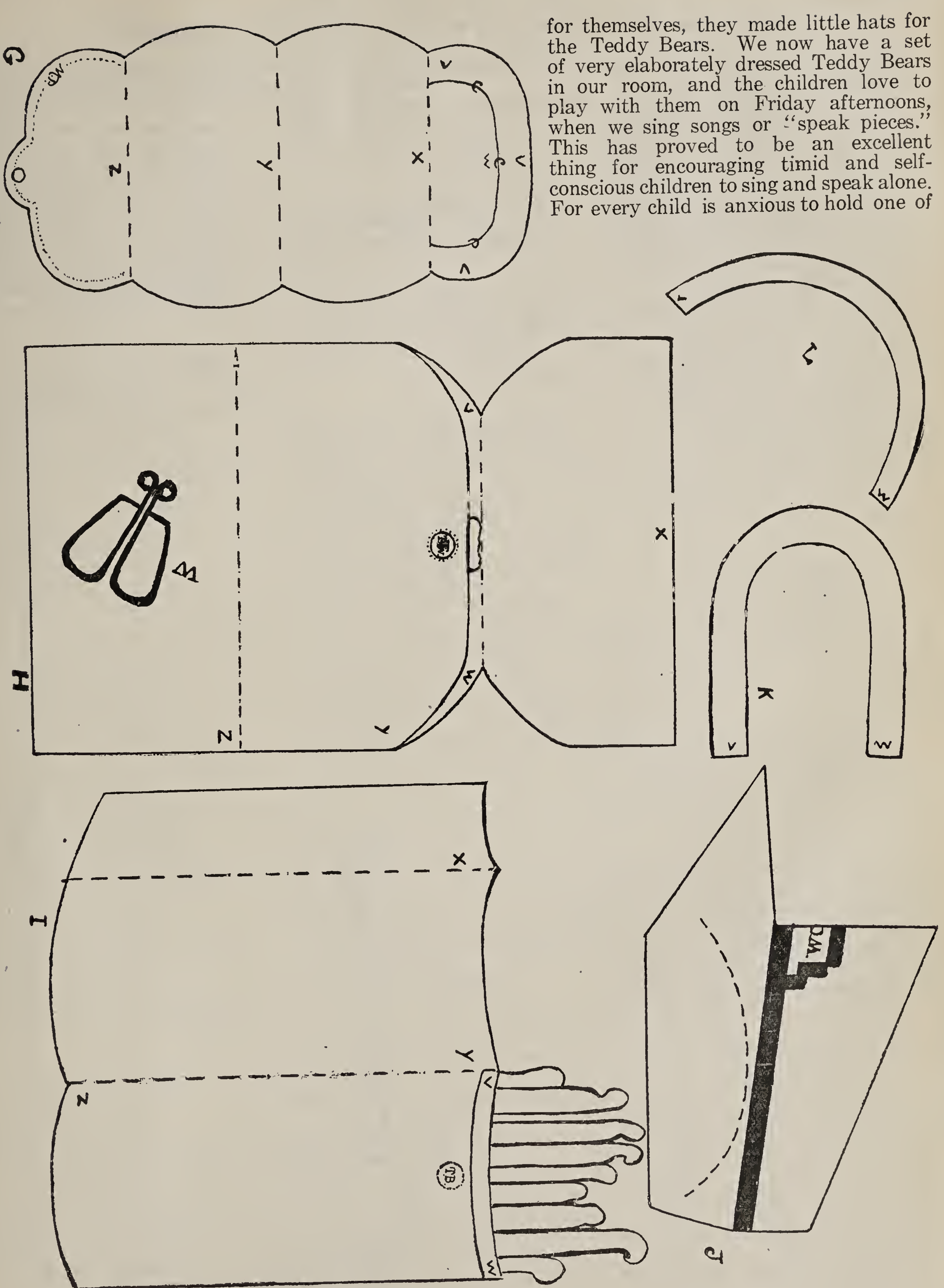
FIGURE J.—Boys' Cap. Trace on water-color paper. Cut out on outline. Cut also on dotted line. Paint cap dark blue. Very dark bands indicate trimming of gold braid. (Use gold water-color paint for this.) Space within gold braid in front painted pale yellow. Lettering is done with gold water-color paint.

FIGURE M.—Clip used for fastening straps attached to the shoulders of the costumes and crossed behind the bear's back. A clip, of this style also, is used to fasten the bear's arms to the sleeves of the costume. Place the double bar on outside of sleeve. Same clip may be used for pair of eye glasses on Teddy Bear by attaching double bar of clip across profile of bear, just below eye.

FIGURE D.—Soldier Hat. Cut out on line and decorate edge with narrow band of blue, then with narrow band of red, leaving a band (the same size) of white between them. Cut opening on dotted line. Add a little pompon of navy blue tissue paper, fringed, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Attach this pompon with a counting-house fastener, as indicated by tiny circles.



for themselves, they made little hats for the Teddy Bears. We now have a set of very elaborately dressed Teddy Bears in our room, and the children love to play with them on Friday afternoons, when we sing songs or "speak pieces." This has proved to be an excellent thing for encouraging timid and self-conscious children to sing and speak alone. For every child is anxious to hold one of



these "actor Teddy Bears," as they call them. A child may select any bear he pleases, and also the song or piece the bear is to sing or speak. The child then holds the bear in front of him so as to conceal his own face, and then he sings or speaks for the bear. The other children form the admiring audience, and the bear acknowledges the applause with a bow. An easily embarrassed child, whose attention is thus concentrated on the bear, forgets all about himself.

Directions for Cutting and Painting Teddy Bear Costumes

Left half of the foundation pattern used in making the Teddy Bear costumes.

Right half is cut exactly like the left. (The dotted line AB is simply a guiding line to indicate the center of the pattern.) Dotted line marked Y indicates the outline of a deep shadow or line when painting the sleeve to make it appear longer. Dotted line DDD marks the space occupied by the strap of tape, and XX the position of tape when cut, folded, and pasted ready for use.

NOTE.—A roll of mending tape, one inch wide (treated on one side with mucilage, like a postage stamp), may be bought at any stationers. It will be found to be very satisfactory in making straps for keeping the garments on the Teddy Bears.

Use a piece of tape $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches long for each strap. Cut and fasten as indicated in the diagram. In this way each shoulder is protected from strain and has a strap one-half inch wide and $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. (These straps are made much better than the paper flaps which are used on paper doll dresses.) Cross the straps behind the bear's back, and hold together with a clip. (If one cannot obtain the mending tape, use strips of new victoria lawn, same width and length, and paste in same manner, with photograph paste.) C on Diagram 2 marks the place where a clip fastens the sleeve of garment on bear's arm.

The Swallows.

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray,
All at a flash like the darting of flame,
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian—
Certain of springtime, the swallows came!

Doublets of gray silk and surcoats of purple,
And ruffs of russet 'round each little throat,
Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters,
Mariners sailing with never a boat.

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

Cornfields.

In the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst;
When bluebells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and marvis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

And then as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden-beds
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhocks and sunflowers tall
O'ertop the mossy garden wall.

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought,
The fair white thistledown;
Oh, then what joy to walk at will
Upon that golden harvest hill!

O golden fields of bending corn
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time and take me there!

—MARY HOWITT

Common Things.

The sun is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
It thru the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
Out on the lovely sea;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dewdrops on the summer morn,
Sparkle upon the grass;
The village children brush them off,
That thru the meadow pass.

There are no gems in monarch's crowns
More beautiful than they;
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

Poor robin on the pear tree sings,
Beside the cottage door;
The heath-flower fills the air with sweets
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones!

—MRS. HAWKSHAWE.

The Spider and His Wife.

In a dark little crack, half a yard from the ground,
An honest old spider resided;
So pleasant, and snug, and convenient 'twas found,
That his friends came to see it for many miles round:
It seemed for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses of life,
This spider was thoroly tired:
So, leaving those scenes of contention and strife
(His children all settled), he came with his wife
To live in this cranny retired.

He thought that the little his wife would consume
'Twould be easy for him to provide her;
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's room,
Where came every morning a maid and a broom
Those pitiless foes to a spider!

For when (as sometimes it would chance to befall),
Just when his neat web was completed,
Brush—came the great broom down the side of the wall,
And perhaps, carried with it, web, spider, and all,
He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was empty and dry,
His wife (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner),
Said to him, "Dear, go to the cobweb and try
If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly,
As a bite of a relish for dinner."

Directly he went, his long search to resume
(For nothing he ever denied her),
Alas! little guessing his terrible doom,
Just then came the gentleman into his room
And saw the unfortunate spider.

So while the poor fellow in search of his pelf,
In the cobweb continued to linger,
The gentleman reached a long cane from the shelf
(For certain good reasons best known to himself,
Preferring his stick to his finger).

Then presently, poking him down to the floor,
Nor stopping at all to consider,
With one horrid crash the whole bus'ness was o'er.
The poor little spider was heard of no more,
To the lasting distress of his widow!

—JANE TAYLOR.

Two Little Girls.

THE POOR RICH GIRL.

This little girl is very poor;
She has troubles, she finds, she can scarce endure,
And yet, my dear, she has playthings plenty—
Dolls as many as two-and-twenty,
Houses and arks and picture-books,
Something pretty wherever she looks.
But half the time she's puzzled to know
What to do with the wonderful show.

THE RICH POOR GIRL.

That little girl is very rich,
With an old doll like a perfect witch,
A broken chair and a bit of delf,
And a wee cracked cup on the closet shelf.
She can play with only a row of pins;
Houses and gardens, arks and inns
She makes with her chubby fingers small,
And she never asks for a toy at all;
Unseen around her the fairies stray,
Giving her bright thoughts every day.

Poor little girl and rich little girl,
How nice it would be if the time's swift whirl
You could—perhaps not change your places—
But catch a glimpse of each other's faces;
For each to the other could something give
Which would make the child-life sweeter to live;
For both could give and both could share
Something the other had to spare.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

About Birds

Conducted by William E. D. Scott, Curator of Ornithology, Princeton University.

Seasonal Comment.

THE month of June is the family time of birds. The nesting season is at its height and every part of woodland and meadow, every dooryard and the very trees along the village street are home sites for the throng of breeding birds. Songs thrill the air and the period is one of gladness, the high tide of feathered life is manifest.

Of those birds who began to nest early in the season, the grackle, the robin, and the bluebird, the first has broken up the rookery in the pine grove where so many strident cries have distinguished the young broods for the past month; the young robins and bluebirds of the first brood are only to be known from their elders by their spotted coats, for they are full grown so far as size is concerned, and are to be seen attended by old males, the female being busy with incubating the second brooding of eggs.

Over the grass-fields come the songs of meadowlarks, their protected homes hidden away so as to defy alike the curious boy and predatory cat. The tinkle of the bobolink's mandolin floats on the breeze scented with the perfume of the flowers of the field, and the minstrel himself when met is the very type of exultant and evanescent June days. The life of the open places is as evident as is that of the more secluded woodland.

Here the groves echo with the lay of the woodthrush, and further in the northland the hermit essays an even more sylvan cadence, a more spiritual symphony. Each region is favored with some supreme musician; the mocking-bird and cardinal in the South, the woodthrush and catbird in the middle section, and away in the hills of the North the hermit thrush and white-throat sparrow exult in solitude.

Cowbirds.

(Continued from last month.)

Few birds maintain the family relation except for a brief period. The robin, the woodthrush, the catbird and bluebird, in fact, all of our small birds, are for weeks, during the early life of their children devoted parents; but shortly after the young birds have left the nest and learned to fly they are no longer recognized as kin. Again, after the breeding season, many kinds of birds are of so social a nature as to band themselves in great companies. "Birds of a feather flock together." Gregariousness, however, has nothing in common with parental affection; it is more of a communal character, and is the antithesis of misanthropy. Our Cowbirds, reared by diverse parents are eminently gregarious, and the large flocks of the early autumn emphasize their sociability. In this way they are often associated with their cousins, the red-wings.

Affection for the young is an attribute which most of us have come to consider a salient characteristic of birds; so much so that it is proverbial in song and story. Let us look for a moment at the varying attitudes of birds to their offspring; that this shall be perfectly plain, let us regard the egg as the potential bird. The brush turkeys, or mound builders, Australian turkey-like forms, heap together great mounds of sticks, leaf mould, and decaying vegetable matter, which often reach a height of five or six yards, with a circumference of thirty yards or more. It is believed that the feet are the chief instruments used in this herculean labor. It is also well known that not one pair, but several individuals of both sexes assist in the work, thus forming a common nest, for the mounds must be regarded as the nests of these birds. At intervals, each of the females deposit, to the depth of some feet beneath the surface, an egg, until the season of laying is completed. The brush turkeys have no further concern regarding their progeny; the young, when hatched, never know the parents' care. The nestlings are fully clothed with feathers and perfectly-formed wings when they escape from the nest, and hence are able to fly at once.

At first glance it would appear that the above method of nesting, if such it may be called, is unique. It is not a very wide step between this condition of affairs and that of the ordinary barnyard fowl. Consider the precocity of young chicks, so well known and generally understood, that the wholesale raising of fowls is largely conducted thru the medium of incubators. When the chicks are hatched from the egg they are able to feed themselves, and it is only necessary to place suitable food and water at their disposal. They flourish and grow with no other aid than warmth, which is afforded them by artificial brooders. Surely this is not widely different from the brush turkeys of Australia. The mound is rather an incubator than a nest, and the chicks leave it at so advanced a state of development that they are able to forage and maintain themselves. All of the so-called precocial birds, namely, such as in their babyhood are able to feed and generally care for themselves, are the offspring of parents low in scale of bird development. It must be apparent also, that it is but another step from the methods pursued by the brush turkeys, to that of the alligators in hatching their eggs, and a little recession brings us still to lower forms, the fishes, who, in general, abandon their eggs as soon as laid, leaving their development to chance.

With our higher song birds a different parental attitude is the almost unvarying rule. Exceptions there are, however, notable among which is the Cuckoo, of the Old World, some of its kindred in Australia, the Koel, of India, and the Malayian countries, and the Cowbirds of America. There are other forms, among the Hang Nests of South America, but for our purposes we have enumerated the principal kinds, which are called parasitic.

The story of the European Cuckoo has been so well told that it seems sufficient to suggest it, and our native example of a bird that relegates

the duties of rearing its young to other birds, has been discussed at almost equal length.

There are, however, details in connection with the habits of the Cowbird that are both significant and interesting, and not the least of these is the conduct of other birds, in whose nests the Cowbird deposits its eggs. It is known that the Cowbird lays its eggs in the nests of bluebirds, chipping sparrows, field sparrows, bobolinks, yellow-winged sparrows, and several of the wood warblers, as well as a number of the vireos. I have also found on occasions a Cowbird's egg in the nest of the woodthrush and catbird. Most of these birds seem to accept the strange egg without being disturbed by it in any way, and take upon themselves the duties of foster-parents with no outward sign of objection.

There is one, however, that appears to have a different point of view. The nest of the yellow or summer warbler is particularly sought by the Cowbird. Some yellow warblers do not object in any way to the Cowbird's intrusion, and go on with their breeding duties with indifference to the strange, large egg placed among their smaller ones. I have known others again to abandon their nests after finding the foreign egg. Now and then I have seen nests where the intruding egg had been dealt with in an exceptional way. The method employed by the yellow warbler to rid itself of the Cowbird's egg, betrays what seems a singular degree of intelligence, and it is not a little remarkable that different individuals should have ways so divergent in dealing with the same conditions. This is apparent at once to the observer who finds a nest of exceeding depth when looked at from the outside. It is caused by a new structure, superimposed upon an older one, and examination will show that the motive for this is to exclude the Cowbird's egg, which had been laid in the nest, from being hatched; in a word, a new floor and a building up of the sides of the structure puts the objectionable element in a separate compartment. Frequently the first egg laid by the rightful owner will be included with the Cowbird's in this fenced, or rather floored-out part of the nest. On two occasions I have found nests of the yellow warbler where this process had been repeated twice, so that the edifice was some seven or eight inches in depth when viewed from the outside, caused by three nests, each placed on the top of the other, but all so intimately connected as to appear like one.

It is a far cry from the woods and meadows, the prairies and deserts of our country to Patagonia. Will you travel to that remote and desolate region to pick up the next thread of this story?

Cowbirds belong to the family of American Orioles, the group which is distinguished with us at home by the meadow lark, bobolink, the several kinds of blackbirds, and finally the Baltimore and Orchard orioles in the East, and Bullock's and the hooded oriole in the West and Southwest. As we go overland thru Mexico, and Central America, the representatives are too numerous even to be touched on here. The entire group of birds, however, are only found in the New World, and in a way take the place of the family of starlings represented thruout Europe, Asia, and India, and the Malayian regions.

In our oriole family the Cowbirds are but a small factor, there are only some eight or ten well known species. Like the family considered as a whole, this fraction of it finds its greatest development in South America, and the particular point is the Argentine Republic. All, so far as is known, have certain common characteristics. With a single exception they lay their eggs in the nests of other birds; and consort with cattle, following in their tracks and perching on their backs, evidently in search of parasites, and of additional insects which are disturbed in the grass by the movements of the grazing herds. The single exception to the habit of laying eggs in other birds' nests is the Bay-winged Cowbird, brownish gray, with chestnut-colored wings, in which the sexes are very much alike. This Bay-winged Cowbird not only differs in its breeding habits from its congeners, but is also distinguished by a marked divergence in color from the other members of the group. Few of us realize that by far the greater number of birds known to science, in all, over thirteen thousand kinds have been described, are without common names, and are only to be referred to, except locally, by the cumbrous titles bestowed on them by the savant. I have preferred to take the bull by the horns, and so have named one the Bay-winged Cowbird, for obvious reasons, and in a like manner I shall call another the Black Cowbird, which differs chiefly from our male Cowbird in not having a brown hood on the head The sexes, moreover, are not alike, the female being ashy brown, and very like "Molo" in appearance. Then, there is the Purple Cowbird, which is rather larger than its two relatives in Argentina, and is purplish black all over, slightly glossed with greenish on the wing and tail, while beneath the wing the feathers are marked by chestnut spots. The sexes are alike in color, tho the female is a little smaller, and the young are pale grayish brown, and have the wings conspicuously margined with chestnut. All these Cowbirds have a common distribution and are often found closely associated; in a large way it may be said that they range over the southern part of South America. This is why I asked your company to Patagonia.

Few naturalists have had opportunity to do more than gain a knowledge of the appearance and affinities of the birds of this remote part of the world. It is true that we know how most of them look, and have a pretty definite knowledge of their exact distribution, but to know something of the doings of a given kind of bird requires more than casual acquaintance.

So far as the Argentine Cowbirds are concerned, Mr. W. H. Hudson has been more fortunate than his confreres. His researches have afforded him opportunity for unraveling many obscure tangles, and he has become intimately acquainted with the three kinds of Cowbirds I have briefly introduced. His accounts of their habits were published as long ago as 1874, and while they have attracted the attention of ornithologists, are not widely known; so I shall summarize and quote parts of his discoveries.

The Bay-winged Cowbird rears its own young; sometimes it lays the eggs in a nest which it has built, but generally preempts the structures of other birds.

The Purple Cowbird, the one with chestnut spots on the feathers beneath the wings, seems more uncommon than the other two, and so far as is known, marks the beginning which we have seen consummated in the North American Cowbird; that is, it lays its eggs in other birds' nests, and does not concern itself further with family cares. It is not a little remarkable that the *only bird* upon which it shoulders its duties, is the Bay-winged Cowbird. Besides, its young so closely resemble the young of that bird as to be indistinguishable until after they moult, and begin to acquire their purple dress. From Mr. Hudson's diary I quote: "April 12, 1873.—To-day I have made a discovery, and am as pleased with it as if I had found a new planet from the sky. The mystery of the Bay-wing's nest twice found containing over the usual complement of eggs, is cleared up, and I have now suddenly become acquainted with the procreant instinct of the Purple Cowbird. The Bay-wings are so social in their habits, that they appear reluctantly to break up their companies in the breeding season; no sooner is this over, and when the young birds are still fed by their parents, then all the families about a plantation unite into one flock. About a month ago all the birds about my trees had associated in this way together, and wandered about in a scattered party, frequenting one favorite spot very much, about fifteen minutes' walk from the house. The flock was composed, I think, of three families, about fifteen or sixteen birds in all: the young birds are indistinguishable from the adults; but I know that most of these birds were hatched late in the season, from their incessant strident hunger-notes. From the time of my first seeing them together, before the middle of March, I never observed the flock closely till to-day. A week ago I rode past the flock and noticed among them three birds with purple spots on their plumage. To-day, while out with my gun, I came upon the flock and observed four of the birds assuming the deep-purple plumage, two of them being almost entirely that color; but I also noticed with astonishment that they had bay wings like the birds they followed, also that those that had least purple on them were marvelously like the Bay-wings in the mouse-colored plumage and blackish tail. I had seen these very birds a few weeks ago, and before the purple plumage was acquired, and there was not the slightest difference amongst them; now they appeared to be undergoing the process of transmutation into another species! I immediately shot four of them along with two genuine Bay-wings, and was delighted to find the purple-spotted birds to be the young of the Purple Cowbird."

"I must now believe that the extra eggs twice found in the nest of the Bay-wings were those of the Purple Cowbird, that the latter species has a particular predilection for laying in the nests of the former, that the eggs of the two species are identical in form, size, and coloration, and that, stranger still, the mimicry is as perfect in the young birds as in the eggs."

Further observation on Mr. Hudson's part confirmed him in his opinion that the Purple Cowbird is parasitic only on its near relative, the Bay-winged Cowbird. His investigations also warranted him in believing that the Black Cowbird, the third species which is present in Argentina, is not parasitic on his congeners, but on other small birds, many of which he enumerates.

My story draws to a close. I have but a word to say as to how all this bears upon "Molo." We had at one time two pussy cats who were very fond of each other. They were inseparable companions, and in the early spring one of them had a litter of four pretty kittens. A box was arranged for her not far from the furnace in the cellar, where it was light and warm, and here she cared for her offspring. Knowing that the other cat would also have a family in a few days, a second box was placed near by and comfortably lined with straw and blankets, in the bottom. In two days Pussy Blue became a mother, but after a few hours transferred her four kittens to the box of Juliana. From this time on the two old cats took turns with the eight kittens, in watching, nursing, and caring for them. While one mother puss was on duty, the other would go for two or three hours into the fields for mice and small game, which she would bring to her comrade, and so it went on till the kittens grew into young cats. One of the mothers was always in attendance, and it was impossible after the first few days to tell which of the eight children composed the two separate litters.

Comment is unnecessary; here were two sociable cats, who not only lived together, but reared their young together, and shared each other's duties.

It seems to me that in the early relationships of the Bay-winged Cowbird and its Purple ally, that extreme sociability, which Mr. Hudson has remarked, drew them into close bonds. I even believe that they had nests in common, and shared the duties of rearing young, at first; another digression developed; all of the duties after the eggs were laid were relegated to a single mother, the Bay-winged Cowbird, who undertook to rear, not only her own brood, but also the children of her friend. This seems to me the origin of a habit that has been handed down to successive kinds of Cowbirds which have spread westward from Argentina.

Following a step further we find another near relative who has progressed to the point where she abandons the duties of incubation and bringing up of young, to any small bird, and the link between the original bird, and our own Cowbird of North America is established. In such proceeding it is not necessary to reiterate there is no moral turpitude, and the inheritance, for it cannot be considered anything else, is no more to the credit or discredit of the bird or animal who possesses it than is the plumage with which it is decked, the song which it sings, or any other of the characteristics that time and circum stances have developed.

Hints and Helps

Plans, Methods, Devices, and Suggestions from the Workshops of Many Teachers

This feature, originally planned for these pages, has proved so popular with teachers that it has been copied by nearly every educational periodical in the country. TEACHERS MAGAZINE will continue to publish the best to be had for this department. The Editor would like nothing better than that he might be able to visit the school-rooms of every one of the hundred thousand teachers who will read this Magazine. What an abundance of good things he would find! But that cannot be. The next best thing is to have the teachers aid each other by writing out the devices and plans and thoughts that have proved most helpful to them. Will you not contribute from the store of your experience? A good book will be sent for every contribution accepted for this department.

Gems in Story Work.

DO the children really understand their memory gems? Do they grasp the full meaning of the bit of poetry, or are they merely memorizing words?

In order to test the class and to answer these questions, I use the week's gem in story work or in composition writing. Sometimes I suggest the story, sometimes I give the topic only, and sometimes I leave the class to work out the story without my help.

The boy who weaves his own experiences into the story of "Only a drop in the bucket," will more fully understand the meaning and the value of "the drop in the well," than one who merely repeats the stanza; and the lessons "every drop will tell," and "pennies make the dollars"—are lessons he will carry away from the school-room out into life.

Such story work gives the child power of expression. This undoubtedly is one of the strongest factors of our modern school work. Combined with the strong essentials of gem work, what a power in the hands of the children it becomes!

So we memorize our gems (fully explained); and then we weave them into stories; stories of child experiences or imaginative stories beginning "Once upon a time—"

My class seems to delight in this story—production work, while I delight in the knowledge that the children do understand as well as memorize the gem.

Ohio. ANNA FORESTER.

Examinations.

What would we think of a gardener who pulled up the plants in his garden every three weeks, or oftener, to learn what had been taken by them from the earth? We would certainly call him uncomplimentary names, and yet, is it not what we are doing in our school-room gardens? To an old teacher who has followed unwillingly the custom of frequent examinations because it was the custom, it has seemed like the greatest folly.

Once, only, this teacher revolted. The cost was a position and a friend. The loss of the first was quickly made up by another, not so with the other. Nevertheless the teacher has never regretted the revolt, for it was a strike for independence and principle. As deeper and deeper has grown the interest in the development of the child into the free and intelligent adult, the cry of the spirit against unnatural means has grown louder and more insistent, until it can no longer be disregarded without sinning against a conscience.

Less attention to the frailties of the human growths, and more attention to the right atmosphere and fertilizers, would be a good motto to learn and repeat to one's self every morning. When we can, with courage born of right, put aside all shackles, and with an unclouded spirit see the things of the spirit in our small brothers and sisters; when we can put aside all thought of personal ease and comfort, and, with a spirit cheerful, kind, and magnanimous, recognize the limitations, possibilities, and needs of some so-called incorrigible, we shall, with largeness of faith, reap a harvest to gladden our hearts, when with bowed forms and white heads and hearts we leave the field of action, and go to our reward.

When, with a week of examinations, we have sapped all the energy of young minds struggling into a larger growth, when we have plunged half of them into the depths of despair, because some element of growth is found lacking, what have we gained? Does discouragement help? Does it help *you*? What then! Is knowledge increased or the means thereto? Are you wiser as to the

The Teacher—The Student need Murine Eye Remedy, An EYE TONIC. Soothes and Quickly Cures.

Fly to Pieces.

THE EFFECT OF COFFEE ON HIGHLY ORGANIZED PEOPLE.

"I have been a coffee user for years, and about two years ago got into a very serious condition of dyspepsia and indigestion. It seemed to me I would fly to pieces. I was so nervous that at the least noise I was distressed, and many times could not straighten myself up, because of the pain.

"My physician told me I must not eat any heavy or strong food and ordered a diet, giving me some medicine. I followed directions carefully, but kept on using coffee and did not get any better. Last winter my husband, who was away on business, had Postum Food Coffee served to him in the family where he boarded.

"He liked it so well that when he came home he brought some with him. We began using it and I found it most excellent. While I drank it my stomach never bothered me in the least, and I got over my nervous troubles. When the Postum was all gone we returned to coffee, then my stomach began to hurt me as before and the nervous conditions came on again.

"That showed me exactly what was the cause of the whole trouble, so I quit drinking coffee altogether and kept on using Postum. The old troubles left again and I have never had any trouble since." "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

status of the pupils in your class? Have you found by means of that great pile of ridiculous papers that dull Johnny has become bright, or bright Isabel has become dull? Did you not know beforehand just what each was capable of?

The thought of examination papers makes me indignant. Impertinent, prying things, seeking to lay open to public gaze all the inner drawers and closets of the soul! This small brother born of educated parents is shown to his fellow-citizens of the school-room to be made of mahogany, inlaid with gold and silver or something just as precious. This little soul struggling alone out of a cloud of fog inherited from a line of uneducated forefathers is held up to ridicule before those with whom his lot is cast, and he is plunged into despair, or rebellion, because he has done his best, and failed, before his world. What is there for him to hope for—to look forward to? Poor little lad! there is one pen will fight for you; for your equal rights with those endowed for your uplifting, and increase of light, against all the battery of examinations that seek your undoing.

Vermont. ALICE A. FLAGG.

As One Teacher Looks At It.

I have just attended a spring teachers' institute. An instructor taught us beautifully from large cards with pictures and printed stories how to teach beginners to read well. The main thought of each sentence was brought out by questions, emphasis on the proper words, etc. Then she said, "Now don't you see that after this preparation the children will all read this lesson well, and nothing has been said about periods, commas, quotation marks, etc.?" I said, "Could that story be read just as well with all the punctuation marks left out?" "Yes," she replied, "I never should say anything to them about these marks. If they learn the thought that is enough."

Yes, but will not the punctuation help them to learn the thought? I believe the reading class is the best place to learn punctuation, capitalization, etc. In the language lessons we teach pupils to commit to memory, with great labor, rules for the use of the capital letter, the comma, period, and quotation marks, when these would be much more easily learned, and with good illustrations for each, in the reading class?

We complain that when children begin to write little sentences, stories, or letters, they will not use the marks correctly. Why should they when we have taken pains not to call their attention to the proper use of these in the only place where the pupils can learn them accurately —the reading class.

Every time I go down thru the streets of our little town and notice the long rows of horses hitched to the posts along the curbstone, I see too many with the miserable look in the eyes, and the restless turning of the head, that indicates the tight check-rein. Once I stepped around to the side of a fine horse and unchecked his rein. The miserable expression in his eyes disappeared, and he gave me such a relieved look.

On cold, windy days, horses are often left standing hitched on the streets for hours, shivering in the wind, while their master is warm and comfortable, lounging in a store or some place of resort for loafers. I suppose a good deal of this comes from thoughtlessness, but people have no right to be thoughtless when it causes misery to any living thing. Children who are to be the men and women of the future may be made to think on these things.

Iowa. PRUDENCE S. JACKSON.

Stationary and Stationery.

One of the most trying things to the student of spelling is to remember the difference between words that are pronounced alike, but which have a slight difference in spelling. A good way to remember that stationary, to stand, contains the *a* in the last syllable, is to recall that stand has an *a* in it, and stationery, paper, has the *e*, and so has paper.

Virginia. RUTH O. DYER.

Study Table Privileges.

Do you have a study table or corner where you can very diplomatically send any little mischievous offender to prepare his lesson under the pretense that you think it an honor to fill the position? Keep the honor for those who deserve it, or if a whole class occupy the place send any one to his seat who does aught but study. It is almost a hallowed shrine in our school.

Pennsylvania. E. MAIE SEIFFERT.

Dr. Talks of Food.

PRES. BOARD OF HEALTH.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment, a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

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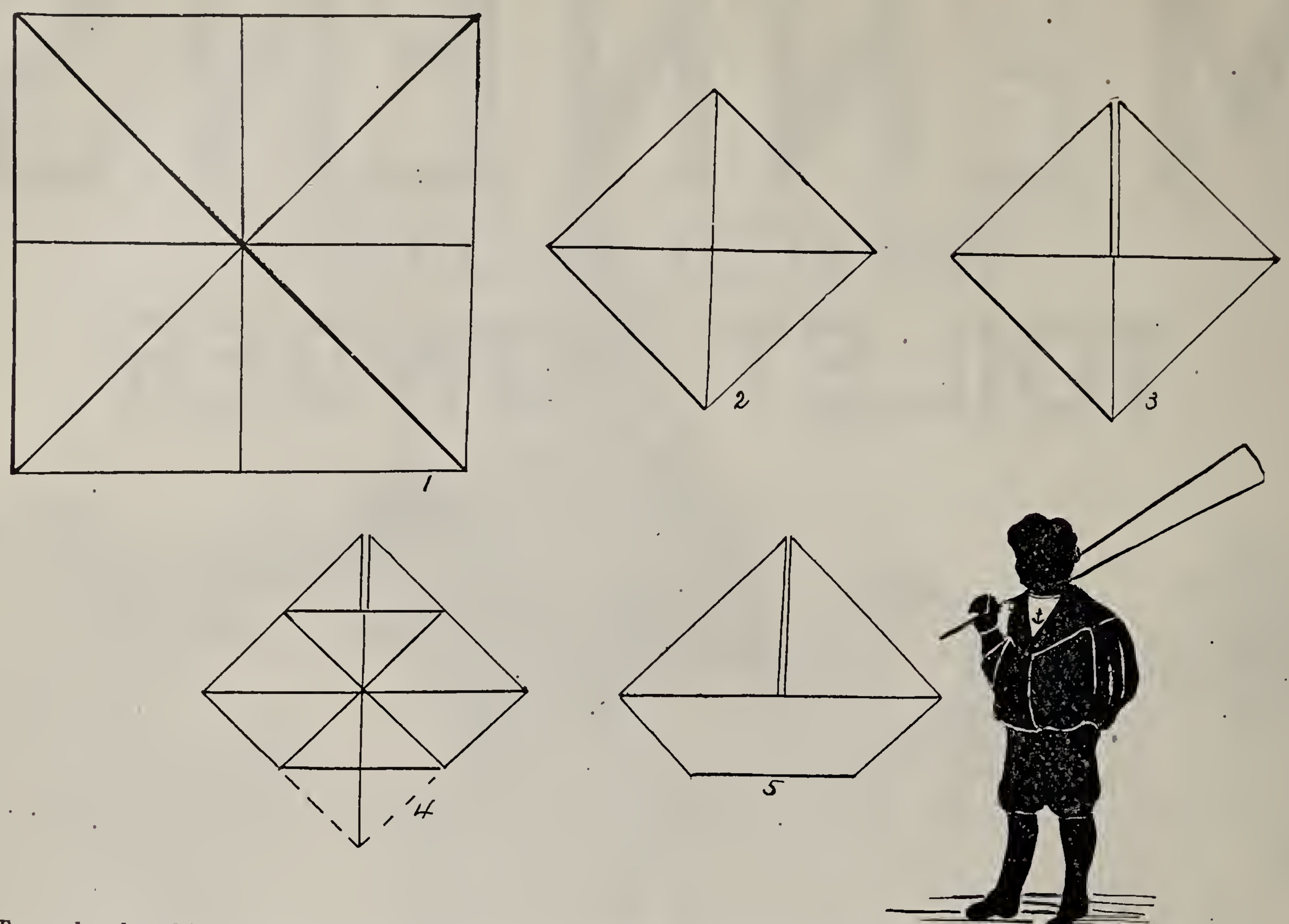

To make the ship, fold a square of paper on its diameters and diagonals. Then reverse the paper and fold on the other side the same way. Then fold in a plait of the diagonal on each side from center to corner, forming a square one-half the size of the original square. Fold down each outside square, leaving the sails visible as per drawing No. 3. Fold the points opposite the sails to the center, letting the outside square fold over the thick folding to give a neater finish. If the folding is correct the boat will stand on desk or table.

Nature Study.

Spring came very early in Georgia this year—about the middle of March. I took my third grade class of boys and girls to the woods. Among other buds we got some of the leaf buds of the beech and poplar trees. These we studied in class next day.

Each child was given a bud. We talked about the "blankets" Mother Nature put around her "baby buds" last fall, then how she took off the "blankets" in the spring, and the little leaves came out. Some of the children wrote only a few lines; drawing the "blankets" and "baby leaves," while others wrote more. I send one of the best written by one of my pupils, in school.

A GEORGIA TEACHER.

THE BEECH TREE.

Mother Beech does not make her children's blankets like Mrs. Poplar makes hers.

Mrs. Poplar lives next door to Mrs. Beech.

One day Mrs. Beech called Mrs. Poplar and said, "Mrs. Poplar, I have almost finished my baby's blankets, and don't you think they are pretty? Let me see yours."

So Mrs. Poplar went to her parlor and got hers. Mrs. Beech said, "Yours are very pretty, but not as pretty as mine." They started up a quarrel, when who should they see but Mother Nature standing before them. She said, "I will tell my Father in Heaven to take away your blankets and not let you have any little leaves, if you don't hush quarreling."

She went to Mrs. Beech and said, "You started this quarrel, didn't you?" "Yes," she answered, and bent down her boughs and whispered, "I want to tell you that I started this quarrel. I told Mrs. Poplar that my blankets were better than hers." So Mother Nature said, "I will not punish you this time, but I will punish you the next time." She said, "Go and tell Mrs. Poplar that you

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are sorry you spoke so harshly to her, and that her blankets are pretty too." So Mrs. Beech went and did what she was told. But she still thought hers the prettiest.

It was much trouble for Mrs. Beech to cover her little leaves up, more trouble than she thought it would be. She had to call Mrs. Poplar to help her.

They finished covering their baby buds. They slept snug and warm all winter.

One day Mrs. Beech said to Mrs. Poplar, "Hark! Mother Nature is calling me." And about that time Mother Nature came and said "Busy worker, uncover your babies and look at them, for the days are getting warm, and they might die covered up so snug and warm."

But before Mother Beech could get to them she heard a tiny, low voice, which called, "Mother." She uncovered her buds and looked at their accordian-pleated skirts.

She called Mrs. Poplar to look at them.

Nine years old. LOUISE C. BROWN, Third Grade.

A Way of Teaching Decimals.

In the study of decimals I find that the pupils have some trouble in understanding how to read the numbers.

I tell them that we have two nationalities; the Units being Americans, and the Decimals Europeans. I tell them that tenths, hundredths, etc., are the family names, while the numerator or number which designates how many we have of the denomination is the Christian name. I explain this by illustrating with one of the pupils' family.

I then put a number on the board, and say, "Now we have an American family and a European family going traveling together. Who will tell me who they are! First, they give the Christian name, then the family name.

I have found this very helpful in teaching the reading of decimals, besides finding it very interesting. All are anxious to take families traveling.

Perhaps the idea will seem plausible and helpful to others.

South Dakota. JANIE E. DEVERS.

Morning Exercises.

Many teachers believe that they have no time for morning exercises in our crowded schools in the country.

Here are a few suggestions which may help you to solve this problem. First, buy a number of song books.

On Monday morning, or at least one morning of the week, read some beautiful story, putting in simple language that even the seven-year-olds can understand.

If you have primary work, help the children to learn pretty little verses. If older pupils, ask for notes on current events, or quotations from good writers, and see that each child has one. This is for another morning.

Another morning read a chapter of some good book. "**Swiss Family Robinson**" is always interesting.

Change your program each day, but have something worth while every time.

Indiana. NELLA B. THOMAS.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIX., No. 10 JUNE 1907

CALLS FOR TEACHERS

Educational boards and superintendents every spring write to the Brewer Agency asking for teachers; these calls coming from every part of the United States aggregate a very large number.

Superintendencies

Among the superintendencies for which this agency has been asked by authorities to suggest candidates this season are: One at $3,600. One in the middle states at $2,000. One in the central states at $1,600. One in the east at $1,800. One in the middle west at $1,500. One in the northwest at $1,500. We also have about 85 superintendencies and principalships ranging in salaries from $900 to $1,400, many of these coming direct from authority.

Smaller Superintendencies and Principalships

Principalships in all parts of the United States, both for men and ladies at salaries from $1,000 down to $500, are almost without number.

Positions in the Grades

This agency has been called upon to recommend candidates for grade positions in the best cities in New England; salaries ranging as high as $650. They have excellent places in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and in all the southern states. For places in the far west superintendents have asked this agency to recommend at salaries ranging as high as $800 and in some cases $900.

Kindergarten Work

We have at this time twenty-three kindergarten positions on our books, some of which pay salaries as high as $750.

Department Teachers

Geography—One position for teaching geography, paying $2,300. In a state normal school.

Mathematics—We have on our books at the present time 136 positions in mathematics both in public and private schools; salaries ranging from $50 a month to $1,500 a year.

English—Eight positions in colleges. 153 positions in secondary schools. Salary ranging as high as $1,500.

History—68 positions in public and private schools; salary ranging as high at $2,000.

Latin—12 positions in colleges; 136 positions in high and normal schools. Salary from $50 a month to $1,200 a year.

Vocal music—In public schools; 106 positions; salary from $50 a month to $1,100 a year.

Drawing—45 positions. Salary ranging to $900.

Manual training—78 positions; salary ranging as high as $1,600.

Commercial work—54 positions; salary ranging to $1,000.

TEACHERS SCARCE

Never before in the history of the educational work has there been such a scarcity of teachers. A large number of these places will be hunting candidates all the time during the next two months, with varied success.

You should join our agency at once, even if not expecting to change immediately; but if you are expecting to change, there is no other investment of $2 that will be as valuable to you. Send for our circulars and registration form; or better, send full statement of qualifications and we will begin working for you at once. Address the Brewer Teachers' Agency, 1303 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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From a book of "Memory Gems for School and Home," published by A. S. Barnes & Co. As these gems were collected and tested in the school-room by a large number of teachers, they are thoroly well adapted to school use.

Ability.

Every person is held responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.—GAIL HAMILTON.

Alacrity.

A willing heart adds feather to the heel,
And makes the clown a winged Mercury.
—BAILLE.

Bravery.

True bravery is shown by performing without any witnesses what one might be capable of doing before the world.
—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Expectation.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word.
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.
—EMERSON.

Graces of Character.

King-becoming graces
Are truth, justice, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Influence.

No life can be pure in its purpose
And strong in its strife, and not make
All life purer and stronger thereby.
—OWEN MEREDITH.

Life's Business.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—CARLYLE.

Little Things.

The smallest effort is not lost:
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each rain-drop makes some floweret blow,
Each struggle lessens human woe.
—McCAY.

Nameless Hands.

The noblest service comes from nameless hands,
And the best servant does his work unseen.
—HOLMES.

Rewards (a).

Who soweth seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold.
—DORR.

Rewards (b).

No endeavor is in vain,
Its reward is in the doing;
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.
—LONGFELLOW.

Seeing Ourselves.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see ourselves as ithers see us.
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion.
—BURNS.

Self-Help.

My business is not to try to remake myself,
But to make the absolute best of what God has made.—BROWNING.

Success.

Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time.—SHAW.

Great Lives for Young Readers

To foster and develop in children a fondness for history and biography is the object of the splendid series we publish entitled:

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They are all translated from the German, because in that country a specialty is made of really desirable reading for the young. Their simplicity and accuracy makes them very useful for every school library in the grades.

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From booksellers, or from the publishers

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Bird Puzzle.

1. There's a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow,
2. And one which boys use when with long strides they go.
3. There is one that tells tales, altho he can't sing,
4. And one who flies high, but is held by a string.
5. By one a high rank in the army is held.
6. There's another whose name with one letter is spelled.
7. There is one that a farmer in harvest would use,
8. And one you can easily fool if you choose.
9. What bird, at dessert, is it useful to hold,
10. And which in the chimney place oft hung of old?
11. Which bird wears a bit of the sky in its dress?
12. Which one always stands in the corner at chess?
13. There is one built a church, of London the pride.
14. We have one when we talk with a friend by our side.
15. What bird would its bill find useful at tea,
16. And which would its tail use to steer with at sea?
17. Which proudly a musical instrument wears?
18. And which the same name as a small island bears?
19. Which bird is called foolish and stupid and silly,
20. And which always wanting to punish poor Billy?
21. Which bird is an artisan, works at its trade,
22. And which is the stuff of which flags are made?
23. One, we're told by the poet, at Heaven's gate sings.
24. And there's one, which in Holland, the new baby brings.
25. What bird have we with us in eating and drinking?
26. One, used for a fence, you can say without thinking.
27. What bird is a scoffer, a scorner, a jest?
28. What one is too lazy to build her own nest?
29. From a high wind at evening one name is inferred.
30. Guess all these, you're as wise as Minerva's own bird.—*Selected.*

ANSWERS TO BIRD PUZZLE.

1. Swift.
2. Stilt.
3. Tattler.
4. Kite.
5. Adjutant.
6. Jay.
7. Thrasher.
8. Gull.
9. Nut-cracker.
10. Crane.
11. Bluebird.
12. Rook.
13. Wren.
14. Chat.
15. Spoon-bill.
16. Rudder-duck.
17. Lyre bird.
18. Canary.
19. Loon.
20. Whippoorwill.
21. Weaver.
22. Bunting.
23. Lark.
24. Stork.
25. Swallow.
26. Rail.
27. Mockingbird.
28. Cuckoo.
29. Nightingale.
30. Owl.

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The oak is a strong and stalwart tree,
And it lifts its branches up
And catches the dew right gallantly
In many a dainty cup.
And the world is brighter and better made,
Because of the woodman's stroke,
Descending in sun or falling in shade,
On the sturdy form of the oak.

The elm is a kindly, good tree,
With its branches bending low;
The heart is glad when its form we see,
As we list to the river's flow.
Ay! the heart is glad and the pulses bound,
And joy illumines the face
Whenever a goodly elm is found,
Because of its beauty and grace.

The maple is supple, and lithe, and strong,
And claimeth our love anew,
When the days are listless, and quiet, and long,
And the world is fair to view.
And later—as beauties and graces unfold—
A monarch right royally drest,
With streamers aflame and pennons of gold,
It seems of all the best.—*Selected.*

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ATKINSON, MENTZER & GROVER
CHICAGO AND BOSTON

Mexico

By HELEN COLEMAN

[Material to be used with the picture on the cover of this month's TEACHERS MAGAZINE.]

MEXICO is the land of sunshine, of bright colors, and of silver. How very strange everything seems! Those peaked-hatted Mexicans, closely wrapped in gay blankets, in spite of the heat, make us realize that we are in a country wholly different from our own.

Many of these blankets, or serapes, are hand-woven, and of such a texture that neither wind nor water can penetrate.

We make our way thru the mass of moving figures in their yellow, red, and purple serapes, and take our places in the train.

This is indeed a land of bright colors! Again we see the red-blanketed Mexican—a herder tending his troops of cattle. Here also are quaint figures of men plowing with oxen.

The mountainous region we are passing thru is the seat of the vast mineral wealth of the country.

Now we have come to a city with roofs so flat that we might imagine ourselves far off in the Holy Land, were it not for the vivid coloring of the houses, whose plastered walls are gaily painted and decorated with signs.

Those men with tanks strapped to their shoulders are water venders, who supply drinking-water, which they carry to the houses from their tanks. Water is very precious here.

Further down the street is a tlachiquero returning with his donkey, carrying wine-skins full of sap, which he has collected from the magney plant, the Mexican agavè (ah-gah′-vay). The drink made of this sap is called pulque (pool′-kay); and is the favorite beverage.

Now you can see some of the thick-rimmed, ironless carts which are used here. Have you noticed? It takes as many as eight oxen to draw each cart.

At last we have reached the city of Mexico, with its broad, well-paved streets. Our first stop must be at the flower market, for every one buys and wears flowers. Here is the section of the market where nothing but game is sold, this entire street being devoted to it.

Our ride on the street-car, drawn by cheerful little mules, has carried us to the center of the city—to the Plaza or Main Square. Here are many of the public buildings, and there, towering above them all, stands the magnificent Cathedral.

Almost every person rides in Mexico, so let us go and see the Paseo (pah-say′-o), the famous driveway lined with many statues, which is at all times thronged with horsemen and carriages. Here we can see the Mexican gallant with his flashing buttons and wide sombrero, in all his glory.

Would you like a trip across Lake Texcoco? Here is a flat boat all ready for us. Off we go.

We will leave the boat to see the potters at work. The people on this side of the lake are almost all potters.

Before us rises the snowy mountain peak of "the hill that smokes," to which the Indians have given the name of Popocatapetl. To-day it is made useful as an immense sulphur quarry.

Answers to Questions.

By Amos M. Kellogg.

"A pupil was told by me to sit on the side seat because he was whispering, and evidently restless; it was neither as a punishment nor as a disgrace. He paid no attention to my command. Now, should I punish him for his disobedience? What should I have done? How is such a case to be managed?"

Such an incident may take two forms. In one the pupil boldly defies the teacher; in the other he ignores her request. I take it that the present case is of the latter type. As there will be many different elements, only general directions can be given. In all such cases (1) determine not to be angry or excited; insist that you appear calm, tho you do not feel so; do not let your voice rise. (2) Determine to carry your school with you, that is the majority, and the influential pupils will disapprove of his refusal to obey. This is a very important point. If you have been thoughtful you will have, from the moment you began your labors in that school, begun to build up a public sentiment in favor of what you say and do. So that in the present emergency you will have all the other pupils on your side. (3) Do not feel afraid of the effect of this disobedience on the rest; this is usually too much considered. (4) Determine that the disobedience shall be felt not as directed wholly against you, but as against the good of the school. At the beginning of your work you should have impressed it upon the pupils that the regulations were for their good and not for yours. Try to have it felt that you do not feel disobedience to be a personal matter.

A teacher of limited experience might become impatient and want to take hold of the boy and make him obey; this would be very faulty management; you want him to have the spirit of obedience; your making him do a thing is no obedience. You must influence his mind so that he will feel as do the

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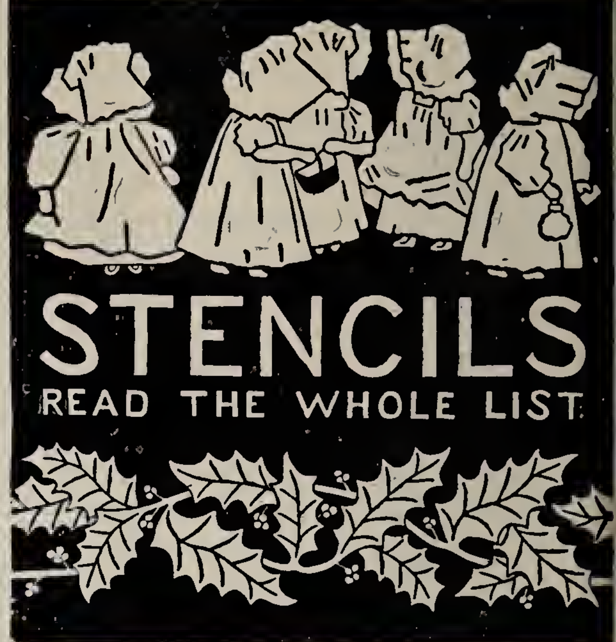

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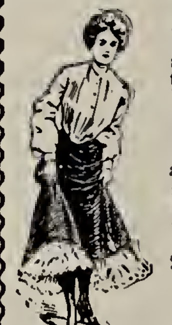

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majority; hence the problem is how to overcome his will. You have begun it by getting yourself on right and strong ground; now, by your skill you must get him to abandon his position. Do not be in a hurry. It is not essential that you attend to this matter at the very moment. You may think best not to notice, at the moment, that the boy has not obeyed. So far you may not have said a word relative to the matter.

Now as to the precise way to influence the pupil there are many courses open. I shall only detail one, founded on No. 2 above. Feeling able to handle the case I should say in quite an unconcerned manner, after looking surprisedly at the boy, "Why! did I not ask Frank to go to the side seat?" A pupil will say, "You did." "What does it mean? Frank is a good boy, is he not?" "Yes, sir." "Why should pupils obey their teacher?" Get opinions. "If Frank should be the teacher would he want his pupils to obey?" Arouse public sentiment by questions. "Is it de-

(Continued on page xii.)

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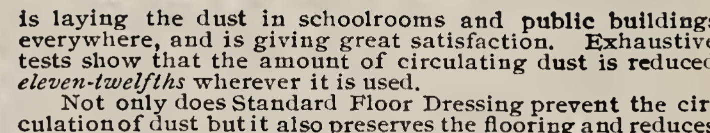

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(Continued from page xi.)

grading to obey one in authority? Do not I obey the trustee of this school? They employ me, and have regulations, and I obey them; that does not degrade me. Why, education means learning to obey rules. Is there any one else here unwilling to go to the side seat when I ask him?" (Selecting a pupil larger than Frank.) "There is James; you may go to the side seat." He goes, and is told to return. "Thank you, James, for giving us an example. I think Frank made a mistake in not going promptly when requested; he probably regrets now being the only one in the school not willing to obey the request of his teacher." And he will probably soon rectify the matter.

The teacher may now give his attention to the usual procedure, trusting Frank will be found on the aisle seat. Such an incident if well handled, will be of incalculable value to the entire school.

Dr. P. Page says, "The teacher must ask himself 'What spirit am I of?'" The school will feel when such a case has been discussed by them that the management of the school is in the hands of both teacher and pupils, and that they must have right views. The whole matter will turn on the two things that the teacher is of the right spirit and has tact to evoke a right spirit in his pupils. There are other courses than the one suggested above, but they will differ from this one only in detail. I have in my experience of nearly twenty-five years had pupils of a very low grade of morals and yet preserved not only order but aroused a willing spirit of compliance; they were constantly placed in the position of a jury, and compelled to have opinions on school management.

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For a Little Girl of Three.

Moo, moo!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will eat the sweet grass,
I will give her a glass
Of my milk for her tea;
Moo, moo! that's what I'll do
For my dear little maiden cf three.

Mew, mew!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will catch all the mice,
And they shall not come twice
To the cake, you'll see;
Mew, mew! that's what I'll do
For my little sweet maiden of three.

Bow, wow!
I will go now
With my little girl of three;
I will make a noise;
I will frighten the boys,
For they all fear me;
Bow, wow! that is just how
I'll guard my sweet maiden of three.

Neigh, neigh!
Out of the way
For my little girl of three!
I will give her a ride,
We will canter and glide
O'er the meadowy lea;
Neigh, neigh! that's just the way
I'll help my sweet maiden of three.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Green Leaves.

Green leaves, what are you doing,
Up there on the tree so high?
We are shaking hands with the breezes,
As they go singing by.

What, green leaves! Have you fingers?
Then the Maple laughed with glee—
Yes, just as many as you have;
Count them and you shall see!

—*Selected.*

The Different Ways.

There's a right way and a wrong way
Our lives to live.
There's a short way and a long way
Our help to give.
There's a good way and a bad way
For everything.
A merry way and a sad way
Don't sigh, but sing.

—*Selected.*

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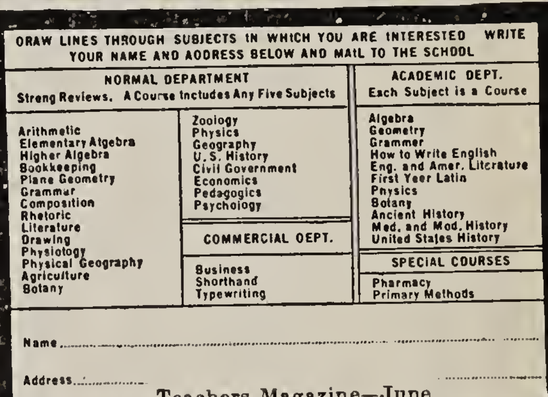

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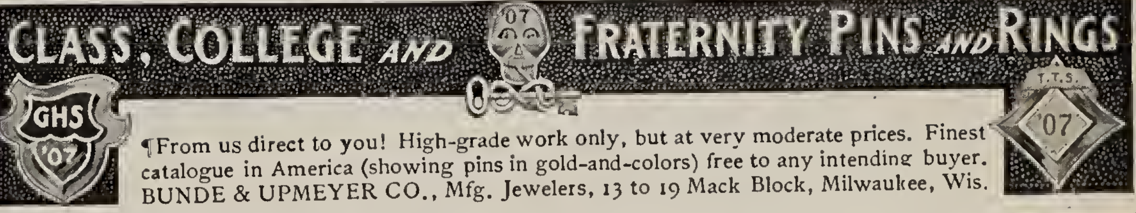

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When he had me a little while he took me to his bank. I was there for a while, but one night I was stolen.

The robbers took me to their caves. I found lots of my friends there. I talked with them and had a good time. I was then taken back to the bank, where I am now.

FREDDIE DEHLGREEN, Age 8.
A pupil of MISS FLOSSIE CARSON
[See letter on opposite page.]

August.

Buttercup nodded and said good-by,
Clover and daisy went off together,
But the fragrant water-lilies lie
Yet moored in the golden August weather.

The swallows chatter about their flight,
The cricket chirps like a rare good fellow,
The asters twinkle in clusters bright,
While the corn grows ripe and the apples mellow.

—CELIA THAXTER.

Boy with the Hoe.

Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap?
Say, how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it fair,
Do you hoe it square,
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds, as you ought to do,
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you'll garner depends on you,
Are you working it on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?
Are you making it straight and clean?
Are you going straight
At hustling gait?
Are you scattering all that's mean?
Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill
And dance a step or two
As the rows you hoe leads up the hill?
The harvest is up to you.

—*Selected.*

N.E.A.

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My children especially enjoy the little compositions in it which have been written by other children, and are always asking me if they can't have some of theirs published too. I am sending one or two selections from this year's work, and would be so glad if you can find room for at least one of them in TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Illinois. FLOSSIE CARSON, Teacher.

MURINE EYE REMEDY MAKES
Weak Eyes Strong. Sick Eyes Well.
Dull Eyes Bright. Doesn't Smart.
Soothes Eye Pain. An Eye Food.

In winter we have snow which looks like salt. Then it snows and we can go sleigh-riding and sliding down hill, and can make a snow man, and we can go skating. It is lots of fun to play in the snow.

In summer it is very hot, and it is so warm it rains.

In spring the men plant corn, oats, hay, and wheat. Oats are little seeds first and then they grow to be about three feet tall, and they are yellow.

We take a kind of a cart and plant our corn. When we plant it it is little yellow grains, and grows to be four to six feet tall, and then in the fall the men take a wagon and pick it from the stalk.

At first we plant hay and it is little and then it grows and it is cut and piled up and put on a wagon and carried in to the barn.

Wheat looks like grass, and it grows and men cut it and it is taken to the barn and then it is taken to the mill and growned in to flour, out of which we make bread.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am your Northern friend,

WILLIE HENDERSON.

Route No. 2, Age 11.

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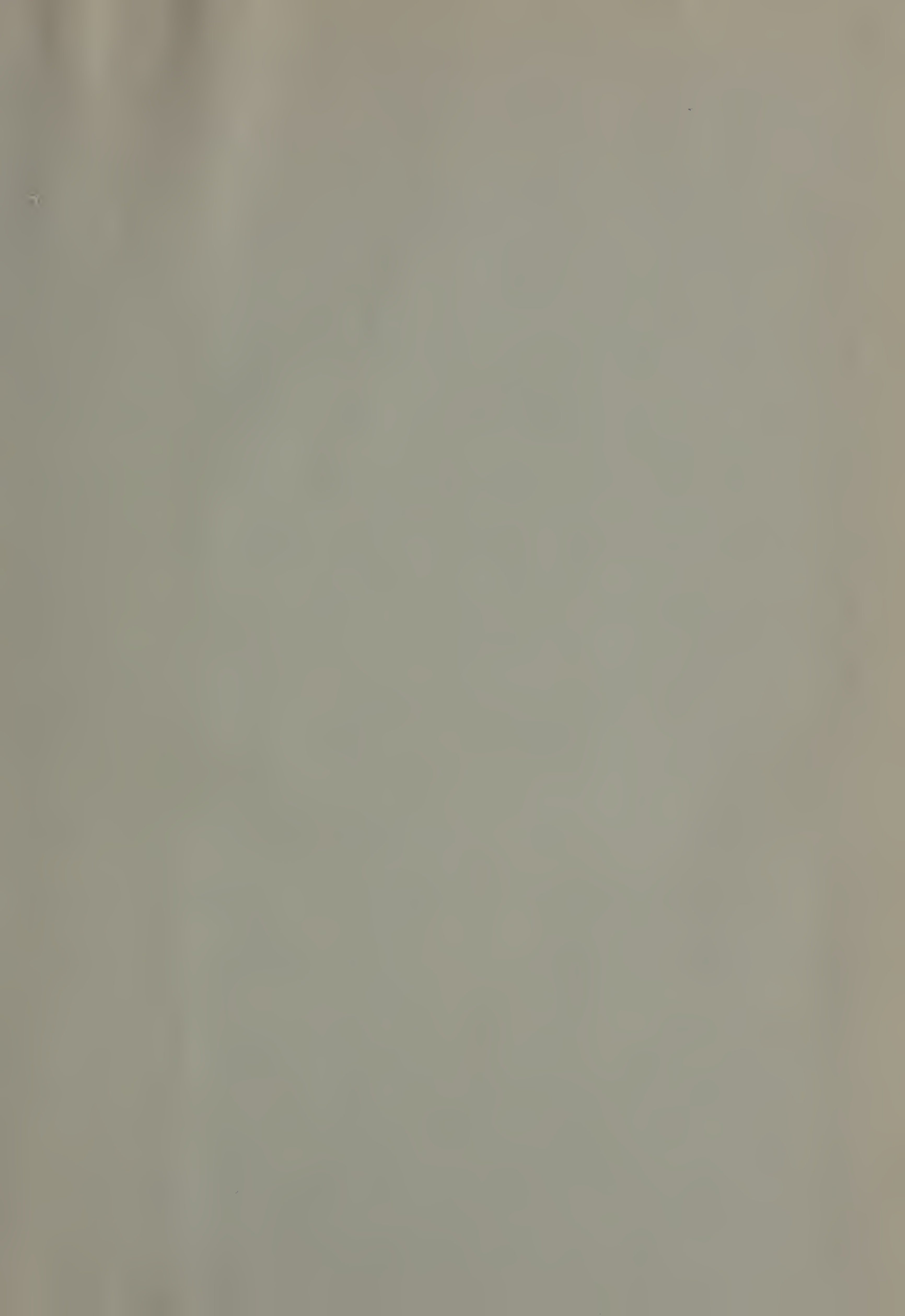

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