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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

VOL XXXIV

SEPTEMBER 1911

NO. 1



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YEAR

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Teachers magazine (New York,
N.Y.)

Teachers magazine

OCLC #2297508

TEACHERS MAGAZINE

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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PRICE—\$1.25 a year, for ten numbers, payable in advance. Fifteen cents a copy.

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DISCONTINUANCES—Subscriptions are discontinued on expiration. Subscribers desiring to keep their files complete are advised to renew promptly. Please address all correspondence to Teachers Magazine, 31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY AND AUGUST

IVES-BUTLER COMPANY, Publishers

W. H. Ives

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IVES-BUTLER COMPANY

31 East 27th Street

New York, N. Y.



Vol. XXXIV

September, 1911

No. 1

Enthusiasm That Wins

“What shall I begin with?” A new teacher asked her superintendent, and he, being a wise man, replied, “Enthusiasm.” There is nothing better for beginning work aright, nothing better for carrying it on.

With a few favored ones enthusiasm is a native gift. But gifted or not, every teacher can be an enthusiast. The difficulty is keeping it up.

The chief ingredient of enthusiasm is interest. Being interested in a work means, of course, to love it. Enthusiasm is interest *plus* fervor. According to the degree of this fervor, enthusiasm varies from simple interest to daftness. We all know golf, yachting, and hunting enthusiasts. When these lovers of out-of-door sports begin to neglect their business, we call them enthusiasts no longer, but give them harder names. So there goes with enthusiasm, in spite of apparently unlimited expansiveness, a certain limitation. Fanatics, the daft ones, overdo; Indifferents and Indolents underdo; Enthusiasts do, with some sense of just proportioning of effort.

Enthusiasm has drawn into school service more than half a million teachers, in this country alone. Let the cynic contest this, if he will: It is his nature to contest. Those who would “rather dig ditches than teach” are digging ditches. The things which reasonable people would “rather do” they do. A firm and steady interest is a powerful magnet drawing its own opportunities to itself.

People teach because they want to teach. Those who do it merely because they *have to*, are not subscribers to TEACHERS' MAGAZINE. So we need not bother about them. How can we keep enthusiasm alive? How can we increase it? How can we make it yield the largest amount of efficiency and happiness to our pupils and to ourselves? Let us talk about it.

If Herbart was right in stamping dullness as the cardinal sin of teaching, enthusiasm must

be its greatest virtue. It is. Now, what enthusiasm needs, to be productive of the greatest good, is direction and moderation. Doesn't it sound strange, that enthusiasm should be moderated! It seems as if moderation would rob it of its distinctive character. But that is not the case. Enthusiasm is an impelling force, arrived at some special mark. Uncontrolled it would continually fly beyond its own object, and waste itself, and much else besides, thereby.

E. G.: Get a tin whistle. There! Now play on it, sweetly, “Way Down Upon the Suwanee River.” Fine! Now, try to give full expression to the pent-up emotions of a homesick exile. Now you find that hard blowing chokes off the music altogether. A blood-infused face bearing a desperate expression of struggle with the emotions, is not music. Too much breath force strangles sound. There's the point.

Enthusiasm uncontrolled over-does the thing. And over-doing is wasteful. Enthusiasm combined with knowing how instead of checking proceedings by over-breathiness, sits by and enjoys the fun of the thing, and by this enjoyment strengthens both the effort and itself.

One common failing of enthusiasm among teachers is pressing for too great perfection. If children could do perfect work they would not have to be in school. Furthermore, it is a trite but oft-forgotten truth that the children are taught for life, and not for the school. After a child has grasped a lesson, and has put forth his best effort in applying it, there is the end. Polishing and fussing to produce a piece of work that will look well in the shop window is so much enthusiasm run to waste and waste is always harmful.

Equally common is the practice of doing one's self what the pupils ought to do. It may be well enough in most other lines of business to follow the rule “Whatever you want done, you must do yourself.” In teaching this is a fundamental mistake. The chief duty of the school

is so to graduate tasks that the doings of each will yield the largest possible amount of advancement in knowledge and power and ability to do. Pupils learn by doing and grow by doing. *Not* by having things done for them.

Do you want to have your schoolroom look as attractive as ambition and intelligent effort can make it? Ask your pupils to help you make it so. You be the older sister. The girls and boys will be delighted to do all the work. And don't you see how much more pride they will take in the work? It is good for them, and you save time and strength.

The best blackboard calendar is one that has been made by children. If the children are altogether inexperienced in the use of crayon, borrow one of the more advanced pupils, and let him copy before your class the design given in *TEACHERS MAGAZINE*. Then let your boys and girls copy it with their pencils as well as they can. After that they may try their hands at designing. The best calendars are hung up where all can see them.

Of course there is a legitimate place for

models. Let these be done before the pupils' eyes so that they can follow step-by-step the development of the work. In the case of a seasonable border for the blackboard, it may be well to cut a design from white paper, then let the children copy with their scissors, and after that select enough of the finished material to paste around the room. Each piece will have on it a small distinctive mark of the pupil who made it. Pride in the whole composition will feed on the share each has taken in the result.

Whatever you want to have done for your children let them do themselves as far as they can. That is a good rule for the new school year. Crude work is worth more than finished models, as long as it represents the children's best endeavors.

The enthusiasm of the teacher is a precious asset for any school. There is only one thing better, and that is enthusiastic pupils. Let us have the best.

Children learn by doing; they grow by doing. *NOT* by having things done for them, but by doing themselves.

Good Wishes and Good Luck For the New Year

By MARY FOLLIARD BRUNKER

We were driving along a country road in the golden light of a Sunday afternoon in September when we met a farmer riding in a big lumber wagon. Beside him sat a bright-eyed little schoolma'am—behind them was a small trunk, far too small, thought I, to hold the hopes and plans for a successful year's work.

As we passed them I felt like calling out: "Good luck to you!" My heartfelt sympathy went out to her and to all the brave girls who were leaving home for the first time and beginning their wage earnings as country schoolma-ams.

"Courage in battle is often rewarded by the homage of a world, but how much greater the courage which enables one to endure without flinching the trials of everyday life," the little things which try the soul, the loneliness, the homesickness and all the disagreeable things that fall to the lot of an inexperienced country schoolma'am!

Nostalgia is an almost unbearable affliction, isn't it? Would you like a remedy? Don't sit down and wish you were teaching in a graded school because the work is easier. (It isn't.) Just throw all such thoughts to the winds and keep at your work with all your might. Don't allow yourself to think for one moment that something else might have been better. There is no better work, no greater work. There are tens of thousands of teachers to-day in out-of-the-world places, unencouraged and misunderstood, who are sowing the seeds of character. Can any work be of more lasting value to the world than that of training little children into good men and women? Think of this and make

your New Year's plans accordingly. Have you good tools to work with—magazines, stencils, raphia, scrapbooks, etc.? Good tools are a great help towards accomplishing good work. When I began teaching I didn't know what a stencil was, nor anything about the wonderful possibilities of raphia or a ten-cent box of water-colors. Just imagine all I missed.

And did you ever catch the "scrapbook fever"? It's an incurable disease if you get it bad enough, but it brings some mighty good results.

There's the "Scrapbook of Good Cheer," for instance. Put into it all the helpful, encouraging little poems and thoughts you come across in your reading. Then some day when you are tired and nervous and everything seems to go topsy turvy no matter how hard you try, just open your scrapbook and take a dose of good cheer and see how soon the skies will brighten. Here is one of the truest little gems I ever came across. I saw it in the *Farm Journal*:

Fate herself can't help but grin
At a happy soul that won't give in!
And bad luck turns to good straight way
When such a soul is given play.
Wet or dry, rain or shine
It's in the heart where the weather's fine;
Sun or cloud, gray sky or blue,
It's the soul's mood makes your day for you.

Have another scrapbook for "Recitations and Songs." You will be surprised to find how convenient it is when you are planning an entertainment. Then another. And an "Ad" scrapbook, too. When you come across an advertisement of anything you think will be particularly



Black Board Calendar for September

helpful to you in your work, make a note of it. It will be much easier to refer to your scrapbook than to have to run hastily thru the pages of a magazine or book and wonder, "Where did I see that ad?"

There is almost no end to the different kinds of scrapbooks and the uses you will find for them, but your collection will not be complete without a "Kodak Scrapbook." You haven't any kodak? Get one; even if you have to do without a new Easter bonnet, you will never regret it. You will be more than glad in after years to have a kodak picture of your first school, your first pupils or that pretty view of

hills and dales from the schoolhouse door. You will find the "Kodak Scrapbook" will grow in size and interest as the years go by. Try it and see.

But oh, above all things, make friends everywhere you go. The money you get is only a small part of the reward for your work. Let the success you strive for be more than a pile of money. Be sympathetic. Determine to be worthy of the confidence of all who know you. If you are true to yourself, your friends, your school and your God, you will be a success. God bless the country schoolma'ams, every one of them!

Sense Training for Primary Grades

BY CHRISTIANA MOUNT, NEW JERSEY

"Idleness is the mother of mischief."

The teacher of the ungraded school has many difficult problems, but the most difficult is the arrangement of suitable and beneficial employment for the children during their leisure hours.

The seat work must be interesting, full of purpose and attractive. It must test the child's knowledge and skill in connection with his former lessons, and prepare the way for the new work. If it results in a clearer perception of past lessons and an added ability toward self-reliance and independent thought and action, it is good; if it does not, it is useless.

Sense training plays an important part in primary work. City children lack concentration. There is so much to see, so much to be done that their attention is fleeting, their powers of observation poor, and their memories things of shreds and patches. Sense training, therefore, will undoubtedly aid materially to the clearness of their thoughts and judgments.

SEPTEMBER

"The golden-rod is in the fields,
The cardinal flower burns bright;
The sun is down by six o'clock,
And then it soon is night."

The work of the first month should consist of the simplest exercises, unless the pupils have had Kindergarten training.

The pupils must be taught how to handle the scissors properly, what to do with the scraps of paper, how to use the paste carefully before beginning the regular work. This will save time and confusion in the future.

To Train the Muscles of the Hand

- Cut along the blue lines of ruled paper.
- Cut outline pictures from old primers.
- Fold some of the simplest forms as a book, a shawl.
- Rule a vertical line on a paper and try to follow it with lentils or split peas.
- Rule a horizontal line and do the same.
- Prick straight lines.
- Lay sticks in simple designs.

To Develop Judgment

- Sort colored worsted (only the standard colors).
- Sort sticks of different lengths.

Work in Number

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|-------|
| 2 | two | 3 | three |
| 2 | two | 3 | three |

[Cut here.]

Place two dots together as follows:

: = 2 . = 2 . . = 2

Place two rings in a similar manner.

Repeat with three.

Write the figures 1, 2, 3 in a column with the name of each:

1=one
2=two
3=three

Sew the outline of one of the new words which the children have pricked on heavy wrapping paper or cardboard.

Language

Colored pictures of familiar animals.

Pupils give the name of each, what it eats, what it can do.

Insist upon complete statements. Question for a variety of expression.

DRAWING, MODELLING AND SENSE TRAINING (TOUCH, SIGHT)

The Sphere

Pupils handle the sphere and discover by sense of touch that:

1. It is smooth and pleasant to hold.
2. It feels the same no matter in which way it is turned.
3. It is hard.

Sight

Its outline always appears the same no matter how it is turned.

Things in the room resembling the sphere.

Things out of doors resembling the sphere.

Memory

Fruits that resemble it.

Model the Sphere

After considerable practice in handling the pencil give a lesson in drawing the circle.

Game

Arrange the pupils in two lines opposite each other. Distribute colored balls to one side. These colored balls are to be thrown back and forth while the pupils sing:

Fly thru every hand so gaily,
Yes, dear ball, fly, fly away,
You are flying, flying daily,
In our merry, happy play.

Blue or scarlet, brightly glowing,
Passing, oh, so quickly by,
All your pretty colors showing
Like the rainbow in the sky.

One side bounce upon the floor, the other side catch.

Fly, oh, fly, then down descending,
Touch the floor, then upward bound,
Every hand its help now lending,
Keep you safely flying round.

Theme for the month,—Kindness.

[See page 5 for Memory Gems on "Kindness."]

Memory Gems for September

(Saturdays and Sundays omitted.)

SEPTEMBER 1

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow,—
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go

SEPTEMBER 4

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

SEPTEMBER 5

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

SEPTEMBER 6

You cannot change yesterday, that is clear,
Or begin to-morrow until it is here.
So the only thing left for you and for me
Is to make to-day as sweet as can be.

SEPTEMBER 7

Every day is the best day of the year.

SEPTEMBER 8

Be to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.

SEPTEMBER 11

Tell me, sunny golden-rod,
Growing everywhere,
Did fairies come from Fairyland
And make the dress you wear?

SEPTEMBER 12

As little by little the oak trees grow,
So little by little I'll try to know;
One of these days perhaps we'll see
The world will be the better for me.

SEPTEMBER 13

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

SEPTEMBER 14

Hearts like doors will ope with ease,
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these:
"I thank you," and "If you please."

SEPTEMBER 15

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

SEPTEMBER 18

Always do your very best,
There is no better rule.

SEPTEMBER 19

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while.

SEPTEMBER 20

World, you are beautifully dressed.

SEPTEMBER 21

Maples are taking off dresses of green,
And in bright dressing-gowns now can be seen.

SEPTEMBER 22

Oak trees are going more slowly to bed,
With pretty night-caps of dark brown and red.

SEPTEMBER 25

Two ears and only one mouth have you,
The reason I think is clear:
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.

SEPTEMBER 26

Hail to the merry harvest time,
The gayest of all the year.

SEPTEMBER 27

The children gather the apples,
With song and laughter gay.

SEPTEMBER 28

Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

SEPTEMBER 29

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

Memory Gems on Kindness

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate and hate to life will spring,
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

Be to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

Be kind and be gentle to those who are old,
For kindness is dearer and better than gold.

My heart is God's little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day
Are the things He shall see me doing,
And the words He shall hear me say.

A September Gymnastic Story

[The story is to be told by the teacher, the motions to be made by the children, as the story progresses. Pupils are standing when the exercise begins.]

One morning in September Ted and Mary got up early, for it was the first day of school. They dressed as quickly as they could, putting on their shoes (children stoop and make motion of drawing on shoes) and buttoning them (motion of buttoning shoes). They combed their hair (combing motion) and scrubbed their faces hard (rub faces).

They sat down at the breakfast table (all sit down) and started to eat at once. They spread their bread (motion of spreading) and drank a glass of milk (motion of drinking).

It happened to be a rainy morning. As soon as they had finished breakfast Ted and Mary got up (all rise) and made ready for school. They drew on their rubbers (motion of putting on first right rubber, then left), put on their raincoats and buttoned them (appropriate motions), opened their umbrellas (opening motion), hung their schoolbags on their arms (motion of hanging) and started off.

At the corner they turned and waved their hands to mother, who stood at the window watching (all turn heads and wave). Soon it stopped raining, and they closed their umbrellas (closing motion). Ted saw a bird flying high in the air and he pointed it out to Mary (boys raise right arm, pointing). Mary saw some beautiful purple asters. She stooped and picked them to carry to the teacher (girls stoop, pretending to pick flowers).

The bell rang almost as soon as Ted and Mary reached school, so they sat down in their seats

at once (all sit). Everybody sang, and then they gave the flag salute (all rise and make motion of saluting flag). Just as they were ready to sit down again, what do you suppose happened? A little mouse ran into the room from the cloakroom. All the children stood on their chairs (all jump to chairs.) The teacher drove the mouse away and everybody sat down again.

There were reading, arithmetic, and drawing, and then it was time for recess. The teacher rang the bell (teacher rings bell) and everybody scrambled for the door (all started toward front of the room). She rang the bell again (rings bell again) and they all stopped right where they were (all stand still). She told them to walk quietly back to their seats (all walk back to seats, but remain standing). The teacher told them to be seated (all sit). The children had lost their recess, they had been so disorderly.

A little later the principal came into the room. All the children stood up, bowed, and said, "Good-morning, Mr. Smith." (All rise and bow.)

Mr. Smith announced that the school would be closed for the rest of the day. At this, the children clapped their hands (all clap). The teacher had them march to the cloakroom for their wraps (march to front of room, pretending to take wraps from hooks, and march back to seats). They all put on their rubbers, their coats and their hats, and went home.



Jess



The twins



Dot

Sunbonnet Children

Games and Folk Dances

Moomee and Meemoo

A large ring is formed. Inside are two blindfolded children representing Moomee and Meemoo. The latter tries to keep away from the former as far as possible. When Moomee calls out: "Meemoo, where are you?" the other must answer, "Here!" and then try quickly to evade the catcher. When Meemoo is caught, both players approach the circle. The two children touched by them now go into the circle as Moomee and Meemoo.

"Lou" or "Catch Your Partner"

The children stand in a row in pairs. "Lou" stands at the head. When "Lou" claps hands twice and calls out, "Catch your partner!" the couple at the end of the line runs forward, one to the right and the other to the left, trying to meet again in front. If "Lou" catches one of the pair, the other becomes "Lou" and the game begins anew. If they join hands before either is caught, "Lou" must try again.

Come Along

The children form a ring. Arms are folded on the breast. A child runs around the outside

of the ring and taps one child on the back and says, "Come along." Both run around the ring in opposite directions. When they meet they bow to each other three times; then they run on again, each trying to get to the vacant place in the ring. The child who gets there first stays in the ring, and the other stays outside and continues the game of tapping.

Follow Your Leader

Children form a line with a leader at the head. Hands are placed on the hips, thumbs toward the back and the other fingers forward. The running begins; first slow, then quick, bent over, straight, to right, to left, in wavy line, etc. It all depends on the ingenuity of the leader. The running must not be kept up too long and must be in light step on the toes. Two minutes is a reasonable allowance. Five minutes should be the maximum.

Chinese March

Formation same as in "Follow your leader." In running, the left and right index fingers fly up and down, interchangeably, in front of the eyes, keeping time with the steps. Sing "Tching-a-ring."

Swedish Folk Dance

Bleking.

Couples stand in a ring, all facing inward. When the music begins, partners face each other and join hands. The last eight bars of the dance music may be played for an introduction.

PART I

Couples hop in place, keeping time with the music. On 1 the left foot is put forward, the right foot behind it, both feet coming down at the same time. On 2 the right foot is put forward and the left behind, both striking

the floor at the same time. There are four groups of five hops each: two long hops and two short ones. Thus:

Left—R—L, R, L—R—L—R, L, R } (Repeat
Right—L—R, L, R—L—R—L, R, L } twice.)

PART II

Couples dance around the circle, valse fashion, in "sailor step" (jig step); that is, hopping twice on the left foot and then twice on the right.

Repeat from the beginning.

The Workers

An Exercise for Labor Day

First Boy (Enters with a hoe and basket containing greens) :

I am a farmer,
My produce is very cheap.

Second Boy (Enters with flour bag) :

And I am a miller.
The nicest flour I keep.

Third Boy (Enters with loaf of bread) :

I am a baker,
As neat as e'er was seen.

Fourth Boy (Enters with butcher knife) :

And I am a butcher.
My meat is fresh and clean.

The Four Boys sing (Melody is given on this page) :

We all are merry workers,
We keep in cheerful mood;
No matter what our labor,
If we're but doing good.
The world is wide and needy,
And if we all are true,
The world will be the better.
For what we workers do.

A shoemaker am I,
Pray, buy a pair of boots.

The Eight Boys sing, repeating as before :
"We all are merry workers," etc.

(After singing, the boys of the second group step to the left and take position beside the first group.)

Ninth Boy (Enters holding a hat) :

I am a hatter;
Your head I'll cover well.

Tenth Boy (Enters holding tin pail or pan) :

I am a tinner;
My wares I wish to sell.

Eleventh Boy (Enters holding brush) :

I am a painter.
Don't let your house get gray.

Twelfth Boy (Enters holding forceps) :

I am a dentist.
Don't let your teeth decay.

The boys of the third group step to the right and take position beside the first group.)

All the boys sing (same as before) :
"We all are merry workers," etc.

The Workers .

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes in a cursive script. The first staff begins with a C-clef and a common time signature, indicating the start of the piece. The lyrics are: "We all are merry workers, We keep in cheerful mood. And no mat-ter what our la-bor, If we are but do-ing good, The world is wide and need-y, And if we all are true, The world will be the bet-ter For what we work-ers do."

(After singing they take three steps backward and remain standing in the middle of the platform.)

Fifth Boy (Enters with horse-shoe) :

I am a blacksmith;
I'll set your horse's shoe.

Sixth Boy (Enters with hammer) :

And I am a carpenter.
I'll make a house for you.

Seventh Boy (Enters with large shears) :

I am a tailor;
I warrant all my suits.

Eighth Boy (Enters holding a pair of shoes) :

Down behind the garden wall, near the apple-trees,

"Z-z-z-z!" sing the bumble-bees.

"Z-z-z-z!" This is what they say—

"Z-z-z-z!"—all the sunny day.

When they go into their nest, burly bumble-bees,

'Tis so very still then near the apple-trees.

NELL K. MCELHONE.

Simple Dramatizations

The Fox and the Grapes

Two boys, one representing a fox, the other a wolf, are the actors. A bunch of grapes is suspended from the crossbeam over the door. If there are no real grapes the teacher may sketch some high up on the blackboard.

Wolf: Where are you going, Brother Fox?

Fox: I know a place where ripe, sweet grapes are growing.

Wolf: May I go with you, Brother Fox?

Fox: No, Brother Wolf. They are *my* grapes. There are not enough for two anyway. And I am very hungry.

(Fox runs away toward the grapes.)

Wolf: Ah! I can see Brother Fox's grapes.

(Watches the fox, who is meanwhile trying in vain to get at the grapes by jumping. The fox rests a moment and then jumps up again. Finally he gives up. The wolf approaches him.)

Wolf: Why, you have left the grapes on the vine. Don't you want them?

Fox: No, they are sour.

Wolf: Sour?

Fox: Yes, sour!

Wolf: Sour grapes! (Laughs and runs away.)

The Milkmaid

A little girl represents a dairy-woman standing by the roadside, waiting for the milkman to come along and take her can of milk which is placed to her left:

"The milkman is late this morning. I wonder how many eggs he will give me for this milk. I am going to have our old hen sit on those eggs. And then I will have chickens. They will all lay eggs and there will be more chickens. By Christmas I ought to have at least three hundred chickens.

(Sits down and leans gently against the milk can.)

"Let me see how much money I will get for my chickens. Oh! so much I can't count it all. Then I shall buy me a beautiful dress. Shall I get a white one? No, Mary Smiles has a white one. How would a red one do? No, red is not becoming to me. Ah! green is my color. So green it shall be; a beautiful green dress all of silk.

(Rises.)

"How pretty that will be. All the girls will be jealous of me. Then I shall go to the dance. And all the boys will want to dance with me. I shall dance all day long, like this:

(Dances around the can, stumbles and falls over the can.)

"Oh! what have I done? There, all the milk is spilled. Now I will have no eggs (sobs), no chickens (sobs), no money (sobs), no green silk dress (sobs). I wish I had not sold my chick-

ens before the eggs were hatched. (Sobs, wipes the tears with her apron, picks up the empty can and goes away.)

The Milk Measure Song

By W. PRICE

For a public exercise the little girl might wear a sunbonnet and big apron. Milk and water or plain water in a large tin pail will do for milk. She carries the pail in one hand, holding a tin gill measure in the other. Actions are suited to the words in reciting. While the second stanza is recited a boy approaches with a pint milk pitcher which is filled. As he leaves, another boy approaches with a quart pitcher. If desired, the following conversation may be introduced between the second and third lines of the third stanza:

Boy: May I have a quart of milk?

Girl: Why, certainly! A quart? That is eight gills. (Measures out eight gills.)

Boy: I thank you. Here is the money.

After the girl has recited the last two lines, the boy leaves. The girl then calls out: "Fresh milk for sale!" and passes from the platform.

I'm a little milkmaid, and I always try,
To be prompt at the houses, where milk I supply
With my cups and my buckets so clean and so
bright,

I know I am daily a most welcome sight.
Though I am very little, I'll carefully fill
Any order you leave, from gallon to gill,
Four gills make a pint. Now watch me fill up
Your pitcher with milk from this tiny gill cup.

Two pints make a quart, and I certainly know
Four quarts to a gallon must honestly go,
While talking this over, I'm sure you'll agree
That good milk and good measure are given by
me.

How Do You Do?

(Two little girls with sunbonnets enter and greet each other with hearty handshake.)

First L. G.—How do you do, neighbor?

Second L. G.—Neighbor, how do you do?

First L. G.—Very well, I thank you.

How does Cousin do?

Second L. G.—She is very well,

And sends her love to you

And so does Cousin Bell.

First L. G.—Ah! how, pray, does she do?

(Both little girls leave the stage with arms around each other, softly talking to each other.)

Class Recitation With Actions

My hands upon my head I place,
On my shoulders, on my face,
On my hips, now at my side,
And now behind me they will hide;
Now I will lift them up on high
And make my fingers swiftly fly,
I hold them now in front of me.
Now I will clap them: one, two, three.

Hm, hm! So, so!

Song of GEORGE in Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen."

Goethe.

Reinecke.

f Allegretto.

1. A small boy caught a spar - row gay, hm, hm, so,
 2. He laughed a - loud in sil - ly glee, hm, hm, so,
 3. Out flew the bird and sang for joy, hm, hm, so,

so, And put it in a cage that day, hm,
 so, Put in his hand right clumsily, hm,
 so, And laughed to scorn the stupid boy, hm,

p hm, so, so, hm, hm, so, so.
 hm, so, so, hm, hm, so, so.
 hm, so, so, hm, hm, so, so.

poco rit.

Myths for the Primary School

The Story of Clytie

Who has ever seen a fairy? Who has ever heard of fairies? Some fairies live on land. They are called elves. Some fairies live in the water. They are called nymphs. A nymph is a water fairy. Now listen, and I will tell you a story of a nymph whose name was Clytie.

Deep down, on the bottom of the sea, there stood a tiny house. The floor was covered with clean white sand and many pretty colored shells. Small stones covered with green moss were the chairs. Around the tiny house there grew hundreds of beautiful sea flowers.

That was the home of a little nymph called Clytie. She had dark eyes, and her hair was as golden as the sun at close of day.

Clytie had a fine carriage for her very own. That was a large shell, all pink inside and white outside. Her horses were two water-turtles. Her dogs were goldfishes which played around the carriage whenever Clytie went out riding.

One day our little nymph went out riding and fell asleep in her carriage. The turtles noticed that the reins were hanging loose, and they could go wherever they wanted to. Higher and higher they went till they came to the top of the water. All at once a big wave caught them and carried them ashore—the turtles, the carriage, and Clytie and all.

Now Clytie awoke and rubbed her eyes. She had never seen the land before. Quickly she stepped out of her carriage and looked about.

How beautiful the land was! There were flowers and trees and wild strawberries.

Clytie looked up to see who had made all these things grow. Then she saw the Sun riding through the clear blue sky in his golden chariot. That was the finest sight of all.

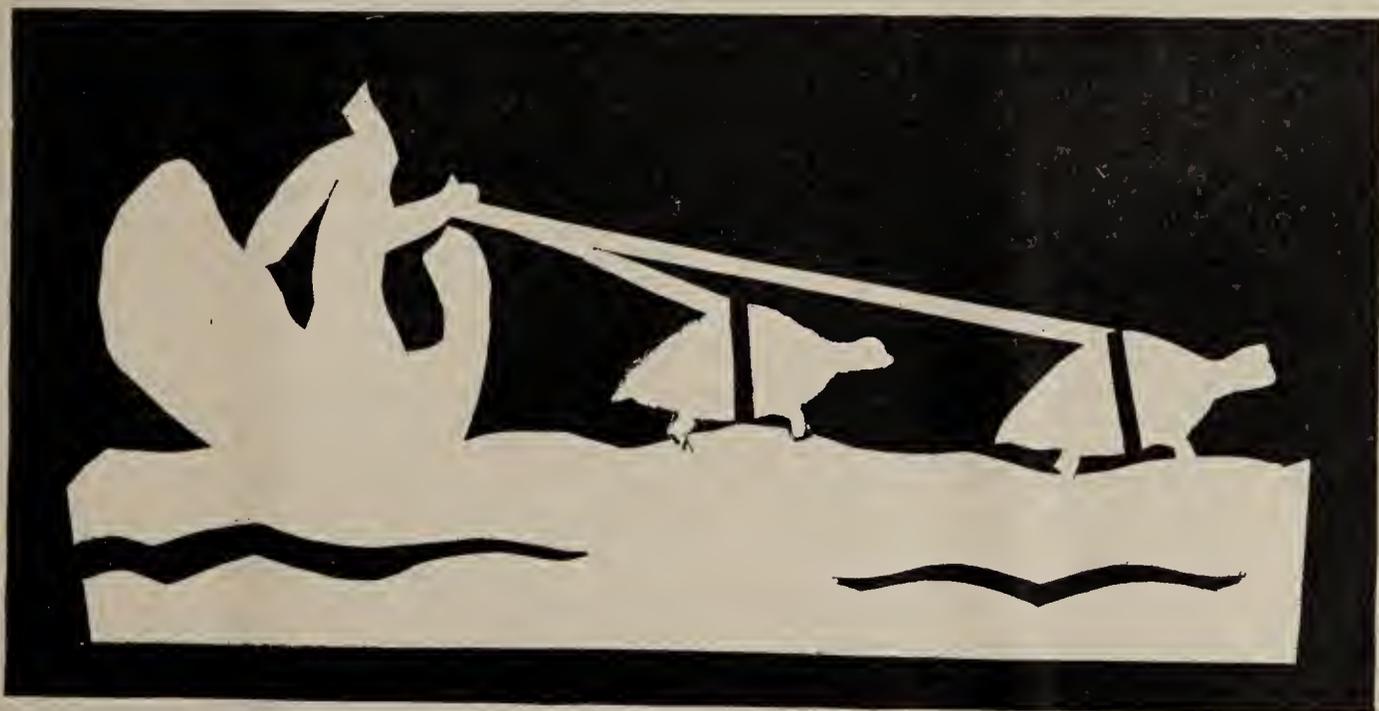
Clytie looked at the Sun all day till he disappeared in the West behind the mountains. Then she went back to her home in the sea.

In the morning, right after she had her bath, she dressed herself in her prettiest green gown and drove her carriage up to the shore again. And so she did every morning. All day long she looked at the lovely Sun, and in the evening she returned to her lonely home.

One evening she tried to rise as usual to walk to her pink and white carriage. But she found she could not move her feet. They had grown fast in the ground. Her body, which was dressed in a pale green silk gown, had become a flower stem. Her arms had turned into large green leaves. And her head, with the golden hair, was now a large yellow flower. Instead of two eyes there were many, all black as her own had been. Now she could see more of the Sun than ever before.

So Clytie was changed into a flower. And all day long that flower follows the course of the Sun as he drives in his golden chariot across the sky, from east to west. People called her "Sunflower."

And to this day every Sunflower keeps her eyes turned toward the sun.



How the various parts of this composition are cut out, is shown on page 24. The coloring of the several figures may be done by crayon or brush.

Primary Nature Study Plans

Something About Seeds

BY LIZZIE M. HADLEY

The study of seeds and seed-vessels is on the September programs of most schools. Autumn is the best time for it. Fruits are ripe, and every plant is loaded with the result of its summer's work, carefully packed away in its own particular seed box.

Let the children be their own harvesters, gathering seeds from all possible sources, the greater the variety, the more profitable the seed-talks.

Of course it is comparatively easy to find these in the country. But even in a crowded city you may always find back yards, and there are few children who can not find some seed-bearing plant.

Let there be first a preliminary talk about the seeds. Question as to where they are found. What has become of the blossoms? Why have the petals dropped off? Did the flowers have any work to do? Do all plants have seeds?

Tell them that every plant, excepting the ferns, mosses, and perhaps a few others have some kind of flower, no matter how small it may be, and when the petals have fallen from this there is always left the little seed-box, which it was the flowers' duty to fill with seeds.

Tell them how carefully the mother plant cares for these little seeds all thru the summer, giving them just enough food and drink to make them grow, and tucking them away in these little boxes, or cradles, where they are safe from harm. How the wind rocks them, and the sun shines on them and keeps them warm, until at last in the autumn, they are ripe and fully grown, and ready to begin the world for themselves.

And, now that they no longer need her care, the mother plant either dies or falls asleep, only to waken when the winter is over, when she will be ready to begin the same work again.

Lesson

Materials: All kinds of seeds, and seed-vessels, fruits, grains, nuts, etc.

Put these in boxes and let the children sort them, placing all of the same kind together. They will in this way learn to observe closely.

Classification: See how many kinds they can name. Is there any difference between the seeds of the weeds, grasses, flowers, fruits and trees?

Name seeds that are protected by pods. By husks. By burrs. What ones have shells? What seeds are in fleshy boxes?

Of what use are these coverings? In what way do they protect the seeds? How does the fleshy covering of fruits protect the seeds until they are ripe? What other kinds of protective coverings do you find? Of what color are ripe

seeds? Unripe ones? Classify according to shape.

What seeds are like spheres? Name three that are like cylinders. Three like the ovoid. Note the difference in size. Compare tiny ones, no bigger than grains of sand, like poppy seeds, with immense ones like cocoa-nuts.

Do you know what the mother plants have been trying to do all summer?

The one object of every mother plant, year after year, is to bear flowers and fruit, in order to make plants like herself.

What must be done with the seeds that new plants may grow from them?

Do you suppose the mother plant wants them all planted quite near her?

Do you think such a crowd of babies would be able to find enough to eat?

How will they get out of the seed boxes, and when out, how will many of them manage to be planted at a distance?

Of course you know that every year men plant a great many edible seeds, and besides these, every time we eat any kind of fruit, we are opening a door for some little seed to get out. A good many of these seeds are destroyed, but some of them drop on the ground, and get covered with earth and so are able to grow.

I think many of you must at some time have seen fruit trees growing by the roadsides, or in the fields, far away from any house, and perhaps you wondered how they came in such lonely places.

When you see such trees again, you will know that they are there because somebody once ate an apple, or a pear, or some other fruit, and threw the seeds in that very spot.

[See the story of "Appleseed John" on page 35]

SEED CARRIERS

Another way seeds are carried from place to place is by the birds, who eat a good many berries and fruits of all kinds and often leave the undigested seeds far from the mother-plant.

Then there is Jack Frost. He is a pretty good helper, in spite of his bad name, for without him I'm sure I don't see how we should get some of the seed boxes open. He is sure to be around on cool autumn nights, prying and peeping into all the boxes that come in his way, and leaving them open so that the wind can easily sow them, for, as perhaps you know, Mr. Wind looks out for a good many of the seeds, and sees that they are planted in the right places. If you haven't seen him sowing them, perhaps you will like to go into the fields or gardens some windy day, and there, if you look closely, every time the plant, bush or tree bends or

shakes with the wind, some of the seeds will be sure to fly into the air, or, if they chance to be near a river or lake, into the water, where they are frequently carried long distances before they find a resting place.

Some of the seeds, like the dandelion, goldenrod and some others, have white, silky sails attached to their seeds, and when the wind shakes them out of their snug little seed box, away they go sailing thru the air like tiny white-winged birds.

Then, too, Mr. Wind shakes down a good many nuts after Jack Frost has opened the burrs, and the boys and squirrels who carry these away are sure to drop some of them on the way, so that new nut-trees are constantly springing up, far from the mother-tree.

There are other kinds of seeds, fond of traveling. I mean the little "tramp seeds" that



REVIEW

Tell me the names of seeds with sails? What seeds have wings? What are the names of some plants whose seeds have hooks? What ones have springs?

What seeds do we gather and store in barns and granaries? What do we call the coverings of these grains?

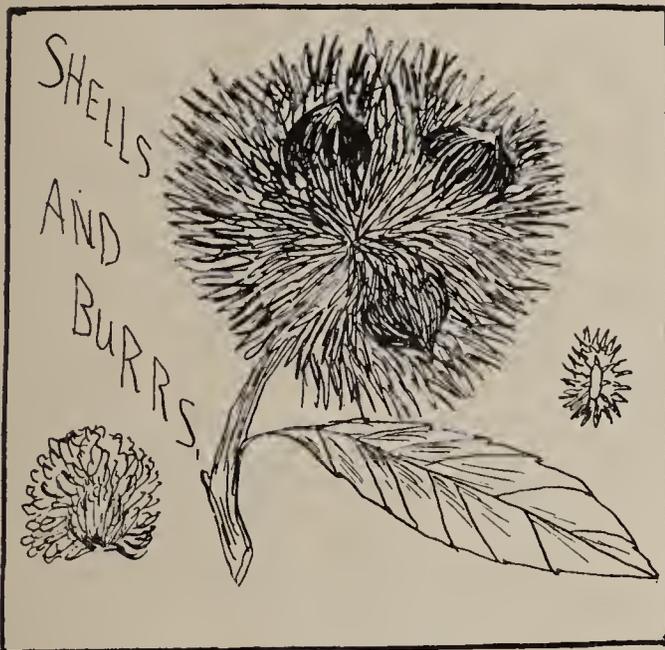
When they are carried to the mill and ground or crushed, what is made? Of what use is flour, or meal?

Tell me some of the kinds you have seen? What things can be made from it?

Further lessons on edible seeds may be given, comparing ancient and modern methods of threshing, winnowing, grinding, etc.

DESK WORK

Suitable memory gems may be written upon the blackboard and copied into little booklets. Draw, color and model in clay different seeds, seed-vessels, etc. Cut in silhouette plants and their seeds, and mount these on cardboard. Draw and color with water colors, ink or colored



have hooks, or rough coats, and are ready to steal a ride on everything that touches them.

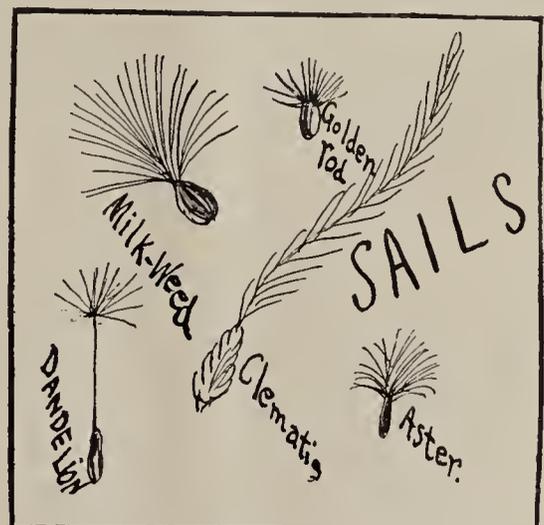
I dare say you never even dreamed you were sowing seeds, when you picked burdock burrs, stick-tights and beggar-ticks from your skirts and threw them away. Yet that is really what you were doing, and the troublesome little seeds you threw away will be sure to make new plants another year.

Some plant-mothers see that their seeds are sown in another and much more curious way.

I think some of you must have seen the pretty jewel-weed that grows in wet places. Did you ever touch the tiny fat pods and see them split open and squirm about your fingers like little green worms, while off go the seeds, flying this way and that, far out of sight?

The witch hazel, wild geranium, and a few others sow their seeds in much the same fashion.

There are a good many other ways in which seeds are sown. In spite of their number, some of each kind will be sure, sooner or later, to find a resting place somewhere.



pencils, different fruits and vegetables. Reproduce and illustrate some one of the stories.

Make pictures of seeds with wings. With sails. With husks. With shells.

On the Farm

How Chickens Change Their Clothes

JAMES E. RICE IN *Junior Naturalist Monthly*

Of course, chickens have clothes! Two or three suits of them. Have you ever heard of the hen's *cape*, her *laced* feathers, or about *booted* bantams?

Yes, chickens have clothes and they change them, too. When their clothes get old and faded, they fall off and a brand-new suit is put on. If you have never seen chickens change their clothes, it will interest you to watch them. Instead of saying, "change their clothes," I suppose I should be more exact and say "shed their feathers, or moult."

Do you think chickens or birds change all their feathers at the same time? If they did, would they not get sunburned, or catch cold, or have their bare skin bitten by mosquitoes? And how could they fly away from their enemies? Did you ever notice crows fly with big holes in both wings? I have, and I used to wonder whether some one had shot the feathers out. Do you think I was right?

Watch the birds and chickens and see whether they shed their feathers all at once or only a few at a time. Which way do you think would be better? Examine the wings and learn whether similar feathers are shed from each wing at the same time. Could the birds fly if all the feathers were shed first from one wing and then from the other? Did you ever see a hen try to fly with one wing clipped?

It is interesting to know where the feathers come from and how they grow. Look for yourselves and see the pin feathers under the skin. Notice how they push through and spread out like plumes; then form the quill and the web with all its beautiful colors.

Yes, I did say birds and chickens have several suits of clothes. Their suits are adapted to various conditions of season and age. Do you know that the little bird called the ptarmigan has a white suit of clothes when the ground is covered with snow and a dark suit of clothes during the summer? By this change of feathers he is less likely to be seen by his enemies. At first little chickens have their downy "baby clothes," and later, when they are grown up, they have their full-sized feathers or "long clothes." When chickens are all dressed up in their best clothes and ready for company, we say they are in full plumage or full plumed, ready for exhibition. You see now that chickens have clothes, after all.

Some Questions for Naturalists

1. At what time of the year do fowls moult?
2. Which feathers do the chickens shed first? Which last? Which in pairs?
3. Do hens lay while they are moulting?
4. Do fowls seek seclusion during the moulting season? Why?

How They Talk

"Buzz, buzz," said the Fly,
As he flew swiftly by;
"Hum, hum," said the Bee,
"Better not stop me."

"Coo, coo," said the Dove,
From his house above;
"Caw, caw," said the Crow,
To the cornfield below.

The Dog said "Bow, wow";
"Moo, moo," said the Cow;
"Mew, mew," said the Cat;
"I squeal," said the Rat.

"Peep, peep," said the Chick,
As it picked up a crumb;
"Cluck, cluck," said the Hen;
"Chirp, chirp," said the Wren;
But the fish were all dumb.

Said the Goose, "I hiss";
Said the Snake, "I hiss";
But the Lark on the wing
Said, "I sing, I sing!"

"Baa, baa," said the Sheep,
As she heard her lamb bleat;
"Quack, quack," said the Duck,
"I am always in luck";
"Croak, croak," said the Frog;
"Grunt, grunt," said the Hog.

Said the Lion, "I roar
As you never heard before";
Said the horse, "I neigh";
Said the donkey, "I bray."

Said the eagle, "As I fly
Very high in the sky,
But a dot I seem,
Yet you hear me scream."

Then a little boy said,
As he held up his head
Above the beasts that were there,
And the fowls of the air,—

"I laugh and I cry,
I weep and I sigh;
And I can speak words,
Which cannot be done
By the beasts or the birds.

"Above all, more than they,
I can think what I say;
And can know what belong
To the right and the wrong."

—Selected.

The Step-by-Step Language Method

A Nature Lesson for a Second Year Class

By LUCY LOVELL BROWN, P.S. 177, New York City

Subject—Goldenrod

Aim 1. To teach the children to observe and appreciate goldenrod.

2. To teach each child to write a one-paragraph story about goldenrod, which is correct and individual.

STEP I. ORAL PREPARATION.

Have each child bring a spray of goldenrod if possible. If not, the teacher should provide a spray for each that he may observe it and tell about it. If this is not possible, have at least one spray for each row.

A.—Have each child observe his spray and tell all he can about it. As he recites see that every sentence is complete and correct. He will probably make observations similar to the following:

The goldenrod is yellow. It has green leaves. It has yellow dust on it, etc.

B.—The teacher then asks questions under the following heads.

1. WHERE IT GROWS.

Answers similar to the following under each head will be given.

It grows in the field. The goldenrod grows near the asters. It grows in the country. It grows by the roadside, etc.

2. HOW IT LOOKS.

It looks very pretty. It looks very beautiful. It has yellow flowers and green leaves. It has hairs on the stem. The yellow flowers look like little stars. It has little yellow branches. It grows about two feet tall. In the autumn it is taller.

3. ITS USE.

The goldenrod helps to make the world beautiful. It makes people happy. It makes children happy. It looks pretty in school. The bees like to visit it. We like to play with it.

Read to the class or use for a reading lesson the story "Goldenrod and Asters."

Each child now knows something to say about the goldenrod. Does he know how to say it correctly in a complete sentence? To test this tell each child to think of a paragraph of four sentences that he would like to write about the goldenrod. One sentence can tell where it grows, another how it looks, another what it is used for, and in the other sentence the child can tell anything that he likes about it.

Now let each child tell very rapidly his first sentence. This being done, let each child in the class tell his first two sentences. Do not wait for hesitating children. Let them study until others have recited and then return to them. Then call a row to the front and let each child

in that row tell three sentences. Call another row and let each child tell four sentences. Be sure that each child makes each sentence correct and complete. If the oral work is not correct, the written work will have the same errors. Do not leave Step I until each child can tell correctly just what he wants to write.

Paragraphs similar to the following will be given. Encourage personification.

The goldenrod grows by the roadside. It has beautiful yellow flowers. It makes sick people happy. A little girl in the country sent this to us.

I am going to tell a story about the goldenrod. It grows in the field with the asters. It is very pretty. The teacher puts it on the desk to look pretty.

I am a piece of goldenrod. I grow out in the country. I look very pretty with the asters. I make people happy.

STEP II. SPELLING PREPARATION.

The teacher writes on the blackboard the following words and any others which the children need for this lesson.

| | |
|-----------------|----------|
| goldenrod | stem |
| grows | round |
| in the field | stars |
| by the roadside | branches |
| near the asters | sprays |
| in the country | people |
| very pretty | happy |
| beautiful | sick |
| yellow flowers | world |
| daisies | children |
| green leaves | play |
| hairs | |

Have these words copied very carefully once or twice. If the class is proficient in spelling and writing, the correct form will probably be fixed during the copying. If not, use several lessons for these words. Do not leave this step until every child can spell and write correctly all the words that he wants for his story.

STEP III. WRITTEN PREPARATION.

This step is intended to remove difficulties in the written form. Two methods may be used.

1. One child tells his first sentence. Several children spell one word each and the teacher writes it on the blackboard as it is spelled. The children must tell how to write the title, when and how to make indentation for the beginning of a paragraph, where all capitals and periods should be placed, etc. The other sentences of his story are written in the same way. When the four sentences are finished, the perfect model is before the class. It was composed and dictated by the children and written by the teacher.

2. The second method is to have two or three children write their stories on the blackboard

and have the other children and the teacher make the corrections. It saves much time to have these written on the blackboard before school and corrected when the session opens. Children enjoy very much doing this work on the blackboard and by daily practice the number of mistakes is rapidly decreased.

STEP IV. THE WRITTEN LESSON.

During this period, each child writes his own story at his seat. The teacher passes rapidly from pupil to pupil, correcting only one mis-

take on each paper. This has two advantages. (1) The teacher can reach each child in the class during the period and (2) The child is much more likely to remember that correction when only one is called to his attention.

If a class is weak in any one of these steps, spend more time on that step. Take all the time that is needed on any one step, but be sure that progress is made in that line before proceeding to the next step.

When the stories are finished, let several of the most successful ones read theirs to the class.

The Group Plan in Second Grade

By ROSA PATRICK, Kansas

In a large school, where facilities are limited, I use the scheme of shifting groups. It solves the problem of giving the slow pupils the attention they need, at the same time keeping the others employed and interested.

With some variation to prevent monotony the following is my general plan: In reading, after taking grades, for several days those making the best grades go to the board, copy a poem, mark a list of words, pick out words of five or six letters, find words of two syllables, or use the "Sentence Builder." Occasionally dismiss them fifteen minutes before the others, to give the slow readers more time to recite. The next week will find several additions to the group of good readers.

It takes but a few moments to glance at the completed arithmetic work, and allow those having work finished and correct to pass to the board. There they may work the lesson over again, make up problems, count by twos, or do other quickly assigned work. I give them only

enough of my time to insure that their work is neatly and quietly done, while the others are given the individual help they require. An accumulation of odds and ends of colored chalk became a great incentive when drilling on the multiplication table. All who could give a required drill promptly were permitted to draw on the board with the colored crayons. At the next recitation these pupils were assigned other work, and the remainder of the class

given another chance. The third time was necessary before all had a chance to handle those coveted bits of chalk. The whole class always prepare the same lesson, but the recitation time is mostly given to the weaker members.

Instead of spelling words during the entire period, with certain ones missing every word, one-half the time is devoted to spelling. Then those who missed no words go to the board, write as many of the words as they can from memory, make the words from the dissected alphabet, make all the words they can from some word like "Washington," or even draw whatever they choose. I then spend the time teaching the others how to *study* spelling, and several apparently hopeless cases are now in first group.

I have followed this plan for the past ten weeks, without explaining it to the pupils, or commenting upon it. It fosters a healthy class room spirit, develops interest, and secures the best effort of each individual.

Over the Brook

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
Over the brook, little boy;
The flowers are sweet
Beneath my feet;
I sing as I go, for joy.

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
The afternoon is fair;
For goldenrod gay
Don't stop by the way;
'Tis high time I were there.

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
It is but a few steps more;
Already I see
The cot and the tree,
And grandmamma sits at the door.

Over the brook to grandmamma's,
Where a kiss is waiting for me;
The journey is past,
I am here at last—
As happy, as happy can be. —Selected.



September Crop of Mother Goose Rhymes

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight
alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the
time,
When February's days are
twenty-nine.

How many days has my baby to
play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday;
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar;
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy,
and wise.

I'll tell you a story
About Jack a Nory—
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another
About Jack his brother—
And now my story's done.

The girl in the lane, that
couldn't speak plain,
Cried, "Gobble, gobble, gob-
ble."

The man on the hill that
couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

There was an old woman who
lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she
didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth with-
out any bread;
She whipped them all soundly
and sent them to bed.

A Swarm of Bees
A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

Buz and Hum
Buz, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee,
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we.

In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see?
He ate the dormouse,
Else it ate he.

The Little Clock
There's a neat little clock,
In the schoolroom stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.
And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

To Bed!
Come, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head;
Sit up a while, says Slow;
Put on the pan,
Says Greedy Nan,
Let's sup before we go.

To the Hayfield
Willy boy, Willy boy, where are
you going?
I will go with you, if that I
may.

I'm going to the meadow to see
them a-mowing,
I'm going to help them make
the hay.

Early Rising
He who would thrive,
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven,
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would
thrive,
Himself must either hold or
drive.

For Every Evil
For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is
none.
If there be one, seek till you
find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

Sulky Sue
Here's Sulky Sue;
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the wall
Till she comes to.



Sunbonnet Baby Paper Cutting

THE CHILD WORLD

Supplementary Reading for Primary Grades

The Tower of Babel

Nowadays there are many languages spoken in the world. Some people talk in French, others in Chinese, still others speak Italian, or German, or Russian. Many millions of people use the English language, as we do in this country. Have you ever heard a language spoken that you did not understand? How strange it sounded! In the early days of the earth there was only one language spoken. Everybody used the same kinds of words as everybody else, and everybody could understand what all the other people said.

Now it happened that a great company of people journeyed together towards the east. Where they came from or what they were going for, history does not tell. After much wandering they came to a beautiful plain, in the land of Shinar. There was food in plenty, and everything was so fine that the people decided to stay there forever.

“Here,” said the people, “is a wonderful country. There can be none better. Why shall we travel further? Let us stay and dwell in this land. We will build us a great city. And that everyone may find his way back if he should ever stray away from this place, let us build in the midst of the city a high tower. We will build that tower higher and higher until it reaches away up to the very clouds. Then we will be kept together as long as we live. And the people who will come after us will be grateful, and they will think to themselves, ‘What very wise and clever men those must have been, who could build such a wonderful tower!’”

When the people heard from their leaders that they would win great fame for themselves by building the mighty tower, they started upon the work at once. They moulded thousands of brick and burned them thoroughly to make them hard and strong. They lifted great stones high in the air and fastened them securely in place with mortar made of limy clay.

Soon a high tower stood in the midst of the plain. One would suppose this was tall enough. But no, all the people kept shouting, “Higher,

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higher." So the workmen brought more bricks, more mortar and more stones, and the tower rose nearer and nearer towards the clouds.

But—one day God came down to see the city and the great tower which was being built by the children of men. He knew how proud they were of their wisdom and skill.

And God said to himself, "Behold all the people speak but one language. If they are allowed to succeed with this tower they may enter upon still more foolish plans. I must confound their language so that when they talk they may not understand each other's speech."

So this is what God did to overcome the pride in their hearts. One morning the masons and the carpenters were ready to begin their day's labor as usual. They greeted each other as they had often done before. But—how strange? Nobody seemed to understand what anybody else said. A mason called for stone—but no one brought him any or even seemed to notice that he spoke. A carpenter asked for his saw—but no attention whatever was paid to his request. The mason, and the carpenter, and all the rest of the people who were trying to work became angry because no one seemed to listen to what they said. Soon the people began to fight. Each thought that the other was making fun of him.

Before long there was such confusion that everybody was glad to get away from Babel, for that was the name of the town. So the Lord scattered the people abroad upon the face of all the earth.

That is how work stopped on the Tower of Babel. Nobody seemed to care what would become of all the brick and stone which had been set up with so much joy and pride. There it stood all by itself for many years, until little by little it dropped to pieces.

People have been scattered over the earth ever since. And from the day when the tongues of the proud people of Shinar were confused, there have been many languages spoken on the earth. And there have been many nations instead of one.

Abram and Lot

Long after Noah's day there lived a good man whose name was Abram. He had large flocks of sheep and many herds of cattle and great boxes filled with silver and gold.

One day God said to Abram, "*Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and*

make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing, and I will bless them that bless thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."

Abram told his wife Sarai what the Lord had told him and they started at once to obey the command. Abram packed up his boxes of gold and silver, and drove his sheep and cattle ahead of him. He was seventy-five years old when he with his wife Sarai set out for the land to which God had ordered him to go.

Lot, Abram's nephew, went along, too. Lot was very rich, too. He had great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

The name of the promised country was Canaan. It was a beautiful land. There were fine trees bearing delicious fruit. Their leafy branches gave cooling shade. The vines were heavy with great bunches of luscious grapes. And the meadows were gorgeous with red and yellow flowers.

In this country Abram and Lot set up their tents, and their cattle and sheep grazed in the meadows.

Now it often happened when Abram's servants were in the pastures with their flocks, and Lot's servants were close by with their flocks, that there were quarrels. If Abram's servants found some specially juicy grass for their flocks, the servants of Lot would drive them away, because they wanted the feed for their master's sheep.

"The meadow belongs to us," Abram's servants would say.

"It is no more yours than ours," Lot's servants would reply.

So they quarreled with each other almost every day. Abram heard their rough talk many times. Finally he could endure it no longer.

"We must arrange some other way," he thought to himself as he saw the servants becoming more and more bitter against each other. So he went to Lot and said, "*Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou will take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.*"

Lot was quite satisfied with the plan. He said to himself, "Now I must choose for myself the best place I can find."

Just as soon as he could get away from his uncle he climbed a hill from the top of which he could see the country all around. There he stood and looked about in all directions to decide which way he would go. Across the fields towards the east was the lovely plain of the river Jordan. It was well-watered and the grass was plenty.

Lot quickly chose the plain of the Jordan for himself, and he started off just as soon as he could gather his servants, his flocks and his gold.

There were several cities in the plain. Near one of these he decided to make his home.

If Abram felt grieved at his nephew's selfishness, he said nothing about it. The two men parted the best of friends.

After Lot had gone, the Lord said again to Abram, *Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward and eastward and westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, to thy children and to thy children's children. And I will make thy children and the children to come after them, as many as the dust of the earth; so that if a man can number the bits of dust of the earth then shall thy children also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee.*

Abram then moved his tent and lived in the plains of Mamre. And there he built an altar to the Lord.

Then Abram moved his tent and settled in the open country near Hebron. There he built an altar to the Lord.

Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON JOSEPH BARNEY
pp Larghetto

1 Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
 2 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon, Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west ern sea, O - ver the roll ing
 moth er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon, Fa - ther will come to his
 Fa - ther will

wa ters go, Come from the dy ing moon and blow, Blow him a gain to
 wa ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
 babe in the nest, Sil ver sails all out of the west; Un der the sil ver
 come to his babe, Sil ver sails out of the west.

me, While my lit tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
 moon, Sleep, my lit tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.

Blackboard Reading Lessons

[Copy part of the lesson every morning. Leave it on the board. At the end of the week the whole lesson is read. Have other paper cuttings made, besides the ones suggested here.]

September

"The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow declining year."

I am September, the month when all the children come back to school. You would hardly know some of the children, they are so brown with the summer sun.

I am the month that brings the harvest moon.

"The autumn winds are sighing,
Sighing in the trees;
The ripened corn is waving,
Waving in the breeze.
The harvest moon is shining,
Shining in the night;
Over hill and valley
In floods of silver light."



If you could be in the country, you would see the farmers bringing in the harvest.

The wheat is cut, and tied up into bundles. Then it is threshed. After that it is ground into flour to make bread for the hungry.

My month is the one when all the fruit



is ripe. You can get apples, pears, grapes, melons, and lots of other kinds of fruit.

I am September, the ninth month of the year, the first month of autumn or fall. I like to use the name fall, because it seems to mean just what it says. The leaves fall. The nuts fall. All kinds of fruit fall to the ground.

"This is the time when the leaves come down,
Softly, softly falling."

I bring the Autumn Equinox on the twenty-first of my month. That means equal days and equal nights all over the world.

Some people call me the golden month. The woods and fields are full of golden-rod and purple asters, butter-and-eggs, and yarrow.

Some of the birds are thinking of leaving us and going away South.

The squirrels are storing away acorns for the winter.

Caterpillars can be found in plenty and brought into the school room to make their cocoons. Get a caterpillar from the milkweed and you can watch it spin its beautiful little green cocoon which seems to be studded with gold. Then you can watch this cocoon gradually grow darker till at last a wonderful "King Billy," as the children love to call it, comes out, all inside of a month.

"O golden month! how high thy gold is heaped."

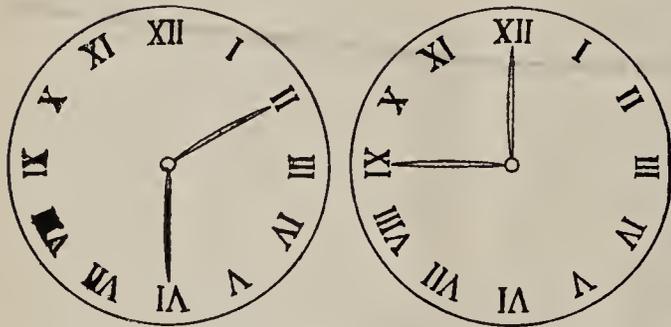
September Paper Cutting and Drawing



Design for a B. B. Calendar



Sunbonnet Baby Paper Cutting



Draw Clock Face on B. B. Pointers may be erased and changed for practice in telling time



Clytie's Carriage (See page 11)



The Waves of the Sea (Page 11)



Clytie Paper Cuttings

On page 11 is shown how the Clytie paper cuttings are brought together in one composition

First Year Lesson Plans for September.

First Week

MONDAY

Tell the story, or draw the story from the children, of Little Red Riding-hood. Get the little folks to talk about it. Where was Red Riding-hood going? Who was she going to see? What was she carrying? Whom did she meet on the way? etc.

TUESDAY

Bring an envelope, addressed, to the class. Have a stamp ready, and ask one of the children to paste it on the envelope. In which corner should it be placed? How much does it cost to send a letter? Where is the letter posted? Who takes it from the letter-box? How does it go to its destination? How much does it cost to send a postcard?

WEDNESDAY

Have the children talk about what they saw on their way to school. Policeman? Dog? Cow? Flowers? Clouds? Man? Boy? Girl? Horse? Sidewalk? Country road? Grass? Goldenrod?

THURSDAY

Have a red apple ready, as a subject of conversation. What is its color? Shape? How many inches thru? How many inches round? What is it good for? In how many ways can it be eaten? (Raw, apple-sauce, pie, dumpling, pudding, preserve, jelly.) Cut the apple open. Color inside? What is there in the center? How many seeds? What are the seeds good for? When must they be planted, to grow?

FRIDAY

Get the children to tell what they did after school the previous afternoon. What they expect to do on Saturday.

Second Week

MONDAY

The clock or a watch. How many children can tell time? What time is it now? At what time does school open in the morning? At what time does it close? How are the hands of the clock when it is twelve o'clock? When it is four o'clock? Six o'clock? Half-past six? Half-past twelve? How many hands has a clock? What are they called? What is the face of the clock? How many figures? What do they represent?

TUESDAY

Football.—How many boys are needed for a game of football? How large is the ball? What is it made of? How is the air blown into it? How long does it take to play a game? How much space is needed to play it in? Where are the goals? How are the goals made? Who can tell how to play the game?

WEDNESDAY

Rain and Sunshine.—Where does rain come from? How does it fall—in streams or drops?

What becomes of the water when it reaches the ground? Where do we get the water we drink? When it is pleasant what do we see in the sky? What are some of the things the sun does for us? Is it usually warmer when the sun is shining, or when it rains?

THURSDAY

What We Had for Breakfast.—Bread? Butter? Eggs? Oatmeal? Coffee? What is a good breakfast for children? Which is better, meat or an egg? Is coffee or tea good for children?

FRIDAY

Bring to the class a piece of bread. What is it made of? (Flour, water, salt, yeast.) Why do we put salt in bread? What is the yeast for? How do we know by looking at the bread that the yeast made it rise? What is flour made of? Where does wheat grow? How does the wheat grow?

Third Week

MONDAY

Talk About September.—What day of the month is it? What month is it? How many months in the year? What is the first month? What is the last month? Beginning with January as one, count together and see what month September is. (Ninth month.) How many months more before the close of the year? What year is this?

TUESDAY

What flowers bloom in September? In what month does school begin? How many days in September? Learn, or repeat the rhyme:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath twenty-eight in fine,
Till Leap-year gives it twenty-nine.

WEDNESDAY

A Penny.—Have a Lincoln penny ready, or better, several. What is the penny made of? What is its diameter (the distance across it)? What can be bought with a penny? (Candy, gum, marbles, etc.) Whose picture is on the penny? When was it made? How can we make a penny shiny? (Wash it in vinegar.)

THURSDAY

Sparrows.—Who can tell a sparrow when he sees it? What color are sparrows? Where do they build their nests? What do they eat? How does the father bird differ from the mother bird in appearance? How do the sparrows keep warm in winter? How many feet has a sparrow? How many eyes? What does the sparrow eat with? (Bill.)

FRIDAY

The Horse.—How many legs has a horse? What has he instead of feet? (Hoofs.) How

many eyes has a horse? How many ears? What are the ears like? What colors are horses? What do horses eat? How much water will a horse drink in a day? How much does a horse weigh? What are horses good for?

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Who is the tallest person in the room? Which is the tallest pupil? How tall is he? (Measure height.) Who is the shortest? (Measure height.) How much difference between the tallest and the shortest? What girl has the longest hair? How long is it? What boy has the shortest hair? Who has the longest foot? What size shoes does he wear? Who has the shortest foot? What size shoes does she wear?

TUESDAY

Have a candle in a candlestick on the desk. What is this? What is it made of? What is it

for? What other ways of lighting a room? (Electricity, gas, kerosene lamp.) How is this room lighted? Why do we not need any lights now? (Sun is shining.) How are the streets lighted? How do the people in the country, where there are no street lights, find their way about? (With lanterns.) Teach rhyme:

Like a little candle,
So will we shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

WEDNESDAY

Have pupils write name and address.

THURSDAY

Have each pupil stand up before the class and repeat a nursery rhyme.

FRIDAY

Have each pupil tell how many brothers and sisters he has, and their names.

First Year Plans for Number Work

September

First Week

MONDAY

Count objects, as crayons, beans, peas, etc., as high as *all* the children are able to go. Probably this will not be higher than five.

TUESDAY

Buy and sell beans or wooden beads, with toy money, not going beyond five cents.

WEDNESDAY

As an aid to learning the numbers from one to ten, teach the rhyme:

One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a fish alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let him go again.

THURSDAY

To aid the children in recognizing the numbers, write on large cards the figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, one on each card. Hold these, one by one, before the class until every child can recognize each at sight.

FRIDAY

Have the children write the figures from 1 to 5.

Second Week

MONDAY

Addition problems for the children to copy and work:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 |
| 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 4 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — |

Hang at the front of the room large cards containing these problems, for the children to copy them on paper.

TUESDAY

Counting by one's to twelve. Use for this

purpose all sorts of objects. Divide an apple into twelve pieces and count the pieces, etc.

WEDNESDAY

Supply each child with a foot-rule, or have these furnished by the parents. Count the number of inches. Measure a foot on the edge of the desk. Measure a foot on the side of the room. Measure and count the number of feet along the side of the room.

THURSDAY

Write numbers from one to five, inclusive.

FRIDAY

Using toy money, buy and sell corn or beans, using the penny and the nickel.

Third Week

MONDAY

Count by one's to fifteen, using all sorts of objects.

TUESDAY

Addition problems:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| — | — | — | — | — |
| 4 | 1 | 5 | 1 | |
| 1 | 4 | 1 | 5 | |
| — | — | — | — | |

These to be copied and worked.

WEDNESDAY

Measure and count the number of glasses of water a pitcher will hold; the number of cupsful of beans in a box, etc.

THURSDAY

Buy and sell, using pennies, and one, two, or three nickels. How many pennies in one nickel? If I buy a cent's worth of candy, and I give

the storekeeper a nickel, how many pennies do I get back?

Send Johnny to the store with a nickel to buy a yeast cake costing two cents. How many pennies does he bring back?

Have such transactions carried out, in the schoolroom, in various ways.

FRIDAY

Bring flowers of various kinds to school. Pass one to each child. Have the pupils count the number of petals, the number of leaves on the stem, etc.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Use the rulers. Have the children measure off two inches on the edge of the desk, etc. Measure off the second two inches. Bring out that two inches and two inches are four inches.

Show two and two in various ways, until the children understand.

TUESDAY

Number problems:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 2 |
| 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

By measurement, show that two pints make a quart. How much milk is taken in the various homes? How many pints?

WEDNESDAY

Count by one's to eighteen. Count eighteen desks, eighteen children, eighteen books, and the abstract, eighteen.

THURSDAY

Write the numbers from one to six.

FRIDAY

Buying and selling, using beans, etc., up to eighteen in number, introducing the penny and the nickel.

Second Year Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Count by tens to one hundred. (Explain to the children how.)

A game of hide-and-seek may be played. The pupil who is "It" calls out numbers which when added together make one hundred. Being blindfolded, he may say, for example, "Nine, nine, double nine, forty-five, nineteen." It is his secret, given to him by the teacher, that the sum must always be one hundred.

Sing to the children the old song, "Billy Boy," the last stanza of which is:

"How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

How old is she, charming Billy?"

"She is three times four, twenty-eight and sixty more,

She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother."

TUESDAY

Oral.—Reading numbers. Write the following on the blackboard, to be read by the pupils: 11, 131, 22, 155, 55, 67, 76, 119, 111, 199, 99, 175, 105, 153, 147.

Written.—The teacher reads the numbers given above, aloud, in different order from the one given above, for the pupils to write.

WEDNESDAY

Oral.— $3+5=$, $4+5=$, $6+5=$, $1+5=$, $2+5=$, $7+5=$, $5+5=$, $5+4=$, $5+6=$, $5+3=$, $5+2=$, $5+7=$.

Written.—Add,

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|
| 54 | 34 | 21 | 42 | 11 |
| 21 | 13 | 52 | 31 | 22 |
| 32 | 51 | 16 | 13 | 33 |
| 12 | 22 | 21 | 33 | 44 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

THURSDAY

Oral.—Compare the dollar with pennies, and with dimes. One dollar equals one hundred pennies, ten dimes. If the actual money can be shown, it will make an impression that is worth while.

Written.—Subtract:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 47 | 82 | 58 | 85 | 64 | 87 | 66 | 33 | 83 | 16 |
| 35 | 61 | 46 | 23 | 41 | 52 | 33 | 11 | 33 | 11 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

FRIDAY

Oral.—Study of Roman numerals, I, II, III, with the aid of a clock.

| | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|----|---|
| Written.— | 4 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 5 |
| | 3 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 5 |
| | — | — | — | — | — |
| | 6 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 9 |

Second Week

MONDAY

Oral.—Count by threes to thirty, by tens to two hundred.

Written.—Add:

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 435 | 175 | 100 | 110 | 321 |
| 123 | 241 | 200 | 240 | 123 |
| 456 | 115 | 150 | 630 | 231 |
| 211 | 234 | 375 | 170 | 312 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

TUESDAY

Oral.—Roman numerals I, II, III, IV, or IIII.

Written.—The teacher to read the following numbers aloud, the numbers to be written by the pupils: 237, 333, 428, 656, 575, 432, 324, 458, 891, 915, 562, 275, 431, 137.

WEDNESDAY

Oral.—Cut squares of paper into halves; also an apple. Find one-half the length of a desk. Half a straight line two inches long, etc.

Written.—Subtract:

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 946 | 834 | 548 | 832 | 684 |
| 351 | 723 | 421 | 121 | 433 |
| <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> |
| 725 | 268 | 384 | 835 | 888 |
| 514 | 143 | 241 | 425 | 444 |
| <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> |

THURSDAY

Oral.—Count by ten's to three hundred, by one-hundred's to three hundred.

Written.—Find the distance around the schoolroom. What is the simplest way?

FRIDAY

Oral.—Subtract by five's, to nine minus five.

Written.—Write 231. Add 516. Subtract 111. Add 212. Subtract 170. Answer?

Third Week

MONDAY

Oral.—Count by twos to twenty; by threes to thirty, by tens to one hundred.

Written Work.—Write, 279, 336, 222, 149, 328, 177, 217, 399, 309, 116, 206, 135, 257, 381, 111.

Ask each pupil to write five numbers of three orders, the papers to be exchanged, and the numbers read aloud.

TUESDAY

Roman numbers, with the aid of a clock, I, II, III, IV, V.

Have each pupil write five addition columns of two orders, exchange papers, and add.

WEDNESDAY

Buying and selling, using toy money. Use the dollar, half-dollar, dime, five-cent piece and penny.

THURSDAY

Add, orally: $2 + 4 + 3 + 1 + 4 + 2 + 2 + 2$.

Add: $6 + 1 + 3 + 4 + 2 + 6 + 3 + 2 + 1$.

Subtract: $20 - 1 - 2 - 1 - 2 - 1$.

Written.—Add:

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 123 | 234 | 123 | 324 | 512 |
| 123 | 234 | 231 | 423 | 215 |
| 123 | 234 | 132 | 234 | 152 |
| 123 | 234 | 213 | 432 | 521 |
| <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> |

FRIDAY

Oral.—Add by fives to one hundred. Add by fours to forty. Add by threes to thirty. Add by twos to twenty.

Written.—Subtract:

| | | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 384 | 349 | 442 | 111 | 451 | 455 |
| 231 | 346 | 231 | 100 | 120 | 366 |
| <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> |
| 471 | 268 | 250 | 333 | | |
| 260 | 108 | 150 | 222 | | |
| <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> | | |

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Measure twelve inches on the side of the desk. Measure five inches on the blackboard. Draw a line twelve inches long on the blackboard. Mark the inches.

Have the pupils write ten addition problems. Take the papers yourself, and write one of the examples after another on the board, and see who can solve each example most quickly.

TUESDAY

Drill on signs, +, —, =.

Have pupils write five examples, using plus and equal signs, writing the correct answer to each. Write similar examples, using the minus sign.

WEDNESDAY

Subtract by twos from one hundred to zero. By threes from thirty-six. By fives from one hundred.

With the aid of a quart and a pint measure, with sand and water, teach that two pints make a quart.

THURSDAY

Practise on the dozen. Buy and sell dozens—of beans, corn, beads, etc.

FRIDAY

Roman numerals—I, II, III, IV, V, VI.

Write, 225, 467, 351, 112, 444, 222, 116, 199, 299, 399, 499, 188, 277, 366, 455.



Second Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Write the following poem on the blackboard:

WILD FLOWERS

Out amid the green fields
Free as air we grow,
Springing where it happens,
Never in a row;
Watered by the cloudlets
Passing overhead,
Warmed by lovely sunbeams
Falling on our heads.
Wild flowers, wild flowers, by the meadow rills,
Wild flowers, wild flowers, on the woody hills,
Wild flowers, wild flowers, springing everywhere,
Joyful in the glad free air. —Selected.

After talking about the wild flowers of the early autumn, especially the goldenrod and asters, have the children write answers to the following questions. Each answer should be a complete sentence:

What yellow flower grows in September?
What purple flower grows in September?
How do the cloudlets water the wild flowers?
How do the sunbeams warm the wild flowers?

TUESDAY

Read Stevenson's "The Swing":

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do.

Up in the air and over the wall
Till I can see so wide
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air, and down!

Have the children copy the second stanza of four lines.

WEDNESDAY

Write a list of the objects you can see in the schoolroom.

THURSDAY

Write a list of the objects you can remember seeing on your way to school.

FRIDAY

Pass pictures cut from magazines or from an old reader to the children and have each child write a story about his picture.

Second Week

Have the children spend this week learning Eugene Field's "The Rock-a-by Lady," with appropriate actions. Have one stanza learned each day, and the whole poem repeated on Friday.

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby Street

Comes stealing (1), comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet (2),
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping.

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" (3) it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum (4),
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns (5) that bang, and tin tops (6) that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

The dollies peep out of those wee little drums
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams (7),
And the stars peek-a-boo (8), with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up (9), where the mother moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary (10), my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

ACTIONS

Pupils are to remain seated at their desks thru the entire recitation.

- (1) Move fingers lightly from right to left side of desk, as if creeping along the desk.
- (2) Move both hands from top of head toward feet.
- (3) "Rub-a-dub," with fingers on desk.
- (4) Open mouth and make movement as if putting in sugar-plum, with fingers.
- (5) Pretend to shoot popgun.
- (6) Turn fingers as if twisting top.
- (7) Move fingers lightly across to represent a floating boat.
- (9) Put thumbs and first fingers up to eyes, as if peeping thru glasses.
- (10) Shut eyes and put heads, sideways, on desks, finishing the poem thus.

This poem is not too difficult for little children to learn. They love it.

Third Week

MONDAY

Write on the blackboard the word ending *an*, and the letters *m*, *f*, *p*, *r*, and *c*. Ask the children to form words with the letters and the ending, and then write five sentences, each sentence to contain one of the words thus formed.

TUESDAY

Have the children write list of ten objects to be seen in the schoolroom, and make a sentence containing each word.

WEDNESDAY

Ask each child to select some other member of the class and write a description of his per-

sonal appearance. For example:

Grace's hair is light and curly. Her eyes are blue. Her complexion is fair. She is tall for her age.

THURSDAY

Read or tell the following story, for the children to reproduce orally:

THE LITTLE GRAY KITTEN

(Adapted from St. Nicholas for Jan., 1907.)

Once upon a time there was a little gray kitten. She had wandered far away from home. At first she enjoyed all the strange sights, but by and by she began to feel very homesick. She wished she were at home with her sisters and brothers.

Now, the only word that the gray kitten could say was, "Mew, mew!" When she was lonely she said "Mew." When she was cold, or tired, or glad, or sorry, it was always "Mew." At home they knew what she meant when she said "Mew," but out in the world nobody seemed to understand.

As she wandered along the street, the gray kitten came upon a squirming earthworm. The earthworm did not notice the gray kitten, but crawled away across the street.

The little gray kitten met a butterfly sitting on top of a dandelion. "Mew," said the kitten, meaning: "Can you tell me where my home is?" But the butterfly did not answer, but only flew away.

The gray kitten walked on, till she spied a robin on a stone wall. "Mew," said the kitten, "Can you tell me where my home is?" But the robin turned his head to one side and said, "Chirp, chirp." Then he spread his wings and flew away.

The gray kitten felt sad, but she still walked along, until she met a big, black dog. "Mew, mew," said the kitten. "Can you tell me where my home is?"

But the big, black dog shook his tail and barked, "Bow-wow, bow-wow," so loudly that the gray kitten ran away as fast as she could.

The kitten was very tired, but still she went on, and soon she met a big, red cow. "Mew, mew," said the kitten. "Can you tell me where my home is?"

The cow stretched out her head and said, "Moo-o, moo-o." The gray kitten was so frightened that she jumped over a fence right into the middle of a flower-bed.

There she saw a little girl running up to her with such a sweet smile on her face that the gray kitten said once more: "Can you tell me where my home is?"

"Oh, you dear, fluffy, gray ball!" said the smiling little girl. "I am going to take you home to live with me."

The little girl was the only one who had understood. The kitten purred softly, for she had found a home.

FRIDAY

Have the children write the story of the gray kitten in their own words.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Poem for the week, "The Owl and the Pussy-cat."

The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea

In a beautiful pea-green boat;

They took some honey and plenty of money,

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely pussy! O pussy, my love!
What a beautiful pussy you are,

You are,

What a beautiful pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderfully sweet you sing!

O, let us be married,—too long have we tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,

His nose,

With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a vincible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,

The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.

—Edward Lear.

Have the children copy the poem in their composition books, as neatly as possible.

TUESDAY

Have the pupils write a list of all the "name-words" (nouns) in the first three stanzas of "The Owl and the Pussy Cat."

WEDNESDAY

Have the pupils write a list of the "name-words" in the last three stanzas of the poem.

THURSDAY

Have the pupils make a list of all the "doing-words" (verbs) they can find in the poem.

FRIDAY

Have the owl and the pussy-cat story re-written in the children's own words.

Story to Tell for Reproduction Lena's Birthday Cake

Mamma wanted as many children as possible to enjoy Lena's birthday cake, so she made a very large one.

Lena carried this cake to school. How the children's eyes sparkled as they looked at it! Not one of them had ever seen so large a cake before. Some poor children had never seen one that was iced.

Could it be that Lena had brought the cake just to show the children?

No, no! She gave it to the teacher to keep. Teacher told the children they were all to have a piece of the cake at recess. You ought to have seen how hard they tried to be quiet and studious.

At recess the teacher cut the cake into thirty-six pieces. There were thirty-five children. That left just one piece for the teacher. All chattered and laughed as they ate the cake.

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

Third Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Read, very slowly, the story of Arachne, as given below. The pupils are to reproduce the story orally.

A young woman named Arachne did such dainty work in spinning and weaving that people came from miles around to see what she had done. Arachne herself was very proud of her skill. She was sure that Minerva, the goddess of needle-work, could do no better.

Minerva heard about Arachne's pride and she was displeased. She made up her mind to punish Arachne.

One day she went, disguised as an old woman, to Arachne's house. Arachne began at once to boast of her work. She said she doubted if Minerva herself could do as well.

Minerva told Arachne who she was and said they would have a contest. They both began at once some beautiful weaving. Both worked quickly and with great skill, but Minerva's patterns were more beautiful than Arachne's.

Arachne was so ashamed that she tied a rope around her neck and hung herself. Minerva saw her and changed her to a spider, so she would always continue to spin and weave.

TUESDAY

Have the children write the story of Arachne from memory.

WEDNESDAY

Talk about the spider's method of spinning and weaving a web. Then ask the children to write about spiders and their webs.

THURSDAY

Tell the children the story of Robert Bruce and the spider. How, when the good king was in prison, he saw a spider spin its way from the floor to the ceiling of his cell, only to fall once more, until finally she succeeded in reaching the place where she wished to be. And how watching the spider gave the king new courage to keep on trying until success should come to him. Then write on the blackboard the following memory gem, and have the children copy it on the first page of their composition books:

All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

FRIDAY

Ask the children to write a letter to some one telling either the story of Arachne, or of Bruce and the spider.

Second Week

MONDAY

THE TREE

The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown. "Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweeping down.

"No; leave them alone till the blossoms have grown," Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung. "Shall I take them away?" said the wind as he swung. "No; leave them alone till the berries have grown," Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the mid-summer glow. Said the child, "May I gather thy berries now?" "Yes, all thou canst see; take them; all are for thee," Said the tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

—Björnson.

Have the children learn to repeat the entire poem. If it is too difficult for one day's lesson, it can surely be committed during the week.

TUESDAY

Have the children rewrite the story of the tree in their own words.

WEDNESDAY

Place the following words on the blackboard, and have the pupils copy them, dividing them into syllables:

Teacup, saucer, teaspoon, goblet, tumbler, pitcher, water, coffee, lemonade, butter, pepper, vinegar.

If the pupils are not sure of the divisions, they are not too young to consult a dictionary, preferably a small one, of course.

THURSDAY

Have the pupils write as many words as they can think of, rhyming with *game*.

FRIDAY

Have the entire poem, "The Tree," recited by the class in concert.

Third Week

MONDAY

Picture Study.—Pass around the class copies of Landseer's "Saved." (These may be purchased for a few cents a hundred.)

Ask the children who can tell you something about the picture to raise their hands. Some such questions as the following may be asked, after all statements possible have been obtained otherwise.

What has the dog done?

What kind of a dog is it?

What would have happened to the little girl if the dog had not been there?

Did the dog love the little girl?

How did the dog carry the little girl from the water?

Tell the children about the faithfulness of a good dog. Show what a beautiful picture it is of a good dog. Show a larger picture of Landseer's "The Critics," and tell the children about the artist's fondness for dogs and animals generally.

TUESDAY

Have the children copy the following sentences, supplying "is" or "are" in the blank spaces:

The dog.....beside the little girl.

The waves.....rolling in.

The little girl.....safe.

Dogs.....good.

WEDNESDAY

Have the children copy the following, and at recitation time talk with them about the necessity of daily cleansing of the teeth:

Some children are pretty when they smile. Jane Black is not. Her teeth are not clean.

THURSDAY

Write the word "gate" on the blackboard, and have the children write as many words having a similar sound, as "fate," "rate," "mate," etc. (For study of phonetics.)

FRIDAY

Take for a topic, "How to wash dishes." Have the children give sentences describing the process. Write these on the board as they are given. Reserve the sentences until the following Monday.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Have the children write letters to each other, describing how to wash dishes, using the sentences on the blackboard reserved from the previous lesson.

TUESDAY

Write on the blackboard the following rhyme of Robert Louis Stevenson's:

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least so far as he is able.

Have the children copy the rhyme, and draw a picture of a child sitting at the table eating.

WEDNESDAY

Have each child draw an animal on a piece of paper. Ask that the papers be exchanged, and then have each child write five sentences about the animal he thinks the drawing on his paper represents.

THURSDAY

Write on the blackboard the fable of the monkey, the cat and the chestnuts:

A cat sat before an open fire where some chestnuts were roasting.

A monkey who was hungrily watching the chestnuts said to the cat: "Do you think you could pull a chestnut out of the fire? Your paws seem to be made just for that."

The cat was flattered and she quickly pulled out a chestnut that had burst open.

"How do you do it?" said the monkey. "It is wonderful. Can you reach that big one?"

"Yes, but see I have burned my paw a little."

"Oh, but what of that, when you are making yourself so useful?"

One after the other the cat pulled the chestnuts from the fire. Then she found that the sly monkey had eaten them all. All she had was a pair of sore paws.

Have the children write down all the words in the fable beginning with *c* and *p*.

FRIDAY

Have the children write five sentences telling about the fable written on the blackboard the preceding day.

Third Grade Spelling and Dictation Exercises

BY LULU P. WHINNA, PHILADELPHIA

The following exercises and lists of words have been selected from Term Examination sheets prepared for Third Grade pupils of Philadelphia Schools:

| | | |
|-----------|---------------|--------------|
| coffee | farming | honest |
| learning | dividend | country |
| language | breathe | woman |
| owner | Saturday | music |
| September | sitting | waiting |
| thought | pleasant | again |
| peninsula | broken | Arctic Ocean |
| continent | Delaware | answer |
| subtract | afraid | month |
| breath | climate | blossom |
| clearing | surprise | voice |
| thousand | buttercups | animal |
| orange | early | Indian |
| addition | addition | quietly |
| sum | minutes | building |
| valley | different | thread |
| America | Pacific Ocean | kitchen |
| every | sunbeam | island |
| around | money | oblige |
| noisy | deserve | potatoes |
| trolley | Columbus | study |
| monkey | valleys | medicine |
| honesty | family | equator |
| figures | February | August |
| season | breakfast | Wednesday |

| | | |
|--------------|----------|--------------|
| either | caught | cushion |
| careful | climbing | violets |
| stream | coming | weigh |
| happiness | people | piano |
| pitcher | another | chimney |
| forest | benches | teacher |
| thoughtful | savage | angry |
| narrow | cousin | Philadelphia |
| present | porch | strawberry |
| William Penn | fierce | afternoon |

Mary's Pets.

Mary is a little girl eight years old. She has a great many pets to play with. She has a bird, a kitten, a dog and a little white rabbit.

Mary's father made a house for her rabbit to sleep in. Would you like to know what it eats? Mary gives it cabbage, turnips, apples and sweet clover.

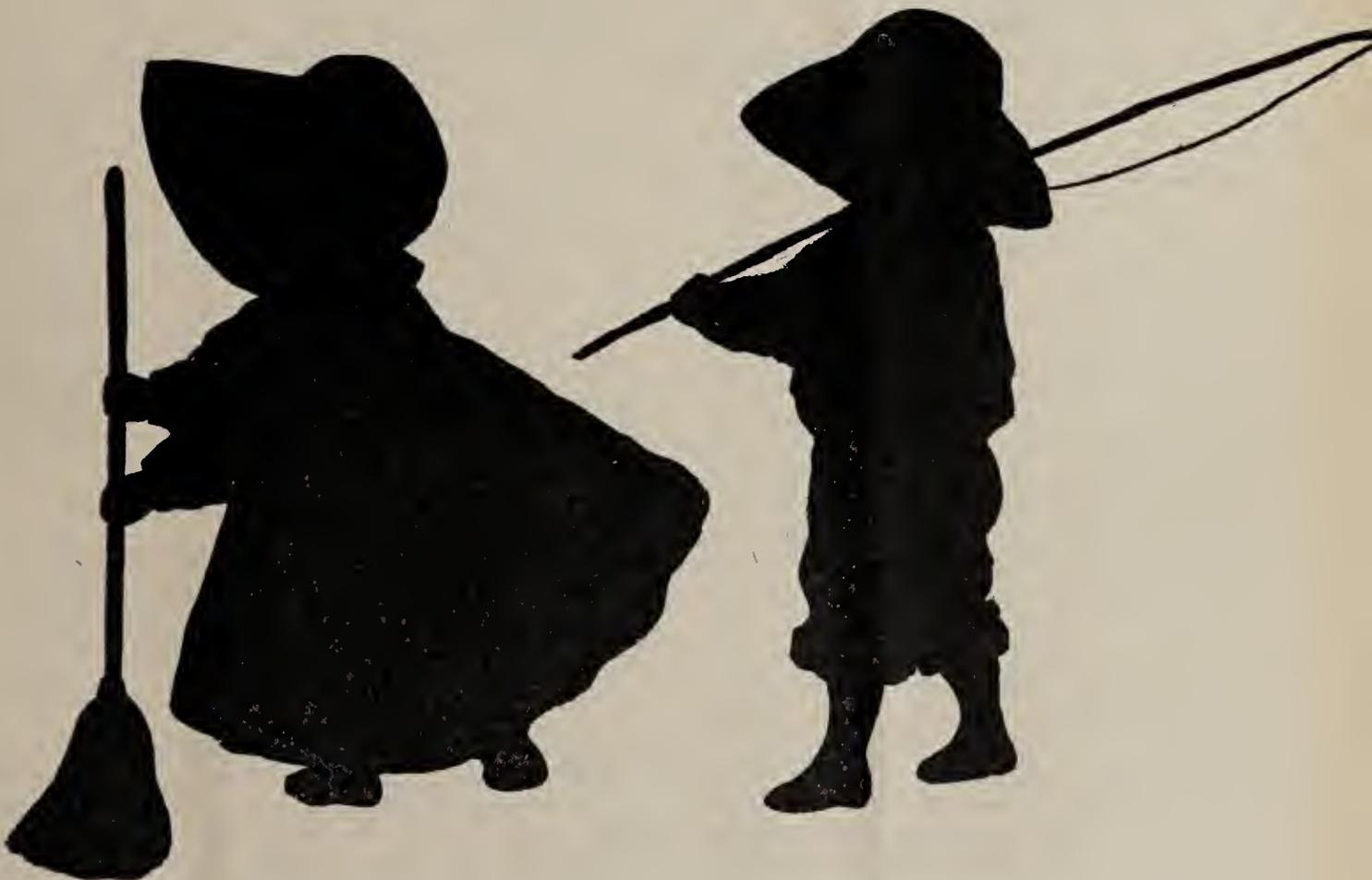
“Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting thru the rind;
Red leaf and yellow leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother 'doin' peaches'
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?”

Conundrums

1. Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, what Peter makes the greatest noise?
[Trumpeter.]
2. If you bite me, I bite you,
And I make your tears come, too.
[Onion.]
3. What is cold I make warm;
What is warm I make cold.
If you keep me for years
You will surely grow old.
[Breath.]
4. Thirty-one days are my lot,
And those days are often hot.
People do like me, for see,
They have named some boys for me.
[August.]
5. A blind man saw a nimble rat,
A lame man caught it in his hat,
A man who had no clothes at all,
He put it in his over-all.
What is that?
[A lie.]
6. What bird does the duck resemble most?
[The drake.]
Or goose? [The gander.]
7. Why does the baker wear a white cap?
[To cover his head.]
8. Which burns longer, a tallow candle or a wax candle?
[Neither, they both burn shorter.]
9. Why can it never rain two days running?
[Because the night comes in between.]
10. Why do white sheep eat more grass than black ones?
[Because there are more of them.]

I know that when my bedtime comes,
And I am tired of everything,
I cannot go to sleep unless
I hear my mamma softly sing
The Bye-Low song.

A golden haze conceals the horizon,
A golden sunshine slants across the meadows;
The pride and prime of summertime is gone,
But beauty lingers in these autumn shadows.
—GEORGE ARNOLD.



Paper Cuttings for Second and Third Year—Designed by Ruth Mildred Lang
Broom and rod may be cut separately and pasted on. The figures may also serve as suggestions for brush work.

Fourth Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Oral.—Pass around copies of well-known pictures, if possible as many different pictures as there are children. Have each pupil describe his picture.

TUESDAY

Dictation.

EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

—A. BARING GOULD.

WEDNESDAY

Original composition on "The Signs of September."—What we see in the market or in the fields. Grass and leaves beginning to turn brown. No more birds' nests and birds singing very little. Farmers harvesting. Golden-rod and asters in the fields and by the roadside. Children everywhere going to school.

THURSDAY

Selection to be read for written reproduction.

THE WONDERFUL TRAVELING CLOAK

One day a little old woman in gray visited Prince Dolor. She gave him a present.

"What is this?" he asked as she untied the many knots.

"It is a traveling cloak," she answered.

"Oh," said the little prince, "I never go traveling. Sometimes nurse hoists me on the parapet, but I never go farther than that."

"But this is not an ordinary cloak," said the god-mother. "It is a wonderful cloak. It will take you anywhere you wish to go. From it you may see anything you wish to see."

"But how can I get out of the tower?" he asked.

"Open the skylight," she said, "then sit in the middle of the cloak. Say your charm and out you will float through the blue sky on your wonderful cloak.—From "The Little Lame Prince."

FRIDAY

Write on the blackboard the following:

Letters of introduction may be sent by mail or presented by the person introduced. In the latter case, the letter is never sealed. The envelope is addressed in the usual way, but in the lower left-hand corner is written, "Introducing Mr. Smith," or "Introducing Miss Smith," as the case may be.

Have the pupils look up in the dictionary, and write out, definitions of the following: In-

troduction, presented, person, latter, addressed, usual, way.

Second Week

MONDAY

Write sentence containing the irregular verbs *go, went, gone, see, saw, seen, am, was, been.*

TUESDAY

Dictation.

Hail to the merry harvest time,
The gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops,
Rejoicing and good cheer.

WEDNESDAY

Exercise for clearness of enunciation. Have the following read aloud by every child, every word and every syllable to be enunciated clearly.

THE OWL

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour.
But at dusk he's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away!
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THURSDAY

Selection to be memorized:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—COLERIDGE.

FRIDAY

Write a letter of introduction for one of your classmates, to be addressed to the principal of the school, or the chairman of the committee of the school district.

Third Week

MONDAY

Have the children write a letter addressed to a cousin, telling what study they like best, and why. Ask them to write also what the study is like.

TUESDAY

A Guessing Game.—Have the pupils write a description of some animal, the other children to guess what animal is described. For example:

I have a coat of fur. It is black and white. I walk very softly. There are cushions on my feet. My eyes are like coals of fire at night. Can you guess who I am?

WEDNESDAY

Dictation.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away.
He liveth longest, who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

THURSDAY

Conversation.—A Loaf of Bread.

Questions to be asked by the teacher: *What kind of food do we all eat every day of our lives? Where does it come from? (The baker—mother makes it.) What is it made of? (Flour.) What else is there in bread besides flour? (Salt, water, yeast, sugar.) What is flour made of? Where does wheat grow? Does it grow on a tree? On a bush? (Show pictures of wheat growing. Have a head of wheat to show, if possible.) Tell how wheat will grow after being kept for many years. Grains of wheat found in Egyptian mummy-cases, at least two thousand years old, have been planted and made to grow.*

FRIDAY

Story for written reproduction. To be read aloud by the teacher.

WHY THE BEAR HAS A SHORT TAIL

One winter morning a fox was walking along the road with some fish, when he met a bear.

"Good morning, Mr. Fox," said the bear. "What fine fish you have! Will you show me how to catch some?"

"Come with me," said the fox. "I will gladly show you."

So the two walked along till they came to a frozen pond. The fox showed the bear how to break a hole in the ice. Then he said: "Now put your tail down the hole into the water, and keep it there for a long time. That is the way to catch the fish."

The fox went away, and the bear sat with his tail in the water for a long time. Then he said to himself: "Now I will pull out the fish for my supper. How fine they will be!"

He pulled and pulled, but no fish came out. Only a part of his tail came out, for the rest of it was frozen fast.

The bear went home, growling. The fox lay in his den laughing at the trick he had played on the bear.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Beginning of a story: *The other day as I was walking beside the brook, I saw three boys fishing. Just as I came up, one of the boys threw his pole back over his head, and—*

The story is to be finished by the pupils. See who can write the best ending.

TUESDAY

Draw on the blackboard a large oblong the shape of an envelope. Have addresses of various kinds written in the space, as to some one of the parents, to a business firm, to an address calling for rural free delivery. Have the pupils make envelopes and write addresses on them, the work to be done correctly.

WEDNESDAY

Abbreviations: Write the abbreviations for month, year, minute, second, all the days of the week; the months of the year; pint, quart, bushel, inch, foot, yard.

THURSDAY

Dictation.

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table,
At least so far as he is able.

—R. L. STEVENSON.

FRIDAY

Write the following sentences on the blackboard, the children to copy, filling in the blanks with *catch* or *caught*:

John ——— the ball.

Mary is trying to ——— a butterfly.

——— me, I am falling.

The children ——— several fish.

The baseball player ——— the ball on the fly.

Kitty has ——— a little mouse.

Cats like to ——— mice.

——— the dog before he runs away.

Jack ——— a bird that had hurt its wing.

To-morrow I am going to ——— a lot of flies.

THURSDAY

Story for reproduction:

A friend of the great artist, Michael Angelo, was once watching the last touches being made to a statue. Some time later he visited the studio again, and the artist was still at work upon the same statue. He exclaimed: "You have done nothing since the last time I was here. The statue was finished then."

"Not at all," was Michael Angelo's reply. "I have softened this feature and brought out that muscle. I have given more expression to the lip and more energy to the eye."

"Oh," said the friend, "but these are trifles."

"It may be so," said the artist, "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

FRIDAY

Write ten sentences containing *is* or *are*.

The Story of Applesed John

[See pages 12 and 13]

Not very long ago, in the State of Ohio, there lived an old man who, whenever he had a nice, juicy apple, always planted the seeds.

He did this for a good many years, and after a time he asked people to save the cores of their apples for him. Many were willing to do this, and as soon as he had a bag full he would go long distances into the country and plant the cores by the roadsides and in the fields.

He planted so many of these all over the State, that after awhile, every spring, the country was like a beautiful garden, and in autumn any one could always find a juicy apple to eat, and all because old "Applesed John,"—for that was the name people gave him—was willing to take a little trouble for others, and in doing it let so many apple seeds out of their queer little houses.

A Way to Teach Poems to Young Children

The language of even children's poems is often hard for children to comprehend on account of the figures of speech, inverted phrases, etc.

I have found that if the meaning of a poem is explained to the children before reading it to them, they will understand and enjoy it better, and be more benefitted by it than if it is merely read to them. A good way to explain a poem is to tell the story of the poem. The following are the stories of some of R. L. Stevenson's poems found in "A Child's Garden of Verses." A goodly number of poems thus written up in story form would be a valuable addition to any teacher's collection of stories.

TO BED IN SUMMER

(By way of introduction, ask the children why it is they arise and retire by lamplight in winter and by daylight in summer. Show why the days are longer in summer.)

Once there was a little girl who didn't like to go to bed while it was daylight outdoors. But her bed-time was 8 o'clock, and she always went then, even if it was still light outdoors. She said, "In the winter time I get up before the sun and dress by yellow candle-light. Then at night I go to bed after the sun is down, and it is dark outdoors. But now it is summer, and I have to go to bed while it is still daylight. Thru the window I can see the birds still hopping on the trees, and I can hear the grown-up people's footsteps on the street. I should like so much to go out and play. It seems hard to go to bed by day."

MY SHADOW

(Talk of shadows, what causes them, why they resemble the object producing them, when they are seen or not seen, why they are longer at some times of the day than others, which direction they extend in the morning, at noon, in the evening. Why?)

Once there was a little boy who used to watch his shadow so much as he walked or ran along. He did not know what caused his shadow, and he wondered what it was for. He said, "I have a little shadow that goes in the house with me when I go, and that goes out with me wherever I go. 'I see him jump before me from the heels up to the head.' The funniest thing about him is the way he grows. He does not grow slowly like children, but sometimes he shoots up very tall all at once, and sometimes he gets so small there is nothing left of him. He seems to be a coward, for he stays so close to me. I'd be ashamed to stick 'to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.' But one morning I got up very early before the sun arose. I went out and found dew on the grass and flowers, but this time my shadow didn't tag along. He was lazy and sleepy-headed, and had staid at home fast asleep in bed."

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

One time a little boy was ill and had to stay in bed several days. His mamma put his toys on his bed so he could look at them and play with them sometimes, so that he would not get so lonesome. He said, "When I was sick and had to lay in bed, my mamma put two pillows at my head so that I could sit up and play with my toys. Sometimes I would make my little toy soldiers march up and down the hills in the bedclothes. Sometimes I'd play the bed-sheet was a sea with waves on

it. Then I'd take my toy ships, and send them up and down the sea. Sometimes I would take my toy houses and trees, and make cities with them. I would place the houses in rows, and the trees along the street in front of the houses. Sometimes I would play I was a great giant sitting upon the pillow hill and looking down over all the land. Playing this way, I kept myself happy all the day."

The Pert Little Duck

A pert little duck peeped out of the shell,
And saw that her mother was only a hen!
Thought she to herself, "This is all very well,
But if I should go to the water, what then?"

"And how she does stare at me, stupid old
goose!

Has she never before seen a duckling like me?
But her clucking and staring are all of no use,
For down to the pond in a moment I'll be."

The water lay close by the foot of the hill,
The sunbeams were flecking the surface with
gold;

While deep in the shadow, so calm and so still,
The lily-cups floated in beauty untold.

So little Miss Duckie, just shaking her tail,
With a flop and a splash launched off from
the shore;

But over the ending we'd best draw a veil,
And only just say—she was never seen more.

Next day an old water-rat, pompous and slow,
Invited his friends to a dinner and tea.

They all of them said that of course they would
go,

For no one could give such a dinner as he.

They sat down to dinner at sound of the gong
And the old water-rat carved the food at his
will.

'Twas a little cold duck! and before very long,
They had eaten it all, but the toes and the bill.

—Selected.

Shoe Pegs

BY E. MAIE SEYFERT

Shoe pegs. Yes you all use them for beginners in number work, of course, and will continue to use them, regardless of adverse criticism.

Did you ever try this plan of procedure? Prepare a large sheet of drawing paper for each child, to be used at a work table or individual desks, with rows of figures, out of order, up to 10 marked upon them. The children lay beside each figure its equals in shoe pegs and like to do it, too. They now learn combinations to ten in this way, and I don't believe the pegs hurt them a bit.

Child Life in Holland

Dutch babies are dressed very much as in this country, except that sometimes their heads are wrapped up in three caps—one of cambric, another of silk, and a third of lace.

The christening usually takes place on a Sunday and after the christening there is a grand dinner to which all the relations are invited. Among the great festivals celebrated in every house are the birthdays. Friends call to congratulate the happy one who is starting on a new year in life. If the birthday be that of father or mother one of the children recites a piece of poetry, a copy of which, written on an elaborately ornamented piece of paper, is presented to the parents to keep.

Dutch girls wear embroidered bodices, red skirts, and thick clogs or buckled shoes. Each clog is cut from one piece of wood. No doubt, those wooden shoes are clumsy, but they are very useful, for they keep the feet dry when walking on damp ground.

The boys in the country districts of Holland wear baggy trousers which reach only to the knee. Sometimes their jackets are decorated with big buttons of copper, silver, or even gold.

Dutch children are not idle. When the little girls are only four years old they are taught to knit. They use two needles at first, and knit

lamp mats, wash cloths, and garters. When they learn to use five needles they knit stockings, caps, rugs, and mittens. They often knit on their way to and from school.

The kitchen is the principal room in the Dutch home. It looks very comfortable. Its red brick floor is strewn with fresh sand every day. Then there are the brick hearth, prettily tiled walls, polished chairs and tables, and copper kettles and saucepans, as bright as scrubbing can make them.

The parlor is a very grand room, and is used only for weddings and christenings and on birthdays. But altho it is used so seldom it is cleaned very often. Every Saturday the house-wife sweeps the floor, washes the windows and the large mirror, and dusts and polishes the furniture. Even the door knobs are rubbed till they shine. Then the shutters are closed again, not to be opened till the next cleaning day comes around.

The Dutch, you must know, are very clean and are obliged to be so, for in their damp country rust would soon destroy the cooking utensils, if the thrifty housewives and their daughters were not constantly rubbing and polishing them.

Many of the games of the Dutch children are the same as in our country. In summer time



they are sailing their mimic boats on the canals or ponds or lakes—Holland is full of them. They are also fond of playing before the clean, red-tiled, green or blue-shuttered cottages such plays as "jackstones" (In England they say "knucklebones"), and singing games. The girls are often found on the little piers of their native villages washing their pans and jars and dishes and baskets, etc., waiting for the arrival of the boats that bring in fish.

In winter the Dutch children are to be envied the most. The many ponds and lakes and canals are then all covered with thick ice. There is perhaps no country where sliding and skating on smooth ice is made so convenient for the children. It is great fun to skate to market for apples and nuts, to skate in companies to the neighboring village, to skate to and from school, to have skating games and skating matches.

Geography Questions for Primary Grades

The Sun

I.

1. Where does the sun rise?
2. When does the sun rise?
3. What do you mean by the sun's rising?
4. Point out the part of the sky where the sun rises.
5. When it is getting light in the morning what do we call it? (Dawn.)

II.

1. On which side of the school building does the sun shine in the morning?
2. What pupils see the sun when they look out of their front doors in the morning?
3. Why do we not all see the sun shining in the front door in the morning?
4. When you awake early, and see the sun, where is it then?
5. Where was the sun when you got up this morning?
6. If a toy boat sails toward the rising sun, which way is the wind blowing?

III.

1. At what time of the year does the sun rise earliest?
2. At what time did the sun rise to-day?
3. At what time of the year does the sun rise early and set late?
4. During what part of the year does the sun rise late?
5. When the sun rises early does it set early or late?

IV.

1. Where is the sun at noon?
2. If the sun rises at six o'clock in the morning, where is it at twelve o'clock.
3. What is the time called when the sun is exactly in the south?
4. On a sunny day, if I go to school at nine o'clock, and again at two o'clock, when shall I cast the longer shadow?
5. At what time of the day is the sun highest in the sky?
6. If you are in a field at twelve o'clock, and look at the sun, in what direction would you be looking?

V.

1. Where is the sun when it is half way between the south and the west?
2. What time of day would it be?

3. Where would you look for the sun at tea-time?

4. It is now four o'clock. What will the sun soon be doing?

5. If you walk home at four o'clock, with your back to the sun, in what direction are you going?

6. How do you know this?

VI.

1. Where does the sun set?
2. When does the sun set?
3. What is meant by the sun's setting?
4. When the sun has just gone out of sight, what do we call the time?
5. At what time will the sun set to-night?
6. Have you seen the sun set?

VII.

1. What do you call the half-darkness? (Twilight.)
2. What do you call the time when it is quite dark? (Night.)
3. At what points in the course of the day do we see the sun?
4. If the sun shone all day, would the shadow be in the same place?
5. The sun appears to move from east to west. Which way does the shadow move?

VIII.

1. Where is the sun at midnight?
2. Do we ever see the sun in the north?
3. In which part of the sky do we never see the sun?
4. Where must we go to find the sun in the north?
5. Where do people live who see the sun in the north?

Golden Autumn

Golden Autumn comes again,
With its fields of yellow grain,
With its fields of yellow grain.

Trees bend down with plum and pear,
Rosy apples scent the air,
Nuts are ripening everywhere.

Mouse and ant and squirrel fill
Now their garners at their will,
Only drones need hunger still.

Purple flowers, crimson leaves,
Fruit and flowers, and golden sheaves,
Autumn gives us ere she leaves.

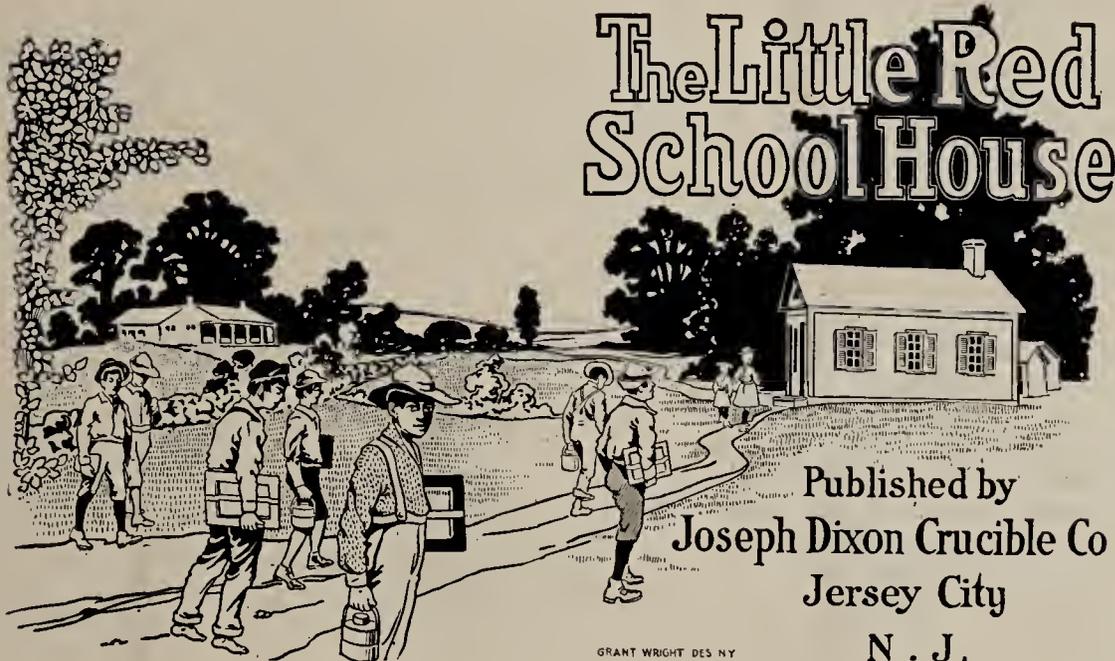
—MRS. HAWTREE.

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Poems Worth Remembering

How the Baby Grows

Nobody sees the baby grow,
Baby dear with the laughing eyes,
Who came to our house a year ago,
Looking ever so wrinkled and wise;
But every day of the happy year
He has taken upon him some beauty new;
And as for growing, why, this is clear,
He's never had anything else to do.

Grandmamma says: "When he's asleep,
Then it is that the baby grows."
Close to the crib we often creep
To watch, but we don't think grandma knows.
Never a fringe of the golden hair
Clustering soft around his brow
Lengthens the least while we are there,
And yet it is growing,—I wonder how!

Nobody sees the baby grow,
But over his rosy little face
The prettiest ripples of laughter flow,
The dancing dimples merrily chase.
The tiny feet are learning to walk,
The rounded limbs are growing strong;
The lisping tongue is learning to talk,
As cheerily pass the days along.

Nobody can explain it at all,
But one thing to our thought is clear;
God, who sees if a sparrow fall,
Sent our beautiful baby here.
And mother cares for him day and night,—
'Tis easy enough when she loves him so,—
And God, whenever she puts out the light,
Just looks in and makes him grow.

—Selected.

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September

There are twelve months thruout the year,
From January to December—
And the primest month of all the twelve
Is the merry month of September.

Then apples so red,
Hang overhead,
And nuts ripe-brown
Come showering down

In the beautiful days of September!

—MARY HOWITT.

Autumn Fires

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
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.

Block City

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles, and palaces, temples, and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet the sea,
There I'll establish a city for me;
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored;
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet, as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men.
As long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

—R. L. STEVENSON.

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Away Up in the Mountain

Away up in the mountain,
A brooklet runs along;
It sparkles like a fountain,
It sings a merry song;

It dashes down the hillside,
And then into a pool,
As restless as a schoolboy,
When with his books at school.

Brooklet of the mountain,
Ripple on your way,
Like a sparkling fountain,
Ripple every day.

Say, tell us where you come from,

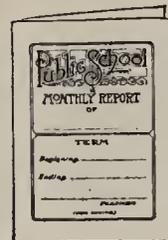
You pretty little brook;
And tell us where you're going,
With such a merry look.
You dance all thru the sunshine,
And when the world's asleep;
Come, tell us all about it,
The secret we will keep.

Brooklet of the mountain,
Ripple on your way,
Like a sparkling fountain,
Ripple every day.

—Selected

Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?

I'll go with you if I may.
"I'm going to the meadow to see them a mowing;
I'm going to help them make hay."



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Going A-Nutting

Going a-nutting,
O what fun!
None shall escape us,
No, not one.

Going a-nutting,
The wind blows free,
And down come the nuts
From the great tall tree.

We'll fill our pockets,
Yes, every one,
In the woods a-nutting,
O what fun!

We'll take them home,
And eat them there,
Each boy can have
A good big share.

The woods are yellow
And sere and brown,
In the dry, dead leaves
The nuts drop down.

Going a-nutting,
What rare delight!
When the wind blows free
And the sun shines bright.
—JENNIE D. MOORE.

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From the editorial page of the Springfield Republican, Springfield, Mass. Feb. 20, 1911.

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The Moon and Her Star

See the lovely Lady Moon,
Walking fast and far
Through the cloudy fields of sky
With her little star.

Everywhere my Lady goes
See, he trots behind.
'Tis her little poodle dog,
White and true and kind.

Other frisky stars peep out
Coaxing him to play,
But the faithful little friend
Will not run away.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon,
You must treat him well!
If you are not kind to him
I shall have to tell!
—ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

The Little Bird

A little bird, with feathers
brown,
Sat singing on a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet, as sweet could be.

And all the people, passing by,
Looked up to see the bird;
It made as sweet a melody,
As ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in
vain,
For birdie was so small,
That with his modest, dark-
brown coat,
He made no show at all.

The birdie was content to sit
Unnoticed by the way,
And sweetly sing his master's
praise
From dawn to close of day.

So should we live, all thru our
life,
That, be it short or long,
Tho others may forget our
looks,

They'll not forget our song.
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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

VOL XXXIV

OCTOBER 1911

NO 2



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Paper-cutting by Frances Horak

An October Border

These paper-cuttings by pupils in School No. 1, Scotch Plains, N. J., were pasted on sheets of paper. The strings were drawn in with black crayon. The work of all the children in the class was then pasted around the room to form a border.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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with an introduction by

ANDREW SLOANE DRAPER

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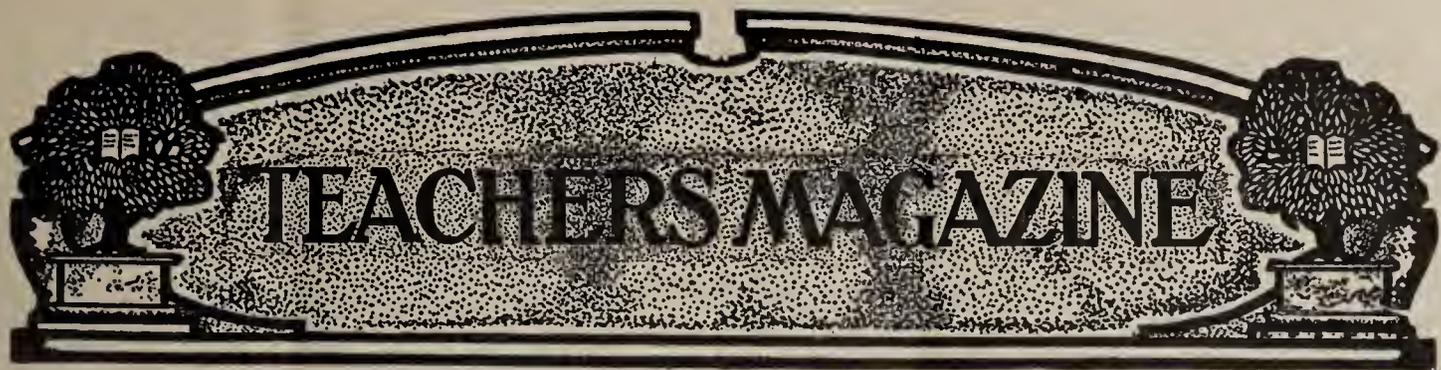
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This book sets forth in a graphic and interesting way several very important phases of educational progress in the State of New York which have an important bearing on educational development throughout the United States. Dr. Sheldon's work as an educator is too well known to require comment. Every student of educational history will be interested in reading this book, and every teacher should give it special attention. Dr. Sheldon was a vital force in the educational activities of the State of New York, and his views on general educational problems are deserving of the most careful consideration.

IVES-BUTLER COMPANY

31 East 27th Street

New York, N. Y.



Vol. XXXIV

October, 1911

No. 2

As One Appointed of God

Among the many wise sayings of the lovable Epictetus there is one that has helped me many a time to check the mind when it would go a-woolgathering and bring it back to the plain path of duty. This is the saw: "Keep steadily at those things which appear best to you *as one appointed by God to his station.*" Here is your work. Stick to it, improve in it! Here find your happiness.

Human nature evidently has not changed much in eighteen hundred years, for our good Roman friend has this other advice, which is as timely to-day as it was when it was first uttered: "Never look for your business in one thing and your improvement in another." And for the benefit of those who despair because they cannot see that they are making any progress, the homely old sage talks something like this: "If we applied ourselves as heartily to our proper business as the practical politicians do to their schemes, perhaps we, too, might make some proficiency."

There is nothing wrong in letting one's fancy go joy-riding by the rose-gardens and lily-fields of our neighbors, near or far. Only one must not let these excursions spoil one's love for one's own home ground. Rather let us come back resolved to be more painstaking than ever in caring for our own flowers. Or, if there are none, let us keep tending to our potato patch and our beehive, and thank the Lord that our neighbors have roses and lilies to gladden the world by their beauty and fill with sweet odors the winds that travel by our house. Besides, our bees will go a-visiting and bring home material to work into wax and honey for our own delectation and profit.

Here is my work, right in this room and with these children. And TEACHERS MAGAZINE is bringing to my very door fruits of the harvest from many fields and seeds to plant and care for. Labor we must wherever we may turn. If teaching uses up nerve force, so does other work. And as for the rest: "He is a man of

sense who doth not grieve for what he hath not, but rejoices in what he hath."

Now, then, what hath the primary teacher? Children! Opportunities! The eye that sees those opportunities in all their glory is the eye of the loving teacher heart. And that is the kind of heart that nowhere can find a better place to grow than in dealing with little children.

Love grows by practice. It shrivels up if we neglect it. Which would you rather be, loved or feared? St. Francis or Nero? The sweet old lady of whom everybody tells how she never said a harsh word to or about anyone, or the cross old termagant whose scolding tongue is feared as the bite of a viper? Practice develops the one and the other. Doing loving acts, speaking loving words, thinking loving thoughts make the lover. Fault-finding, looking cross and feeling dissatisfied, scolding and saying hateful things are the steps by which one descends till one becomes a full-fledged virago.

Teaching is essentially heart-culture. If you would help other hearts, tend well to your own heart. I wish I knew who said that man judges the evil in others, God judges the good that is in them. Whoever it was knew why God loved Jacob and David and Solomon, while the captious shrug derisive shoulders at the faults of these men, which the Good Book so frankly exhibits for the comfort of other frail mortals. God's plan is best.

"Keep steadily at those things which appear best to you." Try to find the best in all around you. Never say a cross word where a friendly word may be said. If cross words come easier than friendly ones, sit down once in a while and think up some kind word to say, some kind deed to do, some pleasure to give to the "worst boy in the class." Thinking out ways for making somebody happy, even if it be but for a day, or an hour, or a moment, is an excellent plan for growing lovable. Get the habit! "As one appointed by God to his station."

Memory Gems for October

(Saturdays and Sundays omitted.)

OCTOBER 2

The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go.

OCTOBER 3

Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned.

OCTOBER 4

The sky is so blue, while the fields are brown,
While bright leaves and brown leaves drift all
thru the town.

OCTOBER 5

I wish I could tell why the world changes so,
Perhaps when I'm older, the reason I'll know.

OCTOBER 6

Ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
Working and smiling and helping together.

OCTOBER 9

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

OCTOBER 10

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts.

OCTOBER 11

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

OCTOBER 12

Work, and make the world sweet!
That's the best for you.

OCTOBER 13

All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

OCTOBER 16

Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you.

OCTOBER 17

Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
God is your Father, He watches o'er you.

OCTOBER 18

Mother's kiss sweeter is
Than any other thing.

OCTOBER 19

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new.

OCTOBER 20

A trusty workman I would be
And well my task pursue,
Work, when my master does not see,
And work with vigor, too.

OCTOBER 23

Sun, moon, and stars by day and night,
At God's commandment give us light;
And when we wake and while we sleep,
Their watch like guardian angels keep.

OCTOBER 24

Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?

OCTOBER 25

The gentle child who tries to please,
Who hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
Who fears to say an angry word—
The child is pleasing to the Lord.

OCTOBER 26

You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going.

OCTOBER 27

Praise the Lord for autumn glory
Scattered over hill and dale.

OCTOBER 30

Who crowns the year with goodness,
With beauty and with love?
Who pours upon His children
All blessings from above?

The Story of Prosperina

[See Page 77]

Little Prosperina, the daughter of Ceres, was gathering flowers one day with her companions. Pluto, the king of the lower world, was passing in his chariot. He saw beautiful Prosperina, and he fell in love with her. He carried her away to his home in the lower parts of the earth.

Ceres looked everywhere for her daughter, but could not find her. At last someone told Ceres that Pluto had taken Prosperina away.

Mercury, the messenger, was sent to bring her back to Ceres. But Prosperina had eaten six seeds of a pomegranate which Pluto had given her. Because she had eaten the seeds she had to spend six months of the year with him. The other six months she could spend with her mother.

While Prosperina is with her mother we have warm, pleasant weather. While she is in the lower world with Pluto, Ceres mourns for her daughter, and the earth is dark and cold.

Carrying on a Conversation

By ANNA MAY, Minnesota

DEVICES FOR LANGUAGE TRAINING

Give out a topic, as "A Fishing Trip." Give the pupils the conditions: time and place of first meeting, plan to go, preparation, arrival at lake, fun of fishing, lunch and return. Tell this in a kind of story form to get children interested. Choose two boys to take you fishing with them. Let them carry on the conversation they imagine the real Fred and Will had. By being one of the party, the teacher may aid in keeping the conversation going. For seat work have the children write the conversation. One oral lesson will probably furnish seat work for two days.

The game of "Who am I?" is great fun in my room, at the same time making the children

strong in description. Each child plays he is some object in the room. He must describe himself so that the rest can guess his name. Each begins his description: "I am not myself. See if you can guess my name." Then follows description. The child who guesses correctly describes himself next.

Send a child from room, have him rap upon door. Another child steps to door and says: "Who is there?" First replies: "It is I who am here. May I come in?" Second: "Who is with you?" First replies: "It is I all alone." Second answers: "Welcome. You may indeed come in." Two points are gained—the use of may and the correct use of grammar so commonly misused.



Blackboard Calendar Designed by Ruth Mildred Lang

An October Gymnastic Story

[The story is to be told by the teacher, the motions to be made by the children as the story progresses. Pupils are standing when the exercise begins.]

One Saturday morning Ted and Mary stood looking out of the window. It was October, and the ground was covered with frost.

"Let us go nutting," said Ted. Mary clapped her hands for joy. (Girls clap hands.)

The two children started at once to get ready. They put on caps (motion of drawing caps on heads), good warm sweaters (motion of putting on and buttoning sweaters), and mittens (motion of drawing right, then left mittens).

After putting on their wraps, the two children went to the storeroom and picked up a large basket apiece (motion of picking up basket). They hung the baskets on their arms (appropriate motion), and started gaily for the woods.

The woods were not far from the house, but to get there they had to climb a fence (all stand in chairs). Both children stood for an instant and then—jumped (all jump to floor) to the ground on the other side.

As they walked along, a gray squirrel appeared suddenly on the path in front of them. Ted and Mary started to run after the little fellow as fast as they could (all run up the aisle to the front of the room, down the next aisle to the left, and back to seats). The squirrel, however, ran so much faster than they could that he was soon out of sight. With a laugh the two children sat down for a minute (all sit down). They panted for breath.

In a minute they were ready to go on again. To get into the woods they had to scramble over a stone wall. Ted climbed over first (boys step upon chairs, and jump). Then he took hold of Mary's hand, and helped her over (boys take girls by the hand, and help them over seats of chairs).

Close by the wall stood a hickory tree. The ground underneath was nearly covered with nuts. The children set down their baskets (motion of putting down baskets), and began to pick them up as fast as they could (motion of picking up nuts and dropping into imaginary baskets). They picked, and picked, and picked (motion of picking continues).

The baskets were getting heavy (motion of lifting heavy baskets), but they were not full. Ted thought he would shake the tree. He shook and shook (motion of shaking tree by boys), but very few nuts fell. Then Mary thought she would help. The two children shook and shook and shook as hard as ever they could (all shake tree), but still only an occasional nut fell.

They thought they would try throwing sticks. They looked all around (all lean over and appear to look for sticks). Mary found one first (girls pick up stick), then Ted found one. They

threw their sticks up into the tree as high as they could (motion of hurling sticks) and a few more nuts rattled down. They picked these up and dropped them into the baskets (appropriate motion).

The children thought they would go to another tree. They hung their baskets over their arms and looked up among the tree-tops (all look up) for the yellow leaves of the hickory. Mary spied one first. "There is one," she said, pointing to the right (girls point).

Again they picked up the nuts and dropped them into the baskets (motion of picking and dropping), until at last the baskets were full. By this time both children were hungry, and they were sure it was time to go home to dinner.

The baskets were pretty heavy, but they managed to tug along with them (all walk forward along aisles with motion of tugging baskets). They climbed over the wall once more (step upon nearest seat with motion of lifting heavy basket, then down again on other side, slowly and carefully). They climbed the fence (step upon seat and down again once more), and soon they were at home, each with a big basketful of nuts.

Mrs. Red Squirrel

Mrs. Red Squirrel sat on the top of a tree:

"I believe in the habit of saving," said she;
"If it were not for that, in the cold winter weather
I should starve, and my young ones, I know, altogether;
But I am teaching my children to run and lay up
Every acorn as soon as it drops from its cup,
And to get out the corn from the shocks in the field—
There's a nice hollow tree where I keep it concealed.

"We have laid up some wheat, and some barley and
rye,

And some very nice pumpkin seeds I have put by;
Best of all we have gathered in all that we could
Of beechnuts and butternuts grown in the wood;
For cold days and hard times winter surely will bring,
And a habit of saving's an excellent thing.

"But my children—you know how young squirrels like
play,

'We have plenty, great plenty, already,' they say,
'We are tired of bringing in food for our store;
Let us have a frolic, and gather no more!
But I tell them it's pleasant when winter is rough,
If we feel both to use and to give we've enough;
And they'll find ere the butternuts bloom in the spring,
That a habit of saving's an excellent thing."

—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

Simple Dramatizations

The Little Red Hen

Children are selected to represent the little red hen, the rat, the cat, the pig, the grain of wheat, flour, bread.

Little Red Hen (Leading by the hand the child who represents the grain of wheat).—Who will plant this wheat?

Rat.—I won't.

Cat.—I won't.

Pig.—I won't.

Little Red Hen.—I will then.

Little Red Hen makes the grain of wheat stoop, and then she pretends to cover him with earth. After he is covered, she walks across the room, waits a minute, and then returns. The wheat is now supposedly ripe.

Little Red Hen.—Who will take this wheat to the mill, to be ground into flour?

Rat.—I won't.

Cat.—I won't.

Pig.—I won't.

Little Red Hen.—I will then.

She leads flour to the corner supposed to be the room supposed to be the mill, and leaves him. She brings back with her the child who represents flour.

Little Red Hen.—Who will make this flour into bread?

Rat.—I won't.

Cat.—I won't.

Pig.—I won't.

Little Red Hen.—I will then.

She leads flour to the corner supposed to be the kitchen, and returns with the child representing bread.

Little Red Hen.—Who will eat this bread?

Rat.—I will.

Cat.—I will.

Pig.—I will.

Little Red Hen.—No, you won't, for I am going to do that myself.

The rat, cat, and pig all pretend to weep.

The Crow and the Fox

Let a girl represent the crow.

Crow.—Ah! what a fine piece of meat I have found! Hm! how fine it smells! Delicious! (Looks about.) Quick, there comes a hungry fox. I'll fly up to yonder tree and eat my meal in peace.

Jumps on a chair or desk.

Fox.—Good-morning, Miss Crow! You look most charming to-day. Your feathers glisten in the sunshine. I never saw a more beautiful bird in my life. How sweet your voice must be! If I could only hear you sing I should be most happy. Won't you sing just one song for me? Just a line of "Mary had a little lamb"?

Crow (Starts singing.)—Mary—

The meat drops to the ground. The fox picks it up and runs away.

The Girl and the Squirrel

Boy representing squirrel may sit on a high desk.

Girl.—Squirrel high in the tree,
Come down and play with me.

Squirrel.—I think it much more fun
Up this high tree to run.
Come up! Here we can play
Hide-and-see all the day.

Girl.—I would be up there, too,
But cannot climb like you.
I would fall down, you see,
So you must come to me.

Squirrel.—No, little girl I fear
I like it better here.

(Boy representing a dog comes running along and barks at the squirrel. Girl calls: "Rover! Rover! Come here, Rover!" and runs away with the dog.)

Squirrel (After the two have disappeared).—Supposing I had been on the ground, just supposing ——. No, the tree is my playground. Here I am safe from dogs.

The Mouse and the Oyster

Boy representing oyster has blanket or long cloak around him, holding ends in outstretched hands. He lies on the floor. While boy or girl representing mouse approaches, the "oyster" opens his shell (opens arms, hands holding ends of covering).

The "mouse" is in no need of any disguise. Walks on all fours, picking up crumbs with forepaws, by the way. Approaches "oyster."

Mouse.—Hello! what is this? It must be something new. I never saw it before. (Feeling outside.) How soft and nice it is! Why, here is a door. I wonder what there is inside? Ah! I see it. It has red cheeks. That must be a ball of Holland cheese. I will nibble it and find out.

Puts head into open "shell."

Oyster.—Why do you put your head into my house? You greedy, greedy, greedy little mouse!

Shuts the "shell," holding the head of the struggling "mouse."

Mouse.—

Dear Mister What's-your-name, oh, please,
I thought you were a ball of cheese.
You looked so rosy and so neat,
Like something very good to eat.
Please, Mister Man, do let me go,
That this was you I did not know.

Oyster.—

All right, I'll let you go, young mouse.
Now keep your nose out of my house.
And eat your meals at home instead.
The next time, snip! goes off your head.

At "snip," the "oyster" quickly shuts and opens the "shell."

The Moon's Lambkins

Reinecke.

Andantino.

1. Who has the nicest lamb-kins? The good old lady moon, Who
2. She takes them out to past-ure On mead-ows rich and gay, The

lives be-hind the moun-tain Where sun-beams play at noon. She
stars are her white lamb-kins, Their path the milk-y way. They

ris-es in the eve-ning, When chil-dren go to sleep, She
love each oth-er dear-ly Like chil-dren of one home, They

rit.

o-pens wide the gates of heav'n And calls her lit-tle sheep.
nev-er quar-rel, nev-er fight, As through the sky they roam.

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Poems Acted Out

The Elf Who Is Coming

Someone is coming some October night,
A gay little elf who is dressed in white,
He pinches the leaves on the tall, rustling trees,
And yellow as sunshine they wave in the breeze.
He touches the flowers in their purple and red;
Alas! the next day they are withered and dead.
He leaves on the grasses a film-veil of white,
Which melts away in the bright sunlight.
And we love him in spite of the mischief he'll do,
For he makes the air fresh, and makes the sky blue.
And no days are more beautiful thru the whole year
Than the October days when Jack Frost has been here.

—Selected.

The entire poem is to be learned by all the children. One child is chosen to be Jack Frost. All except Jack begin to recite the poem, while the elf himself dances up the aisle.

At "he pinches the leaves," he begins to pinch lightly one child after another. At "he touches the flowers," he just touches others. And he continues thus while the entire poem is being recited.

Every child pinched or touched instantly stops reciting the poem, and puts his head down on the desk, so that by the time the poem is completed only so many of the children will be still taking part as have not been "frost-bitten."

October

This poem, acted out as indicated below, can be used effectively as a rest exercise. As all the children will be moving, the windows can be thrown open and the room aired, while the game is being played.

The poem is to be recited by the teacher. Allow plenty of time between lines, for each part to be acted.

The children representing Sunshine, Miss Weather and Professor Wind are first chosen, and they take their places in the front of the room. Then the rest of the class are divided into Ashes, Oaks, and Maples and Chestnuts, by rows of desks.

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—

The Ashes, Oaks, Maples and Chestnuts come skipping, tip-toe, up the aisles, helter-skelter, to represent flying leaves.

The Ashes, Oaks and Maples,
And those of every name.

The skipping is continued, until all the leaves stand in a group at one side of the room.

Miss Sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand.

As the two lines above are being recited,

Miss Sunshine pretends to spread a carpet over the entire open space at the front of the room. She may take plenty of time. The poem is not to be recited continuously.

Miss Weather led the dancing,

As the line is recited, Miss Weather skips alone across the front of the room, from one side to the other.

Professor Wind the band.

Professor Wind marches pompously across the room, tooting a real or an imaginary horn.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,

The Chestnuts skip lightly by couples, from one side of the room to the side where Miss Weather stands. They bow to Miss Weather by twos, turn and march back again.

The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best.

The Oaks, then the Maples, followed by the Ashes, skip across the room by twos, bowing to Miss Weather, and returning to their places, after the fashion of the Chestnuts.

And balanced all their partners,
And gaily fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

While the teacher is reciting the four lines given above, all are still, but at its close all skip about, partners holding their clasped hands high above the head, all skipping as before, being tip-toe and very light and gay.

Then in the rustic hollows,
At "hide-and-see" they played,
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.

All are quiet while the four lines above are recited, then partners separate, and everybody apparently hides somewhere.

Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

—Selected.

As Professor Wind blows his hardest all gather from their hiding places, take hold of hands and circle around, and the game ends.

'Tis Hallowe'en and dark as pitch.
I almost tumbled in the ditch.
"Look there! a face! a witch! a witch!"
"Hush! Hush! Come back and show your sense.
'Tis not of slightest consequence,—
A pumpkin lantern on a fence!"

—Selected.

Folk Dances

Practising Steps

Children stand in rows of four or eight, hands on hips. It is well to have each row practice each new step eight times or more, the teacher directing and supervising. After each row has shown sufficient proficiency the various rows dance the steps together.

THE GLIDE

Move the left foot sideways, bring the right foot up to the left, heels touching. Continue as often as desired. This is known as *side step to the left*, or *gliding sideways to the left*. Command: Glide sideways to the left,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. *Halt!*

Move the right foot sideways, bring the left foot up to the left, heels touching. Continue. This is known as *side step to the right*, or *gliding sideways to the right*.

Command: Glide sideways to the right,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. *Halt!*

Move the left foot backward, bring the right foot back, heels touching. Continue. This is known as *gliding backward on the left foot*.

Command: Glide backward on the left foot,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Halt!*

Move the right foot forward, bring the right foot up to it, heels touching. Continue. This is known as *gliding forward on the right foot*.

Move the right foot backward, bring the left foot back, heels touching. Continue. This is known as *gliding backward on the right foot*.

Command: Glide backward on the right foot,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Halt!*

Command: Glide forward on the right foot,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. *Halt!*

PRACTICE

1. Four side steps to the left, then four to the right, back to first position.

Command: Glide sideways on the left foot,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Halt!*

Repeat as often as desired. Be sure, always before giving a command, to explain what is to be done.

2. Gliding four steps forward on the left foot, then four steps backward on the right foot.

Command: Glide forward on the right foot,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Halt!*

3. Side-step four times to the left, then four times to the right, then glide forward four steps on the left, then four steps backward on the right, returning to first position.

Command: Glide sideways, to the left,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Forward!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Halt!*

4. Side-step four times to the right, then

four times to the left, then glide forward four steps on the right foot, then four steps backward on the left foot.

Command: Glide sideways to the right,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Forward!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Halt!*

5. Side-step four times to the left, then glide four steps on the left foot, then side-step four times to the right, then glide backward four steps on the right, returning to first position.

Command: Glide sideways to the left,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Forward!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Right!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Back!* 1, 2, 3, 4.

6. Side-step four times to the right, then glide forward four steps on the left foot, then side-step four times to the left, then glide backward on the left foot, back to the first position.

Command: Glide sideways to the right,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Forward!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Left!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Back!* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Note.—By the time these six exercises have been practised, the children will have mastered the glide. Now the detailed commands may be omitted. Tell the children simply what is wanted and let them count aloud themselves. Thus, when exercise 5 is practised, say: "Let us side-step four times to the left, then glide forward four steps on the left foot, then side-step four times on the right, then glide backward four steps on the right, and we will be back where we started from. Now *go!* 1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4. *Halt!*"

SKIP STEP

Skip forward on left foot, jumping on the toes, then skip forward on the right foot, the feet passing as in walking. Keep it up, first on the left, then on the right foot. This is known as the skip step.

There are long skip steps and short skip steps. Let these be practised, first separately, then alternating two long skip steps with two short skip steps.

Let the children form a ring, each placing his hands on the shoulder of the child in front of him. The teacher may stand in the circle to watch the steps.

PRACTICE

1. Long skip steps, beginning with the left foot.

Command: Long skip steps,—*skip!* 1—2, 1—2, 1—2, etc. *Halt!*

2. Short skip steps, beginning with the left foot.

Command: Short skip steps,—*skip!* 1—2, 1—2, 1—2, etc. *Halt!*

3. Two short skip steps and two long skip steps,—*skip!* 1—2, 1—2, 1—2, 1—2, 1—2, 1—2, 1—2, etc. *Halt!*

4. Repeat exercises 1 to 4, the children placing their hands on their hips.

5. Let couples be formed. Outer hand on hip, inward arm around partner's waist. (Or inward hands joined, outer hand on hip.) Repeat exercises 1 to 4.

6. Groups of three: leader with one partner at either side. Partners place outer hand on hip, inward hands joined in the leader's. (Or leader may put his arms around waists of partners, and they place inward hands on leader's shoulder, outer hands on hip.) Repeat exercise 1 to 4.

7. Formation as in 5. Skip step backward, beginning with left foot. Practice both long and short skip step backward. Alternate backward skip step as in 3.

8. Formation as in 6. Repeat exercises suggested in 7.

9. Three partners form ring. Move around (circling) in short skip step, in direction of left arm.

10. Repeat 9 in direction of right arm. (Circle to the right.)

GLIDE AND SKIP STEP

1. Couples are formed. Partners hook arms, outer hands on hips. Four very quick glide steps forward. Left partner throws out left foot, right-hand partner throws out right foot (as in mazurka). Repeat as often as desired.

Command: Glide forward,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Stop!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Stop!* etc.

2. Partner to the left places right arm around the other's waist; partner to the right places right hand in the other's left and the left hand on his shoulder (usual round dance form). Dance around in slow skip steps.

Command: Skip step round,—*skip!* 1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. *Halt!*

3. Couples as in 1, four quick glide steps

forward, then feet thrown out as in 1; change to usual round dance form (described in 2) and dance around once in four slow skip steps. Repeat as often as desired.

Command: Quick glide forward,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Stop! Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Stop! Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Change!* 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

4. Couples in usual round dance form (as in 2). One partner moves forward, the other backward, in four quick glide steps; then the former throws out left foot and the latter the right foot (mazurka style); dance round once in four slow skip steps. Repeat as often as desired.

Command: Quick glide forward,—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Stop! Skip!* 1, 2, 3, 4.—*glide!* 1, 2, 3, 4. *Stop! Skip!* 1, 2, 3, 4.—*glide!* etc.

Now omit detailed command, and count 1, 2, 3, 4. 1—1, 2, 3, 4. 1, 2, 3, 4. 1—1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

This gives us the Danish folk dance known as "The Little Jutlander." It may also be danced as described under 3.

The Little Jutlander

DANISH FOLK DANCE

Couples in usual round dance form.

Steps: Glide and skip step.

1. Four very quick glide steps forward, then partner to the left throws out left foot, partner to the right the right foot (mazurka style).

2. Dance round once in slow skip steps.

3. Repeat 1.

4. Repeat 2.

Repeat 1 to 4.

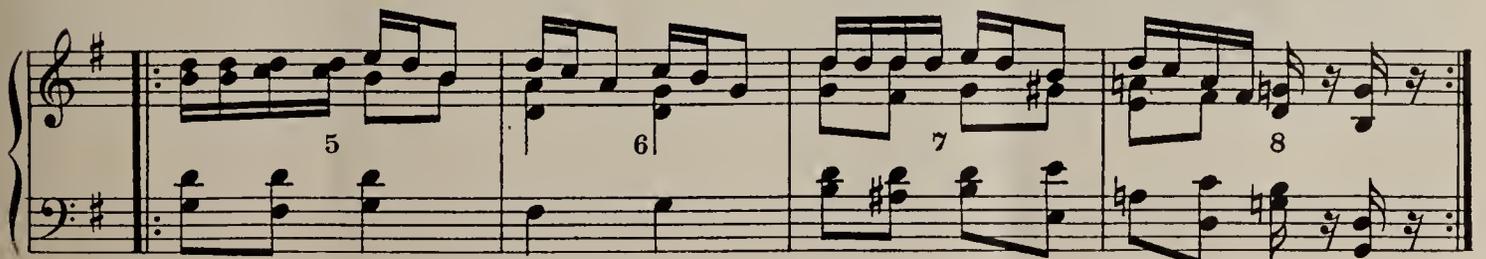
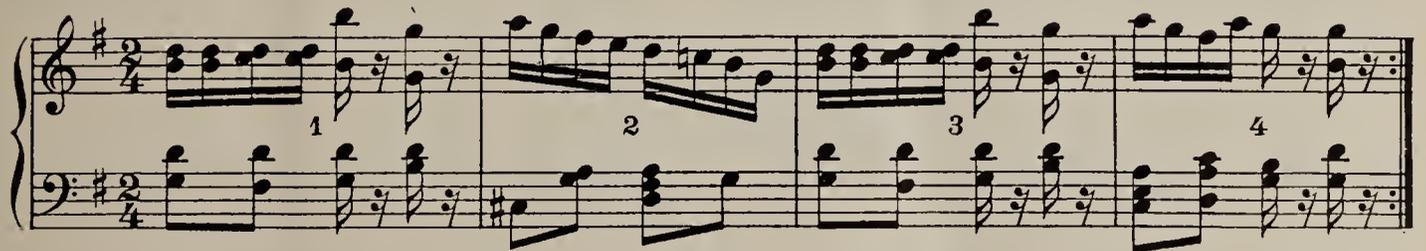
5 to 8 same as 1 to 4.

Repeat 5 to 8.

Repeat 1 to 8.

The Little Jutlander

Danish Folk Dance



An October Pumpkin Story

One afternoon in late October, father went down to the field to get a pumpkin.

The children went along, too. They wanted to see that father picked out a large pumpkin. They wanted to help bring it back to the house.

Altho it was late, there were still some pumpkins to be found in the field.

Father led the way. The children came trooping after.

The pumpkins grew down in the cornfield. Their long, coarse stems lay sprawling on the ground. Their big, rough leaves looked like green umbrellas.

The boys saw a very large pumpkin. They were just going to pick it but father said, "Not that one."

Father looked around until he found a deep yellow pumpkin. He told the children that deep yellow pumpkins make the best pies.

The children soon found another pumpkin, somewhat smoother than the others. They picked it to make a Jack-o'-lantern.

Then they went back to the house, carrying the huge yellow fruit with them.

The girls went into the house, to see mother make pumpkin pies.

Mother cut open the large yellow pumpkin. Oh, how thick the meat was! Oh, how the fat, white seeds came tumbling out! Mother said the flesh was good because it had a nice fine grain.

Mother cut the flesh into small pieces, after she had peeled off the thick, leathery yellow rind.

Then she put the pieces into a huge iron pot to boil.

When the girls had seen it disappear in the pot they ran out to see what the boys were doing.

Out by the barn they found the boys with a jack-knife, working away at the other pumpkin. The boys were making a Jack-o'-lantern.

They had cut a round hole in the top of the pumpkin so as to leave the stem for a handle. In this way they could lift out the round piece

like a cover. They dug out all the seeds with their hands, to make it hollow.

Then they cut a small hole shaped like a triangle in the side of the pumpkin. They bored two round holes, one each side of the triangle. Below it they cut a funny hole shaped like a new moon.

It looked like a huge grinning face. When the boys had finished it they put the pumpkin away in the barn.

Then they all remembered that mother was at work in the kitchen, so they all ran back to the house as fast as they could.

When the pumpkin in the pot was done, mother took it from the stove. She poured off the water, and then put the cooked pumpkin into a colander.

While mother was rubbing it thru the colander, the boys ran off to hunt for eggs. When they came back, mother took eight of the eggs and about three pints of the soft pumpkin.

She stirred it very fast, while the children stood around with open eyes and mouths. Then she put in milk, and spice, and brown sugar.

Oh, didn't it look good! The children smacked their lips as each separate thing went in. Then mother gave it such a beating with her big spoon that the children said it would be good ever after.

Next came the pie tins lined with soft crust, and last of all it went into the oven.

That night as father and mother sat in front of the fireplace talking, a strange noise was heard. What could it be? Was it a groan? Was someone hurt? There it was again, again, and again! It came from the front porch.

Father went to the window and drew aside the curtain. Then they saw a strange sight. It made the smaller children shiver, but the older children only laughed.

For there at the window, staring in and grinning horribly, was—well, what do you think it was? Yes, it was the Jack-o'-lantern.

An October Blackboard Border

By MILDRED MERRILL, New Jersey

THE FENCE

Take a piece of white paper eight (8) inches long and three (3) inches wide and fold back and forth like a folding screen, each panel being two (2) inches in width. (See Fig. I for pattern.) When folded cut on dotted lines. (See Fig. II.)

This pattern is just a nice size for any blackboard, altho it may be cut longer and wider if preferred. It is better to cut several and piece them as they are pasted along the blackboard than to have the paper too long. The teacher

can make the whole border herself or each child can help by cutting one pattern. The latter is a very good plan, especially when there are several blackboards to be decorated.

THE PUMPKIN

Fold a one-and-a-half ($1\frac{1}{2}$) inch circle in half. (See Fig. I.) Fold A over to B and cut on dotted lines. (See Fig. II.) Unfold Fig. II and cut on dotted lines (see Fig. III), and the pumpkin is ready to place on the fence-post. (See Fig. IV.)

Fold like folding screen to get Fig. II. Fig. I.

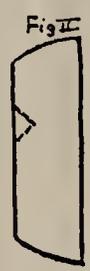
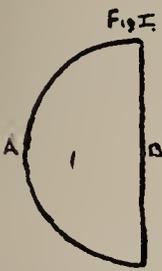
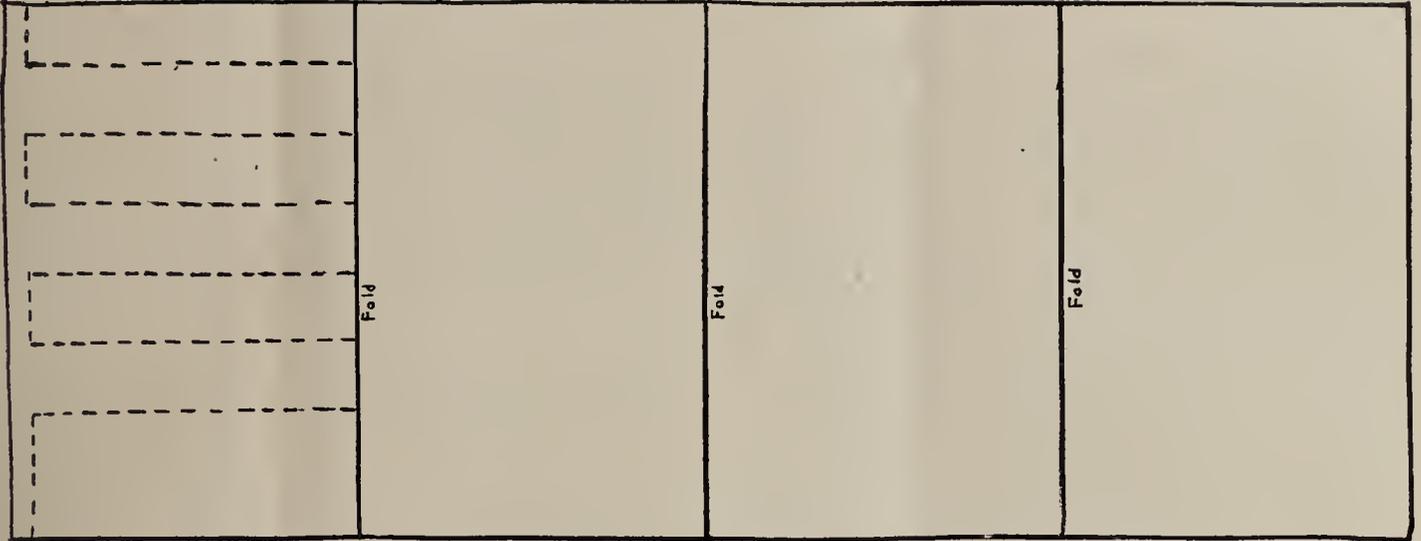
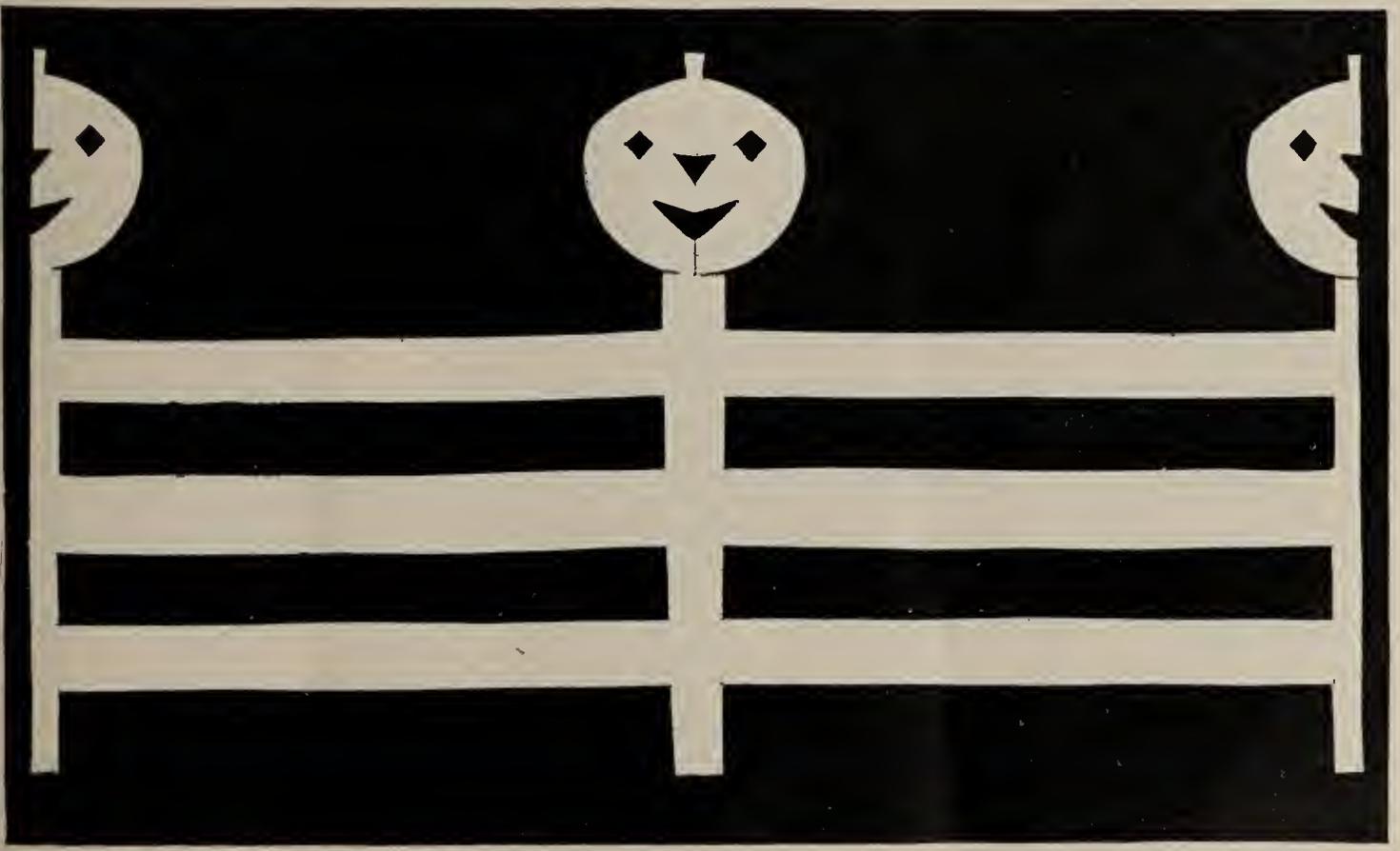
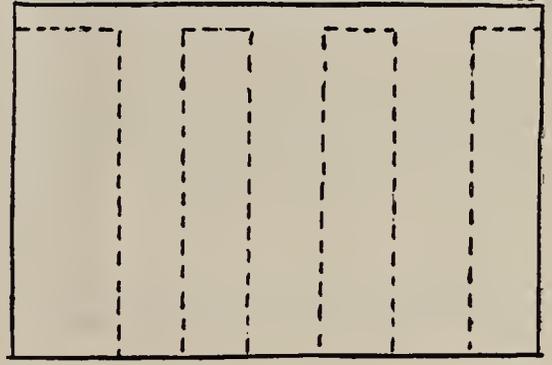


Fig. V. Cut on dotted lines



Myths for the Primary School

The Story of Daphne

Daphne was a nymph. Her father was a mighty river. She was beautiful, and everybody loved her.

One day Apollo, the Sun-god, saw Daphne sailing by on a rain-cloud. He just caught one glimpse of her face and he loved her so much that he wanted her for his wife. So he flew after her, calling to her to come to him.

Daphne was afraid of Apollo, and flew on in her cloud faster than ever. She hoped she might reach the river home of her father, and there be safe from the Sun-god.

Faster and faster the cloud sped on, faster and faster the arrows of the Sun-god flew. Daphne was in mortal fear that the cloud would be pierced, and she would be at Apollo's mercy.

At last Daphne sank exhausted at the river bank. Apollo tried to comfort her. He told her that he loved her and wanted her for his wife. That only frightened Daphne all the

more. She cried out aloud to the river, "Father, O father, help me!"

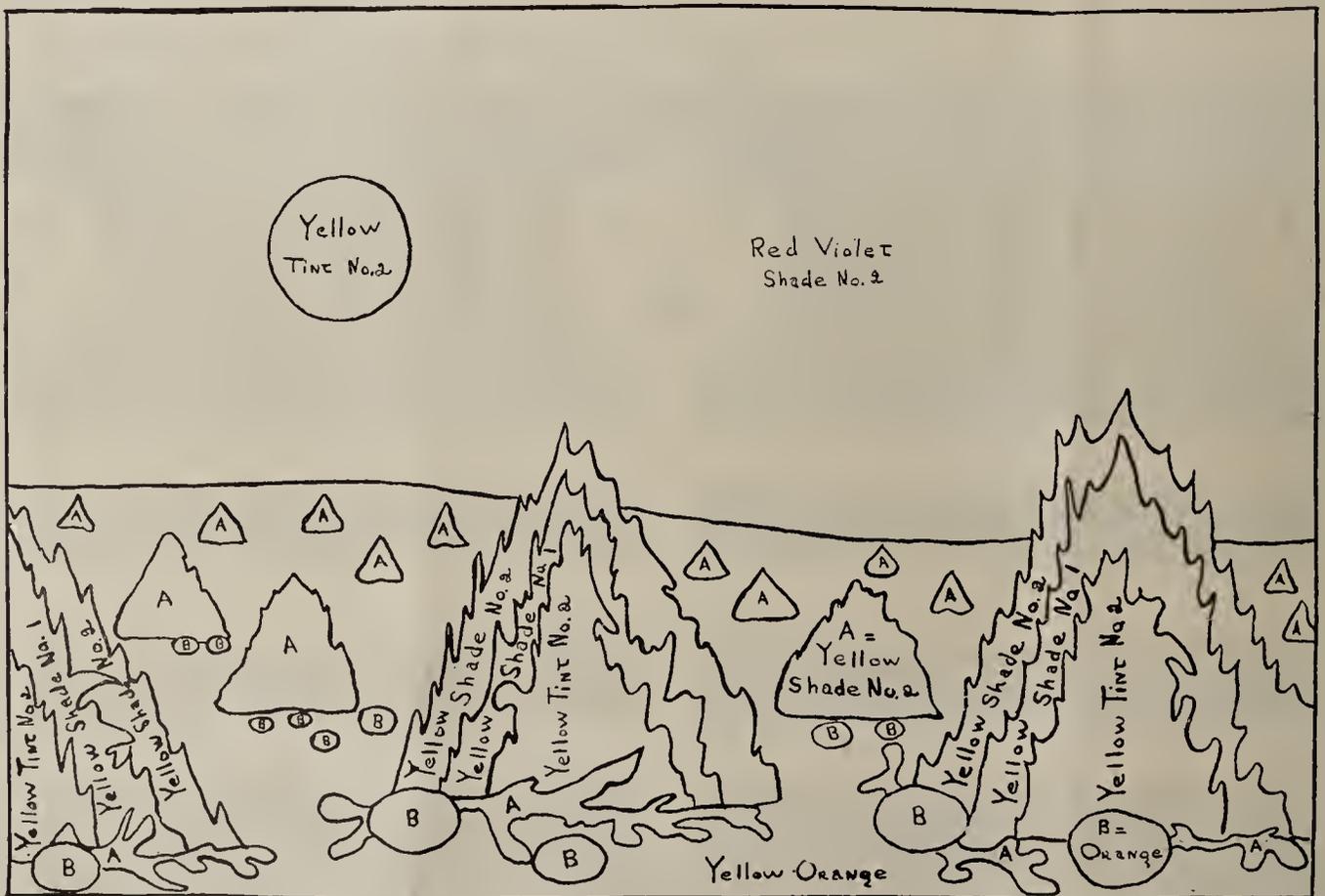
Then the earth opened under her feet, and before Apollo could reach her she had sunk into the earth to her knees. Her uplifted arms were changed into branches. Her skin was changed into a smooth bark. Her flowing hair was changed into glistening leaves. Her cheeks and lips became sweet-smelling, rose-colored flowers.

"Daphne, sweet Daphne!" Apollo called. But Daphne had been changed into a silent laurel tree.

"This laurel tree shall be mine," Apollo said. "Its leaves shall never wither and they shall always be green. A wreath of these leaves shall be prized by men more than gold and jewels. Only the best and bravest of mankind shall be found worthy to wear a laurel wreath."

Then Apollo hid his face behind the clouds. The skies were darkened, and heavy rains fell upon the earth. And people wondered what it all meant.

[See also story of Prosperina, on page 42]



An October Poster to be Made by the Children—Designed by Mary Tucker Merrill
Paper-cutting and Composition

[See opposite page for outline of poster in black and white.]

The numbers in the illustration refer to the colors given in the Milton Bradley list.

Fables Dramatized

Town Mouse and Country Mouse

[Adapted from Æsop's Fable]

Country Mouse.—Dear Mr. Scratcher, how glad I am to see you here in the country. I hope it will do you good to have change of air.

Town Mouse.—Thank you, Mr. Grayfur. I think a little country air may do me good. It is very cold in this field.

Shivers.

Country Mouse.—I hope it will not be too cold for you, dear Mr. Scratcher, and that you will enjoy my simple food. You see what it is, wheat stalks, and roots from the hedge.

Town Mouse.—Well, I think I should not like the country very long. I fear I am not strong enough to eat such food as this. I think I shall go back to the town now, Mr. Grayfur. I have a beautiful home, and all sorts of dainties to eat. I should be pleased to have you go with me, and share my table.

Country Mouse.—I should like very much to go with you, Mr. Scratcher. Is my fur smooth, and my tail straight enough for life in the town?

Town Mouse (Condescendingly).—You will do very well, Mr. Grayfur. We do not expect a great deal of style in country people. Let us start at once. These sharp straws are very hard on my tender paws.

Both leave the room, returning after a minute.

Country Mouse.—Here is the town. Where is your home?

Town Mouse.—Here it is. Come in very quietly. Now I will get you some supper. What will you have? See, here is bread, or beans, or figs, or cheese, or barley, or cake, or honey, or raisins, or plum-pudding.

Country Mouse.—What delicious food! I shall enjoy my visit with you. I wish I could live in the town. I am afraid I can never eat any more of those old roots and wheat-stalks.

A sound of a door is heard.

Town Mouse (Hurriedly).—Run—run! To the first hole you can find! Go quickly, we shall be killed!

Country Mouse.—Oh, how tiresome, to be disturbed at our supper! And what a horrid little hole this is! You squeeze me so tightly that I can hardly breathe.

Town Mouse.—Be glad that you escaped with your life, instead of being so cross. I thought some one was coming. But now we can go back to our supper. Cheese, did you say, or cake?

Country Mouse.—Cheese, I—what, off again? What is the matter now?

Town Mouse.—The cat—the cat—or some one! Run—run—run—that hole this time!

Country Mouse.—This is dreadful! I am so hungry! Well, in spite of your fine food, I must leave you to enjoy it alone. I prefer my fields, and the roots from the hedge, for there I can live safely, and with no fear of the cat.



For Thanksgiving Day

A Little Pilgrim Dialogue

By BERTHA E. BUSH, Iowa

Characters.—Any number of Pilgrim boys and girls in costume. The dialogue is written for six, but may just as well be given by a greater or a less number. The boys and girls come running to the stage as if just sent out from their houses, and group themselves in any natural way.

First Speaker.—We are the boys and girls who came over on the *Mayflower*.

Second Speaker.—It was almost a year ago and the Governor hath proclaimed a feast of Thanksgiving for God's mercy in keeping us thru the year and giving us harvests that we may be fed.

Third Speaker.—All the Indians about are invited to the feast.

Fourth Speaker.—Our mothers are busy now getting the dinner ready.

Fifth Speaker.—They told us that we had better go out of the kitchens now, for we might be in the way.

Sixth Speaker.—No wonder with a dinner to prepare for ninety Indians and all the settlement! It is not strange that our mothers don't want us children underfoot while they are cooking it!

First Speaker.—Well, we helped get the things they will have for dinner, anyway.

Second Speaker.—Indeed we did! I shot one of the turkeys myself.

Third Speaker.—And I went with father to get a deer for venison and helped to carry it home.

Fourth Speaker.—I planted the beans.

Fifth Speaker.—I shelled the corn and pounded it into cornmeal for the Indian pudding. My! but it made my arms ache!

Sixth Speaker.—I helped plant the corn. Squanto showed us how. He told us to put a fish in every hill and that would make it grow. It was so, too. The hills we put fish in grew up fine, but the others didn't amount to anything.

First Speaker.—I sowed the pumpkin seed in the cornfield. Squanto showed us how to do that, too. We would have thought we had to make ready another patch of ground, one for corn and one for pumpkins. But he told us to plant them in the same field.

Second Speaker.—I helped to take the shells off from the big basketful of oysters that the Indians brought. Mistress Brewster is going to make the most delicious stew out of them.

Third Speaker.—I went into the woods and gathered the nuts. Black walnuts and butter-nuts and hickory nuts! Not much like the kind

we had in England with their thick shells. But oh, they are so good when we get them cracked!

Fourth Speaker.—Everything we are going to have is good. I was glad to get out of the kitchen. Everything smelled so good that I didn't see how I could wait till dinnertime before I ate.

Fifth Speaker (Sniffing the air hungrily).—Oh, that turkey!

Sixth Speaker (Sniffing likewise).—Oh, that venison!

First Speaker.—Oh, that oyster stew!

Second Speaker.—Oh, those pumpkin pies!

Third Speaker.—Oh, that Indian pudding!

All (Sniffing together).—Oh, everything!

Fourth Speaker.—We can't stand it just to stay and smell the good things cooking. It will make us crazy wanting them before dinnertime. Let us repeat the verses of Thanksgiving that Mistress Mary Chilton made for us to give at the Thanksgiving table.

All repeat—

Praise God for shelter from the snow!
Praise God for making corn to grow!
Praise God for raising friends in need,
Dark-skinned but with hearts white indeed.

Praise God, oh, praise Him more and more,
For bounties of the field and shore,
For fish and fowl and lordly deer,
All given us for our table here!

Praise God for life! Praise God for breath!
Praise God for help thru time of death!
Praise God for winter, summer, fall!
Praise God who helped us thru them all!

A Mother (Appearing).—Children, come!
Dinner is ready!

All (Clapping their hands and executing any capers that express delight).—Oh, good! good! good!

They all run in.

Wiping Up The Sunshine

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS

The beautiful morning sunshine was streaming in at the windows and filling the room with gladness.

Little Herbert saw it shining upon a chair. He thought the chair was full of sunshine. Then how could anyone sit in that chair?

He trotted off, pulled down the towel and began to wipe the sunshine off of the chair. He rubbed until he was tired, yet the sunshine was still there. At last he gave up.

Selected October Poems

October

October days are stealing
All swiftly on their way;
The squirrels now are working,
The leaves are out at play;
The busy, busy children
Are gathering nuts so brown,
And birds are gaily planning
A winter out of town.
—Selected.

Little Miss Chestnut

Little Miss Chestnut lived in a
tree,
She and her sisters; one, two,
three.
Their house was covered with
prickles green,
To keep the squirrels away, I
ween.

Soon Jack Frost knocked, just
for fun;
Out jumped the chestnuts, every
one.

Elsie and Fred, on their walk
next day,
Found the nuts and took them
away.
On winter evenings, cold and
long,
They'll roast the nuts. Here
ends my song.
—Selected.

The Ripened Leaves

Said the leaves upon the
branches,
One sunny autumn day,
"We've finished all our work,
and now we can no longer
stay;
So our gowns of red and yellow,
And our cloaks of sober
brown,
Must be worn before the frost
comes
And we go rustling down.

"We have had a jolly summer,
With the birds that built their
nests
Beneath our green umbrellas,
And the squirrels that were
our guests,
But we cannot wait for winter
And we do not care for snow;
When we hear the wild north-
westers
We loose our clasp and go.

"But we hold our heads up
bravely
Unto the very last,
And shine in pomp and splen-
dor
As away we flutter fast.
In the mellow autumn noontide
We kiss and say good-bye,
And thru the naked branches,
Then may children see the
sky."

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Moon Song

The October full moon, called
"the hunter's moon," looks large
in the clear cold air, and is
very brilliant. It is an excel-
lent time to call the attention
of children to the "lamp that
shines by night."

"O Moon," said the children,
"O Moon, that shineth fair,
Why do you stay so far away,
so high above us there?
O Moon, you must be very cold
from shining on the sea;
If you could come and play
with us, how happy we
should be!"

"O children," said the moon, "I
shine above your head,
That I may light the ships at
night, when the sun has
gone to bed;
That I may show the beggar-
boy his way across the
moor,
And bring the busy farmer
home to his own cottage-
door."

"O Moon," said the children,
"may we shine in your
place?
They say that I have sunny
hair, and I a sparkling
face,
To light the ships and beggar-
boys, we greatly do desire;
And you might come and warm
yourself before the nursery
fire."

"O Children," said the moon,
"we have each allotted
parts;
'Tis yours to shine by love di-
vine, on happy human hearts;

'Tis mine to make the pathway
bright of wanderers that
roam;
'Tis yours to scatter endless
light on those that stay at
home."

—Selected.

Jack's Pumpkins

A packet of seeds was given to
Jack,
A spade, a rake, and a hoe,
He spaded the earth and raked
it well,
Then planted the seeds in a
row.
The sun shone warm on the
mellow earth,
The rain came—how softly it
fell!
And from the seeds the tiny
plants sprung,
And from each plant a bell.

The golden bells as time went
on
Gave place to something
more;
And Jack's great plants, to his
delight,
Three Golden Pumpkins bore.
"I'll call the boys," said Jack
one day,
"I'll set them all a pattern.
Mother shall make some pump-
kin pies,
And we a Jack o' Lantern."
—Selected.

Lads' and Lassies' Song

Once there were three little
lassies
On a bright spring morn;
And they met three little lad-
dies
Coming thru the corn.
Then together they did wander,
Sowing pumpkin seeds;
Then together did the hoeing
To free the corn from weeds.

Then these little lads and las-
sies
On each summer morn,
Coaxed the pumpkin vines to
blossom
In among the corn.

Next they prayed for rain from
heaven,
And the warm sunshine
To fall upon each great big
corn stalk,
And little pumpkin vine.

Once there were three little
lassies
On one autumn morn,
Went to walk with three wee
laddies,
In among the corn.

Each one picked a great big
pumpkin
And with sparkling eyes
Thought of jolly Jack-o'-lan-
terns
And of pumpkin pies.

Two Wise Crows

There was a crow upon a tree,
And close by was another.
"Caw!" said the crow upon the
tree;

"Caw, caw, caw!" said the
other.
The first black crow upon the
tree
Spoke softly to the other.
Said he, "There's someone
watching me,
Let's fly away, my brother."

They flapped their wings and
flew away,
And I came home to mother.
—Selected.

Jack Frost Poems

He it was whose hand in au-
tumn
Painted all the trees with scar-
let,
Stained the leaves with red and
yellow;
He it was who sent the snow-
flakes
Sifting, hissing, thru the for-
est,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the
rivers,
Drove the cormorant and cur-
lew
To their nests of sedge and
sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.
—LONGFELLOW.

Who's the Rogue?

A roguish old fellow is prowling
about
In field and in garden; you
can't keep him out.
No matter how tall
You build up your wall,
He'll find a way over in spite
of it all.

On the glass of the window his
pictures you'll see,
A grand exhibition (admission
is free);
He works hard at night
While the stars glitter bright;
But when the sun rises he keeps
out of sight.

He'll sketch you a snow-covered
mountain or tree,
A torrent all frozen, a ship out
at sea.
He draws very fast,
But his work does not last:

It fades when the chill of the
night-time is past.
Before the sun rises, while
hardly 'tis light,
He feels of the fruit and takes
a sly bite;
He has a fine taste,
Tho a great deal he'll waste,
Then off he will go in very
great haste.

Now, who do you think this old
fellow may be,
The bright, sparkling work of
whose fingers we see?
All winter he'll stay,
What more shall I say?
Only this, that his first name
begins with a J.
—Selected.

Jack Frost

The door was shut, as doors
should be,
Before you went to bed last
night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you
see,
And left your window silver
white.

He must have waited till you
slept;
And not a single word he
spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and
crept
Away before you woke.

And now you cannot see the
hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond
the lane;
But there are fairer things
than these

His fingers traced on every
pane.

Rocks and castles towering
high;
Hills and dales and streams
and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
With nodding plumes and
shining shields.

And here are little boats, and
there
Big ships with sails spread
to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving
fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy
wings;
And herds of cows and flocks
of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all
the things
You see when you are sound
asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights
are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath
you breathe,
And knows the things you
think about.

He paints them on the window
pane
In fairy lines with frozen
steam;
And when you wake you see
again
The lovely things you saw in
dream.

—GABRIEL SETOUN.

October Crop of Mother Goose Rhymes

There were two birds sat on a
stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away and then there
was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after, and then
there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone was left
all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de!

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen.

Peter White will ne'er go right.
Would you know the reason
why?
He follows his nose where'er he
goes,
And that stands all awry.

There was an old woman called
Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling ex-
ceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to
its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house
and old woman went.

There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl:
And if the bowl had been
stronger,
My song would have been
longer.

"Come, let's to bed,"
Says Sleepy-head;
"Tarry a while," says Slow;
"Put on the pot,"
Says Greedy-gut,
"Let's up before we go."

Bat, bat (clap hands),
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of
bacon;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth
lay.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Little Jackey shall have a new
master;
Little Jackey shall have but a
penny a day,
Because he can't work any
faster.

There was a little boy went
into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good
luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the
day!

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of
lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook,
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it right thru the
head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to
make, make, make;
To roast the little duck,
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her
the drake, drake, drake.

Here am I, little jumping Joan.
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my
deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far not neary.

Girls and boys, come out to
play;
The moon doth shine as bright
as day;
Leave your supper, and leave
your sleep,
And come with your playfellows
into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with
a call,
Come with a good will or not
at all.
Up the ladder and down the
wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us
all.
You find milk, and I'll find
flour,
And we'll have pudding in half
an hour.

My little old man and I fell
out;
I'll tell you what 'twas all
about:
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the row
began.

Hinx, minx! the old witch
winks,
The fat begins to fry:
There's nobody at home but
little Jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.

Little Bo-peep has lost her
sheep,
And can't tell where to find
them;
Leave them alone, and they'll
come home,
And bring their tails behind
them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them
bleating;
But when she awoke, she found
it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeing.

Then she took up her little
crook,
Determin'd for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it
made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails
behind 'em.

Reproduction Stories

These are simple conundrums. Tell or read these stories to the children, omitting the titles. Let the children rewrite (or retell) the stories giving the names they have guessed.

AN APPLE

I am round and red. I have a brown stem. I am good to eat. My seeds are brown. You will find them when you have eaten me. What am I?

A SQUIRREL

I am a lively, frisky animal. My fur is gray. I have two bright black eyes, and a bushy tail. What am I?

A NUT

I am small and nearly round. I have a hard, brown shell. Inside my meat is brown, too. You like me with a little salt. You get my meat by breaking my shell. What am I?

A PUMPKIN

I am large, and round, and yellow. Your mother makes me into pies. You will make me into a Jack-o'-lantern. What am I?

LEAVES

We come in the early spring. In the summer we are green. In the fall we turn red and yellow, then brown. When the frosts come we fall to the ground. What are we?

JACK FROST

I am a merry sprite. I dance along in the autumn, and touch all the plants and flowers. They grow cold when I touch them, then they turn brown and wither away. Who am I?

BIRDS

We are going to leave you very soon. We spend the winter in the sunny South. In the spring we shall come back to you again. What are we?

A CAT

I am your good friend. I catch mice. At this time of the year I am losing my coat, to put on a thick coat of fur. What am I?

GENTIAN

I am a blue flower. I bloom after all the other flowers are gone. You will find me at the edge of a field or a wood. What am I?

A BOY

I go to school every day. I study hard in school hours. When I get out I play football or one-old-cat. What am I?

A GIRL

I go to school. I study hard in school hours. When I get out I play with my doll. What am I?

MOTHER

I send my boy and girl to school every day. When they come home at night I give them some supper. When they tear their clothes, I mend them. Who am I?

THE TEACHER

I have forty boys and girls. Sometimes my children are good. Sometimes they are not so good. When they are bad I have to punish them. Who am I?



Paper-cutting and Composition

After the separate parts have been cut they may be pasted as here indicated

THE CHILD WORLD

Supplementary Reading for Primary Grades

Sodom and Gomorrah

In the plain where Lot established his home there were two large cities, Sodom and Comorrah. Now it sometimes happens that the people who try to get the best of everything fare worse than those who are not so selfish. So it turned out in Lot's case.

The plain of Jordan was rich and green, and Sodom and Gomorrah were beautiful cities. But the people who lived there were very wicked.

One evening as Lot was sitting by his gate, two men came up to him. They were really angels whom God had sent from heaven, but Lot supposed they were ordinary men. When he saw them, he rose up to meet them, and said with a bow, "Come to my house and spend the night. You can rise early in the morning and go on your way."

"Oh, no," they replied, "we can just as well spend the night in the street."

But Lot urged so hard that they finally agreed to go with him. The angels entered Lot's house and ate supper with him and his family. After supper they went to bed.

They had hardly lain down when a noise was heard outside the house followed by a loud knocking on the door.

Lot ran to see what it meant. He looked out-of-doors and there was a crowd of the people of Sodom, old and young, from all quarters of the city, standing in front of the house. They called to Lot, saying, "Where are the men who came to your house? Bring them out to us."

Lot stepped out and shut the door behind him. "You shall do no harm to these men," he said "They are my guests, and while they are under the shadow of my roof they must be protected."

"Stand back," the people shouted, and when they found that Lot would not give way they crowded back against the door, almost breaking it in. But the strange men—who you know were really angels—reached out their arms, pulled Lot into the house, and fastened the door. Then they made all the wicked people who had crowded around the house turn blind. The people searched for the door, until they were weary and went away.

"Have you any particular friends here?" the angels asked. "Take your sons-in-law, your sons, your daughters and whatever friend you have

out of the city. The people of these cities are so wicked that God has sent us to destroy them."

Lot went out at once, though it was now late night, and found his sons-in-law.

"Arise, get you out of this place," he said to them, "for God is going to destroy the city."

His sons-in-law thought that Lot was making sport of them. They paid no attention to his words.

When the morning came the angels urged Lot to make haste. But he moved so slowly about picking up the little things he wished to carry away that at last the angels could wait no longer. They took hold of Lot, his wife and his two daughters and set them quickly down outside of the city.

"Now run for your lives," they said. "Look not behind you and stay nowhere in the plain. Go to the mountains lest you be burned alive,"

"Oh, not to the mountains, lest misfortunes overtake me there and I die," cried Lot. "Here is a city nearby, and it is a little one. Let me go there and I will be content."

"Yes," answered one of the angels, "you may go to this city. But hasten, for I can do nothing until you are safely there."

As Lot and his family came to the little city, which was called Zoar, the sun arose. From Sodom and Gomorrah terrible sounds began to be heard. It thundered and lightened. Fire and brimstone fell down and rained upon the cities. The houses caught fire and were soon in ruins. The ground shook as from an earthquake. The animals roared with terror, and all the wicked people must die.

Lot and his two daughters hurried on into Zoar, never once looking back, as the angels had commanded them. But Lot's wife was anxious to see what was going on.

"I might look just once," she thought. So she walked more and more slowly as she tried to see what was happening behind her, until at last she had stopped altogether. As she stood there gazing, brimstone and white ashes fell over her so that she could not move. She was covered completely until she looked like a pillar of salt standing white and motionless in the midst of the plain.

Lot and his daughters did not look back. So they hurried on into Zoar alone.

The charmingly told Bible Stories of which the one of "Sodom and Gomorrah" is given in *The Child World* this month, are an exclusive feature of Teachers Magazine. The stories will run through the whole school year. This series is copyrighted, and all publishing rights are reserved.

When Little Children Go to Sleep.

p Andante.

When lit - tle chil - dren go to sleep, Stars a - wake and glis - ten, An - gels of God the

p

ritard.

vig - il keep, And for pray - ers list - en, Near the bed of ev - 'ry child Stands an an - gel

mf *p* ritard.

pp a tempo. *poco a poco ritard.*

sweet and mild. When lit - tle chil - dren close their eyes, Stars a - wake and light the skies.

pp a tempo. *poco a poco ritard.*

The translation of the words of this famous song by Reinecke was especially made for TEACHERS MAGAZINE



What Mother Has Brought

From a Painting by Meier von Bremen

[See also page 63]

The Step-by-Step Language Method

By LUCY LOVELL BROWN, P. S. 177, Manhattan, New York City.

Picture Study

(For Second Grade)

Aim.—To teach each child to tell a story about a picture.

Subject.—What has Mother Brought?—Meyer von Bremen.

1. *Observation.* Let the first work be free. Let it be the child's own thought and observation.

Give each child a picture and let him observe it closely. One picture held before the class does not mean much to a child, but if he has a copy in his own hands he will see a great deal in it.

Have each child study the picture so he can tell what they are doing and what they are saying in the picture.

2. *Expression.*—(Doing and Saying Stories are more fully described in the *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* for January, 1911.)

Let the children come up in rows, and let each child *tell* what they are doing and what they are saying in the picture.

As each child recites, the teacher corrects all errors in English, and has the child repeat the correct form. Correct speech is a matter of habit. By continually keeping at it, each child will in time form the habit.

Make the recitations short and brisk so that each child can recite in a short time.

The children's recitations will be similar to the following:

Joe, Mary, Sam and Fannie are looking at the present. Joe says, "I want to see, too."

Dorothy is lifting the cloth. She says, "I think it is a birdie."

Mary is looking in the cage. She says, "Oh, how beautiful!"

3. *Study by Questions.*—In the above exercise nearly every point about the picture will be brought out. Those not observed may be discussed by asking questions similar to the following:

a Who brought the present?

b What else do you see that belongs to mother? (Shawl, umbrella, basket.)

c Where is mother now? (Various opinions.) Why do you think so?

d Do you think that the children liked the present? Tell why you think so. (Expression of faces, etc.)

e What do you think is in the basket? Why do you think so? (Let each child have an opinion and a reason for it.)

f Which child is the oldest? Why do you think so? Which child is the youngest? Why do you think so?

g Do you think it is hard for the little one

to see? How can you tell? (Standing on tip-toe.)

h What were the children doing before they went to the table to see the present? (One was knitting.) Why do you think so? (Knitting on the chair.) (One was looking at a book.) Why do you think so? (Book left on the floor.)

i In what room are the children? Why do you think so?

j What do you think is in the basket?

4. *Conclusion.*—A complete story.

Let each child select a title and think of a story to tell about the picture. Let ten or twelve recite, and correct errors as before. These stories will be longer than the Doing and Saying Stories, as the children know more about the picture's details.

Children will give stories similar to the following:

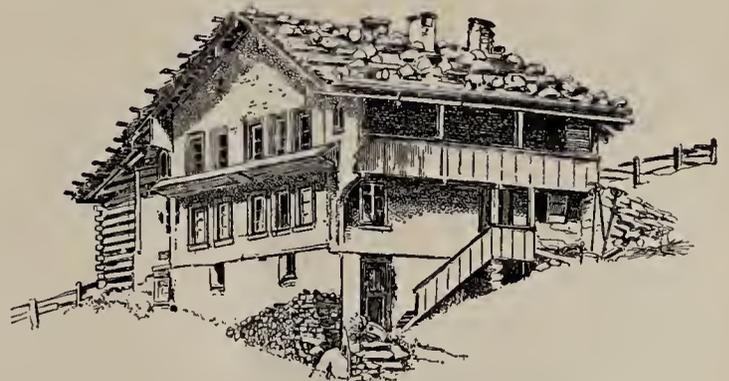
THE CHILDREN'S PRESENT

Anna, George, May, and Frank were playing in the kitchen. Their mother came in and said, "Children, here is a present for you." They all jumped up and ran to the table. Anna and May lifted the cover. They saw a little bird in a cage.

MOTHER'S SURPRISE

Mother brought a bird from the store. She set it on the table quietly and then she hid from the children. Johnny was reading his book and Sarah was knitting. Florence and Susie came into the house. They saw something on the table all covered up. Susie said, "Oh, Sarah, what is this?" Then they all ran to the table.

If a written story is desired, the above study may be considered as Step I, Oral Preparation, and the other three steps (Step II, Spelling Preparation; Step III, Written Preparation, and Step IV, Written Lesson) may be followed as described in the *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* for May, 1911.



IN HARVEST TIME

Read Whittier's "Corn Song," "The Huskers," "Autumn Festival," and "Seed Time and Harvest."

Tell the story of Ruth and Boaz, The Parable of the Sower, the fable of the "Lark and Farmer" and the story of the "Little Red Hen."

Blackboard Reading Lessons

[Copy part of the lesson every morning. Leave it on the board. At the end of the week the whole lesson is read.]

Jack Frost and the Nuts

Little Miss Chestnut and her two sisters lived up in a tree, in a prickly green house. The house was soft as velvet inside, but the sharp spikes on the outside kept away the squirrels, who would have torn it down if they could.

But soon Jack Frost came along. Jack does not mind fences, so he knocked at the door of the Chestnut house.

"Little Miss Chestnut," he called, "are you ready to come out?"

But little Miss Chestnut replied, "I am not quite ready yet, Mr. Jack."

So Jack went off to the house where Miss Hickory-Nut lived. Miss Hickory-Nut lived all alone in a round green cottage.

"Miss Hickory-Nut," he called, "are you ready to come out?"

But Miss Hickory-Nut replied, "I am not quite ready yet, Mr. Jack."

So Jack went off to the low bush where Miss Hazel-Nut lived in a soft green tent. Miss Hazel-Nut was already peeping out.

"Miss Hazel-Nut," he called, "are you ready to come out?"

And little Miss Hazel-Nut replied, "I am quite ready, Mr. Jack."

So she came down and waited below the bush, while Jack went back for the rest.

Jack knocked once more at the chestnut house. Little Miss Chestnut opened the door so quickly that she and her sisters fell to the ground.

Then Jack knocked once more at the Hickory house.

Miss Hickory-Nut opened the door so quickly that the house fell apart.

And all the other houses opened, and all the nuts came out to see what the matter was.

The next day the children went for a

walk. As they walked in the woods they spied the nuts.

"See," they said, "the frost has opened the chestnut burrs."

Never Give Up

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.

One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

Then do not look so sadly
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get thru.

But only try each moment
To do your very best,
And then the task that looked so big
Will grow from less to less.

What seemed at first so hopeless
Will to your efforts bend;
If you will but keep at it,
The longest task will end.

—Selected.

A Little Girl's Letter

Dear Grandmamma, I will try to write
A very little letter.
If I don't spell the words all right,
Why, next time I'll do better.

My little rabbit is alive,
And likes his milk and clover;
He likes to see me very much,
But runs away from Rover.

The hens are picking off the grass,
And clucking very loudly;
While our old peacock walks about,
And shows his colors proudly.

I think I'll close my letter now;
I've nothing more to tell.
Please write soon and come and see
Your own dear little Nell.

—Selected.

First Year Lesson Plans for October

First Week

MONDAY

How many days has October? What kind of weather do we have in October? What is the name of the month just past? What is the name of the month that follows October? What has become of most of the birds? What has become of the flowers? What has happened to most of the leaves? What is the white that we see on the grass on October mornings? (Frost.) What did we see on the grass on summer mornings? What does the frost do to the flowers and the grass?

TUESDAY

Tell the children that October is the month when America was discovered. Tell the story of Columbus and the discovery of the new continent. If well told, the story is quite as fascinating as a fairy tale.

WEDNESDAY

Bring to school a chestnut burr, containing nuts. Show the children how the prickly burr protects the nuts until they are ripe. Then Jack Frost comes along and opens the burr and lets the nuts out. Explain how the nut itself is the seed of the chestnut tree, and how, if allowed to lie under the snow all winter, a new little chestnut tree will start the next spring.

THURSDAY

Teach the proper method of salutation on the street. Have the boys put on their caps, and the girls their hats. Have a boy and a girl go to the front, and from opposite sides of the room walk towards each other. As they meet, the girl nods her head politely, and the boy lifts his hat. After the simple ceremony the two children return to their seats, and their places are taken by other boys and girls, in turn, until all can perform the act easily and gracefully.

FRIDAY

Have the children tell back to you the story of Columbus and the discovery of America.

Second Week

MONDAY

Teach the proper care of the hair. It should be combed neatly in the morning, before breakfast. Then if it becomes untidy later in the day it should be recombined. Each child should have a comb of his own, and never use anyone else's. The hair should be washed as often as once in four weeks, with soap and warm water, great care being taken that it is rinsed sufficiently in clear water. Show that it is no disgrace to get pediculosis. The only disgrace is in allowing the insects to remain in the hair. Explain the use of larkspur, and that it can be obtained at any apothecary's.

TUESDAY

Care of Books.—Show the children a pretty book. Show that any damage done to a book will remain permanently. If a finger is scratched, the wound heals. If a book is scratched, the scratch can never be removed. Do not break the back of a book. Do not mark it with a pencil or ink. Never write your name in a book not your own. Do not turn up edges. Always return a borrowed book.

WEDNESDAY

A Rainy Morning.—Why did you all come to school this morning with rubbers and umbrellas? Why is an umbrella shaped as it is? Why does the rain sometimes fall straight, and sometimes slanting? How does the rain tell us which way the wind blows? Why do rubbers keep our feet dry when shoes do not? What else is made of rubber?

THURSDAY

Ask each child to bring a penny to school. See how many things can be found on the penny.

FRIDAY

Different Kinds of Dogs and Their Uses.—Terrier, St. Bernard, Newfoundland, bulldog, hound, coachdog, pug, etc.

Third Week

MONDAY

Sight.—Place a number of small objects on a table, and let the children tell how many they see when the objects have been exposed to view for a minute, and then hidden.

TUESDAY

What do we see with? What is one who cannot see called? Why is the game of blindman's buff so called? How far can you see? How small an object can you see? Can you see a grain of sand?

WEDNESDAY

Hearing.—Have the children cover their eyes. Ring a bell. Who can guess what the sound was? Whistle. What was the sound? Give a familiar song. Who knows what the song was? Strike the desk with a stick. What was it? Strike a window pane. What was it? etc.

THURSDAY

How do we hear? What is one who cannot hear called? How do our ears differ from those of a dog? A cat? Can we move our ears? Can we move our eyes? What sounds did you hear as you came to school this morning?

FRIDAY

Taste.—Have the children close their eyes. Place on each tongue a bit of salt. How many can guess what it is? Do the same with a bit of sugar, a bit of pepper, a bit of vinegar, a bit of cinnamon or clove.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

How do we taste? What is there in the mouth that helps us to taste? (Tongue.) How do we know whether what we eat is sweet or sour? What becomes of what we eat after we have chewed it? Do we taste food after we have swallowed it? Tell about the little taste buds on the tongue that help us to tell the flavor of what is taken into the mouth.

TUESDAY

Smelling.—Have the children cover their eyes. Have them smell successively an orange, an apple, vinegar, some kind of perfume. How many can guess what they are?

WEDNESDAY

With what do we smell? Can we smell anything if we cover up one side of the nose? Which has the keener sense of smell, a dog or a horse? A dog or a man? Can cats smell? How does a cat know when a mouse is near?

THURSDAY

Feeling.—Have the children cover their eyes. Hand each child in succession a moist sponge, a soft rubber ball, a stone, a glove and a book. How many can guess what the objects are, by feeling alone?

FRIDAY

How do we feel whether an object is hard or soft? Can we feel with any other part of the body besides the hand? Is the face as sensitive to touch as the fingers? Can dogs feel? How does a dog know that a flea is biting him?

Number Work Devices

Count by ones to eight. Add one and one, two and one, three and one.

Buy and sell some small objects, adding by ones, not higher than three and one.

Have the children arrange small objects in piles, the teacher calling out, for example, two and one. The children will place two beans in one pile, one beside them, and call out the answer three.

Have a number of small objects, such as beans, peas, corn, kindergarten beads, etc. Use various objects for problems, such as "One bean and one bean are two beans." "One blue bead and one blue bead are two blue beads." "One kernel of corn and one kernel of corn are two kernels of corn."

Have the pupils count the number of children in the row. The number of desks in the row. The panes of glass in a window. The panels in a door. The corners of the desk. The buttons on a shoe. The hair ribbons in the room, etc.

Write addition problem on large squares of pasteboard, similar to the following:

$$\begin{array}{|c|} \hline 3 \\ \hline 1 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{|c|} \hline 1 \\ \hline 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{|c|} \hline 4 \\ \hline 1 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Hold these before the class, to be read by the children as follows: Three and one are four. One and two are three, etc.

First Year Plans for Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Write 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 in a column on the blackboard. Have the children add 2 to each, in regular order. This is to be oral work.

Written.—Addition exercises.

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ 5 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 6 \\ 1 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 7 \\ 1 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 1 \\ 7 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 8 \\ 1 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 1 \\ 8 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 9 \\ 1 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 1 \\ 9 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 3 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 3 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 4 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 5 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 5 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 6 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 7 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 7 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 8 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 8 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

TUESDAY

Count by ones to one hundred.

Count by twos thru ten.

Count by threes thru twelve.

Teach $4 + 1 = 5$; $5 + 1 = 6$; $7 + 1 = 8$, etc., thru $91 + 1 = 92$.

WEDNESDAY

Teach $5 - 1 = 4$; $6 - 1 = 5$; $7 - 1 = 6$, etc., thru $91 - 1 = 90$.

THURSDAY

Addition of threes:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ 3 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ 3 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 3 \\ 3 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 3 \\ 1 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 3 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

FRIDAY

Writing numbers, between one and one hundred.

Second Week

MONDAY

Count, by twos to twenty.

Count, by threes to fifteen.

Addition:

$$\begin{array}{r} 26 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 13 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 16 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 36 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 46 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 85 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 27 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 44 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 51 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 12 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

TUESDAY

Count by twos, until pupils can say 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, etc., up to 20, as readily as they can count by ones.

Addition:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 9 | 19 | 29 | 39 | 49 | 59 | 69 |
| +1 | +1 | +1 | +1 | +1 | +1 | +1 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

| | | |
|----|----|----|
| 79 | 89 | 99 |
| +1 | +1 | +1 |
| — | — | — |

WEDNESDAY

Count by threes, until children can say 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, as readily as they can count by ones. Subtraction:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 10 | 20 | 30 | 40 | 50 | 60 | 70 |
| -1 | -1 | -1 | -1 | -1 | -1 | -1 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

| | | |
|----|----|-----|
| 80 | 90 | 100 |
| -1 | -1 | -1 |
| — | — | — |

THURSDAY

With foot-rule, measure twelve inches on the desk. Take away three inches. How many left? Take away two inches. How many left?

FRIDAY

Measure different pupils against the wall, and find the number of inches for each.

Third Week

MONDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 11 | 21 | 31 | 41 | 51 | 61 | 71 |
| +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

| | |
|----|----|
| 81 | 91 |
| +2 | +2 |
| — | — |

TUESDAY

Subtraction:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 3 | 13 | 23 | 33 | 43 | 53 | 63 |
| -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

| | | |
|----|----|----|
| 73 | 83 | 93 |
| -2 | -2 | -2 |
| — | — | — |

WEDNESDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 2 | 12 | 22 | 32 | 42 | 52 | 62 |
| +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

| | | |
|----|----|----|
| 72 | 82 | 92 |
| +2 | +2 | +2 |
| — | — | — |

THURSDAY

Subtraction:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 4 | 14 | 24 | 34 | 44 | 54 | 64 |
| -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

| | | |
|----|----|----|
| 74 | 84 | 94 |
| -2 | -2 | -2 |
| — | — | — |

FRIDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 4 | 14 | 24 | 34 | 44 | 54 | 64 |
| +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

| | | |
|----|----|----|
| 74 | 84 | 94 |
| +2 | +2 | +2 |
| — | — | — |

Subtraction:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 6 | 16 | 26 | 36 | 46 | 56 | 66 |
| -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

| | | |
|----|----|----|
| 76 | 86 | 96 |
| -2 | -2 | -2 |
| — | — | — |

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Review drill:

| | |
|-----------|------------|
| 5 + 2 = ? | 7 - 2 = ? |
| 6 + 2 = ? | 8 - 2 = ? |
| 7 + 2 = ? | 9 - 2 = ? |
| 8 + 2 = ? | 10 - 2 = ? |

and so on, thru 101 - 2 = 99.

TUESDAY

Count by threes thru eighteen. Play store, buying and selling eggs, pencils, apples, etc., by the dozen.

WEDNESDAY

Addition:

| | | | |
|----|----|----------------|-----|
| 8 | 18 | 28, etc., thru | 98 |
| +2 | +2 | +2 | +2. |
| — | — | — | — |

Subtraction:

| | | | |
|----|----|----------------|-----|
| 10 | 20 | 30 | 100 |
| -2 | -2 | -2, etc., thru | -2 |
| — | — | — | — |

THURSDAY

Addition:

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----------------|----|
| 9 | 19 | 29 | 39 | 99 |
| +2 | +2 | +2 | +2, etc., thru | +2 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

Subtraction:

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----------------|-----|
| 11 | 21 | 31 | 41 | 101 |
| -2 | -2 | -2 | -2, etc., thru | -2 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

FRIDAY

Play store, using bundles of tens, and units, to impress tens and units.

Mother Squirrel's Arithmetic

(Mother Squirrel teaches her three children something about number.)

1. Children, I have four paws, and four claws on each paw. How many claws have I in all?

2. I have four babies. Each of you has two eyes. How many eyes have you all together?

3. You four babies have together eight eyes, and I have two eyes. How many have we all?

4. Bushy Tail and Bright Eyes have each four feet. How many feet have the two squirrels?

5. Every squirrel has two eyes, two ears, four feet and a tail. How many in all?

6. How many ears have Bright Eyes, Bushy Tail, and Sharp Ears, all together?

7. This is October first. You young squirrels were born four months ago. In what month were you born?

8. The lowest limb on our tree is five feet from the ground. Our nest is twice as far from the ground. How far is the nest from the ground?

9. I have brought up for your breakfast four hickory nuts, two chestnuts and three acorns. How many in all?

10. Sharp Ears, go out and bring me three oak leaves. If I have twice as many leaves already here, how many will there be in all?

Gathering Nuts

They are neither birds nor squirrels;
They are only girls and boys
After nuts.

But they laugh and talk and chatter,
With such gay and merry clatter,
As they search.

That, instead of only seven,
You might think there were eleven,
Or even more.

As, with merry laugh and shout,
They see the brown nuts dance about,
On the grass,

When the boys, with shake and blow,
Send them down for those below
To gather up.

So they work like busy squirrels,
Seven little boys and girls,—
Gathering nuts.

—Selected.

The Child and the Bird

(Selected.)

School:

Little bird, little bird, come to me!
I have a clean cage all ready for thee;
Many bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh, ripe cherries, all wet with dew.

Child representing Bird:

Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But I dearly love the clear, cool air;
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree
Is better than golden cage to me.

School:

Little bird, little bird, where wilt thou go
When all the fields are covered with snow?
The ice will cover the old oak tree;
Little bird, little bird, stay with me!

Bird:

Nay, little maiden, away I'll fly
To green fields and a warmer sky:
When Spring comes back with cheerful rain
My joyful song you'll hear again.

School:

Little bird, little bird, who will guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea?
Foolish one, come with me to stay:
If you do not, I fear you will lose your way.

Bird:

Ah, no, little children, God guides me,
Over the hills and over the sea:
He made me free as the morning air,
To drink the sunshine everywhere.



Second Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Oh, there is a little artist,
Who paints, in the cold night hours,
Pictures for little children,
Of wondrous trees and flowers.

The moon is the lamp he paints by,
His canvas the window pane,
His brush is a frozen snowflake,
Jack Frost is the artist's name.

Conversation.—Who is the little artist? Where does he paint the pictures? What happens to the pictures if we put our tongue against the window-pane? What colors does he paint the maple leaves? The hickory leaves?

TUESDAY

Write a letter to a cousin, telling what Jack Frost does. The letter is really to be sent to a cousin or some relative.

WEDNESDAY

One day as Mr. Squirrel went up his tree to bed,
A very large hickory nut fell upon his head.
"Altho I'm fond of nuts," Mr. Squirrel then did say,
"I'd very much rather they would not come that way."

Write answers to the following questions in complete sentences:

Where was Mr. Squirrel's bed?
Where did the hickory nut fall?
What did Mr. Squirrel like to eat?
What did Mr. Squirrel say?

THURSDAY

Copy the sentences, filling the blank spaces with *is, are, was* or *were*:

Mr. Squirrel — in the tree.
The tree — Mr. Squirrel's home.
Nuts — Mr. Squirrel's food.
All squirrels — fond of nuts.
Mr. Squirrel — fond of nuts.
The hickory nut — in the tree.
Mr. Squirrel's head — in the way.

FRIDAY

Re-write the story of Mr. Squirrel and the hickory nut in your own words.

Second Week

MONDAY

Dictation.—

I am a large yellow flower.
I always turn so I can look at the sun.
I come in the late summer.
Can you think who I am?

TUESDAY

Have cards with the name of an animal on each, such as cat, hen, cow, horse, etc. Pass the cards, one to each child in the class. Let the children describe orally the animal they represent, allowing the other children to guess what it is. As,

"I am tall and strong. I am covered with short hair. I have a mane and a long tail. What am I?"

WEDNESDAY

Oral Conversation on the Post-office.—What is a post-office? Who have charge of the post-offices? Where is your post-office? What do you see when you go into the post-office? How do you get your mail? Why do people write letters? How do letters go from one place to another? What is the stamp on a letter for? Who pays for sending a letter?

THURSDAY

To be copied:

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

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.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a shining face,
And never, never sulk at all.

FRIDAY

Have the children write answers to the following questions, the answers to be in complete sentences, and taken from "The World's Music."

What kind of a place is the world?
What should every child do?
What kind of a face should every child have?
What should a child never do?

Third Week

MONDAY

Dictation.—It is cold in winter. The wind blows hard. The trees are bare. The birds are gone. But I like winter, for I can play in the snow.

TUESDAY

"Seven Times One."

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low,
You are bright, ah bright, but your light is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with your young ones in it—
I will not steal it away;
I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

—JEAN INGELOW.

Copy the first three stanzas of the poem in
your books.

WEDNESDAY

Copy the remainder of "Seven Times One."

THURSDAY

Learn the first two stanzas of "Seven Times
One."

FRIDAY

Learn the third and fourth stanzas of "Seven
Times One."

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Learn the remaining stanzas of "Seven
Times One."

TUESDAY

Recite the whole poem, "Seven Times One,"
in concert.

WEDNESDAY

Write as many "name" words (nouns) in
"Seven Times One" as you can find.

THURSDAY

Answer the following questions, in complete
sentences, taking the answers from "Seven
Times One":

Where is there no dew left?
Where is there no rain left?
How old am I?
What do the lambs do?
How old are the lambs?

FRIDAY

Rewrite the last three stanzas of the poem in
your own words.

Hiawatha's Childhood

(Selections from Longfellow's "Hiawatha")

(See page 74)

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting thru the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Second Year Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Count by fours to twenty.

Count by tens to six hundred.

Count by hundreds to six hundred.

Write, the numbers to be read by the teacher, and after being written papers to be exchanged and corrected:

121, 418, 326, 599, 499, 600, 200, 111, 444, 529, 483, 125, 217, 365, 423.

TUESDAY

Read the numbers given in Monday's lesson.

With apples, squares of paper, etc., use the fractions $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$. Show that $\frac{1}{2} = \frac{2}{4}$.

WEDNESDAY

Addition:

Addition:

$1 + 6 = ?$

$2 + 6 = ?$

$3 + 6 = ?$

$4 + 6 = ?$

$5 + 6 = ?$

$6 + 6 = ?$

$7 + 6 = ?$

Subtraction:

$7 - 6 = ?$

$8 - 6 = ?$

$9 - 6 = ?$

$10 - 6 = ?$

$11 - 6 = ?$

$12 - 6 = ?$

$13 - 6 = ?$

THURSDAY

Writing Roman numerals, from I thru VIII.

Show the use and size of the dry quart.

FRIDAY

Addition:

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 421 | 146 | 121 | 632 | 246 |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 356 | 325 | 212 | 417 | 152 |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 243 | 713 | 313 | 561 | 642 |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 124 | 264 | 131 | 345 | 251 |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|

| | | |
|-----|-----|-----|
| 351 | 126 | 164 |
|-----|-----|-----|

| | | |
|-----|-----|-----|
| 523 | 714 | 246 |
|-----|-----|-----|

| | | |
|-----|-----|-----|
| 462 | 165 | 152 |
|-----|-----|-----|

| | | |
|-----|-----|-----|
| 137 | 141 | 711 |
|-----|-----|-----|

Second Week

MONDAY

Count by fours to thirty-two.

Count by threes to thirty.

Count by hundreds to seven hundred.

Write and read Roman numbers from I to X.

TUESDAY

Addition:

$8 + 6 = ?$

$9 + 6 = ?$

$10 + 6 = ?$

$11 + 6 = ?$

$12 + 6 = ?$

Subtraction:

$14 - 6 = ?$

$15 - 6 = ?$

$16 - 6 = ?$

$17 - 6 = ?$

$18 - 6 = ?$

Review complete addition and subtraction tables by six.

WEDNESDAY

Add 6 to each of the following numbers:

27, 33, 45, 68, 92, 12, 54, 61, 73, 84, 34, 48, 17, 50, 94, 29, 38, 75, 63.

Write out the numbers from 601 to 700 inclusive.

THURSDAY

Measure books, with the foot-rule. Measure various substances, such as corn, with the dry quart.

FRIDAY

Buy and sell, using all forms of toy money, up to \$1.00, in making change. Deal in butter, eggs, tea, coffee, rice, sugar, oatmeal, flour, etc., pretending to buy and sell all these commodities.

Third Week

MONDAY

Count by fours to forty.

Count by twos to twenty.

Count by threes to thirty.

Count by hundreds to eight hundred.

Count by tens to eight hundred. Play buzz, the word "buzz" being called instead of every multiple of seven.

TUESDAY

Make a circle, with all the Roman numerals from I to XII. In what two ways can four be written? How is it written on the clock-face? Where is I on the clock face? Where is VI? Where is XII?

WEDNESDAY

Using papers, cut into halves and fourths; teach $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{2}{2}$, $\frac{2}{4}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{4}{4}$. Write and read these fractions.

THURSDAY

Have pupils write five problems in addition, and five in subtraction. Papers are to be exchanged, and the problems worked and corrected.

FRIDAY

Have pupils write twenty numbers between 500 and 700, papers to be exchanged, the numbers read, and rewritten by the class.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Counts by twos to twenty.

Count by threes to thirty.

Count by fours to forty.

Count by tens to nine hundred.

Play buzz.

TUESDAY

Review addition and subtraction tables by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.

WEDNESDAY

Measuring with peck and dry quart measures. Establish that eight quarts are one peck. How many quarts in one-half a peck? How many quarts in one-fourth of a peck?

THURSDAY

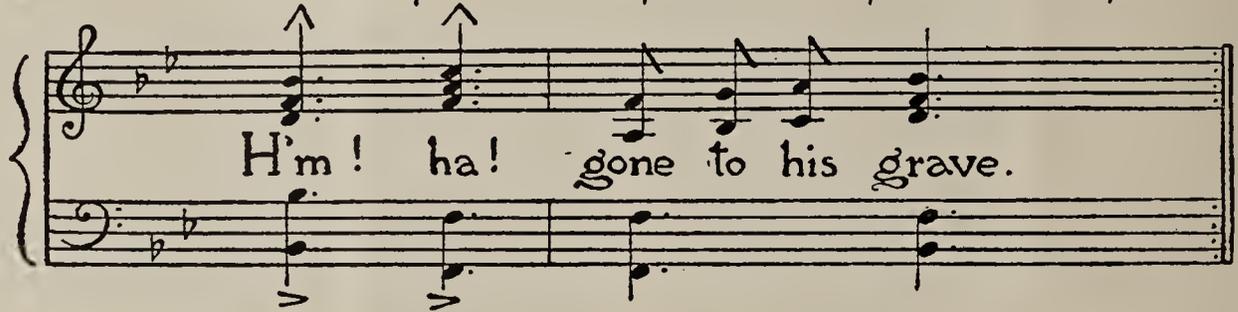
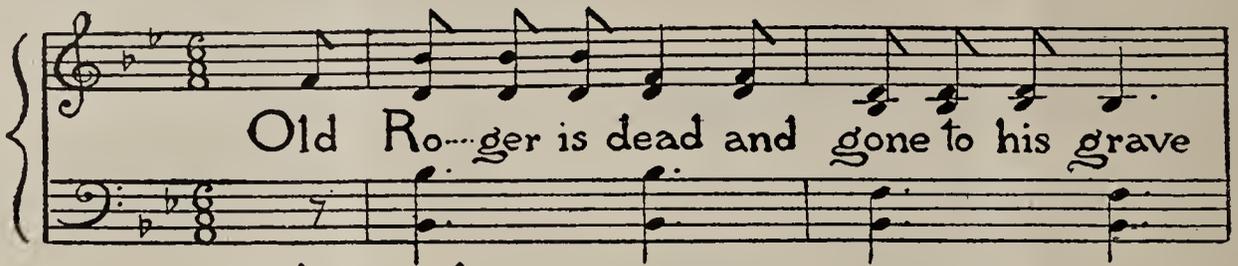
Review of fractions, using peck and quart measure, as on preceding day.

FRIDAY

Review of the month's work.



OLD ROGER

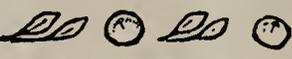


They planted an apple tree over his head
H'm! ha! over his head. 

The apples were ripe and ready to drop
H'm! ha! ready to drop. 

There came an old woman a picking them up
H'm! ha! picking them up. 

Old Roger jumped up and gave her a knock.
H'm! ha! gave her a knock. 

Which made that old woman go hippity hop
H'm! ha! hippity hop. 



Third Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Drill on correct use of *is* and *are*. Constructing statements from directions.

Use words found in envelopes to make statements about each of the following objects:

- My pencil —.
- My pen —.
- My books — —.
- My desk — —.
- My papers — —.
- My lessons — —.
- My writing — —.
- My spelling — —.
- My marks — —.

Words in envelopes:

| | | |
|-----------|------------|-------------|
| is broken | is clean | are at home |
| is broken | is clean | are at home |
| is broken | is clean | are at home |
| is broken | is clean | are at home |
| is good | is written | are covered |
| is good | is written | are covered |
| is good | is written | are covered |
| is good | is written | are covered |
| is good | are good | are learned |
| is good | are good | are learned |
| is good | are good | are learned |
| is good | are good | are learned |

TUESDAY

Constructing statements from questions.

Cards for envelopes:

- What color is your pencil?
- Is your pencil long or short?
- Is the point of your pencil sharp?
- How many books have you?
- Are your books in your desk?
- Are your books all nicely covered?
- At what time do you go home?

Separate words for answers to be placed in envelopes with questions:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----------|--------|----------|--------|----------|--------|----------|--------|----------|--------|
| My | pencil | is | red. | My | pencil | is | red. | My | pencil |
| is | red. | My | pencil | is | long. | My | pencil | is | long. |
| My | pencil | is | long. | The | point | of | my | pencil | is |
| sharp. | The | point | of | my | pencil | is | sharp. | The | point |
| of | my | pencil | is | sharp. | I | have | two | books. | I |
| have | two | books. | I | have | two | books. | My | books | are |
| in | my | desk. | My | books | are | in | my | desk. | My |
| books | are | in | my | desk. | My | books | are | all | nicely |
| covered. | My | books | are | all | nicely | covered. | My | books | are |
| all | nicely | covered. | We | go | home | at | three | o'clock. | We |
| go | home | at | three | o'clock. | We | go | home | at | three |
| o'clock. | | | | | | | | | |

WEDNESDAY

Drill on correct use of *is*, *are*, *was* and *were*.

CARDS

Horses — first brought to America by Spanish explorers.

The lion — a large animal of the cat family. Its eyes — like those of the cat. It — very strong. Lions — found in Asia.

THURSDAY

Drill on correct use of *is*, *are*, *was* and *were*.

— the boys in school now?
— the boys in school yesterday?

John — in school, so — Charles.

Henry — here, but his sisters — not.

— John in school yesterday?

— you in school yesterday?

No, but John and Charles —.

Nine boys — playing basketball.

— they playing this morning?

No, but the other boys — playing.

— these boys in school yesterday?

FRIDAY

Drill on correct use of *is* and *are*.

Our dog Jessie has four little puppies. Their names — Brownie, Spottie, Whitey and Rover.

Brownie — a little brown pup.

Spottie — is a spotted pup.

Whitey — a white dog.

Rover — a spotted dog.

All the dogs — very pretty.

Second Week

MONDAY

The dog ran.

Add, from the following, to extend the sentence: little, large, handsome, away, swiftly, off.

The lady sang a song.

Add, from the following: pretty, beautiful, sweetly, softly, often.

Write two more sentences, using some of the modifiers given above.

TUESDAY

Read aloud to the children, and have them copy, "Hiawatha's childhood."

(See page 70)

WEDNESDAY

Oral.—Hiawatha was an Indian boy. This is part of a poem that tells the life of Hiawatha.

What did the Indians call the body of water near which the wigwam stood? Whose wigwam was it? Whose daughter was Nokomis? She was called the daughter of the Moon, because the Indians believed that she fell from the moon to the earth. What was behind the wigwam? What trees in this forest? What was before the wigwam?

From what kind of tree did Hiawatha's cradle hang? What made the cradle soft? What made it strong? What did the old woman say to stop Hiawatha's crying? What did she sing to put him to sleep?

What sounds did Hiawatha like to hear on summer evenings? What did he think the pine trees said? The water? What did he call the firefly? What is the firefly's candle? Who taught Hiawatha the song about the firefly?

What did Hiawatha learn from the birds? Who taught him their names? How did he discover their secrets? What two secrets are mentioned? What did he call the birds?

What did he learn about all the beasts? About the beaver? The squirrels? The reindeer? The rabbit? What did he call them?

THURSDAY

Read aloud, and have the children copy, the following:

"HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD"

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting thru the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly.
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaisa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

FRIDAY

Oral.—What did Hiawatha call the firefly? Why did he call the firefly "Little, dancing, white-fire creature"?

What is the difference between "brakes" and "bushes"?

What did Hiawatha call the robin? the bluebird? the squirrel?

What words show the sound of the pine trees? the sound of the water? the motion of the firefly? the sound made by the squirrel?

Tell how Hiawatha spent his evenings.

What do you think Hiawatha could see and hear from his home?

Describe the little hunter as he went into the forest.

Third Week

MONDAY

Write, in complete sentences, all the things that Hiawatha heard at the door on summer evenings.

TUESDAY

Write, in complete sentences, what happened when Hiawatha went into the forest.

WEDNESDAY

Write about what Hiawatha learned of the birds.

THURSDAY

Write about what Hiawatha learned of the beasts.

FRIDAY

Have the children work out for themselves a dramatization of Hiawatha's childhood.

Fourth Week

Allow the children to spend the entire week upon their dramatization of Hiawatha's childhood. Let this be the topic of interest for the entire week. Use Longfellow's language yourself, in talking about it, and the children will be so enthusiastic that they will, half unconsciously, learn nearly all the selections from the poem that are given here.

Ways in Which Seeds Are Scattered

Procure seeds of the maple tree, pine cones, dandelion gone to seed, milkweed, thistles, seed-pods of various flowers, especially those which pop open and throw their seeds when ripe.

Those who live in or near the country may take a walk in the fields or woods with woolen clothing on and after a walk collect from their clothing the little triangular seeds, pitchforks, and burrs that have adhered to the wool.

Show maple seeds and ask what they have fastened to them, and for what purpose. Wings will be suggested for the purpose of flying. But the seeds of themselves cannot move their wings, how then can they fly? The children will readily tell you that the wind will carry them.

Blow the dandelion, milkweed and thistle seeds, and let the children watch them fly in the air. Why do they sail thru the air?

Place the burrs, pitchforks, and triangular seeds on your own or children's clothing, and let them see how firmly they will cling. Let them look at each seed, see how they are made, and tell why they cling. The burrs have little rough points, the pitchforks two sharp points like needles, and the triangles are gummy.

What animal would easily carry such seed? The sheep are very useful in that way. Have raw cotton and let the children see how seeds will adhere to it. Seeds are thus often carried in ships across the ocean.

What have you seen squirrels doing on the trees? Show the pine cone; if they do not know, tell them the squirrels pick out the seeds to eat, but often scatter as well as eat. Refer to nuts and how squirrels carry them.

Tell of the formation of the islands in the Pacific ocean that are built on coral reefs. After a time cocoanut trees appear. How did the seeds get there? Have cocoanut or shell and let the children see it float in water. Then, how might they be carried? The plants that grow over the water drop their seeds into it, and they are floated down and landed in various places.

Show the ripe seed-pods that open and throw

the seed; press upon the pod and let the children see how they are thrown.

When the seeds cannot be obtained, drawings of them may be made upon the board.

BLACKBOARD WORK

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|---|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Seeds are scattered by wind. | } | have wings and fly have feathers and fly |
| Examples.—Maple seeds, dandelion, thistles, and milkweed. | | |
| Seeds are scattered by water. | } | float on the water carried by currents of rivers |
| Seeds are scattered by plants. | } | thrown from the seed-pods by the plant |
| Seeds are scattered by animals | } | have burs and cling have sharp points and cling are gummy and cling carried by peo- ple on cloth- ing by animals on wool and fur in mouths on bales of cotton from country to country |

The Lord's Prayer



- 1 Our Father, who art in *heaven*, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, *but* de- | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

Fourth Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Quality Words.—Arrange nouns in column on desk. Select an adjective which can be applied to each noun and place it beside the noun.

| | | |
|---------|-----------|----------|
| water | ice | marble |
| weather | ribbon | diamonds |
| pure | cold | smooth |
| pretty | sparkling | hard |
| | sky | boy |
| iron | stone | flower |
| blue | tall | pleasant |
| heavy | pretty | |

TUESDAY

Qualities of Things.—Arrange adjectives on desks in a column. Find the noun it describes and place it beside it on your desk.

| | | | | |
|-------|---------|----------|---------|-------|
| true | busy | straight | slender | large |
| true | busy | straight | slender | large |
| true | busy | straight | slender | large |
| true | busy | straight | slender | large |
| story | bee | road | stem | tree |
| story | bee | road | stem | tree |
| story | bee | road | stem | tree |
| story | bee | road | stem | tree |
| cool | smiling | obedient | old | new |
| cool | smiling | obedient | old | new |
| cool | smiling | obedient | old | new |
| cool | smiling | obedient | old | new |
| day | face | child | book | dress |
| day | face | child | book | dress |
| day | face | child | book | dress |
| day | face | child | book | dress |

WEDNESDAY

Write all you know about the pumpkin. What is its color? Size? What is inside the pumpkin? How does the pumpkin grow? What is it used for? How is a Jack-o'-lantern made? How are pumpkin pies made?

THURSDAY

Write a telegram of ten words, or less.

FRIDAY

The Wreck of the Hesperus

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper has taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fogbell, on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed thru the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Copy the poem.

Second Week

MONDAY

Look up and write out something of the life of Longfellow. Full name? Where born? Date of birth? Date of death? Home during boyhood? Home in later years? Names of some well-known poems?

TUESDAY

Commit to memory the first five stanzas of the poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

WEDNESDAY

Commit to memory the second five stanzas of the poem.

THURSDAY

Commit the entire poem. Have pupils recite in concert, and have different pupils recite a stanza each.

FRIDAY

Write the story of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" in your own words.

Third Week

MONDAY

Name Words.—Pupil to find appropriate words and place them in space left on card.

CARDS FOR ENVELOPES

- There are five — in a —.
- There are twelve — in a —.
- has a pretty —.
- has a —.
- The — has a bushy —.
- has a new — in his —.
- The — is hanging on the —.
- From my — I see, in the —.
- Descending the broad hall —.
- Grave — and laughing —.
- And — with golden —.

Separate words to be placed in envelopes:

| | | | | |
|---------|------|----------|------|-------|
| days | week | squirrel | tail | month |
| days | week | squirrel | tail | month |
| days | week | squirrel | tail | month |
| Mary | book | Baby | ball | clock |
| Mary | book | Baby | ball | clock |
| Mary | book | Baby | ball | clock |
| Allegra | | Edith | hair | |
| Allegra | | Edith | hair | |
| Allegra | | Edith | hair | |

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|------|---------|------|
| year | John | desk | picture | wall |
| year | John | desk | picture | wall |
| year | John | desk | picture | wall |
| Alice | study | lamp | light | hair |
| Alice | study | lamp | light | hair |
| Alice | study | lamp | light | hair |

TUESDAY

GLUCK'S VISITOR

The story, "The King of the Golden River," tells how Gluck was left alone in the house "to mind the roast." It was raining hard and the little fellow sat close to the fire. There came a knock at the door. Gluck looked out of the window to see who it was:

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life.

He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily thru long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders.

He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long.

His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous, black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

Answer each question in a complete sentence, orally.

Ruskin then describes the face of the little gentleman. What is said of the size of his nose? the color? What is the shape of his cheeks? the color? They look as if he had been doing what? What two words help us to see the eyes? the eyelashes? His mustaches were curled like what?

What about the length of his hair? the color? his height?

How was he dressed? What is a doublet?

WEDNESDAY

CARDS FOR ENVELOPES

Build, using the sentences on the cards as models.

Pick out all the name words and place at the back of your desk.

A pen and a pencil are on the desk.

The girl found a book in her desk.

The fox wanted the grapes.

James has his gloves in his pocket.

My coat is torn.

The cow, the goat and the pony are in the field.

Mary has a new doll.

Robert has a new drum.

To be cut up and placed in envelopes:

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------|--------|--------|--------|--------|---------|--------|---------|--------|--------|---------|-------|
| A | pen | and | a | pencil | are | on | the | desk. | A | pen | and |
| a | pencil | are | on | the | desk. | A | pen | and | a | pencil | are |
| on | the | desk. | The | girl | found | a | book | in | her | desk | The |
| girl | found | a | book | in | her | desk. | The | girl | found | a | book |
| in | her | desk. | The | fox | wanted | the | grapes. | The | fox | wanted | the |
| grapes. | The | fox | wanted | the | grapes. | The | fox | wanted | the | grapes. | James |
| has | his | gloves | in | his | pocket. | James | his | his | gloves | in | his |
| pocket. | James | his | his | gloves | in | his | pocket. | The | cow, | the | goat, |
| and | the | pony | are | in | the | field. | The | cow, | the | goat, | and |
| the | pony | are | in | the | field. | The | cow, | the | goat, | and | the |
| pony | are | in | the | field. | | | | | | | |

THURSDAY

Quality Words.—Select words of opposite meaning and place side by side on your desk.

| | | | | |
|-------|--------|------|-----------|------|
| small | kind | rich | honest | cold |
| small | kind | rich | honest | cold |
| small | kind | rich | honest | cold |
| small | kind | rich | honest | cold |
| large | unkind | poor | dishonest | hot |
| large | unkind | poor | dishonest | hot |
| large | unkind | poor | dishonest | hot |
| large | unkind | poor | dishonest | hot |

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|--------|-------|-----|
| heavy | long | smooth | thick | new |
| heavy | long | smooth | thick | new |
| heavy | long | smooth | thick | new |
| heavy | long | smooth | thick | new |
| light | short | rough | thin | old |
| light | short | rough | thin | old |
| light | short | rough | thin | old |
| light | short | rough | thin | old |

FRIDAY

Write a sentence containing the word small; large; kind; unkind; rich; poor; honest; dishonest; cold; hot.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Write a sentence containing the word heavy; light; long; short; smooth; rough; thick; thin; new; old.

TUESDAY

Write a description of an apple. Color? Size? Skin? Part eaten? Seeds? Seed covering? Number of seeds? Ways of cooking?

WEDNESDAY

For dictation:

It isn't the number of joys we have,
That makes us happy and gay,
But the number we share with our little friends,
Ah, that is the secret, they say.

THURSDAY

Written work on *have* and *had*. Supply the words omitted:

I — an apple in my pocket.
I — an apple in my pocket yesterday.
Yesterday you — some nuts. To-day you — none.
We — two friends at our house.
We — two girls visiting us.

Jack and I — two errands to run to-day.
We — one yesterday.

FRIDAY

For oral reproduction:

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

A boy was sent by his father to watch the sheep, which fed in a lonely place, so that he might keep them from harm. As the father worked in a distant field with his men, he heard his boy calling "Wolf! Wolf!"

The men left their work, and ran as fast as they could to the sheep pasture, but no wolf had been there. The sheep were quietly nibbling the grass, and the boy was lying under a tree.

The next day, as the boy watched the sheep, he called again, "Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!"

Again the men ran, fearing that the cruel wolf had killed some little lamb. But no wolf had been there. The sheep were quietly nibbling the tufts of grass, and the boy lay under a tree.

The next day a fierce wolf sprang upon the sheep. The frightened boy cried "Wolf! Wolf!" but nobody came, and the helpless lambs were torn to pieces.

Alternative

MONDAY

Write a list of all the Hallowe'en tricks you know.

TUESDAY

Oral.—Tell how to bob for apples; how to make and use a Jack-o'-lantern; any other Hallowe'en tricks you know.

WEDNESDAY

Write a description of some Hallowe'en party which you have attended.

THURSDAY

Write from memory the words of "America."

FRIDAY

Story for oral reproduction:

PROSPERINA (See page 42)

An Autumn Conundrum

I know a little creature in a green bed,
With the softest wrappings all around her head.
When she grows old, she is hard and cannot feel,
So they take her to the mill, and make her into meal.

—Selected.

An Indoor School Picnic in October

By PRUDENCE S. JACKSON, Iowa

It was nearing the close of the fall term of school in the little prairie schoolhouse on the hill. The teacher said to the children: "We have had some pretty good hard study this term and I should like you to have a good time the last day. What shall we do?"

The children decided that they would like to have a program and picnic dinner in the schoolhouse, inviting their parents and friends, to which the teacher assented, and they began to get ready. The program consisted of the songs that had been sung every day in the school, recitations, and dialogs, and the children being very anxious to succeed, committed all the parts readily, making the teacher's work very easy, being mostly that of critic.

Then came the decorating of the schoolroom. The teacher brought from a grove near her home evergreen boughs, with which the walls were soon decorated. Then bright bird pictures were put among these. Branches of bright red and yellow autumn leaves and pretty grasses helped to decorate. From one of the great cornfields for which Iowa is noted, and which was just across the road from the schoolhouse, the children brought a shock of corn and put it in a front corner of the schoolhouse with some big yellow pumpkins at its feet. Then beautiful ears of corn were hung about the room. An October calendar, copied from TEACHERS MAGAZINE, was on the black-board, also appropriate autumn quotations. The window panes and mirror shone clear, and green sash curtains were at the windows.

It proved to be a cool, rainy day, so a good hot fire was kept up, especially as one of the older girls had brought a kettle of potatoes to be cooked on the schoolhouse stove. The desks which were to serve as dining tables were covered with fresh newspapers. The schoolhouse table was covered with a white linen cloth.

The children were all kept very busy decorating, bringing fresh water and making themselves useful generally.

Soon the guests began to arrive, bringing full baskets, babies, and happy, smiling faces, a few of them walking, in spite of the rain.

The teacher's mother, sister and niece and some other friends were brought from town in an automobile. They brought a coffee boiler of hot coffee and fudge candy.

The teacher had packed a basket of her own, in which, among other things, she had placed plates, cups and spoons, and many of the guests had done the same. When all were seated, the teacher and older girls acted as waiters. It was a bountiful dinner and quite well served.

After it had been cleared away, which many

helping hands made quite easy work, the program began. A green curtain hung across near the front of the room where the program was to be.

The children carried the program thru almost alone, each one knowing when to take his part.

It being near the close of October, one part of the program was a lively Hallowe'en exercise, with lighted pumpkins in a darkened room. This taken from TEACHERS MAGAZINE. The audience were very appreciative. Some of the mothers said: "Why, I could sit and listen to them all day."

At the close of the program, teams began to arrive to take the guests away; and as it was raining heavily, the teacher and her friends from town had to wait until a covered rig was sent out for them.

There was to be four weeks' vacation, as it was cornhusking time, and most of the older boys were expected to help in the fields, altho of late the new cornhusking machines are beginning to take the place of the work done by hand.

During this vacation the teacher made many plans for the four months winter term, arranging for a few new pictures on the wall, new sash curtains, and looking up new devices, of which she found many in TEACHERS MAGAZINE, to enliven the long winter days, and make dry subjects interesting, and yet, after all, she believes that good application to study, and steady everyday work, is what tells in the advancement of each pupil in the long run.

She jotted down in a notebook the subjects she thought especially important. She has a new sandboard on which will be illustrated some of the thoughts suggested by the season.

Cornhusks will be gathered and a nice door mat braided, to help keep a clean floor.

She suggests that it might be helpful and interesting in language work if children in widely different localities could correspond. In this way they might enjoy letter-writing. A child living in an isolated mountain or prairie home would be delighted with a letter from a city child, and vice versa; also pupils of country schools in different localities.

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Geography Questions for Primary Grades

Pictures and Plans

I.

1. What is a picture?
2. Of what use is a picture?
3. Is there a picture in this room?
4. Where? Of what?
5. Is this a picture? (Pointing to a map.)

II.

1. What is a plan?
2. What does a plan show?
3. Of what use is a plan?
4. How is a plan made?
5. Have you ever seen a plan?
6. Draw a plan of a room.

III.

1. Here is a plan of the school building. Point out the room in which you now are.
2. What is the shape of the room?
3. Where is this wall?
4. Where is a door of this room on the plan?
5. Point out the desk at which you are now sitting.

IV.

1. Where is the principal's office?
2. Show the position of John's desk. (Pointing to John.)
3. Show the door by which I (one of the teachers) came into the building.
4. Show the door by which you came in.

V.

1. Show the roof of the school building on the plan.
2. What is the shape of the roof?
3. Why is it not flat?
4. What is the part of the room over your head called? (Ceiling.)
5. Point out the ceiling of the room on the plan.
6. Why can you not do so?

VI.

1. Does a plan show the bottom or the top of a school building?
2. Where should we have to go to see the school as it is on the plan?
3. What separates the school building from the street? (Or road?)
4. How do you enter the school building from the road?

5. Which is larger, the school building or the plan?

VII.

1. How would you draw the plan of a house?
2. How would you show the different rooms?
3. When a house has rooms above other rooms, what are the floors called?
4. Could you show the ceilings in the plan of a house?

VIII.

1. What is the difference in shape between the school playground and this room?
2. If the four walls of the playground are of the same length, what is the shape of the playground?
3. If each side of the school yard is the same length, what is the shape of the yard?
4. Draw a plan of the playground.

IX.

1. If I were a stranger in the town, how could I find my way about?
2. How is the map of a town like the plan of a school?
3. Show which way you would go home from school.
4. Point out the street in which you live.
5. Give the name of the street on which you live.
6. Name this large building on the plan of your town.

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Pieces to Speak

What Was It?

Guess what he had in his pocket.

Marbles and tops and worn-out toys

Such as always belong to boys,
A soap-bubble pipe, and a rusty screw?

Not at all.

What "did" he have in his pocket?

A soap-bubble pipe, and rusty screw,

A piece of watch-key broken in two,

A fish-hook in a tangle of string?

No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Ginger-bread crumbs, a whistle he'd made,

Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,

A nail or two and a piece of gum?

Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
Before he knew, it slyly crept...

Under the treasures carefully kept,

And away they all of them quickly stole—

'Twas a hole.

Glad to Be a Girl

I'm glad to be a little girl,
And have the afternoons for play;

For if I was a busy bee
I s'pose I'd have to work all day.

And if I was an owl I'd be
Afraid to keep awake all night;

And if I was an elephant
How could I learn to be polite?

And if I was a Jersey calf
I might forget my name and age;

And if I was a little dog
I couldn't read a single page.

Dear, dear! When I begin to count,
It makes my head go all awirl,

There are so many reasons why
I'm glad I am a little girl.

—The Infants' Magazine.



How to Reduce Dust in Schoolrooms

It is now a well-established fact that *dust* is accountable for the spreading of more contagious diseases among school children than any other single cause.

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A Lesson in Rhyme

There is a fact that you should know

Although it may seem queer;

There are two families called Hand,

And they are neighbors near;

One says that it is always right—

The other says, "Don't boast!
You'd better let us find the truth

By which can do the most."

The Hands have each, of children five—

I'll try to tell each name—

In home at right, in home at left,

They all are just the same;

They have a funny little boy—
He never grows as tall

As all the other children do,
So him just "Thumb" they call.

The next they name is Mr.
"Fore"—

You notice how I spell—

Or sometimes "Index" seems to suit

This busy boy as well.

And then, because he taller grows

And comes right in between,
A Mr. "Middle" is the next—

You see now what I mean.

The next is christened Mr.
"Third"—

From Thumb count one, two, three—

And then a smaller one is left!
His name is "Little," see!

They all have one more name
I'll give,

That you can use as well;

'Tis f-i-n, then g-e-r—

What do these letters spell?

The Kilkenny Cats

There were once two cats of Kilkenny,

Each thought there was one cat too many;

So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,

Till, excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails,

Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

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Shrinkage of Corn in Storage

To those engaged in the handling of grain the natural shrinkage of shelled corn while in storage and in transit is a matter of prime importance, and often a source of dispute because of shortage reported at time of receipt at warehouse, and a further loss at date of final sale.

In order to determine the amount of shrinkage or loss of weight occurring in shelled corn containing various percentages of moisture while in storage in elevators or during transit in cars, the Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company and the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce, has conducted an experiment with 500 bushels of shelled corn, the test beginning January 5, 1910, and lasting 147 days.

The corn used was taken from regular car receipts and was left in the wooden hopper of a 30,000-pound scale at elevator B of the Baltimore & Ohio system at Locust Point, Baltimore. At the time of storage the moisture content was 18.8 per cent and at close of the test 14.7 per cent, or a loss of 4.1 per cent. The weight per bushel had decreased from 54.7 pounds to 50 pounds, and the total loss of weight was 1,970 pounds, or slightly more than 7 per cent.

The shrinkage was found not to be constant, as at certain periods there was a retardation in the rate of shrinkage or even a temporary increase in weight due to the absorption of moisture from the atmosphere. The average temperature of the corn and the temperature of the air was 20 deg. F. The shrinkage during the first 105 days, while the corn remained in good condition, was approximately four-tenths of one per cent; while from April 21 to May 14, during which time the corn went out of condition, becoming sour and hot, with a maximum temperature on May 2 of 138 deg. F., the shrinkage was 2.6 per cent. The shrinkage from May 14, after the corn had been cooled to 55 deg. F., by three elevations to June 1, the end of the experiment, was 2.6 per cent.

While the corn was in good condition the rate of shrinkage was largely influenced by the weather conditions and by the relative humidity and temperature of the atmosphere, as shown by the data published in a pamphlet (Cir. No. 81, Bureau of Plant Industry) just issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

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We will send you a quantity of these tablets free, so that their power to cure may be proven to you.

Thousands upon thousands of people are using these tablets for the aid and cure of every known stomach disease. Know what you put into your stomach, and use discretion in doing so.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain fruit and vegetable essences, the pure concentrated tincture of Hydrastis, Golden Seal, which tone up and strengthen the mucous lining of the stomach, and increase the flow of gastric and other digestive juices; Lactose (extracted from milk); Nux, to strengthen the nerves controlling the action of the stomach and to cure nervous dyspepsia; pure aseptic Pepsin of the highest digestive power and approved by the United States Pharmacopœia.

One of the ablest professors of the University of Michigan recently stated that this Pepsin was the only aseptic pepsin he had found that was absolutely pure—free from all animal impurities; Bismuth, to absorb gases and prevent fermentation. They are deliciously flavored with concentrated Jamaica Ginger—in itself a well-known stomach tonic.

Liquid medicines lose their strength the longer they are kept, through evaporation, fermentation and chemical changes, hence Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are recognized as the only true and logical manner of preserving the ingredients given above in their fullest strength.

If you really doubt the power of these tablets, take this advertisement to a druggist and ask his opinion of the formula.

It is due your stomach to give it the ingredients necessary to stop its trouble. It costs nothing to try. You know what you are taking, and the fame of these tablets prove their value. All druggists sell them. Price 50 cents. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 265 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

Blow, Wind, Blow

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!

That the miller may grind his corn;

That the baker may take it, and into rolls make it,

And send us some hot in the morn.

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Getting Ready for Thanksgiving

The Turkey's Opinion

"What dost thou think of drumsticks?"

I asked a barnyard bird.
He grinned a turkey grin, and then

He answered me this word:

"They're good to eat, they're good to beat,

But, sure as I am living,
They're best to run away with,
The week before Thanksgiving."

—ANNA M. PRATT.

Recipe for an Appetite

My lad, who sits at breakfast
With forehead in a frown,
Because the chop is underdone,
And the fritter over-brown,—

Just leave your dainty mincing,
And take, to mend your fare,
A slice of golden sunshine,
And a cup of the morning air.

And when you have eaten and drunken,

If you want a little fun,
Throw by your jacket of broad-cloth,
And take an up-hill run.

And what with one and the other,
You will be so strong and gay,

That work will be only a pleasure,
Thru all the rest of the day.

And when it is time for supper
Your bread and milk will be
As sweet as a comb of honey;
Will you try my recipe?

—ALICE CARY.

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What's the news of the day,
 Good neighbor, I pray?
 "They say the balloon
 Is gone up to the moon."

What are little boys made of,
 made of?
 What are little boys made of?
 "Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
 And that's what little boys are made of, made of."

What are little girls made of,
 made of?
 What are little girls made of?
 "Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
 And that's what little girls are made of, made of."

There was a man of Thessaly,
 And he was wondrous wise;
 He jumped into a bramble bush,
 And scratch'd out both his eyes.
 But when he saw his eyes were out,
 With all his might and main
 He jump'd into another bush,
 And scratch'd 'em in again.

There Was a Man

There was a man, and he had naught,
 And robbers came to rob him;
 He crept up to the chimney pot,
 And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
 And then they could not find him;
 He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
 And never looked behind him.

Six Little Mice

Six little mice sat down to spin,
 Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.

"What are you at, my little men?"

"Making coats for gentlemen."
 "Shall I come in and bite off your threads?"

"No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our heads."

"Oh, no, I'll not, I'll help you spin."

"That may be so, but you don't come in."

AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells THAT is something, but if it you about them THAT is asked to recommend a teacher and recommends **RECOMMENDS** you, that is more. Ours **RECOMMENDS** C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE

VOL XXXIV

NOVEMBER 1911

NO 3



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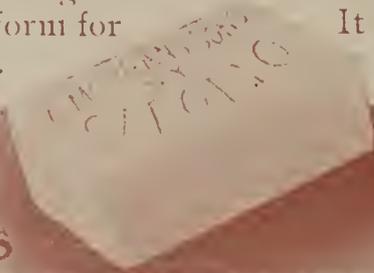
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Kimball's Elementary English

By LILLIAN G. KIMBALL

Formerly Head of English Department, State Normal School,
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY AND AUGUST

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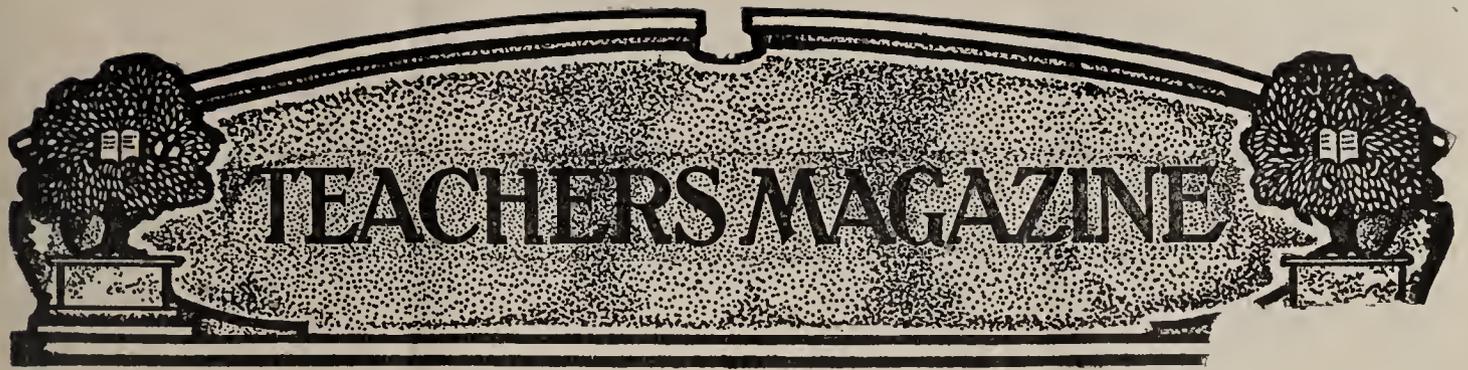
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Vol. XXXIV

November, 1911

No. 3

Cheering Them On

The progress which children make in their early years, before their school days begin, is nothing short of wonderful. Many keep up their rate of development thru the first school year, and some thru the whole primary school. But it does seem as if the school put a check upon the children's growth in ability to learn and do things for themselves. This condition has become so general that it has engaged the serious attention of thoughtful educators for many years. Where shall we look for the reason of it?

The question is a most difficult one. Various answers have been given, some blaming the schools for one thing and some for another. Yet there is one chief reason, which deserves special consideration. Perhaps we might call it discouragement or decline of spontaneity, or want of self-reliance. There is no need of fixing upon any one name. It is far more important that we recognize the chief trouble breeder itself in its many and variegated guises.

In theory walking and talking are very complicated acts. The adjustment of muscles and the nerve and cerebral activity involved in walking may be made to look very formidable on paper. If the art were made a school subject we should soon have an extensive literature devoted to it. We should no doubt have discussions attempting to show the need of a thoro knowledge, at least on the teacher's part, of the structure and hygiene of the muscles; of nerve correlation, and the laws of balance and locomotion. Fearful lest the child, uninformed concerning all these matters, might never learn to walk in the way he should go, teachers would no doubt consider it necessary to give lessons in muscular grammar and other such-like subjects, to facilitate the practice of walking.

Yet the child learns to walk and talk quite well without much pedagogical ado on the part of those who have the care of him. He watches

others and soon recognizes the advantages of moving about at will and making plain by words his wishes and needs. He attempts to stand on his feet, and the whole household rejoices and urges him on to take his first steps. He experiments with monosyllables, and mother and father and granny and aunt vie with one another to interpret his utterings in the words of the realm. He is pleased with the result and tries to get a better grip on the standard models. Every conquest is hailed as an achievement. There is no one to check him by criticism and bad marks for occasional failures. The whole process is one of encouragement for effort, and of praise for achievement. His ambition is fired. He tries to acquit himself as well as he can. He derives pleasure from his progress and gains faith in himself.

How different from this the method of procedure in many schools! Helpfulness there is at work, no doubt. Too much, in fact. And how different in kind! Tasks are set before the child, the necessity or desirability of which he cannot comprehend. He is taken into a dark valley, as it were. He walks bravely on. But at every turn he hears warnings. Either he does not walk fast enough to suit his guide, or he is told that he is deviating from the proper path, or he hears one or the other classmate extolled as the only model worth emulating. Doubt arises in his mind as to his ability ever to get anywhere. Ambition to keep going may be kept alive by incentives of various kinds, but self-reliance gives way to reliance upon the ever-present direction and help of the teacher. With the vanishing of self-reliance comes indifference, or, what is worse, discouragement. And that is the beginning of the end of growth. For growth is from within. Plowing and hoeing and fertilizing and weeding and pruning are only helps to growth.

Strangely enough the hardest working teach-

ers are the ones who sin most in the direction here indicated. They teach so persistently that the child does not get a chance to learn. Learning means making some new knowledge one's own. The child must get hold of the new in his own way. That means he must be encouraged to ask questions. If his interest is aroused he will do it. Next he must have opportunity to put the new knowledge to some practical use, not in a prescribed form, but in a form of his own choosing. The wise mother's way of teaching her baby to speak illustrates the plan.

The children must be gotten to talk and do things. The teacher is merely to guide them.

This is an important point to keep in mind. Where the teacher does the talking and everything else, the children are the losers. The sandtable work, the blackboard drawings, the paper cuttings should all be done by the children. Let them be crude, as long as they represent the best efforts of children. And do not forget to commend sincere effort and encourage originality. The method of the wise mother is the model for the teacher. Where that is intelligently and sympathetically applied, spontaneity will be kept alive and the children will gain faith in themselves. That faith is the core of self-reliance. Do not let it be too sparing with commendation.



Blackboard Calendar Designed by Ruth Mildred Lang

Memory Gems for November

(Saturdays and Sundays omitted)

NOVEMBER 1

It is the little foxes that spoil the vines.

NOVEMBER 2

Kind words can never die.

NOVEMBER 3

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

NOVEMBER 6

Before you speak an angry word, count ten;
Then, if still you angry be, count again.

NOVEMBER 7

I wonder what all the stars are doing,
Up in the sky so blue;
I wonder if there are children in them
Looking at me and you.
There is a man in the moon, I know,
For many people have told me so.

NOVEMBER 8

Be brave and happy in your little place, and
you will be ready for a larger one by and by.

NOVEMBER 9

Truth is honest, truth is sure;
Truth is strong and must endure.

NOVEMBER 10

A crumb will feed a little bird,
A thought prevent an angry word,
A seed bring forth full many a flower,
A drop of rain foretell a shower.
A little cloud the sun will hide,
A dwarf may prove a giant's guide,
A narrow plank a safe bridge form,
A smile some cheerless spirit warm.

NOVEMBER 13

To have willing feet,
A smile that is sweet,
A kind, pleasant word
For all that you meet—
That's what it is to be helpful.

NOVEMBER 14

It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love!

The brave heart wins the battle,
Because, thru thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered—
He fights, and fights to win.

NOVEMBER 16

If boys should get discouraged,
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

NOVEMBER 17

Strive never to say or never to do
What is not honest or strictly true.

NOVEMBER 20

Take away the flowers, and soon
You will find the storm's begun;
Before you know it sure 'twill be
Autumn over land and sea.

NOVEMBER 21

When November comes,
The flowers have gone,
The birds have flown away;
Ah, then we think of the Pilgrims brave
And their Thanksgiving Day.

NOVEMBER 22

Not what we get, but what we give,
Makes up our treasure while we live!

NOVEMBER 23

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

NOVEMBER 24

But every house where Love abides,
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home,
For there the heart can rest.

NOVEMBER 27

If you would live with ease,
Do what you ought, not what you please.

NOVEMBER 28

Take care of the minutes, and the hours will
take care of themselves.

NOVEMBER 29

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

NOVEMBER 30

Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And the pleasant morning light;
For rest, and food, and loving care,
And all that makes our days so fair.

Music in Primary Grades

By LOTTIE LAPPART, Nebraska

In the music work with beginning pupils, two lines of work should be given attention in each lesson, viz., the singing or teaching of simple rote songs, and developing in the pupils' voices the tones of the scale.

SUGGESTIONS

1. Loud, harsh singing injures the voice, and great care should be exercised in all singing exercises that the tones be soft, full, round, and sweet. Work untiringly to get soft, sweet tones by telling the children to sing softly, or easily.

2. Do not allow them to sing too rapidly.

3. Have much individual singing in the first three grades, especially in first grade. Practice with individuals on the tones of the scale, and have individual pupils, one at a time, sing songs. Individual practice inspires the singer to have confidence in himself, and it also inspires in the remaining pupils a desire to do as well, or better, than the pupil performing. It also prevents indolent, listless pupils from sliding along without doing their part, and getting their part of the benefit. Another advantage of individual practice is that pupils nearly always give good attention while a fellow-pupil is performing.

4. Keep the pitch high with little children. Sing from the key of D or E rather than C.

5. The teacher should be cheerful and happy and thoroly interested to get the best results in this line of work, as well as in any other.

6. One thing the teacher should be expert in, in the music work more than in some other lines of school work,—and that is the power to get and hold the attention. Attention lags readily if the teacher is not wide-awake. Remind the pupil of his position occasionally. Say, "Sit straight and tall with hands folded. Let's see if we have grown any." Have them take deep breaths sometimes. Draw attention to the importance of listening. Say to them, "How do you listen? Where should you look? Some watched me so nicely that time."

Sometimes, during singing exercises the teacher may stand at different places in the room. Her change of position will draw attention to her and cause pupils to listen more attentively.

7. Give variety to the work by calling on boys to sing alone, then girls, a row, several rows, an individual, several individuals, the listless ones, one side of room, other side, etc. Have any of the above alternate in singing, or teacher and pupils alternate.

THE SCALE—REPRODUCING ITS TONES

The first lessons for beginners in scale work should be in reproducing tones of the scale.

This is good ear training. Have much of this work, as children learn by imitation. Imitation is the natural way they begin to attain knowledge. Before thinking in words, we must know the words; before thinking in tones, we must know the tones. The teacher may sing the tones, using the real names, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; the singing of syllable names, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do; or any syllable she may choose, as *lu* or *no*, the children reproducing exactly the tones.

Have pupils understand that tones can be distinguished from one another the same as colors. With a ruler, strike objects about the room, and notice that the sounds produced are not alike. Each tone has its own character, and produces its own mental effect. *Do* is a strong tone; *re* and *fa* are rather dreary tones, make one think of a cloudy, wintry day; *mi* is a sweet tone; *sol* is a bright tone; *la*, a sad or weeping tone; *ti*, a piercing, sharp tone.

Start with a single tone as *do*, and have little sentences sung thru to that one tone, as "Hear the little red bird singing, do, do, do," "Hear the little *do* bell ringing do, do, do." Next take a tone which is a strong contrast to the first as high *do*, (8). At first always use sounds of marked differences of pitch. Thus they learn to distinguish the high tones from the low.

Thus separately teach the tones *do*, *mi*, *sol*, *do*, as these are the pillar or supporting tones of the scale, the centers toward which the other tones gravitate. Get this tonic chord well established before teaching tones *re*, *fa*, *la*, *ti*. A good way to practice on this tonic chord is the following: Hold up four fingers, and call the little finger *do*; the ring finger, *mi*; long finger, *sol*; the pointing finger, high *do*. With the other hand point to the finger representing low *do*, then to *mi*, back to *do* again, and so on until the interval between *do* and *mi* is well in mind. Proceed to *sol*, then back to *mi*, then to *sol* again, then to lower *do*. Keep this up until the interval between *sol* and *mi* and *sol* and *do* is well learned. Then go on in the same way to tone 8 (higher *do*). Point to 8, 5, several times, then 8, 3, and 8, 1. Point slowly to these tones in order to give pupils time to think. Have them hold on to each tone until you point to the next. Sometimes point several times in succession to the same tone and warn them to be very careful or they'll get caught, as they don't know which way you are going, up or down.

If, for instance, they sing the tone *sol*, when you pointed at *mi*, tell them they sang the *bright* tone instead of the *sweet* one. Much practice must be given on *mi*, as it seems harder to fasten than *do* or *sol*. In the later work, when the

whole scale has been taught, if the tones of the tonic chord still bother, use the following exercise: Have pupils sing *do, re, mi, do, re, mi*—several times and the interval 3-1 is easier accomplished. Sing *mi, fa, sol* same way to get the interval 3-5, and *sol, la, ti, do* to get the in-

terval 5-8. Let pupils and teacher alternate in singing the tones of the tonic chord.

Another good practice on the tonic chord is to begin at each of the first five or six tones of the scale, and from there on sing the tonic chord to the syllable *coo*.

Primary Song Classics

A Riddle.

Light and gentle. German Folksong.

1. There stands a lit - tle man 'neath the wood - land tree, A
2. He stands up - on one leg, and his cheeks are red He

pur - ple cloak a - round him, he looks at me. Say who may that man - kin be,
wears a lit - tle black cap up - on his head. Say who may that man - kin be,

Stand - ing there so si - lent - ly, With a pur - ple cloak, 'neath the wood - land tree?
Stand - ing there so si - lent - ly, With a lit - tle black cap up - on his head?

A November Gymnastic Story

The story is to be told by the teacher, the motions to be made by the children as the story progresses.

On Thanksgiving morning, at the breakfast table, Father said, "We are going to have dinner to-day at Grandmother's. We shall start in five minutes."

Ted and Mary jumped up at once (pupils jump from their seats to standing position). They hurried to get on their wraps. They put on heavy coats (motion of drawing on coats), leggins (motion of drawing on leggins, first right, then left), they drew warm caps down over their ears (appropriate motion) and put on warm mittens (motion of putting on first right mitten, then left).

Then they went to the door to be ready when Father got there with the automobile (all march forward to front of row of seats, down the aisle to the left, and back till each pupil reaches his own desk).

In a minute the automobile stopped in front of the door. Ted opened the door (boys make motion of opening automobile door), and Mary climbed in first and sat down (girls step onto seats, then sit down). Ted got in, sat down beside her, and pulled the door to (boys climb to seats, sit down, and make motion of drawing door to).

Father pulled the clutch (all make motion of drawing back clutch), turned the wheel (appropriate motion), and the car started.

For the next half hour everything went nicely. Then, as the car was gliding along swiftly, the children heard a loud noise like the report of a gun.

"What was that?" Mary asked.

"Don't you know, silly?" said Ted. "It's a blowout."

Meanwhile Father had stopped the machine and both children got out (motion of opening door and getting out).

"Ted," said Father, "unstrap the new tire, and unwind the oilcloth that is around it." (Boys make motions of unstrapping three straps, then unwinding several yards of narrow strips of oilcloth.)

"Mary, you may get out the tools." (Girls make motions of opening a box, and taking out a bag of tools.)

After another twenty minutes the new tire was on, and all three climbed into the car once more. Again the clutch was thrown back (appropriate motion), the wheel was turned (appropriate motion), and they started off.

They reached Grandmother's without further mishap, just in time for dinner.

Both children stepped out of the car (appropriate motion), and hurried to take off their caps (appropriate motion), heavy coats (appropriate motion), and their leggins (appropriate motions). They sat down to the table at once (motion of sitting down).

Grandfather had just started to carve the turkey when the hired man came rushing into the room, and called, "The pigs have broken out of their pen, and are running all over the yard."

Everybody rushed from the table at once. They all hurried out into the yard (everybody rushes helter-skelter over the room) and helped get the pigs into the pen. (Teacher allows the children to run about until she thinks they are rested sufficiently by the change of position, then she continues the story.)

At last they were all in, and everybody went back to dinner and sat down at whichever seat he reached first. (All sit down on whatever seat happens to be nearest.)

The dinner was finished without further mishap, and then Father, Ted, and Mary all put on their wraps and went home, so as to be there before dark.

A Closing Exercise

When it is almost time to close school for the day, try, once in a while, such an exercise as the following:

Ask a pupil to rise and tell something that he or she has learned in the lessons of the day; then call upon other pupils in the same manner. If your school is divided into several classes, one or two from each class may be chosen. If, instead, you have charge of one grade the different branches studied may be represented.

If pupils know that they are likely to be thus called upon to state before the entire school one or more facts they have learned during any particular day they will make a greater effort to hold fast that which they learn. As a result, their knowledge will tend to become more orderly and definite. It will also, since others may possibly share it, assume a greater interest in their minds. The practice in making oral statements that shall be at once concise, accurate and clear will prove not the least valuable feature.

Philadelphia.

ANNA WILDMAN.



Motor Sled of Grand Duke Cyril of Russia

Simple Dramatizations

Henny Penny

Characters.—Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Loosey, Turkey Lurkey, and the King.

The teacher puts a pea into the hair of the child representing Henny. This part had best be taken by a girl, for the pea will stay better in long hair than in short.

Henny Penny (Feeling the pea on her head).—Cut, cut. The sky is falling. I must tell the king about that.

Henny Penny walks slowly along the room. Meets Cocky Locky.

Henny Penny.—O Cocky Locky! the sky is falling. I am going to tell the king.

Cocky Locky.—I will go with you, Henny Penny.

The two walk, single file, until they meet Chicken Licken.

Chicken Licken.—Where are you going, Henny Penny and Cocky Locky?

Henny Penny and Cocky Locky.—O Chicken Licken! the sky is falling. We are going to tell the king.

Chicken Licken.—I will go with you, Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky.

The three march slowly, single file, until they meet Ducky Daddles.

Ducky Daddles.—Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky and Chicken Licken?

All Three.—O Ducky Daddles! the sky is falling. We are going to tell the king.

Ducky Daddles.—I will go with you, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky and Chicken Licken.

The four march slowly, single file, until they meet Goosey Loosey.

Goosey Loosey.—Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken and Ducky Daddles?

All Four.—O Goosey Loosey! the sky is falling. We are going to tell the king.

Goosey Loosey.—I will go with you, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken and Ducky Daddles.

All five march slowly, single file, until they meet Turkey Lurkey.

Turkey Lurkey.—Where are you going, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, Ducky Daddles and Goosey Loosey?

All Five.—O Turkey Lurkey! the sky is falling. We are going to tell the king.

Turkey Lurkey.—I will go with you, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, Ducky Daddles and Goosey Loosey.

All six march slowly single file until they come to the king's palace.

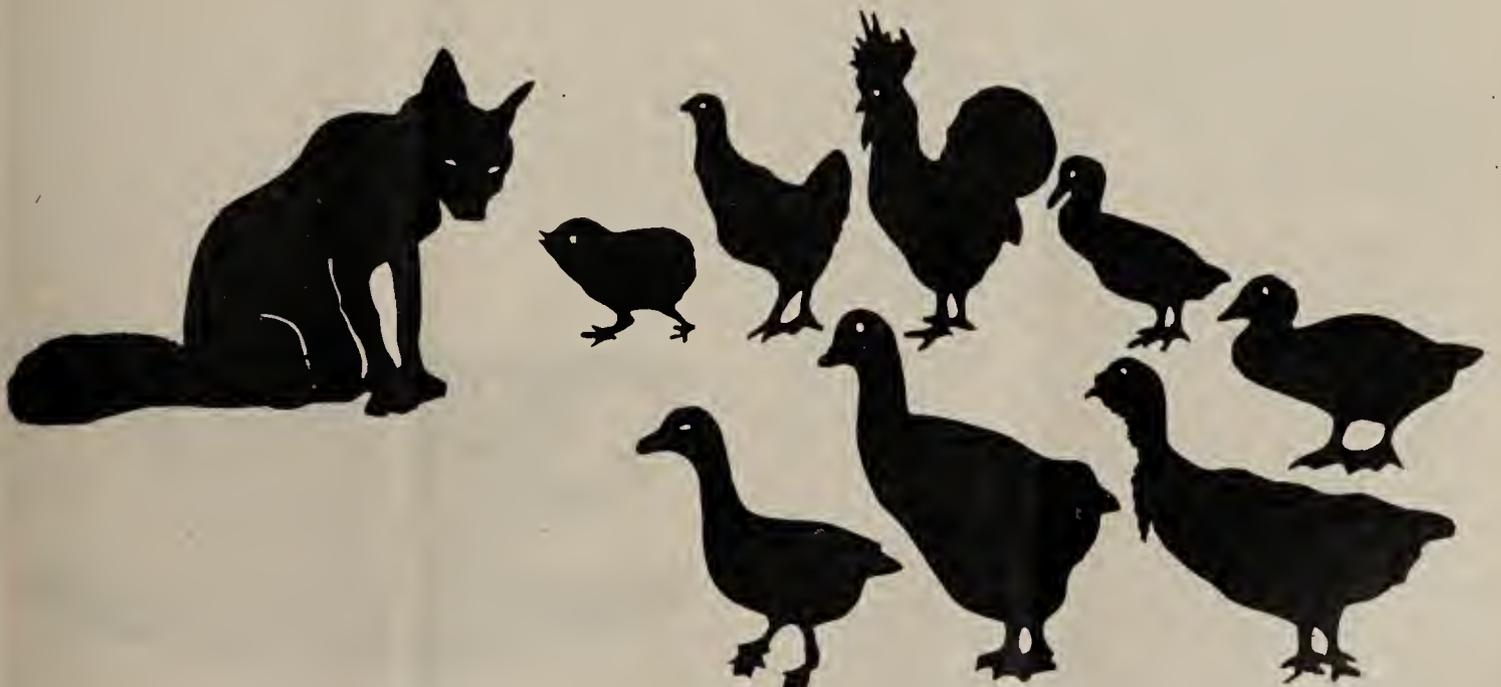
King.—What do you want, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Chicken Licken, Ducky Daddles, Goosey Loosey and Turkey Lurkey?

Henny Penny.—O King! the sky is falling. We came to tell you.

King.—But the sky cannot fall. What made you think it was falling?

Henny Penny.—I was picking peas from the pea stack, and something fell on my topknot, I think it was a piece of the sky.

King.—Let me see. Why, it is nothing but a pea, for here it is. Henny Penny, let your foolish journey teach you to think twice before you speak. Let me hear each of you make your



Chicken Licken Paper Cutting, by Mary Tucker Merrill

own sound, that I may know you will never be so foolish again.

Henny Penny.—Cut-cut-ca-dah-cut!

Cocky Locky.—Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Chicken Licken.—Peep! peep!

Ducky Daddles.—Quack! quack!

Goosey Loosey.—S-s-s-s-s!

Turkey Lurkey.—Gobble! gobble!

King.—Now put on your thinking caps and go home.

Each makes motion of putting on thinking cap, and all march back to place slowly, single file, with heads bent as if ashamed.

The Best Cook

Mother sits at the window, sewing. Gertrude sits at a table with a piece of bread and a bowl of milk before her.

Gertrude.—Mother!

Mother.—Yes, darling.

Gertrude.—Mother, I am not hungry for milk, and I don't like this bread; it is dry and hard. Haven't you some soft bread for me?

Mother.—No, that is all I have. At supper-time you shall have some bread made by the best cook.

Gertrude.—Who is the best cook, Mother?

Mother.—I will tell you at supper-time. Now run out and play a while.

Runs out of the room. Returns after a while.

Gertrude.—Mother, has the best cook sent the bread yet?

Mother.—Wait until supper-time, Gertrude. Don't you want to go to the store for me and buy me a paper of pins?

Runs out of the room. Comes back.

Gertrude.—Certainly, Mother. When I get back, will the bread be here?

Mother.—Wait till supper-time. Here is the money for the pins.

Gertrude.—Here are the pins, Mother. I am hungry. Is the bread here yet?

Mother.—Wait till supper-time. There is Jack at the door. Go out and romp with him a little while.

Leaves the room. After a minute or two she comes back.

Gertrude.—Oh, Mother, I am as hungry as a bear. I could eat a whole house. Has the best cook sent the nice bread?

Mother.—Yes, there it is on the table.

Gertrude (Eats bread and milk).—Hm! how soft and sweet this bread is! It is the best bread I ever tasted. What is the best cook's name, Mother, and where does she live?

Mother.—Do you want to know who the best cook is? It's hunger. You see, darling, this is the same bread that tasted so dry a little while ago. But you are hungry now. That makes all the difference. Hunger is the best cook.

Gertrude.—Yes, Mother, you are always right. Hunger is the best cook.

The Story of the First Washing Day

To be recited by the school or a number of boys and girls.

By BERTHA E. BUSH, Iowa

All:

Listen and we will tell you how
One Monday in November
Our Pilgrim mothers washed their clothes;—
'Tis something to remember.

Girls:

They stepped into a little boat
Tossed like a cockle-shell.

Boys:

The Pilgrim fathers rowed them out
Across the dangerous swell.

Girls:

They piled their clothes up on the beach
And pails and tubs they got.

Boys:

The men chopped branches and built fires
To make the water hot.

Girls:

They washed the clothes and spread them out
Upon the cold white snow.

Boys:

The men-folks helped them, too, no doubt,
For it was hard we know.

All:

And this is how the Pilgrim band
Across the freezing bay
Came daring danger, cold and death,
To have a washing day.



Suggestion for a Paper Cutting.

The Gingerbread Man

By GUSTAV BLUM and E. FERN HAGUE, New York

A Play for the First or Second Year

Characters.

1. The Little Old Man.
2. The Little Old Woman.
3. The Gingerbread Man.
4. The Cow.
5. The Horse.
6. The Robins.
7. The Mowers.
8. The Fox.

Scenes.

1. A Kitchen (Interior).
2. The Edge of a Pond.
3. The Gate of a Lot.
4. Under a Tree.
5. In a Meadow.
6. The Bank of a River.

Author's Note.—These scenes can be very easily represented by quick sketches on large sheets of paper and hung up as a curtain in the background of the stage.

Scene 1—A Kitchen

Discovered—The Little Old Woman kneading bread and the Little Old Man putting wood into the stove.

Little Old Woman.—Now he is ready to bake.

Little Old Man.—I will put him into the oven. He puts the Little Gingerbread Man into the oven and closes the door.

Little Old Woman.—The fire is so hot he will cook in a minute.

Little Old Man.—We will have a fine feast.

Little Old Woman.—A very fine feast, a very fine feast!

Little Old Man.—I am hungry!

Little Old Woman.—So am I,—so hungry.

Little Old Man.—Don't you think he is baked?

Little Old Woman.—I will see.

The Little Old Man opens the door and the Little Old Woman takes out the Gingerbread Man. He runs to the Door Right. They look surprised.

Gingerbread Man.—Run, run as fast as you can, you can't catch me as fast as you run. I'm the Gingerbread Man!

He exits R., followed by the Little Old Woman and the Little Old Man.

Re-enter the Little Old Woman and the Little Old Man out of breath.

Little Old Man (Sadly).—We have lost our dinner!

Little Old Woman.—We have lost our Little Gingerbread Man!

Scene 2—The Edge of a Pond

Discovered—The Cow is eating grass.

Cow (Seeing the Little Gingerbread Man).—Moow! moow! mo-o-w! Stop, Little Gingerbread Man! I want to eat you!

Gingerbread Man (Laughing).—I have run from a Little Old Woman and a Little Old Man, and I can run away from you, I can!

Exit Little Gingerbread Man Left, rapidly followed by cow. Re-enter cow out of breath.

Cow.—I could not catch him!

Scene 3—The Gate of a Lot

Discovered—A horse is eating clover. He looks up.

Horse (Neighing).—Stop, please! Stop, Little Gingerbread Man. You look so good to eat!

Gingerbread Man (Laughing).—Oh, do I? I have run away from a Little Old Woman, a Little Old Man, and a cow, and I can run away from you, I can! I'm the Gingerbread Man!

Exit Right Gingerbread Man, with the horse after him. Re-enter Horse breathless.

Horse.—Dearie me! He looked so good to eat, and I lost him!

Scene 4—Under a Tree

Discovered—Two Robins chirping on a branch.

Robins.—Cheer-up! Cheer-up! Cheerup! Cheer-u—

They stop and look at the Little Gingerbread Man, who enters L.

First Robin.—Don't run so fast, Little Gingerbread Man!

Second Robin.—Stop! You look good to eat!

Gingerbread Man (Laughing).—Ha! ha! ha! I have run away from a Little Old Woman, a Little Old Man, a cow and a horse, and I can run away from you, I can!

Exit R., rapidly followed by the robins, who fly after him.

Scene 5—In a Meadow

Discovered—Two mowers cutting grass. They take off their hats and fan themselves with them. They look at the Gingerbread Man, who enters L.

First Mower.—Wait a bit! Wait a bit, Little Gingerbread Man!

Second Mower.—We want to eat you.

Gingerbread Man (Laughing).—Oh, indeed! I have run away from a Little Old Woman, a Little Old Man, a cow, a horse, and some robins, and I can run away from you, I can. I'm the Gingerbread Man!

Exit rapidly R., followed by the two mowers.

Scene 6—The Bank of a River

Enter the Gingerbread Man. He stops at the bank of the stream.

Gingerbread Man.—Nobody can catch me! I can run away from everybody! Here comes the fox.

Enter Fox slowly L.

Gingerbread Man.—You can't catch me. I have run away from a Little Old Woman, a Little Old Man, a cow, a horse, a—

Fox.—Oh, stop your boasting! I don't want to eat you! I am going across the river.

Gingerbread Man.—Pray, take me across! I want to get away from the people who want to eat me!

Fox.—Jump upon my tail and I will help you across!

The Gingerbread Man jumps upon the fox's tail and the fox begins to swim.

Fox (Stopping).—You are too heavy for my tail. Jump upon my back!

The Gingerbread Man jumps upon the fox's back and the fox swims a little way.

Fox (Stopping).—Oh, dear, you are too heavy for my back, Little Gingerbread Man. Jump upon my head!

The Little Gingerbread Man jumps upon the fox's head and the fox swims on.

Fox (Stopping).—Oh, dear! My head is tired. Jump upon my nose, Little Gingerbread Man!

The Little Gingerbread Man jumps upon the fox's nose.

Fox.—Now I am going to eat you!

Gingerbread Man.—Now I am going to be eaten!

The Little Old Woman, the Little Old Man, the cow, the horse, the robins and the mowers enter and stand on the bank.

All.—Now he is going to be eaten!

Gingerbread Man.—Now I am half gone!

The fox continues eating.

Gingerbread Man.—Now I am three-quarters gone!

All.—NOW HE IS ALL GONE!



Easy Drawings: Thanksgiving Apple Brownies.
By D. R. Augsburg.

The Make-Believe Santa Claus

By LAURA ROUNTREE SMITH

Scene 1

Mrs. Santa Claus sits knitting. A knock is heard.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Come in, come in.

Enter Make-Believe Santa Claus.

Mrs. Santa Claus (Without looking up).—Why, Santa Claus, what made you come home so early? Did your first supply of toys give out?

The Make-Believe Santa bows.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Why don't you speak? Is there anything the matter? (Puts on her glasses.) Dear, dear, dear, it is not Santa Claus at all!

Make-Believe Santa.—Pardon me, madam, I have lost my way; I am on my way to a store in Chicago!

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Dear me, you don't say so, and you really do look a good deal like Santa Claus; you have on a fur cap and a fur coat and fur mittens!

Make-Believe Santa.—I must really be going, madam. Can you tell me the way?

Mrs. Santa Claus.—What will you do when you get to the big store?

Make-Believe Santa.—I will stand in the window and all the children will look at me.

Mrs. Santa Claus.—The children will look at you! Why, no wonder they don't believe in the real Santa Claus!

Make-Believe Santa.—Don't the children ever see the real Santa Claus?

Mrs. Santa Claus.—No, indeed; he creeps down the chimney and fills their stockings when they are asleep.

Enter Santa.

Santa Claus.—

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

I am all snow from top to toe!

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Come, let me brush your coat!

Santa Claus.—

Ha! ha! ha! Who have we here?

'Tis a stranger, that is clear!

Make-Believe Santa.—I am a poor fellow who has lost his way in the snow. They tell me I look like you, Santa Claus.

Santa Claus.—

Ha! ha! ha! 'tis very true,

You wear fur cap and mittens, too!

Mrs. Santa Claus.—This fellow is going to stand in a store-window where children can see him.

Santa Claus.—

Really, now, this will not do,

I fear I can't shake hands with you!

Make-Believe Santa.—Really, I mean no harm. I have often stood in the window before. The children clap their hands when they see me.

Santa Claus.—

Ha! ha! ha! I know, I know,
To the workshop we will go.

Exit both, return in a few minutes. The Make-Believe Santa has something written on a large collar he now wears.

Santa Claus.—See, our friend has a new collar, and it tells the whole story. Can you read it?

Mrs. Santa Claus.—I have mislaid my glasses. Read it to me, please.

Santa Claus (Reads).—

I have no intention to deceive,

I am only a Make-Believe,

Hang up your stockings one and all,

At night old Santa Claus will call,

For the Real Santa comes, you know,

Driving his reindeer o'er the snow,

So, clap your hands and do not grieve,

That I am only a Make-Believe!

Mrs. Santa Claus.—Splendid, splendid! Will you really wear that collar?

Make-Believe Santa.—I am very happy to wear it. Now how am I to get to the Fair in Chicago?

Santa Claus.—

Ha! ha! ha! without delay

I will take you in my sleigh!

Make-Believe Santa Claus.—Good-night, Mrs. Santa Claus. Merry Christmas.

Exit both.

Scene 2

Many children are looking into a store window, where the Make-Believe Santa Claus stands. They sing. Tune "Little Brown Jug."

1.

'Tis merry Christmas-time again,

And we are happy now because,

In many windows everywhere,

We see our jolly Santa Claus.

Chorus.

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

He is a jolly man, you see.

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

He always decks the Christmas tree.

2.

We all will clap our hands with glee,

At merry, merry Christmas time,

When jolly Santa Claus we see

Our hearts are full of song and rhyme.

First Child.—I wonder if he is the Real Santa Claus?

Second Child.—See! he moves his eyes!

Third Child.—See! he moves his arms!

Fourth Child.—He is pointing to his collar.

Fifth Child.—There is something written on the collar!

Sixth Child.—Listen while I read it!

Reads. I have no intention to deceive, etc.

Seventh Child.—The Real Santa Claus is coming Christmas Eve.

Eighth Child.—He is coming to fill our stockings!

Ninth Child.—He is going to bring us a Christmas tree.

Tenth Child.—We must hurry on now or we shall be late to school.

All.—Santa Claus nods. He is a jolly Make-Believe.

Old Lady (Passing by).—Why, bless my heart, he looks like the Real Santa Claus! Why, why, why, he shakes his head, he points to his collar. Little boy, is he the Real Santa Claus?

Little Boy.—No, see what it says on his collar. He is a jolly Make-Believe.

Reads from collar.

Old Lady.—He is a jolly Make-Believe, any way.

Passes on.

Old Gentleman.—No, no, no, I never believed in Santa Claus. I never kept Christmas in all my life.

He meets a boy who jostles him and happens to look up at the window.

Old Gentleman.—Why, why, why, it looks like Santa Claus. I never saw anything like it in my life.

Make-Believe nods and beckons.

Old Gentleman.—He wants me to come inside, does he? Well, I declare. Maybe I shall have an adventure.

Steps in.

Little Boy.—Do you think he is the Real Santa Claus?

Little Girl.—No, I think the Real Santa Claus comes down the chimney.

Little Boy.—He did not come to our house last year.

Little Girl.—Oh, oh, see the toys!

The Old Gentleman comes out with his arms full, and gives toys to the poor children about the window.

Old Gentleman.—Make-Believe Santa Claus is not so bad, after all. I guess I will play Santa Claus myself. I never had so much fun before in my life!

Scene 3

Evening by the window. Sleigh bells heard. Enter Santa Claus.

Santa Claus.—

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

How is your health, I'd like to know?

Make-Believe Santa.—I have had a fine day. The people believe in you more than they ever did!

Santa Claus.—

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

Down many a chimney I must go!

Make-Believe Santa.—

'Tis very pleasant all the time

For you to talk in song and rhyme.

Santa Claus.—

Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

You made a rhyme yourself, you know.

Make-Believe Santa.—

While the moon is shining bright,

I'll fill some stockings with you to-night!

Santa Claus.—

Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!

Come and deck the Christmas tree.

The Make-Believe Santa steps down from the window and soon comes and joins Santa Claus.

They say.—

Late on Christmas Eve, you know,

When the lights are burning low,

Down the chimney Santa'll go,

Filling stockings in a row,

And he sings "Ha! ha! ho! ho!"

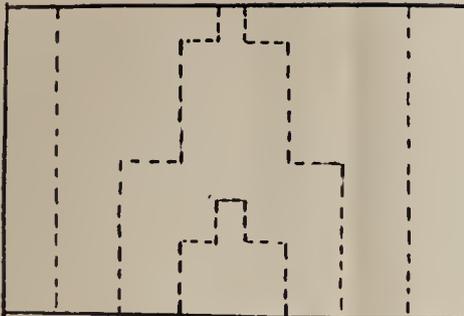
I am jolly Santa Claus, you know!"



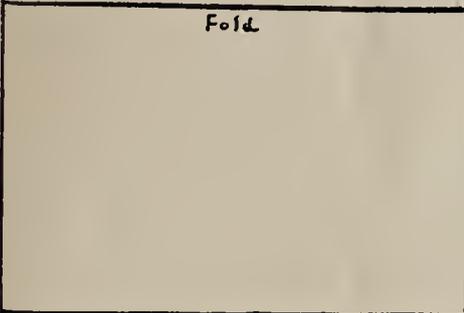
Pine Twig



Pine Cone

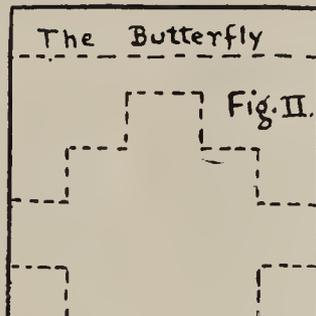


Fold



Fold

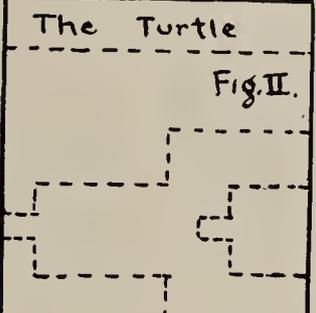
Fold
The Turtle. Fig. I.
Fold like folding screen
to get Fig. II.



The Butterfly

Fig. II.

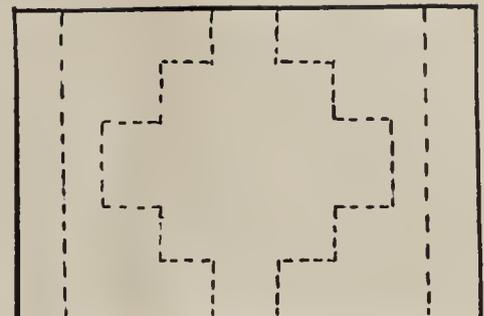
Cut on dotted lines.



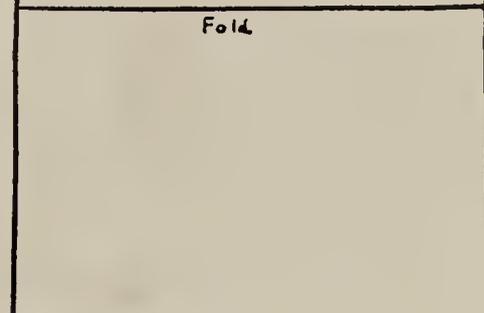
The Turtle

Fig. II.

Cut on dotted lines.



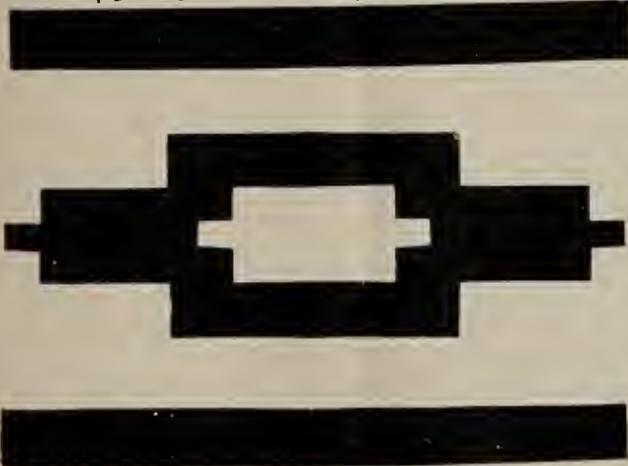
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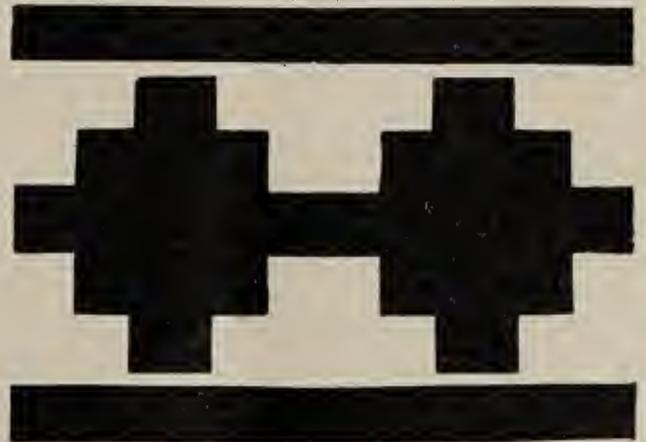
Fold

Fold
The Butterfly. Fig. I.
Fold like folding screen
to get Fig. II.

The Turtle showing only two folds of the pattern.



The Butterfly showing only two folds of the pattern.



November Blackboard Borders. Two Indian Designs by Mildred Merrill, New Jersey

"Such as these the shapes they painted
On the birch bark and the deer skin
And each figure had its meaning
Each its separate song recorded."

—HIAWATHA.

Morals and Manners

By ALLEN J. BARWICK, State Department of Public Instruction for North Carolina.

Some children never feel at ease under many circumstances. The reason is that they do not know how to behave as they are sure they ought to do. Embarrassment from such cause is exceedingly distressing, and unless teachers impress proper ideas of morals and manners these children go out into life seriously handicapped.

Of course, all teaching should carry with it the essentials of morality. Honesty and purity in the life of teachers, behind every act, word and look, speaks far more forcibly than all the lessons on morality. The *Golden Rule* is the foundation of all good manners. Kindness of heart gives impulse for the desire not to discomfort anyone, but proper instruction by example and precept may beget a kindly spirit that always shows regard for the wishes and feelings of others.

Talks on morals and manners may perhaps best come as a part of the opening exercises. They are nearly always interesting to children, and if they do not come here the talks are likely to be neglected.

Suggestive Outlines

AT SCHOOL

Entering and leaving room.
Talking about one's self.
Laughing at others.
Treatment of strangers.
Treatment of others' property.
Use of school property.

AT HOME

Treatment of parents.
Treatment of brothers and sisters
Treatment of servants.
Treatment of company.

AT THE TABLE

Promptness when meals are announced.
Waiting one's turn.
When to begin to eat.
How to eat.
Use of napkin, knife, fork and spoon.
How to ask for food.
Criticism of food.
Conversation—unpleasant subjects.
Leaving table.
Use of toothpick.
Observing well-bred people.

AT ANOTHER'S HOME

How to enter; how to leave.
Removal of wraps.

Introduction—distinct enunciation of names.
Staring, whispering, laughing, etc.
Sitting still.
Attention—in conversation, to reading, to music.
Contradicting.
Making one's self agreeable.

AT CHURCH

Punctuality.
Entering.
Courtesy—to ladies, to strangers.
Whispering, laughing, etc.
Attention to the service.
Notice of those coming in.
Joining in the general forms of worship.

AT ENTERTAINMENTS

Punctuality.
Taking seats.
Gazing about.
Talking.
Interfering with others.
Leaving.

AT THE STORE

Inquiry for articles.
Finding fault with articles and handling of goods.
Courtesy to clerks.

ON THE STREET

Noisy and boisterous conduct.
Accosting people across the street.
Obstructing the sidewalk.
Meeting people—turn to right.
Passing people—turn to left.
Eating on the street.
Throwing things upon the sidewalk.
Looking into windows of houses.
Gentleman walking with lady—upon her left.
Salutations.

TRAVELING

Buying ticket—take turn.
Occupying seats in cars.
Leaving seats temporarily.
Taking seat with another.
Courtesy towards officials and passengers.
Courtesy to ladies.

EVERYWHERE

Care not to spit on floors or sidewalks.
Nor throw paper or trash on floors, streets or other public places.
Chewing gum in company.

ONE'S PERSON

- Hair brushed, nails and hands clean.
- Teeth white and clean.
- Clothes clean and neat.
- How to sit, stand, walk—correct positions.
- Picking or pulling at nose.
- Sucking the teeth to remove food.
- Keep fingers out of mouth. Do not bite nails.
- Tight shoes and clothing.

Bathing, how often, when, the kinds of bath, and why.

These outlines may be supplemented by others as occasion seems to demand; but when an attempt is made to teach this subject let it be systematically done, and not simply to fill some idle moments. Furthermore, strive to have courteous acts spring from the desire to be kind, rather than for the sake of appearance.

*Some of these outlines are suggested by "Lessons on Manners," Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers.

Folk Dances and Games

The Crested Hen

Groups of three: leader with two partners, holding hands, free hand on hip. Skip step, jumping from one foot to the other, feet moving past each other as in walking. When dance begins, partners join free hands, forming circle.

PART I.

First 1 to 8: Dancers move around in skip step, in direction of left arm (grinding coffee-mill).

Second 1 to 8: Same, but in direction of right arm.

PART II.

Partners release hands, but keep hold of leader, free arm on hip.

9 to 12: Right partner dances, skip step, under arch formed by the two others, followed by leader, who passes under his own raised arm.

13 to 16: Left partner dances under arch formed by the two others, leader following as before.

Repeat 9 to 16.

The dance may be repeated from the beginning as long as desired.

How Do You Like Your Neighbor?

Each child chooses a "home" (tree or post, or chair if played indoors). One child, left without a home, goes about asking "How do you like your neighbor?" The neighbor to the right is meant. If the answer is "alright" the questioning continues until a player says, "Not at all." Then the question is asked: "Whom would you like to have for a neighbor?" Whoever is named must change places with the undesirable neighbor. Meanwhile the questioner tries to capture one of the two homes for himself. Whoever is left without a home becomes the questioner.

Counting Out

- Hickory (1), Dickory (2), Dock (3),
- The mouse ran up the clock (4);
- The clock struck one (5);
- The mouse was gone (6);
- O (7), u (8), t (9), spells out!

The Crested Hen

Danish Folk Dance

November Nature Study

Grade I

FIRST WEEK

The Pine:

What is the color of the leaves? The shape of the leaves? How are they different from a maple leaf?

How are the leaves arranged? How many in a cluster? (Let the children find a pine tree, and report.)

Talk about the pine tree, especially as to the way it loses its leaves.

What are some of the uses of the pine?

SECOND WEEK

Pine Cones:

How large are the cones? How do they compare in size with spruce cones?

Where are the seeds? How are they scattered?

The Spruce:

Give each child a twig of spruce. Have the spruce and the pine compared. How do the leaves differ in color and size?

THIRD WEEK

Spruce Cones:

How do they differ from the pine cones?

Dew:

How it comes, and its use to plants.

Rain:

Uses to plants, animals and people.

FOURTH WEEK

The Spruce Tree:

Size, shape, uses.

Spruce makes good paper. Tell the children how paper is made from wood-pulp.

Frost:

How it comes, when it comes, what it does to plant life.

Grade II

FIRST WEEK

The Hickory Nut:

The hulls—how many on each nut? What are they there for? (To protect the nut until it is ripe.) What takes off the hulls, when they are quite ripe? (The frost.)

Which is the blossom end of the nut, and which is the stem end? What was the blossom like?

Crack a nut. What is there inside? How does the hickory nut grow, to start a new tree?

SECOND WEEK

Maple wings, and maple seeds.

Other seeds and fruits scattered by the wind, such as milkweed, dandelion, cottonwood, etc.

Other ways by which seeds are scattered, such as burdock, "beggars' lice," balsam, "lady's eardrops," etc.

THIRD WEEK

Make a collection of different kinds of seeds.

FOURTH WEEK

Recognizing trees. How many know the maple, pine, spruce, hickory, chestnut, oak, etc. How we can tell the different trees when there are no leaves.

Grade III

FIRST WEEK

Dry and Fleshy Fruits:

Have several kinds of dry fruits and several kinds of fleshy fruits. Ask pupils to separate in two groups, giving the reason for so doing in each case.

Ask pupils to bring fleshy fruits to school.

Make a list of the fleshy fruits.

Cut open, showing the seeds. Distinguish, in each case, between fruit and seed. Of what use is the fruit? Of what use is the seed?

SECOND WEEK

Barberries and Cranberries:

Find barberry fruit growing. Color? Size? Taste? Where they grow? When ripe? Use?

THIRD WEEK

Ask pupils to bring dry fruits to school.

Separate fruits having only one seed. Make a list of these.

Separate fruits having more than one seed, but only one cell or room for the seeds. Make a list of these.

Separate fruits with several seeds and cells. Make a list of these.

FOURTH WEEK

Study pines, spruces, and other evergreens, especially with reference to the fruits.

Grade IV

FIRST WEEK

Preparation of trees for winter.

Preparation of trees for spring.

Give twigs to pupils. Have them open buds, finding, in some cases, leaves and flowers already formed.

Show buds of pine and spruce.

SECOND WEEK

Have pupils make lists of the common trees and their uses.

THIRD WEEK

Uses of Woods:

What different woods in use in the school-room? From what trees did they come?

Have pupils make list of the woods they find in use in their own homes.



Thanksgiving Paper Cuttings Designed by Ruth Mildred Lang

November Crop of Mother Goose Rhymes

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do
then?

Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his
wing.

Poor thing!

The man in the moon,
Came tumbling down,
And asked his way to Norwich,
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-por-
ridge.

Wee Willie Winkie runs thru the
town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his
nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying
thru the lock,
"Are the children in their beds,
for now it's eight o'clock?"

Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
They're all gone away.

If all the land were bread and
cheese,
And all the water ink,
What could a poor old man do,
But scratch his head and
think.

If all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread
and cheese,
What would we have for
drink?

Pease-pudding hot,
Pease-pudding cold,
Pease-pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

Robin, the Robin, the big-bellied
Ben,

He ate more meat than four-
score men;

He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
He ate a butcher and a half;
He ate a church, he ate a stee-
ple,

He ate the priest and all the
people!

A cow and a half,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,
And yet he complained that his
stomach wasn't full.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's
man!
(So I will, master), as fast as I
can:

Pat it and prick it, and mark it
with T,

Put in the oven for Tommy and
me.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-
house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And snapt off her nose.

Georgy Porgey, pudding and
pie,
Kissed the girls and made them
cry;

When the girls come out to play,
Georgy Porgey runs away.

Hickup, snicup,
Rise up, right up,
Three drops in the cup
Are good for the hiccup.

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laugh'd
To see the sport,
While the dish ran after the
spoon.

Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pie-
man,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Si-
mon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pie-
man,
"Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing,
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail!

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow wow."

THE CHILD WORLD

Supplementary Reading for Primary Grades

Abraham and Isaac

Abraham and Sarah his wife were now very old but God had never given them any children. Abraham often thought to himself, "Oh, if I only had a son! What will become of my flocks, my herds, my silver and my gold, after I am dead?"

One night God took Abraham out-of-doors under the clear sky and said to him, "*Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them.*" And he said to Abraham, "As many as these stars shall thy descendants be."

And God said again, "*I am the Almighty God; walk before me and be upright.* Sarah thy wife shall have a son, and thou shalt call his name Isaac. I will establish my covenant with Isaac, who shall be born at this time next year."

And sure enough, just a year from that time Abraham and Sarah were really blessed with a baby boy of their own. You can imagine how glad the father and mother were over the little Isaac. The longer he lived the more they loved him.

When Isaac had grown to be quite a big boy, God called to the father one day, saying "Abraham."

"Here I am," was Abraham's reply.

"*Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest,*" God continued, "*and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering; upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.*"

Abraham was very sorrowful when he heard that his dear little Isaac must be put on the altar and burned to death. But he thought at once, "If God wishes me to sacrifice my boy, I must obey; no matter how hard it may be."

The next morning Abraham arose very early. He split some wood for the altar and he saddled a donkey. Then he took two men servants and little Isaac with him. All now started for Mt. Moriah. The way was long. After they had journeyed for three days they reached the foot of the mountain.

“Stay here with the donkey,” said Abraham to the servants. “The lad and I will go yonder to worship, and will come again.”

Then Abraham picked up the wood and put it on Isaac’s shoulders. He took a torch in one hand and a sharp knife in the other, and father and son started off up the mountain side together.

“Father,” said Isaac.

“Here am I, my son,” was Abraham’s reply.

“Here are the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?”

You see the little boy did not know that God had commanded his father to burn him instead of a lamb. But Abraham said, *“My son, God will himself provide a lamb for a burnt offering.”*

So the two kept on in silence, climbing higher and higher up the mountain. Finally they reached the place that God had pointed out. There Abraham built an altar, laid the sticks of wood upon it in order, and made ready to light the fire.

You can imagine how sorrowful the father’s heart was all this time, but he kept steadily at his work until everything was prepared for the sacrifice. Then he took Isaac, bound his hands and feet so that the boy could not move, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. In silence he seized the sharp knife, all ready to kill his own son. But as he raised the weapon into the air to strike it down upon Isaac’s head, he heard a voice behind him. It was the voice of an angel calling out of heaven, “Abraham, Abraham.”

“Here I am,” Abraham replied.

“Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me.”

When Abraham heard these words you may be sure he gladly threw down the dreadful knife. He loosed little Isaac and hugged and kissed him in his joy.

As Abraham turned his head he saw behind him a ram caught by its horns in the bushes. He took the ram at once and sacrificed it as an offering instead of his son.

And God blessed Abraham there. So Abraham and Isaac went back to where the servants were waiting. And they all returned home together.



Rural Netherlanders Returning from Thanksgiving Service
After a Drawing by F. Matania



Making Thanksgiving Pies. (See Opposite Page)

The Step-by-Step Language Method

By LUCY L. BROWN, P. S. 177, New York City

A Thanksgiving Picture

See the picture on the opposite page, also the cut on the cover of this month's *TEACHERS' MAGAZINE*.

Oral and Written Lesson for Second Grade.

I. Oral Lesson

1. Children observe the picture.

Each child studies the picture and about ten or twelve pupils tell what they see in it.

2. Children tell "Doing and Saying" stories.

Each child studies the picture to learn what they are doing and what they are saying in the picture. Then ten or twelve children recite. Recitations must be brisk and brief and follow each other in quick succession. Stories similar to the following will be told:

This lady is making a pie. She says, "Baby, some day you will be big enough to eat pie on Thanksgiving Day."

The baby is looking at the pie. He is too little to talk, but he is thinking to himself, "I wonder what you are doing, Grandma?"

3. Teacher asks questions to bring out more facts about the picture.

What relation is the lady to the baby? How many pies is grandma making? Why do you think so? For which pie did she use the eggs? For what did she use the flour? What is she doing to the pie? What will she do when she has filled it? Who will eat the pies? When will they eat them? At what is the baby looking? Why does he like to watch grandma? What was he doing before he began to watch grandma? Why do you think so? Do you like the baby? Why?

Tell me about grandma's face. (She has a very kind face.) Describe grandma. (Her hair looks very neat. She wears spectacles. She has a striped waist and a spotted apron. Her apron has a pocket in it.)

What room are they in? Why do you think so? What time of day is it? Why do you think so? Is it a rainy day or a sunshiny day? Why do you think so?

4. Teacher asks questions to develop imagination.

Where is the baby's mother? What is she doing? Where is his father? What is he doing? Name all the people who will be at the Thanksgiving dinner. What will grandma do when the pies are done? What will baby do when the pies are finished? What is the baby thinking? What is grandma thinking? Who gave the baby his cup? Who put the baby in the chair? What was he doing before he was put in his chair?

5. Children name the picture.

Each child is asked to think of a good name for the picture. Eight or ten children give names and the class chooses which one is best.

6. Children summarize by a story.

Each child studies to be able to tell a story about the picture. Eight or ten children recite. Stories similar to the following will be given by the children:

THANKSGIVING PIES

It was the day before Thanksgiving. Grandma said, "I will make some pies for Thanksgiving dinner." She made a mince pie and a pumpkin pie. The baby watched her make them. Then he took a nap. Grandma thought, "We have many things for which to thank God. I will thank Him for our dear little boy."

II. Written Lesson

STEP 1. ORAL PREPARATION

To complete this step, have the children continue the story-telling until each pupil knows what he wishes to write and can express it correctly.

STEP 2. SPELLING PREPARATION

The teacher and pupils select list of words as the children recite. These words are written on the blackboard by the teacher and copied and studied by the children. A partial list for this story follows:

| | |
|--------------|---------|
| Thanksgiving | pies |
| grandma | pumpkin |
| lady | mince |
| baby | flour |
| before | kitchen |

These words may be used as a spelling lesson for the following day. Continue drill upon words needed for the written lesson until each child can spell and write correctly all the words that he wishes to use in his story.

STEP 3. THE WRITTEN PREPARATION

Have two or three children write their stories on the blackboard before school. At the opening of the session have these stories read and corrected by the class. This step is to correct all errors in English, punctuation, spelling, and sentence formation.

STEP 4. THE WRITTEN LESSON

Let each child write his story on paper and as the class writes, the teacher passes rapidly from pupil to pupil, correcting one error on each paper. While waiting for the last half of the class to finish the writing, let seven or eight of the most successful ones read theirs to the class. This exercise serves as a reward for good work and also as a standard of excellence for the other members of the class.

Stories to Tell

The Thanksgiving Story

Once upon a time some of the people in England were in great trouble. The king would not allow them to worship God in the way they thought right.

When they said they must pray as they thought right, some of them were whipped and some of them were put in prison.

At last they decided to leave England, and go to some other country. And they did go, in a ship, to a land where everybody dressed so differently, and spoke such a different language, that the English boys and girls could not understand them. Holland was the name of the country. How many of you have seen pictures of Dutch children, who live in Holland? How many of you have seen pictures of Dutch wind-mills?

Now in Holland, the Dutch and English children naturally became very good friends. In a little while the English boys and girls were talking Dutch as easily as if they had been born in Holland, and had never heard of any other country.

"My, my," said good Father Brewster, the leader of the Puritans as they were called. "This will never do. We want our children to talk English, and to love England and her ways," for the Puritans still loved their country and their flag, just as we love our flag with the stars and stripes.

"They say," said Father Brewster, "that far away over the ocean there is a country called America. Let us go to America. There we can build houses like those we had in England, and there our children can be brought up to be English. Yes, we will go to America."

So the Puritans brought two big ships, and started to sail from Holland to America. But one of the ships was too old and too worn out to cross the ocean, so all the people got on the other ship and sailed away.

The ship was named the *Mayflower*.

The ship was very crowded, and it rocked so that the boys and girls became very tired. They wished they could get off and play on land once more.

But two beautiful presents came to interest and amuse them on the long voyage. And what do you think they were? Two little babies. One of them was named Peregrine White. The other was named Oceanus Hopkins, because he was born on the ocean.

One morning the children looked far out across the water, and they could see a dark line. It was the land,—America.

The next day the sails of the ship were taken down, and the anchor was dropped in a little bay. Then some of the men climbed down from the ship into a small boat and rowed to the shore to see what the place was like. In a little

while they came back and called out, "Come, we will take you all ashore."

Such a hurrying and scurrying as there was then! Back and forth the little boat went, until all the boys, and girls, and men, and women were on the shore.

It was a very cold day, the twenty-second of December, 1620. But they did not mind the cold.

In a little time the men had built some houses of logs, and soon there was a church. There the Puritans could worship God as they pleased.

The place where they landed was called Plymouth. The black rock on which they stepped can be seen to-day. It is called Plymouth Rock. The first girl to step on Plymouth Rock was Mary Chilton.

One day a visitor came to see the Puritans. He was an Indian. He had long black hair. He was dressed in deerskin. He had a bow and arrow, to shoot birds and deer with.

The Indian was very glad to see the white people. "Welcome, Englishmen," he said. He stayed overnight with the Puritans, and the next morning he went away.

Soon he came back and brought some friends with him.

When spring came, the Indians showed the Puritans how to catch eels, and where to find fish. They gave the Puritans corn to plant. They showed them how to plant the corn, putting a fish in each hill to make it grow.

All summer long the boys and girls played around the log houses, and were very happy. There were beautiful wild flowers, and bright-colored songbirds in the cool woods where they played. One flower that blossomed in the early spring they named the *Mayflower*, for the ship in which they came. The trailing arbutus has been called the *Mayflower* to this day.

When the summer was ended, and all the corn and wheat were gathered in, the Puritans said, "Let us have a Thanksgiving Day. We will thank God because He made the sun to shine, and the rain to fall, and the corn to grow."

Then the mothers said, "We will have a Thanksgiving party and invite the Indians. We will cook some of everything raised on the farms."

The men shot deer, and wild geese, and wild turkeys for the dinner, and that is why we have roast goose or roast turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner.

At last the Thanksgiving Day came. In the morning everybody went to church. When they got home they found that all the Indians had come.

The Indians brought five large deer. The party lasted for three days. At each meal, before they began to eat, the Puritans and the Indians thanked God.

In the evenings the Indians sang and danced,

and in the daytime they played games with the children.

At last the party was over. When the Indians were going home the Puritans said, "Every year we shall have a time to thank God for all He has done for us. You must come and help us thank Him."

So every year the Puritans had their Thanksgiving Day. When other people came to this country they said they would have Thanksgiving, too. So for nearly three hundred years we have had the glad Thanksgiving Day. In what month does it come? On what day of the month does it come this year?

Reproduction Stories

It is a rainy morning. Mr. Robin is hopping along the ground. He is getting a bath. Robins like plenty of cold water.

Mr. Robin goes South in November. He will leave us soon. He will not come back until pussy-willow time. That will be next March.

November is the Thanksgiving month. I have my Thanksgiving dinner at my grandfather's. Where do you have yours?

We have turkey for Thanksgiving. Sometimes turkey costs too much. Then we have boiled ham. We like the ham very much.

I like nuts. I can think of four kinds of nuts that I like. Can you guess what they are?

I have something red in my hand. It is good to eat. It is red on the outside, but inside it is white. It has about ten little brown seeds in it. Can you guess what I have in my hand?

November is the month for planting bulbs. I have planted six hyacinth bulbs in flower-pots. They will be in blossom at Christmas-time. I shall give them for Christmas presents.

My pussy is black. In November her hair grows long and thick. She needs to have thick hair in winter so she will not be cold.

When I jumped out of bed this morning there was white frost on my window. Who do you think painted my window so well? I guess it was Mr. Jack Frost.

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy. He lived in a wigwam. He loved the animals. He called them Hiawatha's brothers.

I like my desk better than yours. My desk is clean on top. I keep it clean inside.

We have dinner at our house at noon. Father comes home to dinner. We have meat for dinner. For supper we have bread and milk.

It is so cold in November that my fingers ache when I come to school. Mother is making me some warm mittens. When they are done I shall wear them every day. Then my fingers will be warm.

In November we boys all play football. Our team is the best in town. We play a good game. We have new suits. The girls gave a play. They gave us the money they made. We took it for our suits.

I am thinking of a rhyme. It is about Jack Horner. Do you know the rhyme?

I am thinking of a rhyme. It is about Old Mother Hubbard. Do you know the rhyme?

I am thinking of a rhyme. It is about Jack and Jill. Do you know the rhyme?

I am thinking of a rhyme. It is about Little Bo-Peep. Do you know the rhyme?

I am thinking about a rhyme. It is about Little Boy Blue. Do you know the rhyme?

I am thinking of a rhyme. It is about Three Wise Men of Gotham. Do you know the rhyme?

I am thinking of a rhyme. It is about a cow that jumped over the moon. Do you know the rhyme?

A Fowl Border for Thanksgiving

Make stencils of the barnyard fowls, to include the duck, hen, chicken, rooster, and turkey. (The illustration of "Chicken Licken," elsewhere in this number, will be suggestive.) The stencil may best be made by hektographing an oak-tag sheet of each of the above named. Cut out the outlined figures with a sharp knife.

Both may be used, the cut-out figure and the remaining stencil.

Let the children trace over the figures upon white paper and cut out.

Some of this may remain white; others may be filled in with brush and ink.

Let the children continue the work until a sufficient number have been made to form a generous border for the classroom.

The white ones may be pasted to the blackboard and a white chalk line drawn beneath to complete the border.

The black figures may be pasted upon long strips of white paper and fastened to the wall in a pleasing border.

Simple Problems in Arithmetic

(The questions may be used orally or they may be hektographed and given to the children for silent desk work.)

FIRST YEAR

1. There were 5 eggs in a dish on the table. A little boy ate one for his breakfast. How many were left?

2. A little girl paid 2 cents for an apple. How much must she pay for three apples?

3. Away up in the top of a cherry tree were 4 robins. Down on the lowest branch were $\frac{1}{2}$ as many. How many robins on the lower branch?

4. There are 4 cherries in a bunch. How many boys can have 2 each?

5. My cat has 4 paws and my dog has 4 more. How many have they both together?

6. Nine marbles are in Jamie's pocket. If he gives three to a boy who has none, how many will he have left?

7. Clara has picked 2 roses from the bush, and there are just as many left. How many roses were there on the bush at first?

8. Harry is 4 years old. His brother is twice as old. How old is his brother?

SECOND YEAR

1. A boy has in his pocket: 1 jack-knife, 6 marbles, 3 keys, and 2 cents. How many things in the pocket?

2. There are 15 doors in my house; 6 are open; how many are shut?

3. I bought a dozen eggs at the store, but I broke half of them while carrying them home. How many did I have when I reached home?

4. Helen picked 4 bunches of cowslips, with 5 blossoms in each bunch. How many cowslips did she pick?

5. How much will it cost to buy 6 two-cent stamps, 2 three-cent stamps, and 2 one-cent stamps?

6. A boy has a quarter of a dollar, and his sister has 2 dimes. How much more money has he than his sister?

7. There are 19 pages in Clara's writing pad. Seven of them have been written upon. How many can she still use?

8. I found 18 shells on the seashore. My friend found $\frac{1}{3}$ as many. How many were found by my friend?

THIRD YEAR

1. How many minutes between half-past ten in the morning and twelve o'clock at noon?

2. I bought 3 dozen oranges on Monday and 7 dozen on Tuesday. On Wednesday I bought

as many as on Monday and Tuesday together. How many did I buy in all?

3. A woman bought 78 pears, then 44, and afterwards 28. To how many girls could she give 5 each?

4. A woman had 5 dozen apples in each of two baskets, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ dozen in another. How many had she in all?

5. How many dozens are there in 84×17 ?

6. I have five bags of nuts. In each of three of them there are 95, and in the other two there are 77. How many nuts in all?

7. Some one gave a boy 84 apples and his sister 56 apples. How many apples must the boy give his sister that one may have as many as the other?

8. A boy had 30 lead pencils and 25 slate pencils. He gave away 15 lead pencils and 7 slate pencils. His friend had 3 times as many pencils as he had left. How many pencils had his friend?

FOURTH YEAR

1. Divide the difference between five thousand and eighty and 2,893 by the difference between twenty and eleven.

2. I had five hundred marbles. I gave eighteen to each of eight boys, and twenty-four to each of twelve others. How many had I then?

3. A train runs 80 miles in two hours. How far does it run in 30 minutes?

4. What must you add to the fifth part of 250 to make the eighth part of 400?

5. How many hours in 6 days?

6. A man had a dollar. He gave 13 cents to one boy and twice that sum to another. How much money did he have left?

7. How much money can a man save in three weeks, if he earns 21 dollars a week and spends 13?

8. Divide 12 dollars between two boys, so that one shall have twice as much as the other.

Thankfulness

To think the best of people, and not the worst, to say only kind and gracious words, to be brave and true and hopeful and undaunted, to rest on God's will as on a soft pillow, to keep the child heart to gray hairs, and to have the kingdom of heaven within you, are parts of the duty and belong to the birthright of good men and good women. To despair of none, to refuse help to none, to give, to love, to live for others, these are the stepping-stones to real thankfulness.—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

First-Year Lesson Plans for November

First Week

MONDAY

How many days has November? What kind of weather do we have in November? What is the name of the month just past? What is the name of the next month after November? What day do we celebrate in November? How do we celebrate Thanksgiving? Why do we celebrate Thanksgiving?

TUESDAY

Tell the story of the Pilgrims; their dissatisfaction with life in England; their coming over in the *Mayflower*; landing at Plymouth; little Peregrine White; help from the friendly Indians.

WEDNESDAY

The log cabins built by the Pilgrims. Food, corn supplied by the Indians, fish, game.

THURSDAY

Suffering among the Pilgrims. Ship from England. Thanksgiving day appointed. Why we have turkey for Thanksgiving dinner.

FRIDAY

Story of corn. How the Indians showed the Pilgrims the way to plant it. Gave Pilgrims corn for seed. A fish in every hill to make the corn grow.

Second Week

MONDAY

The Thanksgiving poem:

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and thru the wood,
To grandfather's house we'll go.
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Thru the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and thru the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and thru the wood,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and thru the wood,
Now grandfather's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Recite the poem thru, yourself, Monday morning, to the children.

TUESDAY

Recite the poem "Thanksgiving Day" thru, teaching the children to say with you, in concert, the first line of each stanza, "Over the river and thru the wood."

WEDNESDAY

Recite the poem, "Thanksgiving Day," again, teaching the children to repeat with you the first line of each stanza, and the last line of each of the first three stanzas.

THURSDAY

Recite the poem, "Thanksgiving Day," teaching the children to repeat the first line of each stanza, and the last line of each stanza, with you.

FRIDAY

Recite "Thanksgiving Day" once more, as on the preceding day. The children will not tire of it.

Third Week

MONDAY

Play the schoolroom is the *Mayflower*. Have the children all land on Plymouth Rock. They will have on hats, and each passenger will carry something in his hand.

TUESDAY

Let the children play they are Pilgrims. They can go to church on a Sunday. Have the girls wear Pilgrim caps, and the boys large hats. These can be made at the manual training lessons. Have them march to church two by two, with guns—see Boughton's picture; have a tithing-man. Describe the inside of the old New England church, with its square pews and high pulpit. If possible show pictures.



WEDNESDAY

Have the children play live as the Pilgrims did. Play spin, weave, make candle dips, pound corn into meal with a mortar, knit, cook over an open fireplace, etc. Make the life real to the children, with the aid of pictures.

THURSDAY

What it means to be thankful. What are some of the things we have to be thankful for? Let the children suggest. (Homes, parents, brothers and sisters, friends, food, clothing, schools, books, etc.)

FRIDAY

A little prayer of thankfulness:

May we be thankful for the night,
 And for the pleasant morning light,
 For rest, and food, and loving care,
 And all that makes the world so fair.
 May we do the things we should;
 May we be always kind and good,
 In all we do, in work or play,
 To grow more loving every day.

—Adapted.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

The Thanksgiving Table—The turkey: How large is the turkey? What does he come from? (An egg.) Where does he live? (On the farm.) What color is a turkey? What kind of a noise does the turkey gobbler make? When we buy a turkey in the market what has he lost? (His feathers.) What does mother put inside the turkey? (Dressing.) How is the turkey cooked? What color is the turkey when it is cooked? What part of the turkey does each of you like best?

TUESDAY

The Thanksgiving Dinner—Vegetables: What

vegetables do we have for Thanksgiving dinner? How do onions grow? What part of the onion plant do we eat? How do cucumbers grow, from which we make pickle? Have you ever seen a cucumber vine? How do potatoes grow? What part of the plant do we eat? How do turnips grow? How do beets grow? What other vegetable can you think of that we might have on the Thanksgiving dinner table? How are onions cooked? How are potatoes cooked? How are turnips cooked? How are beets cooked?

WEDNESDAY

The Thanksgiving Dinner—Fruit: What fruits might we have on the Thanksgiving dinner table? How do apples grow? How can apples be cooked? How do oranges grow? How do bananas grow? How do grapes grow? How do pears grow?

THURSDAY

The Thanksgiving Dinner—Desserts: What is plum pudding made of? (Ask your mothers.) What kinds of pie do you know about? How are pies cooked? How is plum pudding cooked? What is mince pie made of? What is put into apple pie to make it sweet? What kind of spice is sprinkled on the top of the apple, to make apple pie taste good? (Nutmeg.) How is pumpkin pie made?

FRIDAY

The Thanksgiving Dinner—Nuts: What kinds of nuts do you know about? How many of you have gathered nuts? What kinds? Where do hickory nuts grow? Where do chestnuts grow? Where do hazel nuts grow? Where do English walnuts grow? Where do pecans grow? Where do Brazil nuts grow? How do you get the meat out of a nut?

First-Year Plans for Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Addition:

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| $8 + 1 = ?$ | $8 + 2 = ?$ |
| $1 + 8 = ?$ | $2 + 2 = ?$ |
| $2 + 8 = ?$ | $2 + 9 = ?$ |
| | $9 + 2 = ?$ |

Subtraction:

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| $8 - 1 = ?$ | $8 - 4 = ?$ |
| $8 - 2 = ?$ | $8 - 5 = ?$ |
| $8 - 3 = ?$ | $8 - 6 = ?$ |

TUESDAY

How many apples would it take to give one to each boy and girl in the class?

How many apples would it take to give one to everybody in the class and one to the teacher?

How many apples would it take to give two apples to everybody in the first row?

Give a small handful of oats (purchased at the grocer's) or beans, to every child, to be

counted. Exchange handfuls, to see if the counting has been correctly done.

WEDNESDAY

Give the children kindergarten beads, or corn, or beans, and have them place four piles of three each, in a row on their desks. How many in all four piles? How many in two piles? How many in three piles? If we add one more bean to all there are in the four piles, how many then? etc.

THURSDAY

Playing store. Use buttons, corn, beans, pebbles, etc., and sell by groups of two and three, with toy money.

FRIDAY

Have a pitcher and a glass. How many glasses of water will the pitcher hold? How many pints? How many glasses are needed to make a pint? To make a quart?

Second Week

MONDAY

Subtraction:

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 16 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 26 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 36 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 46 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 56 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 66 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 76 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 86 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 96 \\ -2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Count by twos from two to twenty.

TUESDAY

Count by threes backward from eighteen to three.

Addition:

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 5 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 4 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 3 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 1 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ +1 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ +3 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ +4 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ +5 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 2 \\ +6 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

WEDNESDAY

Count all the books in the room. Count all the hands in the room. Count all the feet in the room. Count all the fingers of the children in the row at your left.

- How many pencils in the room?
- How many boards in the floor?
- How many panels in the doors?

THURSDAY

Playing store.

FRIDAY

Measuring with the foot-rule. How many feet around the room? How many feet wide is the door? The windows, etc.

Third Week

MONDAY

Count out three dozen beans and place them in piles of a dozen each.

Write all the numbers between thirty-one and seventy.

Read, 71, 49, 63, 28, 17, 50, 45, 66, 77, 100, 0, 19, 29, 80.

Count by tens to three hundred.

TUESDAY

Addition:

$$\begin{array}{r} 7 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 17 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 27 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 37 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 47 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 57 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 67 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 77 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 87 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{r} 97 \\ +2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

WEDNESDAY

General Problems:

$$\begin{array}{l} 1 + 2 - 1 + 3 = ? \quad 3 - 1 + 2 - 1 = ? \\ 6 - 1 - 1 - 1 = ? \quad 2 + 1 + 2 + 1 = ? \\ 2 + 3 - 1 = ? \\ 3 - 2 - 1 = ? \end{array}$$

THURSDAY

Playing store—a toy store.

FRIDAY

Using straws or splints, have the children place on their desk three bundles of ten each, and four single splints to represent 34. In like manner represent 18, 26, 11, 42.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Review drill:

$$\begin{array}{ll} 5 + 2 = ? & 8 + 2 = ? \\ 7 - 2 = ? & 10 - 2 = ? \\ 7 + 2 = ? & 9 + 2 = ? \\ 9 - 2 = ? & 11 - 2 = ? \\ 6 + 2 = ? & 12 + 2 = ? \\ 8 - 2 = ? & 14 - 2 = ? \end{array}$$

TUESDAY

1. I bought one pencil for 2 cents. How much would 2 pencils cost?
2. One-half my money is 2 cents. How much money have I?
3. Two birds and 2 birds and 2 birds are how many birds?
4. I bought a pear for 1 cent. How much would 2 pears cost?
5. Three birds on a fence. One flew away. How many were left?
6. I had 4 apples. I ate 2. How many had I left?
7. How many books on your desk? Give 1



gill
pint
quart
gallon

? gills are 1 pint

? pints are 1 quart

? quarts are 1 gallon

to the person behind you. How many books have you now?

8. I had 10 cents. I gave half of it to my sister. How much money have I left?

WEDNESDAY

Play candy store, using toy money.

THURSDAY

Play milk store, using quart, pint, and half-pint measures.

FRIDAY

Measure, with the foot-rule, the length and width of books.

Second-Year Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Count by twos, beginning with one, and continuing thru 99.

Times table:

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| $2 \times 1 = ?$ | $2 \times 4 = ?$ |
| $1 \times 2 = ?$ | $4 \times 2 = ?$ |
| $2 \times 2 = ?$ | $2 \times 6 = ?$ |
| $2 \times 3 = ?$ | $6 \times 2 = ?$ |
| $3 \times 2 = ?$ | |

TUESDAY

Count by threes to 36.

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| $2 \div 1 = ?$ | $6 \div 2 = ?$ |
| | $8 \div 2 = ?$ |
| $2 \div 2 = ?$ | $10 \div 2 = ?$ |
| $4 \div 2 = ?$ | $12 \div 2 = ?$ |

WEDNESDAY

Measurements: Inch, foot, yard. How many inches across the platform? How many feet? How many yards? How many of the pupils are more than a yard tall? How much more than a yard is each pupil?

THURSDAY

1. If half a dozen eggs cost 15 cents, what will a whole dozen cost?

2. If 1 book costs 12 cents, what will 2 books cost?

3. What will 2 books cost at 25 cents each?

4. Mother bought 2 pounds of grapes at 12 cents a pound. How much did the grapes cost?

5. If 1 piece of candy cost 3 cents, how much will 2 pieces cost?

6. I want 9 books that cost 2 cents each. What shall I have to pay for them?

FRIDAY

Multiplication:

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| $\begin{array}{r} 243 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 313 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 421 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 314 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$ |
| $\begin{array}{r} 423 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 444 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 333 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 222 \\ 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$ |

Second Week

MONDAY

Write, in Roman numerals, six, three, nine, twelve, four, two, ten, eleven.

Turn the hands on a clock face to five minutes past eleven; six o'clock; twelve o'clock; quarter before nine; twenty minutes past ten; half-past four; two o'clock; ten minutes before two, etc.

TUESDAY

Measure off, with the aid of a foot-rule, $\frac{1}{2}$ a

foot; $\frac{1}{4}$ of a foot; $\frac{3}{4}$. One-half of a foot is how many inches? $\frac{1}{4}$ of a foot is how many inches? $\frac{3}{4}$ of a foot? $\frac{1}{4}$ of a foot? $\frac{2}{2}$ of a foot?

WEDNESDAY

| | | |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| $3 \times 1 = ?$ | $3 \times 5 = ?$ | $7 \times 3 = ?$ |
| $1 \times 3 = ?$ | $5 \times 3 = ?$ | $3 \times 8 = ?$ |
| $3 \times 2 = ?$ | $3 \times 6 = ?$ | $8 \times 3 = ?$ |
| $2 \times 3 = ?$ | $6 \times 3 = ?$ | $3 \times 9 = ?$ |
| $3 \times 4 = ?$ | $3 \times 7 = ?$ | $9 \times 3 = ?$ |
| $4 \times 3 = ?$ | | $3 \times 10 = ?$ |
| | | $10 \times 3 = ?$ |

THURSDAY

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| $3 \div 1 = ?$ | $18 \div 3 = ?$ |
| $3 \div 3 = ?$ | $21 \div 3 = ?$ |
| $6 \div 3 = ?$ | $27 \div 3 = ?$ |
| $9 \div 3 = ?$ | $30 \div 3 = ?$ |
| $12 \div 3 = ?$ | |
| $15 \div 3 = ?$ | |

FRIDAY

Count by threes to forty-eight. Count by tens to nine hundred. Buy and sell, making change, with toy money, up to \$2.00.

Third Week

MONDAY

Write all the numbers ending in five, from 5 to 200.

Add 5 to each of the following numbers: 72, 33, 55, 86, 29, 54, 16, 37, 84, 71, 50, 49, 83, 57, 36.

TUESDAY

Addition:

| | | | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| $\begin{array}{r} 124 \\ 653 \\ 342 \\ 412 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 241 \\ 532 \\ 317 \\ 642 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 112 \\ 211 \\ 131 \\ 311 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 362 \\ 124 \\ 164 \\ 112 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 242 \\ 125 \\ 621 \\ 242 \\ \hline \end{array}$ |
| $\begin{array}{r} 153 \\ 326 \\ 164 \\ 215 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 211 \\ 714 \\ 164 \\ 425 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 211 \\ 264 \\ 152 \\ 715 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | | |

WEDNESDAY

Problems:

1. If a box of berries cost 15 cents what will 3 boxes cost?

2. I bought 3 twenty-five-cent neckties. What did they cost?

3. Find the cost of 3 cans of salmon, at 13 cents a can.

4. At 20 cents each, what will two pencil boxes cost?

5. At 15 cents each, what will 2 collars cost?

6. I had 3 plums, and Mary had 3 times as many. How many had Mary?

THURSDAY

Multiplication:

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 122 | 111 | 321 | 123 | 222 |
| 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 |
| 333 | | | | 3 |
| 3 | | | | |

FRIDAY

Measurements: Measure, with a string, the length of the school ground. How many yards long is the string? How many times the length of the string is the school ground? How many yards long is the school ground?

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Count by fives to two hundred.

Write all the numbers ending in five, from 55 to 155.

Read the numbers you have written. Add one to each number, and read the results.

TUESDAY

Mixed examples:

$$2 + 3 + 2 + 3 = ? \quad 6 \div 3 = ? \quad 15 - 3 = ?$$

$$1 + 2 - 1 + 3 = ? \quad 4 \div 2 = ? \quad 3 \times 3 = ?$$

$$4 - 2 + 2 + 5 = ? \quad 10 - 8 = ? \quad 2 \times 8 = ?$$

$$6 - 1 + 2 - 3 = ?$$

WEDNESDAY

Set the movable hands of the clock face at twelve o'clock; at half-past eleven; three o'clock; five minutes past six.

Where will the hands be at eight o'clock? At twenty minutes before seven?

Make a clock face, putting in the Roman numerals, and hands pointing to a quarter past nine.

THURSDAY

Problems:

1. John has 12 grapes. Mary has twice as many. How many has Mary?

2. There are 18 books on one shelf and twice as many on another. How many books on the second shelf?

3. If eggs are 25 cents a dozen, what must I pay for 2 dozen?

4. How many feet have the children in the room?

5. I have three bags of marbles. Each bag holds ten marbles. How many have I in all?

6. Two girls took a five-cent trolley ride to the park, and then went home again. How much did it cost for the trip?

FRIDAY

Review of the month's work.



Paper Cutting: A Walrus That Will Sit Up

Second Year Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

APPLE-SEED JOHN

Poor Johnny was bent well-nigh double
With years of toil and care and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

"But what can I do?" old Johnny said;
"I who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would."

The old man sat thinking deeply awhile,
When over his features gleamed a smile,
And he clapped his hands with boyish glee,
And said to himself, "There's a way for me!"

He worked, and he worked with might and main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain;
He took ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the cores.

He filled a bag full, then wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.
With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along, and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag untied.

With pointed cane deep holes he would bore,
And in every hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well, and left them there
In keeping of sunshine, rain and air.

Sometimes for days he waded thru grass,
And saw not a living creature pass,
But often, when sinking to sleep in the dark,
He heard the owl's hoot, and the prairie dogs bark.

Sometimes an Indian of sturdy limb
Came striding along and walked with him;
And he who had food shared with the other,
As if he had met a hungry brother.

When the Indian saw how the bag was filled,
And looked at the holes that the white man drilled,
He thought to himself 'twas a silly plan
To be planting seed for some future man.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stores of bread and meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sang right well;
He tossed up the babes, and joined the boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty, in work or play,
Men, women and boys all urged him to stay
But he always said, "I have something to do,
And I must go on to carry it thru."

The boys, who were sure to follow him round,
Soon found what it was he put in the ground;
And so as time passed and he traveled on,
Ev'ry one called him "Old Apple-seed John."

Whenever he'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again,
And planted seed on hillside and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy;
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of gibes and jeers,
He knew he was working for future years.

He knew that trees would soon abound
Where once a tree could not have been found;
That a flick'ring play of light and shade
Would dance and glimmer along the glade;

That blossoming sprays would form fair bowers,
And sprinkle the grass with rosy showers;
And the little seeds his hands had spread
Would become ripe apples when he was dead.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him and he died.
He said at the last, "'Tis a comfort to feel
I've done good in the world, tho not a great deal."

Weary travelers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest;
And they often start, with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on,
"These trees were planted by Apple-seed John."

—LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in *St. Nicholas*.

Read the poem to the children, then ask some such questions as the following: What did Apple-seed John look like? Was he old or young? What did he wish he might do for people? What did he decide that he could do for people? How did he get his apple cores? How did he carry his apple cores? How did he plant the cores? What did he do when his bag was empty? Why was he called "Old Apple-seed John"? Who gave him the name, "Old Apple-seed John"? What happened to the cores that he planted? What kind of trees grew from the apple seeds? Who could eat the apples? Do you think planting apple trees for anybody who would like the apples was a nice thing for the old man to do?

TUESDAY

Fable for reproduction—"The Fox and the Grapes":

One day a hungry fox went out to find something to eat. He saw some grapes near the top of a tall grapevine.

The fox tried to jump up and get the grapes, but he could not reach them. He tried again and again, but it was no use.

As he walked away he said, "I do not care for the grapes. They are sour."

WEDNESDAY

"The Fox and the Grapes" dramatized.

Hang a bunch of grapes over the door, or allow the children to pretend that the grapes are there. Have the child who is to play be the fox walk along and look up eagerly at the bunch of grapes.

"What beautiful grapes!" he says. "I wish I had some."

Then he jumps and tries to reach them. He tries a second time, then a third. The last time he falls to the floor. He gets up, rubs his head, and says, "I do not care for the grapes. They are sour."

Write answers to the following questions, in complete sentences:

Why did the fox go out?

What did the fox spy, hanging on a vine?

How did the fox try to get the grapes?

What did the fox say, when he found he could not reach the grapes?

THURSDAY

Add one of the describing words given below to each of the name words: *fox, vine, grapes, apple, apple-tree.*

Describing words: *Sweet, green, purple, large, red.*

FRIDAY

Write five sentences about "Old Apple-seed John."

Second Week

MONDAY

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,

Eating of curds and whey;

There came a big spider, and sat down beside her,

And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Have the children copy Little Miss Muffet, from the copy placed on the blackboard.

TUESDAY

Little Miss Muffet, dramatized.

Have a little girl sit on a dry-goods box, with a bowl and a spoon. She pretends to eat from the bowl. Have a boy place quietly beside one of these very realistic Japanese imitation spiders. Suddenly she sees it, then jumps up and runs away. Meanwhile the class recites the Mother Goose rhyme.

WEDNESDAY

Write words to fill the spaces in the following:

Little Miss Muffet — on a tuffet.

Little Miss Muffet — curds and whey.

A big spider — beside her.

The spider — Miss Muffet away.

THURSDAY

Dictation:

Do all the good you can,

To all you can,

In all the ways you can.

FRIDAY

Talk about the way to set a table. What is put on first? Where are the knives placed? Where are the forks placed? Where are the spoons placed? Where are the glasses placed? Who is to serve the meat? Where, then, is it placed? Who serves the vegetables? Where are they placed? Who serves the tea or coffee?

Third Week

MONDAY

Blow, wind, blow!

And go, mill, go!

That the miller may grind his corn;

That the baker may take it,

And into rolls make it,

And send us some hot in the morn.

Have the children copy the poem given above.

TUESDAY

Write a word that describes *wind, corn, baker, rolls.*

WEDNESDAY

Oral conversation on the rhymes of Monday's lesson. Why should the wind blow to make the mill go? (Show picture of Dutch windmill.) What do we do with windmills in this country? How does the miller grind the corn? How does the baker make it into rolls?

THURSDAY

Let the children make their own dramatization of the rhyme given for Monday's lesson.

FRIDAY

Write answers to the following:

What does the wind do to the mill?

What does the miller do to the corn?

What does the corn do to the rolls?

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Oral.—A Chicken: Where does the chicken come from? What color? (Yellow.) What kind of feathers? (Down.) How do the feathers change as the chicken grows? How many feet? What kind of a bill? How does a chicken drink?

TUESDAY

Oral.—The Duck: How does a duck differ from a hen? What are young ducks called? What color? How does the bill differ from that of a chicken? How do the feet differ?

WEDNESDAY

Oral.—The Turkey: How does the turkey differ from the hen in size? From the duck? What is the father turkey called? What does he say? What does the mother turkey say? What does the gobbler do when he is angry? Which is the nicest to eat, chicken, duck, goose, or turkey?

THURSDAY

Tell the children the story of "Chicken Little," unless they are familiar with it; if they are, have them tell the story to you.

FRIDAY

Have the dramatization of "Chicken Little." (See elsewhere in this number.)

Third Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

PLANT SONG

O, where do you come from, berries red,
Nuts, apples, and plums, that hang ripe overhead,
Sweet, juicy grapes, with your rich purple hue,
Saying, "Pick us and eat us; we're growing for you!"

O, where do you come from, bright flowers and fair,
That please with your colors and fragrance so rare,
Growing with sunshine or sparkling with dew?
"We are blooming for dear little flowers like you."

Our roots are our mouths, taking food from the ground,
Our leaves are our lungs, breathing air all around;
Our sap, like your blood, our veins courses thru—
Don't you think, little children, we're somewhat like
you?

Your hearts are the soil, your thoughts are the seeds;
Your lives may become useful plants or foul weeds;
If you think but good thoughts your lives will be true,
For good men and women were once children like you.
—NELLIE M. BROWN.

Write the poem on the blackboard, and make it the topic for an oral lesson, discussing (1) how fruit grows on tree and vine; (2) growth of the plants; (3) their likeness to us; (4) the ethical lesson.

TUESDAY

Have the children write a list of the nouns in the "Plant Song."

WEDNESDAY

For dictation:

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

THURSDAY

Write a paragraph about how to sit properly, and what happens if a person sits badly.

FRIDAY

Forms of the verb *do*.—Have the children fill the blank spaces: Yesterday was a sunny day. I — some work in my garden. My brother — some, too. The work was well —. My brother always — what I ask him to —. We know that what is worth — at all is worth — well.

Second Week

MONDAY

Story for oral reproduction:

THE GRUMBLING SNOWFLAKE

The snowflakes were told to go down to the earth to keep it warm. All were glad to go except one. This little snowflake grumbled while the others were getting ready.

"What is the use of going down to that great place?"

he said. "I should be glad to keep the plants from freezing, but I never can. I am too small. I could not even cover one speck of that great earth. However, if all the rest of the snowflakes are going, I suppose I shall have to go, too."

The snowflakes had great fun as they fell. They danced and played, and they laughed when they thought they were going to be useful in the great world.

But the grumbling snowflake said, "If I were bigger, I might be of some use!"

One little snowflake reached the earth, and then another. Last of all, the grumbling snowflake came down, too, but he did not see the brown earth. It was all covered with a white snow-blanket.

Every little flake had covered a tiny bit of the brown earth, until the ground was all covered up for the winter.

"I was wrong," said the grumbling snowflake. "I will not grumble again."
—Adapted.

TUESDAY

Write the following nursery rhyme in large letters on oak tag. Cut into separate words; and place these in envelopes, one set for each pupil. The pupils are to place the words on their desks, so as to form the complete verse:

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

WEDNESDAY

For dictation:

Frank has a pair of new rubbers. He wears them to school on rainy days. He takes them off and puts them in the cloakroom. He never wears them in the house. It is bad for the feet to wear rubbers in the house.

THURSDAY

Answer each of the following questions in a complete sentence:

Why do you like grapes?
In what month is Thanksgiving Day?
How many days has November?
Where do the birds go before winter comes?
In what month does Christmas come?

FRIDAY

Plurals:

Write the following both in the singular and in the plural: *boy, girl, scissors, bird, man, child, foot, sheep, cow, horse.*

Third Week

MONDAY

WHAT THE SNOWBIRDS SAID

"Cheep, cheep," said some little snow-birds,
As the snow came whirling down;

"We haven't a nest,
Or a place to rest,
Save this oak-tree bending down."

"Cheep, cheep," said the little Wee-Wing,
The smallest bird of all;

"I have never a care,
In the winter air—
God cares for great and small."

"Peep, peep," said her father, Gray-Breast,
"You're a thoughtless bird, my dear,

We all must eat,
And warm our feet,
When snow and ice are here."

"Cheep, cheep," said the little Wee-Wing,
You are wise and good, I know;

But think of the fun
For each little one,
When we have ice and snow.

"Now I can see, from my perch on the tree,
The merriest, merriest sight—

Boys skating along
On the ice so strong—
"Cheep, cheep, how merry and bright!"

"And I see," said the Brownie Snow-bird,
A sight that is prettier, far—

Five dear little girls,
With clustering curls,
And eyes as bright as a star."

"And I," said his brother, Bright-Eyes,
"See a man of ice and snow;

He wears a queer hat,
His large nose is flat—
The little boys made him, I know."

"I see some sleds," said Mother Brown,
"All filled with girls and boys;

They laugh and sing,
Their voices ring,
And I like the cheerful noise."

Then the snow-birds all said, "Cheep and chee,
Hurrah for ice and snow;

For the girls and boys,
Who drop us crumbs,
As away to their sport they go!"

"Hurrah for the winter, clear and cold,
When the dainty snowflakes fall!

We will sit and sing,
On our oaken swing,
For God takes care of us all!"

—Selected.

Have the children copy the poem in their composition books.

TUESDAY

Have the children see who can write the longest list of nouns to be found in the poem "What the Snowbirds Said."

WEDNESDAY

Have the children see who can write the long-

est list of verbs to be found in the poem "What the Snowbirds Said."

THURSDAY

Have the children see who can write the longest list of adjectives to be found in the poem "What the Snowbirds Said."

FRIDAY

Have the children make a dramatization of the poem "What the Snowbirds Said," not attempting, however, to use the exact words of the poem.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Rewrite this story in five sentences:

WHY THE CHIPMUNK HAS BLACK STRIPES

Once upon a time the porcupine was made chief of the animals. He called all the animals together for a great council.

They seated themselves around a big fire. The porcupine said, "We have a great question to decide. It is this: Shall we have daylight all the time, or night all the time?"

All the animals began to talk at once. Some wanted one thing, some another. The bear wanted it to be dark all the time. In his big deep voice he said, "Always night! Always night!"

The little chipmunk, in a loud high voice, said, "Day will come! Day will come!"

The council was held at night. While the animals were talking, the sun rose. The bear and the other night animals were angry. The chipmunk saw the light coming and started to run away. The angry bear ran after him and struck him on the back with his paw.

Since then the chipmunk has always had black stripes on his back, and daylight always follows night.

—Selected.

TUESDAY

Fill the blank spaces in the following:

The chipmunk always — black stripes.
The porcupine said, "We — a question to decide."

The chipmunk said, "Day will —!"
The bear — it to be dark.
The council — held at night.
The chipmunk — the light coming, and — to run away.

The angry bear — him with his paw.

WEDNESDAY

For dictation:

I go to the library once a week. I find a book I would like to read. I give the book and my card to the librarian. She puts the date on both.

THURSDAY

Write a letter telling what you would like to have for Thanksgiving dinner, and where each article of food comes from.

FRIDAY

Oral conversation on Thanksgiving Day and what it means.

Questions in Geography for Primary Grades

Maps

I.

1. What is a map?
2. What do you do with a map?
3. What do you see on a map?
4. Why are different colors put on a map?
5. How can you tell which is land and which is water?
6. What does blue on a map almost always stand for?

II.

1. Point out land, water, town, mountain, on a map of the United States.
2. What is a small piece of land with water all around it called?
3. What do you call the black lines separating colors?
4. Show water which is not ocean.
5. How are rivers shown?

III.

1. Show a cape, a river, a bay, a town, a strait, an island.
2. How are mountains shown?
3. What do you call the thin black wriggling lines on the map?
4. What are those marks that look like caterpillars?
5. Point out New York.

IV.

1. What is the largest body of water called?
2. What are the names of some oceans?
3. What do you call this? (Point to Atlantic Ocean.)
4. What ocean is around the North Pole?
5. Which is the largest ocean?
6. What is a body of water smaller than an ocean called?

V.

1. What is a country?
2. Tell me the name of a country.
3. Point out the country in which you live?
4. What is a county?
5. Name the county in which you live.
6. What is the difference between a country and a county?

VI.

1. What do you call the line that separates land and water?
2. Tell some other names for coastline.
3. Have you ever seen a coastline?
4. Point out a coastline on the map.

VII.

1. What is meant by scale?
2. What is the use of a scale?
3. Measure 20 inches by the scale.
4. If I want to draw a plan of the school building, can I take any size of scale I like?
5. If the scale be two inches to a foot, how

many inches would a fireplace three feet wide be on the plan?

6. If I drew a line thru eight squares to mean a line twenty feet long, how many squares would mean ten feet?

7. When do a large square and a small square stand for the same size?

The Points of the Compass

I.

1. What is the use of a weather-cock?
2. What makes it move?
3. How can it show the north when it is moving about?
4. How many legs has a weather-cock?
5. How could you tell from a weather-cock that a north wind was blowing?
6. If the head of a weather-cock faces the east, what point will the tail face?

II.

1. Point to north, east, south, and west.
2. Make a word of the initials of the cardinal points. (News.)
3. Suppose a sailor wanted to go, not north or west, but between the two, in what direction would he go?
4. What point between north and east? Between south and west? North and west? South and east?
5. If I look at the north, where is the south?

III.

1. Which is the south wall of this room?
2. How do you know it is the south wall?
3. What is that corner of the room?
4. If I walk to the door, in what direction am I going?

IV.

1. How do you find out the north?
2. Where does the coldest wind blow from?
3. Which wind is a warm wind?
4. Is your house north, east, south, or west from the school? Point in the direction of your home.
5. If the wind blows from the west, in what direction does a balloon go?

V.

1. Here is a plan of the school building. Show the cardinal points on it.
2. If I place the plan on the east wall, which window is opposite the west?
3. How many windows in the south wall of the schoolroom?
4. How many in the north?
5. Which is the warmest wall of the school? Why?

Fourth Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

For dictation:

The Grains of Wheat

Some grains of wheat lived in a sack. It was so dark that they all went to sleep.

At last the sack was moved. The grains of wheat awoke. They heard someone say, "Take this sack to the mill."

The grains of wheat had a long ride. When they reached the mill a man put them into a hopper. The grains of wheat were crushed between two stones.

TUESDAY

Rewrite, in your own words, the story of "The Grains of Wheat."

WEDNESDAY

Write a letter to your father, telling where wheat grows, how it is ground into flour, and what becomes of the flour.

THURSDAY

Write about how a fire-drill is carried out in your school.

FRIDAY

Write in complete sentences all the signs of coming winter that you think of, that are apparent this month.

Second Week

MONDAY

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the wall shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away.

—LONGFELLOW.

Have the pupils copy the poem and commit to memory the first three stanzas.

TUESDAY

Have the pupils commit to memory the fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas of "The Children's Hour."

WEDNESDAY

Have the pupils commit to memory the last four stanzas of "The Children's Hour."

THURSDAY

Have the pupils look up in the dictionary and write definitions for the following words: lower, patter, descending, plot, raid, unguarded, turret, surround, devour.

FRIDAY

Have the pupils look up in the dictionary and write definitions for the following words: entwine, banditti, scale (verb), fortress, depart, dungeons, tower, crumble, molder.

Third Week

MONDAY

Story for written reproduction:

THE INDIAN CHILDREN

Bright Eyes and Fawn Foot were two little Indian children. They lived in an Indian village near a swift river.

All the people of this village belonged to one family or tribe. The bravest man was the chief. He had the finest wigwam.

One day the Indians moved from the village to a place in the woods. Here they hoped to find game to live on thru the winter.

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Little Fawn Foot helped her mother when they moved. Bright Eyes was carried on his mother's back. He was too small to help.

When warm weather came they all moved back to the village.

Outline: The Indian children and their home. The tribe. The removal. Fawn Foot and Bright Eyes at the moving. The return. —*Selected.*

TUESDAY

Write the adjectives in the story, "The Indian Children," in one list, the nouns in another list, and the verbs in a third list.

WEDNESDAY

Write what you see in Millet's picture, "The Angelus."

THURSDAY

Write about an imaginary journey from Chicago to New York, by night train. How long does it take? What is a sleeping-car like? How does a porter make up the berth? etc.

FRIDAY

Write an advertisement asking for a position as errand boy or girl.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way.

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide and seek" with a child on the floor.
One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone.

—M. K. B.

Reproduce the poem orally, and have the pupils talk about it, asking questions.

Years of Suffering

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Miss Mabel F. Dawkins, 1214 Lafayette St., Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "For three years I was troubled with catarrh and blood disease. I tried several doctors and a dozen different remedies, but none of them did me any good. A friend told me of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took two bottles of this medicine and was as well and strong as ever. I feel like a different person and recommend Hood's to any one suffering from catarrh."

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TUESDAY

Rewrite the poem, "The Four Sunbeams," in your own words.

WEDNESDAY

Make out a bill of six items purchased at a grocery, and receipt the bill properly.

THURSDAY

Write the story of the first Thanksgiving dinner.

FRIDAY

Have the pupils dramatize the first Thanksgiving dinner.

Quotations from William Cullen Bryant

[BORN NOVEMBER 3, 1794]

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

—THE BATTLEFIELD.

Look on this beautiful world and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change to her of everlasting youth,
Still the green soil, with joyous living things
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
And myriads, still as happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure gulf, and when he flings
The restless surge Eternal Love doth keep
In his complacent arms the earth, the air, the deep.

—THE AGES.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

—BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours are long
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly.

—THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven
And steeped the sprouting forests, the green hills
And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light.
Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his full, clear note
For hours and wearied not. Within the woods
Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shadbush, white with
flowers,
Brightened the glens; the new-leaved butternut
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Gave a balsam fragrance. In the field
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. —THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

Sweeten Sour Stomach by taking Dyspeplets. They act quickly. 10c. Remember the name, Dyspeplets.

November Conundrums

I have a little sister, they call
her Peep, Peep;
She wades the waters deep,
deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high,
high, high;
Poor little creature, she has but
one eye.

(A star.)

Higgledy piggedly,
Here we lie,
Pick'd and pluck'd,
And put in a pie.
My first is snapping, snarling,
growling,
My second's industrious, romp-
ing, and prowling.
Higgledy piggedly,
Here we lie,
Pick'd and pluck'd,
And put in a pie.

(Currants.)

Little Nancy Etticoat
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose.
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

(A candle.)

I went to the wood and got it;
I sat me down and looked at it;
The more I looked at it the less
I liked it;
And I brought it home because
I couldn't help it.

(A thorn.)

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head, and no eyes.

(Pair of tongs.)

Thirty white horses upon a red
hill,
Now they tramp, now they
champ, now they stand still.

(Teeth and gums.)

Pinkety-Winkety-Wee

Pinkety-winkety-wee!
Ten pink fingers has she,
Ten pink toes,
One pink nose,
And two eyes that can hardly
see,
And they blink and blink, and
they wink and wink,
So you can't tell whether they're
blue or pink.

Pinkety-blinkety-winkety!
Not much hair on her head has
she;
She has no teeth, and she can-
not talk;
She is not strong enough yet to
walk;
She cannot even so much as
creep;
Most of the time she is fast
asleep;
Whenever you ask her how she
feels,

She only doubles her fist and
squeals.
The queerest bundle you ever
did see,
Is little Pinkety-winkety-wee.
—Selected.

Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
And call the neighbors in.



The Secret

Fair faces, like flowers, gladden the world.—Nothing so well insures a clean, spotless complexion as pure blood; nothing can impart such a blush rose-bloom as a brisk circulation; nothing can make the eyes so bright, the hair so glossy, the steps so elastic, as a nervous system that fails in none of its intricate and important functions.

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Jack Frost

Someone has been in the garden,
Nipping the flowers so fair;
All the green leaves are withered;
Now who do you think has been there?

Someone has been in the forest,
Cracking the chestnut burrs;
Who is it dropping the chestnuts,
Whenever a light wind stirs?

Someone has been on the hill-top,
Chipping the moss-covered rocks;
Who has been cracking and breaking
Them into fragments and blocks?

Someone has been on the windows,
Marking on every pane;
Who made those glittering pictures
Of lace-work, fir-trees, and grain?

Someone is all the time working
Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystal;
Who is it, now? Can you tell who?

While the good bridge he is building,
We will keep guard at the gate;
And when he has it all finished,
Hurrah for the boys that can skate!

Let him work on; we are ready;
Not much for our fun does it cost!
Three cheers for the bridge he is making!
And three, with a will, for Jack Frost!

—Selected.

Dance to your daddy,
My little babby;
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy,
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.

"Teacher"

A girl that goes to school with me,—

Her name is Mabel Danby,—
When Teacher asks, "What's twelve times three?"

Jus' keeps as still as *can* be;
But when it's "What is three times two?"—

As loud as any preacher
She calls out, "Teacher, ask me, do!

Oh, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher!" ..

In Joggerfy she's awful! Say,
F'r instance, "Where's Damascus?"

An' watch her look the other way!

But jus' let Teacher ask us
"Is Earth a globe or only flat?"—

An' that'll surely reach her;
She'll call out, "Teacher, I know that!

Oh, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher!"

I had a funny dream las' night;
I dreamt a sort of fable;
The Queen of Fairies, all in white,

Held out her wand at Mabel
An' changed her to a "teacher-bird,"

A tiny feathered creature,
An' when it whistled, all you heard

Was, "Teacher, Teacher, Teacher!"

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN, in *The Woman's Home Companion*.

There was a monkey climbed up a tree.
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

Santa Claus

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
 He softly, silently comes;
 While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
 Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
 He cuts thru the snow like a whip thru the foam,
 While the white flakes around him whirl;
 Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
 Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
 It will carry a host of things,
 While dozens of drums hang over the side,
 With the sticks sticking under the strings,
 And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
 Not a bugle blast is blown,
 As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
 And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
 Till the stockings will hold no more;
 The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
 Are quickly set down on the floor,
 Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
 And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
 Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
 As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,
 Of his goodies he touches not one;
 He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
 When the dear little folks are done.
 Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
 This beautiful mission is his;
 Then, children, be good to the little old man,
 When you find who the little man is.

—Selected.

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Teachers Magazine

The New Doll

You're a beautiful, beautiful dolly,
 And dressed like a sweet little queen.
 Not to care for you, dear, may seem folly,
 When I've but a rag-doll so mean.
 I know that its arms are the queerest;
 Its head very funny and flat;
 Its eyes anything but the clearest;
 Yet old friends are best, for all that.
 Your hair falls in ringlets so flaxen,
 Your eyes are delightfully blue,
 Your cheeks they are rosy and waxen,
 You're charming; I'll give you your due.
 Yet shall I give up Betsy Baker,

Who hasn't a shoe or a hat,
 Because you've a splendid dress-maker?
 No! old friends are best, for all that.
 You came Christmas morn in my stocking;
 I ought to be proud, I suppose,
 And not to be pleased would be shocking;
 Do, Betsy, dear, turn out your toes.
 Oh, you are my every-day dolly!
 And this one in silk dress and hat
 I'll put on the shelf; call it folly,
 Yet old friends are best, for all that.
 —Selected.
 If wishes were horses,
 Beggars would ride;
 If turnips were watches,
 I would wear one by my side.

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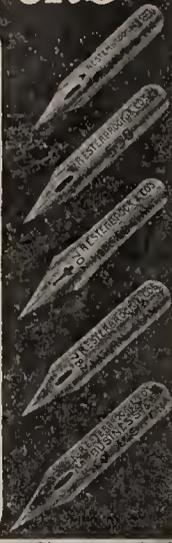
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Susie Miller

Susie Miller burnt her little finger,
Susie Miller burnt her little finger,
Susie Miller burnt her little finger,
One little finger burnt.
One little, two little, three little fingers,
Four little, five little, six little fingers,
Seven little, eight little, nine little fingers,
Ten little fingers burnt.

—Selected.

Little Miss Snowflake

Little Miss Snowflake came to town

All dressed up in her brand-new gown,

And nobody looked as fresh and fair

As little Miss Snowflake, I declare!

Out of a fleecy cloud she stepped,
Where all the rest of her family kept

As close together as bees can swarm,

In readiness for a big snow-storm.

But little Miss Snowflake couldn't wait,

And she wanted to come in greater state;

For she thought that her beauty would ne'er be known

If she came in a crowd, so she came alone.

All alone from the great blue sky,

Where cloudy vessels went scudding by,

With sails all set, on their way to meet

The larger ships of the snowy fleet.

She was very tired, but couldn't stop

On tall church spire, or chimney top;

All the way from her bright abode

Down to the dust of a country road!

There she rested, all out of breath,

And there she speedily met her death,

And nobody could exactly tell
The spot where Little Miss Snowflake fell.

—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Monday's bairn is fair of face,
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace,

Wednesday's bairn is full of woe,

Thursday's bairn has far to go,
Friday's bairn is loving and giving,

Saturday's bairn works hard for its living,

But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath day

Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

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They looked at one another,
 And then the wisest of them said,
 "We'll go and ask our mother."

Old Mother Tabby gently purred:

"You foolish little kittens!
 Altho you have not stockings, dears,
 Why not hang up your mittens?"

So, when the kittens went to bed,

Their hearts were free from sorrow;

They wondered what good Santa Claus
 Would bring them for the morrow.

Then quietly old Tabby came,
 On soft paws softly creeping,
 And filled their mittens brimming full,

While they were gently sleeping,

The kittens woke, and rubbed their eyes,

Just as the day was dawning;
 And very merry were they all,

On that bright Christmas morning.

They found three balls, some chocolate mice,

Three pretty, bright gold-fishes;

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 For a little girl like me?
 Will he fill my stocking with picture-books,
 Pretty as pretty can be?
 Will he bring me a doll with "truly hair,"
 And cheeks a lovely red?
 Will he bring me—oh, if he only would—
 A dear little folding bed?
 Will he bring me cups, and saucers, and spoons?
 Oh, dear, how glad I'd be!
 And a little tea-pot, and tea-kettle,
 That I can play make tea!
 Do you think he can quite afford so much,
 For a little girl like me?

If he only could, and would give them all,
 What a happy girl I'd be!
 —C. A. S.

A True Fairy Tale

Do you know of the house
 Where ginger-snaps grow?
 Where tarts for us children
 March out in a row?
 Where wishing is having?
 Where— isn't it grand?—
 Just up in the garret
 Is real Fairyland?
 Where youngsters can caper,
 And romp and halloo,
 For they always do right,
 Whatever they do?
 You don't know the house?
 Then, oh, deary me,
 I'm sorry for you!
 Why, it's grandma's, you see!
 —Selected.

Winter Twilight

The fields are lying white with snow
 Where the clovers were blossoming,
 And the empty nest hangs on the bough
 Where the bluebird cuddled his wing,
 For only the flakes are flying now,
 And only the birds may sing.

The maple-branches bare and brown
 Are traced against the wintry sky;
 But baby buds are hiding there,
 And softly in their cradles lie
 Asleep, with dreamings sweet and fair,
 What time the North Wind passes by.

The snowflakes blossom as they fall
 To star-eyed daisies in their flight,
 And drifting softly over all,
 They hide the meadow from our sight;
 The pine-tree, lifted straight and tall,
 Now wears a crown of silver white.

The open gateway of the west
 Is glowing with the setting sun,
 And every tiny twig is dressed
 With jewels, fading, one by one,
 As Twilight, wearing on her breast
 A crescent moon, now cometh down.

While Jack Frost, stealing down the hill,
 With feather from the North Wind's wing,
 Alights upon the window-sill
 To paint you pictures of the Spring,
 Who waits behind the snow-drifts still,
 With life, and love, and blossoming.
 —HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

VOL XXXIV

DECEMBER 1911

NO 4



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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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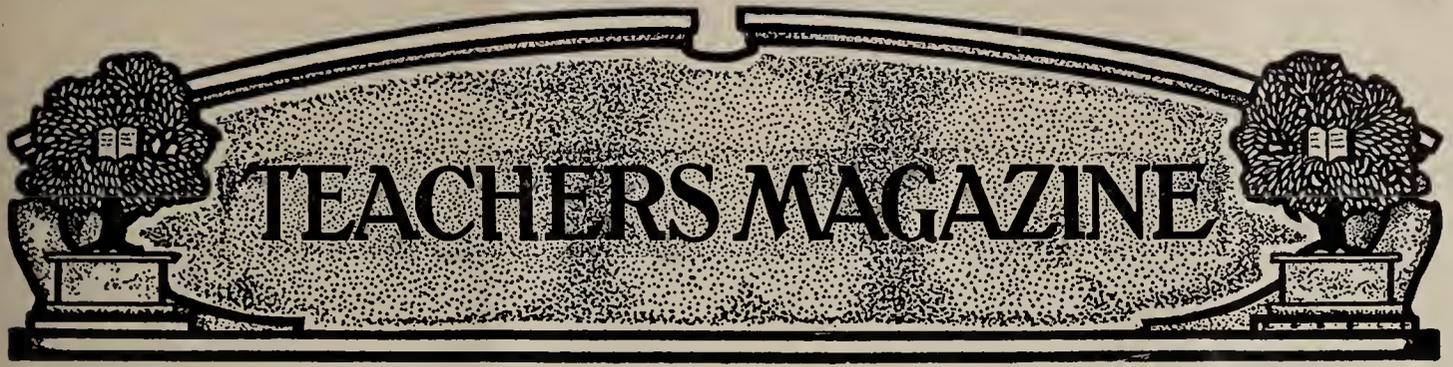
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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

Vol. XXXIV

December, 1911

No. 4

Let Us All Be Santa Clauses

Belief in Santa Claus is a temperamental matter. Some people take to it readily and cling to it to their dying day. Others spurn it from the start or divest themselves of it before they have passed out of the age of short dresses. The good old gentleman is a poetic figure. He is as real as Jack of Beanstalk fame. Poetry is not something to argue about. Either you feel it or you don't.

The poor literalist misses a lot. The intellect is not the only instrument for getting at truth. The Great Teacher spake in parables. The literalist will have only facts. Are the parables true? Of course, they are, far truer than facts, for they teach the truth more clearly. The things that lie beyond the bounds of material realities are best learned by symbolizations. They invite the heart to aid the intellect.

There are many ways for helping the children get at the spirit of the Santa Claus myth. Alice Ormes Allen tells a story in this number of *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* which suggests a plan. In another article she gives practical hints for turning the whole school community into a Santa Claus family. The making of gifts makes a good start. Let's all be Santa Claus folks for a month.

The decorating of the schoolroom and the adorning of the Christmas tree by the children may become splendid exercises in Santa-Claus-ing. All will share in the fun of the result, and there will be no chance for odiousness of comparison, no pointing to this or that as *my* work. The gift is there; the giver is concealed.

The Scandinavian plan of remembering the birds is also commended to the schools. A bundle of wheat with some ears of corn tied around the flagpole in front of the schoolhouse will mimic the idea quite effectually.

The good Saint Francis of Assisi, too, wanted the birds to be especially remembered at Christ-

mas-time. His desire was that there should be a law whereby men might be compelled on Christmas Day to throw wheat and other grains outside the cities and houses "That our sister larks may have something to eat, and also the other birds, on a day of such solemnity." Other animals should also have a share in the Yuletide joy. "For the reverence of the Son of God, Who rested on that night with the most blessed Virgin Mary between an ox and an ass in the manger, whoever shall have an ox and an ass shall be bound to provide for them on that night the best of good fodder."

Naturally the needy children of men have first claim on us. There is food and clothing and shelter enough for all. With a little skill and plenty of tact the children may be induced to seek out poor families and individuals of their neighborhood and report the names quietly to the teacher. The secret will rest between the reporter and the teacher. A parents' day held at the schoolhouse shortly before Christmas will afford the opportunity for making known the needs of the unnamed neighbors. A committee may then be appointed to receive gifts and later on help the teacher distribute them—as quietly and unostentatiously as Santa Claus folks know how.

Let's all be Santa Clauses this month of December. The school will be the better for it. *A, b, abs* are well enough in their place, but the school's first duty is education. And the Christmas season is full of educational opportunities of the finest kind. Don't let us miss one. Children, parents and teachers all united in one Santa Claus family will make the Yuletide of 1911 the most joyous they have ever known. And everyone who has shared in it will hear the angelic chorus sing on Christmas Eve, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!" And that is worth everything.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

A Teacher of Little Children

By JENNIE REBECCA FADDIS

Fortunate is the child who is born into the home where the mother is possessed of such breadth of intelligence, common sense, and human love and sympathy, that she does well her part in the preparation needed to give the little human being the right start in life.

Fortunate, too, is the child of six or seven years who enters school life with the teacher whose working intelligence, heart qualities, and joyous attitude toward life enable her to be a true guide in the approaches to the many paths of classified knowledge and of human action before every average boy and girl of this age. Of such a teacher we speak.

Susan Paine* was a woman endowed by nature with attributes of strength, and by experience and wise training well fitted to become a leader of other teachers in her chosen profession; but she was more contented and happier in working directly with children, refusing to be pressed into service which would take her from them. Thus she became pre-eminently a teacher of little children.

Modest and retiring in manner, quiet in her tastes, unobtrusive in her continuous efforts to help those about her, large and small, this woman had to be well known to be fully appreciated as an unusual influence, even in the community where she will long be held in cherished memory, by boys and girls throughout the grades, associate teachers, parents, all friends of childhood who knew her rare spirit and her strivings after the best things of life.

She was always a good student, as a pupil and as a teacher. She studied nature in all its phases. She studied books; she studied people. She used her knowledge of all and her insight into all, in her daily work.

It is sometimes seen that those who are most charitable of others' faults, most tolerant of human weakness and foibles, who willingly make unnoised sacrifices to help those who are not wise in helping themselves, are the severest self-critics. This may be said of Miss Paine, who found the good in each person with whom she came in contact, overlooking faults in a generous way, sometimes charging herself with inability to help people in the right way to correct their errors. With children she was always at ease,—the comfortable comrade whose every action implies, "Come, let us together do this thing."

Her schoolroom was by no means the ordinary schoolroom. No one can have an ordinary schoolroom whose life purpose is to work with children in an unselfish manner, to bring to them the best things from the outside, to make them self-dependent little beings, helpful to those about them.

*Miss Susan Paine died several months ago, after many years of teaching, in Indiana.

A mother, whose bright, beautiful boy of seven started to school to this teacher some years ago, expressed herself thus to a friend near the close of the school year: "We consider ourselves blessed that our boy should be able to start his education with such a teacher. His eyes are open to all good things. He sees the wonders about him and is full of inquiry about everything with which he is already somewhat acquainted. He is awake to the pleasure reading may bring one, eager to be trying new things for himself." Then she added, laughing: "We thought perhaps our boy had a decided talent for drawing and painting when he brought home his first productions, but I discovered on visiting the school repeatedly that many of the children do equally well and have that fine appreciation of color that the teacher instilled in them."

A morning spent with this teacher and her children a short time before the illness which took her from her work is an index to her way of doing.

The morning exercises were characterized by a natural, glad expectancy on the little faces, as when children go to mothers in whom they have perfect confidence. They knew they were going to talk of something interesting, that they would hear new things and that their contributions would be respected and encouraged. Carefully, skilfully, tactfully, these embryo men and women were held to the topic in question, led to look into their own experiences before making statement of what they had seen and heard and felt; helped to realize that if they were wide awake they might see what others told about, what their teacher had seen and enjoyed. How beautifully the song helped the talk! And the poem on the theme read by the teacher was received by eager little listeners who seemed to anticipate the pictures of the stanzas. In truth, everything fitted into everything else and grew out of everything else.

With what evident purpose the number work was undertaken! The children took their seats knowing that they had gained some usable knowledge. They could make comparisons and add a little faster than yesterday; they could measure better with eye and with ruler, and they knew wherein measuring would help them in several ways with things they meant to make in school.

The social motive in the schoolroom that we hear so much about these days was a pleasing feature thruout the morning. A spirit of helpfulness and a habit of quiet patience were cheerfully maintained, while serious little self corrections were attempted.

What a help in life it must be to have the sense of humor early cultivated to such an extent that one can laugh with others over one's own absurd mistakes! The merriment which bubbled forth over humor in a tale and again at a funny situation in a game was refreshing, partly because it shows how close our sympathy

with our neighbor's feelings may become at times.

The reading lessons with such a teacher justify all that educators say about the value of this subject in the lowest grades and the importance of right habits in reading from the start.

One feels upon experiencing the real satisfaction that a morning of this kind can give, where little children are all growing thru their own best willing efforts, guided by a wise hand that can make a schoolroom a school home, wholesome, attractive, joyous in its influence—one feels that a benediction has been received.

A Dear Old Man

By ALICE ORMES ALLEN

Miss Vesper, forging her way vigorously thru the schoolyard, and lost in meditation over an enthusiastic Monday program, collided suddenly with Danny Legro and "Bud Chuckles" (sometimes called Robert Shuckler), equally absorbed in a pugilistic argument and unaware of her approach.

Bud grinned sheepishly, over the rampart of his bloody nose, into his teacher's reproachful eyes, and Dan bent a sullen scrutiny upon his shuffling feet.

"Santy Claus ain't no fake—is he?" asked Bud eagerly.

"Aw—g'long!" rudely broke in Danny the Pessimist, glaring morosely out of a pair of small gray eyes, one of which was decorated with a rapidly deepening halo of black.

"Santy Claus is stuffin' fer kids 'n' babies. I ain't swallerin' no sech dope ez that."

"Supposing both of you boys come in and wash up before the bell rings, and we'll talk about Santa Claus a little later," suggested Miss Vesper, with an inward flash of amusement, over the old, old bone of contention in its latest exploitation.

"If there *is* a Santa Claus I think he wouldn't want bloody noses and black eyes for souvenirs, and if there isn't any such person, what sense would there be in fighting about him?" she added, with the twinkle in her clear eyes that so endeared her to the children.

When the opening bell had rung and devotionals were over, Miss Vesper took her chair and set it off the platform down in front of the children. This apparently insignificant act seemed to bring her into closer sympathy with them and was always the signal of some particularly interesting theme.

Some of the more emotional ones clasped themselves in ecstasy of anticipation, and the quiet of eager attention pervaded the room.

"It is only six weeks to Christmas," she be-

gan. (Rapturous nods and long-drawn breaths confirmed the declaration.)

"Some of the children were asking me about Santa Claus this morning"—a reminiscent smile hovered about her mouth. Danny and Bud each assumed conspicuously unconscious expressions, but she did not even glance their way.

"I am going to tell you a story and then we will make some Christmas plans."

A delighted but suppressed "A-a-h!" echoed around the room as Miss Vesper's gaze fixed itself on the far-off vanishing point of the path that leads to Storyland and she began:

"Once upon a time, long, long ago, an old man with a long white beard and hair lived in a little house in a country far from here, where there was snow the whole year thru. He was a dear old man and everyone for miles around knew him and loved him.

"He owned a pretty sleigh and the oddest team you ever heard of. I wonder if you can guess what they were? They were as small as ponies, but they had long branching horns on their heads. They were reindeer, and there were six of them. In some countries where there is a great deal of snow they use reindeer instead of horses, because they can go faster and do not mind the cold.

"Each of these reindeer had a name. There was Dancer and Prancer, Dasher and Vixen, Dunder and Blitzen. The dear old man had given them these queer names and each reindeer knew his own name and came when it was called.

"The houses in this snowy country were so low that when the drifts blew high, Santa Claus, the dear old man I am telling you about, could drive his reindeer team right over them without ever tipping out. He liked to fill a sack with little presents and drop them down the chimney of some friend for a pleasant surprise as he went along. But if there was smoke coming out of the chimney he would drive past the house and drop his present at the door instead. He made these flying trips with his swift little reindeer team when all was dark and quiet and the people were fast asleep.

"Sometimes they would waken and hear the scurry of little feet upon their roof, or else they would find the track of tiny feet in the snow around their house. Then they knew that Santa Claus and his reindeer had visited them in the night.

"Occasionally the merry old man would drop right down the big chimney with his pack of presents on his back, and lay them softly on the hearth in front of the open fireplace.

"But whether he came with presents in the quiet of the night or stopped for a little while in the daytime to visit and tell the children stories, he was always welcome and they were sorry to have him go.

"'Oh, Santa Claus, don't go!' or 'Come again,

Santa Claus,' the boys and girls would say. And after he was gone the memory of his pleasant, kindly ways made everyone feel kind and pleasant, too, and wish to be like him.

"One day Santa Claus sent word among his friends that he was going away for a long time and before he went he wanted to leave a remembrance with each of them—something to remind them of him while he was gone.

"He set a certain night upon which he asked them to put out their fires and hang their stockings by the fireplace. He also asked them all to go to bed early that night.

"Everyone did as he wished, but some of them had not gone to sleep before they heard the tinkle, tinkle of silver bells and a merry voice crying:

"'On, Prancer, on Dancer! Quick, Dunder and Blitzen! On, on, little Dasher and Vixen, just scurry! We've a long way to go and we'll have to hurry.'

"And then they heard the patter of the reindeer's tiny feet on the roof and a moment later Santa Claus himself came sliding down the chimney. He was bundled in a great fur coat and cap and gloves, and on his back he had a pack full of presents and good things.

"Before he filled each stocking he tucked a piece of paper 'way down in the toe.

"In the morning, when each one looked in his stocking, he found the very things he needed and had been wanting, for Santa Claus had been planning his gifts for many weeks and he had noticed what would suit each one best.

"When the piece of paper was found in the toe of the stocking it proved to be a letter and this was what it said:

"'My dear Friend:

"'This is Christmas Day—the 25th of December—and Christmas Day is a day of love, for it is the birthday of the dear Christ Child.

"'I leave these little gifts for you because I love you, and want you to love and remember me, and I hope you will love each other more and more and be kind and helpful to one another all the year.

"'After this, on Christmas Eve, the night before Christmas Day, in token of our love for each other, all hang up your stockings and let everyone play Santa Claus for someone else. Remember that any gift, no matter how small, is sure to make someone happy if it is given in a loving spirit, without which, the finest present in the world would be spoiled.

"'Your loving friend,

"'SANTA CLAUS.'

"They all loved the dear old man who had left them, so much that they did as he asked them, and every Christmas Eve hung their stockings by the fireplace and put presents in them for each other and for those who had less than they. If you had lived there then you would have thought the place was full of Santa Clauses.

"This was many, many years ago, and to-day Santa Claus' helpers are scattered all over the world. In every home there is someone to carry on his kind work and make others happy with loving gifts in remembrance of the little Christmas baby, Christ, whose birthday was the first Christmas of them all."

Miss Vesper's voice had grown very sweet and tender as she reached the end of her narrative, and now she paused a moment to smile lovingly into the little faces responding as surely to her mood as the canvas to the skillful painter's brush.

"Shall we be Santa Claus' helpers, too?" she asked them softly. "How many would like to try?"

Even Danny's hand flew up involuntarily, forgetful of its recent cynical bout.

At recess that morning a voice under the window was heard to say, "I guess bote of us was right, Danny, the' is a Santy Claus an' the' ain't any. The old gent she was tellin' about lived so long ago, he must be dead by now, but his folks is livin' yet, same ez Smiths 'n' Browns."

The voice drifted away and Miss Vesper murmured to the geraniums in the window box, "You are right, Bud. 'His folks are living yet.'"

Xmas Wishes for Stocking Books

"On comes Christmas, like a king,
Dressed in white and crowned with gold;
In his kingly arms he brings
Gifts of love for young and old."

"This stocking full of wishes true
I make to show my love for you."

"Christmas comes but once a year.
May it bring happiness and cheer."

"A happy Christmas to you,
May it bring you all fair things,
With the sweetest, best remembrance
That about its coming clings."

"Sunbeams bless thy Christmas Day,
Gladness with thee dwell for aye."

"The best wish this stocking holds for you, dear,
Is that you may have a happy New Year."

"We hope your Christmas will be merry,
May you fare well by Santa Claus;
All care and trouble try to bury,
Let joy and pleasure be your cause."

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

Memory Gems for December

(Saturdays and Sundays omitted.)

DECEMBER 1

Not what we get, but what we give,
Makes up our treasure while we live.

DECEMBER 4

Kind hearts are the gardens;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the flowers;
Kind deeds are the fruits.

DECEMBER 5

We love the happy Christmas time;
We prize the joy of giving;
When each for others taketh thought,
It makes life worth the living.

DECEMBER 6

Sound, sound abroad the sweet refrain,
The Christmas-time has come, has come again.

DECEMBER 7

Glad Christmas bells, your music tells
The sweet and pleasant story;
How came to earth, in lowly birth,
The Lord of life and glory.

DECEMBER 8

Sing a song of Christmas,
A stocking full of toys,
Such a lot of presents,
For all good girls and boys.

DECEMBER 11

Would you know how the best time at Christ-
mas is found?
Help Santa Claus carry his basket around.

DECEMBER 12

Sound it forth cheerily once again,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

DECEMBER 13

What sound is this that greets the morn;
That o'er the land to-day is borne?
It is the chime of Christmas bells;
Their merry music sinks and swells,
And, floating on the frosty air,
Sounds joy and gladness everywhere.
Hark! hark! the bells, the joyous bells,
Sweet is the tale, the tale their chiming tells.

DECEMBER 14

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Santa Claus has found it.
He filled it full of sugar plums
And tied a ribbon 'round it.

DECEMBER 15

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease!

DECEMBER 18

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

DECEMBER 19

Take this love,—a Christmas present, children
dear,
And so grow more like the Christ-child year by
year.

DECEMBER 20

Be merry, all, be merry, all;
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the hall,
And welcome Merry Christmas, all.

DECEMBER 21

While stars of Christmas shine,
Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks
Beam from your eyes.

DECEMBER 22

One thing we must do—all Christmas days—
Just as sure as they come—just as long as we
live—
Some gifts to the poor we always must give.

DECEMBER 26

Ring, Christmas bells,
Ring, merrily ring,
Ring tidings of great love.

DECEMBER 27

Hark! The bells are sweetly ringing,
Come, oh, come!
And the wind is softly singing,
Come, oh, come!
To the New Year they are calling,
O'er the snow the echoes falling:
That is why they chime
At midnight's solemn time.

DECEMBER 28

Welcome, welcome, glad New Year!
Dawn brightly on us all;
And bring us hope our hearts to cheer
Whatever may befall.

DECEMBER 29

Here's a New Year wish for all,
May we keep growing, you and I,
Learning sweet truths in sweetest way,
Living in sunshine every day.

 The Child World is omitted this month to
make room for Christmas material. In the
January number will be found the story of
Isaac and Rebecca.

Dramatizations

By GUSTAV BLUM and E. FERN HAGUE, New York

The Christmas Pony

For the Third Year

Time.—A Christmas in Colonial Times.

Place.—New Jersey.

Scene 1.—The Night before Christmas.

Scene 2.—The Stable Christmas Morning.

Scene 3.—The New Year's Dinner.

Scene 4.—Colonel Greene's Home. Same day.

The People.

1. Mrs. Young.
2. Bella, her daughter of nine.
3. Colonel Greene, an American Officer.
4. Mary
5. Arthur } Children.
6. Lieutenant Wells, a British Officer.
7. Weed
8. Jameson } British Soldiers.
9. A Boy, the Christmas Pony.

Scene I

The dining-room in Mrs. Young's home. There is a table Left, a door Right, and a chimney-place Rear. Another door Right Rear.

Discovered—Bella, a girl of eight or nine, writing a note to Santa Claus.

Bella (reading).—I have been a very, very, very good little girl for a whole year, a whole year——

Enter Mrs. Young, Right Rear, carrying a work-basket containing stockings.

Mother, haven't I been a good girl for a year?

Mrs. Young (hastily).—Yes, my dear.

Bella continues writing and Mrs. Young proceeds mending the stockings.

Bella.—How do you spell "beautiful"?

Mrs. Young.—B-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l.

Bella continues writing.

Bella.—Now it is finished!

Mrs. Young.—To whom are you writing?

Bella.—To Santa Claus. I'll read it.

"My dear Santa Claus:

"I have been a very, very, very good girl, for a whole year, and I would like a beautiful white pony—just like Colonel Greene's. With lots of love and kisses——" Mother, does Santa Claus like kisses?

Mrs. Young.—Of course, my dear.

Bella (continuing).—With lots of love and kisses, Bella Young. Isn't that a nice letter, mother?

Mrs. Young (sadly).—Yes, my dear.

Bella.—I will pin it to my stocking.

She goes over to the fireplace and pins her letter upon it.

Mrs. Young.—It is getting late.

Bella.—Mayn't I sit up to see Santa Claus?

Mrs. Young.—No, my dear. You must go to bed now. Take the candle.

Bella takes the candle and lights it. Then she goes to Exit Right Rear.

Bella.—Good-night, mother.

Mrs. Young.—Good-night, my child.

Exit Bella, Rear. Mrs. Young buries her head in her hands.

Mrs. Young.—Alas! poor child, she will be bitterly disappointed. I am afraid Santa Claus will not visit us and there will be no Christmas Pony.

A knocking at the door, Right.

A caller; At this hour! Whom can it be?

She hurries to the door and opens it. Enter Colonel Greene in soldier's costume.

Col. Greene.—Ah, Mrs. Young, how are you this Christmas Eve?

Mrs. Young (shaking hands).—Very well, Colonel Greene, pray be seated. What tidings of poor soldiers, this cold night?

Both sit.

Col. Greene.—Things are more cheerful, Madam. A supply of provisions has arrived and our men shall have a Christmas dinner.

Mrs. Young.—Oh, I am so glad! I could not eat our turkey with relish and know that our men are cold and hungry.

Col. Greene.—And how is little Bella?

Mrs. Young.—In perfect health. She has gone to bed.

Col. Greene.—Ah, I see she has hung up her Christmas stocking. Yes, and there is her letter to Santa Claus,—may I read it?

Mrs. Young.—Surely.

Colonel Greene reads the note and meditates.

Col. Greene (reading).—A beautiful white pony just like Col. Greene's—Mrs. Young, Bella shall have my pony!

Mrs. Young.—Oh, no! You will need the pony yourself.

Col. Greene.—I have a horse. Bella shall have the pony.

Mrs. Young.—She will be delighted.

Col. Greene.—Listen, to-morrow morning, bright and early, I shall put the pony in your stable.

Mrs. Young.—You are a regular Santa Claus. I thank you very much.

Col. Greene.—Good night, and a very Merry Christmas.

Mrs. Young.—The same to you.

Colonel Greene exits Right.

Scene II

The Stable. The next morning. There is a manger Right, a door Center Right and a door Left. There is hay in the manger.

Discovered—The Empty Stage. Enter Col. Greene leading a white pony by the halter. (*Note.*—The boy who impersonates the pony is dressed in a suit of white muslin covering the whole body, with sleeves for arms and legs.)

Col. Greene.—Here we are, little pony. Now you are going to have a pretty little mistress. Be kind and gentle. Don't run away or kick or bite.

He ties the halter to the manger. There is a sound of voices outside.

Ah, the children are coming.

He hides behind the door Left. Enter Bella, Right, dragging Mrs. Young by the hand, Arthur following, blowing his Christmas horn and Mary carrying her Christmas doll. They see the pony.

Bella (rushing forward).—Such a beauty! As white as snow!

Arthur.—A perfect dandy!

Mary.—Just like Colonel Greene's!

Arthur.—It is Colonel Greene's.

The children all pet the pony and Mrs. Young looks on. Colonel Greene steps out from his hiding place.

Bella.—Oh, Colonel Greene, what a pretty little pony; is it yours?

Colonel Greene.—No, my dear, it is yours.

Mary.—Give me a ride!

Arthur.—Give me a ride.

Col. Greene.—You shall all have a ride.

Children.—Goodie!

Col. Greene.—Come, little pony.

The pony neighs.

Bella.—I shall call it Whitey. Come, Whitey.

Exeunt.

Scene III

The New Year's Dinner. Dining-room in Mrs. Young's home. There is a door Right, a door Left and a window Rear.

Discovered.—The table, Center, set for dinner.

Enter Mrs. Young Left, carrying a turkey. She puts it upon the table and goes to the window, Rear.

Mrs. Young.—Bella! Bella!

Bella.—Coming, mother! Coming!

Mrs. Young (looking at the table).—How I wish our poor soldiers could enjoy this New Year's dinner!

Enter Bella hurriedly, Right.

Bella.—Oh, mother, Whitey and I have been having such fun! She can gallop and canter and trot, and she just loves sugar.

Mrs. Young.—Where did you leave the little pony?

Bella.—I hid her behind the cedar trees in the lot.

Mrs. Young.—Hid her! Why did you hide her?

Bella.—So Arthur and Mary wouldn't ride her while I ate my dinner.

Mrs. Young.—Dinner is ready.

They both sit down.

Bella.—I like the drumstick.

Mrs. Young.—We shall each have one.

There is the noise of horses' hoofs approaching. This noise can be produced by drumsticks on the side of the drum, or the use of castanets.

They run to the window.

Mrs. Young.—The British soldiers! The British!

Bella.—They are coming here!

Mrs. Young.—We must hide the dinner.

Mrs. Young and Bella hide the turkey under the table, and the other things under chairs, etc.

The horses' hoofs stop, and there is a loud rapping at the door. Mrs. Young and Bella look frightened. The rapping is repeated. Mrs. Young goes to the door. Enter Lieutenants Wells, Weed and Jameson.

Wells (bowing low).—Good dame, we have come to dine with you.

Mrs. Young.—I have nothing for you.

Wells.—Come, lady, we know you must be cooking your New Year's dinner, for we saw the smoke coming out of your chimney.

Mrs. Young.—It is a cold day. We always have fires in winter.

Wells.—Madam, I smell a roasted turkey.

The soldiers sniff.

Soldiers.—So do we, sir.

Wells.—Bring forth the turkey, madam.

Mrs. Young goes reluctantly to the table, reaches under it and puts the turkey upon the table. Soldiers rush to the table and sit down.

Wells (striking his fork into the breast of the turkey).—As soon as we settle this turkey, we will surprise that sly rascal, Colonel Greene.

Mrs. Young (aside to Bella).—They are going to capture Colonel Greene.

Bella.—Whitey and I will warn him.

Mrs. Young.—I will delay the soldiers.

Bella tiptoes out Left, unseen, and the soldiers continue eating rapidly. Mrs. Young reaches under a chair and produces a dish of potatoes.

Mrs. Young (cordially).—My dear sirs, would you not like some potatoes with the turkey?

Soldiers (with mouths full).—We would.

They help themselves at once and continue eating. Mrs. Young goes to the window, Rear, and peeps out. The soldiers rattle their plates in their ravenous eating. They rise, fill their pockets with food and start toward the door. Mrs. Young produces a pie from its hiding place.

Mrs. Young (holding it up).—Sirs, you will surely have a piece of mince pie before you go?

Soldiers.—We will.

They rush back to the table and sit down. Mrs. Young cuts and serves the pie. The soldiers eat greedily.

Mrs. Young.—Do have some more.

She helps them to a second piece.

Don't you like it?

Soldiers (with mouths full).—It's fine!

Wells (standing up).—Now we must ride on our way.

They start toward the door. Mrs. Young produces a large jug and holds it up.

Mrs. Young.—You must have a glass of my home-brewed ale before you go.

All.—We will.

The soldiers rush back to the table and Mrs. Young fills the glasses.

Soldiers (standing).—A Happy New Year to you all, and may we get Colonel Greene!

They all drink and go toward the door.

Wells.—We thank you, madam. Er—where is the little girl we saw when we came?

Mrs. Young (looking around).—She must

have gone out. (Mrs. Young goes to the window.) Bella! Bella!

Wells.—Ah, I see; she is afraid of us and hid. Well, we would never harm a child.

Mrs. Young.—I am very glad of that, sir.

Wells.—We thank you for the best meal we have had in five years, and bid you good-day, madam.

Mrs. Young.—Good-day, sirs.

The soldiers bow low and exit Left.

Scene III. Col. Greene's Home

Discovered.—Colonel Greene studying a map of war.

Colonel Greene.—Now that the British are making merry and celebrating the New Year—now is the time for me to join my men and for us all to escape thru their lines. Hark! (The sound of horses' hoofs.) One horseman! (He seizes his gun and rushes to the window.) Ah, my little Bella!

Bella (off stage).—Whoa, Whitey!

Hoofs stop and Bella rushes in Left.

Colonel Greene.—Why, Bella! Such haste to wish me a "Happy New Year"!

Bella.—Oh, Colonel Greene! (Breathless.) The British are coming after you!

Colonel Greene.—Where? Where?

Bella.—Coming from our house. Escape—quickly!

Colonel Greene.—And you rode here to warn me. Thank you, my dear.

Bella.—Quick! I hear them coming!

Colonel Greene.—They will not harm you. Exit, running Rear, carrying map and gun.

Bella.—Just in time. (She sits down.) I am so tired.

The horses' hoofs approach quickly. Enter Wells, followed by the soldiers.

(Continued on page 160)

Folk Dances and Song Games

Lassie With the Ribbon Blue

ADAPTED FROM A SWEDISH FOLK DANCE

Formation.—Large circle. Several boys in the center.

The Dance.—Each boy within the circle chooses a partner.

1. Couples dance to the right, joining both hands, right arm extended sidewise.

8. Couples dance to the left, with left arms extended.

3. All stop, release hands, and place them on the hips. Boys bow, girls drop courtesy.

4. Boys drop courtesy, girls bow, with mock ceremoniousness.

5. Same as 3.

6. Couples separate, one running to left, the other to right, and joining the ring.

The game begins anew.

During the whole game the circle moves around to the left. All sing:

Maiden with the ribbon blue,

Come now to me;

There are no prettier people here

Than thee and me.

Lassie With the Ribbon Blue

1. Las-sie with the rib-bon blue, Come, come to me. There

2. are no ni-cer peo-ple here Than thee and me.

3. Ru-by, loo-by, Come be my ju-ju-hy.

4. 5. Thank you! not to-day. Good-bye! I can-not stay.

6. Copyrighted



DECEMBER

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|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | | | 1 | 2 |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
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| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | | | | | | |



Music in Primary Grades

By LOTTIE LAPPART, Nebraska

II.—Tone Exercises

In the following sets of tone-reproducing exercises the real names (numbers) will be used instead of singing names in order to save space, but in giving these exercises it is better to more often use the singing names, or some other syllable. Sometimes have pupils shut eyes and listen while you give tones, or phrases of songs, to be reproduced.

EXERCISES—FIRST SET

- (a) 1, 3—1, 3, 5—1, 3, 5—1, 3, 5, 8.
- (b) 8, 5—8, 5, 3—8, 5, 3, 1.
- (c) 1, 3, 3, 3—1, 3, 5, 5, 5—3, 3, 3, 1—5, 5, 5, 3, 1.
- (d) 2, 4, 6—6, 4, 2—2, 4, 6, 8—8, 6, 4, 2—2, 4, 2, 4—4, 2, 4, 2—4, 6, 4, 6—6, 4, 6, 4—6, 8, 6, 8—8, 6, 8, 6.
- (e) 5, 8, 5, 8—8, 5, 8, 5—3, 5, 3, 5—5, 3, 5, 3—1, 3, 1, 3—3, 1, 3, 1.
- (f) 1, 3, 1—3, 1, 3—1, 5, 1—5, 1, 5—1, 8, 1—8, 1, 8—8, 5, 8—5, 8, 5—8, 3, 8—3, 8, 3.

EXERCISES—SECOND SET

- (a) 1, 2, 3—1, 2, 3, 4—1, 2, 3, 4, 5—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—etc. In the beginning of the term pupils will not be able to reproduce more than about five tones at a time but later in the term they can reproduce the entire scale in this way.
- (b) 8, 7—8, 7, 6—8, 7, 6, 5—8, 7, 6, 5, 4, etc.

EXERCISES—THIRD SET

- (a) 1, 2—2, 1—1, 2, 3—3, 2, 1—1, 2, 3, 4—4, 3, 2, 1—1, 2, 3, 4, 5—5, 4, 3, 2, 1, etc.
- (b) 8, 7—7, 8—8, 7, 6—6, 7, 8—8, 7, 6, 5—5, 6, 7, 8, etc.

EXERCISES—FOURTH SET

- (a) 1, 2, 2, 2—1, 2, 3, 3, 3—1, 2, 3, 4, 4, 4—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 5, etc.
- (b) 8, 7, 7, 7—8, 7, 6, 6, 6—8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 5, etc.

EXERCISES—FIFTH SET

Establish lower and higher *do* thus:

- (a) 1, 2, 1—1, 2, 3, 1—1, 2, 3, 4, 1—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1.
- (b) 8, 7, 8—8, 7, 6, 8—8, 7, 6, 5, 8.
- (c) 1, 8—1, 2, 8—1, 2, 3, 8—1, 2, 3, 4, 8—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8.
- (d) 8, 1—8, 7, 1—8, 7, 6, 1—8, 7, 6, 5, 1—8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 1—8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 1.
- (e) 1, 8, 1—2, 8, 2—3, 8, 3—4, 8, 4—5, 8, 5—6, 8, 6—7, 8, 7.
- (f) 8, 1, 8—7, 1, 7—6, 1, 6—5, 1, 5—4, 1, 4—3, 1, 3—2, 1, 2.

EXERCISES—SIXTH SET

- (a) 1, 2—1, 3—1, 4—1, 5—1, 6—1, 7—1, 8.
- (b) 8, 7—8, 6—8, 5—8, 4—8, 3—8, 2—8, 1.
- (c) 1, 2, 3, 1, 3—1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 4—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1, 5—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 1, 6—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 1, 7.
- (d) 1, 2, 3, 1, 3—4, 1, 4—5, 1, 5—6, 1, 6—7, 1, 7—8, 1, 8.
- (e) 8, 7, 6, 8, 6—8, 7, 6, 5, 8, 5—8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 8, 4—8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 8, 3—8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 8, 2.
- (f) 8, 7, 6, 8, 6—5, 8, 5—4, 8, 4—3, 8, 3—2, 8, 2—1, 8, 1.

EXERCISES—SEVENTH SET

- (a) 1 2, 1—1, 2, 3, 2, 1—1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, etc.
- (b) 8, 7, 8—8, 7, 6, 7, 8—8, 7, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8, etc.

EXERCISES—EIGHTH SET

- (a) 1, 8—8, 1—1, 1, 8—8, 8, 1—1, 2, 1, 8—8, 7, 8, 1.
- (b) (Use these an octave higher also)—1, 2, 1, 2, 1—8, 2 (above), 8, 2, 8—1, 2, 2, 1—1, 2, 7 (below), 1—1, 7, 2, 1—1, 7, 7, 1—1, 7, 1, 7, 1—1, 2, 4—4, 2, 1—1, 3, 4—4, 3, 1—1, 3, 4, 1—1, 4, 3, 1—1, 2, 4, 1—1, 4, 2, 1—1, 2, 5—5, 2, 1—1, 2, 4, 5—5, 4, 2, 1—1, 4, 5, 1—3, 6, 5—2, 3, 2, 1—3, 2, 3, 5—6, 6, 5, 3—2, 3, 1—3, 3, 2, 1, 1—5, 5, 4, 3.

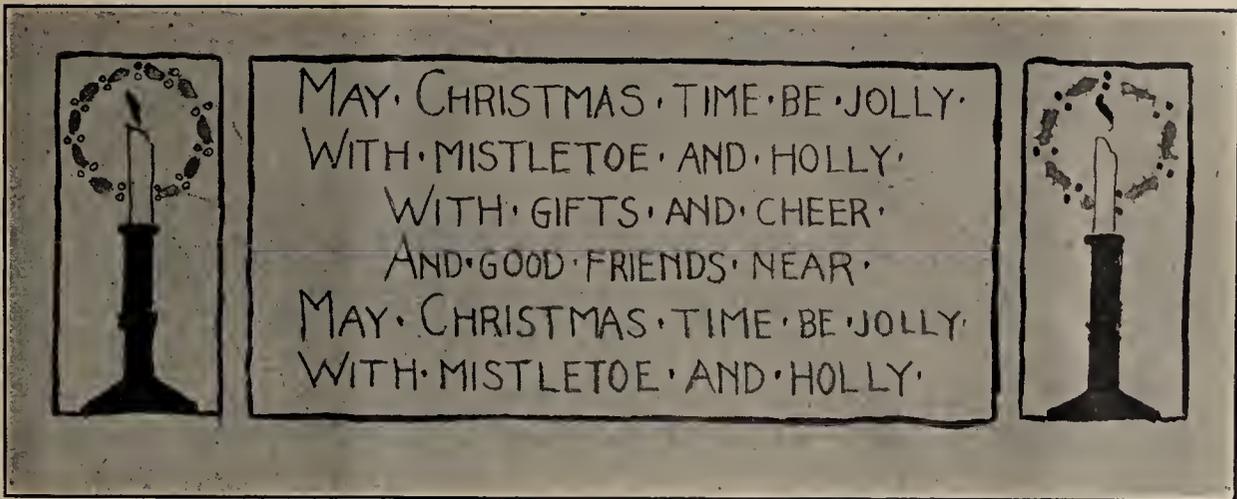
After these exercises have been thoroly drilled upon as tone-reproducing ones, they may be used in other ways. The teacher may start with the first set, and sing the tones to some syllable, as *lu* or *no*, the pupils guessing what the tones are by singing the singing names of the tones the teacher hummed or played. Individuals may raise hands to do this, or a whole row, or the whole school, may sing it.

After the scale has been presented on the ladder on the board, these exercises may be used with the ladder. Teacher may sing 1, 2, 3, etc. Ask "Where am I stepping on the ladder?" A pupil shows her with a pointer on the ladder. Teacher uses the exercises in pointing to the ladder while the children sing.

It should not be expected that the pupils be able to do all contained in these exercises the first few months, but during the latter half of the year they should be able to do them very well.

 Next Month

SAMPLE LESSONS IN DEVELOPING IN THE PUPILS' VOICES THE TONES OF THE SCALE



Brush and Crayon Work

Samples of Children's Work in the Schools of Montclair, N. J. (Cheshire L. Boone, supervisor.)

Gather Around the Christmas Tree.

Old Carol

1. Gath - er a - round the Christ - mas tree! Ev - er green Have its
2. Gath - er a - round the Christ - mas tree! Ev - 'ry bough Bears a

branch - es been, It is king of all the wood - land scene; The
bur - den now,— They are gifts of love for us, we trow: For

Prince of Peace is born to - day! His reign shall nev - er pass a - way,
Christ is born, His love to show; And give good gifts to men be - low.

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!

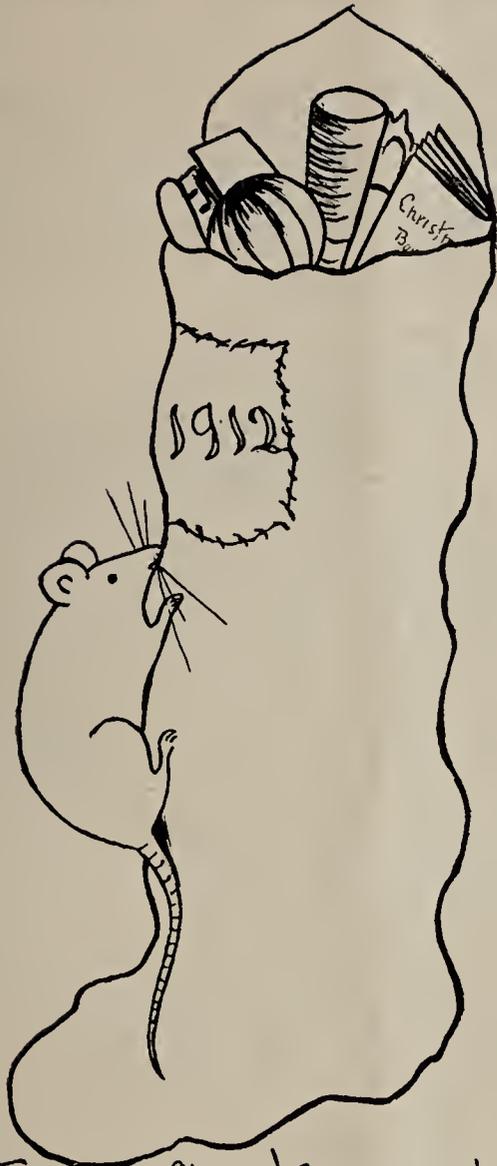
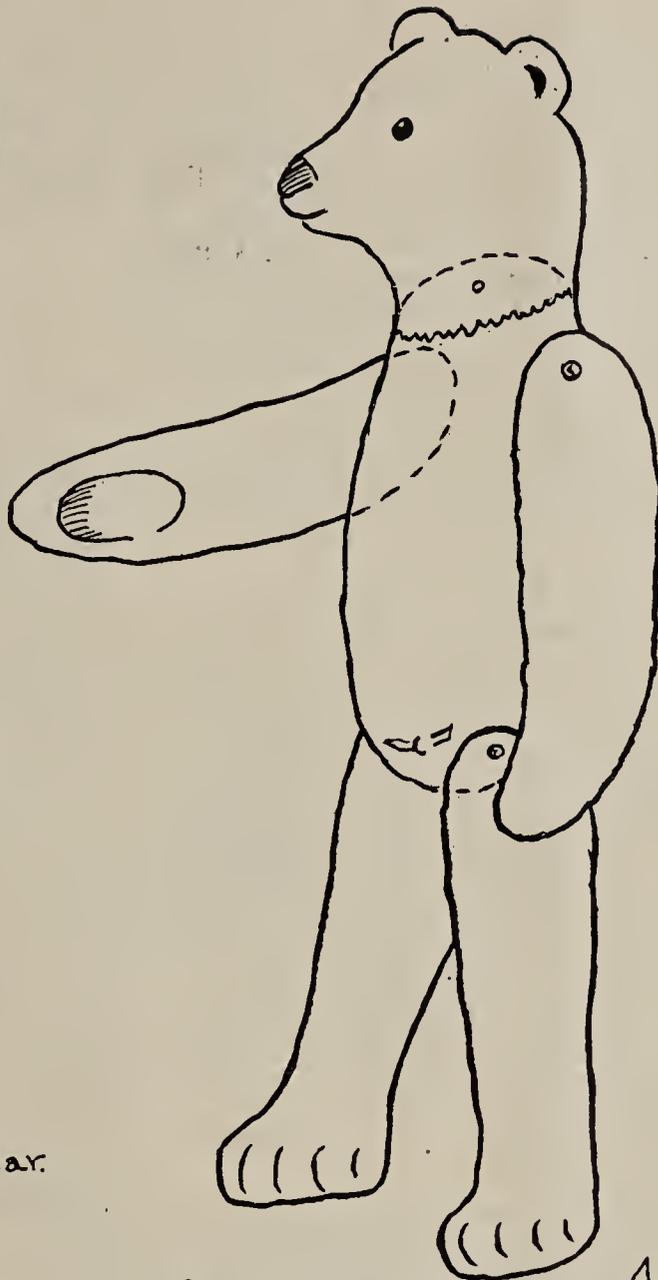
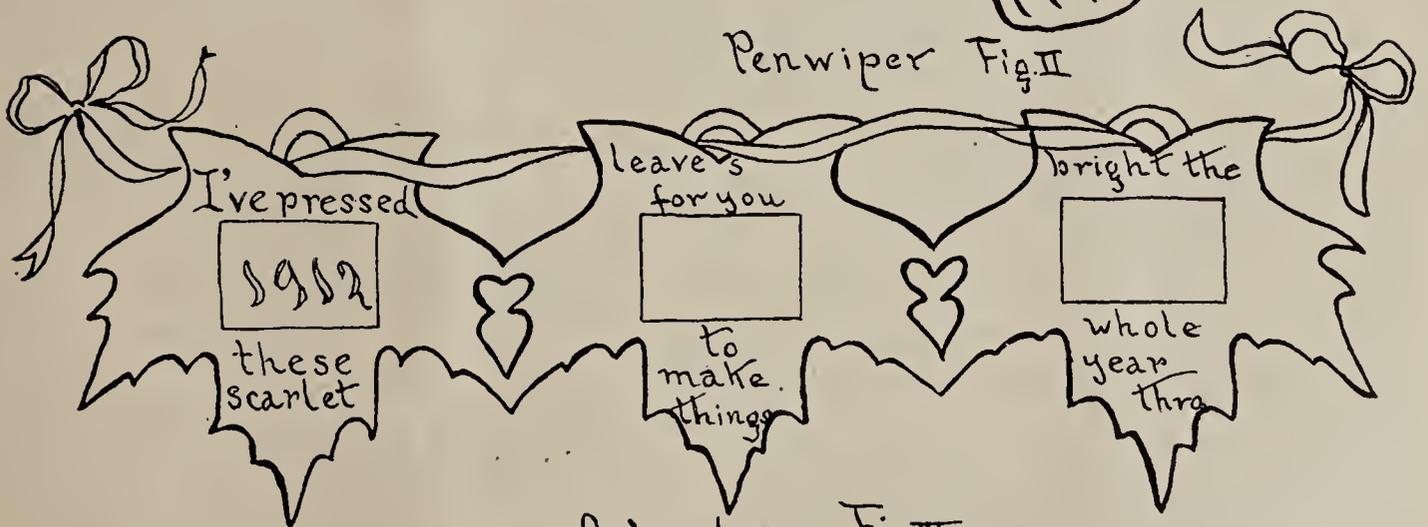


Fig I Christmas card calendar.



Penwiper Fig II



Calendar Fig III.

Simple Christmas Gifts for Lower Grades

By ALICE ORMES ALLEN

Christmas will be doubly dear to the child who has a few gifts of his own making to surprise some beloved Big Person with. There is a wholesome excitement in the mystery of a package containing one's very own handiwork with which to astonish Father or Mother. Bob and Betty will know more about the Spirit of Loving and Giving personified in the Christ Child and the dear old legendary Santa Claus than all the presents they have ever received have inculcated in their youthful systems.

The group of gifts illustrated in the following pages are simple in workmanship and material. While a pattern from "Teacher" will in some cases be necessary, there will still be opportunity enough for personal effort so that the children can feel the completed gift to be of their own make.

Figs. 1, 6, 7 and 11 require patterns of the whole object, prepared in sufficient number to supply part of the room at a time. If two of these are chosen, part of the children can be tracing one pattern and part the other, afterwards exchanging for opposite kinds.

For the Teddy Bear, patterns of the legs, arms and head should be supplied separately, as Teddy is to be made of stiff cardboard and put together with paper-fasteners so that he can move these various members. Either brown or white cardboard may be used. Several pieces of chamois or old kid gloves, cut the shape of his body, are to be fastened to the under side with the fastener that holds his head. A string or ribbon is attached to hang Teddy by, jumping-jack style.

Fig. 1 may be used as a card and inscribed with the following verse:

I am only a little Christmas mouse,
And I wouldn't do anything shocking,
I've come to wish you joy at your house
And not to nibble your stocking.

Or a calendar may be pasted on and a ribbon or pretty cord used to hang it by.

For the maple-leaf calendar the children can use a pattern supplied by the teacher, or real leaves. Use red bristol-board, or let the children tint the leaves after outlining them with pencil.

Fig. 5 shows the cutting of a string of maple leaves from a strip of paper folded back and forth. If cut from paper it will be necessary to use a cardboard mount.

Fig. 4 is a design for a manilla envelope of the right dimensions to hold school papers—some of the best being selected for that exalted purpose. Maple leaves, holly, or any pretty decoration may be used, either drawn, painted or free-hand cut-work. Flowers may be cut out of wall-paper and used with pretty effect.

Fig. 6 is another large manilla envelope of a size suitable for stationery. A small outlay will provide each child with a sheet of blotting-paper to fit it. The Dutch girl can be used to decorate a postal card to put in the envelope in the lower corner. If used for a postal card inscribe this verse upon it:

I send you a pudding
Upon my best dish,
And ev'ry brown raisin's
A sweet Christmas wish.

The holly decorations may be put on in *appliqué*, the leaves cut out of green and the berries from red glazed paper.

The Dutch girl may also be used as the decoration for the cover sheet of a blotter, with or without the verse. With a chamois apron she officiates as a penwiper, while a sandpaper apron converts her into a match scratcher.

Fig. 7 is a pair of match-scratcher mittens, sandpaper being pasted on the back of each. These may be cut from red bristol-board or red crêpe paper may be pasted on cardboard.

The Shaker bucket (Fig. 10) is cut in three parts. The bottom (Fig. 9) with strips cut in, like A.A. to fold in toward the inner ellipse B.B. and afford a pasting surface for the strip (Fig. 8) which forms the side of the bucket. The handle is a strip 9 inches long and one-half inch wide, and both that and the end of the side strip are fastened, as indicated in the drawing by dots, with gilt-headed paper fasteners. The original colors of the bucket are brown (cedar) bottom, and green (shumac) side and handle.

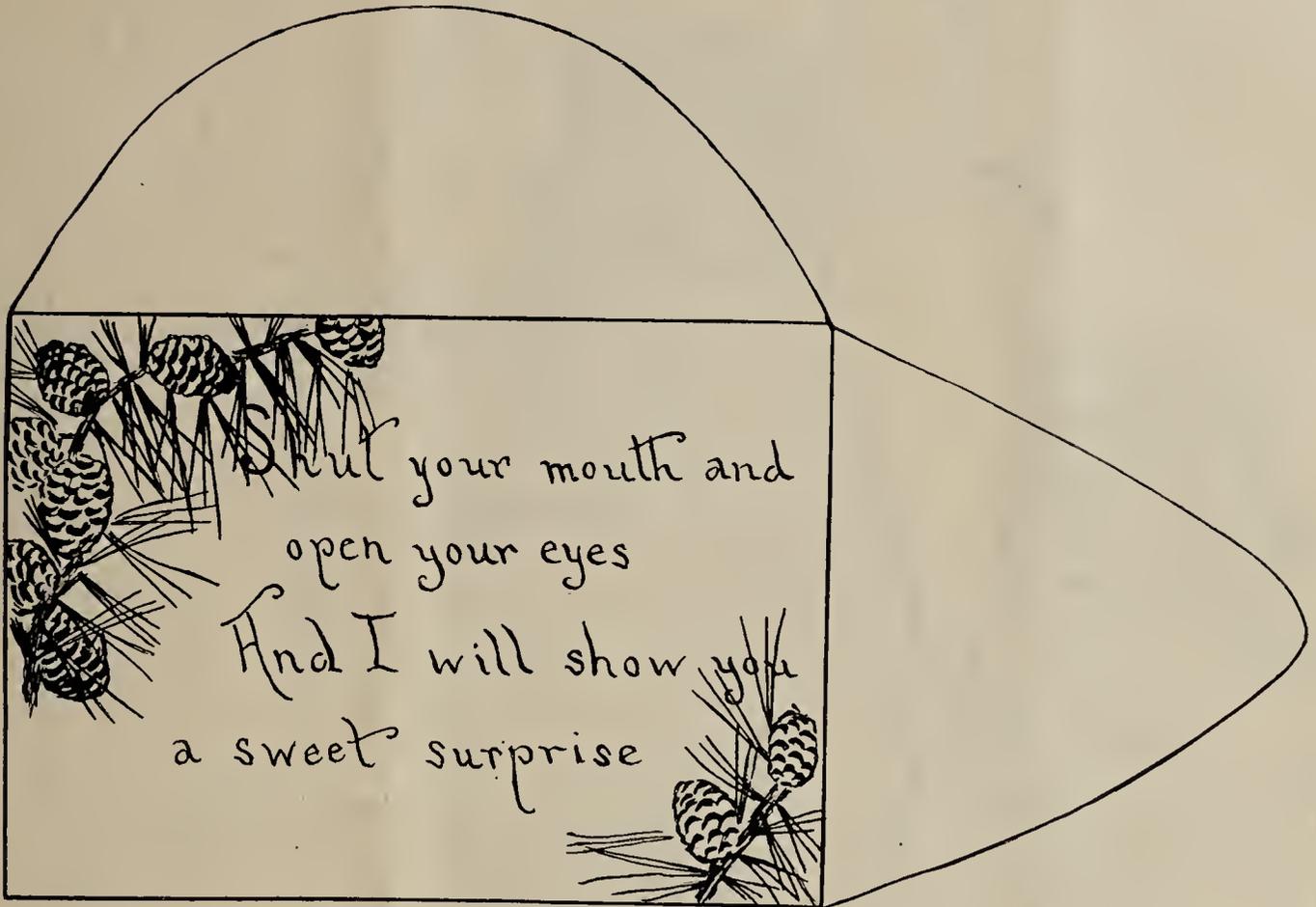
For the envelope with the child's hand let each child trace around his own left hand with a pencil. The outlines may need some private doctoring and can then be gone over in ink.

Christmas Wishes for Stocking Books

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Is echoed from hill and plain;
As year by year, with heart of cheer,
We welcome glad Christmas again."

"Of all the merry days of old
When merry days did most abound,
The best was Christmas, all the rest
But ushers to this royal guest!"

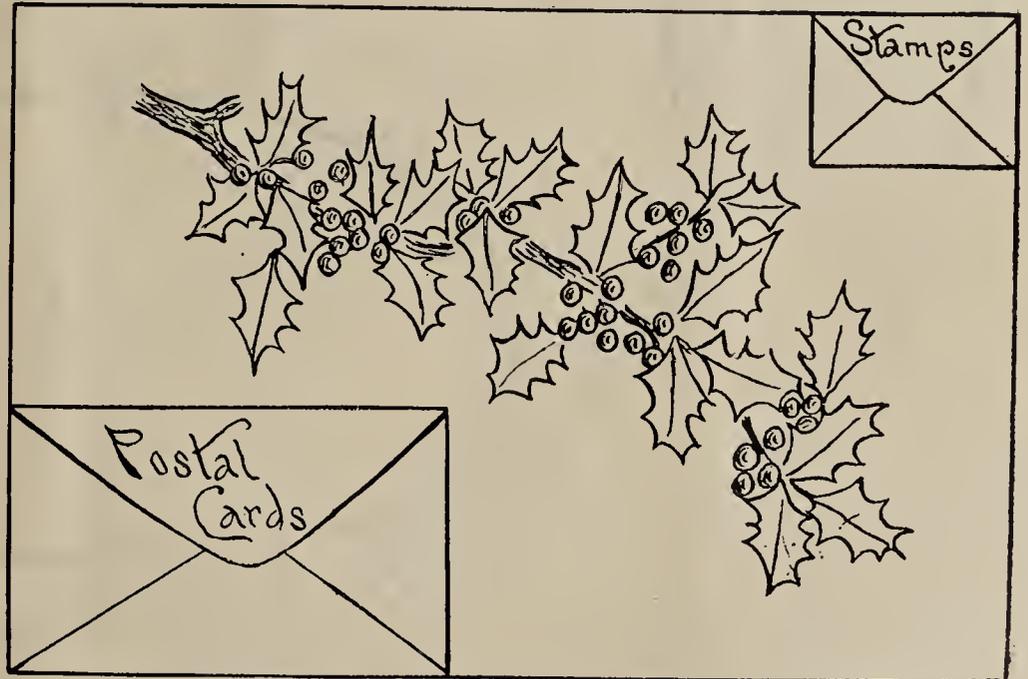
"O what's the best season for giving?
Is it when the chill winter is here?
When cold makes the fireside pleasant,
The days of the glad Christmas cheer?"



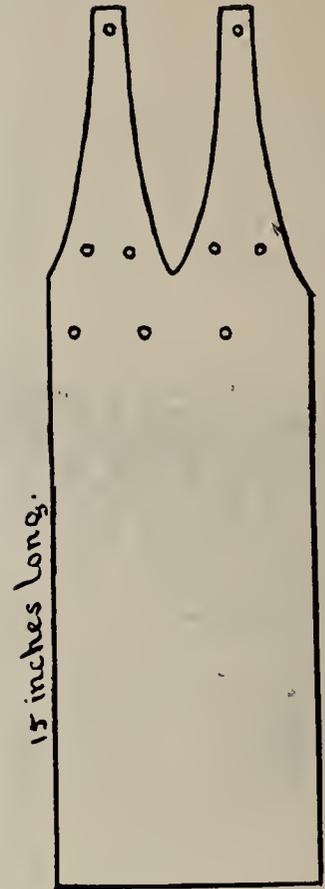
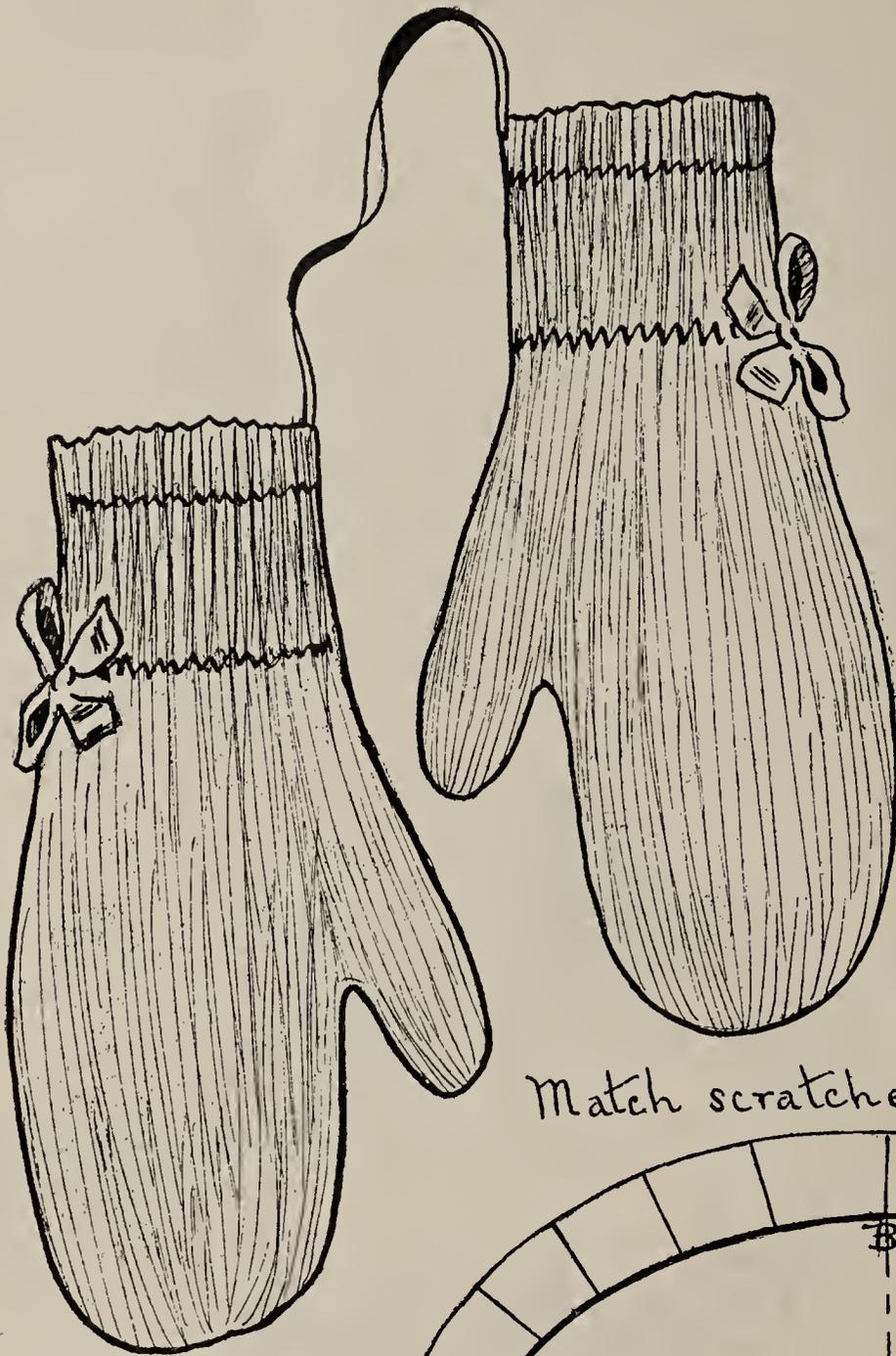
Manilla envelope for best school papers.
Fig. IV



Fig. V.



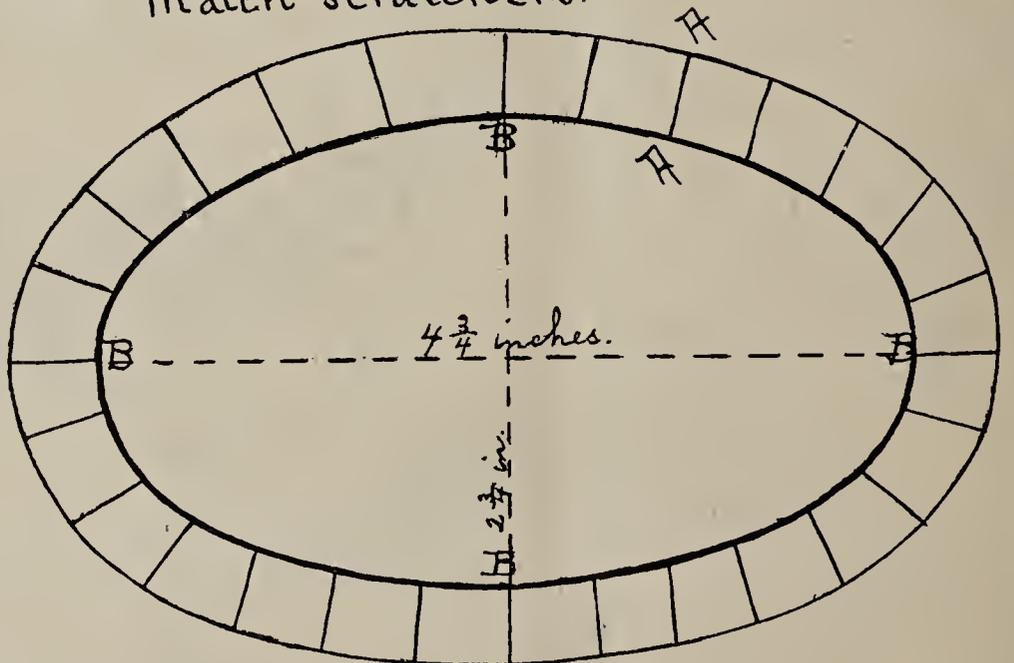
Envelope for stationery. Fig. VI.



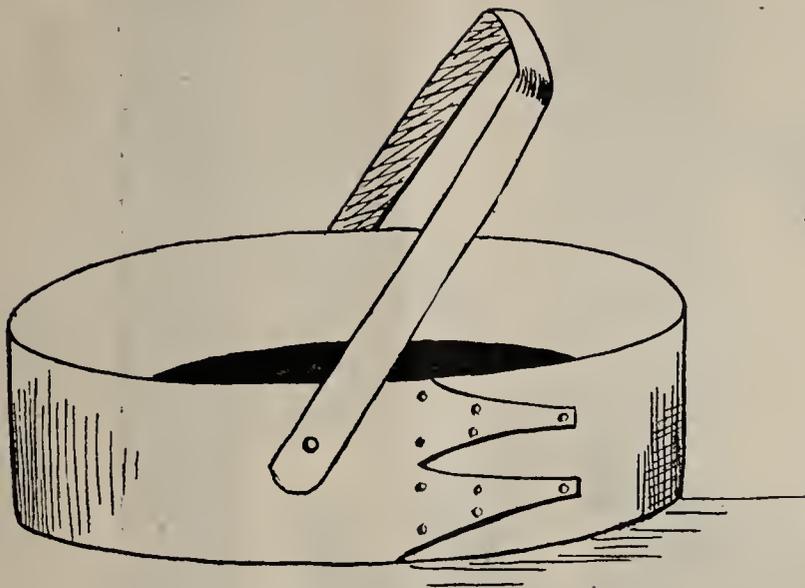
2 7/8 inches.
Fig VIII

Match scratchers.

Fig VII



Bottom of Shaker bucket.
Fig IX.



Shaker bucket. Fig. X.



Fig. XI, Penwiper or postal card.

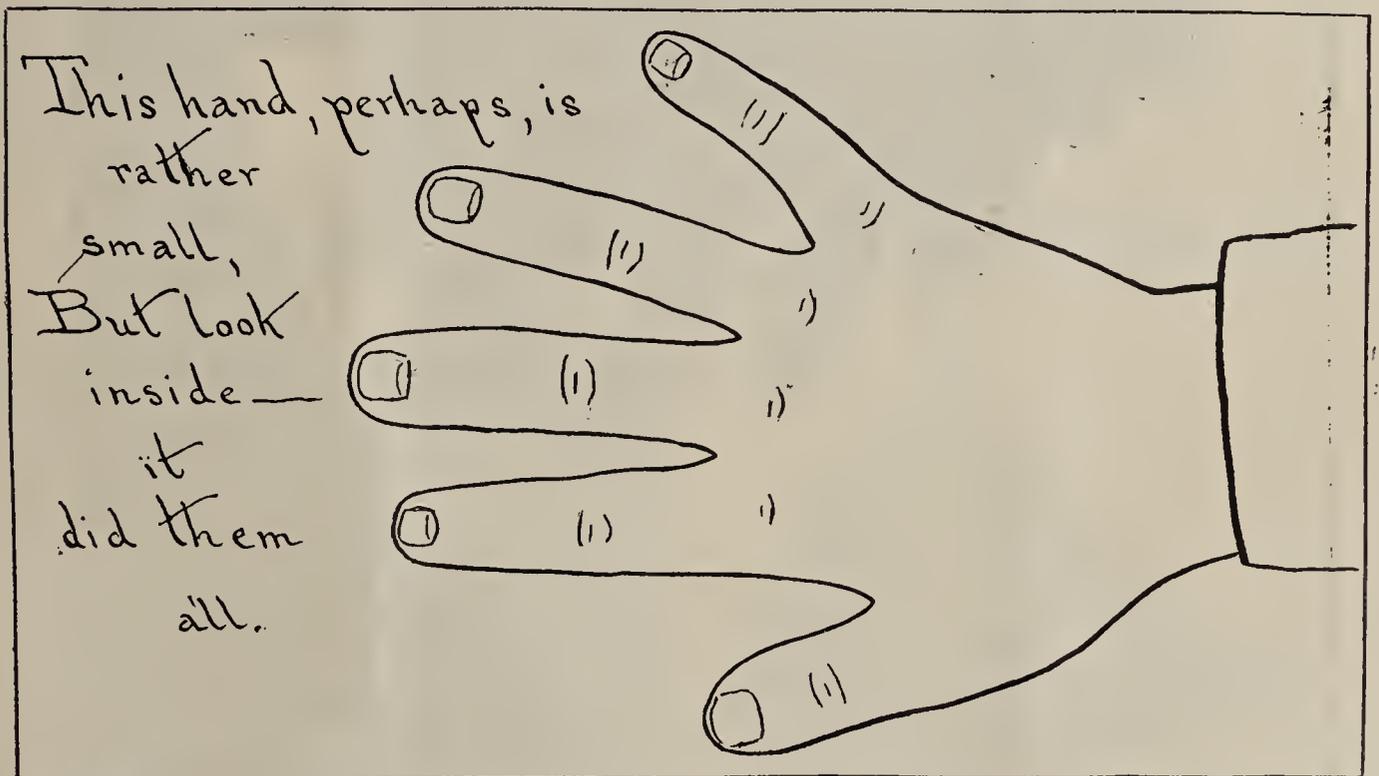
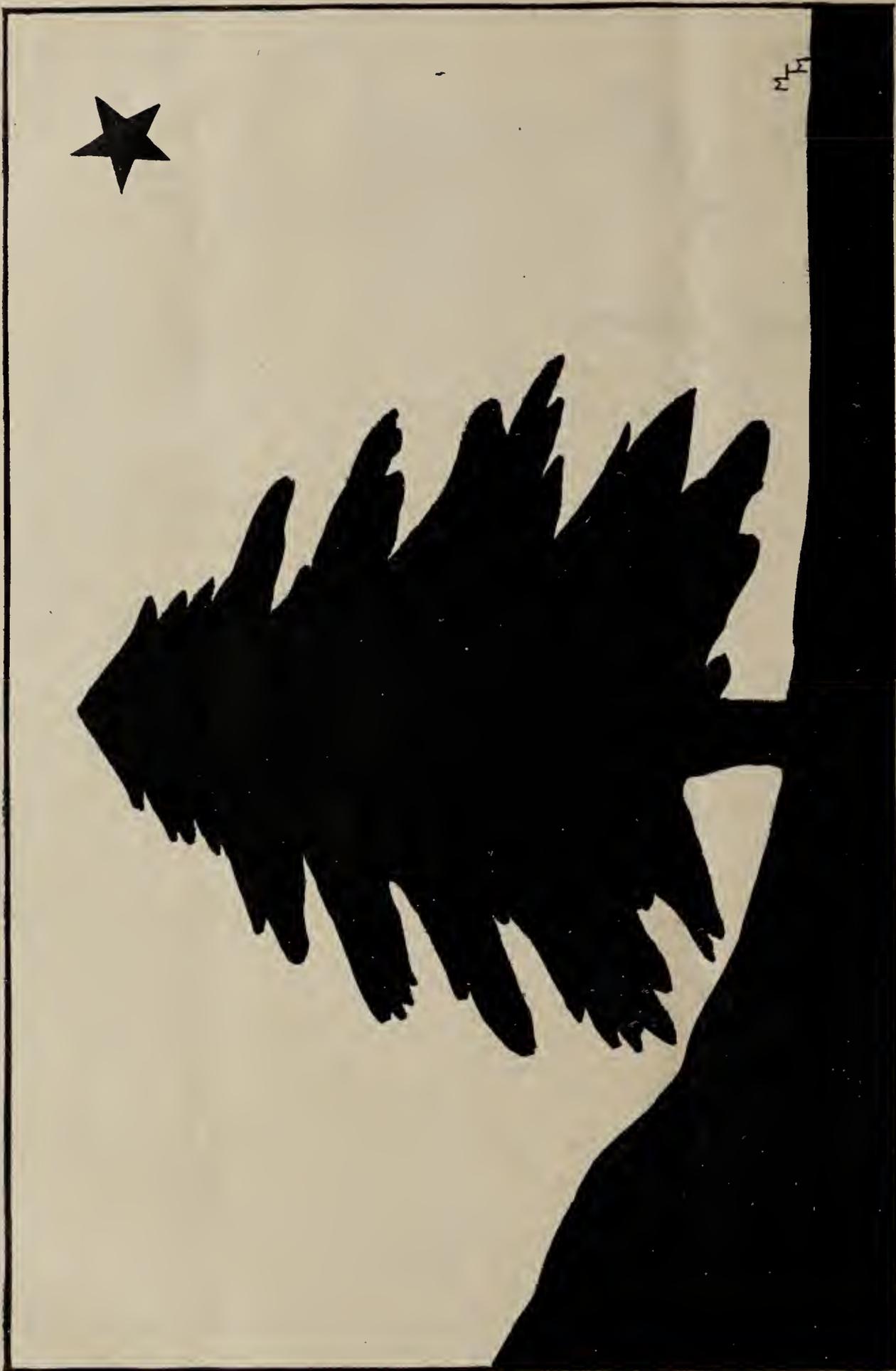


Fig. XII Manilla envelope for child's paintings and drawings



December Poster—Designed by Mary Tucker Merrill

To be cut by the children either in black and white, or with tree and hill of green and a silver star. The background can be white or blue.



Christmas Paper Cuttings—Designed by Ruth Mildred Lang

Stories to Tell

Story of the Fir Tree

Far away in the forest, where the warm sun and fresh air made a sweet resting place, grew a pretty little fir tree. It was a beautiful spot. Yet the tree was not happy; it wished so much to be tall like its companions, the pines and firs, which grew around it.

Every year the tree grew a notch taller. Still, it kept on complaining, "Oh! how I wish I were as tall as the other trees; then I would spread out my branches on every side, and my crown would overlook the wide world around. I should have the birds building their nests on my boughs, and when the wind blew, I should bow with stately dignity, like my tall companions."

Sometimes in winter, when the snow lay white and glittering on the ground, a little hare would come springing along, and jump right over the little tree's head. That made the tree wish harder than ever to be tall.

Two winters passed, and when the third came the tree had grown so tall that the hare had to run round it. Yet the tree was not satisfied, and would exclaim, "Oh! to grow, to grow! If I could only be tall! There is nothing else I care for in the wide world."

In the autumn the wood-cutters came and cut down several of the tallest trees. Our young fir, which was now grown to its full height, shuddered as the noble trees fell to the earth with a crash.

After the branches were lopped off the trunks looked so slender and bare that they could scarcely be recognized. Then they were placed, one upon another, upon wagons, and drawn by horses out of the forest.

"Where could they be going?"

The swallows did not know, but the stork said, "I know. On my way to Egypt I met many new ships, and they had fine masts that smelt like fir. These must have been the trees; and they looked very stately."

"Oh, how I wish I were tall enough to go to sea!" said the fir tree. "Tell me, what is this sea, and what does it look like?"

"It would take too much time to explain, a great deal too much," said the stork, and flew away.

Christmas time drew near, and many young trees were cut down, some that were even smaller and younger than the fir tree. These young trees, which were chosen for their beauty, kept their branches, and were also laid on wagons, and drawn by horses far away out of the forest.

"Where are they going?" asked the fir tree. "They are not taller than I am; indeed, one is not so tall. And why do they keep all their branches? Where are they going?"

"We know, we know," sang the sparrows.

"We have looked in at the windows of the houses in the town, and we know what is done with them. They are dressed up gloriously. We have seen them standing in the middle of a warm room, adorned with all sorts of beautiful things;—honey cakes, gilded apples, playthings, and many hundreds of wax tapers."

"And then?" asked the fir tree, trembling in all its branches, "and then what happens?"

"We did not see any more," said the sparrows; "but this was enough for us."

"I wonder if anything so brilliant will ever happen to me," thought the fir tree.

The tree grew taller every day. Passers-by would look and say, "What a beautiful tree!"

Next time Christmas came around our fir tree was the first to be cut down. With a groan it fell to the earth. Then it knew nothing of itself till it awoke in the courtyard of a city house, with other trees beside it. A man had come and our tree heard him say, "We only want one, and this is the prettiest. This is beautiful."

Then came two servants in grand livery, and carried the fir tree into a large and beautiful apartment. Pictures hung on the walls, and there were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, and large tables covered with books and toys.

The fir tree was placed in a large tub, filled with sand, and green baize hung round it, so that no one could know it was a tub. Some young ladies came, and the servants helped them to adorn the tree.

On one branch they hung little bags cut out of colored paper, and each bag was filled with sweetmeats. From other branches hung gilded apples and walnuts, as if they had grown there; and above, and all around, were hundreds of red, blue, and white tapers, which were fastened upon the branches. Dolls, exactly like real men and women, were placed under the green branches,—the tree had never seen such things before,—and at the top was fastened a glittering star made of gold tinsel. Oh, it was beautiful!

At last evening came, and the tapers were lighted. What a glistening blaze of splendor the tree presented!

And now the folding-doors were thrown open and a troop of children rushed in as if they were going to upset the tree. Then entered more slowly their elders. For a moment the little ones stood silent with astonishment. Then they shouted for joy till the room rang; and they danced merrily round the tree, while one present after another was taken from it. At last the candles burned down to the branches, and were put out. Now the children received permission to plunder the tree.

Oh, how they rushed upon it! There was such a riot that the branches cracked, and had it not been fastened with the glistening star to

the ceiling it must have been thrown down. Then the children danced about with their pretty toys, and no one noticed the tree.

In the morning the servants came in. "Now," thought the fir tree, "all my splendor is going to begin again." But they dragged him out of the room and upstairs to the garret, and threw him on the floor, and there they left him.

"What does this mean?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? I can hear nothing in a place like this." And he leaned against the wall and thought and thought.

And he had time enough to think, for days and nights passed, and no one came near him.

One morning people came to clear up the garret; the boxes were pulled away, and the tree was pulled out of the corner and thrown roughly on the floor. Then the servants dragged it out and carried it downstairs and out into the courtyard so quickly that it forgot to think of itself, and could only look about, there was so much to be seen.

Soon a lad came and chopped the tree into small pieces, till a large bundle lay in a heap on the ground. The pieces were placed in a fire, which blazed up brightly. Every time the tree sighed there was a crackling noise. The children, who were at play, came and seated themselves in front of the fire, and looked and listened, and every time the tree sighed, they cried, "Pop, pop." At last there was nothing left of our fir tree but a heap of ashes.

[Condensed from Hans Christian Andersen.]

Christmas Reproduction Stories

A little spruce tree grew in a wood. Summer and winter it grew in the same place until at last it was a tall tree. Then a man cut it down and took it home. It was used for a Christmas tree.

Our Christmas tree is trimmed with paper chains. It is lighted with candles. All the rooms smell sweet from the spicy leaves of the fir tree.

I had a doll for Christmas. She has blue eyes and light curly hair. She is dressed like a baby, with a long dress. She has little pink socks on her feet.

Fred wrote a letter to Santa Claus. He asked Santa Claus to bring him a pair of skates for Christmas. When he woke up Christmas morning a pair of skates hung by the foot of his bed.

I hang up my stocking on Christmas Eve. When I wake up on Christmas morning the stocking is full of candy, oranges and nuts.

My little brother has a Noah's ark. He found it under the tree on Christmas morning. In the ark are two camels, two donkeys, two lions, two tigers, and two doves.

Each of us had an orange for breakfast on Christmas Day. We found our oranges in the stockings we hung up the night before. Oranges are yellow. They have inside little bags filled with sweet juice. We all like oranges.

December Gymnastic Story

Playing Christmas Tree

We will have, first, a little entertainment. Willie Brown (teacher calls some one of the pupils by name) will come forward and speak a piece. (The child called upon goes to the platform, bows, and gives a quotation, or something learned before, or, if the teacher gets the pupils interested, they will be ready with something new, if it may be sufficiently short. This is excellent practice, and it can easily be made an enjoyable game.)

Helen Jones will sing a song. (Helen goes to the platform, bows and sings. In this way the fun continues, until some eight or ten pupils have been called upon.)

Now we will all sing a song together. Who will choose what we shall sing? (Hands raised.)

Now we will all recite something. Who will choose? (Hands raised.) A poem which all know is recited. Suddenly the sound of bells is heard outside the door. A child who has been chosen beforehand knocks. The teacher

opens the door, and in rushes the "play" Santa Claus. He runs to the front of the room, and pretends to take presents from the tree, one by one. As he does so he calls a pupil by name. The child goes forward, and receives a real piece of candy, a peanut, a raisin, or nothing, simply pretending to do, as the teacher chooses, and returns to his seat. This continues until every name has been called. Then Santa Claus says:

"I hope you have all had a happy Christmas. If you will come with me, I will take you on a little trip to Santa Claus land." (Upon this, he touches some child. The child rises and follows Santa, who touches another child, who rises and follows the first. Santa continues touching the children, who rise and follow, after the fashion of "follow my leader," until all the children in the room are marching, single file. This exercise can be made very entertaining to the children, and very profitable at the same time. It will not lose its freshness and enjoyableness till some time after the Christmas festivities are over.)

O Thou Blessed Christmas Time!

Sicilian.

p. *cres.*

O thou mer-ry, O thou joy-ous, O thou bless-ed

Christ-mas time! Sil- ver bells are ring-ing, Young and old are sing-ing.

res. *deces.*

Christ is born, Christ is born at Beth-le-hem.

Setting and translation Copyrighted.

Mary's Lullaby.

Copyrighted.

Adapted from a German Volksong.

Sleep well, thou dear-est Je-sus mine, Sleep well, my pre-cious boy! The

stars in all their glo-ry shine, And an-gels sing for joy. Poor

shep-herd folk have come to see my dar-ling boy and sing with me

Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by! Sleep, sweet Je-sus lul-la-by!

First Year Lesson Plans for December

First Week

MONDAY

This is to be used as preparatory for a prayer:

Two hands now let us show,
Two hands bring down, just so;
Right hand right things must do,
Left hand must help it, too.
From mischief fold them tight,
Nor let them strike nor fight,
But stretch them out in love,
And upward point above.
Now fold them while we pray,
And think of all we say;
With heads all bended low,
And eyes all closed, just so.

Have the children learn to repeat the poem, with appropriate motions. At the close, repeat whatever prayer is in use in the school.

TUESDAY

Talk about Christmas giving. It is not what we receive that makes us happiest. It is what we do for others. What shall we make in school as Christmas gifts for father, mother, brother, sister?

WEDNESDAY

Have the following poem learned by all the children. Little folks always like it, and it might well be repeated in concert as a part of the Christmas entertainment:

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet.
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it—
She looked so funny and wise.
Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all.
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.
I know what will do for the baby.
I've thought of the very best plan:
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it to the toe.
Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here.
You've never seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year.
But she's just the blessedest baby!

And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

—Selected.

THURSDAY

Talk about the coming of Christmas. Why December 25th? Why do we celebrate the great Birthday by giving presents?

FRIDAY

Santa Claus.—How he is supposed to come down the chimney. How can each of us be a Santa Claus? How is father a Santa Claus for us all the year? How is mother a Santa Claus?

Second Week

MONDAY

The Stars.—When we see the stars. How many of them? What color? Why do we not see them on a stormy night? Which looks larger, the moon or a star? Tell about the group of stars called the Big Dipper.

TUESDAY

A poem about a star. To be memorized by the children:

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR
[See page 159]

WEDNESDAY

Usefulness of the stars, and ethical lesson on children's being bright and helpful. The following little verse may be read in this connection:

"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 I can."

THURSDAY

The Star of Bethlehem.—How seen by the shepherds, and how it led them to the place where the Babe of Bethlehem lay.

FRIDAY

Read the following story to the children:

Once upon a time a book was overheard talking to a little boy who had borrowed it. The words seemed worth remembering, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything

thicker than a single sheet of paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are thru reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are thru with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

This story is especially worth telling just before the coming of new Christmas books.

Third Week

MONDAY

Tell the story of "The Little Fir Tree."

TUESDAY

Tell the story of "The Little Match Girl."

WEDNESDAY

Dramatize "Little Jack Horner."
The rhyme:

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a great boy am I!"

Have a boy sit in the corner. Give him a pasteboard pie. At the right time, while the other children are repeating the rhyme, he can stick in his thumb and pull out a plum. The other children stop at "And said," and the boy representing Jack says, alone, "What a great boy am I!"

THURSDAY

Tell the story of "Piccola":

Once there was a little girl named Piccola. The little girl had no dolls nor any other toys, for her father and mother were very poor, and so could not buy her any. Nevertheless, Piccola was always very happy.

One year, just before Christmas, Piccola's mother said to her, "My dear, you must not expect any Christmas presents this year. We are very poor this winter, and we must be thankful if we have food enough to keep us from being hungry."

But Piccola only laughed, and said, "I'm not afraid. Santa Claus will bring me some present, I am sure."

The little girl put her shoe beside the fireplace on Christmas Eve and went to bed. The next morning she hurried to see what was in it, and there was a little bird. How happy Piccola was!

She took the best care of her pet, and grew very fond of it.

She kept the bird all winter, but when the summer came she opened the window and let it go.

The bird flew away into the woods, but every day he came back and sang in front of Piccola's door.

FRIDAY

Tell the story of the custom, in Norway, of giving the birds a feast on Christmas morning.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

This, in 1911, is Christmas day. Of course, there will be no school, but in preparation for the day, teach either one or both of the following verses to the children:

Christmastide, it is warm and sweet;
A whole world's heart at a baby's feet.

—RICHARD BURTON.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old;
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.
Peace on earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

TUESDAY

The children will be full of Christmas. Have them tell what they did on Christmas day, taking pains that nothing be said that may hurt the poorest or the most sensitive child there. Ask such questions as, How many spent the day at home? How many played out-of-doors? etc.

WEDNESDAY

Tell about children of the poor, who often have no Christmas.

THURSDAY

Tell about Christmas in Holland and France.

FRIDAY

Tell about Christmas in Germany, and any other countries you may know about.

Squared Units

[See opposite page]

The children may rule their own squares and fill in the spaces with ink or color.

For ink use pen or toothpicks.

For color use crayon or brush.

For paper cutting the object may be outlined on the squared paper and then cut from colored paper.

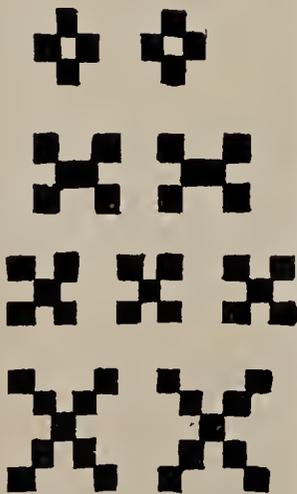
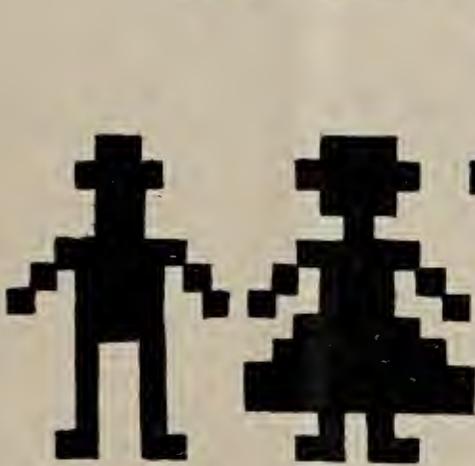
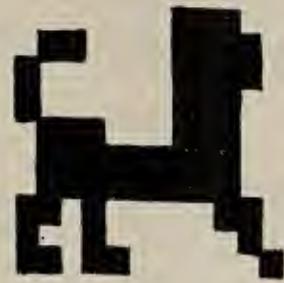
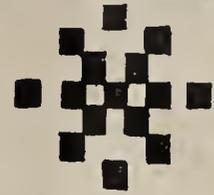
The colored papers may then be pasted on to white card, to make borders, etc.

For sewing the cross-stitch is used. Baste canvas on the material to be worked, and the squares on the canvas will correspond to the squares on the drawing to be copied.

Stitches may be in color or in black. If for washing material use colored threads that come in skeins for the purpose. (D. M. C.). Christmas gifts may be made, using the cross stitch on bags, towels, bibs, table covers, aprons, etc.

One advantage of the squared units is that children who cannot draw from objects, or sketch from memory can do good work with the ruled squares.

MEARY CHRISTMAS



Squared Units.—Designed by F. G. Sanders, Canada.
(See opposite page.)

First Year Plans for Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 3 |
| 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 |

TUESDAY

Measuring:

Measure, with a foot rule, a string, cutting it to the length of three feet. Teach that is one yard. Find how many yards along the side of the room, etc.

WEDNESDAY

Play store, buying things for Christmas, and using toy money.

THURSDAY

Counting:

Give each child a handful of beans, to be counted. Have the children exchange and re-count, to test accuracy.

FRIDAY

1. If I have 5 cents to spend, how many sticks of candy can I get if each stick costs a penny?

2. If I can get 2 pieces of candy for a penny, how many pieces can I get with 2 cents? How many pieces can I get with 3 cents? With 4 cents?

3. I had 4 pieces of candy. I ate 2. How many had I left?

4. I had 2 apples. Mother gave me 3 more. How many had I then?

5. If I have 8 cents to spend for Christmas, how many oranges can I give if they cost 2 cents apiece?

6. In a Noah's ark there were 2 lions, 2 tigers, 2 camels, 2 donkeys and 2 doves. How many in all?

7. On a Christmas tree there were 2 blue candles, 2 green candles, 2 yellow candles and 1 white candle. How many in all?

8. Of the 7 candles on a Christmas tree, 1 blue candle and 1 yellow candle burned out first. How many were there left?

Second Week

MONDAY

Addition:

| |
|-------------|
| $9 + 1 = ?$ |
| $1 + 9 = ?$ |
| $9 + 2 = ?$ |
| $2 + 9 = ?$ |
| $9 + 3 = ?$ |
| $3 + 9 = ?$ |

Subtraction:

| |
|-------------|
| $9 - 1 = ?$ |
| $9 - 2 = ?$ |
| $9 - 3 = ?$ |
| $9 - 4 = ?$ |
| $9 - 5 = ?$ |
| $9 - 6 = ?$ |

TUESDAY

Count by ones to 50; by twos to 10. Write 11, 13, 15, 19, 20, 25, 28, 30.

WEDNESDAY

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 8 | 18 | 28 | 38 | 48 | 58 |
| +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 |
| | 68 | 78 | 88 | 98 | |
| | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | |
| | | | | | |

THURSDAY

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 8 | 18 | 28 | 38 | 48 | 58 | 68 | 78 | 88 | 98 |
| -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 |
| | | | | | | | | | |

FRIDAY

Play store, buying and selling ornaments for the Christmas tree. Use toy money.

Third Week

MONDAY

Count by threes from 3 to 24.

Count by threes backward, from 24 to 3.

Addition:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 9 | 19 | 29 | 39 | 49 | 59 |
| +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 |
| 69 | 79 | 89 | 99 | | |
| +2 | +2 | +2 | +2 | | |
| | | | | | |

TUESDAY

Count by tens to 100. Count by tens backward, from 100 to 1.

Subtraction:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 9 | 19 | 29 | 39 | 49 | 59 | 69 | 79 | 89 | 99 |
| -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -2 | -9 | -2 |
| | | | | | | | | | |

WEDNESDAY

Measure the number of yards and feet in doors, windows, length of platform, etc.

THURSDAY

General Problems:

| |
|-------------------------|
| $1 + 1 + 2 + 3 = ?$ |
| $3 + 2 - 1 - 1 = ?$ |
| $5 - 2 + 1 - 2 = ?$ |
| $5 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 = ?$ |
| $3 + 3 + 3 - 3 = ?$ |
| $2 + 3 - 1 - 2 = ?$ |
| $4 - 2 + 1 + 2 = ?$ |
| $5 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 = ?$ |

TUESDAY

Write all the numbers ending in 4, from 44 to 144.

Mixed examples:

$$\begin{array}{ll} 2 + 3 + 3 + 4 = ? & 8 - 6 + 2 - 3 = ? \\ 4 - 2 + 1 - 1 = ? & 6 - 1 + 2 - 4 = ? \\ 10 - 6 = ? & 8 - 1 - 2 - 1 = ? \\ 3 \times 8 = ? & 7 - 2 + 1 - 4 = ? \end{array}$$

WEDNESDAY

1. If cakes are 12 cents a dozen, what must I pay for 2 dozen?
2. I have 3 pencils that cost me 15 cents. What did each pencil cost?
3. At 4 cents each, what will 6 oranges cost?
4. I need 3 pencil pads, and they will cost 6 cents each. How much must I pay for all 3?
5. How many books in this room?
6. How many pencils in this room? If I carry half of them into the cloakroom, how many will there be left?

THURSDAY

Write the Roman numerals, beginning at 12, and going back to one.

$$\begin{array}{lll} 4 \times 2 = ? & 20 \div 4 = ? & 2 \times 4 = ? \\ 8 \div 4 = ? & 40 \div 4 = ? & 32 \div 4 = ? \\ 7 \times 4 = ? & 8 \times 4 = ? & 12 \div 4 = ? \\ 10 \times 4 = ? & 4 \times 5 = ? & \\ 4 \div 1 = ? & 4 \times 7 = ? & 28 \div 4 = ? \\ 4 \times 4 = ? & 4 \times 10 = ? & \\ 16 \div 4 = ? & 5 \times 4 = ? & \end{array}$$

FRIDAY

Have a match, choosing sides, and reviewing addition, subtraction, multiplication and division tables.

Third Week

MONDAY

Multiplication:

| | | | | | | | |
|-------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 634 | 123 | 121 | 523 | 222 | 621 | 532 | 714 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 |
| <hr/> | | | | | | | |

TUESDAY

Division:

| | | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 2) 644 | 3) 963 | 2) 484 | 4) 488 | 3) 936 |
| <hr/> | | | | |
| 3) 336 | 2) 846 | 2) 848 | | |
| <hr/> | | | | |

WEDNESDAY

How many yards from the school door to the gate? The children to measure.

THURSDAY

Write all the numbers ending in 4, from 4 to 444.

FRIDAY

1. If berries cost 16 cents a box, what will 4 boxes cost?
2. I bought 4 pounds of butter at 25 cents a pound. How much did the butter cost?
3. Three pounds of butter cost 75 cents. What did one pound cost?

4. At 20 cents apiece, what will 4 neckties cost?

5. John had 10 apples, and Mary had 4 times as many. How many had Mary?

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Count backwards by fives, from 200 to 1.
Count by fours, from 4 to 116.
Buy and sell, making change, with toy money, up to \$3.00.

TUESDAY

Measure distances, out-of-doors, in yards and feet.

WEDNESDAY

Add 4 to each of the following numbers: 27, 33, 44, 68, 92, 45, 61, 73, 48, 17, 56, 94, 38, 75, 63.

THURSDAY

Write the Roman numerals for 2, 4, 7, 9, 12, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11, 1.
Make up three clock problems.

FRIDAY

Review of the month's work.

Santa Claus

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little heads on the pillow so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts thru the snow like a ship thru the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh is so long, and deep and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not a sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops along.

He rides to the east, and he rides to the west,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

—Selected.

Second Year Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow 'round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes,
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks,
At my dear Land of Story Books.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Have the poem copied. It will be of especial interest now, as Christmas approaches.

TUESDAY

Make a list of all the name words (nouns) in "The Land of Story Books."

WEDNESDAY

Answer, orally, the following, the answers to be found from "The Land of Story Books." All answers to be complete sentences:

- When is the lamp lit?
- Where do my parents sit?
- What do my parents do?
- Where do I crawl?
- What do I play?
- How long do I play?
- Where do the lions come to drink?
- Like what did I prowl about?
- When do I return home?
- What do I call the land where I make believe?

THURSDAY

Fill the following blank spaces, writing the sentences complete:

- At evening the — is lit.
- My parents sit around the —.
- My parents talk and —.
- I crawl along the —.
- The roaring — come to drink.

FRIDAY

Write, in your own words, the story of "The Land of Story Books."

Second Week

MONDAY

Write six sentences, telling about Christmas.

TUESDAY

Copy the following:

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
Tinkling thru the snow;
Mother knitting stockings,
Pussy's got the ball,
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

WEDNESDAY

Answer, orally, the following questions, from the quotation given the day before:

Where do the little snowflakes dance? What is a flue?

Why are the snowflakes called fairies?

Where is Mr. Santa Claus supposed to live?

When do sleigh bells tinkle?

What is mother doing?

What is pussy doing?

Why is winter pleasanter than any other part of the year?

What day do we celebrate in December?

THURSDAY

Add a word to *snowflake* to show what color it is.

Add a word to *stocking* to show what color it is.

Add a word to *tree* to show what color it is.

Add a word to *dog* to show what color it is.

Add a word to *cat* to show what color it is.

FRIDAY

Write an invitation to mother to come to school for the Christmas exercises.

Third Week

MONDAY

Have the children tell you the story of the little fir tree. They probably heard it in the preceding grade, but if necessary tell it to them first, and have them tell it back to you.

TUESDAY

Have the children tell you the story of the little match girl, in the same way.

WEDNESDAY

Have the pupils dramatize the Christmas tree, and giving the presents. They will arrange the game for themselves better than you can do it for them.

THURSDAY

Write on the board the following poem. Have the children write a list of the name words in it:

Sing a song of Christmas!
 Pockets full of gold;
 Plums and cakes for Polly's stocking,
 More than it can hold.
 Pudding in the great pot,
 Turkey on the spit,
 Merry faces 'round the fire.
 Sorry? Not a bit.

Sing a song of Christmas!
 Thanks to God on high
 For the tender hearts abounding
 With his charity!
 Gifts for all the needy,
 For the sad hearts love,
 And a little angel smiling,
 In sweet heaven above.

—Selected.

FRIDAY

Write a list of presents that a boy would like for Christmas. Write a list of presents that a girl would like for Christmas.



Fourth Week

MONDAY

Tell the children Andersen's story of "The Snow Man."

THE SNOW MAN

"It is so delightfully cold," said the Snow Man, "that it makes my whole body crackle. This is just the kind of weather to blow life into one. How that great red thing up there is staring at me!" He meant the sun, which was just setting. "It shall not make me wink. I shall keep the pieces."

He had two triangular pieces of tile in his head, instead of eyes. His mouth was made of an old broken rake, and was, of course, furnished with teeth. He had been brought into existence amid the joyous shouts of boys, the jingling of sleigh-bells, and the slashing of whips.

The sun went down, and the full moon rose, large, round and clear, shining in the deep blue.

"There it comes again, from the other side," said the Snow Man, who supposed the sun was showing himself once more. "Ah, I have cured him of staring, tho; now he may hang up there, and shine, that I may

see myself. If I only knew how to manage to move away from this place,—I should so like to move. If I could, I would slide yonder on the ice, as I have seen the boys do; but I don't understand how; I don't even know how to run."

"Away, away," barked the old yard-dog. He was quite hoarse, and could not pronounce "Bow-wow" properly. He had once been an indoor dog, and lain by the fire, and he had been hoarse ever since. "The sun will make you run some day. I saw him, last winter, make your predecessor run, and his predecessor before him. Away, away! they all have to go!"

"I don't understand you, comrade," said the Snow Man. "Is that up yonder to teach me to run? I saw it running itself, a little while ago, and now it has come creeping up from the other side."

"You know nothing at all," replied the yard-dog; "but then, you've only lately been patched up. What you see yonder is the moon, and the one before it was the sun. It will come again to-morrow, and most likely teach you to run down into the ditch by the well; for I think the weather is going to change. I can feel such pricks and stabs in my left leg; I am sure there is going to be a change."

"I don't understand him," said the Snow Man to himself; "but I have a feeling that he is talking of something very disagreeable. The one who stared so hard just now, and whom he calls the sun, is not my friend; I can feel that, too."

"Away, away," barked the yard-dog, and then he turned round three times, and crept into his kennel to sleep.

There really was a change in the weather; it began to thaw. As the warmth increased, the Snow Man decreased. One morning he broke, and sunk down altogether; and, behold, where he had stood, something like a broomstick remained sticking up in the ground. It was the pole around which the boys had built him up.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TUESDAY

Talk about the story of the Snow Man, and have the children tell back to you as much of it as they can.

WEDNESDAY

Write five sentences about the Snow Man.

THURSDAY

Write, in sentences, answers to the following questions:

What color was the Snow Man?

What did he have for eyes?

What did the yard-dog tell the Snow Man?

What did the sun do to the Snow Man?

What was left after the Snow Man had melted?

FRIDAY

Have the children copy the following:

This is the way the snow comes down,

Softly, softly falling;

So He giveth His snow like wool,

Fair and white and beautiful.

This is the way the snow comes down,

Softly, softly falling.

Third Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Conversation on the Christmas tree. Where do the Christmas trees grow? What kinds of trees are used for Christmas trees? Why are they called evergreen? How do they lose their leaves? What are the leaves of evergreen trees like? Where do we get spruce gum?

TUESDAY

Write a letter to Santa Claus, telling him what you would like for Christmas. Direct it to the North Pole.

WEDNESDAY

For dictation:

Christmas comes in December. We like to have snow at Christmas time. Then we can go sliding.

THURSDAY

To be copied:

In fields and in meadows
No flowers are growing;
The air's thick with frost flakes,
And soon 'twill be snowing.

FRIDAY

Write the abbreviations for January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

Second Week

MONDAY

Write your full name, the day of the week, the date, the number of days in December, the day of the week on which Christmas comes this year.

TUESDAY

Copy this poem:

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Of all the trees that swing to the breeze,
From the mountains down to the sea,
Not one to-night gives such delight
As the beautiful Christmas Tree.

Like apples of gold its fruit behold,
With promises for all;
On Christmas night they all are ripe,
And ready quite to fall.

We'll strip the fruit from top to root,
Till none thereon appear;
Then home we'll go, for more to grow,
Before another year. —Selected.

WEDNESDAY

Write a list of the name words (nouns) in the poem, "The Christmas Tree."

THURSDAY

Look up in a dictionary, and write out, the

meaning of *breeze, delight, fruit, promises, strip, appear.*

FRIDAY

Write answers to the following questions, the answers to be complete sentences:

What tree gives most delight at Christmas time?

What does the fruit of the Christmas tree look like?

When is the fruit of the Christmas tree ripe?

What shall we do with the fruit of the Christmas tree?

When will more fruit grow on the Christmas tree?

Third Week

MONDAY

Conversation on Christmas giving. The children will not be too young to understand, after a little explanation, the thought behind Longfellow's verse:

His, not mine, are the gifts; and only so far can I
make them

Mine, as, in giving, I add my heart to whatever is given.

TUESDAY

Allow the children to learn, and dramatize, "Twas the Night Before Christmas." Let one child represent Santa Claus, eight others the reindeer, two the father and mother, and the rest the children. The pupils will make their own dramatization, and will do it well.

Write the poem on the blackboard and have it copied.

[See page 158]

The rest of the English time until Christmas vacation may be spent on this poem.

THURSDAY

Look up, and write, all you can find out about the reindeer.

FRIDAY

Look up, and write, all you can find out about the camel.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

As this is Christmas day, in 1911, there will be no school.

TUESDAY

Have the children write what they did on Christmas day.

WEDNESDAY

Have the children write a graceful note of thanks for a Christmas sled.

THURSDAY

Write seven sentences about snow.

FRIDAY

Write a story about a snow man.

Fourth Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Conversation on signs of winter apparent this day. How do the days compare in length with summer days? When is the shortest day? Why the shortest?

TUESDAY

Rewrite the following proverbs in other words:

- A stitch in time saves nine.
- Better late than never.
- Look before you leap.
- Too many cooks spoil the broth.
- Make haste slowly.
- A place for everything and everything in its place.

WEDNESDAY

Oral—Tell what you think is the meaning of each of the proverbs given for the lesson of Tuesday.

THURSDAY

For Dictation:

My help cometh from the Lord, which made Heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

FRIDAY

Add modifiers to the following, having at least six words in each sentence:

- The boy ran.
- The bird sings.
- The dog barks.
- The sun shines.
- The cat mews.

Second Week

MONDAY

Copy, and rewrite in your own words:

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Of all the trees in the woods and fields,
There's none like the Christmas Tree;
Tho rich and rare is the fruit he yields,
The strangest of trees is he.
Some drink their fill from the shower or rill;
No cooling draught needs he;
Some bend and break when the storms awake,
But they reach not the Christmas Tree.

When wintry winds thru the forests sweep,
And snow robes the leafless limb,
When cold and still is the ice-bound deep,
Oh, this is the time for him!
Beneath the dome of the sunny home
He stands with all his charms;
'Mid laugh and song from the youthful throng,
As they gaze on his fruitful arms.

There's golden fruit on the Christmas Tree,
And gems for the fair and gay;
The lettered page for the mind bears he,

And robes for the wintry day.
And there are toys for the girls and boys;
And eyes that years bedim
Grow strangely bright with a youthful light,
As they pluck from the pendent limb.
—Selected.

TUESDAY

With the aid of a dictionary, write definitions of the following words: *rare, yields, rill, draught, leafless, icebound, dome, charms, gems, bedim, pendent.*

WEDNESDAY

Tell, in your own words, your idea of the meaning of the following: Rich and rare is the fruit.

Drink their fill.
The storms awake.
Thru the forests sweep.
Snow robes the leafless limb, cold and still
is the ice-bound deep.
The dome of the sunny home.
His fruitful arms.
Eyes that years bedim.
The pendent limb.

THURSDAY

For dictation:

Of all the merry days of old,
When merry days did most abound,
The best was Christmas, all the rest
But ushers to this royal guest.

FRIDAY

Write, in complete sentences, ten reasons why you like Christmas.

Third Week

MONDAY

Write a Christmas letter to a child in an orphan asylum.

TUESDAY

Write a list of fifty things that somebody might like for Christmas.

WEDNESDAY

Write the story of the "Little Fir Tree," in your own words.

THURSDAY

For dictation:

Santa Claus will 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.

FRIDAY

Write a sentence about Santa Claus.
Write a sentence about Santa's reindeer.
Write a sentence about a Christmas present.
Write a sentence about winter.
Write a sentence about snow.

December Nature Study Plans

Grade I

FIRST WEEK

Coal.

What is the color?

Is it as hard as a rock? Can it be easily broken with a hammer?

Weigh out a pound of coal.

Tell the children where coal comes from.

How does it get from the coal mine to your town?

What is coal used for?

SECOND WEEK

Slate.

Have a slate to show the children. Allow them to mark upon it with chalk, lead, a slate pencil, and colored crayons.

Tell the children where slate is found. Explain how it is split.

For what is slate used, besides marking? (Roofing, sinks, water tanks, mantels, etc.)

(Continued on page 154)

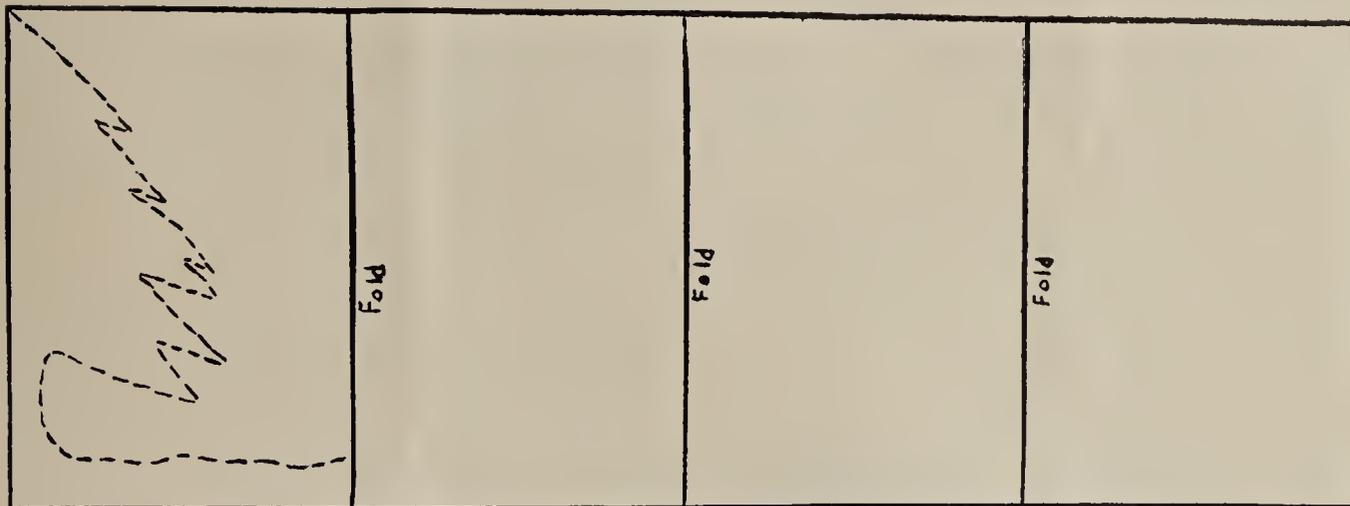


Fig. I. Fold like folding screen to get Fig. II.

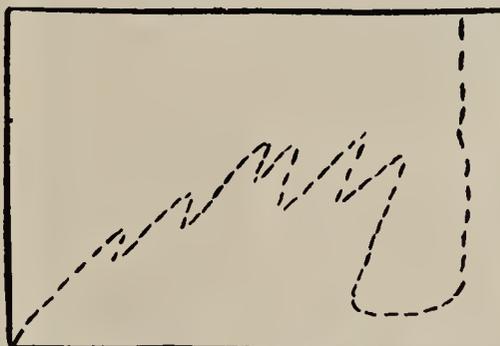


Fig II. Cut on dotted lines.



December Blackboard Border Designed by Mildred Merrill.

Group Work in Paper Folding and Cutting.

THIRD WEEK

The Cat.

Talk about size, shape, color, cry, use in catching mice, what it eats, how it lies when sleeping, fondness for being petted.

Study adaptation of parts to habits of eating: Tongue—Surface, teeth.

Walking: Paws, pads, claws. How the claws are sharpened.

Fur: Uses, when shed. When is the fur thickest? Why?

Use of whiskers.

FOURTH WEEK

The Cow.

Talk about size, color, general appearance.

Study adaptation of parts to habits of eating: Food, tongue, chewing cud.

Walking: Hoofs.

Hair: Compare with fur. When thickest.

Usefulness of cow: For supplying milk, cream, butter, meat.

Mount on card, productions obtained from the cow, such as horn buttons, a piece of leather, some hair (used in making plaster), bit of hoof (from which gelatine is made), etc.

Grade II

FIRST WEEK

Horse-Chestnut Tree.

Go out with the children to find a horse-chestnut tree. Give the children special things to notice about the tree.

Shape, how tall, how wide, how many large branches, color of bark, buds, fruit, color of bark, smoothness or roughness of trunk, etc.

Can the children find other horse-chestnut trees?

SECOND WEEK

Identification of common trees to be found in the neighborhood. The elm, maple, oak, apple, lilac, etc.

THIRD WEEK

The Dog.

General study of animal: Color, size of different kinds of dogs, names of well-known varieties and their differences, etc.

Special study of adaptation of parts to habits of walking: Paws, pads, claws. (Compare with those of cat.)

Sense of smell, very acute. Note movements of nostrils.

Eating: Kinds of food; how eaten.

Usefulness of dog: As watchdog, for protection, as pet, guard and drive sheep, assist in hunting, saving life (Newfoundland, from drowning; St. Bernard, from freezing in snow), hauling loads (Eskimo dog), churning, catching rats and mice, etc.

FOURTH WEEK

The Horse.

General study of animal: Color, size, speed, food, where kept, how harnessed, etc.

Special study:

Feet—Compare horses' hoofs with those of cow. How shod?

Head—shape, length, eyes, forelock.

Tail—length, use.

Coat—when longer and thicker; why?

Usefulness of horse.

Grade III

FIRST WEEK

How pebbles are made.

Have the children make a collection of different kinds of pebbles.

How are pebbles used?

SECOND WEEK

The Sponge.

Feeling of a sponge when dry, when wet. (Try this in the schoolroom, allowing the children to feel of a sponge when dry, then after being wet.)

Life of the sponge as an animal. Use of the holes, large and small.

How the sponges are obtained.

How sponges are cleaned and prepared for market.

How much do sponges cost?

THIRD WEEK

The Birch.

Go out with the children to find a birch tree. Give the children special things to notice about the tree.

Shape of tree, shape of branches, delicacy. Uses of wood.

Bark.

FOURTH WEEK

Holly and Mistletoe.

Where each is found, why used at Christmas.

Grade IV

FIRST WEEK

Crystals.

Salt, alum, quartz, copper sulphate. Their shape, beauty, color.

Compare quartz and snow crystals.

SECOND WEEK

The Clam.

Salt-water clams (or fresh water clams) should be obtained. Have empty clam shells also.

Shell—Shape (one end more pointed than the other). Surface and color of inside, and outside. Rings—lines of growth. Valves, hinge.

Animal—two muscles, position, siphon, body, foot. Use of each.

Life of the clam. Talk about its house and habits.

The clam as a food. Do any animals, besides man, eat the clam?

How we eat clams—raw, fried, in chowder.

THIRD AND FOURTH WEEKS

The Oyster.

Follow method used with clam.

Compare shell with that of clam, as regards shape of valves, hinge, rings, color, surfaces.

Compare animal with clam as regards muscle, body, mantle, gills; use of each.

Have pupils study up about oyster beds.

Finding of pearls. How pearls are formed.

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Step by Step in Language Work

A Christmas Present Picture

See the picture on the cover of this month's TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

Oral and Written Lesson for Second Grade

I. Oral

1. Let the children look carefully at the picture.

Ask one child after another to tell you what he sees in the picture. Continue thus until about a dozen children have taken part in the exercise.

2. Have the children tell what the children are "doing and saying." They will tell stories similar to the following:

The two girls are sitting beside the dollhouse. The one on the right says, "Isn't it perfectly lovely?"

The girl on the left says, "Yes, it is. I think Santa Claus was very good to bring us such a nice present."

3. Ask questions of the children, so that they may see more in the picture. As,

What relation are the two girls to each other? How many dolls in the dollhouse? How many grown-up dolls? How many baby dolls?

How tall do you think the dollhouse is? Do you think it is as tall as the younger girl? Do you think it is as tall as the older girl?

How many rooms are there in the dollhouse? What are the rooms used for? What furniture is there in the downstairs room on the right? What furniture is there in the downstairs room on the left? What furniture is there in the upstairs room on the right? What furniture is there in the upstairs room on the left? How many dolls in each room?

4. Ask questions to aid in development of the imagination. As,

What do you think the girls' names are? Where is their mother? What do you suppose she is doing? Where is their father? What do you suppose he is doing? Name all the people that you think may be in the family. In what room are the girls and the dollhouse? In what room was the Christmas tree? What are the girls going to do with the dollhouse? How are they going to play with the dollhouse? What are the dolls in each room doing? What are some of the dolls' names?

5. Have the children name the picture.

Ask each child to suggest a name for the picture. Write the names upon the blackboard. Allow the pupils to choose which name they like best.

6. Have the children tell stories about the

picture. They will be similar to the following:

It was the day after Christmas. Helen and Grace sat in front of their new dollhouse. "Let us name all the dolls first," said Helen, "and then we will give a Christmas party for them." "All right," said Grace. So they took out the dolls, beginning with the tiniest baby doll, and named them all. Then they brought an orange and some of their Christmas candy. They set the table, and put all the dolls around it. They played that the dolls ate the candy, but really they ate it themselves. Then they put the dolls back in the dollhouse and went downstairs to dinner.

II. Written

I. ORAL PREPARATION

Have the story-telling continued until every child knows what he would like to write, and is able to express himself clearly and correctly in writing.

2. SPELLING

Have the children help you in selecting a list of words to be used for spelling. Write the words on the blackboard, and have the children copy and learn to spell them. The following are some of the words that may be used:

| | |
|-----------|--------------|
| Christmas | furniture |
| present | bedroom |
| doll | kitchen |
| house | sitting-room |
| girl | baby |

Drill upon such words as may be needed until every child can spell correctly all the words he will want to use in writing his story.

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3. WRITTEN WORK

Have two or three of the best stories copied by their writers, on the blackboard. The other children are to read and correct these stories in the recitation period. Correct errors in expression, in spelling, in punctuation, also grammatical errors.

4. Have the children write their stories. As they write, pass up and down the aisles, and correct one error on each paper. Have every story read aloud to the class. This may occupy two or three days, but the efforts of every child should be thus recognized and rewarded.

The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thru the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too;
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry—
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow!
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
Then laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."
—C. C. MOORE.

Lesson Plans in Primary Physiology

FIRST YEAR

Bones, flesh, skin, to be studied largely by observation.

SECOND YEAR

Structure—Of head, body, trunk, to be studied largely by observation.

THIRD YEAR

Structure of Head.

Crown, hair, ears.

Face—forehead, temples, cheeks, chin, lips, eyes, eyebrows, eyelids, nose, nostrils, mouth, tongue, teeth.

Neck—throat, back of neck.

FOURTH YEAR

Structure of Bone.

Animal and mineral matter. Remove animal matter by allowing a bone to remain in the fire for three hours.

Remove mineral matter by allowing a bone (preferably a chicken bone) to remain in weak hydrochloric acid.

Show lengthwise section of bone,—ends, shaft, inside.

Show crosswise section of bone,—canals for blood vessels.

Bone covering.

Change in bone as a person's age increases.

Growth of bones.

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In Bethlehem

ONE CHILD

Little children, can you tell,
Do you know the story well,
How the Lord of life and light
Left His home in heaven so
bright
On the Christmas morning?

SCHOOL

Yes, we know the story well,
Listen, now and hear us tell,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Christ, the little children's
friend,
On the Christmas morning.

BOYS

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were folded round;
Then a brightness filled the sky;
Angel voices rang on high,
On the Christmas morning.

GIRLS

O'er the stable hung a star;
Wise men followed from afar;
Jesus in the manger lay,
Lord of life upon the hay,
On the Christmas morning.

SCHOOL

Gifts they offered, rich and
rare,
Kneeling by the manger there;
We our hearts to Him must
bring
Gifts for Christ, our Savior
King,
On the Christmas morning.
—Selected.

A Song of Christmas

Sing a song of Christmas,
With frost and ice and snow;
With evergreens and holly
And stockings in a row.

Sing a song of Santa Claus,
The children's jolly friend,
With loads of books and play-
things,
And goodies without end.

Sing a song of Christmas,
And the stately Christmas
tree,
With its lights and shining tin-
sel
So beautiful to see.

Sing a song of secrets
Securely hid away,
Which must not be found out
Till merry Christmas day.

Sing a song of feasting,
Of gayety and mirth,

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While bells are gladly chiming,
"Peace, and good-will on
earth."

Sing a song of Christmas,
Oh, sing it loud and clear,
For the merry Christmas time
Is the best of all the year.
—From *The Days We Cele-
brate.*

Jack, be nimble,
And, Jack, be quick;
And, Jack, jump over
The candlestick.

December

December, oh, December, dear,
We know your laughing face,
And who that jolly fellow is
Who drives at such a pace.

The prancing deer, the jingling
bells,
The sleigh with toys heaped
high,
Proclaim to every child on
earth
That dear St. Nick is nigh.
LIZBETH COMINS.

The Christmas Pony

DRAMATIZATION

(Continued from page 128)

Wells.—Be ready, men; guard the door. Ah, little girl, what are you doing here?

Bella (bravely).—I came to warn the Colonel.

Wells.—Oh, you did? Did you come on that little white pony?

Bella.—Yes, sir.

Wells.—Men, kill that pony!

Bella rushes in front of the men.

Bella.—Wait—please don't hurt Whitey. She didn't do any harm. Colonel Greene gave me Whitey. Whitey is my Christmas Pony. Please don't hurt her.

Wells (kindly).—Very well, little girl. You may keep the Christmas Pony.

Curtain.



Twinkle Little Star

[See page 143]

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often thru my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

'Tis your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Tho I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—TAYLOR.

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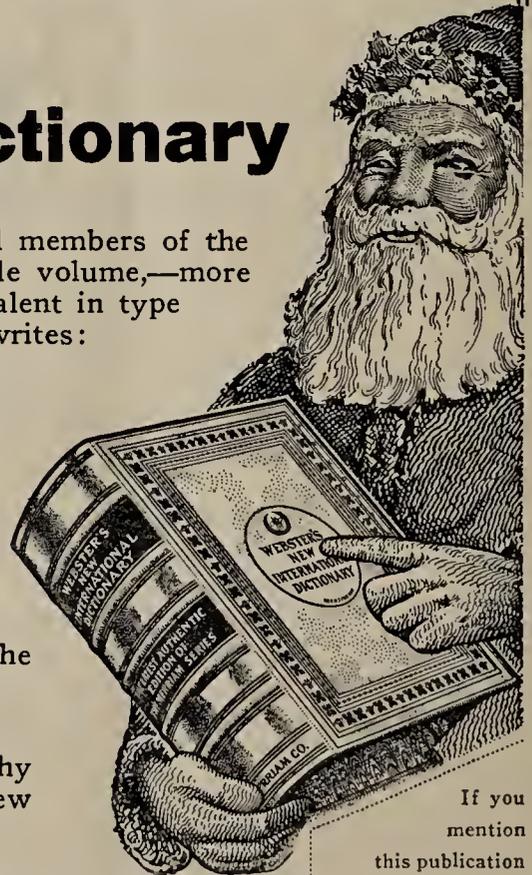
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Why?

Why do bells for Christmas ring?

Why do little children sing?
Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved, until its light
Made a manger-cradle bright.

There a darling Baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled,

"This is Christ, the Holy Child."
Therefore, bells for Christmas ring,

Therefore, little children, sing!
—Selected.

Shoes

I think new shoes the finest things in all the whole wide world.

When nurse has changed my frock and made my hair look nice and curled,
And buttoned up my shoes, I can't do anything but look straight at my feet, and feel just like the princess in the book;

And even if they pinch my toes, I never seem to care; I'd almost rather have them, for it makes it true they're there.

If you could wave a wand and let me have the things I'd choose,

I'd take a shiny, squeaky, pinchy pair of brand-new shoes.

—LOUISE AYRES GARNETT, in *The Woman's Home Companion*.

You shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle-basket,
When your dad comes home.

Pussy Cat sits by the fire;
How did she come there?
In walks the little dog,
Says, "Pussy! are you there?"

"How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
Mistress Pussy, how d'ye do?"
"I thank you kindly, little dog,
I fare as well as you!"

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Correspondence Invited

Rand McNally & Co.
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Christmas Mother Goose

Dame, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies;
Dame, get up and bake your pies
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie;
Dame, what makes your maidens lie
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die;
Dame, what makes your ducks to die
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut and they cannot fly
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

Old Betty Blue
Lost a holiday shoe,
What can old Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may swagger in two.

Bounce Buckram, velvet's drear;
Christmas comes but once a year.

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress bless also,
And all the little children
That 'round the table go;

And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year.

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Nurse's Song

Whenever a little child is born,
All night a soft wind rocks the corn;

One more little buttercup
wakes to the morn,
Somewhere.

One more rosebud shy will unfold,

One more grass blade thru the mold,

One more bird song the air will hold,

Somewhere.

—St. Nicholas

SLEEPLESSNESS

Its Cause and Remedy

Do you know what it is to lie awake nights, fidgety, restless, tossing about, counting 100 backwards, or sheep jumping over a fence, all in a vain endeavor to lose yourself in slumberland and get the rest which you so much need.

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New Year Mother Goose

I saw three ships come sailing
by,
Come sailing by, come sailing
by;

I saw three ships come sailing
by,
On New Year's Day in the
morning.

And what do you think was in
them then,
Was in them then, was in
them then?

And what do you think was in
them then,
On New Year's Day in the
morning?

Three pretty girls were in them
then,
Were in them then, were in
them then;

Three pretty girls were in them
then,
On New Year's Day in the
morning.

Cold and raw the north wind
doth blow,
Bleak in a morning early;
All the hills are covered with
snow,
And winter's now come fairly.

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little
toes.
Her mother came and caught
her,
And whipped her little daugh-
ter
For spoiling her nice new
clothes.

I love little pussy, her coat is so
warm;
And if I don't hurt her she'll
do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail nor drive
her away,
But pussy and I very gently
will play.

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The Little Fir-Trees

Hey! little evergreens,
 Sturdy and strong!
 Summer and autumn time
 Hasten along.
 Harvest the sunbeams, then
 Bind them in sheaves,
 Range them, and change them
 To tufts of green leaves.
 Delve in the mellow mold,
 Far, far below,
 And so
 Little evergreens, grow!
 Grow, grow!

Grow, little evergreens, grow
 Up, up so airily
 To the blue sky;
 Lift up your leafy tips
 Stately and high;
 Clasp tight your tiny cones,
 Tawny and brown;
 By and by, buffeting
 Rains will pelt down;
 By and by, bitterly,
 Chill winds will blow,
 And so,
 Little evergreens, grow!
 Grow, grow!

Grow, little evergreens, grow!
 Gather all uttermost
 Beauty, because—
 Hark, till I tell it, now;
 How Santa Claus,
 Out of the northern land,
 Over the seas,
 Soon shall come seeking you,
 Evergreen trees!
 Seek you with reindeer, soon,
 Over the snow;
 And so,
 Little evergreens, grow!
 Grow, grow!

Grow, little evergreens, grow.
 What if the maple flare,
 Flaunting with red,
 You shall bear waxen-white
 Tapers, instead.
 What if now, elsewhere
 Birds are beguiled,
 You shall yet nestle
 The little Christ Child!
 Ah, the strange splendor
 The fir trees shall know,
 And so,
 Little evergreens, grow!
 Grow, grow!
 Grow, little evergreens, grow!
 —EVALEEN STEIN, in *St. Nicholas*.

AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells **THAT** is something, but if it you about them **THAT** is asked to recommend a teacher and recommends **RECOMMENDS** you, that is more. Ours **RECOMMENDS**.
 C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE

VOL XXXIV

JANUARY 1912

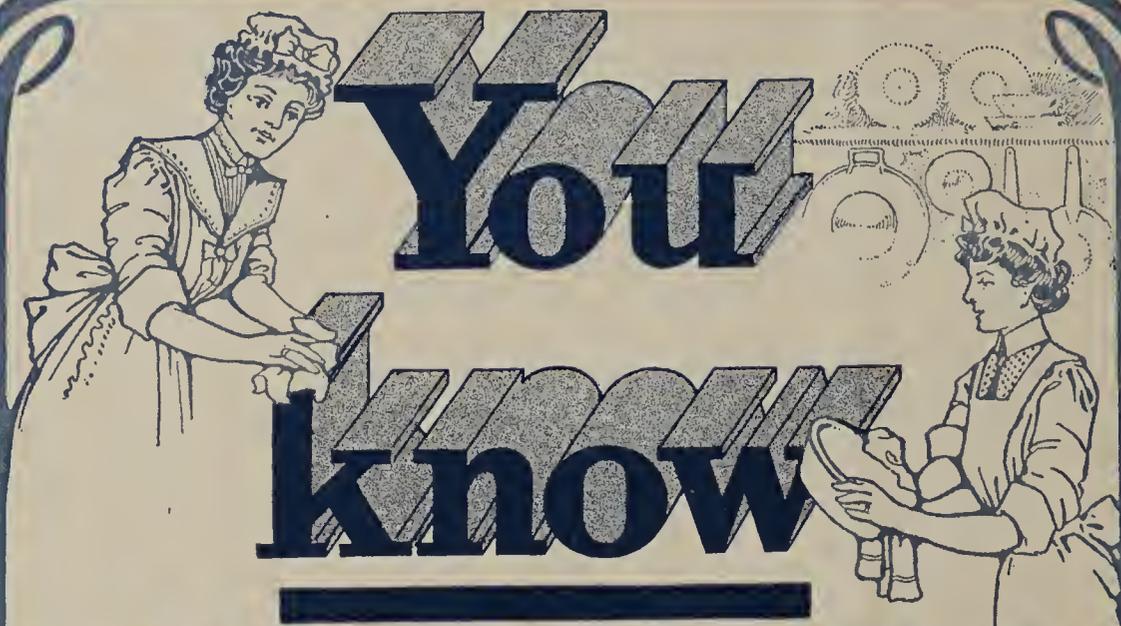
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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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There are sixty-six songs grouped under the following headings:

GOOD CHILDREN JINGLES
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WHEN THE WIND BLOWS
IN THE GARDEN

AT THE FARM
WITH THE BIRDS
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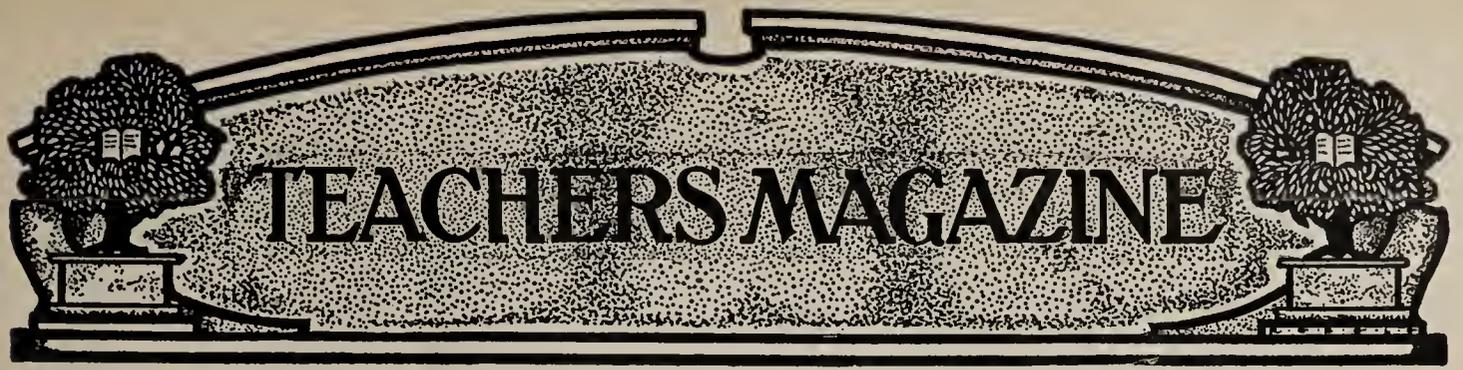
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Vol. XXXIV

January, 1912

No. 5

A Happier New Year

If 1911 was a happy year, 1912 will be happier yet. You have the knack and the habit now. And practice makes for greater perfection. That is the rule for all fine arts, among which happiness is chief.

If the year that is past was not a happy one, try to find out what is the matter with you. The year is not to blame. No more than the money is to blame for the suffering which the prodigal has brought upon himself by riotous living. It counted out to you and to me more than a half a million minutes. What have we to show for the spending of them?

A half million is quite a capital to work with. If one-third of it was invested in rest for mind and body, we did wisely. That ought to have made the remaining three hundred and fifty thousand waking minutes the more profitable in earning for ourselves all the happiness we can hold and plenty to spare for others.

Suppose we allow another third of our capital for the specific work in which we are engaged and by which we earn our "living." If heart and soul are in that work, this third is sure to yield us a rich harvest of happiness, in addition to the monetary compensation. If the money is all we work for, then that is all we get. It is all we have a right to expect.

You join an association. You pay your dues and attend the meetings. You find fault with the officers and grumble about the programs. Another makes himself useful and agreeable. He studies and plans how to make the gatherings more profitable and enjoyable to the largest number. You want to be served, the other wants to serve. If he is preferred above you when the honors are divided, do you feel yourself slighted? If you do, our genial friend, Epictetus, would refer to you as "an unreasonable, selfish, greedy individual and a block-head."

And so it goes. The less we give of ourselves, the less we receive for ourselves. Happiness is the reward of service. And service is labor plus love.

The Lord has made it easy for teachers to

perform this kind of service, much easier than to people in most other occupations. To money brokers, for instance. Laboring with children and for the children is laboring for the future that is to be. The more love we put into this work, the more precious the result will be, and the greater the satisfaction to ourselves. Satisfaction is not a good word: gratification is better, but it sounds more affected because we use it so little. Whatever we may call it, there is happiness in it as its chiefest ingredient. If a cultivator of flowers can get happiness out of his tender care of the growing things, how much greater must be the happiness of the teacher of little children when heart and soul are in the work!

Now what about the remaining third of our year's allowance? We have as yet set aside nothing for recreation. Moreover, we are not living for ourselves alone, nor for our work alone, for that matter. Perhaps I ought to say that my idea for re-creation includes everything desirable for toning up physical and mental vigor and, besides—let us make it a very large besides—everything desirable for keeping personal and social interests stirring and expanding. We want time for play, and we want time for social intercourse with neighbors and friends and people whose interests differ from our own enough to keep us reminded that "the rustic cackle of our bourg" is not "the murmur of the world." This is plain Tennyson. And it makes the whole idea plain.

We may be sure that if we do not find happiness where our work is, we shall not find it anywhere else. There it is, get it out.

Of course, we must have a pre-disposition for happiness. Without that we shall have poor pickings. Happiness does not fall into one's lap. If it is worth having, it is worth looking for. And it needs looking for. Such is the situation. Every year we live ought to make us more expert in finding happiness. Therefore, the year 1912 ought to be the happiest year you ever had. And my sincere wish for you is that you may find it so when you strike the balance on December 31, 1912.

Memory Gems for January

(Saturdays and Sundays omitted)

JANUARY 1

"Happy New Year to you all!"
January's snowstorms call.

JANUARY 2

The snowflakes are falling to-day;
The houses and eaves and fences and trees
Are loaded with feathery spray.

JANUARY 3

We would gladly hear you tell,
Little snowflakes, where you dwell.
See the snow, see the snow!

JANUARY 4

Downy little snowflakes,
Flying all around,
Dropping a white cov'ring
O'er the frozen ground.

JANUARY 5

The snow is falling all around,
How fair, how fair!

JANUARY 8

He giveth snow like wool.

JANUARY 9

We are free! We are free! the snowflakes cried.
Hurrah, Hurrah! away we hide.

JANUARY 10

Then away, away, away,
We'll make a track for the merry sleigh.

JANUARY 11

E'en the sparrow, on the sill,
Shakes his wings and shivers till
Helped by fitful gusts, he flies
Where the nested gable lies.

JANUARY 12

And Jack Frost laughs in glee, "Ha! ha!
These shine like bits of glittering spar,
What flowers fairer are?"

JANUARY 15

Snows, flashing cold and keen.

JANUARY 16

There's not a flower on all the hills,
The frost is on the pane.

JANUARY 17

The snow stars hid in the clouds of heaven,
Till the Master bade them go
Thru the dim gray air, to the beautiful world
That hung in the mist below.

JANUARY 18

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.

JANUARY 19

Look into the garden
Where the grass was green;
Covered by the snowflakes,—
Not a blade is seen.

JANUARY 22

Here it comes, ho, the beautiful snow,
Old winter is filled with delight;
The sleigh-bells will ring a merry ting-ling,
There's pleasure from morning till night.

JANUARY 23

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor
thing.

JANUARY 24

Someone is all the time working
Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystal;
Who is it, now? Can you tell who?

JANUARY 25

Beautiful feathery flakes of snow,
Softly come and softly go.

JANUARY 26

Even when our lamps are bright,
Flick'ring far out in the night;
Still the snowflakes flutter by,
Soft, and cold, and white they lie.

JANUARY 29

Hurrah for the boys that can skate!

JANUARY 30

Over the orchard waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down.

JANUARY 31

So He giveth His snow like wool,
Fair and white and beautiful.



Blackboard Calendar Designed by Ruth Mildred Lang.

When the Snow Is on the Ground

When the snow is on the ground, Lit - tle Rob - in Red - breast grieves ;

p

For no ber - ries can be found, And on the trees there are no leaves. The

air is' cold, the worms are hid, For this poor bird what can be done? We'll,

poco cresc.

strew him here some crumbs of bread, And then he'll live till the snow is gone.

Simple Dramatizations

The Mouse That Lost His Tail

Characters.—The Cat, the Mouse, the Cow, the Barn, the Lock, the Blacksmith, the Well. A child represents each of these. The Cow, the Barn, the Lock, the Blacksmith and the Well station themselves in different parts of the room, or on the platform.

Enter Cat and Mouse.

Cat (To mouse).—Well, I have caught you at last. Now I am going to eat you.

Mouse.—Please don't. I don't want to be eaten.

Cat.—Nonsense. Of course I shall eat you.

Opens mouth and pretends to bite off the mouse's tail.

Mouse.—My tail is gone. Oh, Cat, give me back my long tail again.

Cat (With a laugh).—I will, if you will go to the cow and get me some milk.

Mouse.—I will if I can.

Walks to where Cow is standing or sitting.

Mouse.—Oh, Cow, give me milk. I give Cat milk, and Cat will give me my long tail again.

Cow.—I will, if you will go to the barn and get me some hay.

Mouse.—I will if I can.

Mouse goes to where Barn is standing.

Mouse.—Oh, Barn, give me hay; I give Cow hay, Cow give me milk, I give Cat milk, and Cat will give me my long tail again.

Barn.—I will, if you will go to the blacksmith and get me a lock.

Mouse.—I will if I can.

Mouse goes to where Blacksmith is standing.

Mouse.—Oh, Blacksmith, give me lock; I give Barn lock, Barn give me hay, I give Cow hay, Cow give me milk, I give Cat milk, and Cat will give me my long tail again.

Blacksmith.—I will, if you will go to the well and get me some water.

Mouse.—I will if I can.

Mouse goes to where Well is standing.

Mouse.—Oh, Well, give me water; I give Blacksmith water, Blacksmith give me lock, I give Barn lock, Barn give me hay, I give Cow hay, Cow give me milk, I give Cat milk, and Cat will give me my long tail again.

Well.—I will. Take all the water you want.

Mouse.—But I should drown.

Mouse goes back to Blacksmith.

Mouse.—I cannot give you water.

Blacksmith.—Then I will not give you lock.

Mouse goes to Barn.

Mouse.—I cannot give you lock.

Barn.—Then I will not give you hay.

Mouse goes to Cow.

Mouse.—I cannot give you hay.

Cow.—Then I will not give you milk.

Mouse goes to Cat.

Mouse.—I cannot give you milk.

Cat.—Then I will not give you your long tail again.

The Burial of Cock Robin

Characters.—Questioner, Sparrow, Fly, Fish, Beetle, Rook, Owl, Lark, Kite, Dove, Thrush, Wren, Bull.

All stand in a row, except the Questioner, who stands in front of each one he addresses.

Questioner.—Who killed Cock Robin?

Sparrow (Holding up bow and arrow).—I, the Sparrow,

With my bow and arrow;
I killed Cock Robin.

Questioner.—Who saw him die?

Fly.—I, the Fly,

With my little eye,
I saw him die.

Questioner.—Who caught his blood?

Fish (Holding up dish).—I, the Fish,

With my little dish
I caught his blood.

Questioner.—Who made his shroud?

Beetle (Holding up the largest needle to be found).—I, the Beetle,

With my little needle,
I made his shroud.

Questioner.—Who will be the parson?

Rook (Holding up book).—I, the Rook,

With my little book;
I will be the parson.

Questioner.—Who will dig the grave?

Owl (Holding up toy spade and shovel).—I, the Owl,

With my spade and shovel,
I'll dig the grave.

Questioner.—Who will be the clerk?

Lark.—I, the lark,

If 'tis not in the dark;
I will be the clerk.

Questioner.—Who'll carry him to the grave?

Kite.—I, the Kite,

If 'tis not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.

Questioner.—Who will be chief mourner?

Dove.—I, the dove,

Because of my love;
I will be chief mourner.

Questioner.—Who will sing a psalm?

Thrush (Holding up song book).—I, the Thrush,

As I sit in the bush;
I will sing a psalm.

Questioner.—Who will bear the pall?

Wren.—We, the Wrens,

The cocks and the hens,
We will bear the pall.

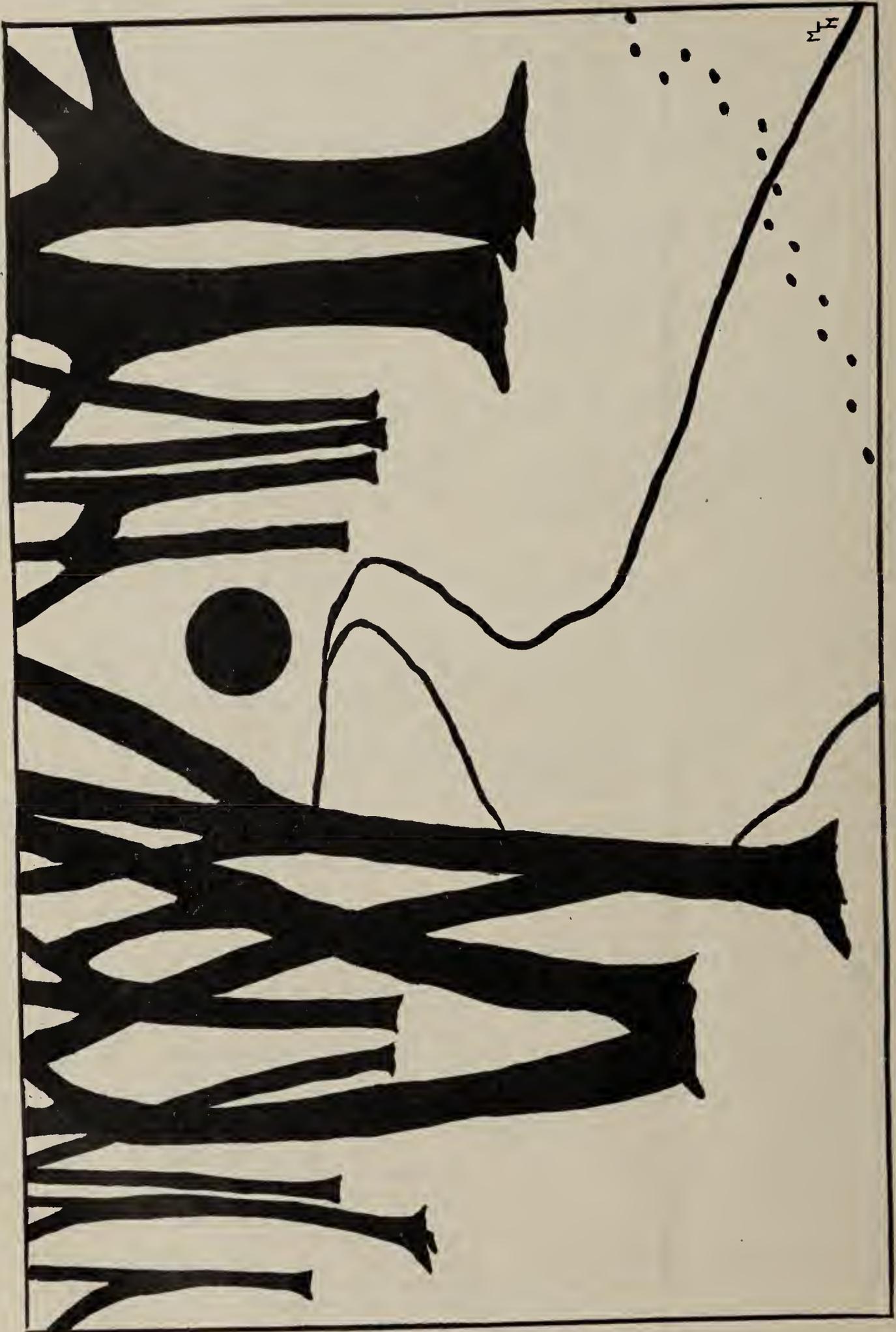
Questioner.—Who will toll the bell?

Bull.—I, the Bull,

Because I can pull.

All.—Cock Robin, farewell.

All march off, "sighing and sobbing," with exaggerated effort. The slow tapping of a bell, behind the scenes, will add to the effect.



January Poster—Designed by Mary Tucker Merrill.
Trees and moon to be cut by the children in gray and orange or yellow, or both in black.—Paste on square sheets of paper in frame drawn as indicated.—Draw in road line and foot-tracks.—Or the whole may be done with paints or colored crayons.

The Town Musicians

A Play for the Second and the 'Third Years

BY GUSTAV BLUM AND E. FERN HAGUE

THE CAST

1. The Donkey.
2. The Dog.
3. The Cat.
4. The Rooster.
- 5, 6, 7, 8. Four Robbers.

THE SCENES

1. By the Roadside.
2. In the Wood.
3. The Robbers' Den.

(A Double Set, showing both the interior and exterior of the den.)

Scene 1. The Roadside

Enter a donkey, limping painfully.

Donkey.—I will not stay here. I will run away along the highway to the city. I will go to the city and play in the street band.

He limps Right stage, and discovers a dog panting loudly.

My dear dog, why are you panting so?

Dog.—Oh, now that I am old and cannot hunt for my master, he says I must be killed. So I ran away from my old home.

Donkey.—I am going to the city to play in the street band. I will play the flute and you can beat the big drum. Will you come with me?

Dog.—Yes, indeed, I will go. I can beat the big drum with my tail.

The donkey and the dog limp Left stage, and discover a cat sitting by the roadside and looking forlorn.

Donkey.—My dear Mrs. Cat, what makes you look so sad to-day?

Cat.—How can I be happy and have a smile on my face? I fear my mistress will take my life. I am getting too old to catch rats and mice. In my old days I like to sleep by the fire-side. But this morning I heard my mistress tell the farm boy to throw me into the river. So I ran away from the house.

Donkey.—Come with us to the city. I have heard you sing many times very late at night, and you have a beautiful voice. You can belong to our band.

Cat.—I shall be very happy to go with you. I sing soprano. Me-ow! Me—ow-ow!

The three walk to the Center stage, and discover a rooster sitting on the fence with his head tucked under his wing.

Donkey.—Hello! Why, friend Rooster, why are you hiding your head under your wing?

Rooster.—I will tell you about it. I heard the cook say last night that I am to have my

head cut off and that I am to be cooked for the Sunday dinner. So I was hiding my head.

Donkey.—Why don't you run away with us? We are going to the city. You are a fine singer and you can be in our band.

Rooster.—Good! My friends have always said that I have a fine tenor! I will join your band!

Donkey.—Come along, then.

Exeunt off-stage Left.

Scene 2. In the Wood.

Enter the Donkey, the Dog, the Cat, and the Rooster.

Donkey.—It is growing dark. Let us rest here all night.

Dog.—Yes, this seems to be a nice quiet place.

Cat.—Is it as quiet as this in the city?

Donkey.—No, it is very noisy in the city. People stay up all night eating and drinking.

Rooster.—Do city people like chicken?

Donkey.—Oh, come now. Don't be afraid. I'll look after you. Let us all lie down and sleep. The ground will be my bed.

Cat.—My friend Dog, where are you going to rest?

Dog (Pointing to the extreme left).—I think I will sleep over there.

Cat (Pointing to the extreme right).—I think I will sleep over there.

Rooster (Flying up to a branch of a tree).—I will rest up here. It is safer.

There is a pause and they all begin to doze off. Suddenly the Rooster moves restlessly.

Rooster.—I see a light! I see a light! Wake up! Wake up!

All.—What is the matter?

Rooster.—I see a light!

All.—Straight over there.

Donkey.—The light must come from a house. It may be a good place for us to stop a few days and practice our singing. Come on.

Exeunt quickly toward the light.

Scene 3. The Robbers' Den

The stage is divided into two parts by a screen, which represents a window. To the Left is the Interior of the Robbers' Den. There is a table and four chairs. To the Right of the screen is the exterior of the Den. Looking over the screens represents looking through the window.

Enter the Donkey, the Dog, the Cat, and the Rooster Right.

Donkey.—Here we are. Keep quiet!

Dog.—There must be somebody up, for the light is so bright.

Cat.—Let us look in.

The Donkey puts his forelegs upon the window-sill and looks in. The Dog does the same.

Cat.—What do you see?

Donkey.—I see four men.

Rooster.—I can't see at all.

Donkey.—Jump upon my back.

The Rooster climbs to a chair to the right of the Donkey, and the Cat climbs upon another chair. They all look in thru the window.

Donkey.—Upon my word. This is a thieves' den.

Dog.—Yes. Those are the very thieves I drove away from my master's house five years ago. Look at that bag of money. That is my master's. His name is on it. That money is more mine than the thieves'.

Cat.—Certainly it is. And see that milk they are drinking! That came from my mistress's farm. I know the can. She often drove me away from it with the broomstick. That milk is more mine than it is the thieves'.

Donkey.—And see that hay in the corner that they are using for beds. That came from my master's barn. I pulled the cutting machine that cut that hay. It is more mine than the thieves'.

Rooster.—And do you see that corn in the other corner? They stole that from my master. Last spring, when the corn was just beginning to grow, I used to take care of and drive the neighbors' chickens away. That corn is more mine than the thieves'.

Donkey.—Let us take it away from them.

All.—How?

Donkey.—When I count one, two, three, we shall all make all the noise we can. Ready—one, two, three!

The Donkey brays, the Dog barks, the Cat mews and the Rooster crows. The Robbers jump to their feet in alarm and run.

Robbers.—The Police! The Police! The Police!

The Donkey, Dog, Cat, and Rooster enter and take possession.

Donkey.—Now we shall have a comfortable home, for they will never come back.

A January Gymnastic Story

The story to be told by the teacher, the children to carry out the appropriate actions.

Besides affording an excellent exercise in English, especially valuable in dealing with children of foreign parentage, there is an opportunity for enjoyable and healthful movement.

It was a cold day in January. The snow was falling and the wind blew so hard that mother could not let the children play out-of-doors.

"Let us go up to the attic and play," said Frank.

"All right," said Mary, "let's."

So both children ran up the stairs as fast as they could. (Pupils move feet as if running, but without moving forward.) They had hurried so that when they reached the attic they sat down on the floor to rest. (All sit down on floor.)

"What shall we do first?" said Mary.

"Let's see which of us can jump high enough to touch the end of the rope that hangs from the nail over there," Frank replied.

Both started at once for the rope. They jumped, and jumped. (All rise from the floor and jump several times, stretching the right arm as they do so, straight up as high as possible.)

Frank touched the rope first because he was a little the taller.

They had jumped so hard that they sat down on an old settee to rest. (All sit down.)

"Let's play 'Aunt Dinah's Dead'," said Frank.

"Ready," said Mary. "Aunt Dinah is dead." (Each pupil turns in his seat, and nods to some other pupil.)

"How did she die?" asked Frank.

"Doing this," said Mary. (Teacher waves her right hand up and down; all the pupils do the same. They continue the movement till the end of the game.)

"Aunt Dinah is dead," said Frank.

"How did she die?" Mary asked.

"Doing this." (Teacher moves left hand similarly to movement of right hand, so that both are moving simultaneously. Pupils follow suit.)

"Aunt Dinah is dead," said Mary.

"How did she die?" said Frank.

"Doing this." (Teacher, who is sitting in a chair, taps right foot lightly on the floor. Pupils do the same. Of course, hand movements still continue.)

"Aunt Dinah is dead," said Frank.

"How did she die?" asked Mary.

"Doing this." (Teacher taps left foot. Pupils do the same.)

"Aunt Dinah is dead," said Mary.

"How did she die?" asked Frank.

"Doing this." (Teacher nods head. Pupils do the same. By this time hands, feet and head are all going at once.)

"Aunt Dinah is dead," said Frank.

"What did they do about it?" asked Frank.

"Buried her," said Mary. (Instantly everybody stops moving and all heads are bent forward until foreheads touch desks.)

By the time the game was finished, the dinner bell rang. Time's up.

At the words "time's up" all lift heads and take position, ready for the regular school work to continue.

Games for Playground and Room

Bird Catcher

Ten or more players.

Two players are chosen to be bird mothers (or fathers) and two as bird catchers.

The other players are divided into swallows, humming birds, and starlings. The mother birds (father birds) name their own nestlings, whispering to each what kind of bird he is to represent.

The plan is for each bird catcher to catch as many birds as he can to put in his cage. The mother birds (father birds) try to protect their nestlings by spreading out their arms and moving about in front of the "nest." Four corners of the playground are marked off for the nests and cages, thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| C | N |
| N | C |

THE GAME

The bird catchers stand near the center of the ground. One mother bird (or father bird) calls to the other: "Have you any swallows in your nest?"

The other replies "I have."

Both mother birds (father birds): "All swallows fly." The "swallows" of both nests fly out, both trying to reach the opposite nest without being caught by the bird catchers.

The birds that are caught are placed in the cages, each catcher keeping his own lot.

The game continues until all the birds are caged.

The bird catchers then become the bird mothers (or fathers). The birds are renamed. The two birds caught last become the bird catchers and the former bird mothers (or fathers) join the rest as plain birds.

Black and White

The players are divided into two equal parties. The White will be distinguished from the

Black by a handkerchief tied on the left arm.

Two bases are marked off, one for the White and one for the Black, on opposite sides of the grounds.

THE GAME

A leader (or the teacher) stands in the center of the field, surrounded by all the players. He holds a white cloth in one hand and a black one in the other, both hands being held behind the back so as to conceal the colors. He calls out to one of the players: "Right or left?" The hand asked for is thrown out, displaying the color. If the white signal is displayed, all the Blacks must run instantly to their camp (base) to escape from the Whites, who will make as many prisoners as they can by tagging. Those who are caught are out of the game. The playing is continued until all of one party have become the prisoners of the other.

Swedish Folk Dances

"I CAN'T BE HAPPY WITHOUT YOU"

(See description on page 171.)

I put my spectacles upon my nose,
And I read—What do you suppose?
Here you can see for yourself it's true,
"I can't be happy without you."
Tra-la-la, just so! Tra-la-la, just so!
Here you can see for yourself it's true,
"I can't be happy without you."

LASSIE WITH THE RIBBON BLUE

(For description see December TEACHERS MAGAZINE.)

Lassie with the ribbon blue,
Come, come to me.
There are no nicer people here
Than thee and me.

Ruby, looby,
Come, be my jujuby.
Thank you, not to-day;
Good-bye, I cannot stay.

THREE BLIND MICE. (Round.)

1. 2. 3. 4.

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run! They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife: Did ever you see such a thing in your life, As three blind mice?

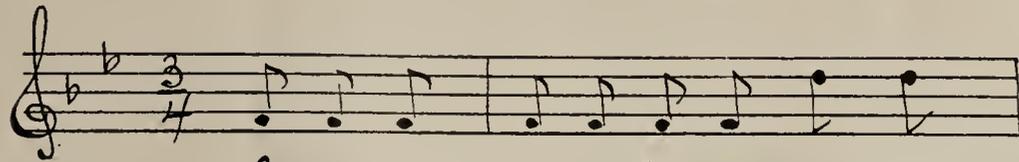
Separate the children into four equal sections. The first section sing "Three Blind Mice" twice. When they reach 2 (See How They Run), the second section begin at 1. When the first section reach 3, the third section begin at 1. When they reach 4, the fourth section begin at 1. When the first section have finished the round they begin again at 1. Thus the round continues until everybody is tired from singing, or they all get to laughing.



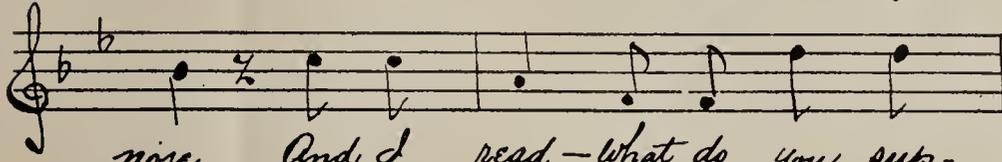
January Brush Work and Paper Cutting

Folk Dances and Song Games

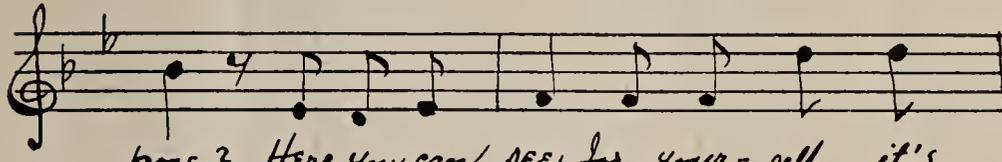
SWEDISH SONG DANCE



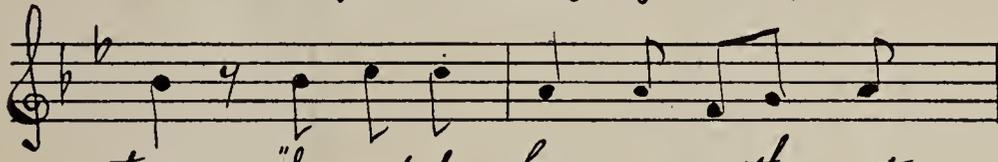
I put my spec-tacles up-on my



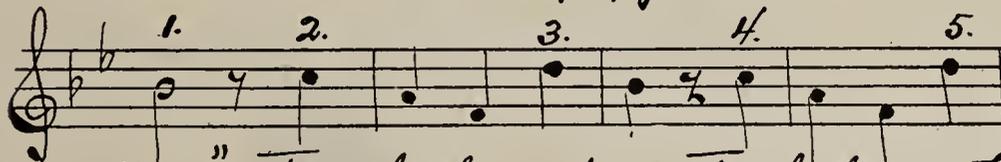
nose, And I read-what do you sup-



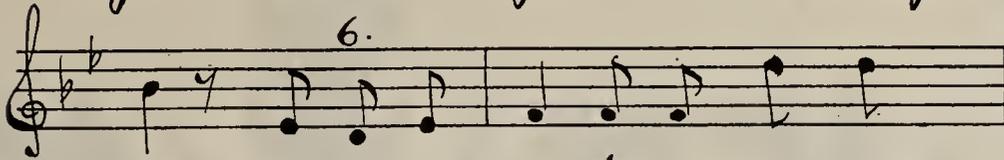
pose? Here you can see for your-self it's



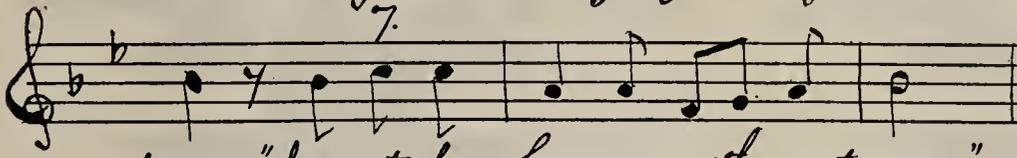
true: "I can't be hap-py with-out



you." Tra-la-la-just so! Tra-la-la, just



so! Here you can see for your-self it's



true: "I can't be hap-py with-out you."

FORMATION

Two circles, one inside of the other. The small inner ring is made up of boys. All have hands on hips.

THE DANCE

Large circle moves to the left, small circle inside moves to the right.

At 1—All stop. Each of the boys in the inner ring takes position in front of a girl and bows, the girl curtsies and steps forward into the ring.

At 2—The partners in the ring turn around (left).

At 3—All clap their hands and partners salute each other (bow and curtsy).

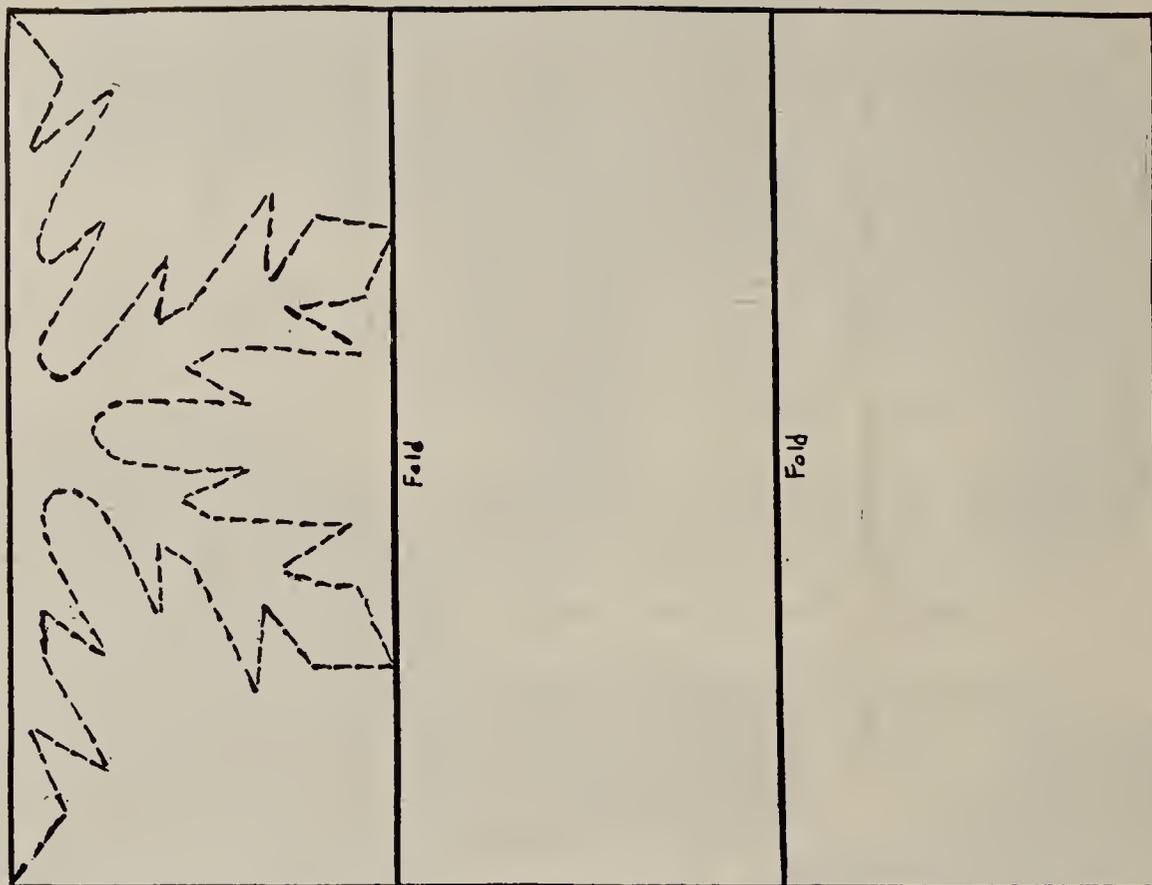
4 and 5—Repeat 2 and 3.

At 6—Couples grasp hands, left elbows near hips and left hands near shoulders, right arms stretched out sideways. Dance around to the right.

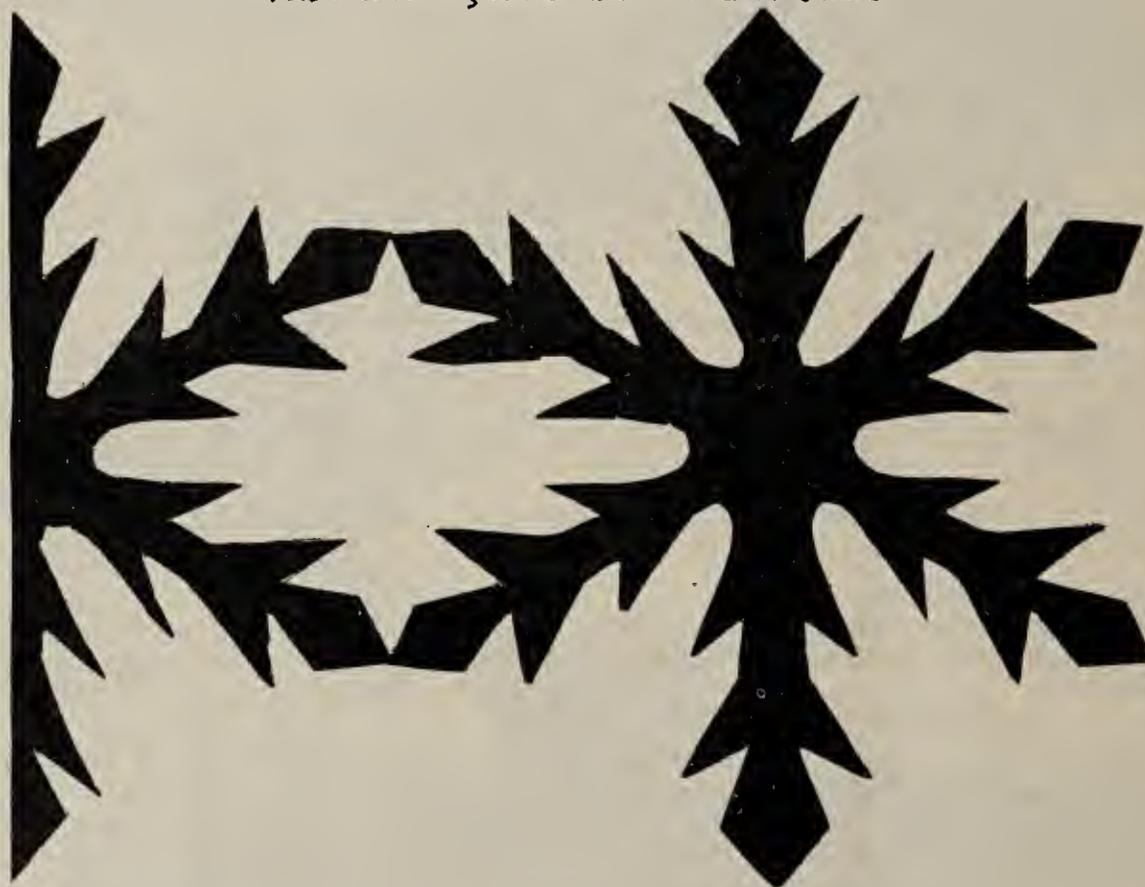
At 7—Change position of arms, without releasing hands; right elbows near hips and right hands near shoulders, left arms stretched out sideways. Couples dance around to the left.

SECOND ROUND

Boys have joined the outer circle. Their partners now form the inner ring. Repeat the dance from 1 to 7, with the changes demanded by the new formation.



Fold like folding screen and cut on dotted lines



Snowflake Paper Folding and Cutting—Designed by Mildred Merrill.
[See poem, "Snowflakes," on page 185]

A Play for Washington's Birthday

BY BERTHA E. BUSH, Iowa.

The Boy Who Put His Mother First

CHARACTERS

George Washington, a boy.
Richard }
Reuben } his Boy Friends
Sylvanus }
Washington's Mother.
Washington Younger Sister.
Washington's Younger Brother.

COSTUMES

In the first scene, since boys probably dressed for every day in Washington's time very much as they do now, no special costuming is needed. In the second, when the lad is dressed in his best to go away, it would be well to make him look as much like the pictures in the History as possible, and a good exercise in that study is for the pupils to decide from the pictures what he should wear, three-cornered hat, stock with lace ruffles at throat and wrist, knee-breeches and slippers with buckles. The mother's costume may also be found in the pictures, and a white cap and kerchief easily arranged over a dark dress to look much like them. The little sister may also wear a white kerchief but need not wear a cap.

The bank of the Potomac. Reuben and Sylvanus sitting on rocks beside it. Richard enters.

Richard.—Hilloa, Reuben! Hilloa, Sylvanus! You are here, I see, as we agreed. But where is George Washington? We counted on him in this day's sport.

Reuben.—He was here, but somebody called him back to the house and he was off like a deer. It made me cross, too, for it spoils all our plans. He might have made believe he didn't hear the calling.

Richard.—I'll warrant you tried to make him do so.

Reuben.—I did, but it was no use. He thought he ought to go, and so of course he went. I never saw a boy so set on doing what he thinks he ought to as George Washington.

Sylvanus.—There's one thing he's just as much set on, and that's going to sea.

Richard.—Yes, indeed. He wants that more than anything else in the world. He has talked about it ever since I knew him, and hoped that he might somehow get a chance to go.

Reuben.—Well, it's no wonder; we all want that. I'm sure I never look at the Potomac here without wanting to go down it and sail off in one of His Majesty's ships.

Sylvanus.—How blue the Potomac looks today, and how wide! Do you think you could throw a stone across it?

Reuben.—Why, no. Nobody could. It's too far.

Richard.—I saw a boy do it yesterday. He threw a stone clear over to the other side.

Sylvanus.—I don't believe it. Do you, Reuben?

Reuben.—No, I don't. Who was it?

Richard.—It was George Washington. Now do you believe it?

Reuben.—Oh, yes; he can do anything.

Sylvanus.—He's the strongest boy I ever saw. He can throw the farthest and lift the most.

Richard.—And he can run the fastest.

Reuben.—And he's the best wrestler, too.

Sylvanus.—And he can jump farther than any boy about here.

Richard.—He can climb better, too. Don't you know how he cut his name in the rock high above every other name?

Reuben.—Here he comes now. Something must have happened. He's running and waving his cap.

George (Running in and tossing up his cap and catching it again and again in his delight as he speaks).—Ho, Richard! Ho, Sylvanus and Reuben! What do you think has happened? I'm so pleased I can hardly stand still.

Richard, Reuben and Sylvanus.—Oh, do tell us!

George.—A messenger has come, and he says that my brother Lawrence has got me a commission to go to sea in His Majesty's navy.

Richard.—Oh, when?

Reuben.—How?

Sylvanus.—Where?

George.—On His Majesty's ship *Bellona*. I am regularly to enter the navy. I go next week.

Richard.—Next week?

Reuben.—Great Caesar's ghost, but this is sudden!

George.—I know it, but I have wanted to go to sea for so long. I am so pleased.

Sylvanus.—Is your mother pleased too?

George.—She isn't at home. But of course she will be pleased. Why, it's the chance of a lifetime! I told Aunt Chloe to begin packing my trunk right away. Come on, boys, and help me lay out what I should take.

They go off.

The porch of the Washington home. Enter Richard, Sylvanus and Reuben.

Richard.—So we have really come to see George off. My, how we shall miss him!

Sylvanus.—My father says his mother will miss him most of all. He thinks that if Madam Washington had been at home when the messenger came, she would have refused the permission to go.

Reuben.—Yes, my mother thinks so too. By the time she got back the arrangements were

so well along that it would have greatly inconvenienced those who were expecting George if he had not come. There goes Sambo with George's trunk.

Richard.—And here comes George now, with his mother and little brother and sister.

George Washington enters with his mother on one side and his brother and sister on the other.

Sister.—Well, George, the time to say good-bye has come. We don't like to have you go. Mother cried all night long over it.

George (In surprise).—Mother, is it true? Don't you want me to go?

Mother.—My son, I can't bear to have you go. The thought seems harder to me every hour. I have kept from saying so, since your brother Lawrence had made all the arrangements, and it would inconvenience him to change them, but I feel very unwilling to have you go into the navy. I would rather have you take up some work at home.

George.—Oh, mother, I did not know you felt that way. But (stepping back) if you do not wish me to go I certainly will not go. Lawrence will not mind some inconvenience to himself if it pleases you.

Brother (To mother).—Mother, mother, you do not mean to say a thing like this. Why, George wants to go into the navy more than anything else in the world.

Mother (Sadly).—I know it. But I do not want him to go.

Brother.—But his trunk is all packed and down at the wharf, and the arrangements are all made. You can't keep him at home now.

George.—Hush, brother. That is not the way for a child to speak to a parent. If our mother does not wish me to go, I shall remain at home. Is that your wish, mother?

Mother.—It is my wish. But oh, George, I do not want to insist upon it after matters have gone so far. Still it is my most earnest wish that you should give up this commission and stay at home.

George.—Then I shall do it, mother. I shall certainly not go to sea if my mother wishes me to remain with her. Come on, everybody. Let's go down to the wharf and tell Sambo to bring my trunk back.

They all pass off, George walking very straight, with his mother leaning on his arm. The little sister trips along behind, crying joyously, "Oh, I am so glad that George is not going away."

Reuben (To Sylvanus and Richard as they go off).—I am glad, too. I felt that I could not bear to miss him.

Sylvanus.—I too. But I know it is a sore disappointment to him.

Richard.—You would not know it from him. See how he holds up his head. Disappointment is nothing to him compared with pleasing his mother.

Richard, Sylvanus and Reuben (Together).—Was there ever another boy like our George Washington?

The Voice of Love

Into one of his Russian quaint tales Tolstoi has woven a parable of a calf that had wandered into a field of ripe corn. The parable has so striking a lesson for us all that it must have a place in TEACHERS MAGAZINE. The calf intended no harm to anyone. It was just a calf and did not know any better. Some peasants who saw it walk around among the cornstalks rode up on their horses and shouted to drive it out. The calf was terror-stricken when it heard the noise. It ran frantically around trampling down the corn. The peasants threw stones. That only made matters worse. Meanwhile an old woman to whom the calf belonged stood by on the highway crying, "My calf is being driven to death." A wise man came up and called out to the peasants to stop their shouting and stone-throwing and let the old woman speak to her calf. The peasants obeyed, and the old woman called "Come, Bossy, Bossy! Come, Bossy, Bossy!" Instantly the calf stopped running, pricked up its ears and listened. And then it came out of the corn and ran to the old woman.

Shouting and scolding and meting out punishment are poor measures for stopping wrongdoing. The voice of love is the surer means. The children we have to deal with in the primary school are not, as a rule, intending evil, even tho they be mischievous at times. Infractions of the rules may result from ignorance or thoughtlessness. A loving reminder will usually set matters right.

That's the Way

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 in a burst.
Slowly—slowly—at the first.
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mite by mite.
Never anyone, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power.
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

—St. Nicholas.

Step by Step in Language Work

The Snow Man

See the picture on the cover of this month's TEACHERS MAGAZINE.

I. Oral

1. Let the children look carefully at the picture.

Ask one pupil after another to tell you what he sees in the picture. Continue thus until about a dozen children have taken part in the exercise.

2. Have the pupils tell what the children in the picture are "doing and saying." They will tell stories similar to the following:

The three children have made a snow man. The boy is putting an old hat on the snow man's head. The smaller girl is fixing his arm. The larger girl is patting the snow to make it harder.

The boy is saying, "We must hurry to get the snow man finished before it snows so hard that mother calls us in."

The girl on the right is saying, "It's awfully hard to make the snow stay on for his arm."

The girl on the left says, "Push hard; then it will stay."

3. Ask questions of the children, so that they may see more in the picture, as,

What relation are the three children in the picture? How old do you think the older girl is? How old do you think the younger girl is? How old do you think the boy is? What has the larger girl on her head? What has the smaller girl on her head? What has the boy on his head? What has the snow man for eyes and mouth? What has the girl on the left on her hands? What has the girl on the right on her feet? Which girl has the longer hair?

4. Ask questions to aid in development of the imagination, as,

What do you think the girls' names are? What is the boy's name? Do all three children belong in one family? Where is their mother? What do you suppose she is doing? Where is their father? What do you suppose he is doing? Where is the snow man? Where is the house in which the children live? How was the snow man made? How did the children get the big snowballs for his body and head? How long will the snow man last? What will become of him? What have the children named the snow man?

5. Have the children name the picture.

Ask each child to suggest a name for the picture. Write the names suggested on the blackboard. Allow the children to choose the name they think is the best.

6. Have the children tell stories about the picture. The stories will be similar to the following:

It was a cold day in January. Frances and May and

Willie were just finishing a snow man. They had made it of three big snowballs. They made small snowballs with their hands, and then rolled them in the soft snow. The balls grew larger the longer they were rolled.

The children used the largest ball for the lower part of the body of the snow man. They put a smaller ball on top of the large one for the upper part of the body of the snow man. They fixed the smallest ball of all for the snow man's head.

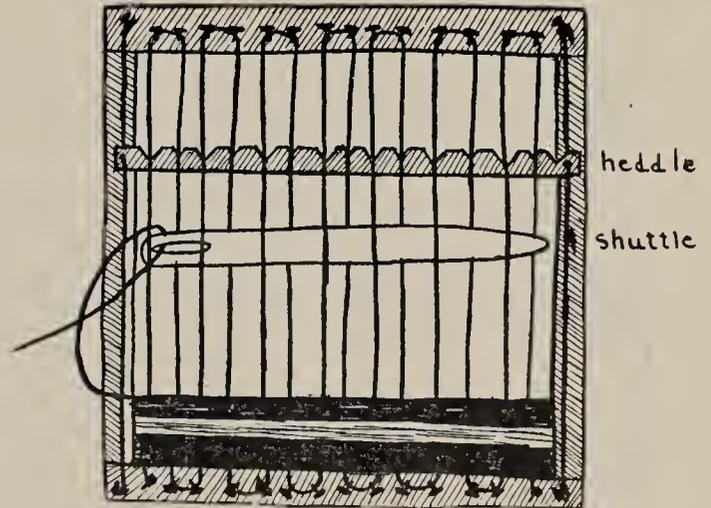
When they had made the snow man, the three children stuck two pieces of coal into the top snowball for eyes, and another for a nose. They put an old hat on top.

"What shall we name the snow man?" said Willie.

"Let's call him Bugaboo Bill," said Frances.

"Let's," said Mary.

By the time the snow man was all done, it was snowing so hard that the children's mother was afraid they would get wet. So she called them into the house.



Weaving on a hand-made loom.

II. Written

1. ORAL PREPARATION

Have the story-telling continued until every child knows just what he wants to write, and is able to express himself clearly and correctly in writing.

2. SPELLING

Have the children help you in selecting a list of words to be used for spelling. Write the words on the blackboard, and have the children copy and learn to spell them. The following are some of the words that may be used:

| | |
|---------|--------|
| snow | girl |
| coal | hood |
| rubbers | gloves |
| mitten | hood |

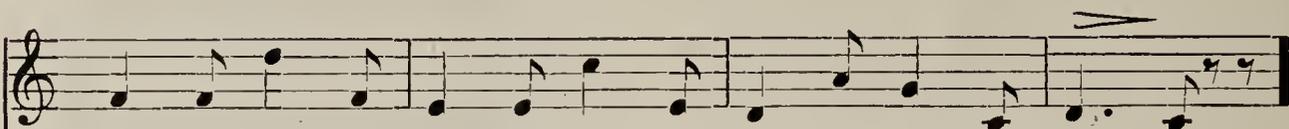
Bugaboo Bill

Drill upon such words as may be needed until every child can spell correctly all the words he will need in writing his story.

JACK AND JILL.

*Allegretto.**mf*

Jack and Jill Went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter;



Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jim came tumbling aft - er.

Second Verse.

mf

Up Jack got, And home did trot, As fast as he could ca - per;

Went to bed, To mend his head, With vin-e-gar and brown pa - per.

ten.

This block contains the first system of a musical score. It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Went to bed, To mend his head, With vin-e-gar and brown pa - per." The piano part includes a tenor clef (*ten.*) on the upper staff. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a 2/4 time signature.

Third Verse.

mf

Jill came in, And she did grin, To see his pa - per plais - ter.

mf

This block contains the second system of the musical score, labeled as the "Third Verse." It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Jill came in, And she did grin, To see his pa - per plais - ter." The piano part includes a mezzo-forte dynamic marking (*mf*) on the upper staff. The music continues in the same style as the first system.

Moth-er, vex'd, Did whip her next, For caus-ing Jack's dis - as - ter.

ten.

This block contains the third system of the musical score, which is the final verse. It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Moth-er, vex'd, Did whip her next, For caus-ing Jack's dis - as - ter." The piano part includes a tenor clef (*ten.*) on the upper staff. The music concludes with a double bar line.

January Nature Study Plans

Grade I

FIRST WEEK

The Sparrow:

One question to be asked each day, the children to find the answer from observation: What color is a sparrow? Are all sparrows alike in color and markings? How long is a sparrow? How large is a sparrow's foot? How many toes has a sparrow on each foot?

SECOND WEEK

The Sparrow:

Questions: Does a sparrow hop or walk? Does a sparrow sing? What kind of a noise does a sparrow make? Does a sparrow chirp when he is on the ground, or when he is higher than the ground?

THIRD WEEK

The Sparrow:

Questions: What do sparrows eat? How many sparrows did you see on your way to school this morning? Are there any other birds besides sparrows to be seen around now?

FOURTH WEEK

Tell the children all you can find about sparrows. Their nest-building, their fighting proclivities, their driving other birds away, etc.

Grade II

FIRST WEEK

The Potato:

Examine to recognize skin, eyes, white inside. How cooked? What part is eaten?

Sprout, to show how growth comes from eyes. Does the potato have to be put in the ground to make it grow?

Potato principally water and starch. Starch for clothes made from potato.

Potato grows on roots of plant. What kind of leaves? What are the blossoms like?

What likes to eat potato plants? (Potato bugs.) Poison sprinkled on plants destroys bugs.

How much are potatoes a bushel?

Where do potatoes grow? (In Northern United States.)

How do sweet potatoes differ from Irish potatoes?

SECOND WEEK

The Turnip:

How does the turnip differ from the potato? In color? In shape? In size? In taste?

How do we cook turnips?

Try planting a turnip in water. Allow the children to compare method of sprouting from potato.

What do we plant to get new potatoes? What do we put in the ground to get turnips?

THIRD WEEK

The Cabbage:

Cut a cabbage in two. What is it made of? Why are the inside leaves white, when the outside ones are green? What makes leaves green? (The sunshine.)

What is put in the ground for cabbages? How is cabbage cooked? What part of the cabbage is eaten?

FOURTH WEEK

The Bean:

Have beans enough so that each child can have one to look at.

Break open. What are the parts of the bean? (Skin, eye, two pieces inside.)

How are beans cooked?

Plant a few beans, and allow pupils to watch them grow. What part of the plant is the bean? How many beans grow in a pod? Describe the plant and method of growth, showing pictures if possible.

Grades III and IV

FIRST WEEK

Water:

Where water comes from: Clouds, springs, brooks, creeks, rivers, wells, ponds, lakes, ocean.

SECOND WEEK

Forms of Water:

Rain, dew, snow, frost, hail, ice, clouds, fog, steam.

THIRD WEEK

Uses of Water:

Drinking, bathing, cleaning, cooking, transportation, operation of machinery, heating (by steam).

FOURTH WEEK

Water:

Boil water.

Freeze water.

Melt snow.

Allow steam to escape from a boiling tea-kettle, and suddenly allow a current of cold air to enter the room. The moisture will turn into snow.

Bible Quotations on Trees

MATTHEW

VII, 17. Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

18. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

19. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

20. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

REVELATIONS

II, 7. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

XXII, 2. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

THE CHILD WORLD

Supplementary Reading for Primary Grades

Isaac's Marriage

It came to pass, after Isaac had grown up to manhood, and his mother had died, that Abraham wished his son to have a wife.

There was a faithful old servant in the family, Eliezer was his name. Abraham called his servant to him one day, and said. "Listen, dear Eliezer. Isaac ought to have a wife. It is not best for him to marry a maiden from the Canaanites among whom we dwell. I wish you would go to my native country, to my own people, and there find a wife for my son Isaac."

"Supposing," Eliezer replied, "I should find a woman who would make your son a good wife, she may not be willing to follow me to this land. Would it not be better that I take Isaac with me on my journey to the country from which you came?"

"No," answered Abraham, "God will send his angel before you, and you shall choose a wife for my son there."

Eliezer got ready for the journey at once. He saddled ten camels. Next he packed carefully some fine presents. When everything was ready he started off for Mesopotamia which was Abraham's former home.

In a short time he reached the borders of the land. Now it happened that there was a well outside the city towards which he went. "Here I will rest," thought Eliezer, "by the well. When it is cool in the evening the maidens will come from the city to draw water, and very likely there will be one among them suited to be Isaac's wife."

So Eliezer had the ten camels kneel, and he himself stood beside them, waiting. And as he waited he prayed to God, saying, "*O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day and show kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: And let come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, 'Let down thy pitcher I pray thee, that I may drink'; and she shall say, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also'; Let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast showed kindness unto my master.*"

Before Eliezer had finished his prayer, a beautiful young maiden came up. Rebekah by name. She was carrying a pitcher upon her shoulder and went down to the well. After she had filled her pitcher she came up and was ready to return to her home. Eliezer called to her.

“Let me drink a little water from your pitcher,” he said.

“*Drink, my lord,*” she answered. And she let down her pitcher upon her hand and gave him drink. When he had taken the water Rebekah said, “I will draw water for your camels also, and let them drink.”

She emptied her pitcher into the drinking trough and ran down to the well for more water. She did this again and again until she had drawn enough for all the camels.

Eliezer watched her while she worked, without saying a word. All the time he was thinking to himself, “She is a beautiful maiden. And what is more she is kind and seems to have a good heart. I am almost sure that God has intended her for Isaac. She will make the boy the right kind of a wife.

When Rebekah had finished, he said, “What is your father’s name?”

“My father’s name is Bethuel,” the maiden answered.

“Has your father room enough in his house that I may lodge there with my camels?” Eliezer asked.

“We have straw and feed for the camels,” Rebekah said, “and plenty of room for you.”

Eliezer was pleased. Then he opened his purse and taking out a gold ring he gave it to the girl. He clasped a beautiful bracelet on each of her arms. The maiden was delighted with the precious gifts, and like the wise daughter that she was, she ran at once and told her mother all that had happened.

Now Rebekah had a brother Laban. When her brother saw the gold ornaments he said, “Tell me, Rebekah, where did you get all these beautiful things?”

“A stranger gave them to me,” was her reply. “He is standing by the well and I’m sure he is a good man.”

Laban hastened to the well, and there he found Eliezer beside his camels.

“Come,” he said to the old man. “Why do you remain outside the city? I have prepared the house and a place for the camels.”

So Eliezer went to Bethuel’s house. There Laban unloaded the

camels and gave them straw and feed. He also provided water so that Eliezer and the men with him might wash their tired feet.

In a short time a table was set with food and drink, and Eliezer was invited to eat.

“No,” he said, “I will not eat until I have told my errand. I am the servant of Abraham. The Lord has blessed my master so that he has become great. God has given him flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and man-servants and maid-servants. When my master was old, God gave him a son also, and for this son I have come to find a wife.

“At the well outside the city God showed me the maiden Rebekah. I believe she would make a good wife for Isaac, my master’s son. So I ask you now, will you give your daughter to Isaac, to be his wife?”

The father, mother and brother looked at each other and were silent. At last Bethuel said, “Yes, Rebekah shall be Isaac’s wife. I am sure that God wills it so.”

Then Eliezer brought out jewels of silver and gold and gave them to Rebekah. He gave also to her mother and her brother other precious things. Then he ate his evening meal and stayed there that night.

In the morning they called Rebekah and said to her, “Will you go with this man?” And she answered, “I will go.”

So they packed her clothing and all her other belongings that she might take them with her to the land where she would make her home. When all was ready she knelt down before her father and mother. They laid their hands on her head and blessed her, asking God to make all come out well for her.

Then Rebekah said good-bye to her friends and started off bravely with Abraham’s faithful servant.

Old Eliezer was very glad that he had found a wife for Isaac so quickly.

Far away in his own home Isaac was wishing for the early return of Eliezer.

At twilight one day while walking in the fields, Isaac suddenly saw in the distance a train of camels which seemed to be slowly moving towards him. It was a long procession. What do you suppose it was? Yes, it was Eliezer’s caravan bringing Rebekah to her new home.

As the camels drew near and Rebekah saw Isaac from afar, she was so frightened that she got down from her camel and hid behind it. “Who is the man coming towards us?” she asked.

“It is my master, Isaac,” Eliezer replied.

Rebekah instantly covered her face with her long veil. Isaac went straight up to her. When Eliezer told him that she was to be his wife, he was much pleased, for he saw that Rebekah was very fair. He took her by the hand and led her to the tent that had belonged to his mother. Abraham was also pleased with the maiden. He welcomed her with a hearty greeting and blessed her.

Isaac learned to love Rebekah dearly, and the two were very happy together.



Use dark-colored crayons in copying these snow men.
Lead pencil will do very well.

Music in the Primary Grades

BY LOTTIE LAPPART, Nebraska

Tone Exercises

(Continued from last month)

1. How to begin.

Start with 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, the first five tones of the scale. The teacher may point to the fingers of her hand while pupils sing. Practice in this way on the first five tones, the individuals in one row of seats one day. Take another row another day, and so on. Thus each pupil will get individual drill occasionally. This practice will train their voices up the scale, and will enable the teacher to find out how many are real monotones. She can give these extra individual practice. It is a good plan to make a list of those who can sing the five tones, more or less, the entire scale, and the monotones. The teacher then knows exactly where to direct most of the practice.

2. Monotones and how to deal with them.

The monotone gets his tones too low, and seems unable to raise his voice. Have him practice as if calling to someone at a distance. The voice naturally goes up high on the last syllable. This gives him an idea of what it means to raise the voice, or climb a ladder with his voice. Have him feel his voice is his own real possession, just as his arms and legs are, and can be made to mind him just as they do his bidding. As he can make his feet climb the ladder, so he can make his voice climb the ladder. Have him call to some imaginary person at a distance: *Supper, Charley!* Dinner, Papa! Oh, Pa'pa! Coo boss, Coo boss, coo, coo, coo! Cut, cut, cut, ca, dá, cut! Let him shout out in a high key his playmate's name. "Oh, Tommy, come heré, Tommy! *Toot, toot, toot,*" like a locomotive, raising arm high while giving the sound. *Supper*'-m (close lips while way up high and hold the sound on *m*). Give sound *n* high and softly as if it were a whistle away off on a hill.

Work every day with the monotone. Have a monotone sing the scale or give one tone of it, then let another pupil try, then all the class, then the monotone again. This is done so as not to embarrass him, or make him self-conscious.

In working with a monotone it often is hard to get him to give lower *do* low enough in pitch. Suppose he gives the tone *mi*, or some other tone, while trying to imitate your *do*. Then the teacher may sing *do*, giving it the tone he gave it, i.e., the tone *mi*, etc., and follow it quickly with the correct *do*, as *do* (3), *do* (1). He will often be able to imitate you by using this combination, and so lower his voice to the desired pitch. Try to get pupils' voices up three tones of the scale. When this is fairly

accomplished, try it on five tones, then the entire eight. If at any time during the singing exercises it is not desirable to have the monotones sing, do not tell them so, but ask them to listen.

3. A lesson following the lessons on tones 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Teacher sings *lo, lo, lo, lo, lo* to the first five tones of the scale. Ask "What does it sound like? Yes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. We sing lots of songs by that tone." Have much practice singing *no, lu, la*, etc., in the same way. The teacher may walk thru the aisles having individual practice on this as she points it off on her fingers. One or two rows may sing it alone. "How many will try? Won't you help us?" (This spoken to some inattentive ones to arouse attention.) "Is everyone in these two rows going to sing?" Practice on

no
no
no
no
no

down the scale on the five tones already taught.

4. A lesson on single tones.

Practice on single tones as 5, 8, 3, 1, *mi*, *sol*, *do*, *fa*, etc., or some single word from a song. Strive to get the tone sweet and soft, full and round. "Sing 1. Sing 5. Which do you like best? Guess what I will ask for. Yes, 3. Sing it." Teacher may sing 1. "Have you a horn like that? All must play the same horn. Someone did not play the right one. The horns must all sound alike. Let's try it again."

"One row may sing 5." (Let each row separately try the tone.) "Hold it nicely. All the row sing 5. All sing 8. Sing 1, 2, 3. Can you remember 3? How does it sound? Sing it. Can you remember how 5 sounds? Sing it. Sing 8." Teach some songs containing these intervals, as the *Pussy Cat* song, in Smith Book One.

5. An exercise in holding single tones to produce a melody.

Two rows sing *do* and hold it. Two rows at same time sing *mi* and hold it. This makes a pleasing melody. Use *mi* and *sol*, *sol* and high *do*, *re*, and *fa*, *fa* and *la*, *mi* and high *do* in the same way.

6. A lesson in which the whole scale is used.

Have pupils sing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, along the rows, the teacher touching each one as he sings his tone. Different rows try all the eight tones. Practice singing down the scale with the syllable as *no*. Have them learn a song having a good deal of the descending scale in it, as in the *Pussy Cat* song. Ask, "The last

part of the song sounds like what?" They will readily see that the last phrase of the song is the descending scale.

7. *An exercise to train the ear to detect pitch, and to train the voice to raise and lower its pitch.*

With a ruler strike objects about the room, and notice the difference in the sounds.

"Who can think of some sound (tone)?" Let some pupils give a sound, calling it *ah*. Then

all sing it. "Who thinks of another sound?" A pupil gives another sound and all sing it. Thus pupils give different sounds, and get an idea of differences in pitch, the raising and lowering of the voice.

The teacher may sing two tones and ask pupils which is higher, the first or the last. Give another tone and ask if it is higher or lower than the last. "Does this *ah* (5) and this *ah* (3) sound the same?" Have a good deal of this practice in detecting pitch.

January Crop of Mother Goose Rhymes

The Months of the Year

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers
glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes, loud and
shrill,
To stir the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty
lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with
posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of
corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the
fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheas-
ant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast;
Then the leaves are whirling
fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas
treat.

Dear, Dear!

Dear, dear! what can the mat-
ter be?

Two old women got up in an
apple-tree;
One came down,
And the other stayed till Satur-
day.

The Three Kittens

Three little kittens lost their
mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, Mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens!"

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!
No, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

The three little kittens found
their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, Mother dear,
See here, see here,
See, we have found our mit-
tens!"

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie.
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!"
"Oh, let us have some pie!
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!"

The three little kittens put on
their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh, Mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mit-
tens!"

"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow!
Then they began to sigh,
Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow!

The three little kittens washed
their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
"Oh, Mother dear,
Do you not hear
That we have washed our mit-
tens!"

"Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good kittens!
But I smell a rat close by.
Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-
ow."
"We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

Cross-Patch

Cross-patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call the neighbors in.

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Mounted on a pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it Maccaroni.

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it sugar-candy.

Three children sliding on the
ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at
home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one
penny
They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children
have,
And you that have got none,
If you would keep them safe
abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

Snowflake Poems for January

Snowflakes

BY MILDRED MERRILL

[See "Snowflake" on page 172]

The snowflake fairies are busy
to-day,

Whirling and twirling they
dance away;

Over the fields and over the
trees,

Over the restless, rolling seas.

A snowy blanket they spread
around,

To cover the flowers asleep in
the ground;

The trees they deck in robes of
white,

And gems that sparkle in the
light.

So over the hills and over the
plain

They tip-toe down the orchard
lane;

Leaving their gifts wherever
they go,

From the land of ice, and the
land of snow.

Snowflakes

The Snow Tree blossoms in the
night;

Far and high, beyond the sky,
It stands with leaves all silver-
white,

Where many petals bloom and
grow,
And fall to earth in flakes of
snow.

Now some come shining as a
star,

Clear and bright and cold and
light,

How they glitter from afar!
How they glimmer, gleam, and
glow,

And then—go out in flakes of
snow!

And others like a rose-leaf small,
Pure and sweet and still and
fleet.

How they gather as they fall!
How they bud and bloom and
blow,

Then blossom into flakes of
snow!

Still more are tiny feathers,
dear,

Soft and fair, thru the air
Flying down to greet us here—
Floating, floating to and fro,
To touch the earth in flakes of
snow.

—HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

The Snowstorm

We are free! we are free! the
snowflakes cried,

Hurrah, hurrah! away we hide,
Now we're whirling, and twirl-
ing, and dancing around,

And gently sinking to the
ground.

The jolly North Wind! how he
makes us fly,

He whistles the tune we are
dancing by.

We cover the valleys, we cover
the hills,

We bury the flowers and frozen
rills.

We're dashing out this way and
that way again,

We're dashing against the win-
dow-pane,

Then away, away, away, away,
We'll make a track for the
merry sleigh.

We're drifting high, ha! ha!
here's fun

For the boys and girls when
school is done.

Now we're whirling, and twirl-
ing, and dancing around,

And gently sinking to the
ground.

Disappointed Snowflakes

Four and twenty snowflakes
Came tumbling from the sky,
And said, "Let's make a snow-
drift—

We can if we but try."
So down they gently fluttered,
And lighted on the ground,
And when they were all seated,
They sadly looked around.

"We're very few indeed," sighed
they,

"And we sometimes make mis-
takes;
We cannot make a snowdrift
With four and twenty flakes."

Just then the sun peeped round
a cloud,

And smiled at the array,
And the disappointed snowflakes
Melted quietly away.

Winter Jewels

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their hands
outstretched

To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

Sleigh Song

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.
As it swiftly scuds along,
Hear the burst of happy song;
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white,
See them, with capricious
pranks,

Plowing thru the drifted banks;
Jingle, jingle, 'mid the glee,
Who amongst them cares for
me?

Jingle, jingle, on they go,
Capes and bonnets white with
snow,

Not a single robe they fold,
To protect them from the cold.
Jingle, jingle, 'mid the storm,
Fun and frolic keep them warm;
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,
O'er the meadows, past the
mills;

Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

—PETTEE, in "Third Reader—
American School Readers."

Some little mice sat in a barn to
spin;

Pussy came by, popped her head
in;

"Shall I come in and cut your
heads off?"

"Oh, no, kind sir, you will snap
our heads off!"

Stories to Tell

By N. RYEMAN, in *Child Life*

The Little Brown Woman in the Red Cloak

A Russian Story

It was getting dusk, and the great forest grew darker and darker; all the wild things in it went to bed. The squirrels curled their tails up and took care of their winter store of nuts; birds hid their heads under their wings; only the wolves (who were very hungry) roamed about.

Katinka, the forester's daughter, went to the door of the woodland hut and glanced round. She saw that the pines and firs looked like dark pillars; she heard the owl give his peculiar cry, which to the Russian children always seemed to say: "Man lost! Man lost!" and then she went in and began to get supper ready. It was a bare place, rudely furnished, but, so far as the child could make it, comfortable. There was a house place, or living-room, with two big wooden stools and one little one, a sacred picture or icon on the rough walls, a square wood table, a bureau or dresser on which were ranged platters, and a fireplace in which burnt a log fire.

Out of the living-room opened two small bedrooms with pallet beds and coverlets of skin—wolf-skins, too, taken from the animals shot by Ivan, Katinka's father, in the forest on whose verge or edge he lived.

Katinka herself was a comical little figure in her wooden shoes, short woolen skirt and red jacket. Her brown hair was done in a long queue or pigtail, and she wore a small, stiff, white cap. Round her neck was a carved cross which had belonged to her dead mother; for the girl was a motherless lamb, had only two near relatives, her father, Ivan, and her brother, Stefan, the mason.

Stefan was a merry youth, tho he *did* live in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, when no man's head was safe on his shoulders; for Ivan was a fearful tyrant and as unjust as he was cruel. Tho he lived hundreds of years ago, his is a hated name to the Russian people.

Stefan had gone to Moscow, a city some few versts or miles away, where he was at work on a new church steeple, which the Tsar meant to have surmounted by a gigantic angel with wings of solid gold. Indeed, the very trowel with which the mortar was laid was of gold; so the Tsar, in one of his odd caprices, had willed.

Katinka knew that her father would come home as hungry as a starving wolf. So she warmed up the pottage or stew, cut some slices of black bread, and put three plates on the table—one for the forester, one for her brother, and another for herself.

By and by there came a knock at the door,

and the girl wondered who it could be. Her father and brother would have lifted the latch and have walked in; only a stranger would knock.

She opened the door a little way and peeped out, and saw, by the light of the moon (which had just risen), that a little old woman in a red cloak and hood, with a broom in her hand, stood outside.

"Let me in, little daughter," she pleaded. "I am a-weary and as cold as frozen snow."

"That will I, old mother," said the child; and she threw wide the door and led the poor creature in, seated her on her own stool at the fire, stirred up the logs, and rubbed the worn, stiff hands; for she knew that the aged need as much kindly care as babies.

The newcomer was a small, brown old woman; her face was the color of a chestnut; her eyes were dark and strangely bright; only her hair was white.

"Bless thee, little wood-pigeon," she said, and then, as the child gave her a mess of pottage, added: "Whose is this mess? If thine, I cannot eat it."

"Yea, but thou must. 'Better thine own plate empty than the stranger's,' my mother was wont to say."

"Sweet flower, sweet bud," said the Brown Woman. "Good mother, good daughter. Well, well, thou shalt be recompensed."

When the plate was empty, she kissed Katinka, took up her broom, and said: "Now I go."

"Nay, mother, nay," said Katinka. "Bide here to-night; sleep in mine own bed."

"Where wouldst *thou* sleep?"

"By the hearth. Bide with me."

The visitor shook her head. "Not so; I have far to go before the dawn. There is no cruelty or unkindness to sweep away here," said she. "There is work for my broom to do elsewhere. When I have gone, remember my words: 'The strongest thing on earth is love. It is stronger than fear or pain or hunger. It makes the weak bold and the small great.' Fare thee well, pretty dove!"

She put her arms round Katinka, drew her red cloak round her, and, before you could count three, she had opened the door and disappeared in the wood.

Katinka went into the house and stirred up the embers, and as she did so she all at once clapped her hands and cried aloud: "I have it; it was the Baboushka!" For she, in common with all Russian children, knew that every now and again a good fairy, in the shape of a little old woman, visited various homes, high and low, rich and poor, and, if hospitably treated, left a blessing behind.

There came another knock on the door, and

this time, to Katinka's amazement, it was her father.

The forester seemed ill and dizzy, and had just managed to thump on the door with his whip.

"What ails thee, Father?" asked Katinka; "and where is Stefan? Didst see him in Moscow?"

"That did I, little pigeon. He was being haled to prison on a charge of stealing the Tsar's golden trowel.

The child burst into tears. "Oh, my brother! Is there no way of saving thee?"

The forester shook his head. "As well ask a wolf for mercy as the Tsar! There's one road, and that I may not go. Ivan has asked a riddle and if any man can answer it he will give him all he asketh. This is the puzzle: What is the strongest thing on earth?"

Katinka clapped her hands. She remembered the Baboushka and told her saying about love.

"Father," she said, "go, tell the Little Father, and thou wilt save our Stefan from the high gallows."

The forester thought there was something in it, and early next day set out in his cart for Moscow.

Katinka, at home, wondered if she would ever see him or Stefan again, and sang little songs to cheer herself up as the birds do.

Night came, and up to the log hut drove a cart, in which sat the woodman and his son.

Katinka ran out and hugged Stefan, and, when they all sat round the hearth, the forester told his tale.

"My little bird," he said, "thy words were words of wisdom. When I reached Moscow, I saw the *oprietchniks* (Russian soldiers) on their fine horses galloping about, and told one

that I wanted to answer the Tsar's riddle. He took me to a great hall, at one end of which sat the Tsar in a grand chair, with all his Bayards (nobles) round him.

"There were many kneeling on the steps, men and women from the towns, the villages, and the steppes—fishers, farmers, millers, and their wives.

"It was silent as the forest at night, when the Tsar, in a loud voice, said: 'What is the mightiest force on earth?'

"Each one made answer in turn: One said, 'Fire'; another, 'Water'; yet another, 'Gold'; and yet another, 'Fear of the Tsar.' Then came my turn, and I said, 'Love.'

"That is truth," cried the Tsar. "Now, what wilt thou have?"

"The life of my son, Little Father," I said, and he sent some soldiers and had Stefan brought to me. Moreover, he gave me a purse of silver. This is *thy* work, little wood-pigeon."

"Not so. It is the Baboushka's," said Katinka. "Let us thank the Little Brown Woman in the Red Cloak."

Perhaps you may like to hear if the golden trowel was ever found. I am glad to say that it was. The true thief was a soldier, who had taken it and cast the blame on Stefan (who had been seen eyeing it admiringly); and, when this man was wounded in a charge, he confessed what he had done on his death-bed; and had Stefan so chosen, he might have been one of the Tsar's henchmen, or followers, but he did not so choose. He had had his fill of city life and liked the green woods better. So he stayed there and helped his father, and on winter nights, when the wind tore the pine trees and the wolf howled afar off, he used to draw his stool near to the fire and say: "Little sister, tell us about the Baboushka over again."

Reproduction Stories

It snows this morning. The snow comes down from the sky. Snow is frozen vapor.

Snow crystals have six sides or six points. Jack caught some snow crystals on his black coat. We stood out-of-doors and counted the six sides of several snowflakes.

Snow is bluish-white in color. It keeps the ground very warm. It protects the roots of the plants, so that they will not freeze.

To-morrow we are going to make a snowman. We shall use old broomsticks for his arms. We have an old hat of father's which we shall put on his head.

Jack had a new sled for a Christmas present. It is a flexible flyer. Jack has lots of fun with his sled.

When the snow is soft enough to roll into large balls, we build a snow fort. We roll a lot of great balls, and arrange them in a hollow square. We put a second row of balls on top of the first. Then we stuff snow around

the balls, till we have a solid snow fort.

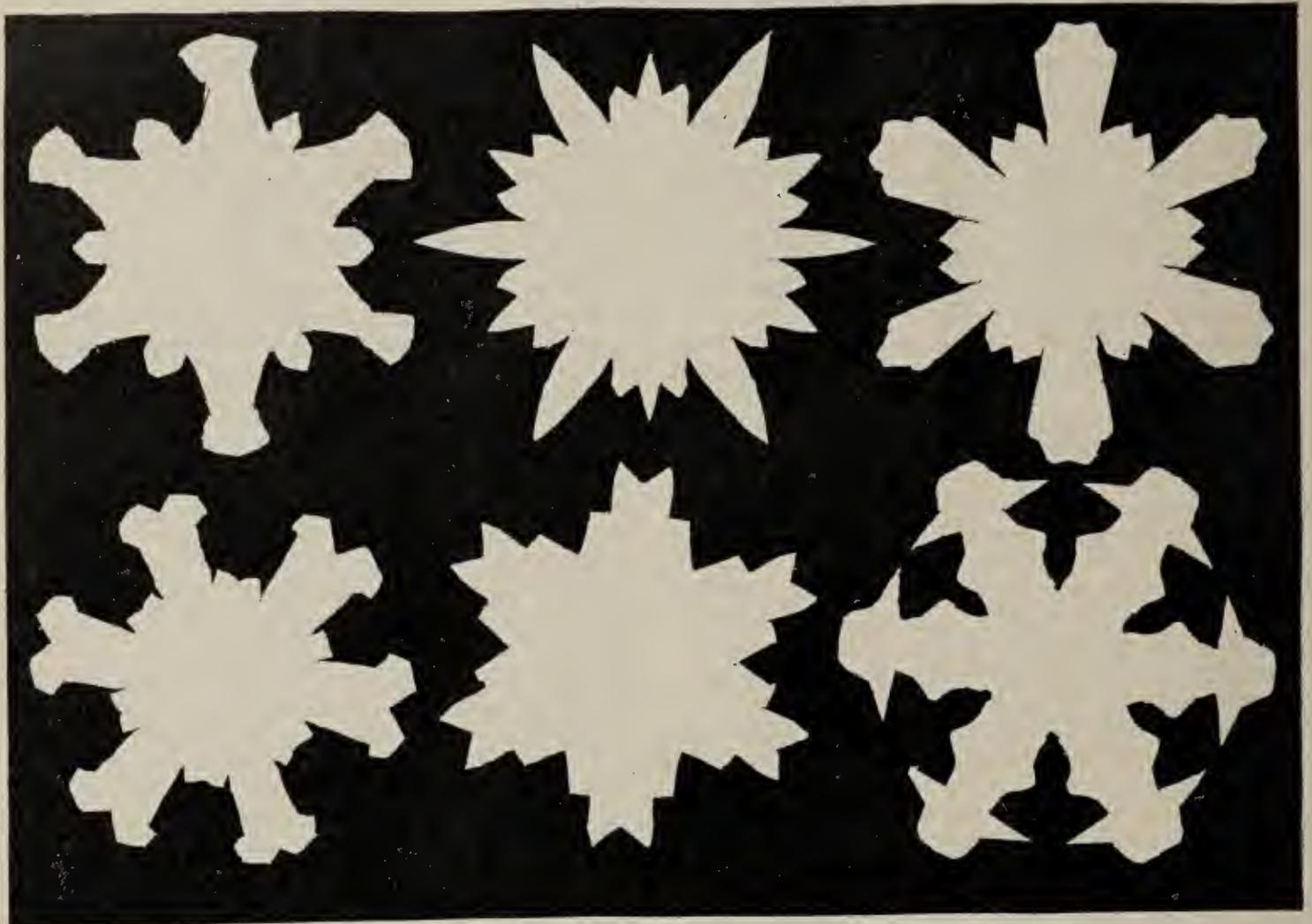
When we have a snow fort, half the boys are inside the fort, and half are outside. The boys outside try to capture the fort. They throw snow balls at the boys inside. In the end the boys inside will have to give up the fort.

Ice is frozen water. Ice can be melted into water. Snow is frozen vapor. Snow can be melted into water.

When there is snow on the ground, May and Jack slide down hill. May sits on the sled in front. Jack runs and gives the sled a push. Then he jumps on the sled behind May, and they both go down the hill.

I have a pair of warm mittens. They are red. I wear them when I play in the snow. When I go back to the house I dry the mittens on the door of the stove oven.

Bobby had a pair of new shoes for Christmas. They are lace shoes. They are black and shiny. They squeak when Bobby walks.

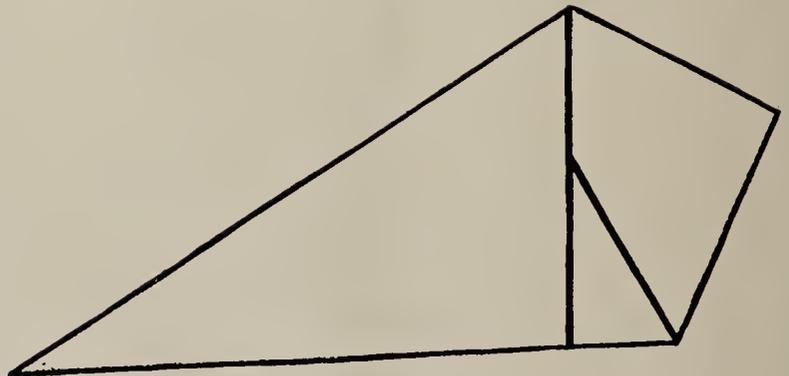


Paper Cutting: Snowflakes

Paper Snowflakes

By RUTH MILDRED LANG

To make a paper snowflake, take a piece of paper four inches square. Fold this twice, so as to make a two-inch square. Then divide the square thus made into three equal angles, as shown in diagram, and cut any design. This will give a six-pointed figure.



First Year Lesson Plans for January

First Week

MONDAY

The New Year.—Read the following to the children:

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door tho the wild winds blow,
Take the child in and make him cosy,
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful glad New Year.

Explain to the children how we pretend that the old year just past went out as an old man, while the new year comes in as a little boy.

TUESDAY

The New Year.—How many months in the year? Name them. Which month is the first of the year? Which month is this? Which was the month we just left behind? What is the last month of the year?

Have the children repeat:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath twenty-eight in fine,
Till Leap Year gives it twenty-nine.

How many days has this month?

WEDNESDAY

Days of the Week.—Write on the blackboard:

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

How many days in the week? Name them. What is done at your house on Monday? On Tuesday? On Wednesday? On Thursday? On Friday? On Saturday? On Sunday?

THURSDAY

Days of the Week.—Teach the children the song, with actions, "This is the Day We Wash Our Clothes." (See another page of this magazine.)

FRIDAY

How many weeks in a year? How many days in most years? How many days in a leap year? How many days in 1912? When is the extra day? When a boy or girl is born on the twenty-ninth of February, how often does he have a birthday? How old is he when he has his first birthday? His second birthday? His third birthday?

Second Week

MONDAY

The Seasons.—How many seasons in the year? What are they? Which is the first season of the year? The second? The third? The fourth? What season is this? Have the children repeat the following:

What are the seasons each year doth bring?
Winter and Summer, Autumn and Spring.

And also:

Winter I am, with my sleet and snow,
My winds bring cold wherever they blow.

TUESDAY

New Year's Resolutions.—Tell how many people make new resolutions to be good thru the new year. Here are some proverbs that are worth thinking about and trying to live up to this year. Which shall we keep for our motto this month? Explain the meaning of each proverb, as you write it on the blackboard.

Honor thy father and thy mother.
Every little helps.
Think twice before you speak once.
It is never too late to mend.
The early bird catches the worm.
Well begun is half done.
You cannot eat your cake and have your cake.
Many hands make light work.
Kind words never die.

WEDNESDAY

A riddle of the new year for the children to guess:

A father has just twice six sons,
Not one e'er sees his brother;
Of thirty daughters to each son
Not one e'er sees the other.
Each daughter's life twice twelve doth count,
Of strange facts here's another:
One-half their lives they're white as light,
And black as night the other.

THURSDAY

Making the Most of Our Time.—Talk with the children about the wrong of wasting time that should be used for study or work. Write the following on the blackboard for the children to learn:

We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used, we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use,
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

FRIDAY

Drill on the divisions of time:

Sixty seconds make a minute; sixty minutes make an hour; twenty-four hours make a day; twelve hours (approximately) in the day, twelve hours in the night; seven days make a week; four weeks make a month; twelve months make a year; one hundred years make a century.

Third Week

MONDAY

Sing the song, and play the game, "This Is the Way We Wash Our Clothes."

TUESDAY

Snow.—Write the following poem on the board:

DISAPPOINTED SNOWFLAKES

Four and twenty snowflakes
 Came tumbling from the sky,
 And said, "Let's make a snowdrift—
 We can if we but try."
 So down they gently fluttered,
 And lighted on the ground,
 And when they all were seated
 They sadly looked around.

"We're very few, indeed," sighed they,
 "And we sometimes make mistakes;
 We cannot make a snowdrift
 With four and twenty flakes."
 Just then the sun peeped round a cloud
 And smiled at the array,
 And the disappointed snowflakes
 Melted quietly away.

Where do the snowflakes come from? How do they come down? How long do they keep on falling? (Till they reach the ground.) What is a snowdrift? When the sun melts the snowflakes, what do they turn into?

WEDNESDAY

Snow Crystals.—If possible, have pupils catch snowflakes on a black cloth. Let the children find the different forms. Call attention to the fact that every snowflake has six points, or six angles.

THURSDAY

Cut snow crystals in white paper.

FRIDAY

Snow.—Talk about snowstorms, snowdrifts, making snowballs, snow forts, etc.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Use of Snow in Keeping Plants Warm.—Read the following poem to the children:

SNOWFLAKES

Beautiful feathery flakes of snow,
 Softly come and softly go;

Kissing our cheeks and dazzling our eyes,
 Emblem of purity sent from the skies.

Spreading a blanket soft and warm,
 Keeping the buds and flowers from harm,
 Melting away in the springtime sun,
 Aiding the brooklets and rivers to run.

Clothing in mantle of white the earth,
 Softening a couch for the flowers' birth,
 Coming in stars and going in tears,
 Emblem of hope for the happier years.

The children will not understand the poem exactly, but they will catch the idea of the snow's being a protection, and a little explanation will help in making them comprehend the idea.

TUESDAY

Water, Ice, Snow.—Explain about water, ice, and snow being all one. Melt snow, and melt ice, so that the children may see for themselves. Freeze water. Explain that the reason we cannot freeze water into snow is because the snow is really water in vapor form, like fog, when it freezes.

WEDNESDAY

The Birds in Winter.—How sparrows and robins can be fed by scattering corn or oats on the snow, or hanging a piece of fresh pork from the limb of a tree.

THURSDAY

How the Animals Keep Warm When it is Cold, Snowy Weather.—Bears and squirrels sleep in hollow trees. Birds go South. Horses, dogs and cats wear warm fur. Fish go to the bottom of the pond, where the water does not freeze. Snakes, frogs, etc., freeze, then thaw out in the spring.

FRIDAY

How We Keep Warm in Winter.—Warm clothing, furs, because cold does not go thru skin. Warm houses, furnaces, stoves, steam heat.

First Year Plans for Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| 3 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 1 | 3 | | | | | |
| 2 | 1 | | | | | |
| 2 | 2 | | | | | |
| 3 | 1 | | | | | |
| — | — | | | | | |

TUESDAY

Fours:

| | |
|-----------|------------|
| 4 + 1 = ? | 4 + 8 = ? |
| 4 + 2 = ? | 4 + 9 = ? |
| 4 + 3 = ? | 4 + 10 = ? |
| 4 + 4 = ? | |
| 4 + 5 = ? | |
| 4 + 6 = ? | |
| 4 + 7 = ? | |

WEDNESDAY

Write all the numbers ending in four, from 4 to 40. Count by fours to forty.

THURSDAY

Subtraction:

| | |
|--------------|--------------|
| $4 - 4 = ?$ | $8 - 4 = ?$ |
| $12 - 4 = ?$ | $16 - 4 = ?$ |
| $20 - 4 = ?$ | $24 - 4 = ?$ |
| $28 - 4 = ?$ | $32 - 4 = ?$ |
| $36 - 4 = ?$ | $40 - 4 = ?$ |

FRIDAY

Draw a line four inches long.
Cut a string four feet long.
Measure four yards on the floor.
Draw a line eight inches long.
Measure eight feet on the floor.

Second Week

MONDAY

Count by fours backward, from 40 to 1.

Subtraction:

| | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|
| 15 | 25 | 35 | 45 | 55 |
| -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 |
| 65 | 75 | 85 | 95 | |
| -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 | |

TUESDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 3 | 13 | 23 | 33 | 43 | 53 | 63 |
| $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ |
| 73 | 83 | 93 | | | | |
| $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ | | | | |

WEDNESDAY

General Problems:

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| $1 + 1 + 2 + 4 = ?$ | $4 - 2 + 3 - 1 = ?$ |
| $4 - 2 + 1 - 1 = ?$ | $2 + 2 + 4 + 1 = ?$ |
| $1 + 4 - 2 + 3 = ?$ | $4 + 4 - 2 - 1 = ?$ |
| $5 - 1 - 1 + 4 = ?$ | $3 + 3 - 4 + 4 = ?$ |

THURSDAY

Addition:

| | | |
|-------------|--------------|-------------|
| $1 + 4 = ?$ | $7 + 4 = ?$ | $4 - 2 = ?$ |
| $2 + 4 = ?$ | $8 + 4 = ?$ | $4 - 3 = ?$ |
| $3 + 4 = ?$ | $9 + 4 = ?$ | $4 - 4 = ?$ |
| $4 + 4 = ?$ | $10 + 4 = ?$ | $5 - 4 = ?$ |
| $5 + 4 = ?$ | $11 + 4 = ?$ | $6 - 4 = ?$ |
| $6 + 4 = ?$ | $12 + 4 = ?$ | $7 - 4 = ?$ |
| | $4 - 1 = ?$ | $8 - 4 = ?$ |
| | | $9 - 4 = ?$ |

FRIDAY

1. If every person in this room has 2 cents, how many cents will there be in the room?
 2. If two children have 4 cents each, how much money have both children together?
 3. There were 8 icicles on our shed this morning. Four of them fell off. How many were left?
- Play buzz, using the word buzz instead of any number ending in four.

Third Week

MONDAY

Play store, using only *fours*. Buy four articles, and pay for them in some form of 4.

TUESDAY

Subtraction:

| | | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 9 | 19 | 29 | 39 | 49 | 59 |
| -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 |
| 69 | 79 | 89 | 99 | | |
| -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 | | |

Count by ones to 100.

WEDNESDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 12 | 22 | 32 | 42 | 52 | 62 |
| $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ |
| 72 | 82 | 92 | | | |
| $+4$ | $+4$ | $+4$ | | | |

Count by tens to 100.

TUESDAY

General Problems:

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| $4 + 4 - 4 + 4 = ?$ | $4 + 4 - 2 - 2 = ?$ |
| $4 - 4 + 4 - 4 = ?$ | $4 - 2 - 1 + 4 = ?$ |
| $1 + 4 + 1 + 4 = ?$ | $4 + 4 + 4 + 4 = ?$ |
| $4 - 2 + 4 - 2 = ?$ | $3 + 3 + 3 + 3 = ?$ |

FRIDAY

Write:

24, 34, 44, 54, 64, 74, 84, 94.

Add 1 to each of these numbers.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Play grocery store, using toy money, and making change up to \$1.00.

TUESDAY

Count by fours to 36.

Count backward, from 36 to 4.

Addition:

| | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| 1 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 4 |
| 1 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 1 |
| 1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | | |
| 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | | |
| 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | | |
| 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | | |

WEDNESDAY

Measure four yards, four times, in the school yard. How many yards in all?

THURSDAY

Subtraction:

| | | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 16 | 26 | 36 | 46 | 56 | 66 |
| -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 | -4 |
| 76 | 86 | 96 | | | |
| -4 | -4 | -4 | | | |

FRIDAY

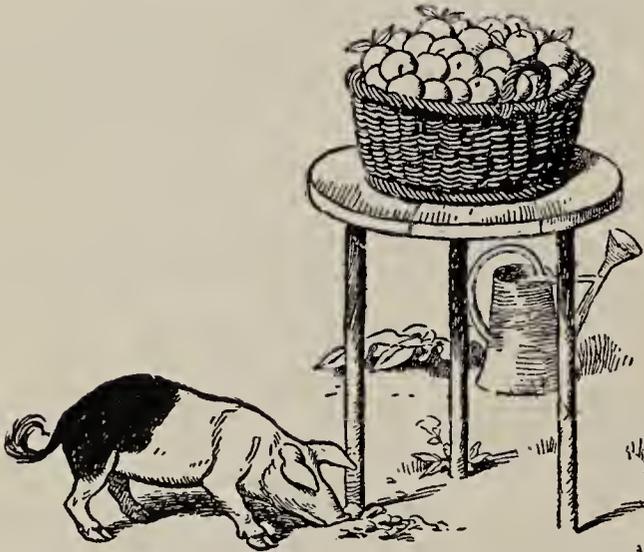
Review of 4, in all sorts of ways.



I see some apples.
I like apples.
I want those apples.



I cannot get them.
But I see what they are.
Yes, they are fine apples.



My nose is to dig with.
I will dig with my nose.
I will have those apples.



I am making a hole.
The leg cannot stand.
The apples will come down.



Now I have them.
They are good apples.
I will eat them all.

Second Year Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Have the children copy the following poem in their composition books:

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 his heels up to his 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 behind 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 buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Tell the children to watch their shadows, to find when the shadow is longest and when shortest.

TUESDAY

Have the children commit to memory the first stanza of "My Shadow." Have the children tell what they have found out about shadows. If the day is sunny, have the children go out of doors and study shadows. Where is the shadow of the school building in the morning? Where in the afternoon? Is a shadow ever longer than the person who casts it?

WEDNESDAY

Have the children commit to memory the second stanza of "My Shadow."

Find all the naming words in "My Shadow," and write them in a list.

THURSDAY

Have the children commit to memory the third stanza of "My Shadow."

Find, and write in a list, all the doing words in the poem.

FRIDAY

Have the children recite in concert the whole poem, "My Shadow." Then have different pupils recite alone a single stanza of the poem.

Second Week

MONDAY

Read the following poem to the children, then have them talk about what their mothers do at home on the various days of the week. How is washing done? How is ironing done?

How is mending done? How does mother mend a stocking? How is sweeping done? What does mother cook on Saturday? How is a pie made?

The poem:

A WEEK'S WORK

On Monday, when the weather's fair,
I always wash the clothes.

Then Tuesday I can iron them,
Altho it rains and snows.

On Wednesday I do all the mending,
And always like it, too.

On Thursday I receive my friends,—
I've nothing else to do.

Then Friday is the time to sweep,
To dust and set things right.

On Saturdays I always cook,
Then put all work from sight.

And Sunday is the day of rest;
I go to church, dressed in my best.

TUESDAY

Look out for capitalization and punctuation. The four lines must be studied very carefully, before the dictation lesson is given. For dictation:

Oh, merrily, ho! run over the snow,
The boys have their sleds bright and gay,
They skip and they slide, as down the hillside
They hurry along in their play.

WEDNESDAY

Write answers to the following questions, the answers to be complete sentences:

What month of the year is this?

How many months are there in a year?

Which are the cold months?

Which are the warmest months?

Tell how the schoolyard looks in January.

What do you wear in January?

What would you wear in July that you do not wear in January?

THURSDAY

Write the plural of the following: Child, boy, girl, turkey, paper, man, father, teacher, puppy.

FRIDAY

Story for reproduction:

THE GREAT BEAR AND THE LITTLE BEAR

Once upon a time the story went about that in a dense forest a white bear lived. Many hunters tried to catch the bear, but it always disappeared before any one could get it.

One day a very young hunter started for the forest. He said he would not go home until he had found the white bear.

Now when the hunter was a baby, his mother had disappeared, and nobody knew what became of her.

When the hunter started to find the bear he took six other young men with him. Each agreed that the one who first saw the white bear should call to the others.

The young man, who was the leader, aimed at a bird with bright feathers. Just as he did so, his horse jumped, and the hunter saw at his side the white bear. Her eyes were kind and full of love. The arrow aimed at the bird had hit the bear.

The bear cried, "My boy," and fell to the ground.

The young man jumped from his horse, saying, "Mother, forgive me!" for he saw that the bear was his mother, who had been changed by the magic of the gods.

When the other hunters came up, they found two white bears lying side by side on the ground. They could not find the young man.

Then they tried to carry the two white bears home with them, but a flash of lightning burst from the sky, and carried the two bears up into the sky.

Jupiter, the young man's father, had taken him and his mother up into the sky to live with him.

On a clear night you can still see the Great Bear and the Little Bear in the sky. They are groups of stars, and the big star, Jupiter, can be seen there, too.

Third Week

The Eskimos.—*Oral*—Tell the children something of Eskimo life, and have the children tell the story back to you.

TUESDAY

Answer the following questions, the answers to be in complete sentences:

How do the Eskimos dress?

What do the Eskimos eat?

What do the Eskimos wear?

What do the Eskimos have instead of horses?

What do the Eskimos ride in?

WEDNESDAY

Write what you know about the Eskimos.

THURSDAY

Write about Eskimo houses, and how they are made.

FRIDAY

Write the following poem on the blackboard for the children to spell the words indicated below:

When the cold wind blows,
Look out for your nose,
That it does not get froze;
And wrap up your toes
In warm woolen hose.
Now this, I suppose,
Was first written in prose,
By someone who knows
The effect of cold snows,
When the winter wind blows.

Words to be spelled: blows, nose, froze, toes, hose, suppose, prose, knows, snows.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Oral.—Talk about coal: How it is mined, how carried from the mine to different parts of the country, how it is used in our houses. Ask the children to find out at home, or elsewhere, what different kinds of coal are sold, and for what each is used.

TUESDAY

Write what you know about coal.

WEDNESDAY

Tell the children about the life of Benjamin Franklin. Explain about Poor Richard's almanac, and dictate the following: Let every year find you a better man.

THURSDAY

Write ten sentences, telling about snow.

FRIDAY

Write ten sentences telling about water.

Second Year Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Count backward by fours, from 48 to 4.

Multiplication:

| | | |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| $5 \times 1 = ?$ | $5 \times 4 = ?$ | $5 \times 8 = ?$ |
| $1 \times 5 = ?$ | $4 \times 5 = ?$ | $8 \times 5 = ?$ |
| $5 \times 2 = ?$ | $5 \times 6 = ?$ | $5 \times 9 = ?$ |
| $2 \times 5 = ?$ | $6 \times 5 = ?$ | $9 \times 5 = ?$ |
| $5 \times 3 = ?$ | $5 \times 7 = ?$ | $5 \times 10 = ?$ |
| $3 \times 5 = ?$ | $7 \times 5 = ?$ | $10 \times 5 = ?$ |

TUESDAY

Division:

| | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| $5 \div 1 = ?$ | $10 \div 5 = ?$ | $20 \div 5 = ?$ |
| $5 \div 5 = ?$ | $15 \div 5 = ?$ | $25 \div 5 = ?$ |

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| $30 \div 5 = ?$ | $40 \div 5 = ?$ | $50 \div 5 = ?$ |
| $35 \div 5 = ?$ | $45 \div 5 = ?$ | $55 \div 5 = ?$ |
| | | $60 \div 5 = ?$ |

Count by fives from 5 to 100.

WEDNESDAY

General Examples:

| |
|----------------------------------------|
| $5 + 5 + 5 + 5 + 5 = ?$ |
| $25 - 5 - 5 + 5 \times 2 = ?$ |
| $30 - 5 - 5 - 5 - 5 \div 2 = ?$ |
| $5 \times 5 - 5 \div 5 = ?$ |
| $30 \div 2 \div 5 = ?$ |
| $1 \times 5 + 5 + 5 \div 5 \div 3 = ?$ |

Play buzz, calling out "Buzz" in place of every number which either ends in five or is a multiple of five, up to 60.

THURSDAY

Multiplication:

| | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 110 | 211 | 100 | 210 | 510 | 211 |
| 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — |

Division:

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 5)555 | 5)100 | 5)150 | 5)200 | 5)255 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

FRIDAY

Addition columns:

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 2 |
| 1 | 6 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 7 | 7 | 3 | 8 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 2 |
| 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 7 | 8 | 8 | 9 | 1 |
| 2 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 3 | 2 | 8 | 1 | 9 |
| 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 8 | 2 | 9 | 9 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | — | — | — | — | — |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

Second Week

MONDAY

Addition:

Add 5 to each of the following numbers: 83, 94, 15, 84, 42, 95, 44, 22, 81, 34, 52, 63, 71, 80.

Addition:

| | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 321 | 324 | 133 | 321 |
| 456 | 163 | 312 | 426 |
| 423 | 245 | 121 | 412 |
| 142 | 122 | 212 | 262 |
| — | — | — | — |

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 436 | 221 | 362 | 114 | 126 |
| 212 | 524 | 315 | 721 | 422 |
| 614 | 121 | 121 | 425 | 575 |
| 224 | 462 | 545 | 261 | 121 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

TUESDAY

Write the Roman numerals for 79, 12, 24, 38, 5, 1, 11, 10.

1. If the long hand of the clock points to six and the short hand to four, what time is it?

2. If both the hands point to twelve, what time is it? Name two other times when the long hand and the short hand are together.

3. If school is thru at half-past three, how long is it from that time to six o'clock?

4. Make up a clock problem.

WEDNESDAY

Play grocery store, using toy money.

THURSDAY

How far from the school building to the end of the next block? The pupils to measure.

FRIDAY

Have a match, choosing sides, and reviewing addition, subtraction, multiplication and division tables.

Third Week

MONDAY

Count backwards by fives, from 100 to 5.

Multiplication:

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 621 | 321 | 211 | 512 | 210 |
| 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 5 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

| | | |
|-----|-----|-----|
| 711 | 410 | 800 |
| 5 | 5 | 5 |
| — | — | — |

Division:

| | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|--------|
| 2)824 | 3)936 | 4)848 | 5)1055 |
| — | — | — | — |
| 4)884 | 3)699 | 2)286 | 5)550 |
| — | — | — | — |

TUESDAY

1. I have 5 pencils that cost 5 cents each. What did they all together cost?

2. If eggs cost 25 cents a dozen, how much must I pay for 5 dozen?

3. If oranges cost 4 cents each, how many can I get for 32 cents?

4. How many eyes in this room? If half the children go into the hall, how many eyes will there be left.

5. How many hair ribbons in the room? How many shoe laces?

WEDNESDAY

Write all the numbers ending in 5 from 5 to 555.

THURSDAY

Add 5 to each of the following numbers: 72, 33, 44, 86, 29, 54, 16, 34, 84, 71, 63, 92, 82, 71, 61.

FRIDAY

Measure depth of snowdrifts, height of fences, etc., out-of doors.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

1. James had 5 apples. He gave May 1, and John 1. Then mother gave him 3 more. How many had he at last?

2. Frank made 10 snowballs. He threw 5 and 2 more melted. How many had he left?

3. Jennie had 5 needles. Bell had 3 times as many. How many had Bell?

4. Three bells and 2 bells and 7 bells, minus 4 bells, are how many bells?

5. There are 35 children belonging in this room. Five are absent with colds, 2 with sore throat, and 4 more are out of town. How many are present to-day?

6. Fifteen children are out sliding. Eight are boys, the rest girls. How many girls?

TUESDAY

Play candy store, using toy money.

WEDNESDAY

Add 3, then add 5 to each of the following: 61, 42, 83, 74, 80, 62, 43, 81, 74, 92, 62, 53, 32, 21.

THURSDAY

Measure distances in the school building, length of hall, etc.

FRIDAY

Review all the tables of the month.

Third Year Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Have the following poem copied by the children:

THE CHICKADEE

"Were it not for me,"
Said a chickadee,
'Not a single flower on earth would be;
For under the ground they soundly sleep,
And never venture an upward peep,
Till they hear from me,
Chickadee-dee-dee!

"I tell Jack Frost when 'tis time to go,
And carry away the ice and snow;
And then I hint to the jolly old sun,
'A little spring work, sir, should be done!'
And he smiles around
On the frozen ground,
And I keep up my cheery, cheery sound
Till echo declares in glee, in glee:
' 'Tis he, 'tis he!
The chickadee-dee!'

"And then I waken the birds of spring—
'Ho, ho! 'tis time to be on the wing.'
They trill and twitter and soar aloft,
And I send the winds to whisper soft
Down by the little flower-beds,
Saying, 'Come, show your pretty heads!
The spring is coming, you see, you see!
For so sings he,
The chickadee-dee!'"

The sun he smiled, and the early flowers
Bloomed to brighten the blithesome hours,
And songbirds gathered in bush and tree;
But the wind he laughed right merrily
As the saucy mite of a snowbird he
Chirped away, "Do you see, see, see?
I did it all!
Chickadee-dee!"

—SYDNEY DAYRE.

Tell the children about the saucy little gray chickadee, that may be seen hopping about in the snowy weather on the leafless bushes. He is sometimes called black-cap, from his black top-knot, and often the snowbird. The chickadee is ashy gray on the back, and a brownish white below. The neck and the top of the head are black. The bird gets its name from its song.

The chickadee may often be seen running over the trees, sticking its bill into every crevice, as it searches for insects. The bird destroys many canker-worms and grubs. In the winter it comes nearer to houses, searching for seeds and crumbs. It is found all the year round in nearly all parts of this country.

TUESDAY

Tell about the chickadee, and how it wakes the sun and the flowers in the early spring.

WEDNESDAY

Write what you know about the chickadee.

THURSDAY

For dictation:

AN ESKIMO GIRL

I look like a bundle of furs, but I am a little girl. It is always cold where I live. Our house is made of blocks of snow. We have a large lamp in the house. The lamp keeps us warm. Mother cooks with the lamp. All we do in winter is to eat, sleep, and try to keep warm.

FRIDAY

Write the story of the Eskimo girl, in your own words.

Second Week

MONDAY

Conversation about a chair and a table. The teacher to ask the questions for the children to answer. All answers to be complete sentences.

What is this chair made of? What are the parts of the chair? How many legs has the chair? How many rounds? What is the seat made of? How high is the seat from the floor? How much higher is the back than the seat? What kind of wood is the chair made of? What is the table made of? What kind of wood? How many legs has the table? What is the shape of the table? What is the shape of the table legs? How high is the top of the table from the floor?

TUESDAY

Write all you know about a chair in your home.

WEDNESDAY

For dictation:

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin the growing,
Far beneath our feet.

THURSDAY

Write the abbreviations for Mister, Doctor, Reverend, Junior, Mistress, Debtor, Creditor, Account.

FRIDAY

Write a letter to someone who lives in a warm country, telling about snow, ice, sleet, sliding down hill, and skating.

Third Week

MONDAY

To be committed to memory:

THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,

And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Copy the poem and commit to memory the first stanza.

TUESDAY

Commit to memory the entire poem, "The Owl."

WEDNESDAY

Write, with the aid of a dictionary, definitions for the following words from "The Owl": dew, stream, dumb, whirring, belfry, click, latch, thatch, roundelay.

THURSDAY

Questions about "The Owl," for the children to answer: What season is described in the first stanza? What is meant by the stream being dumb? What makes it dumb? What has a whirring sail? What are the owl's five wits? What season is referred to in the second stanza?

FRIDAY

Write about the differences between winter and summer.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Story for reproduction:

WHAT THE MOON SAW

"It was in a little town in the country," the Moon

said; "I saw it last year, but that does not matter. I saw it quite plainly. To-night I read about it in the papers, but there it is not half so clear.

"In an inn sat a man who leads a dancing bear about. He was eating his supper; the bear was tied up outside, behind the woodpile. Poor bear! he would not hurt anyone, tho he looked so fierce.

"Up in the garret three little children were playing by the light of my beams. The eldest was, perhaps, six years old, the youngest not more than two. Tramp! tramp! somebody was coming upstairs. Who could it be? The door was pushed open. It was the bear, the great shaggy bear. He had grown tired waiting in the yard, and had found his way upstairs. I saw it all," said the Moon.

"The children were very much frightened at first by the great shaggy animal. Each of them crept into a corner, but he found them all. He smelled at them, but he did not hurt them.

"Why, it must be a great dog!" they said, and began to pat it.

"He laid down upon the floor. The youngest boy clambered on his back and played at hiding his golden curls in the beast's shaggy fur.

"Presently the eldest boy took his drum and began to beat it—bang! bang! The bear rose up on its hind legs and began to dance. What fun!

"Each boy now took his gun, and the bear was given one, too, and he held it up as tight as any soldier. Here was a fine playmate they had found! Up and down they marched—one, two! one, two!

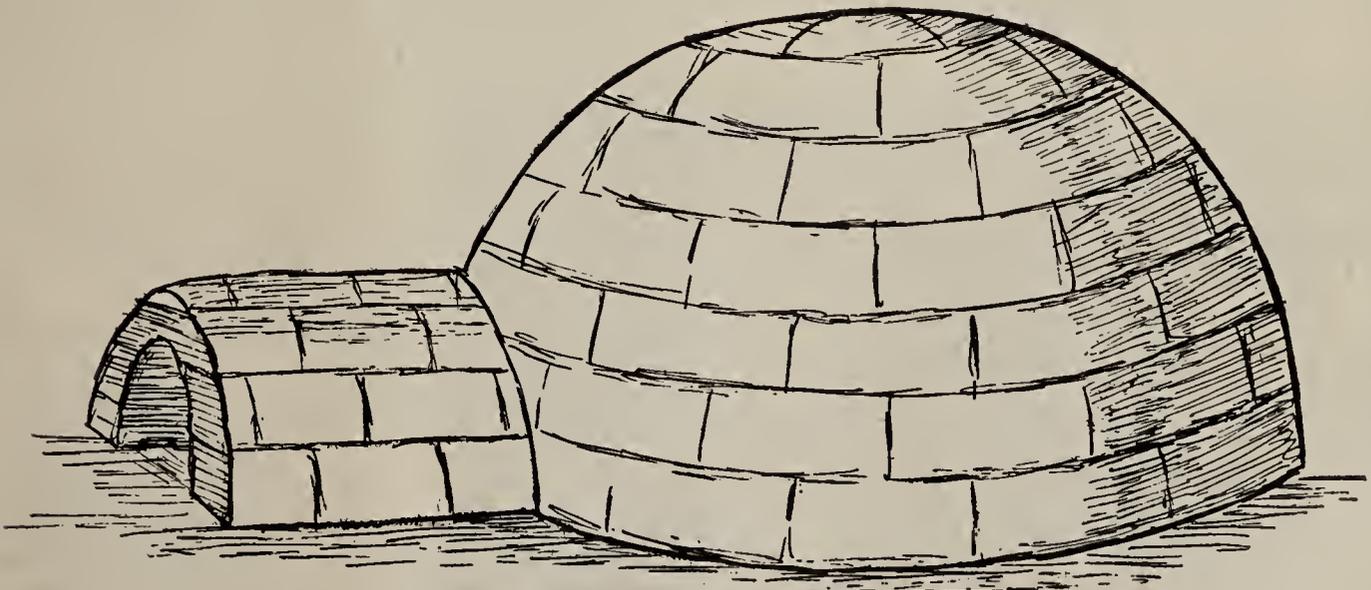
"Suddenly the door opened and the children's mother came in. You should have seen her! She was dumb with terror; her face was as white as chalk, and her eyes were fixed in a frightened stare.

"But the youngest boy laughed and nodded, and said, 'We're playing soldiers, mother.'

"And then, just at that moment, the master of the bear came running up."

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

as edited by Edna H. L. Turpin.



Eskimo Igloo or Snow House
[For Hektograph Copy]

TUESDAY

Write about the bear in the story, "What the Moon Saw."

WEDNESDAY

Write five words that rhyme with *bear*.

THURSDAY

Write four words that rhyme with *hat*, four

that rhyme with *fan*, and four that rhyme with *dog*.

FRIDAY

For dictation:

At evening when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.

English for Fourth Year

First Week

MONDAY

To be committed to memory:

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER

There's a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear. . .

With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom!

Oh! with finest of laces
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare, flinty meadows
A cover lays he.

Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post;
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.

Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done;
And he says: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun!"

—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Commit to memory the first three stanzas of the poem.

TUESDAY

Commit to memory the second three stanzas of "The Wonderful Weaver."

WEDNESDAY

Have the pupils make a dramatization of "The Wonderful Weaver," after a careful explanation has been brought out as to what is meant by the weaver, also having a talk about weaving, and how shuttle and loom are used.

THURSDAY

Write, with the aid of a dictionary, definitions of the following: mantle, shuttle, loom, weaves, gloom, decks, flinty, meadows, quaint, pillar, grim, unravel.

FRIDAY

For dictation:

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples and towns, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

Second Week

MONDAY

Find all you can about different kinds of houses and be ready to talk about them in class.

TUESDAY

Write about the kind of a house you live in. What is the house made of? How high is it? How many rooms? How is it heated? What are the various rooms used for? Where is your own sleeping room?

WEDNESDAY

Write about the kind of houses the Japanese live in; the Indians; the Turks; the Arabians; the Eskimos.

THURSDAY

Story for reproduction:

ACHILLES' FIRST JOURNEY

Achilles was the son of Thetis and Peleus. In his youth, a fortune-teller visited his mother. She said that in the first war he went to he would be killed. This troubled Thetis very much.

One of her friends told her to dip the child in the river Styx. Then no harm could come to him.

The Styx was a dark, gloomy stream. It wound three times around Pluto's kingdom. Charon, a surly and gloomy man, guarded the stream. No one could cross the river unless Charon rowed the only boat to the other side.

But Thetis did not have to bother the surly Charon. She held her little son firmly by one heel and dipped him in the sluggish stream. Then she wrapped him in warm clothing and took him home.

—Selected.

FRIDAY

A guessing game: Each pupil to give a description similar to the following, the other pupils to guess what is described: I am an animal. I have four legs and a long tail. I draw loads. I eat hay and oats. What am I?



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Third Week

MONDAY

Write a telegram of ten words, or less, telling an aunt that you will go to see her by a certain train.

TUESDAY

Write a bill for six articles purchased at a dry goods shop and receipt the bill properly.

WEDNESDAY

Write an acceptance to a party, in the third person.

THURSDAY

Write an informal letter to your mother, telling her about what you are doing on a visit to a cousin's home.

FRIDAY

Rewrite the following poem, in your own words, in prose:

TOO MUCH FOR THE WHISTLE

As Ben, with pennies in his pocket,
Went strolling down the street,
"Toot-toot, toot-toot!" there came a whistle
From a boy he chanced to meet,

Whistling fit to burst his buttons,
Blowing hard and stepping high.
Then Benny said, "I'll buy your whistle";
But "Toot! toot-toot!" was the reply.

But Benny counted out his pennies,
The whistling boy began to smile;
With one last toot he gave the whistle
To Ben, and took his penny pile.

Now homeward goes the whistling Benny,
As proud as any foolish boy,
And in his pockets not a penny,
But in his mouth a noisy toy.
"Ah, Benny, Benny!" cries his mother,
"I cannot stand your ugly noise."
"Stop, Benny, Benny!" says his father,
"I cannot talk, you drown my voice."

At last the whistling boy remembers
How much his money might have bought.
"Too many pennies for a whistle,"
Is little Benny's ugly thought.
Too many pennies for a whistle
Is what we all pay, you and I,
Just for a little foolish pleasure,
Pay a price that's quite too high.

Who was Benny? Answer: Benjamin Franklin.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Have the pupils look up the life and story of Benjamin Franklin.

TUESDAY

Write the story of Franklin's going thru the streets of Philadelphia with the loaves of bread under his arms.

WEDNESDAY

Write the story of Franklin's discovery of electricity, and his catching the lightning sparks with his kite.

THURSDAY

For dictation:

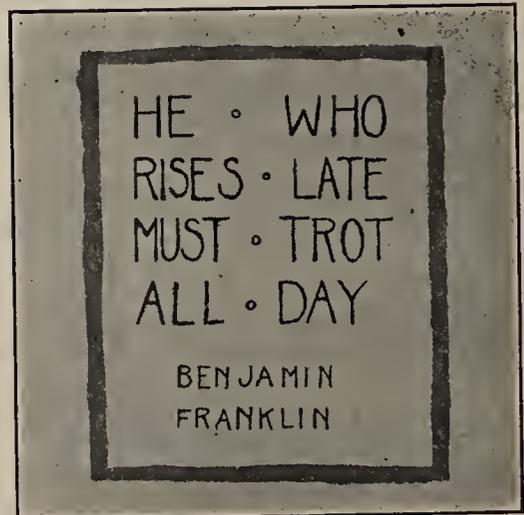
In Greenland and in the lands of the Far North the Eskimos ride on sledges drawn by teams of dogs.

These dogs are very strong. They look like wolves. They have long hair and pointed noses. They do not mind the cold. Soft wool grows beneath the long, coarse hair on their bodies.

The Eskimo dogs can run very fast. The long whip keeps them going. The handle of the whip is only six inches long, but the lash is sixteen feet long.

FRIDAY

Write what you remember about Eskimo dogs.



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Riddles in Rhyme

The following riddles in rhyme appeared in *Our Dumb Animals*:

1. There's a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow.
Swift.
2. One which boys use when with long strides they go.
Stilt.
3. One, we're told by the poet, at Heaven's gate sings. Lark.
4. There's one which in Holland the new baby brings.
Stork.
5. Which bird is an artisan, works at his trade? Weaver.
6. And which is the stuff of which flags are made? Bunting.
7. There is one that a farmer, in harvest, would use.
Thrasher.
8. And one you can easily fool if you choose. Gull.
9. What bird, at dessert, is it useful to hold? Nutcracker.
10. And which in the chimney-place oft hung of old?
Crane.
11. Which bird wears a bit of sky in its dress? Bluebird.
12. Which one always stands in the corner at chess? Rook.
13. There is one built a church of London the pride.
Wren.
14. We have one when we walk with a friend by our side.
Chat.
15. What bird would its bill find useful at tea? Spoonbill.
16. And which would its tail use to steer with at sea?
Rudder duck.
17. Which proudly a musical instrument wears?
Lyre bird.
18. And which the same name as a small island bears?
Canary.
19. Which bird is called foolish, and stupid, and silly?
Loon.
20. And which always wanting to punish poor Billy?
Whip-poor-will.
21. From a high wind at evening what name is inferred?
Nightingale.
22. Guess these and you're wise as Minerva's own bird.
Owl.

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The one-cent Pictures are 15 to 25 times the size of this "Baby Stuart."

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Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
Nor any wish to keep.
(A bed.)

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.
(A needle and thread).

John Cook's Gray Mare

John Cook had a little gray mare; he, haw, hum!
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare; he, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; he, haw, hum!
And there his nag did kick and prank; he, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; he, haw, hum!
His mare fell down, and she made her will; he, haw, hum!

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf; he, haw, hum!
If you want any more you may sing it yourself; he, haw, hum!

Trick Dialogues

JUST LIKE ME

1. I went up a pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room.
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window.
2. Just like me.
1. And there I saw a monkey.
2. Just like me.

I AM A KEY

1. I am a gold lock.
2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock.
2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock.
2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a lead lock.
2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock.
2. I am a monk key.

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Ring the bell! (Giving a lock of its hair a pull.)

Knock at the door! (Tapping its forehead.)

Draw the latch! (Pulling up its nose.)

And walk in! (Opening its mouth and putting in its finger.)

Dance, Thumbkin, dance;

(Keep the thumb in motion.)

Dance, ye merrymen, every one; (All the fingers in motion.)

For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,

(The thumb only moving.)

Thumbkin, he can dance alone; (Ditto.)

Dance, Foreman, dance,

(The first finger moving.)

Dance, ye merrymen, every one; (The whole moving.)

But, Foreman, he can dance alone,

Foreman, he can dance alone.

(And so on with the others,

naming the second finger

"Longman," the third finger

"Ringman," and the fourth

finger "Littleman." Littleman cannot dance alone.)

"Is John Smith within?"

"Yes, that he is."

"Can he set a shoe?"

"Ay, marry, two,

Here a nail, there a nail,

Tick, tack, too."

Clap Handies

Clap, clap handies,

Mammie's wee, wee ain;

Clap, clap handies,

Daddie's comin' hame;

Hame till his bonnie wee bit laddie;

Clap, clap handies

My wee, wee ain.

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Jingles

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone
She lives there still.

Old Abram Brown is dead and
gone,
You'll never see him any
more;
He used to wear a long brown
coat,
That buttoned down before.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury
Cross,
To see an old lady ride on a
white horse;
Rings on her fingers, and bells
on her toes,
And so she makes music wher-
ever she goes.

I love a little pussy, her coat is
so warm;
And if I don't hurt her she'll
do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail nor
drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently
will play.

If I'd as much money as I
could spend,
I would never cry old chairs to
mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs
to mend,
I would never cry old chairs to
mend.
If I'd as much money as I
could tell,
I never would cry old clothes
to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes
to sell,
I never would cry old clothes to
sell.

BOW-WOW, SAYS THE DOG

Bow-wow, says the dog;
Mew-mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.
Chirp, chirp, says the sparrow;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And what cuckoos say, you
know.

So, with sparrows and cuckoos,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs,
A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.

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They made him a coat
Of an old nanny goat,

I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe.

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You have silken clothes to wear,
 Wee Lee Wee,
 And the queerest style of hair,
 Wee Lee Wee;
 It is such a pity, too,
 Do you know, if I were you,
 I just wouldn't wear a queue,
 Wee Lee Wee.

You have little slanting eyes,
 Wee Lee Wee,
 But you look extremely wise,
 Wee Lee Wee;
 For a little foreign lad,
 And the training you have had,
 You are really not so bad,
 Wee Lee Wee.
 —From the "Cycle of Foreign Lands," Book One.

Sheep

Seven sheep were standing
 By the pasture wall.
 "Tell me," said the teacher,
 To her scholars small,
 "One poor sheep was frightened,
 Jumped and ran away.
 One from seven—how many
 Woolly sheep would stay?"
 Up went Kitty's fingers—
 A farmer's daughter she.
 Not so bright at figures
 As she ought to be.
 "Please, ma'am." "Well, then,
 Kitty,
 Tell us, if you know."
 "Please, if one jumped over,
 All the rest would go."

—Selected.

Wouldn't You

I have only one mouth, but my
 ears are two,
 So I'll only tell half that I hear,
 wouldn't you?
 I'll tell all the good and sweet
 and the true,
 But the rest I will try to forget,
 wouldn't you?

—B. R. STEVENS.

AN AGENCY is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells THAT is something, but if it you about them THAT is asked to recommend a teacher and recommends **RECOMMENDS** you, that is more. Ours **RECOMMENDS** C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

TEACHERS MAGAZINE

VOL XXXIV

FEBRUARY 1912

NO 6



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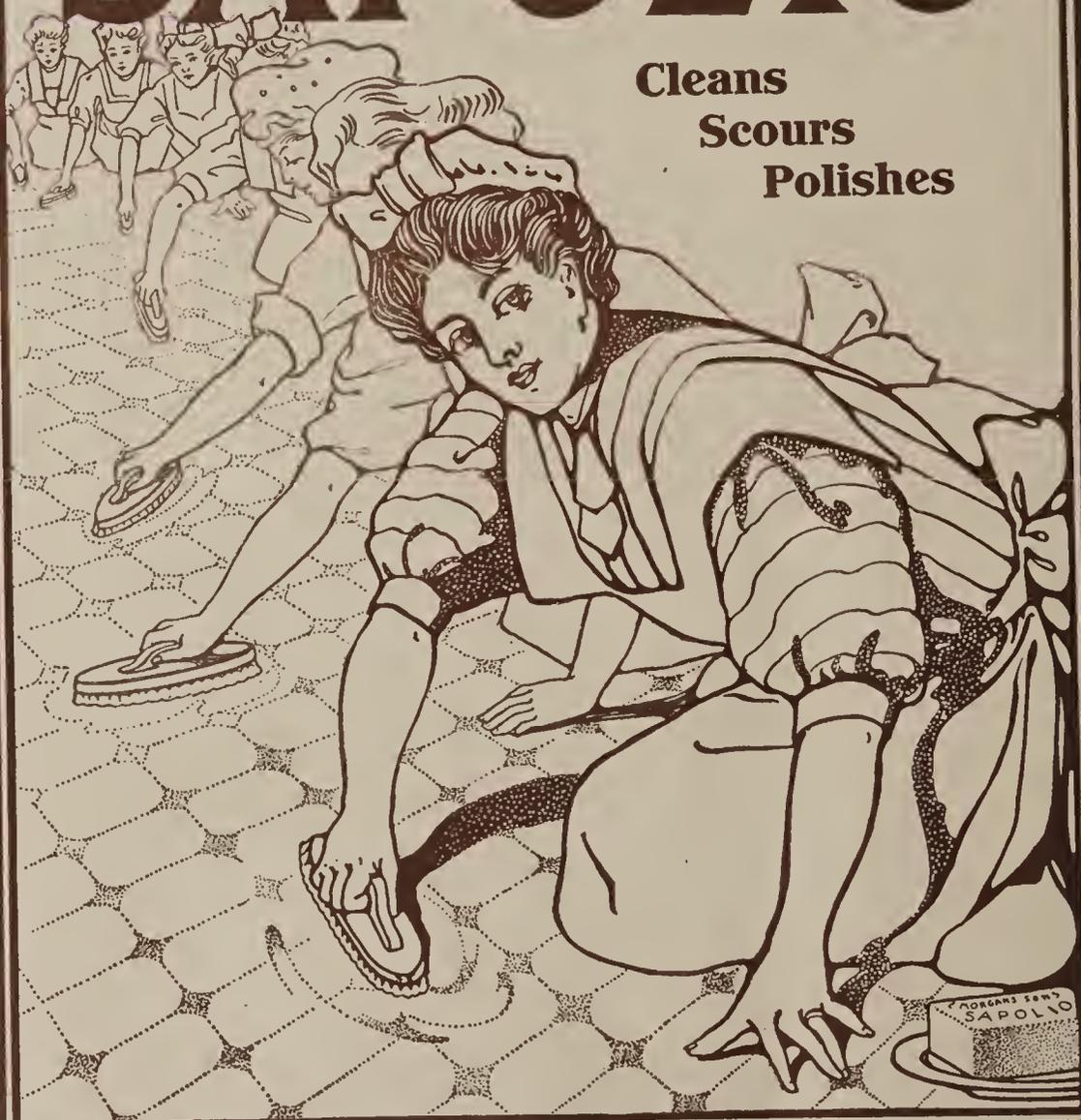
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CINCINNATI

CHICAGO

A Sociable Fire

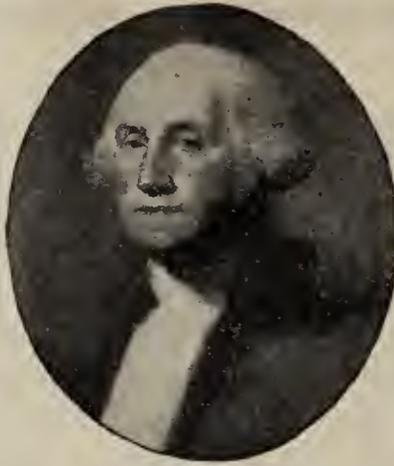
A fire went out one winter's day—
A sociable fire was he,
Who didn't like being indoors alone,
Without any company.

But all who met him frowned at him,
And they shivered in their shoes.
A fire that's out is not the sort
Of company people choose.

"I'd best get back again," said he,
"There isn't the slightest doubt
I'm very good company when I'm in,
No good at all when I'm out."
—*The Teachers' Aid.*

February

In the month of February,
When green leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs do skip like fairies,



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Birds do couple, build, and sing.

Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
"Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane."

Little Boy Blue, come, blow up your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
"Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?"
"He's under the hay-stack fast asleep."
"Will you wake him?" "No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry."

TEACHER

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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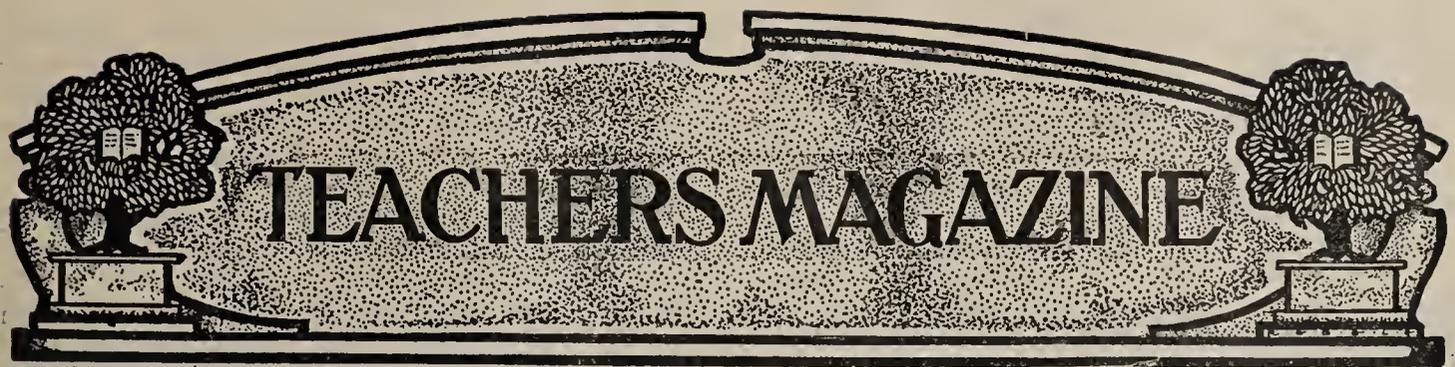
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Vol. XXXIV

February, 1912

No. 6

February Holidays

St. Valentine's, Lincoln's, Longfellow's and Washington's Birthdays — holidays galore! And in the shortest month of the year! Fortunately this is leap year. That adds at least one working day. Some over-anxious teachers will take much comfort even in that gift. They think only of the celebrations and the time consumed in getting ready for these and how the *ba-be-bi-bo-bu* work will suffer in consequence.

We have holidays to get pleasure out of them. We teachers as well as the children. If these celebrations get on our nerves, we have choice of two procedures: either to confine our observance to the barest legal requirements and to work like Sam Hill to make up for assumed time losses; or to plan our "stunts" in such a manner that they will not suffer in the least and allow us a chance for real holiday fun.

Surely it is worth while to instil in the minds of the young a proper gratitude for the birth of the hero whose genius made us an independent people, and also of him whom the Lord chose to keep the sisterhood of States united in a perpetual federation and to bring the Constitution of the United States to fullest harmony with the Declaration of Independence. That is why the patriotic observance of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln has been made a civic duty. For the schools the gain is all the greater because the lives of our two foremost national heroes are glorious examples of American manhood and citizenship.

Washington, reared in a home of culture and of a family of eminent social prestige, sacrificing personal comfort and advantage for the good of a noble public cause, disdaining at the summit of his political power to press for personal aggrandizement, ready to serve his country as long as it needed his services and to return to private life when he felt his duty accomplished. Lincoln, brought up amongst the humblest surroundings, laboring incessantly for the improvement of his mind, rising by dint of dogged determination to wonderful intellec-

tual and oratorical power, keeping his heart in tune with the wants of "the plain people," preserving his rugged honesty and high purposes to the day of his death, never wavering in his faith in the ultimate triumph of the right.

Can anyone begrudge the time given to an intimate study of the character and achievements of these men? It were better that our children never learned to spell and cipher than to lose the inspiration of such lives!

And Longfellow? Love of our country does not feed on political greatness and righteousness alone. We want to know that art can grow and does grow on our young soil as well as in the old world. Longfellow is the people's poet. He has won the heart of the masses. He can be appreciated to some extent even by the little children. Then let us make the most of him. The knowledge that we have a Longfellow may stir the divine fire that is gleaming in hearts hidden from our sight. All our pupils will be the better for it, some may awaken to literary ambition, one may rise a poet of the people. It is worth while.

St. Valentine's Day? Let us be thankful that it is still on the calendar. If the grown-ups have no time for sentimental observances, let them go without them. We can find time for them. A token sent once a year to the ones we love best among God's daughters, with a very special message to *the* one, isn't overly sentimental. We are altogether too chary, in America, in giving expression to the thought of the heart. We lack the habit. Five or ten minutes given to a tactful approval of the old-fashioned meaning of St. Valentine's Day, on the fourteenth of February, will at least give our pupils to understand that there is nothing to be ashamed of in saying "I love you" to the one who holds first place in the heart and to the others who dwell there, temporarily or permanently. Let mother be remembered and the sisters and cousins and playmates. Perhaps some of the precious laden tokens will find their way to the teacher. May there be many!

Now, as to the valuable time consumed. Over-anxiety sees only waste in things that are not directly included in the three R's and convertible into percentages on examination day. To be sure, there are teachers who forget the "course of study" in their enthusiasm for special day exercises. The enthusiasm is an excellent asset. We would not want to lose that for a good deal. But it need not run to waste. For instance, wise teachers have chosen for each month some central topic whose radiance is shed over all the work clustered around it. Now it is just as easy to have three or four such topics. St. Valentine may help to improve the penmanship. Lincoln solving examples on a spade, in the light of the hearth fire, may give

new zeal to the arithmetic lessons. Longfellow may brighten the reading pages. Washington will illumine the history and geography studies. Plugging away is all right. Inspiration back of it will carry it along better than the mere pressure of the task.

With a map of the work to be accomplished in February before her, and a hearty good will to let the children get the most out of the holidays on the calendar, the planning of each week's program will not be so perplexing a task as it may look at first sight. Plan! That is the thing to do. Let us keep all the holidays we have and thank our stars that we have them! They fill the school with life. With life that enriches.

Memory Gems for February

(Saturdays and Sundays omitted.)

FEBRUARY 1

February alone,
Has twenty-eight in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

FEBRUARY 2

He telleth the number of the stars;
He calleth them all by their names.

FEBRUARY 5

Warm house, pretty house!
Where each one doth dwell,
With father and mother dear,
Who love their children well.

FEBRUARY 6

February, short and bright.

FEBRUARY 7

The little month of February
Comes second in the line
And tells of Washington, Lincoln, Longfellow,
And good Saint Valentine.

FEBRUARY 8

February brings the rain;
Thaws the frozen ground again.

FEBRUARY 9

The Stars and Stripes a hundred years
Have floated toward the sky.
We will be proud of our country's flag,
And love it till we die.

FEBRUARY 12

"He wasn't a king outside," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."

FEBRUARY 13

Keep all our hearts on fire,
Flag of the free!

FEBRUARY 14

But, oh, she's just the dearest,
The truest and the best,

And one more kind you will not find
In many a long day's quest.

FEBRUARY 15

How many things a child may do
For others by its love!

FEBRUARY 16

The brave heart wins the battle.

FEBRUARY 19

All to honor Washington,
Good and brave and true!

FEBRUARY 20

Washington, dearest and best of our race.

FEBRUARY 21

The heart that will melt with sympathy
For the poor and weak, who e'er it be,
Is a thing of beauty, whether it dwell
In a man of forty, or a lad of nine.

FEBRUARY 22

He will be blessed till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

FEBRUARY 23

First in war, first in peace, first
in the hearts of his countrymen.

FEBRUARY 26

Thank Heaven for love that gave us
America, our home.

FEBRUARY 27

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen.

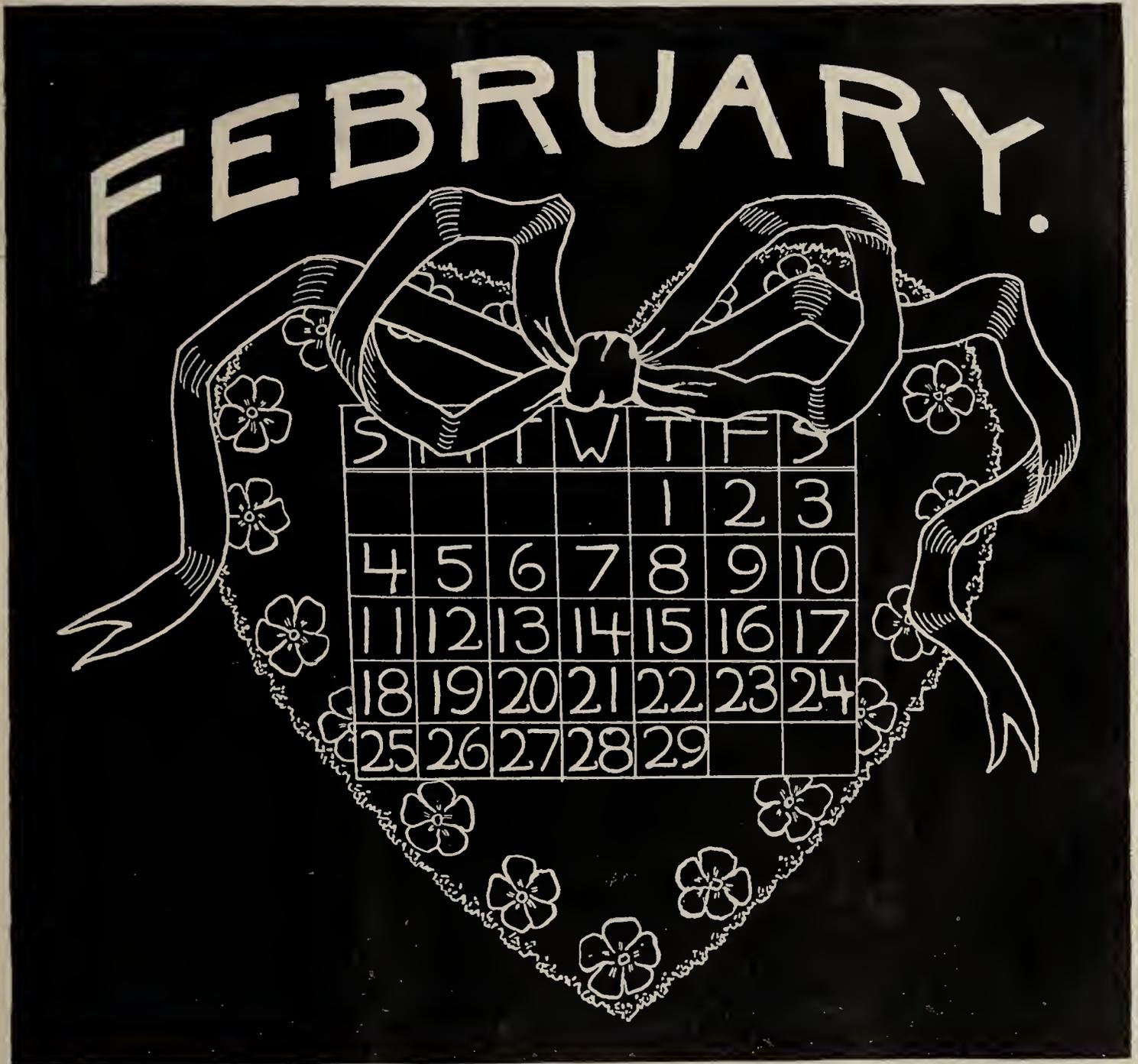
—Longfellow.

FEBRUARY 28

Build to-day, then, strong and sure.

FEBRUARY 29

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle-light.



Blackboard Calendar Designed by Ruth Mildred Lang.

Folk Dances and Games

A Valentine Dance

This is the Swedish Domare-Dansen or Judgment Dance, in a new form.

Children form a ring. One child (the judge) walks around inside of the aisle carrying a lighted candle. The children dance around in simple hop steps singing the words given below. When they reach the word "boo," all stop. At "ho, ho, ho!" all shake their heads.



The Longfellow Family Cradle, in which Henry Wadsworth was rocked.



The Room which Longfellow occupied as a boy,

For Longfellow Day: February 27 (1807)

The treasures shown on this page are to be found in "The Wadsworth-Longfellow House," Longfellow's old home, in Portland, Maine. The photographs were obtained of Nathan Goold, who has written a description of the house. They are copyrighted and are here reproduced by the kindness of Mr. Goold, of Portland.

At "so, so, so!" all nod in time.

If the "Judge" is a girl, she will walk up to a boy and, holding the candle before his face, will smile and sing the last two lines of the song. The point is to get the boy to smile. If he smiles before the end of the song, he becomes the "Judge" and takes the candle in his hand. If he is not caught, the game begins anew with the same girl acting as "Judge."

If the "Judge" is a boy, he is supposed to walk up to a girl and get her to smile.

The words are closely adapted to the music. All the children sing together. The slight differences between the words used by the boys and those sung by the girls will be easily understood.

Of course, the game may be played by the girls alone. And the boys among themselves will get just as much fun out of it.

I. GIRLS

Will you dance the judgment dance?
Here each maiden has her chance
To see if her heart be true.
Now be serious awhile!
Don't you laugh and don't you smile!
Don't you talk, and don't say boo!
All you have to do now
Is sing ho, ho, ho!
Now join the crowd
And say so, so, so!

THE JUDGE

Smile and tell me that you love me!
Darling mine,
Be my Valentine!

II. BOYS

Will you dance the judgment dance?
Here each fellow has a chance
To see if his heart be true.
Now be serious awhile!
Don't you laugh and don't you smile!
Don't you talk and don't say boo!
All you have to do now
Is sing ho, ho, ho!
Now join the crowd
And say so, so, so!

THE JUDGE

Smile and tell me that you love me!
Darling mine,
Be my Valentine!

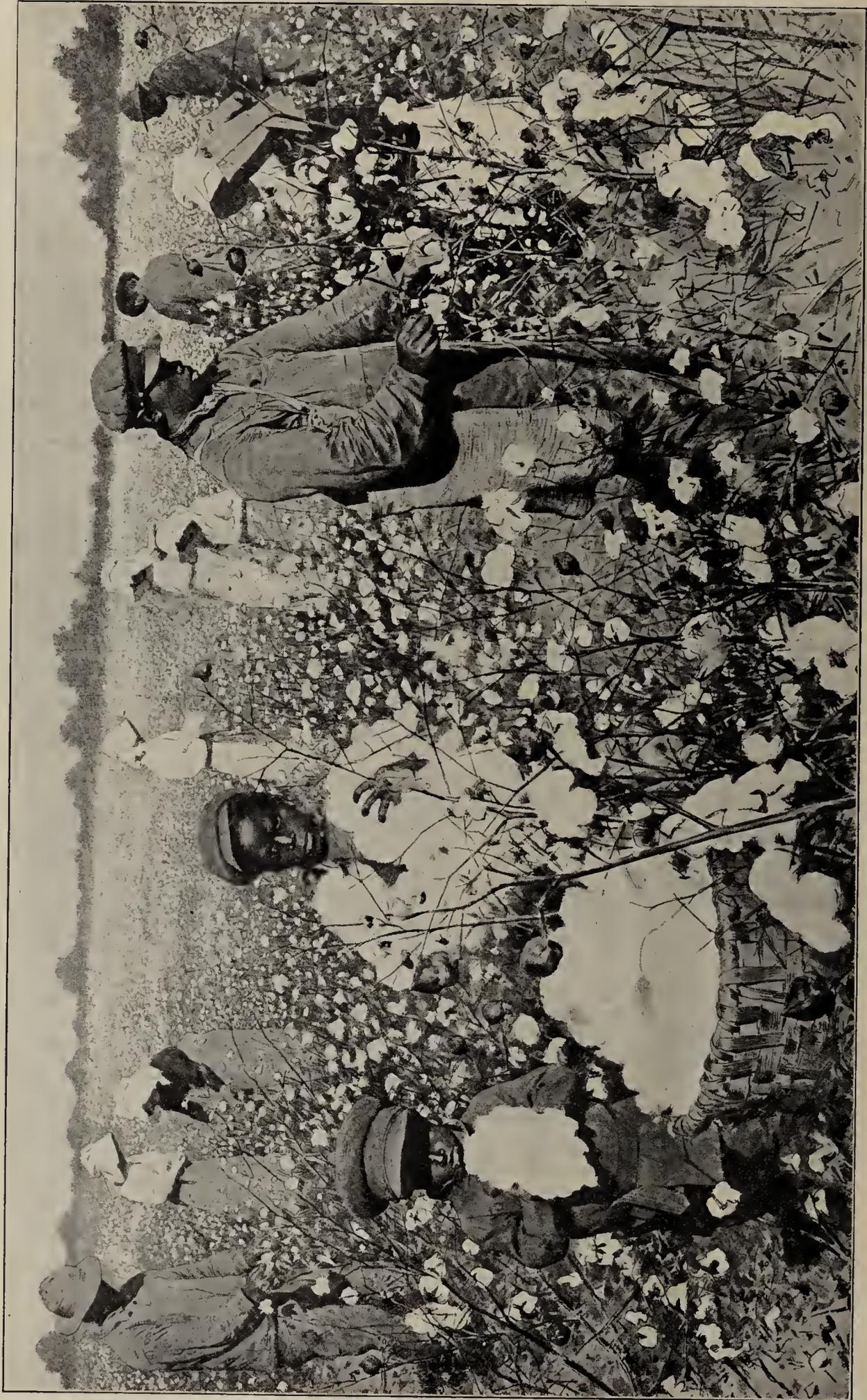
NOTE: Song begins with the note after the first two bars of the music. The first two bars from the piano introduction; where there is no piano, they are omitted altogether.

(See also page VI)

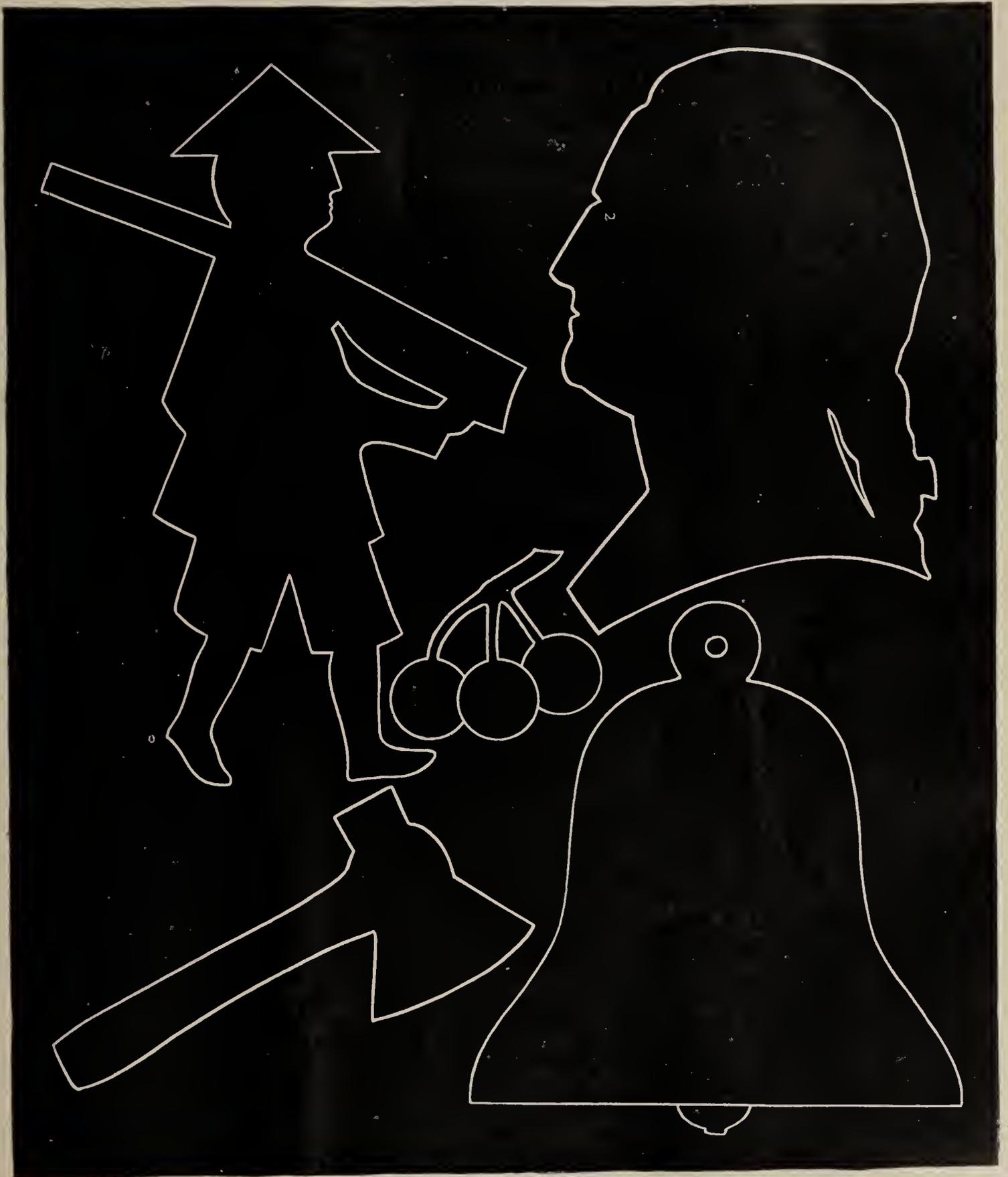
A Valentine Dance

After the Swedish Dumaren Dansen or Judgment Dance

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 2/4 time. It consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth-note patterns and occasional sixteenth-note runs. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots in both staves of the final system.



Cotton Harvest:—A Language Picture



February Blackboard Outlines
[See pages 208 and 209]

The Life of Washington

(An illustrated play for the very little ones.)

On the blackboard make a series of pictures, as suggested below. (To those given, others may be added, if desired, the teacher arranging some little talks to accompany them.)

Use colored crayons; make the pictures as attractive as possible and over them write

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON

1. Hatchet.
2. Bunch of Cherries.
3. Copy Book.
4. Colt.
5. Soldier Boy.
6. Elm
7. Flag.
8. River, Ice, etc., or Raft.
9. Dogs.
10. Picture of Washington.

Number ten may be a large picture fastened over the blackboard or may be made by means of a good stencil.

Ten pupils may be chosen, each reciting about one picture.

Pupils recite. Each carries long pointer and points out picture.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We are artists, and this is our studio. It gives us great pleasure to show you our pictures on exhibition to-day.

Points to first.

Number one is a sketch of a famous little hatchet. It belonged to little George Washington, and with it he cut down his father's cherry tree. Number two is a picture of the cherries of that same tree.

School may give here any song or drill with hatchets.

Little George was very fond of books. He went to school and learned to read, write, spell, and cipher.

Points to number three.

Number three is a picture of his "ciphering book." If you could turn over the leaves, you would find some of his own handwriting, queer-looking birds, and sketches of his schoolmates.

Number four is one of the finest in this collection. It is a picture of the beautiful little colt which George tried to break for his mother.

Number five is little George Washington himself. He was so fond of playing soldier that he organized a company of soldiers from among his playmates at school. They had little reviews, and many a fierce battle. And little George was commander-in-chief.

School may sing "Soldier Boy," found in "Songs in Season."

Number six is a sketch of a famous elm tree which stands near Boston. Under this tree,

mounted upon a handsome horse, George Washington became commander-in-chief of the American troops.

Number seven is the beautiful flag which Washington loved and honored.

All sing chorus of "Star-Spangled Banner," waving tiny flags.

As commander-in-chief of the army, Washington endured many hardships. One night he crossed a deep, dark river among floating cakes of ice. Here is a view of the river.

Substitute raft, if desirable.

After the war was over, Washington went to his home at Mount Vernon. Here he lived a happy, quiet life, farming, hunting, riding and seeing his friends. Number nine shows us some of his pet dogs.

Pointing them out.

This is Music; here is Vulcan; this one is Truelove.

Number ten is a picture of the great George Washington himself—the Father of his Country.

School.—First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!

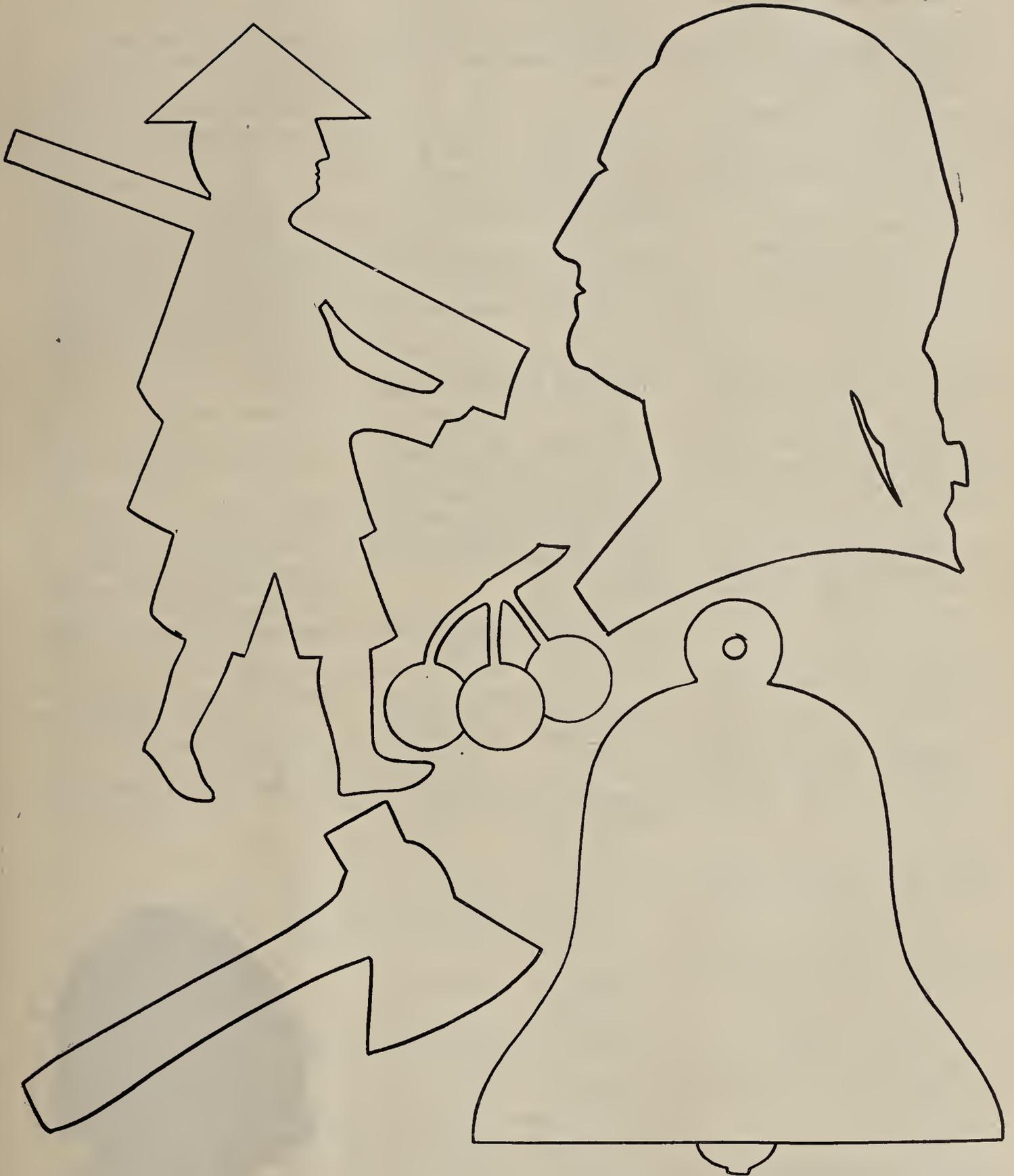
Sing stanza of "America."

The Boy Lincoln

TOLD FOR THE YOUNGER CHILDREN

Once upon a time a little boy sat on the floor working examples on his mother's stove shovel. If he only had a piece of paper and a pencil or a slate, but his mother was very poor and the example must be done, and here was the stove shovel.

How hard he worked and how happy he was, for he was going to school, and there was school only a few weeks each year. After a time it grew dark and still his lesson was not learned. What should he do? Turn on the electric light? There was none in the house. Light the gas? There was no gas either; but in a box were a lot of little pine branches with the tassels still on them. The little boy had brought them in from the woods that he might study after dark. He lighted first one and then another, and long before the box was empty his lesson was learned and he could go to bed. Did you ever hear of a boy who liked to study so well as that? No; nor you never heard of another boy like Abraham Lincoln, for it was he who sat on the floor and used a coal shovel for a slate.



Washington Birthday Paper Cuttings.
The outlines may also be used for decorating book covers, invitation cards, etc

Material for Washington Birthday Exercises

Washington's Birthday

First Boy—

To-day is Washington's birth-
day,
And the joyous bells we ring,
And the "stars and stripes" so
glorious
Wide on the breeze we fling.
Let the cannon's voice speak
loudly
At rise and set of sun,
For we love the name
And we sing the fame
Of General Washington.

Second Boy—

We all know that in his boyhood
The truth he loved to tell.
We know that grown to man-
hood
He served his country well.
We know, at the head of the
army,
Bravely to war he went,
And when the war was done
Was the chosen one
To be our first President.

All—

For faithful boys make faithful
men.
In all things do our best, and
then
You'll have a name when you
are old,
Worth more to you than shining
gold.

Third Boy—

So we love his name to honor;
For noble things shall it stand,
There are mountains in our
"granite state"
That are beautiful and grand.
Many are named for our presi-
dents,
But the noblest, loftiest one
That rears its head,
With snow oft spread,
Bears the name, "Mt. Wash-
ington."

Fourth Boy—

The nation's capital city,
With its buildings fair and
grand,
That city loved by all of us
In this free and happy land,
Bears this name, that is most
worthy;

And it is good to know
That this name will stand
For the good and grand
In this country that loves him
so.

All—

Oh, those whose lives are pure
and true
Shall be a help to me, to you;
We'll be the better for this
one,—
The good, brave, noble Wash-
ington.

—*Michigan Special Day Pro-
grams.*

An Old Soldier's Story

(*For Two Boys*)

(One boy should be dressed as
an old soldier—soldier's uni-
form, 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 Val-
ley Forge, old friend?

*Soldier—*Aye, aye, sir, 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?

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 watch 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.*



Simple Dramatizations

BY FLORENCE ELLIS SHELBY

Six Loyal Americans

A simple little drama, requiring ten children. Four little foreigners, each with bag of school books. These may be two boys and two girls or all of one sex. They are dressed as Hollanders, Japs or Indians; or each may represent a different nationality. The other six are every-day American school pupils, two girls and four boys.

Have a yard of heavy unbleached muslin tacked up securely in front where all can easily reach to it. On a side table there lie pins and seven strips of red cardboard three feet long by 2 inches wide, and six strips of white cardboard the same size, also a piece of blue cardboard fourteen inches square with a cluster of tiny white stars previously pasted upon it (if possible let it hold forty-seven) and ten small flags.

The foreign children stroll in first, one at a time, looking about the room timidly. They all cross to a window at the side or rear of stage, and stand as if intently watching something outside, their backs to both audience and stage.

As soon as they are all at the window, two girls come in, arm in arm, dragging a hand-sled, or with jump-rope and doll. Behind them come four boys with skates, etc. When scarcely upon the platform the boys shout:

Boys.—Hurrah, for a holiday.

Girls.—We're going to have the best time.

Boys.—I tell you schoolboys love George Washington.

Girls.—Yes, *you* love him for the holiday, but girls love him for being so good and so great besides.

Boys (Pointing).—Who is that over there?

Girls.—Why they have their school-bags.

Boys.—They don't look like Americans. Perhaps they didn't know this was Washington's Birthday.

Girls.—Let's get them to come and play.

Boys (Calling loudly).—Say, you boys and girls, there's no school to-day. Come and play.

Foreigners (Turning round slowly approach, timid and surprised).—What for—no school?

Boys and Girls.—Because it is *George Washington's Birthday!*

Foreigners (Much puzzled).—George Washington? What?

Girls.—Oh, a very long while ago there lived the best and the smartest little boy named George Washington.

Boys.—Yes, only think, he *never* told a lie. And when he got big he started our country for us; and you see the United States is the best country in the world. (Little foreigners open eyes wide and slowly shake heads as if doubtful), and so of course every American thinks George Washington is about the greatest man who ever lived.

Girls.—And now everybody keeps his birthday and has a holiday and parties and dinners

and speeches. He was born on the twenty-second of February, and that's to-day.

Foreigners.—We would like to be Americans, too.

All the Six (Laying down skates, etc., and taking hold of hands).—All right if you will obey our laws and be true to the stars and stripes, we will be happy to take you in.

The four, grasping hands, now join in a circle with the six, and while slowly marching round and round all sing one stanza of "America."

Foreigners (As they cease singing).—You say we must be true to *your* stars and stripes. How can we tell which of all the shining stars in the sky are *yours*.

Girls.—Let's get a flag and show them.

Boys.—No, no, come on now. Let's have some fun.

Foreigners.—We would like, so much, to know what your stars and stripes are first.

Girls.—Suppose we make a game of building the flag. That would be fun and show these new little Americans about the stars and stripes at the same time.

Boys.—Well, maybe we ought to do something like that; for it would be wrong to call these children Americans till they know our glorious stars and stripes. What can we make a flag out of?

Girls (Walking toward table).—Here are some pieces of colored paper, that will be just the thing.

Two of the Boys.—Good! Give us a red strip and we'll pin it up on the wall.

They pin strip of red at either end to muslin.

Other Two Boys.—Now give us a white one.

Girls (Handing red strip and pins to two of the foreigners).—Now you two pin a red one up.

All (As they put it in place).—That's right.

Other Two Foreigners.—Let us put one up, too.

Boys.—Yes, give them a white one.

Quickly as possible now each pair takes a strip from girls and pins up till thirteen stripes are in order.

All Six (To foreigners).—How many have we now.

Foreigners (One of them points to each stripe, while all count aloud).—One, two, etc.

All Six.—Those thirteen stripes stand for the thirteen weak little States that George Washington helped join together into our big strong United States.

Foreigners.—Why are they red and white?

Boys.—The red stands for our bravery.

Girls.—And the white for our purity; and besides there is the blue for truth. (Holding up blue square.)

Foreigners.—Oh, there are your stars too. What are they for?

Boys (While girls pin blue field in proper corner of flag).—There are forty-seven of those tiny stars, and they are to show that now we have forty-seven States instead of thirteen. Another star goes on the flag every time we add a new State.

Music for marching—any patriotic air with words, if desired.

Joining of hands form circle, drop hands. One boy stepping to table gets ten small flags and passes them around. They wave them over heads and finish singing, then say:

All.—Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes. (Waving them gaily.) Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Music again. All march out, flags aloft.

Reproduction Stories

FEBRUARY

February is the shortest month in the year. This is leap year, and February has twenty-nine days. In most years February has twenty-eight days.

February is the birthday month. Abraham Lincoln, St. Valentine, George Washington and the poet Longfellow were born in February.

February is the last month of winter. The plants are down in the ground waiting to grow. Soon we shall see the pussy-willows.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin. The cabin was very cold in Winter. Abraham had to wrap up in fur on cold days.

Abraham Lincoln liked to read. Once a man loaned him a book. The book was spoiled. Abraham earned the money for a new book.

Abraham had no slate. He used to work his examples on a shovel. He worked by the light of the fire, because his father was too poor to buy a lamp.

Lincoln became President of the United States. He helped to make the slaves free. Now there are no slaves in this country.

ST. VALENTINE

A valentine is a message of love. Valentines are named for St. Valentine.

St. Valentine was a good man who lived long ago. He used to visit the poor and the sick. When he was too old to go and see the people, he sent messages of love.

Only a nice message or a pretty card is a valentine. An ugly or unkind verse or picture is not a valentine.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington was the first President of the United States. He was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

When George was a little boy he cut down his father's cherry tree. He had a small hatchet. He cut the tree with his hatchet.

When George was a large boy he caught the

colt that belonged to his mother. George rode the colt so hard that it died. George and his mother were both very sorry.

LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was the children's poet. He wrote poems that the children like very much.

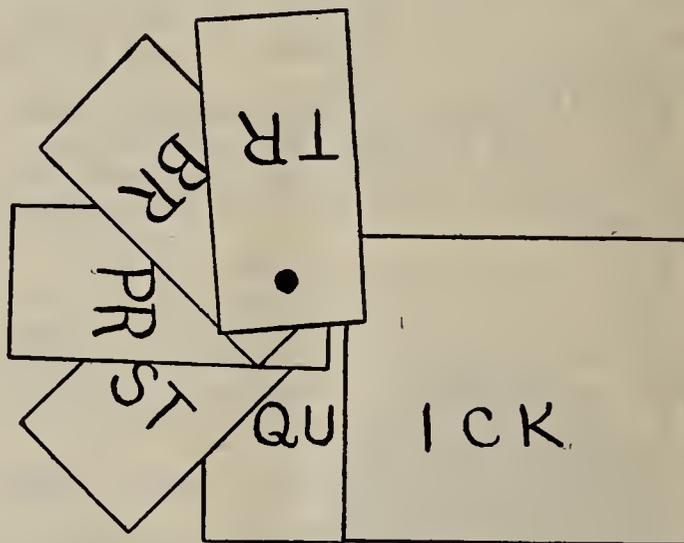
One of Longfellow's poems was about the village blacksmith. Have you heard this poem?

One of Longfellow's poems was about the children's hour. Do you know this poem?

One of Longfellow's poems was about the wreck of the schooner Hesperus. Have you heard this poem?

A Device for Phonics

For drill on the phonetic families, the following device has been very helpful:



Print in large letters the phonogram on a piece of stiff manilla paper 6 x 9 inches. Then fasten a set of cards, on which are printed the consonants, to this card by means of a fastener. Hold before the class, let them sound and blend the first phonetic word. Then turn the top consonant card on the fastener as a pivot, and children sound and blend the next word; and so on thru the group. Several groups of phonetic words may be drilled in this way very quickly.

—BEATRICE WEBSTER.

Music in the Primary Grades

BY LOTTIE LAPPART, NEBRASKA

Vocal Drills and Breathing Exercises

1. Let pupils stand a few minutes with hands on hips, expanding as much as possible through chest and abdomen. This need not be done in unison, nor will any harm be done if the breathing is quite audible, for the teacher will then know what effort they are making. This exercise will get them into the way of deep breathing.

1. Smell imaginary flowers for a breathing exercise. Pick an imaginary violet from the ground, raise the nostrils and draw several strong breaths. Pick blossoms or a rose, reaching up this time.

2. Take a deep breath and while expelling it sing the tones 8, 5, 3, 1 to *ah*, *a*, *e*, *o* or *o*.

3. Take breath and sing scale downward, as *yah—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!* (Yawn on *yah*, thoroly opening mouth and throat.)

4. Blow out candle, expelling the breath on *wh* (very quick contraction).

5. Take breath, and while expelling it give some tone as *e* and increase it in volume as *e—E*. A tone may also be increased gradually and then decreased gradually, as *ah—ah*. Use *m*, *n*, *w*, *v*, *o*, in the same way. The syllable *m—oh* may be practiced in different pitches. Start it softly on the *m* sound and have the tone glide into the *oh*. Use the waist muscles in giving the following exercise. Take breath and sing as expelling breath *ha, ha, ha* (sing on tone 8).

Ha, ha, ha (sing on tone 5).

Ha, ha, ha (sing on tone 3).

Ha, ha, ha (sing on tone 1).

Use *o*, *o*, *a*, *e*, in the same way.

For practice in holding tones, let different pupils count as far as they can without taking breath. Also let pupils, without breathing, sing 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, several times on tone 8. Sing the same in the same way on the other tones, as 5, 3, 2, or 1.

EXERCISES ON THE SCALE AS A WHOLE

Drill every day a short while on the scale, before the interval work. Climb the ladder with the voice. Do not present the scale from the ladder, staff, etc., until they have learned it well by ear. Proceed in the natural way. Speech comes first to a child, then signs; scale first, then signs; tones first, then signs; songs first, then signs.

In all the scale singing vary the work.

1. Boys sing up, girl down. Vice versa.

2. Sing up scale softly, down with more force. Vice versa.

3. One side sing up scale, the other down. Reverse.

4. Rows, individuals, or several individuals sing it.

5. Teacher and pupils alternate in singing the tones of the scale.

6. Boys and girls alternate in singing the tones of the scale.

7. One pupil, or several, alternate with the remainder of school.

8. One or two rows alternate with the remainder of school.

9. Inattentive ones alternate with remainder of school.

10. One half of room alternate with other half.

EXERCISES ON THE SCALE

1. Have the scale sung to the syllables *loo, day, bee, dee, lo, no*, or any syllable which will bring the tone to the front of the mouth. Vary the work. Sing the dove's *coo*, the sheep's *baa*, the cow's *moo*, the wind's *woo*, the child's *boo*, baby's surprised *oh*, his laugh *ha*.

2. Use the real names, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, the singing names *do, re, mi*, etc., the pitch names, *c, d, e, f, g, a, b, c*, with which to sing the scale. Start at different tones and from each tone as a starting point sing the scale.

3. Hum up and down the scale on *m*. Sing it smoothly. Sing *m* once. Slide the rest of the way up, holding the sound. Use other syllables the same way.

4. Sing *la*, etc., very lightly up and down the scale. This is good exercise for the vocal organs.

5. Sing each syllable twice up the scale and down as, *do, do, re, re, mi, mi*, etc. In the same way sing each syllable three times, four times, five times.

6. Slide from lower to higher *do* smoothly on *do*, or any syllable, and sing the descending scale lightly, as

o ti o no
o la o no
do sol no no
fa no
mi no
re no
do no

7. Tone perception is the ability to think the different tones of the scale. Give lower *do*. Think up to higher *do*. Sing it. Place *do* at different places in the scale, thus changing the position of *do*. Pupils sing, in each case, higher

do. Also sing the scale each time from the new do. Sing higher do. Think ti. They sing next note la, then do, la, do. In this day go on down the scale.

8. Teacher sing a tone as fa, pupils sing the next tone lower or higher, or three tones lower or higher.

9. Call the real names thus: Sing 1. Class sings do. Sing 5. Class sings sol.

10. Use scale sentences in singing up and down the scale, such as, "I like to come to school to-day," "This is a very pleasant day," etc. A good many of such original sentences may be used. Scale songs may also be used.

11. A few technical terms may be used in giving practice singing down the scale. Ask them to sing down the scale piano (softly); forte (loudly); legato (smooth, connected); andante; allegro; staccato piano (soft and short); staccato forte.

For Beginners in Decimals. I.

BY SARA LEVY, NEW YORK

Decimals are only a new notation and numeration. The teacher can cite the relation of integers and decimals in some such chart as the following, strongly emphasizing the Value of Place.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| T | H | T | U | T | H | T |
| H | U | E | N | E | U | H |
| O | N | N | I | N | N | O |
| U | D | S | T | T | D | U |
| S | R | | S | H | R | S |
| A | E | | | S | E | A |
| N | D | | | | D | N |
| D | S | | | | T | D |
| S | | | | | H | H |
| | | | | | S | S |
| | | | | | | Etc. |

| | |
|------|---|
| 1 | . |
| 10 | . |
| 100 | . |
| 1000 | . |
| 1 | . |
| 01 | . |
| 001 | . |
| 0001 | . |

LESSON I.

The analogy between integers and decimals can be brought out by working from 1 thousand to 1 hundred ($\frac{1}{10}$ of 1 thousand); 1 ten is $\frac{1}{10}$ of 1 hundred; 1 is $\frac{1}{10}$ of 1 ten. So, moving 1 place to the right means making the number 10 times smaller. The decimal point is the dividing line between units and decimals. If 1 is $\frac{1}{10}$ of 10 (moving 1 to one place to the right, we get .1), .1 is $\frac{1}{10}$ of the integer 1; therefore, .01 is $\frac{1}{10}$ of .1 or $\frac{1}{100}$ of 1, and .001 is $\frac{1}{10}$ of .01 or $\frac{1}{1000}$ of 1.

Therefore the decimal notation is a series of

tens (Latin *decem* means *ten*), and the value of the decimal depends on its place in relation to the decimal point.

LESSON II.

Moving the decimal point to right and left, and its effect on the value of the decimal:

a Moving decimal point to the right: $1 \times 10 = 10$ (10 is 10 times 1) $10 \times 10 = 100$ (100 is 10 times 10) $.1 \times 10 = 1$. ($\frac{1}{10} \times 10 = 1$. \therefore 1 is 10 times .1) $.01 \times 10 = .1$ (.1 is 10 times .01, $\frac{1}{100} \times 10 = \frac{1}{10}$).

Therefore, moving the decimal point one place to the right (.01; x0.1; x1.; 1x0.; 10x0.) means multiplying the number by 10.

So bring out idea of moving decimal point two places to the right; (.001; x00.1 [$\frac{1}{1000} \times 100 = \frac{1}{10}$] $\frac{1}{10}$ is 100 times $\frac{1}{1000}$) or multiplying by 100; three places to right multiplying by 1000, etc. Make clearer by use of United States money:

| | | | | |
|----|---|------|------|------|
| \$ | . | Dime | Cent | Mill |
| 1 | . | 1 | 1 | 1 |

A cent (\$.01) is ten times a mill (\$.001)

A dime (\$.1) is ten times a cent (\$.01)

A dollar (1\$) is ten times a dime (\$.1)

Emphasize place of decimal point.

Watch the decimal point moving to the right. (Mill \$.001; Cent \$x0.01; Dime \$x0.1; Dollar \$x1.)

LESSON III.

Moving the decimal point to the left: In a similar manner the child will see the value of such a move; one place to the left means dividing by 10; two places \div by 100; three places to the left \div by 1000, etc.

| |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| \$10. |
| $\$1.0 \times (\$10 \div 10 = \$1 \text{ or } \frac{1}{10} \text{ of } \$10 = \$1)$ |
| $\$.1 \times (\$1 \div 10 = 1 \text{ dime or } \$.1)$ |
| 1. |
| .1x (1 \div 10 = $\frac{1}{10} = .1$) |
| .0x1 (.1 \div 10 = $\frac{1}{100} = .01$) |
| .0x01 (.01 \div 10 = $\frac{1}{1000} = .001$) |

In the "Little Folk's Book of Verse," edited by Clifton Johnson, we have a new collection of poems intended for children from six to twelve years of age. The range of selections covers about six centuries. The compiler states that the first requisite of the poems admitted was that they should be of interest to every child. Poems not capable of securing interest were rejected, no matter what their graces of expression or form, or their fame of authorship. The editor is entirely correct in his statement that much poetry is commonly set before children which is beyond the range of their experience and comprehension. The principles upon which Mr. Johnson has made his selection are sound, and his judgment and taste thruout the book are to be highly commended. Price, \$1.00 net. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

Stories to Tell the Children

A Genuine Princess*

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Once there was a prince who wished to marry a princess. He wanted a *real* princess. So he traveled over the whole world to find one. But he did not succeed. There were princesses enough, to be sure, but he could never tell whether they were *real* princesses. There was always something which made him doubt. At last he returned home and was very sad; he wanted so much to marry a *real* princess.

One evening there was a fearful storm. The thunder rolled; the lightning flashed through the air, and the rain came down in streams. Oh! it was awful!

Just then the bell at the gate rang.

The king said, "I wonder who can want to visit us in weather like this!"

Then he slipped into his royal robe, raised his ermine collar, placed the crown upon his head, turned up his trousers, took an umbrella and went to the gate.

There stood a princess, who had a small black Spaniel with her. Heavens! how the rain and the storm had made her look!

The water ran down from her hair over her skirt and into her shoes. She had a handkerchief tied over her head. Yet she declared that she was a princess: a *real* princess.

"Well, that we shall soon find out," thought the old queen, but she said nothing. She went to the sleeping room and took out of the bedstead everything that was in it. Then she put on one of the slats a tiny bean. Now she placed upon it twenty mattresses, one after another, and upon the mattresses twenty white featherbeds filled with eiderdown, and on this bed the princess had to sleep that night.

The next morning the princess was asked, "How did you sleep?"

"Oh, just miserably!" said the princess. "I could not close an eye all night long. Goodness knows what there was in my bed! I felt something hard, and my whole body is black and blue from lying on it. I spent a most uncomfortable night."

Now they were sure that she was a *real* princess. Through twenty eiderdown beds and twenty mattresses she had felt the single bean! No one but a *real* princess could be so sensitive.

Now the prince was overjoyed and made her his wife. He was sure that he had now at last found a *real* princess.

The bean was sent to the royal art museum, where it is still to be looked at unless somebody has by this time taken it away.

You see this is quite a true story.

A February Gymnastic Story

A STORY WITH ACTIONS BY THE CHILDREN

To-day we are going to play Valentine Party. We will play you are cupids. I am going to toss bows and arrows to you all. Here are the bows, catch them. (Teacher makes motion as if throwing a large bundle of bows. Each pupil makes motion as if catching one.) Here are the arrows. (Motions similar to those above.)

You may all shoot at me. (Pupils make motion of drawing back bows and shooting arrows at the teacher.)

You may shoot out the window. (Pupils shoot.)

You may shoot at the ceiling. (Appropriate motion by pupils.)

You may shoot at the floor. (Appropriate motion.)

You may shoot at the upper northeast corner of the room. (Appropriate motion.)

You may shoot at the upper northwest corner of the room. (Appropriate motion.)

You may shoot at the upper southwest corner of the room. (After each order the pupils make motion of shooting.)

The upper southeast corner.

The lower northeast corner.

The lower northwest corner.

The lower southeast corner.

The lower southwest corner.

You may shoot behind your backs.

You may shoot at me, standing tiptoe.

You may shoot at me, standing on your right foot.

Shoot at me, standing on your left foot.

Shoot at my desk, kneeling on both knees.

Shoot at my desk, kneeling on your right knee.

Shoot, kneeling on your left knee.

Shoot, holding bow and arrow over your head.

Stoop and shoot under your desk.

Turn, stoop, and shoot under the desk on the other side of you.

Shoot at my desk, with both bow and arrow held in the right hand.

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Shoot at my desk with both bow and arrow held in your left hand.

Holding your bow and arrow in your left hand, forward march.

Continue marching, holding the bow and arrow at the back of the neck.

March with the bow and arrow held behind you at the waist.

As you pass my desk in marching, drop your bow and arrow on the desk and march back to your own seat.

Step by Step in Language Work

A Portrait of Washington

See the picture on the cover of this month's *TEACHERS MAGAZINE*.

I. Oral

1. Let the children look carefully at the picture.

Ask one pupil after another to tell you what he sees in the picture. Continue thus until about a dozen children have taken part in the exercise.

2. Have the pupils tell what the children in the picture are doing. They will tell stories similar to the following:

There are six children in the picture. Two of them are holding a picture of George Washington. The other four children are holding flags.

The two girls who are holding the picture are saying, "This is a picture of Washington. George Washington was the father of his country."

The children who have the flags are saying, "These are American flags. We love our country. We love our country's flag."

3. Ask questions of the children, so that they may see more in the pictures, as,

How many girls are there in the picture? How many boys are there in the picture? How many of the girls have short hair? How many have long hair? How is the little boy on the left dressed? How is the boy next to him dressed? How are the two girls holding the picture dressed? How are the two boys on the right dressed? How many children have on belts? What kind of a room are the children standing in?

4. Ask questions to aid in the development of the imagination, as,

What do you think the girls' names are? The boys' names? Are they kindergarten children, or are they in the primary room? What do you think is the name of their teacher? What do they do in school? What do they do with the flags? Who own the flags? What do you think they know about George Washington? Whose birthday do you suppose it is? Of what colors are the rosettes at the corners of the picture of Washington? Of what colors are the flags? How tall is the picture of Washington? How tall are the children? What will they do to celebrate Washington's Birthday? What kind

of a paper-cutting will they make? What will they sing? What will they play?

5. Have the children name the picture.

Ask each child to suggest a name for the picture. Write the names suggested on the blackboard. Allow the children to choose the name they think is the best.

6. Have the children tell stories about the picture. The stories will be similar to the following:

It was Washington's birthday. The children had hung flags up in the schoolroom. A picture of George Washington stood on an easel on the platform.

The children gave the flag salute. They sang songs about our country. They spoke pieces about Washington.

After the Washington's birthday exercises were over, the teacher said, "Now, I am going to have a picture taken. Grace and Margaret may hold the picture of Washington. Frank and Jamie may stand on one side, with their flags. Gordon and Margaret may stand on the other side with their flags."

The children stood up as the teacher told them to. Then she took a picture. This is the picture the teacher took.

II. Written

1. ORAL PREPARATION

Have the story-telling continued until every child knows exactly what he wants to write, and is able to express himself clearly and correctly in writing.

2. SPELLING

Have the children help you in selecting a list of words to be used for spelling. Write the words on the blackboard, and have the children copy and learn to spell them. The following are some of the words that may be used:

| | |
|------------|----------|
| flag | hair |
| children | belt |
| Washington | George |
| picture | birthday |
| red | six |
| white | |
| blue | |

Drill upon such words as may be needed until every child can spell correctly all the words he will need in writing his story.



February Poster (Knight and Castle)—Designed by Mary Tucker Merrill. [Paper Cutting and Pasting.]

Common School Hymns—I

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,

Ear - ly in the morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee:
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns A - round the glas - sy sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and mighty!
On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,

Which wast, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in Power, in love and pu - ri - ty. A - men.

THE CHILD WORLD

Supplementary Reading for Primary Grades

The Dish of Pottage

Abraham and Sarah had both died, and Isaac and Rebekah were left alone. But God gave them children, dear little twin boys. One was named Esau and the other Jacob.

The two boys looked very little alike, even though they were twins. Esau, the first-born, was very hairy, and he had a gruff, heavy voice. Jacob's skin was smooth and fair, and he had a sweet, clear voice.

When the boys were grown up Esau became a hunter and farmer, while Jacob stayed in the house with his mother. It happened that Jacob was his mother's favorite, while the father loved Esau best.

One day Esau came in from the field hungry and exhausted. Jacob had just finished cooking a nice dish of lentil porridge, or red pottage as it was called. There it stood on the table steaming hot, and it did smell good to hungry Esau. As he saw it standing there he felt hungrier than ever.

"O, Jacob," he said to his brother, "please let me eat of the red pottage, for I am faint with hunger."

"What will you give me," Jacob replied, "if I let you eat it?"

"What do you want?" said Esau.

Jacob said, "I want you to give me your birthright, and let me be master in this house."

Esau, being the first-born, the servants, and even Jacob, had to obey him. By right of birth the oldest son could command all in the house. Jacob did not like to be his brother's servant. So he often said to himself, "I wish I were master in the house."

Esau had no right to sell his birthright. He knew also that Jacob asked too much for the pottage, but still he was very hungry.

"If I should die of hunger," he said, "I would not be master in the house anyway. Yes, you shall have my birthright, if you will only give me the dish of pottage."

"Good," said Jacob, "but you must swear that I shall surely have your birthright."

And Esau foolishly agreed.

Then Jacob set the dish of pottage before his brother. He placed bread beside it and Esau began to eat. When he had finished he arose and went out, for now Jacob was master in the house.

It was very wrong of Jacob to have asked so much of his brother for the pottage, as wrong as if he had made Esau give him a gold ring for a lead pencil. Jacob might have given the food anyway, when his own brother was so hungry. Thus Jacob cheated his brother and this was a sin.

Esau knew that he should not have sold his birthright just for something to eat, even if he was hungry. So he too had committed a sin.

Jacob Deceives His Father

When Isaac was old he became blind, so that he could not see anything. One day he called his son Esau to him and said, "My son."

Esau answered, "Here am I."

"I am now an old man," said Isaac, "and I do not know how long God will let me live. I have a request to make of you. Take your bow and arrows, and go out to the field and shoot some deer for me, that I may have venison to eat. Cook the venison as I like it best, for you know well how to do this. Then bring it to me that I may eat, and I will give you my blessing before I die."

Esau started to the field after the venison at once, that he might bring it to his father.

Now Rebekah had heard what Isaac said to Esau. She went quickly to find Jacob, whom, as you know, she liked more than Esau.

"Listen, dear son," she said to him, "I have heard your father speak to Esau, saying, 'Bring me venison and cook it as I like it best, that I may eat and bless you before I die.' I would rather have you get this blessing instead of Esau. This is my plan. Go to the flock and bring me two young kids. I will make one of them a savory dish such as your father likes. You shall then take it to him. Father Isaac will think that you are Esau and will give you his blessing."

"But mother," Jacob replied, "my brother is a very hairy man and I am smooth. When my father takes my hand and knows that I am not Esau he will say that I am trying to deceive him. Then I shall bring a curse upon myself and not a blessing."

"Do not be afraid," said his mother. "If your father should curse you the curse shall come upon me instead. Only obey me, and get the kids

from the herd of goats at once, lest your brother return before we are ready."

Jacob went to the flock and caught the two kids as his mother had told him to do. Rebekah quickly made from them a savory dish such as the father loved. Then she brought some of the clothes belonging to Esau and Jacob put them on. She also took the skins which she had stripped from the kids and made them into gloves and fastened them to Jacob's hands. At the same time she tied another piece of goat skin around his smooth neck. She thought that in this way Jacob would be made to feel rough, like Esau, and when his blind father should touch him, he would believe that Esau was before him.

When all was ready Rebekah placed the meat and the bread which she had prepared in Jacob's hands, and he went with them to his father. And Jacob came to his father and said, "My father."

Isaac said, "Here am I; who are you, my son?"

And Jacob said to his father, "I am Esau. I have done as you bade me. Arise, sit and eat of my venison. Then bless me."

"How is it," said Isaac, "that you have found the venison so quickly?"

"Because," answered Jacob, "your God gave it to me." (How do you suppose Jacob dared to lie so boldly to his father!)

And Isaac said to Jacob, "Come near, that I may clasp your hands, and know whether you are my very son Esau or not."

You may be sure that Jacob now felt pretty anxious and wished he were out of the room. But he had to obey his father, so he went near. Isaac felt the hands and touched the neck. They were rough like Esau's and the father was puzzled. "*The voice,*" he said, "*is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.*"

Then Father Isaac took the meat and ate. When he had finished he asked once more, "Are you my very son Esau?"

And Jacob answered, "I am."

"Come near now, and kiss me, my son," the father said.

Jacob went still nearer and kissed his father. As he knelt beside the cot Isaac smelled the smell of Esau's clothes which Jacob had put on and felt sure now that Esau was before him. So Isaac laid his hands on the head of his son Jacob and blessed him.

As soon as his father had finished speaking Jacob went out. Scarcely had he left the room when Esau returned from the hunt. Esau made a savory dish and took it to his father, saying, "Rise up my father, and eat of the venison, and then bless me."

Blind old Isaac cried out, "Who are you?"

"I am Esau, your beloved son," was the reply.

Then Father Isaac trembled and said, "Who? Where is he that has taken venison and brought it to me, and I ate of all before you came, and blessed him? and he must remain blessed."

When Esau heard his father's words he cried out with a very great and bitter cry, and said to his father, "Bless me also, O my father."

But Father Isaac answered, "Now I understand. Your brother Jacob has been here and through deceit has taken your blessing."

"This is the second time my brother has deceived me," Esau said. "First he took away my birthright, and now he has taken away my blessing." "But," he added, "have you not kept a blessing for me? Bless me, even me also, O my father."

Isaac answered, "I cannot undo what I have done. Jacob is now your lord and I have given him you and all your brothers as servants."

Then Esau cried bitterly and took his father's hand and said, "*Have you but one blessing? Bless me, even me also, O my father.*"

Then Isaac took pity on him and gave him a blessing, but he could offer him but little.

From that time on Esau hated his brother Jacob. He even said to some friend, "My father will soon die. Then I will kill my brother Jacob."

These words were reported to Rebekah and she was afraid that Esau might really kill her dear Jacob. And—but what happened next is another story.

First Year Lesson Plans for February

First Week

MONDAY

Teach this little poem:

THE SHORTEST MONTH

Will winter never be over?
Will the dark days never go?
Must the buttercup and the clover
Be always hid under the snow?
Ah, lend me your little ear, love;
Hark! 'tis a beautiful thing;
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest and nearest the Spring.

Talk about February's being the shortest month. The year 1912 is leap year; call attention to its twenty-nine days. What month comes after February? What signs of Spring are there in March? (Pussy-willows, robins.)

TUESDAY

Talk about the special days of the month—Valentine's Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Longfellow's Birthday. Explain what is meant by patriotism, emphasizing that it is *love* of country. *Love* is the keynote of the month, of Valentine's Day especially, as it was the keynote in the lives of the heroes we study about this month.

WEDNESDAY

Lincoln.—Tell the children the story of Lincoln's boyhood; his home, a one-roomed log cabin; the boy's hard work; his being taught to read by his mother; his fondness for reading; studying in the evening before the log fire; working examples on the wooden shovel; the borrowed book and how it was spoiled.

THURSDAY

Lincoln.—His first earnings; practising speech-making; becomes a lawyer.

Lincoln.—The President of the United States. What kind of a man he was.

FRIDAY

Flag Salute.—The meaning of the stars and stripes. Meaning of the colors, red, white and blue. Betsy Ross and the making of the first flag.

Second Week

MONDAY

A valentine poem:

The valentine I'm sending says
"The one that I love best";
There's only one to give that to;
Perhaps you may have guessed.
I'll send it with my dearest love
To you, dear mother mine,
To tell you that I'll always be
Your faithful valentine.

Bring out the fact that the valentine is a message of love.

TUESDAY

The Story of St. Valentine.—Once there lived a priest named Valentine, who was famous for his kind deeds. He nursed the sick, and helped the people who were poor. He loved children, and the children loved him.

When Valentine got too old to visit the sick, he wrote letters to the sick and the suffering. People watched for his messages of love. When the children were sick they would say, "I guess Valentine will send me a letter to-day."

After Valentine died he was made a saint, and it is on the birthday of St. Valentine that we send our messages of love. We call them valentines.

WEDNESDAY

How the valentine must be a message if it's meaning is to be kept. No comic valentines to hurt people's feelings; nobody to be slighted.

THURSDAY

Preparation for Washington's Birthday. Stories of his childhood.

FRIDAY

Washington.—How he gave up his plan to be a sailor to please his mother; work as a surveyor; his bravery as a young man.

Third Week

MONDAY

Learn the following poem:

WASHINGTON

Of all the great men that have lived,
And served their country well,
There's one far greater than them all,
Whose name I now will tell.
His deeds are known thruout the land,
His name renown has won;
Who is it we all love so well?
Our own dear Washington.
The English tried to take this land,
And claim it as their own—
This land so bright and beautiful—
The land we call our home.
They came across the ocean
With cannon, sword and gun;
Who drove them back to whence they came?
Our own dear Washington.

—Selected.

Teach the children the first stanza of the poem.

TUESDAY

Teach the second stanza of the poem "Washington."

WEDNESDAY

Practise reciting the poem "Washington" in concert.

THURSDAY

Recite the poem again.

FRIDAY

Have the poem ready for Washington's Birthday.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Longfellow.—Tell the story of the poet's childhood.

TUESDAY

Have the children tell back to you, in complete sentences, what they remember about Longfellow.

WEDNESDAY

Read "The Children's Home" to the pupils, retelling the story in your own words, so that they may understand.

THURSDAY

Talk about the coming of Spring. Signs that are apparent in spite of the cold.

FRIDAY

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow.

Only a month or a few weeks more,
Will they have to wait behind that door;
Listen and watch, for they are below,
Waiting to grow.

Our Flag

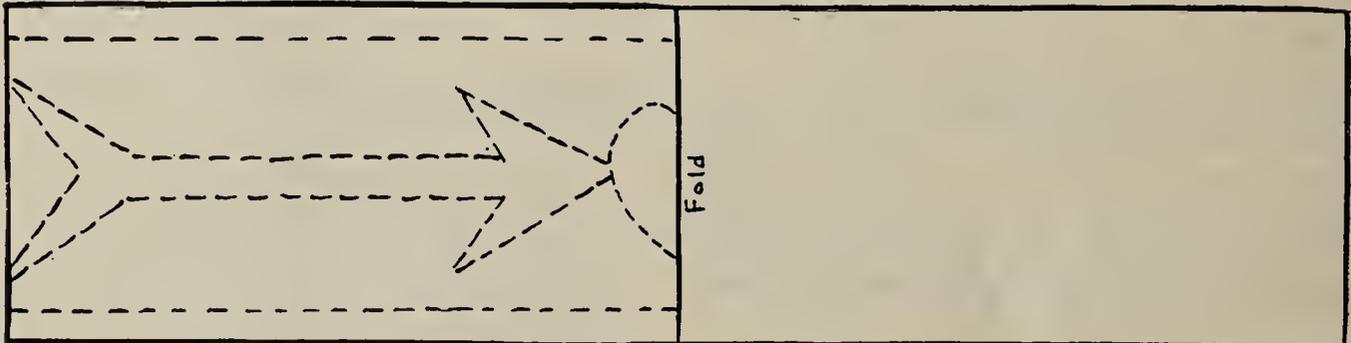
CONCERT RECITATION

Pupil (pointing to Flag).—
This is our flag, our bonnie flag,
It waves o'er land and sea.
Let others love their country's flag,
This is the flag for me!

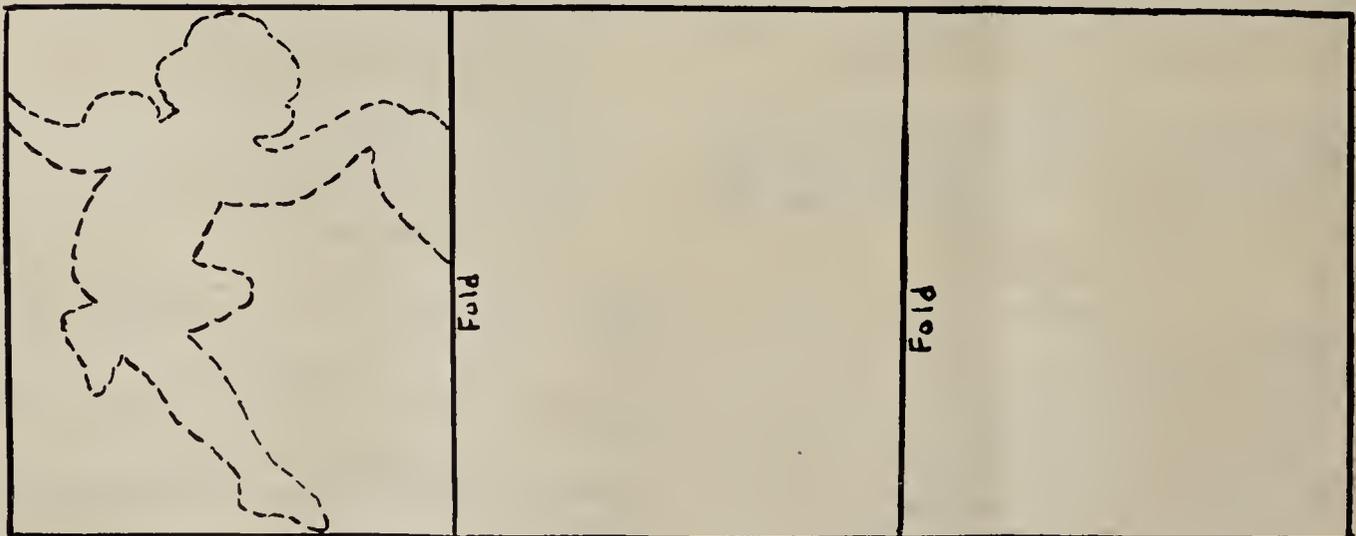
All.—
And that's the flag we all revere,
There cannot be another;
And everyone who holds it dear
Shall be to us a brother.

Pupil.—
Long may it wave and tell the world:
America is free
And strong and just; "In God we trust."
This is the flag for me.

All.—
And that's the flag we all revere,
There cannot be another,
And everyone who holds it dear
Shall be to us a brother.
Long may it wave and tell the world:
America is free,
And strong and just; "In God we trust."
This is the flag for me!



Fold like folding SCREEN and CUT ON DOTTED lines



Fold like folding SCREEN and CUT ON DOTTED lines

Valentine Border: Paper Folding and Cutting.
Designed by Mildred Merrill.

Second Year Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Conversation on February: How many days in February usually? How many days in February this year? How often does leap year occur? Look on a calendar and see what day of the week occurs five times in February this year. (Thursday.) February will not have five Thursdays again until 1940. What days do we celebrate this month?

TUESDAY

A flag salute, to be used thru the month:

Hail to thee, our glorious banner,
Red, and white, and blue.
Hats removed, we pledge to thee
Loyal hearts and true.

—*Primary Songs.*

Explain to the children the meaning of the three colors: Red stands for bravery, white for purity, blue says, "Be true."

WEDNESDAY

Tell the story of Betsy Ross and the making of the first American flag. Explain the meaning of the stripes and the stars: Thirteen stripes to represent the thirteen original States, and one star for each State existing to-day.

How many stars are there on our flag now? When is a new star first shown? (Fourth of July.)

THURSDAY

Have the children tell back to you the story of Betsy Ross, and the meaning of the stars and stripes.

FRIDAY

Have the children recite the following stanza:

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue;
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

Let the children first copy the stanza, and then teach it to them.

Second Week

MONDAY

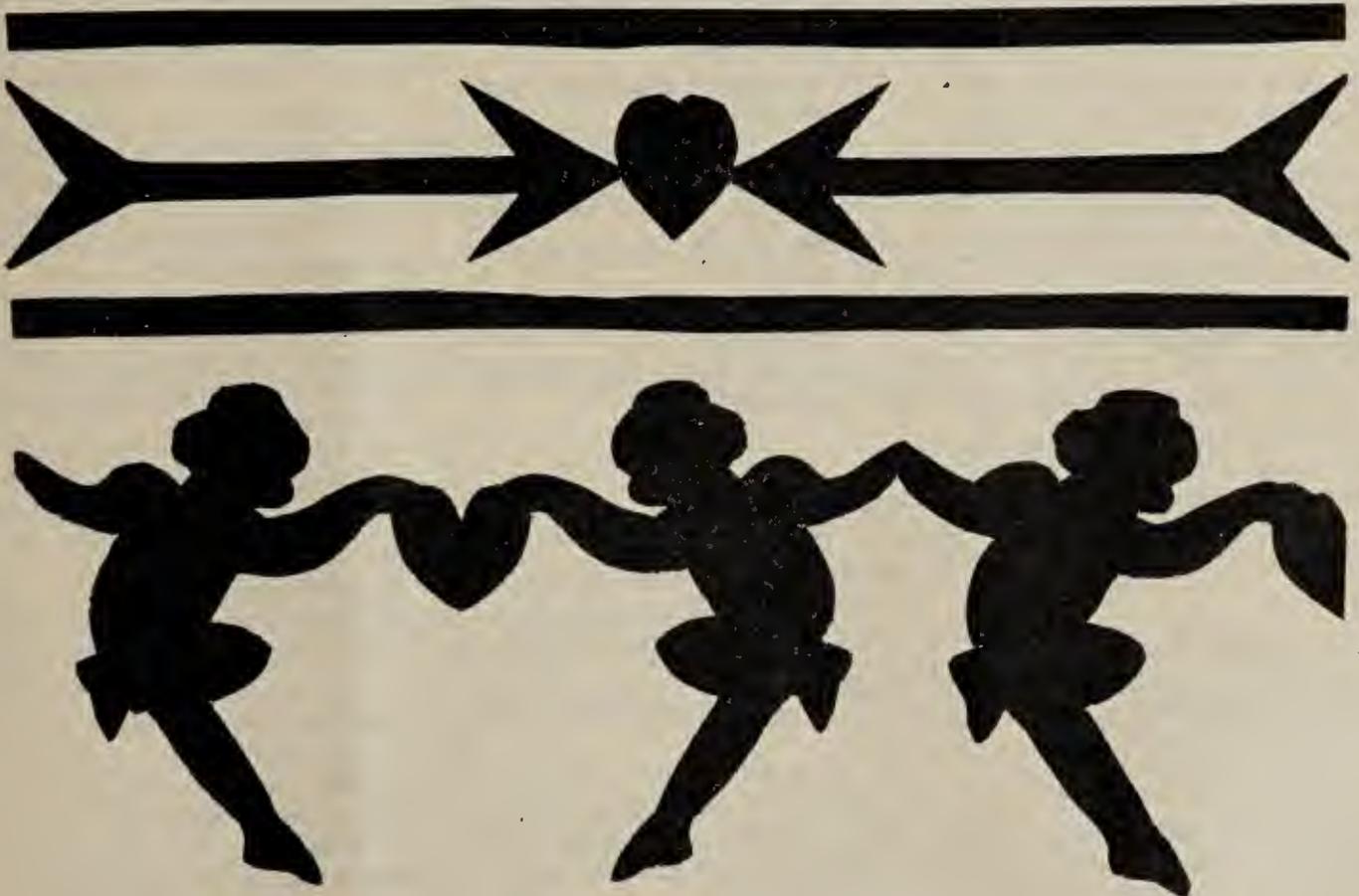
Tell the story of Lincoln's boyhood: Life in a log cabin, borrowing the book, plans for making money, fondness for study, etc. If the children know anything of the story draw out from them all that they can tell.

TUESDAY

Have the children write seven sentences, telling about Abraham Lincoln.

WEDNESDAY

Tell about Lincoln as man and President



Valentine Border [See diagrams on page 224]

A Revised Mother Goose

1.—Little Bo-Peep

Little Bo-Peep she sought her
sheep,
'Twas sad to see her crying;
O'er hill and dale she loud did
hail,
But there was no replying.

Little Bo-Peep, don't go to sleep!
Your sheep you ought to mind
'em!
And well-a-day, if once they
stray,
You never more may find 'em.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them
bleating,
But when she awoke 'twas all a
joke,
For still they were a-fleeting.

Little Bo-Peep found all her
sheep,
And glad she was to find 'em;
When to their home they all did
come,
They wagged their tails be-
hind 'em!

2.—Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great
fall,
All the king's horses,
And all the king's men,
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty
together again.

Humpty Dumpty, now who is
he?
He is as *yellow* as yellow can be,
How *can* he stand when he
hasn't a leg?
Humpty Dumpty was only an
egg.

3.—Little Tom Tucker

Little Tom Tucker
Sang for his supper,
What shall we give him,
White bread and butter?
How shall he cut it
Without any knife?
How shall he marry

Without e'er a wife?
Little Tom Tucker
Soon got his supper;
What did he have
With the white bread and but-
ter?
Milk from the cow
That was lovely and sweet;
Wouldn't *you* sing
If you had such a treat?

4.—Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so you see, between the two
They kept the platter clean.

Jack Sprat could never do
With sugar in his tea;
His wife was very fond of it,
So took his share, you see!

5.—Ride a Cock-Horse

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury
Cross,
To see a young lady get on a
white horse;
Rings on her fingers, and bells
on her toes,
She shall have music wherever
she goes.

See the folks running from near
and far,
Coming by bus and by motor-
car;
Why are they running so fast?
Of course
To see the young lady get off
the white horse!

6.—Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his
crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got, and home did trot
As fast as he could caper;
What a job, to plaster his nob
With vinegar and brown pa-
per.

7.—Pussy Cat

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have
you been?
I've been to London, to see the
fine queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did
you there?
Frightened a little mouse under
her chair.

Pussy cat, pussy cat, tell me, I
pray,
If you would like, dear, in Lon-
don to stay?
No! though the ladies wear
dresses of silk,
Give me the fresh country but-
ter and milk.

8.—Georgie, Porgie

Georgie, Porgie, pudding and
pie,
Kissed the girls, and made them
cry;
When the girls came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

Georgie, Porgie, what a shame,
You are very much to blame;
Boys should *never* treat girls so,
Never make their tears to flow.
—R. G. Valentine.

Nature's Remedies

Don't mind the snow,
For don't you know
'Tis sent to clothe the earth,
With robe so warm,
To keep from harm,
The flowers that spring gives
birth?

The snowdrops rare,
With bells so fair,
And violets so sweet,
All safely lie
Till frost goes by,
Beneath its fleecy sheet.

So oft in life,
Its care and strife
Are sent us for our good;
God knoweth best,
So let us rest,
Contented, as we should.
—The Teachers' Aid.

THURSDAY

Have the children tell back to you all they can about Lincoln.

FRIDAY

Read to the children the following poem:

WAS LINCOLN A KING?

We talked of Kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led,
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by,

When "No" came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then, with a start,
"He wasn't a king—*outside*," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."

—ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS.

Talk with the children about what Ned meant by saying that Lincoln was a king in his heart. Can we be kings and queens like Lincoln?

Third Week

MONDAY

Have the children tell you the story of St. Valentine. They will all know it. Then finish the lesson by having five sentences written about the old saint.

TUESDAY

Bring out the idea of the love behind the messages St. Valentine sent to his friends. Write the following stanza on the blackboard, have the children learn it by heart:

It isn't the number of joys we have,
That makes us happy and gay,
But the number we share with our little friends,
Ah, that is the secret, they say.

WEDNESDAY

Why are valentines often heart-shaped?
Why should comic valentines never be sent?

Read the following poem to the children, and have them re-write it in their own words:

A SPARROW'S VALENTINE

"Whate'er shall I do for a sweet valentine?"
Chirped a lively brown sparrow one day.
"For Marjorie's been such a *very* kind friend,
And my love I must send her *some* way.

"But alas! I've no ink, nor even a pen,
And how I shall write I can't tell."
And he tilted his tail in perplexity, then
He pondered it wisely and well.

Straightway to the little maid's window he flew,
And worked with his eyes all aglow.
Next morn, when Meg opened her window, she knew
'Twas his *heart* she saw drawn in the snow.

—M. T. DAVIDSBURG.

THURSDAY

Write the story of Washington and the cherry tree.

FRIDAY

For dictation:

Run the flags up, every one,
Flag the old red, white, and blue,
All to honor Washington,
Good, and brave, and true.

—*Youth's Companion*.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Have the children copy the following poem:

GEORGE WASHINGTON

"How did George Washington look?" asked Nell.
"What was he like? Won't you please to tell?"
Thus I answered: "A courtly man
Wearing his honors as heroes can.
Erect and tall, with his six feet, two;
Knee-breeches, buckles, frills and queue;
Powdered brown hair, blue eyes, far apart;
Strong-limbed and fearless, with gentle heart;
Gracious in manner toward everyone.
Such, my Nellie, was Washington."

—*Selected*.

TUESDAY

Talk about the various characteristics of Washington mentioned in the poem used for Monday's lesson. Show pictures of Washington, Martha Washington, and other pictures of Revolutionary days. Talk about the manner of dress of those days, asking the children to show the differences between then and now.

WEDNESDAY

Write a list of the name words (nouns) in the poem "George Washington."

Write a list of the describing words (adjectives).

THURSDAY

Allow the children to dramatize, in their own way, the story of Washington and the cherry tree.

FRIDAY

Longfellow, his life and poems. (This is to be given on the poet's birthday, whenever in the school days it occurs.)

Third Year Lesson Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Conversation on patriotism: what patriotism means. How children can be patriotic. Treating the flag with proper respect. Standing when "America" is sung. What it means to be an American—not necessarily one who was born in this country, but one who would give his life, if need be, to protect the country and the flag.

TUESDAY

Write a list of five people who you think were, or are, patriotic. Tell why you think each was or is a good patriot.

WEDNESDAY

Give each pupil a Lincoln penny. Have everyone write what he sees on the cent. Here is what will be found: A portrait of Lincoln; In God We Trust; Liberty; 1909; one cent, United States of America; *e pluribus unum*; two heads of wheat.

When the lists are complete, explain the meaning of each: Why is Lincoln's portrait used? What did Lincoln do for our country? "In God We Trust" is our national motto. "Liberty" calls attention to Lincoln's work in freeing the slaves. "1909" is the year when the first Lincoln pennies were made. "*E pluribus unum*," meaning "one from many," indicates that one nation is formed of many States. The heads of wheat suggest that it is from wheat that our nation is nourished.

THURSDAY

For dictation:

Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

FRIDAY

Poem to be memorized. Have the following poem copied by the children:

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay,
To keep me happy all the day.
And sometimes for an hour or so,
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed clothes, thru the hills,
And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets,
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.
I was the giant, great and still,
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him, hill and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Second Week

MONDAY

Write answers to the following sentences:
Where is the land of counterpane?
What is a counterpane? (If you do not know, see the dictionary.)
What are toys?
What is a uniform?
How do soldiers drill?
What is a fleet?
What is a giant?
Are there any real giants nowadays? Did you ever see one at a circus?
Learn the first two stanzas of the poem.

TUESDAY

Re-write "The Land of Counterpane" in your own words.
Learn the last two stanzas of the poem.

WEDNESDAY

For dictation, two sayings of Abraham Lincoln:

Let none falter who thinks he is right, and he may succeed.

I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.

THURSDAY

Read the following to the children:

TWO PICTURES

A house of logs, some burning knots
To warm the room and make bright spots;
Few plain, worn books, a shingle slate;
A boy who loves to study late;
A lad who toils thru long, hard days,
Reads, thinks, and solves while firelight stays.

A cosy room, warm fire, good light;
Bright, pretty books and pads in sight;
Kind helpers near who will explain;
A lad who all the sports has led,
Thinks study hour a time to dread.

Which was the wiser of the two boys described? To what boy does the first picture refer? What did Lincoln do for this country? To what kind of a boy does the second picture refer? What will become of the boy if he does not try as hard to study as he does to play?

FRIDAY

To whom do we give valentines? Why should a valentine mean only a message of friendship? For whom are valentines named?

Have a pupil prepared beforehand, step to the platform, and recite the following:

NED'S CHOICE

She has not rosy cheeks,
Nor eyes that brightly shine,
Nor golden curls, nor teeth like pearls,
This Valentine of mine;
But, oh! she's just the dearest,
The truest and the best,
And one more kind you will not find
In many a long day's quest.

Her cheeks are faded now,
 Her dear old eyes are dim;
 Her hair's like snow, her steps are slow,
 Her figure isn't trim;
 But oh! and oh! I love her!
 This grandmamma of mine;
 I wish that she for years may be
 My own dear Valentine.

—Selected.

Re-write the story in your own words.

Third Week

MONDAY

Brave Children.—Re-write the following story in your own words:

DORA OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

Dora lived with her father in a lighthouse on a small rocky island far from the shore. Her father was keeper of the lighthouse and had to live in it all the time so as to light the great lamp at night, and ring the fog-bell as a warning to ships to keep off the dangerous rocks.

Living so far out at sea, little Dora could not go to school, and she had no friends but the sea-gulls, who were very tame, and would come to her to be fed. All day she played among the rocks, gathering sea-shells and colored stones.

One day her father got into his boat and rowed to the shore to buy some groceries, leaving Dora at the lighthouse alone. The little girl was not lonely, for she was busy on the rocks, gathering shells for a necklace.

By and by clouds began to gather. The wind blew and rain began to fall. The waves dashed against the rocks.

Dora began to be frightened, for she had never been left alone in a storm before.

It grew dark, and there was no one to light the lamp, which ought to shine brightly on such a stormy night.

A narrow, winding staircase led up to the top of the high tower where the lamp was. It was a very hard thing for a little girl to do, but Dora decided that the **lamp must be lighted**, so she took a match and climbed up the long flight of stairs. In a minute the light was shining out brightly over the stormy sea.

Dora sat down by the window to watch for her father, but a fog was creeping slowly over the sea, and soon the bright light of the lighthouse could be seen only a little way. Then Dora went to the fog-bell and pulled the rope.

By and by Dora's father was able to row from the land, and when he reached his lighthouse home he found the light still burning, and his brave little daughter fast asleep.

—Selected.

TUESDAY

Re-write the following story in your own words:

A STORY ABOUT LORD NELSON

One day a mother missed her four-year-old son. After searching the house and grounds for him she asked the neighbors to help.

After a long time they found the boy seated on the river bank, beside a half-drowned puppy.

The puppy had fallen into the river and was too little to swim. His cries had attracted the child, who

waded into the water and with great difficulty dragged the dog to the bank. Here his mother and the neighbors found him.

"Were you not afraid?" his mother asked.

"Afraid," said Horatio. "What is afraid? I do not know what afraid means."

The boy grew to be a man, but he never knew what afraid meant.

He was the great English hero, Horatio Nelson.

WEDNESDAY

Re-write the following story in your own words:

THE STORY OF PETER

Peter was a little boy who lived in Holland. The Dutch country is very low, and there is always danger that the sea may pour in and destroy the homes. To prevent this, the Dutch people have built strong sea walls, all along the ocean. The sea-walls have to be very carefully guarded.

One day little Peter had been sent on an errand. His path lay beside the great sea-wall. As he walked along he heard a sound that made him stop. It was the sound of trickling water.

Peter knew the meaning of that sound. There was a leak in the wall.

No one was in sight, so Peter ran to the spot and put his thumb into the hole. The dropping stopped.

He called for help. Nobody heard. It was growing dark and the water was very cold.

He called again and again. No answer came. He was cold and tired, and his hand ached, but he knew that if he took it away the hole would soon become larger, and the water would rush in.

Next morning his father found him, weak and pale, but still holding his thumb in its place.

"He is a brave boy," said his father. "He has saved all our homes."

THURSDAY

The lesson from the stories of the preceding days—for dictation:

To have willing feet,

A smile that is sweet,

A kind, pleasant word

For all that you meet,—

That's what it is to be helpful.

FRIDAY

Another lesson—to be copied:

We may have courage, all of us,

To start at honor's call,

To meet a foe, protect a friend,

Or face a cannon ball,

To show the world one hero lives,

The foremost in the fight—

But do we always show we have

The courage to do right?

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Tell the children the story of Longfellow's boyhood.

TUESDAY

Write five sentences about Longfellow's boyhood.

WEDNESDAY

Read to the pupils "The Children's Hour."

THURSDAY

Tell the story of "The Children's Hour."

FRIDAY

Tell the children about the "spreading chestnut tree," the poet's chair, and read the poem.

Fourth Year Plans in English

First Week

MONDAY

Topics for conversation:

What story do you like best? Why? What song do you like best? Why? What picture do you like best? Why? What game do you like best? Why? What study do you like best? Why?

TUESDAY

Write the story of St. Valentine.

WEDNESDAY

For dictation:

"The right," be your battle-cry ever,
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

THURSDAY

Look up in the dictionary, and find what other nations use the red, white and blue, or any two of these colors in their flag. Write a description of one of the flags.

FRIDAY

To commit to memory. Have the poem copied.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree,
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward thru life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped,
Each burning deed and thought.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Second Week

MONDAY

Conversation:

Tell something that makes you happy
Tell something that makes you sorry.
Tell something you think is funny.
Tell something that it is wrong to do.
Tell something that it is right to do.
Learn two stanzas of "The Village Blacksmith."

TUESDAY

Picture Study—"Washington's Farewell to His Mother."—Who are the people in the picture? What are they saying to each other? How old is Washington in the picture? Why is he saying good-bye? (He intended to go to sea.) Did he go? (No. When he saw how badly his mother felt, he would not leave her.) Who are the other people in the picture? What are they doing? What else is there in the picture?

Learn the second two stanzas of "The Village Blacksmith."

WEDNESDAY

For dictation, sayings of Lincoln:

If we could know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it.

Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe.

No man is good enough to govern another man, without that other's consent.

Learn the third two stanzas of "The Village Blacksmith."

THURSDAY

Write what you know about Lincoln.
Learn the last two stanzas of "The Village Blacksmith."

FRIDAY

Recite the entire poem, "The Village Blacksmith."

Third Week

MONDAY

Conversation:

What is the most useful business? Why?
What is the most useful animal? Why?
What is the most useful building material?
Why?
What is the most useful metal? Why?

TUESDAY

Write the story of Washington as a General.

WEDNESDAY

For dictation:

Let the starry flag be flying,
In the early morning gleam,
Let the golden sun, replying,
Light up every hill and stream.
In the time of tribulation,
In the country's darkest hours,
There's a hero in each nation,—
Noble Washington was ours.

THURSDAY

Maxims of Washington to be copied:
Whisper not in the company of others.

Come not near the books or writings of anyone so as to read them unasked.

Vile words should not be spoken in jest or earnest.
Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promises.

See that the children understand these maxims.

Write what you think is meant by a hero, and tell why you think that Lincoln and Washington were both heroes.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Conversation:

What do you wish to be when you are grown up? Why?

TUESDAY

Write about Longfellow's life.

WEDNESDAY

Read to the children the poem "The Bell of Atri," and let them write the story.

THURSDAY

Read the poem "The Birds of Killingworth," and have the children tell the story back to you.

FRIDAY

For dictation:

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

Number Problems for Fourth Grade

1. John had 240 apples. He gave 10 to each of 4 boys, and 9 to each of 5 girls, and ate 2 himself. How many were left?

2. Divide 720 nuts equally among 5 boys and 7 girls.

3. I had 90 pennies in my purse. I spent 24 and added 9 more. How much had I then?

4. In a street there are 720 houses. Each house has six windows, and each window six panes. How many panes in all?

5. A boy had 36 nuts. He then lost 20 but afterwards found 25. How many had he then?

6. 120 marbles are contained in 10 bags. How many would 2 bags contain?

7. Three barleycorns make one inch. How many are there in 20 yds. if there are 36 inches in each yard?

8. How much should I pay for 3,600 eggs at 8 for 10c.?

9. To how many children can I give 8 nuts out of a bag containing seventy thousand and seventy-two?

10. A tradesman takes \$50 a week; his expenses amount to \$15. What does he save in a year?

11. There are 216 leaves in a book. How many leaves would there be in 3 dozen copies?

12. A farmer took \$120 to market; he bought 3 pigs at \$5 each, 2 cows for \$75, and 10 sheep at \$3 apiece. What had he left?

13. The quotient was 75, the divisor 7, and the remainder 2. Find the dividend.

14. Divide 720 marbles equally between 9 boys and as many girls.

15. What number, if it is divided by 12, will give 1625?

16. To the sum of 725 and 19,805 add the difference between 7,029 and 681.

17. John has 120 marbles, William 65, James has 24 more than John and William together. How many has James?

ANSWERS

1. 153 apples. 2. 60 nuts. 3. 6s. 3d. 4. 25,920 panes. 5. 41 nuts. 6. 24 marbles. 7. 2,160 barleycorns. 8. 450 shillings. 9. 8,759 children. 10. £1,820 saved. 11. 7,776 leaves. 12. Nothing. 13. 527. 14. 40 marbles. 15. 19,500. 16. 26,878. 17. 209 marbles.

Salute to the Flag

(Adopted by the National Societies G. A. R. and S. of R.)

Salute—We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country. One country, one language, one flag.

Signals—

The pupils having been assembled and being seated, and the flag borne by the standard-bearer being in front of school, at the signal (either by a chord struck on the piano, or in the absence of a piano, from a bell), each scholar seizes the seat preparatory to rising.

2d Signal.—The whole school rises quickly, as one person, each one standing erect and alert.

3d Signal.—The right arm is extended, pointing directly at the flag; as the flag-bearer should be on the platform where all can see the colors, the extended arm will be slightly raised above a horizontal line.

4th Signal.—The forearm is bent so as to touch the forehead lightly with the tip of the fingers of the right hand. The motion should be quick, but graceful, the elbow being kept down and not allowed to "stick out" to the right. As the fingers touch the forehead, each pupil will exclaim in a clear voice, "We give our 'heads,'" emphasizing the word "heads."

5th Signal.—The right hand is carried quickly to the left side and placed flat over the heart with the words: "and our 'hearts!'" after the movement has been made.

6th Signal.—The right hand is allowed to fall quickly, but easily, to the right side; as soon as the motion is accomplished all will say, "To God and our country!"

7th Signal.—Each scholar still standing erect, but without moving, will exclaim, "One country!" (Emphasis on country.)

8th Signal.—The scholars still standing motionless, will exclaim, "One language!" (Emphasis on language.)

9th Signal.—The right arm is suddenly extended to its full length, the hand pointing to the flag, the body inclining slightly forward, supported by the right foot slightly advanced. The attitude should be that of intense earnestness. The pupil reaches, as it were, toward the flag, at the same time exclaiming with great force, "One flag!"

10th Signal.—The right arm is dropped to the side and the position of attention recovered.

11th Signal.—Each scholar seizes the seat preparatory to turning it down.

12th Signal.—The school is seated.

Flag-bearer.—The color-bearer grasps the staff at the lower end with his right hand, and

a foot or more (according to the length of the staff) above the end of the staff with his left hand. The staff is held directly in front of the middle of the body, slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular. At the fourth signal the flag will be dipped, returning the salute; this is done by lowering the left hand until the staff is nearly horizontal, keeping it in that position until the tenth signal, when it will be restored to its first or nearly vertical position.

Breathing Exercises

Dr. John L. Davis, of California, in an article published in Hall's *Journal of Health*, suggests the following exercises as of great value in developing the lungs:

Standing as erect as possible, with shoulders thrown back and chest forward, the arms hanging close to the body, the head up, with lips firmly closed, inhalation is to be taken as slowly as may be; at the same time the extended arms are to be gradually raised, the back of the hands upward, until they closely approach each other above the head. The movement should be so regulated that the arms will be extended directly over the head at the moment the lungs are completely filled. This position should be maintained from five to thirty seconds before the reverse process is begun. As the arms are gradually lowered, the breath is exhaled slowly, so that the lungs shall be as nearly freed from breath as possible at the time the arms again reach the first position at the side.

By these movements the greatest expansion possible is reached, for upon inspiration the weight of the shoulders and pectoral muscles are lifted, allowing the thorax to expand fully, while upon exhalation, in lowering the arms, we utilize the additional force of the pressure upon the upper thorax to render expiration as complete as possible.

These deep respirations should be repeated five or six times, and the exercise gone thru with several times a day.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the clothing must in no way interfere with the exercise.

In some cases this exercise is more advantageous when taken lying flat on the back, instead of standing. In this position the inspiratory muscles become rapidly strengthened by opposing the additional pressure exerted by the abdominal organs against the expanding lungs. And, on the other hand, expiration is more perfect and full on account of the pressure of these organs.

This is an exercise now advocated by several leading vocal teachers of Europe.

February Plans

The Carrier-Pigeon and St. Valentine

USES OF CARRIER-PIGEON

To carry letters and greetings to friends before the days of railroads and telegraphs.

To carry messages in times of war.

The advantage of using the carrier-pigeon:

It can be used at any time, day or night.

It flies so high in the air that it cannot be easily seen.

Its flight is so rapid (the average speed is a mile a minute).

Where a pigeon can be sent:

Only to its own home. (The affection of the pigeon for its home.)

How it is trained to find its way home:

By frequent journeys of constantly increasing length.

ST. VALENTINE

Who he was:

A priest who lived long ago and was so good that people called him "Saint" Valentine.

His life:

He worked for and loved his people, going from village to village to see them and to teach them how to be loving and good.

His people:

Every one loved him. The little children were always glad to see him because he was so good to them.

His messages to them:

When he became too old to go to them, he used to send them messages of love and remembrance.

His birthday:

After a while people began to keep his birthday by sending messages to their friends to tell them they were loved, just as St. Valentine had sent messages to them.

VALENTINES

These messages were finally called "valentines," in honor of the good old man. We still send them on his birthday, February 14th. Sometimes these valentines have a few words of love in them; sometimes they are just pretty cards. Whether they say anything or not, they always make us happy; and whenever we get a valentine we know that some one loves us, and has tried to tell us of it.

Would it not be nice for each one of us to make a real valentine to give to some one we love very much?

Plan valentines with the children. Let them trace a little valentine on its journey, thinking of the many people who help it on its way. (Postoffice clerks, railroad men, postmen.)

Symbols of love:

By showing valentines, let them see some of the symbols of love often used, as hearts, car-

rier-pigeons, etc. From what we know of the carrier-pigeon, its tenderness and devotion, see its appropriateness as a symbol of love.

DRAMATIZATION OF CARRIER-PIGEON

The ring represents the home; some child starts out on a journey, taking his carrier-pigeon (child) with him. Tying a letter or valentine about its neck, he sets it free, and it returns to its home, where the imaginary letter is opened and read.

CANNELL-WISE.

Log Cabins

(FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY)

Many of our famous men were born in log cabins. The cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born consisted of one room, without any window. Thru the cracks between the logs the wind and rain, and swarms of mosquitoes could enter. The cabin was near Hodgenville, Kentucky, where Abraham's father had taken up land for a farm.

For several years after their landing at Plymouth, the most of the Pilgrims lived in log cabins. They came to New England so late in the fall of 1620 that there was no time to build substantial cabins before the winter set in. As a result, there was great suffering in the colony during the first year. The next winter, however, they had prepared for cold weather by making the cabins snug and warm, so that on their first Thanksgiving Day it was an occasion for deep gratitude that they had such comfortable homes.

While log cabins in different parts of the country may differ slightly in detail, they are, in their general plan, almost alike. Trees of as nearly uniform size as possible are chopped down, and the branches cut off, but with the bark left upon the trunk. After the logs have been cut of equal lengths, the corners are squared off with an axe. The logs are then placed, one on top of the other, almost exactly as children build houses of blocks, with two



logs, placed parallel to each other, as far apart as the cabin is to be broad, two others on top, and at right angles to the first, two more on top of these, parallel to the first, and thus the walls are built higher and higher, until a man can stand inside without hitting his head.

There is always a door, and in the better class of cabins, a window. Sometimes, nowadays, the window contains four small panes of glass; but there are still many cabins that have only a shutter, hung upon hinges, made by cutting square pieces of leather from an old boot, and nailing one side to the shutter itself; the other to the cabin wall. The chimneys used to

be made of short pieces of logs, built in the same manner as the cabin, placed against one end and plastered on the inside with mud. Wherever rock is found, the chimney is built of this. The chinks between the logs are now usually stuffed with mud, some of them even with plaster; but this is a later development of the log cabin, for those built in the early days were so open that daylight could be seen between the logs. The roof is peaked, but is built of logs, squared at the corners, similar to those used for the walls. The floor of the cabin is either simply the hard earth, trodden down, to make it smooth, or else it is of rough boards.

Skeleton Stories

BY MARY GRAHAM

These stories are to be filled up differently (when possible) by each member of the class. It is interesting to them to find what a variety of stories can be made from one skeleton. They should, when finished, be read aloud to the class by either the teacher or the children.

NO. I

Once upon a time there was a little _____, whose name was _____. One day _____ mother said to _____, "_____, I want you to go down to the _____, and bring up the _____."

_____ said, "I am afraid _____ might _____ hurt me."

_____ mother said, "Oh! there is no _____ of that, and 'if at first you don't _____, try _____ again.'"

_____ said, "Well, mother, as I do not want to be _____, I will go."

_____ went, and soon returned with the _____, saying "I am very glad I _____ you, mother."

_____ mother said, "And I am glad you are learning to conquer your foolish _____."

NO. II

_____ was a very funny little _____. One day _____ father said to _____, "I am going out _____ this afternoon, and will promise to take you with me, if you do not play any _____ this morning."

_____ looked _____ for a few moments, and then said, "I cannot _____ for sure, but I will try to try."

Soon after that the door opened and the _____ walked in. _____ jumped up and began to _____.

_____ sat in one _____ of the room _____; but at the same time, he watched his little _____ out of one eye.

_____ did not know _____ father was _____ and forgot all about _____ promise, "To try to try."

Pretty soon the _____ jumped up on the window-sill and tried to jump out of the _____.

Then _____'s father looked up and said, "I am afraid if there is much more of this _____ you will forfeit your _____."

_____ said, "Oh! I have finished teasing the _____ now."

NO. III

_____ lived in the country where there were a great many _____, _____, and _____ trees.

One day _____ mother said, "Would you not like to go out and gather some _____ blossoms to take to your _____?"

_____ jumped for joy, saying, "Oh! she would be so _____ to have them! She loves _____." _____ ran out and came to one old _____ tree that was bending over, and whose _____ could not reach.

_____ gathered _____ full, and then ran back to arrange them.

_____ mother said, "You must not stay too long with the _____ or I am afraid you might be late to _____."

_____ looked at the _____ and exclaimed, "Oh, dear! it is twenty minutes of _____. I must hurry. Good-bye, my dear _____."

_____ arrived at school just as the last _____ was _____. _____ hurried in and gave the _____ to the _____, who smiled at _____ and said, "Those are _____, and I am so glad you were not _____."



A March Language Picture.

NO. IV

_____’s father was very busy one day making a _____.

“What are you going to do with this _____ after you have _____ it?” asked _____.

“I shall keep it for your _____, and you and me to take a _____ in,” answered _____ father.

“Do you think it will be large enough?” asked _____.

“I hope so.”

“And can we go on the _____ with it?”

“That is just what it is for.”

“May I help you, _____?”

“You may try. Here is a _____; now, let me see if you know how to _____.”

_____ took the _____ and began to _____, but pretty soon he _____ one of his _____.

“Oh! father, I think you had better make it by yourself; don’t you?”

“Yes. But I thought I could let you find that out for yourself. There is an old saying, that ‘Experience is the best _____.’”

NO. V

The _____ was blowing _____; the sky was _____; the stars had all _____.

Little _____ drew _____ around _____.

“Oh; will I ever get there?” _____ said.

“I am so _____; but then, poor little _____

is sick, and I must get to the doctor’s and see if he will come with his good _____ that always helps us.”

_____ quickened _____ steps, and then began to run. It was more than a mile to the _____, but _____ scarcely stopped until _____ reached the _____ door and pulled the _____.

“Why, who is this?” exclaimed a _____ voice. “I do believe it is little _____ from the Pines. Do come in and get _____, and tell me what is wrong.”

“Oh! little _____ is very sick, and mother wants you to come at once.”

“Yes; but you must come in and _____ yourself while I get the _____ and _____, and Mrs. _____ will give you a cup of hot _____.”

_____ was very glad to come in, and by the time the _____ came back and wrapped _____ up in warm _____ and tucked him in the _____, _____ felt like a different _____.

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February Crop of Mother Goose Rhymes

The Quarrelsome Kittens

Two little kittens one stormy night,
They began to quarrel and they began to fight;
One had a mouse and the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat.
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that!"
"I will have that mouse," said the eldest son.
"You shan't have the mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down at the mat on the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

There was a Butcher

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them stript, he did them handle.

There was a cobbler mending shoes,

When they were done, he left the hoose.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a monkey climbed a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.

Sing, Sing

Sing, sing! what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string.
Do, do! what shall I do?
The cat has bit it quite in two.

I Saw a Ship a-Sailing

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And it was full of pretty things
For baby and for me.

There were sweetmeats in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain cried, "Quack, quack!"

Yeow mussent sing a' Sunday,
Beceaze it is a sin,
But yeow may sing a' Monday,
Till Sunday cums agin.

This is None of I

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a peddler whose name was Stout;
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark;
Up got the little dog and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it,
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

Puzzles, Tongue Twisters and Other Fun

Peter Piper

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

Fingers and Toes

1. WITHOUT COMMAS

Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet.
All this is true, without deceit.

2. WITH COMMAS

Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails, upon each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet.

This is the Key

This is the key of the kingdom.
In that kingdom there is a city.
In that city there is a town.
In that town there is a street.
In that street there is a lane.
In that lane there is a yard.
In that yard there is a house.
In that house there is a room.
In that room there is a bed.
On that bed there is a basket.
In that basket there are some flowers.
Flowers in the basket, basket in the bed,
bed in the room, room in the house,
house in the yard, yard in the lane,
etc., etc.

I Would if I Could

I would if I could,
If I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could, could I?
Could you without you could, could you?
Could you, could you?
Could you without you could, could you?

A Cure for Hiccups

Hickup, hickup, go away!
Come again another day;
Hickup, hickup, when I bake,
I'll give you a butter-cake.

To market, to market, to buy a plum-cake;
Back again, back again, baby is late;
To market, to market, to buy a plum-bun,
Back again, back again, market is done.

Three blind mice, see how they run!

They all run after the farmer's wife,

Who cut off their tails with a carving knife;

Did you ever see such fools in your life?

Three blind mice.

There was an old woman toss'd up in a basket

Nineteen times as high as the moon;

Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,

For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,

"O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?"

"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"

Shall I go with thee?" "Ay; by-and-by."

A farmer went trotting

Upon his grey mare;

Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

With his daughter behind him,

So rosy and fair;

Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried "Croak";

And they all tumbled down;

Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

The mare broke her knees,

And the farmer his crown;

Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

The mischievous raven

Flew laughing away;

Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

And vowed he would serve them

The same the next day;

Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

Counting Out

(Children stand round, and are counted one by one, by means of this rhyme. The child upon whom the last word falls is out, for "Hide and Seek," or any other game where a victim is required.)

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
"Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow."

Little Robin Redbreast

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree;

Up went Pussy cat and down went he.

Down came Pussy cat, and away Robin ran;

Says little Robin Redbreast: "Catch me if you can."

Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird

Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home,

Your house is on fire, your children have gone,

All but one, that lies under a stone;

Fly away, Lady-bird, ere it be gone.

Sweeping Day

There was an old woman went ever so high—

You know it? Of course you do!—

To sweep all the cobwebs from out of the sky

My dears, it is perfectly true.

And always, when Spring is coming, they say,

She rolls up her sleeves in a housewifely way,

To sweep and scrub in her big sky room;

And this is the song that she sings to her broom:

Sweep, sweep! Out and in,
How the spiders weave and spin!

Over, under, everywhere,
Cobwebs flying in the air,
Green and silver, blue and gray,
Tell the world it's sweeping day.

—Selected.

Pieces to Speak

The Minuet

*(To be recited by several girls
in colonial costumes)*

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I could not doubt it,
How she danced, my grandma
danced, long ago.
How she held her little head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
How she slowly sank and rose—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and
sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too—oh, how
funny!
Really, quite a pretty girl, long
ago.
Bless her, why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day, and yet
Grandma danced the minuet—
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarm-
ing,
Grandma says, but boys were
charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of
course—long ago.
Brave and modest, grandly shy,
What if each of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the stately minuet,
Long ago!
—O. W. Holmes.

Lost—A Little Temper

Some one lost her temper quite,
Who, I dare not say;
Lost it on her way to school—
All went wrong that day!
Strange as it may seem to you,
No one saw it go;
But it vanished like a flash—
That is all I know.
Silly sums would not come right;
Teacher, too, was cross,
All because that temper went—
Wasn't it a loss?
But when mother's arms were
stretched,
Someone to enfold,
Back the little temper came,
Just as good as gold!
—Evening News.

Tommy and the Robin

Tommy woke one wintry morn,
When snow was on the ground;
He smiled and said, "'Tis nice
in bed,
With frost and snow around."
When all at once he heard "Tap,
tap,"
Outside the window pane;
He raised his head from the pil-
low warm
And heard the tap again.

Then out of his cosy bed he
crept,
With toes so cold and bare;
He gently raised the window
blind,
And what do you think was
there?
Why a dear little red, red robin
Outside on the window sill,
And he looked so cold and hun-
gry
As he tapped the glass with
his bill.

So Tommy ran to a corner,
A biscuit he found in a tin;
He lifted the window a little,
And bold little robin hopped
in!
Then picked up the crumbs of
the biscuit,
A beautiful breakfast he
made,
And ruffled his little brown
feathers,
Then said, "Quite a long time
I've stayed."

Once more he hopped out of the
window,
And looked at the snow in the
street;
When Tommy said, "Good-bye,
dear birdie,"
The robin replied with a
"tweet";
And flew away over the house-
top
As Tommy jumped back into
bed,
Saying "This will teach me a
lesson,"
As he pulled the clothes over
his head.

While I am so warm and so
happy,
The birdies are hungry, I
know;

I'll save all the crumbs in the
future,
To feed the poor birds in the
snow. —Exchange.

Tommy

"I'll tell you what," said Tommy,
A-stroking pussy's fur;
"It must be nice to have your
clothes
All ready grown, like her.

"To never have to change them,
But just slip into bed,
Without the trouble to undress,
And rest my weary head.

"I'll tell you what," said Tommy,
Now looking at the sky,
"I do so wish that I had wings,
And then, you see, I'd fly

"High up among the cloudlets,
Almost up to the sun;—
But, there! I 'spect they'll never
grow,
Or else they'd have begun!"

"I'll tell you what," said mother,
And laughed till out of breath,
"If you had all you say you
want,
You'd frighten me to death!"
—The Teachers' Aid.

The Good Little Freddie

When little Fred was called to
bed,
He always acted right;
He kissed Mamma, and then
Papa,
And wished them all good-
night.
He made no noise, like naughty
boys,
But gently upstairs,
Directly went, when he was
sent,
And always said his prayers.

The King of France
And forty thousand men
Rode up a hill,
And then rode down again.



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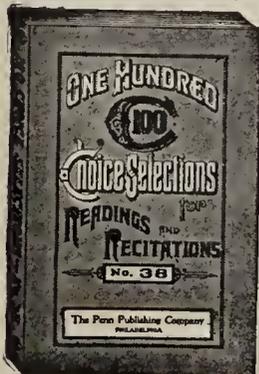
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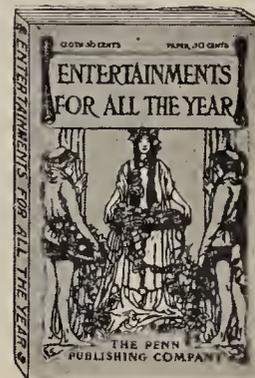
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(To be recited by a little boy as he stands before George Washington's picture)

O you, who were so strong and bold,
George Washington in the days of old,
It seems so very strange to me
That you a tiny babe could be!
That you a little boy were, too,
And all a little boy's games could do.



George Washington, I love you true;
I love you; yes, indeed, I do!
For your kind old face and honest eyes,
For lips that never told wicked lies,
For all the things you said and did,
Which in the great, great books are hid.

But, Mr. George, I'd like to know
If Papas did things in that long ago
As Papas do now to a little lad
When he has been very, very bad;
Oh! please, when you cut the tree did you catch it?
And, please, did he take away your hatchet?

Columbus and Washington

Columbus sailed across the sea
To find this land for you and me.
His cradle-boat rocked low and high,

The sea waves sang a lullaby,
God held the stars like candles bright
To guide Columbus thru the night.

And many brave men since that time
Have helped to make your home and mine.
Hurrah for heroes, great and small!
Hurrah for heroes, one and all!
We'll thank Columbus and the rest,
But love our Washington the best. —Selected.

SALUTE YOUR PUPILS. (V. R. L.)—It is a good plan to give each of your pupils a salutation on their departure at night. This may be a very slight inclination of the head and accompanied by a pleased expression of face. This costs a little time and it costs the effort to look pleased but the result is worth giving the time and the effort. I would treat the children on departure as I would had they been to my house to visit me.

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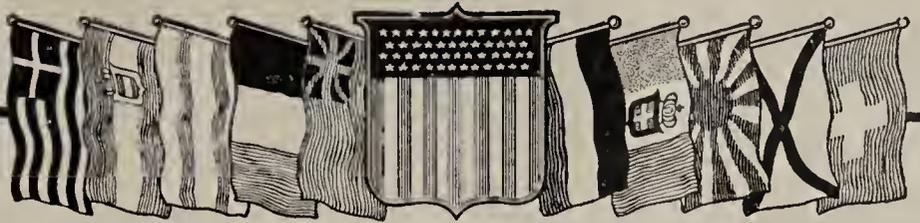
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don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread
and some milk by and by;

Or perhaps you like custard, or
maybe a tart,—
Then to either you're welcome,
with all my whole heart.

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He worked and sang from morn
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No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:
"I care for nobody; no, not I!
And nobody cares for me!"

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Very small, 'tis true,
But I love the bonnie flag,
And my country, too.
If my country calls me
I come with my rat-tat-too;
Tho' I'm a little drummer boy,
My very best I'll do.

I'm a little drummer boy,
I never went to war,
But I could play my little drum,
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VOL XXXIV

MARCH

1912

NO 7



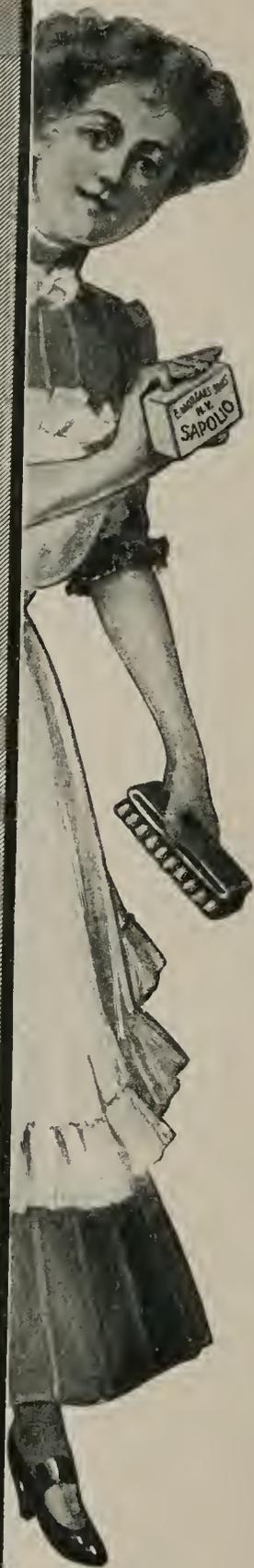
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Foreign Born White Population of the United States

A preliminary statement giving the distribution of the foreign-born white population of New York City according to country of birth, as shown by the returns of the Thirteenth Decennial Census, taken as of April 15, 1910, has been issued by Director Durand, of the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce and Labor.

The preliminary statement covers only the principal countries of birth—those, in general, for each of which at the census of 1910 upwards of 7,000 persons were reported—and the figures for 1910 are given in round numbers.

At the census of 1900 the foreign-born white population of New York City was 1,260,918, but at the last census, in 1910, it had reached a total of 1,926,900, representing an increase during the 10 years of 665,982, or 52.7 per cent.

Natives of Germany and Ireland, however, decreased in numbers, the former from 324,-

198 to 279,200, or 13.9 per cent, and the latter from 275,073 to 252,500, or 8.2 per cent. For the United States as a whole, natives of these two countries showed a decrease during the same period of 11.2 and 16.3 per cent, respectively.

Since 1900 natives of Great Britain, of whom there are now in New York City 105,800, have increased 17.3 per cent, and similarly natives of Canada and Newfoundland, of whom there are now 26,800, have increased 23.2 per cent, while natives of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, of whom there are now 65,000, have increased 43.5 per cent.

The largest increases are shown, however, for natives of Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia and Finland, the countries from which in recent years have come by far the largest proportion of all the immigrants.

In 1910 New York City contained 485,600 natives of Rus-

sia and Finland—an increase in 10 years of 301,439, or 163.7 per cent.

The city in 1910 also contained 340,400 natives of Italy—an increase since 1900 of 194,971, or 134.1 per cent, and 265,500 natives of Austria-Hungary—an increase of 143,508, or 117.6 per cent. Natives of these three countries together now constitute considerably more than half (56.6 per cent) of the entire foreign-born white population of New York City, as compared with a little more than a third (35.8 per cent) in 1900; for the United States as a whole the respective percentages are 35.3 for 1910.

Natives of Germany, Great Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia, and Canada, on the other hand, now constitute less than two-fifths (37.8 per cent) of all the foreign-born whites in New York City, as compared with fully three-fifths (60 per cent) in 1900; and for the United States as a whole the respective percentages are 56.4 for 1910 and 76.7 for 1900.



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THE OHIO PRINTING COMPANY

New Philadelphia, Ohio

TEACHERS MAGAZINE

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY AND AUGUST

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Vol. XXXIV

March, 1912

No. 7

Springtime Restlessness

Springtime is a severe test of the disciplinary ability of the teacher. The new life that is stirring out of door nature seems to have taken possession of the children. Whatever the cause may be, they are restless and fidgety. Fretting and scolding about it only puts the teacher's nerves on edge and increase the confusion. There is a better way.

To begin with, let us agree to be reasonable. It is not of the nature of healthy young people anyway to sit still for any length of time. Least of all in springtime. Watch the feathered folk and see them hop from branch to branch, suddenly darting thru space, or bursting into joyous carols. Even the trees that were wrapped in inertness all thru the wintry season are shaking off the winter lethargy, as the sap is coursing anew thru their veins and arteries. With everything about them aroused and active, how can we expect the children to contain themselves? We all know how it feels to be in an excited throng, and if we have kept our youth we feel similarly affected when we enter the spring workshop of nature. Let us be glad if the young respond to the call of the out-of-doors. They will grow sedate altogether too soon.

Classroom rules and regulations are not part of the decalog. They are merely intended to produce the sort of order necessary for carrying on the work to be done. If they create disorder, they lose their purpose. And disorder is sure to arise when the teacher attempts the impossible by trying to put a check on superabundant energy. That energy is the chief cause of the spring restlessness. Check it we cannot, if we want to keep control of the situation. Letting it squander itself in mischief would be wasteful. There are ways of utilizing it for the good of the children. Those ways are worth looking for.

If the children were manageable and, on the whole, well behaved, during the winter months, they can be trusted to want to co-operate with

the teacher thru the rest of the school year. If they appear to be becoming possessed of a contrary spirit, we may be sure the fault is ours. Change of occupation may restore the general good feeling. If the oral or written reproduction of stories does not hold the interest, we can turn to dramatization or the acting out of stories by the language class, with educational results as good and perhaps better than those of the winter procedure. If some of the children are not inclined to care much for doing sums on paper, there is the blackboard to practice on; or there may be contests, one side setting the problems and the other trying to solve them, or there may be storekeeping with buying and selling, with the attending movement and bustle. Let the drinking-water be passed around more frequently. Let us be more lenient in according permission to leave the room. Let us sing more. Let us play more.

Of course, we shall add a few minutes to the recess time. This is the reason for making most of the recess. With games and folk dances to help out, there need be no fear of boisterous shouting and tearing around. An orderly game and a rollicking outdoor dance will yield more fun than aimless moving about. A sand heap will please the littlest ones. A little thought given to recess activities will do wonders for the discipline of the school. To be sure, the disciplinary purpose must be tucked away out of sight in the teacher's head and heart. For the children play time must be play time pure and simple, with all the freedom that constitutes the soul of play. After all, the philosopher who said that man's chief occupation is play is probably right. It surely is the children's rightful occupation. Let us keep that in mind, especially in spring time. It will be good for the children and equally beneficial for us. Play is the best medicine for "that tired feeling" that takes hold of so many of us at this season. So then—come let us play with our children.

Memory Gems for March

(Saturdays and Sundays are omitted)

(1) Marks the selections for the younger children; (2) those for the more advanced pupils.

MARCH 1

- (1) March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.
- (2) There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield,
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.
—WORDSWORTH.

MARCH 4

- (1) March is merry,
March is sad,
March is gay,
And March is mad.
- (2) Nature gives to every time and season
Some beauty of its own.—DICKENS.

MARCH 5

- (1) Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I.
But when the leaves are trembling
The wind is passing by.
- (2) O March that blusters and March that
blows,
What color under your footsteps glows!
Beauty you summon from winter's snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to
the rose.

MARCH 6

- (1) Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I.
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.
- (2) It is pleasant to think, just under the
snow
That stretches so bleak and blank and
cold,
Are beauty and warmth that we cannot
know,
Green fields and leaves and blossoms
of gold.

MARCH 7

- (1) (Repeat the two stanzas of Christina
Rossetti's poem of the wind, given un-
der March 11 and 12.)
- (2) Whenever is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.—LONGFELLOW.

MARCH 8

- (1) Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
- (2) God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.—BROWNING.

MARCH 11

- (1) A little bit of blowing,
A little bit of snow,
A little bit of blowing
And crocuses will show.
- (2) This we know that, sleeping sound,
Life is waiting underground,
Till beneath the April skies
God shall bid it once more rise.
—M. E. BLAKE.

MARCH 12

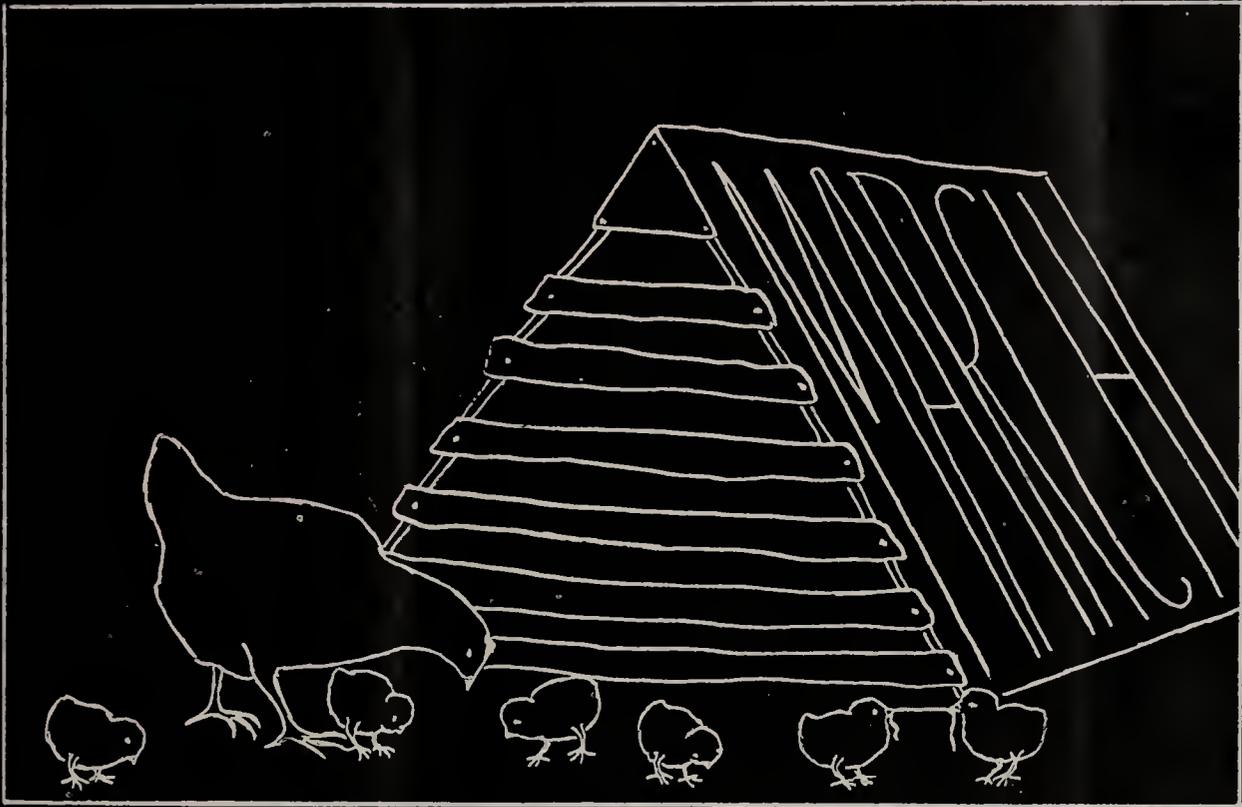
- (1) Rollicking Robin is here again.
- (2) Galloping, galloping, galloping in,
Into the world with a stir and a din,
The north wind, the east wind and west
wind together,
Inbringing, inbringing the March's wild
weather.
—C. F. WOOLSON.

MARCH 13

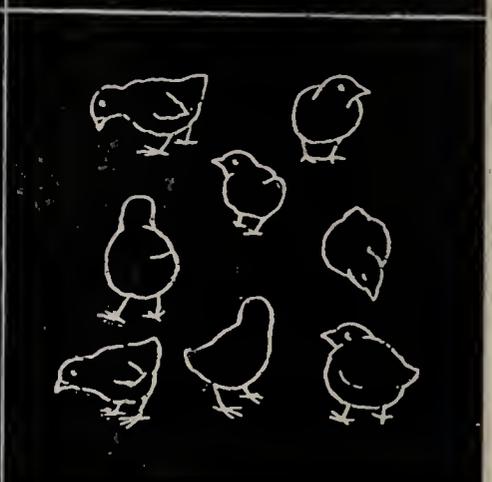
- (1) Sing, robin, sing
High up in the tree!
Sing a sweet song
For baby and me.
- (2) In March come the March winds;
They blow and blow;
They sweep the brown leaves
That green ones may grow.
—GEORGE HOUGHTON.

MARCH 14

- (1) From the elm tree's topmost bough
Hark! the robin's early song
Telling one and all that now
Merry springtime hastes along.
- (2) Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses, and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.



| | | | | | | |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 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 31 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |



MARCH 15

- (1) These are the pussy willow days
And spring is sure to follow.
- (2) Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

MARCH 18

- (1) Ho! for the stormy cold March days;
Aye! there is nothing like them!
Loud let us shout and sing their praise.
March is so proud and free.
- (2) Just before the spring's first call
Sleepy bud, so round and small,
(Rather rough your rocking, dear,)
One last lullaby you hear
'Tis the March wind singing.

MARCH 19

- (1) Snowy, blowy, wheezy, breezy,
Sweeping up the winter's snow,
Freezing, pleasing, teasing, unceasing
So do the March winds blow.
- (2) In blustering March the wild winds blow,
We think of coming spring
The pussy willow ventures out—
Brave, hardy little thing.

MARCH 20.

- (1) (Repeat the two stanzas about the March
winds under March 18 and 19.)
- (2) For now the Heavenly Father
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
And poets, too. —TENNYSON.

MARCH 21

- (1) Spring has come to make us glad,
Let us give her greeting.
- (2) Out of the fields the snowdrops peep;
To work, O land!
Awake, O Earth! from the white snow
sleep,
Shake off the coverlet, soft and deep!
Spring is at hand! —JOHN PAYNE.

MARCH 22

- (1) Winter is o'er;
Spring once more
Spreads abroad her golden store.
- (2) Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Begin their journey to the sea.
—BRYANT.

MARCH 25

- (1) Daffodils! Daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and springtime is
here.
- (2) For these Thy gifts—for earth and sky
Mingling their moods in sweet accord,
For health and for the seeing eye
I thank Thee, Lord. —HANSCOM.

MARCH 26

- (1) Snowdrop, lift your timid head,
All the world is waking;
Field and forest, brown and dead,
Into life are breaking.
- (2) March with her thousand voices
Praises God.
—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MARCH 27

- (1) Come, lift your bright faces to God's
azure skies,
Wake, flowers! we are waiting for you.
- (2) Oh, the green things growing, the green
things growing,
The faint, sweet smell of the green
things growing;
I should like to live, whether I smile or
grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green
things growing.

MARCH 28

- (1) The world is a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and
sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.
- (2) When the bluebird sang, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me. —RILEY.

MARCH 29

- (1) Come up, April, through the valley,
In your robe of beauty drest,
Come and wake your flowery children
From their wintry beds of rest!
- (2) Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs
around;
When even the deep blue heavens look
glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossom-
ing ground? —BRYANT.

Simple Dramatizations and Games

The Wind and the Sun

The Wind.—I am the wind. I am stronger than you.

The Sun.—I am the sun. I am stronger than you.

A Man.—How cold it is!

The Sun.—Do you see that man with the big coat? Let us see who can make him take his coat off.

The Wind.—All right. Watch me do it.

(Blows harder and harder.)

The Man (buttoning up his coat tighter).—It is getting colder. I must wrap the coat closer around me.

The Sun.—Now comes my turn.
(Stands before the man and smiles.)

The Man.—The sun is smiling. The coat is getting too warm for me. I must take it off.

(Takes off coat.)

The Sun.—I win.

The Wind.—You win. Your smile is stronger than my blowing.

Good Night to the Sun

1. Good-night, pretty sun, good-night!
I've watched your purple and golden light
2. While you are sinking away;
And some one has just been telling me
3. You're making o'er the shining sea
Another beautiful day;
4. That just at the time I am going to sleep
5. The children there are taking a peep
At your face,—beginning to say,
"Good-morning!" just when I say "Good-night!"
6. Now, beautiful sun, if they've told me right,
I wish you'd say good-morning, for me,
7. To all the little ones over the sea.

—SYDNEY DAYRE.

RECITATION ACTIONS

1. Motion of farewell toward sun, keep hand horizontal.
2. Let hand slowly fall to side.
3. Extend hand horizontal.
4. Pointing to self and closing eyes.
5. Opening eyes and shading them with hand.
6. Raise forefinger.
7. Arms extended toward sun.

The Carpenter: A Class Game

BY BELLE R. PARSONS

1. Sawing with hand-saw.

Ready: Position! Right foot forward—place. Make believe that right hand is grasp-

ing 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.

Saw—Down!—Up! (8 times).

Position: Pretend to rest board on desk, and, holding it firmly with left hand, saw with right; or, rest board on seat, hold it with left knee and add trunk bending to movement.

2. Planing.

Ready: Position! Right foot forward—place! Make believe that right hand is holding plane. Move arm from left to right, in front of body, elbow bent.

Order: Ready—Position!

Plane!—Left! Right! (8 times).

Position!

Desk may be used as carpenter's bench.

Pass Ball

Form a circle so that the players stand at arm's length apart. Pass the football from one to the other. The players may pass the ball either to the right or to the left, but each must pass it only to his immediate neighbor. One player stands outside the circle, and tries to get the ball as it is being passed. If he succeeds he changes places with the one who had the ball last.

The players may try to confuse the one outside the circle, by passing the ball in one direction while pretending to pass it in the opposite direction.

Whoever drops the ball or attempts to give it to any one but his immediate neighbor, changes places with the player outside the circle.

Circle Tossing Ball

The players form a circle standing about six feet apart. The football is tossed from one to the other, in any direction. One player stands in the middle and tries to catch it. If he does so, he changes places with the one who threw it last.

The players may throw the ball in a direction opposite to the one in which they pretend to throw it. They may also keep the ball while pretending to throw it.

If the ball is dropped the player in the middle tries to be the first to pick it up. If he succeeds he changes places with the one who threw it.

Folk Dances

Swedish Clap Dance

Couples form large double ring; boys, inside; girls, outside. Inner hands of partners are joined (boys' right hands with girls' left hands). Outer hands are placed on hips, arms akimbo.

PART I

Couples dance forward in polka step, keeping up the circle, beginning with outer foot. (One hop followed by two short steps.) The joined hands are swung forward and backward.

Continued for eight measures.

Repeat No. 1.

PART II

All stop. Partners face each other, releasing hands. This gives two rings. The boys forming the inner one, the girls, the outer one.

Boys fold arms over chest. Girls place hands on hips.

At 2—boys bow, girls curtesy.

At 3—all clap three times.

At 4—repeat 2.

At 5—repeat 3.

At 6—threaten with right index finger.

At 6—threaten with left index finger.

At 8—boys and girls clap right hands together once, and all make turn to left in place.

At 9—all stamp three times in place.

REPETITION

Repeat 2 to 9—this time omit threatening at 6 and 7, and instead clap first right hands and then left hands.

CONTINUATION

Boys keep their places. Girls step to left, thus taking other partners.

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system is labeled 'I' and contains measures 1 through 4. The second system is labeled 'II' and contains measures 5 through 8. The third system contains measures 9 through 12. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests. Dynamics include forte (f), mezzo-forte (mf), and piano (p). There are several accents (>) and repeat signs. Measure numbers 1 through 9 are clearly marked above the notes.

Mother Holle

A GRIMM FAIRY TALE, ARRANGED FOR DRAMATIZATION BY CAROLINE GRIFFIN

To be played as a game, without costume.

CHARACTERS:

The Mother.

Fifine, the Favorite Daughter.

Lizette, the Industrious Daughter.

Mother Holle.

The Oven.

Bread.

The Apple Tree.

Shower of Gold and Kettle of Pitch.

The Rooster.

Mother.—Lizette, go to the bench beside the road. All this you must do to-day.

The mother hands a stick—a play spindle—to Lizette, giving her a push at the same time. In silence Lizette takes her spindle and sits on the bench.

Lizette.—Oh, I have spun so much that my fingers are bleeding. My spindle is all bloody. I must go to the well and wash it, or mother will scold.

Goes to well and drops the spindle.

Oh, what shall I do? I have lost my spindle (wringing her hands) and I shall have to tell mother, and she will scold.

Runs, crying, to her mother.

Mother.—Well, what have you done now? You are always up to some mischief?

Lizette.—I dropped the spindle in the well.

Mother.—Jump in and get it out.

Lizette runs back to the well, looks down, and then jumps in—the well may be a washtub, a space between two chairs, or purely imaginary.

Lizette.—Where am I? What a beautiful garden!

Walks slowly along. Suddenly she stops when she hears a voice.

Bread.—Take me out,

Take me out,

For I'm burned black,

Just about!

Lizette pretends to take out the bread and continues her walk. She stops again as she hears another voice.

Apple Tree.—Shake my bough,
Shake my bough,
My apples are ripe,
And spoiling now!

Lizette shakes apple tree, then continues her walk till she comes to where Mother Holle is sitting. She starts to run away.

Mother Holle.—Do not be frightened, my dear! Come and stay with me and be my maid. Only be sure to shake my bed well. The feathers must fly, for then the people below will say it snows. I am Mother Holle.

Lizette.—I will try.

Lizette shakes a newspaper, containing scraps of paper to represent feathers. Then she apparently busies herself with other duties. Suddenly she stops, sighs, and goes to Mother Holle.

Lizette.—I thought I had a hard time at home, but if all my troubles were to come again, I cannot stay here. I am homesick.

Mother Holle.—You have been a good girl. I will show you the way home.

She takes Lizette by the hand, and starts to lead her along. As they pass thru the gate Shower of Gold, who is standing on a chair, throws her a lot of circles of small pieces of paper. She speaks in a sepulchral voice.

Shower of Gold.—A well-deserved reward.

As Lizette enters her own dooryard the rooster beside the well crows. Then he speaks.

Rooster.—Behold! Behold!

The Lady of Gold!

As fair as of old,

Lizette has come home again.

Lizette goes timidly to her mother, and shows her apron full of gold.

Mother.—Well, where have you been, and where did you get all this gold?

Lizette.—I have been down the well, and old Mother Holle gave it to me.

Mother.—Then Fifine shall go and get some too. Fifine!

Fifine.—Yes, mother.

Mother.—I want you to jump into the well as Lizette did. See all the gold she has brought home.

Fifine.—I am afraid.

Mother.—You will not be hurt, darling, and think of all the gold you will bring back. Kiss me at once and go.

Fifine goes slowly to the well and jumps in.

Fifine.—Where am I? What a horrid old garden!

Walks slowly along, when Bread speaks.

Bread.—Take me out,

Take me out,

For I'm burned black,

Just about!

Fifine.—Burn then, who cares?

She continues her walk.

Apple Tree.—Shake my bough,
Shake my bough,
My apples are ripe,
And spoiling now!

Fifine.—Spoil then!

She approaches Mother Holle.

Fifine.—What a horrid old witch! Mother Holle, I have come to work for you.

Mother Holle.—Be sure to shake my bed well. The feathers must fly, for then the people below will say it snows.

Fifine shakes the newspaper, but without shaking off the small pieces. She goes to Mother Holle.

Fifine.—I think I will go home now. I would like my gold.

Mother Holle.—You have been a bad girl. I will show you the way home.

She drives Fifine in front of her, shaking a stick over the girl's head threateningly. As they pass thru the gate, Kettle of Pitch throws a large black cloth over Fifine's head, then speaks.

Kettle of Pitch.—A well-deserved reward.

As Fifine enters her own dooryard the rooster crows. Then he speaks.

Rooster.—How rich! How rich!
The Lady of Pitch,
From out of the ditch,
Fifine has come home again.

Old Mother Hubbard

(REVISED BY HERSELF)

Characters.—Old Mother Hubbard, four boys, and four girls. Mother Hubbard wears a white cap and an apron; these can be made of newspapers if nothing better is at hand. She carries a stick. She stoops as she walks, and she has a decided limp. The boys and girls wear no special costumes.

First Boy.—Old Mother Hubbard—

Mother Hubbard.—Old, do you call me *old*?

First Boy.—Young Mother Hubbard—

Mother Hubbard.—That is better.

First Girl.—Young Mother Hubbard—

Mother Hubbard.—Why do you call me Mother Hubbard, me who haven't a child in the world?

First Girl.—Young Mrs. Hubbard—

Mother Hubbard.—That is better.

Second Boy.—Young Mrs. Hubbard went—

Mother Hubbard.—Why do you say *went*, when I have plenty of people to send on my errands?

Second Boy.—Young Mrs. Hubbard sent—

Mother Hubbard.—That is better.

Second Girl.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to the cupboard—

Mother Hubbard.—Why do you say *the* cupboard, when I have several cupboards?

Second Girl.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to a cupboard—

Mother Hubbard.—That is better.

Third Boy.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to a cupboard,

To get her poor dog—

Mother Hubbard.—Why do you call my dog *poor*, when he is fat?

Third Boy.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to a cupboard,

To get her fat dog—

Mother Hubbard.—That is better.

Third Girl.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to a cupboard,

To get her fat dog a bone.

Mother Hubbard.—Why do you say to get a *bone*, when I give my dog only fresh meat?

Third Girl.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to a cupboard,

To get her fat dog some meat.

Mother Hubbard.—That is better.

Fourth Boy.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to a cupboard,

To get her fat dog some meat.

When the servant got there,

The cupboard was bare—

Mother Hubbard.—You say the cupboard was *bare*, when all my closets are full?

Fourth Boy.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to a cupboard,

To get her fat dog some meat.

When the servant got there

The meat was so rare—

Mother Hubbard.—That is better.

Fourth Girl.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to a cupboard,

To get her fat dog some meat.

When the servant got there

The meat was so rare,

She reported it not fit to eat.

Mother Hubbard.—Not fit to eat? Do you suppose I would have a bit of meat in my house that was not fit to eat?

Fourth Girl.—Young Mrs. Hubbard

Sent to a cupboard,

To get her fat dog some meat.

When the servant got there,

The meat was so rare,

She brought the fat dog a sweetmeat.

Mother Hubbard.—That is better. Now you may all repeat the revised poem, together.

All repeat the rhyme as revised, while Mother Hubbard marks time with her stick.

What the Winds Bring

[Two boys and two girls stand on platform, facing the school. The first boy asks the first line of the first verse, and the school replies in the words of the last three lines. The first girl asks the first line of the second verse and the school replies, and so on.]

“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.”

—E. C. STEDMAN.

Timid Little Maidens from Japan.

Motion Song.

Words and Music by T. B. WEAVER, Prospect, O.

SOLO. *Lively.*

1 OTHERS. 2

1. { We are tim - id lit - tle maidens from Japan, (1) from Japan, (1) }
 { And each has a ve - ry pret - ty (omit.....) } lit - tle

OTHERS. SOLO.

fan, (2) lit - tle fan ; And our par - a - sols, you know, (3) Are not made for rain or snow.

Rit. OTHERS.

But we car - ry them for sun - shades, so and so, (3) so and so. (3)

8: CHORUS.

{ Oh, we are tim - id lit - tle Jap - an - ese, Jap - an - ese, (1) }
 { Our home is far a - cross the roll - ing seas, roll - ing seas. }

An Exercise for Any Number of Girls, One Acting as Leader and Soloist

Costumes: Dainty Japanese makes, each girl carrying a fan and a small Japanese parasol.

The girls enter the stage in single file, tip-toeing in with short steps, arms being held closely to the sides of body, movements airy and reserved.

Leader steps to front of stage and others line up behind her.

Motions:

- (1) Hold fan timidly to face, top of fan just beneath the eyes.
- (2) Fan vigorously.
- (3) Pretty poses with parasols.
- (4) Bow politely right and left.
- (5) Bending body in middle, step back with right foot and bow very lowly and peep over fan.

Oh! that sun - ny land is ours, With its beau - ty and its flow'rs,

Where the gen - tle o - cean breez - es fan the air, fan the air;

Where a peo - ple brave, tho' small, And po - lite and kind to' all,

Fill the world with ad - mi - ra - tion ev - 'ry-where, ev - 'ry-where.

I
Leader.—We are timid little maids from
 Japan (1),
Chorus.—From Japan;
Leader.—And each has a pretty little fan
 (2),
Chorus.—Little fan (2);
Leader.—And the parasols you know (3),
 Are not made for rain or snow,
 But we carry them for sunshades,
 so and so (3),
Chorus.—So and so (3).
All.—Oh, we are timid, little Japanese, Jap-
 anese (1),

Our home is far across the rolling seas,
 rolling seas,
 Oh, that sunny land is ours,
 With its beauty and its flowers,
 When the gentle ocean breezes fan the
 air, fan the air;
 Oh, we are timid, little Japanese (1),
 Japanese,
 Our home is far across the rolling seas,
 rolling seas,
 Where a people brave, tho small,
 Are polite and kind to all (4),
 Fill the world with admiration every-
 where, everywhere.

II

Leader.—We are timid, little maidens from
Japan (1),

Chorus.—From Japan (1);

Leader.—And each has a pretty little fan
(2),

Chorus.—Little fan (2);

Leader.—Our jinrikishas so fleet.
Take one flying thru the street,
And our dainty little luncheons are
complete,

Chorus.—Are complete.

All.—Oh, we are, etc.

III

Leader.—We are timid, little maidens from
Japan (1),

Chorus.—From Japan (1);

Leader.—And each has a pretty little fan
(2),

Chorus.—Little fan (2);

Leader.—And our kimonos we wear (5),
Made from silks and satins rare,
We believe cannot be equalled any-
where,

Chorus.—Anywhere.

All.—Oh, we are, etc.

The Frolics of the March Winds

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR

For eight children. Four of them represent real children, and the other four—two boys and two girls—are the Winds. The four Children require no costuming, but the Winds should be fixed up a little.

The North Wind is a boy, with an overcoat trimmed with white cotton batten, a cap of the batten, and some snowballs of it in his arms. He should have long streamers of white tissue paper at each shoulder, with a knot of the batten.

The East Wind is another boy, wearing a high peaked cap covered with silver paper, with streamers of the silver and of red hanging from the point. His jacket is trimmed with silver bands, he has the long streamers from his shoulders, made of silver and red, and carries



a long red pasteboard or wooden dart covered with bright red paper.

The South Wind is a girl with the streamers of yellow tissue paper, a yellow cap on her head ornamented with a bunch of artificial cherries, a necklace of corn-kernels, and some twigs of pussy-willows in her hand.

The West Wind is decorated with tissue paper or real flowers, and has the shoulder knots and streamers of soft pink and blue and yellow and lavender tissue paper. Flowers in her hair, or a tissue paper cap trimmed with a bunch of flowers.

Each one of the Winds carries a big paper megaphone in lieu of a trumpet, and if desired they may be adorned slightly by the use of cotton batten, or rain-and-lightning, or corn, or flowers, to match the costume.

The Winds adjourn to some wardroom, and the four Children advance to the front and recite all or a part of Eugene Field's poem, "What the Wind Says." After reciting, they settle down on the floor in a very sleepy attitude, and close their eyes.

Enter the Winds, at more than one entrance if possible, sounding a bugle call. They skip about lightly, singing as they circle about the four Children:

We are the winds and we travel very fast,
Upon our trumpets we blow a great blast,
We greet you all kindly as we hurry past
To warn you that your sleepy time is o'er at
last.

Halt and sound bugle call again. Children rub eyes and awake, gazing upon the Winds in astonishment. Winds shake their fingers laughingly at the Children.

Children (stand up, say together in surprise).—The Winds!

One Child.—Why, I have always thought no one could ever see the wind!

Another Child (laughing).—I have heard that *people* cannot, but that *pigs* can.

The Other Three (laughing).—I did eat a big breakfast this morning.

Another Child.—I didn't mean to be a pig, but now I guess I was.

Winds.—Well, now that you see us, what do you think of us?

The Children.—We think you are pretty fairies.

One Child.—But which is which?

Another.—And what do you do?

The Winds (singing).—

1. Do you know the winds by name,
When you hear them blowing,
In the fields or in the woods?
They are well worth knowing.

WIND SONG---NUMBER ONE

Arranged by Harriette Wilbur

German Air

We are the winds and we travel ve-ry fast, Up-on our trum-pets we blow a great blast, We greet you all kind-ly as we hur-ry past, To warn you that your sleep-y time is o'er at last.

WIND SONG---NUMBER TWO.

Arranged by Harriet Wilbur.

German Air.

Do you know the winds by name, When you hear them blow-ing, In the fields or in the woods? They are well worth know-ing.

2. Do you know their notes so sweet
When you hear them singing,
Filling all earth and sky
With their tunes so ringing?
3. Do you know their friendly deeds,
When you find them working,
Not a single helpful deed
Do you find them shirking.

Children.—Yes, let's find out all about them.
First Child (pointing to the North Wind, says slowly).—Which is the wind that brings the cold?

North Wind (using the child's real name instead of the one given here).—
The North Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North Wind begins to blow.

Second Child (pointing to the South Wind).—
Which is the wind that brings the heat?

South Wind (using the name of the child speaking).—
The South Wind, Katy, and corn will grow,
And cherries redden for you to eat,
When the South Wind begins to blow.

Third Child (to East Wind).—Which is the wind that brings the rain?

East Wind.—
The East Wind, Arty, and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the East Wind begins to blow.

Fourth Child (to the West Wind).—Which is the wind that brings the flowers?

West Wind.—
The West Wind, Bessy, and soft and low
The birdies sing in the Summer hours
When the West Wind begins to blow.

The Winds then skip about in a circle and out of the room, tooting on their trumpets the air of their first song—"We are the Winds," etc. After their exit, the four Children recite, to the school:

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it north, south, east or west—
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

The Windmill

Here on the hill
I work with a will,
To grind the children bread.
I fling my sails,
Like mighty flails,
That the workers may be fed.

With a burr and a whirr,
In a ceaseless stir,
I grind for beast and man,
Be he rich or poor,
None could do more,
For I do the best I can.

A mill that is turned or worked by the wind is called a windmill. It is usually a tower with a round top, from which a shaft sticks out. At the end of the shaft are four long arms. Large wings or sails are placed on these arms.

The wind blows against the sails, and they turn round and round. The sails turn the shaft, and the shaft turns the wheels inside the mill.

The sails turn best when the wind blows against them. As the wind sometimes blows one way and sometimes another, the top of the mill turns round.

In this way the sails catch the wind, whichever way it blows.

The top of the windmill used to be turned by hand. Most mills nowadays are made so that the wind itself will turn it round when there is a change.

When there is no wind the mill stops.

Windmills are used for grinding grain, for pumping water, and for other kinds of work.

Inside a mill which grinds corn there are two large, flat, round stones. One of the stones is fixed above the other, like one plate laid on top of another.

These stones turn round and round, when the sails turn. One stone turns to the right, the other to the left.

The grains of corn or wheat are thrown be-

tween the stones. As the stones turn, the grain is ground into flour or meal.

There are windmills with wings that turn in a circle a hundred feet across. They turn six pairs of millstones at one time.

Have you ever seen a windmill? Was it used to grind corn or to pump water?

Can you make a paper windmill? How must you hold it to have the little mill turned by the wind?

For Arbor Day

A Song for April

BY SUSIE M. BEST

April's coming! April's coming!
Hark, I hear the robin sing,
And the swallow and the catbird
And the jay are on the wing.

April's coming! April's coming!
Here's the yellow buttercup,
And the violet and cowslip
From the sod come peeping up.

April's coming! April's coming!
All the trees are gowned in green
And on every slope and hillside
Spears and spears of grass are seen.

April's coming! April's coming!
Now, behold a miracle!
With the thrill of life reviving
Earth awakes from Winter's spell.

Two Trees

A little tree, short but self-satisfied,
Glanced toward the ground, then tossed its head
and cried:
"Behold how tall I am! how far the dusty
earth!"
And boasting thus, it swayed in scornful mirth.

The tallest pine in the forest raised
Its head toward heaven, and sighed the while
it gazed:
"Alas, how small I am and the great skies how
far!
What years of space 'twixt me and yonder
star!"

MORAL

Our height depends on what we measure by:
If up from earth or downward from the sky.
—ELIZABETH R. FINLEY, in *St. Nicholas*.

A Secret

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot.
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I am withered in stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the Spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch nor a root do I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait thru the long Winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

The Whistle-Tree

The whistle-tree is growing in a green and
sunny nook,
In the low and marshy meadow where there
flows a silver brook;
You must seek it in the springtime, when its
leaves are silver-gray,
There you'll find the best of whistles almost
any sunny day.
The whistle-tree is sought for by all wise and
wary boys
When the whistles are exactly primed to give
the loudest noise.
The tree bears plenty of them, so there never
should be strife,
And all one needs to gather with is just a
pocket-knife.
Let others sing of oak and birch and all the
evergreens,
Or of the elm and maple bright, adorning coun-
try scenes;
The best and finest of them all—at least to all
the boys—
Is this same merry whistle-tree that grows a
crop of noise.

Then hurrah for the meadow!
Hurrah for the tree!
And hurrah for the whistles
Growing there for you and me!
—A. W. M., in *The Youth's Companion*.

Stories and Recitations With Actions

A March Gymnastic Story

"This morning," said the teacher, "we will play schoolroom 'Hare and Hounds.' Here are some old newspapers. Tear the paper into bits, for the hares to drop, and the hounds to pick up."

The pupils tear the paper into bits.

"Now," said the teacher, "we will choose sides. Half of you will be hares, the other half hounds. Helen and Walter may be the two captains and choose."

The class is divided into two sections by the counting out rhyme,

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven.
All good children go to heaven,
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven."

"Helen's side," said the teacher, "may be hares first. Walter's side will be hounds. The hares will scatter the bits of paper all over the floor, for the hounds to pick up."

The papers are scattered about, naturally greatly to the children's delight.

"Hares, be seated," said the teacher. "The hounds are to pick the papers up. I will time you with my watch."

The hounds scramble. In their efforts to reach about, picking up the papers as quickly as possible, they will bring almost every muscle in the body into play.

"Three minutes and a half," said the teacher, as the last piece of paper disappeared from the floor. "Each hound hand his papers to a hare, and be seated. Rest a minute.

"Walter's side will be hares this time. Scatter the papers again."

The hares scatter the paper.

"Now the hounds, Helen's side, may pick them up. Don't let the other side win; they will, unless you have the papers all picked up in less than three minutes and a half."

The hounds scramble.

"You have lost," said the teacher, when the last piece was picked up. "You have been four minutes. Shall we play again to-morrow, with the same sides?"

"Yes," shouted all the pupils.

"Then get to work at once on your arithmetic, so we can spare the time for our gymnastic game to-morrow."

The Changed Fairies

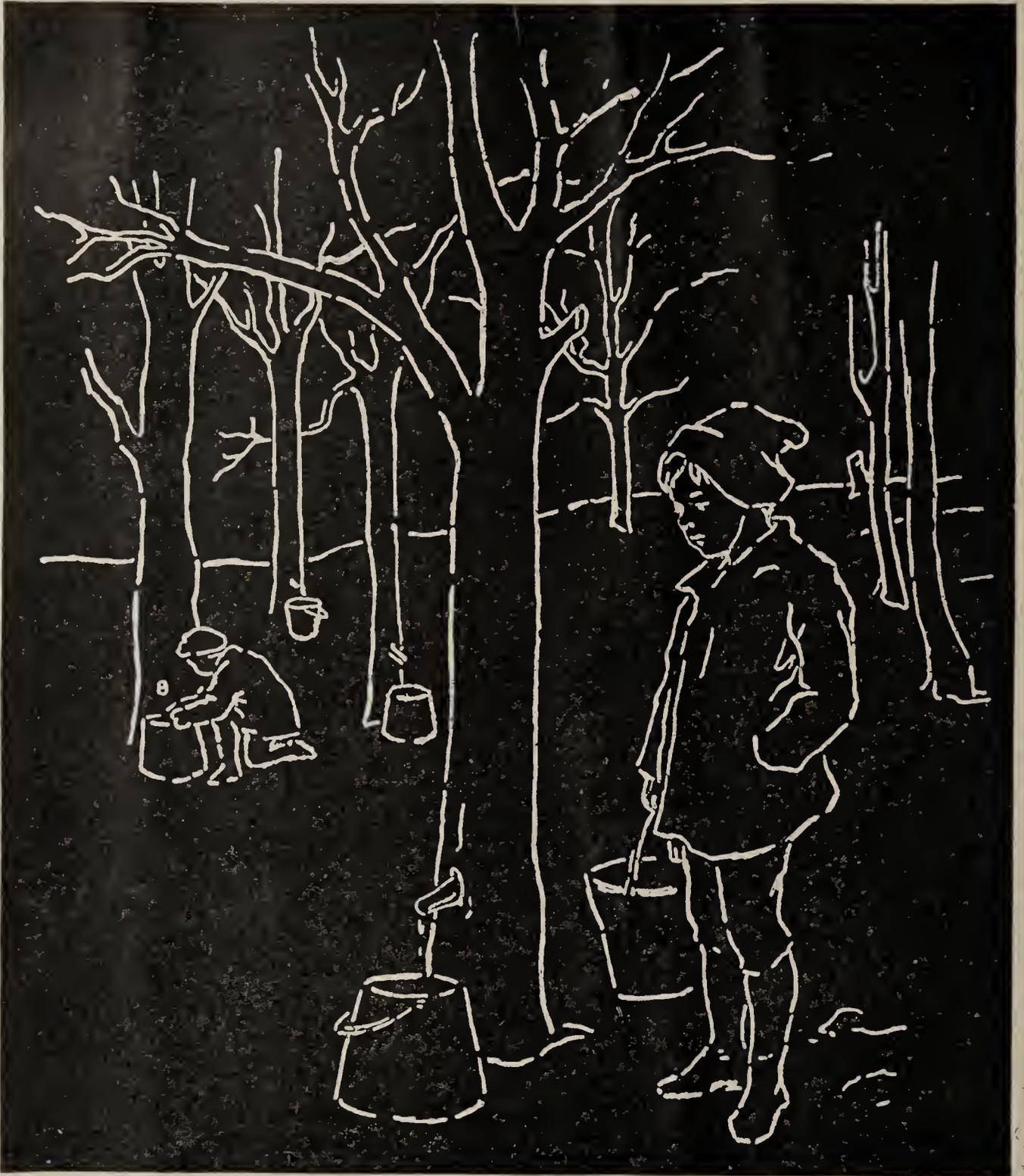
1. They danced over meadows,
They danced thru the woods,
The gay little fairies,
With downsy white hoods;
2. They lit on the hedges,
And clung to the trees,
3. And peeped into the windows
Without "If you please."
4. High up in the air
They went sailing along,
And the children who watched
5. Sent up a glad song:
So to kiss rosy faces
6. They fluttered below,
While the children all cried,
7. Welcome, beautiful snow!"

- In gray little cloaks,
And in dull little hoods,
8. Other fairies gave chase
Thru the meadows and woods.
 9. They slapped at the windows,—
Not very polite,
 10. And the lovely white fairies
All melted from sight!
 11. On dear little faces,
Upturned to the sky,
 12. Came splashes like teardrops
From each little eye;
And sad little voices
Were heard to complain,
 13. "The beautiful snow
Has just all turned to rain."

—S. M. WALSH.

RECITATION ACTIONS

1. Fingers moving lightly over desks.
2. Horizontal movements of both hands.
3. Movement of head as if peeping.
4. Hands raised as high as possible with horizontal movement.
5. Faces uplifted, as in song.
6. Downward, horizontal movement of hands.
7. Outstretched arms, palms uppermost.
8. Like motion 1.
9. Strike desks with hands.
10. Movement of hands away from body.
11. Looking up sorrowfully.
12. Touching cheeks with forefingers.
13. Speak sadly.



B. B. Sketch of Maple Sugar Time. By Margaret Ely Webb

March

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pin-
ion'd day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter
holds her sway:
Go back thou dove of peace, with the myrtle
on thy wing;
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the
world is ripe for Spring.

—HORACE SMITH.

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.

Maple Sugar Making

March has scarcely begun, when the boys who live in Vermont, New Hampshire, Ohio and the other sections of the country where sugar maples grow, begin to watch for the first signs of sap. Probably before the end of the month, certainly not later than the first week in April, they find at the ends of twigs which they have broken on the limbs of the sugar maples drops of sweet sap.

Then the fun begins—or rather, fun for the boys, hard work for their fathers.

The metal sap spiles and the sap pails are brought from the garret. Into the side of each sugar maple tree a hole is bored about four inches deep. A sap spile is driven into the hole, a pail hung on the spile, and the sap is left to run as fast or as slowly as it will. Sap runs best when there is a frost at night, and yet the air is warm enough in the middle of the day so that the ground thaws a little.

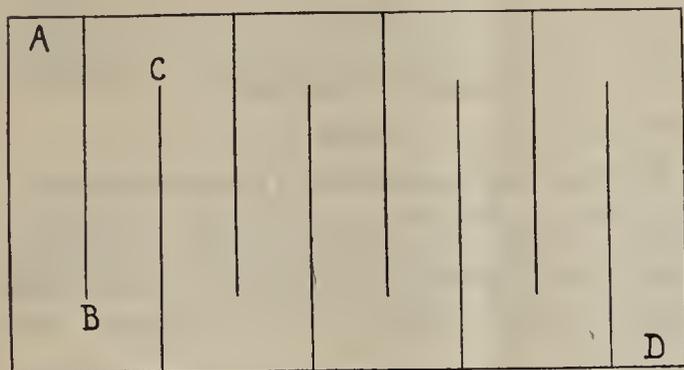
The sap is gathered twice a day, when it is running well. What is known as the "first run," that is, the first sap gathered after the trees have been bored, is the sweetest and makes the best sugar.

To gather the sap, a barrel, or several barrels, is placed on a sled if there is snow on the ground, on a wagon if the ground is bare. The sap is poured from the pails into the barrels, and thence is carried to the saphouse.

The saphouse is usually a plain, one-story building, placed in the woods as near the center of the maple grove as possible. From the barrels the sap is poured into a tank at one side of the saphouse.

A small tube from the bottom of the tank allows the sap to fall, in a tiny stream, from the tank into one end of a large, flat pan in which the sap is boiled.

The sap-pan is arranged like this:



Sap-Pan

The sap runs into the pan at A. It passes slowly from thence to B, and so into the second section of the pan. From there it runs to C, and so it goes back and forth, pushed by the sap behind it, until it reaches D. The pan is slanted a little, so the sap will be certain to run

along the pan as it should. Under the pan is a fire, kept burning in a sort of brick stove, whenever the sap is flowing the length of the pan.

The sap goes in at A, as thin as water. It is dipped out at D, maple syrup. The heat over which it flows so slowly drives off some of the moisture into the air, so "boiling the sap down" to syrup.

To make maple sugar, the syrup is put into a kettle and is boiled down still more, until a bit of it dropped into cold water turns to sugar. Then it is poured into scalloped pans, and left to cool. It cools into the hard cakes of maple sugar which we buy at the grocer's.

A MAPLE SUGAR PARTY

Did you ever go to a maple sugar party? The party is usually held out-of-doors, near the sugar-house, most commonly on a bright moonlight night. The guests all wear their warmest wraps, for a maple sugar party is apt to be a cool affair.

Every guest is given a pan of snow, with the snow packed down hard. A pan of pickles stands conveniently near. Hot maple syrup, thick enough to harden to sugar, is brought to the guests in pitchers, and is poured on the cold snow. As it hardens, the guest winds up the cooling sugar on a fork, and eats it. If you have never tried it, you can only imagine how delicious maple sugar on snow is.

After a guest has eaten all the sweet sugar he can swallow, he eats a pickle. Then he tries sugar again. And so he alternates between sugar and pickles, until he feels that he does not care to eat anything, either sweet or sour, again for a week.

USES OF MAPLE SUGAR

The sap runs in the spring, sometimes two or more weeks, sometimes only a few days. A warm spell will stop it in a day. Last spring was an unusually good year for syrup and sugar-making.

The maple syrup is sold in gallon cans. It costs from twenty to twenty-five cents a quart at the farm.

Maple sugar is sold by the pound, and is usually made into small cakes weighing from a quarter to a third of a pound each.

In the olden times, when our ancestors first came to this country, maple sugar was all the sweetening they had, except loaf sugar, which was brought from Europe. As all the loaf sugar had to be brought in sailing vessels, it was very expensive, and there was not a great deal of it. Most farmers used maple sugar entirely.

To-day maple sugar costs much more than cane sugar. We consider griddle cakes with maple syrup a real luxury, do we not?

Home Geography

BY EMILIE V. JACOBS, Supervising Principal, Philadelphia

Introduction

For the Third Year

Geographical knowledge should progress from the known to the unknown, from the familiar to the unfamiliar. The world is the home of mankind. We can best understand the larger world by a preliminary consideration of our own small, intimate home. We, therefore, begin the study of geography with an account of the child's immediate environment. The school stands for the common home of the class. From the school we gradually widen out our teaching to include the surrounding streets and buildings, and finally the whole city.

We study the various types of people met with in our city, and the industries in which they engage in their efforts to obtain the three main necessities of human life, food, clothing and shelter. The animals and plants, sharing the world with man and contributing to his sustenance, next focus our attention.

The home city has peculiar physiographical features distinguishing it from other cities and influencing the life of its inhabitants. The land and water divisions in the immediate environment are studied as types, while those not closely related to our home are reserved for consideration as each one occurs in its local geographical place in the course of study.

We must understand direction in order to conveniently locate the streets, buildings, and physiographical features near our home. Finally, we will try to realize the great size of the earth, of which our home is but a small portion, by a consideration of the relationship of our city to the rest of the world, and some of this world's great diversities.

| Topics | Number of Lessons |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------|
| I. The School | 7 |
| II. The Streets | 4 |
| III. The Buildings. | |
| IV. The City as a Whole | 3 |
| V. The People | 3 |
| VI. The Industries | 5 |
| VII. The Animals and Plants | 11 |
| VIII. Transportation and Communication | 5 |
| IX. The Physiography of the City | 7 |
| X. Diction | 15 |
| XI. The Earth as a Whole | 13 |

—
80

I. THE SCHOOL

1. The outside.
2. The inside.

LESSON I

The outside of the school. (Describe it from memory.)

What can be seen from each street upon which the school stands.

(a) Building.

1. Parts: Walls, windows, roof, chimneys, doors, fire-escape, decorations and inscription.

2. Materials: Stone, slate, wood, glass, iron, steel. (Have specimens.)

(b) Playground.

1. Parts: Yard, lawn, fences, gates, flagpole, flag, apparatus, hydrants, drinking troughs.

2. Materials: Cements, grass, iron, wood.

LESSON II

The outside of the school. (Outside lesson.)

View each side of schoolhouse.

Note parts in regards to number, size, position, shape, color, materials.

LESSON III

Parts of school reviewed as plan is gradually drawn on the board by the teacher.

Having directed pupils' observation in Lesson II, review the subject and note these points. In order to do this, gradually draw the plan of the school and lot on blackboard, questioning for each part, as to location and material.

LESSON IV

Pupils draw on papers, while teacher draws on board, the plan of the school and lot. Collect drawings and have it drawn from memory for home exercise.

LESSON V

Plan to be drawn by pupils in notebooks, while teacher draws it on board.

LESSON VI

The inside of the school. (From memory.)

1. Parts: Doorways, corridors, stairways, stories, floors, ceilings, classrooms, cloakrooms, other rooms, windows, chandeliers, sinks, decorations, blackboards, desks, radiators, transoms, etc.

2. Materials: Wood, iron, steel, glass, plaster, rubber, slate.

LESSON VII

Having directed the pupils in Lesson V to notice uncertain points, review the description of the inside of the school, emphasizing the doubtful points.

THE CHILD WORLD

Supplementary Reading for Primary Grades

Jacob's Flight*

Rebekah was terribly frightened when she found that Esau was planning to kill her darling son. She sent for Jacob at once and said to him, "Listen, my dear boy. Your brother Esau wants to kill you. Now therefore make haste and flee. Go to my brother Laban in Mesopotamia. There stay until your brother's fury has passed and he has forgotten what you did to him. I will let you know when it is safe to come back."

The blind old father wondered greatly that Jacob decided so suddenly to go away. But Rebekah told him that she wished to send the young man to Mesopotamia to find a wife. "There are no maidens in our country suitable for him," she said.

Father Isaac made no objection. So Jacob stole quietly away as soon as he could get ready. He had a few clothes in a bag on his back. In his hand he carried a staff.

It made him feel very sad to start off in this way, all alone. Away from home! Away from his father and mother out into the wide world! But after all it was his own fault. So it usually is when people do wrong. If trouble comes as a result they must be angry only with themselves.

After Jacob had been walking for a long time the sun set and darkness came on. There was no house anywhere around. Jacob had to sleep on the bare ground. He took a large stone and put it under his head. Trouble again you see! At home he would have had a soft, comfortable bed to sleep in.

He was so very tired that he soon fell asleep. He dreamed, and in his dream he saw a ladder standing on the earth, but so tall that the top reached to heaven. On one side angels were coming down to earth. On the other side angels were climbing to heaven.

God was standing at the top of the ladder and he said to Jacob, "I am the Lord, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac. The land on which thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy children. And thy descendants shall be as many as the dust of the earth; they shall spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south.

*All rights reserved by C. S. Griffin.

And in thee and thy descendants shall all the families of the earth be blessed. I am with thee and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest, and I will bring thee again to this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done what I have promised."

God had said almost the same words to someone else. Do you know who it was?

When Jacob awoke from his sleep the ladder and angels had disappeared. But Jacob said, "Now I know that God is everywhere. I thought before that he was only in the land where my father and mother live."

Jacob arose early in the morning and set up the stone on which he had slept, for a pillar, and he poured oil on the top of it. Then he vowed a vow, saying, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and clothing to wear, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God. This stone, which I have set up for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that he shall give me I will surely give a tenth to him."

Then Jacob hung his bag over his back, took his staff in his hand, and started off once more on his journey. In good time he came to the land of his Uncle Laban.

Jacob and His Uncle

As Jacob came near the city where his uncle lived he looked about him with great interest. There was a field on one side which he must pass. As he looked, he saw a well with three flocks of sheep sitting beside it. Over the top of the well a heavy stone was rolled. When the sheep were thirsty the stone was pushed off the top for the water to be drawn up. As soon as they were through drinking it was rolled in place again, so that none of the sheep should fall in.

Jacob said to the keepers of the sheep, "Where do you come from?"

"From Haran," they replied.

"Do you know a man called Laban?" he asked.

"Yes, we know him," was the answer.

And he asked them, "Is it well with him?"

"Yes, it is well," they said, "and that is Rachel, his daughter, coming with her sheep."

"It is still bright daylight," continued Jacob, "why do you not water the sheep and take them to the pastures?"

“We cannot,” was the reply, “until all the flocks are together here and they roll away the stone from the mouth of the well; then we water the sheep.”

While Jacob was talking with the keepers Rachel came up. She was driving her father's sheep, for she took care of them.

When he saw his cousin Rachel, Jacob stepped forward and rolled away the stone, and watered her sheep. Then he kissed Rachel, and told her, weeping, how he had been compelled to leave his home and his country to escape the wrath of his brother, and how his mother has sent him to Haran to his Uncle Laban. He said that he was Rebekah's son.

Rachel ran ahead and told her father that Rebekah's son was coming. Laban hastened out to meet Jacob, and embracing him and kissing him, he led him to the house.

Jacob Marries

Laban was not a very rich man. Yet he owned several flocks of sheep. Jacob was anxious to help his uncle by watching some of the sheep.

Now, Laban had two daughters. Rachel, the younger, was as beautiful as she was good. She pleased Jacob when he first saw her driving her sheep to the well. By the time he had been with his uncle a month, he had learned to love her very much.

Leah, the older daughter, was also kind in heart. But she was neither so pretty nor so sweet as Rachel.

Jacob tended the sheep well. Laban was so pleased with the way he cared for the flocks that he said to his nephew one day, “Jacob, I do not want you to take care of the sheep without reward. Tell me, what would you like in return?”

“I will tend your sheep for seven years,” Jacob replied, “if you will then give me Rachel to be my wife.”

“Yes,” said Laban, “you shall marry Rachel if you will remain and care for my sheep.”

Seven years is a long time to wait. But the time passed quickly to Jacob. That was because he loved Rachel. When they were ended he said to Laban, “Now give me my dear Rachel.”

After all the seven years of service, Laban did not keep his word. “No,” he said, “Rachel cannot yet become your wife, for it is not proper that the younger daughter should be married before her sister. The older must marry first. I will give you Leah for your wife. If you wish to

have Rachel also you must tend my sheep for seven years more. Then Rachel also shall be yours."

It was wrong of Laban not to stand by what he had promised. But what could Jacob do? He wanted Rachel so much that he could only agree to serve his uncle for another seven years.

When the years were ended the second time, Rachel became his wife also. So Jacob had two wives, but he always loved Rachel best.

God gave children to both wives. Leah had ten sons and Rachel two sons. The names of Rachel's sons were Joseph and Benjamin.

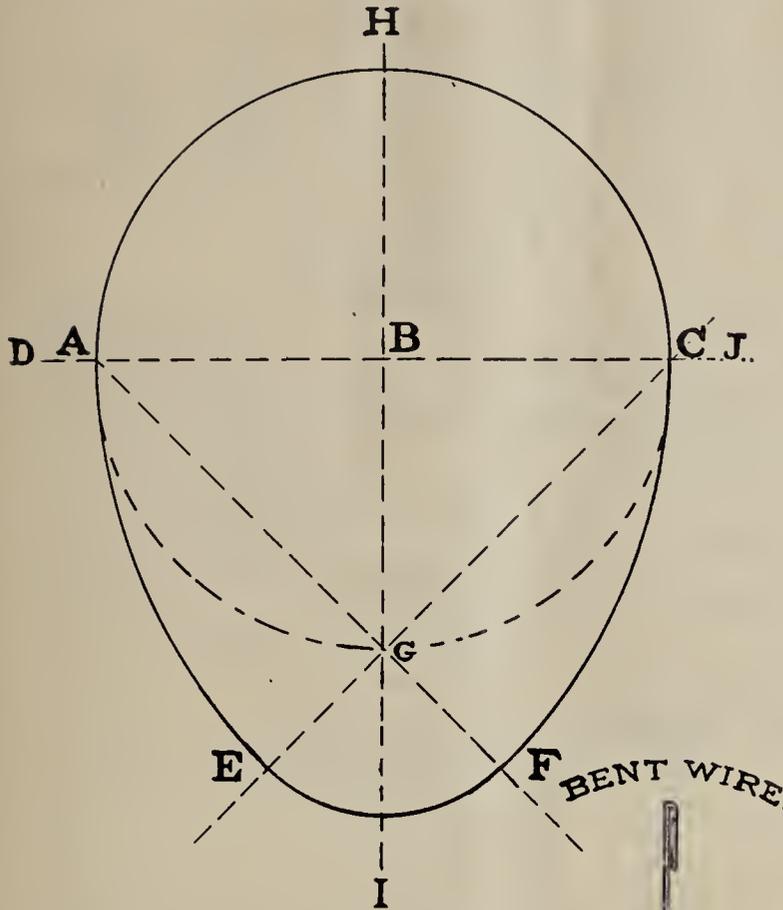
Suggestions For March Paper Cuttings

BY F. G. SANDERS, CANADA



An Easter Card or Booklet

BY U. G. WILSON



Use fairly stiff paper. Draw horizontal line *DJ*. Cross at right angles by vertical line *HI*. From *B* as center describe a circle, crossing the horizontal line at *A* and *C*, and the vertical line at *G*.

Draw a line from *A* thru *G* and another line from *C* thru *G*.

Place point on *C* and extend compasses to *A*. Now, with *C* as center, describe an arc from *A* to the point (*E*) where it touches the line drawn from *C* thru *G*. This gives the arc *AE*.

With the same radius describe arc, with *A* as center, from *C* to the line drawn from *A* thru *G*. This gives the arc *CF*.

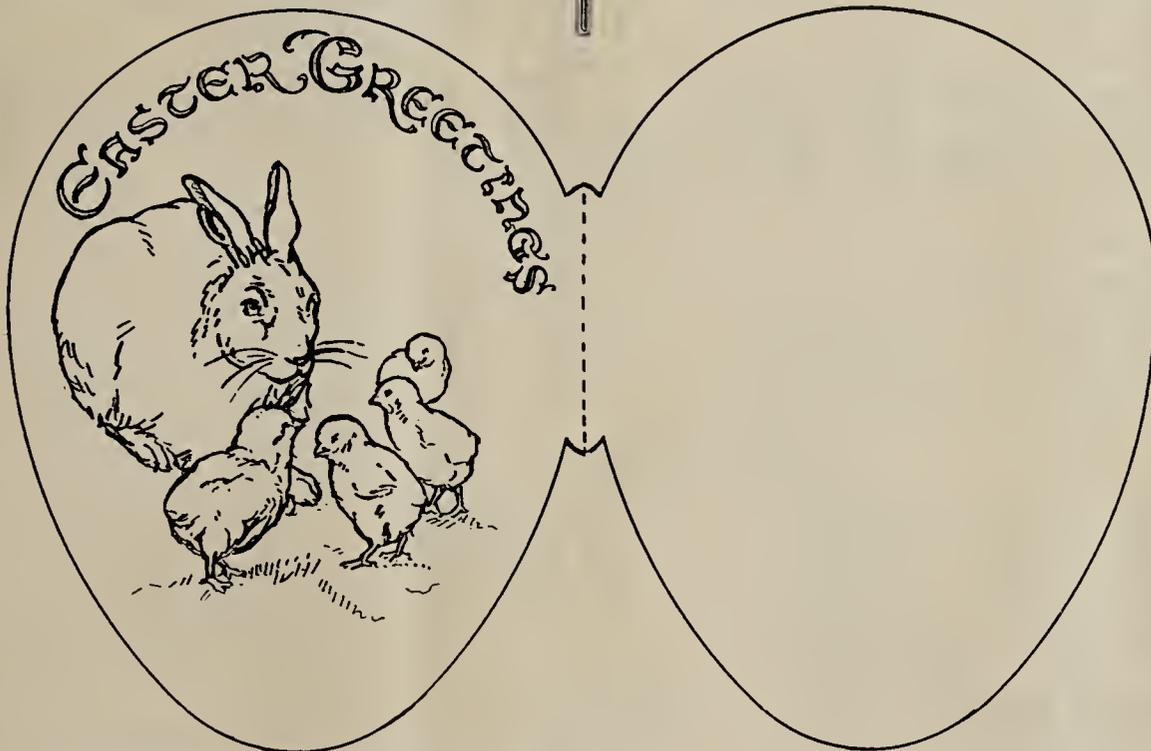
With *G* as center describe arc from *E* to *F*. Now cut out the oval, as indicated in the continued line of the model shown on this page.

Place the oval on paper to be used for cover of booklet and trace around it. Repeat beside the first oval, leaving a little space for the dividing back, as shown in the illustration.

The cover may be cut from any tinted or white board.

Shade the rabbit with any neutral tint, and the chicks with yellow, using a neutral tint for shadows.

Use any light colored paper for pages. Bind with a piece of wire, such as is used to hold the pages of a magazine together.



Story for Dictation

[Third to Sixth Years]

POSTING A LETTER

A servant was sent to post a letter. On her return she was met by her master, who asked if she had posted it rightly.

"Yes, sir; but I had the letter weighed first, and, as it was double weight, I put on another stamp."

"I hope you did not put it on so as to hide any part of the address?"

"Oh, no!" replied the servant; "I just put it on the top of the other stamp to save room."

First Year Plans for Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Examples in Addition:

1. Three and 6 and 4 are how many?
2. Four and 5 and 7 are how many?
3. Five and 6 and 2 are how many?
4. Six and 4 and 5 are how many?
5. Seven and 3 and 5 and 2 are how many?
6. Eight and 2 and 3 and 4 are how many?
7. Nine and 2 and 4 and 3 are how many?
8. Two and 9 and 5 and 4 are how many?
9. Three and 9 and 5 and 4 are how many?

TUESDAY

Subtraction:

1. Tom had 4 cents and gave 1 to Frank; how many had he left?
2. One from 5 leaves how many? From 6? 7? 8? 9? 10?
3. John had 4 cents and gave his sister 2; how many had he left?
4. James had 5 apples and gave his brother 2; how many had he left?
5. Two from 5 leaves how many?
6. Two from 6 leaves how many? From 7? 8? 9? 10? 11?
7. Jack had 5 cents and lost 3; how many had he left?
8. Three from 6 leaves how many? From 7? 8? 9? 10? 11? 12?

WEDNESDAY

Count by fives, from 1 to 200. Write all the numbers ending in 0, from 0 to 200. Add 3 to each of the following numbers: 35, 45, 65, 21, 31, 82, 10, 20, 30.

THURSDAY

Addition:

| | | |
|-------------|-------------|--------------|
| $1 + 5 = ?$ | $6 + 5 = ?$ | $10 + 5 = ?$ |
| $2 + 5 = ?$ | $7 + 5 = ?$ | $11 + 5 = ?$ |
| $3 + 5 = ?$ | $8 + 5 = ?$ | $12 + 5 = ?$ |
| $4 + 5 = ?$ | $9 + 5 = ?$ | |

FRIDAY

Subtraction:

| | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| $5 - 5 = ?$ | $10 - 5 = ?$ | $15 - 5 = ?$ |
| $6 - 5 = ?$ | $11 - 5 = ?$ | $16 - 5 = ?$ |
| $7 - 5 = ?$ | $12 - 5 = ?$ | $17 - 5 = ?$ |
| $8 - 5 = ?$ | $13 - 5 = ?$ | $18 - 5 = ?$ |
| $9 - 5 = ?$ | $14 - 5 = ?$ | $19 - 5 = ?$ |
| | | $20 - 5 = ?$ |

Second Week

MONDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 4 | 14 | 24 | 34 | 44 | 54 |
| +5 | +5 | +5 | +5 | +5 | +5 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 64 | 74 | 84 | 94 | | |
| +5 | +5 | +5 | +5 | | |
| — | — | — | — | | |

TUESDAY

Subtraction:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 13 | 23 | 33 | 43 | 53 | 63 |
| -5 | -5 | -5 | -5 | -5 | -5 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 73 | 83 | 93 | | | |
| -5 | -5 | -5 | | | |
| — | — | — | | | |

WEDNESDAY

Addition:

1. Four and 8 and 3 and 5 and 2 and 6 are how many?
2. Three and 4 and 2 and 1 and 2 and 5 are how many?
3. $6 - 2 + 4 - 1 - 2 + 3 = ?$
4. Five and 2 and 3 and 1 and 1 and 1 are how many?
5. Ten minus 1 minus 1 minus 1 minus 1 minus 1 are how many?
6. $10 - 1 - 2 - 1 - 2 - 1 = ?$

THURSDAY

Subtraction:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 19 | 29 | 39 | 49 | 59 | 69 |
| -5 | -5 | -5 | -5 | -5 | -5 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — |
| 79 | 89 | 99 | | | |
| -5 | -5 | -5 | | | |
| — | — | — | | | |

FRIDAY

Write five number stories, using 5.

Third Week

MONDAY

Write all the numbers ending in 6, from 6 to 60.

Addition:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| 2 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

TUESDAY

Addition:

| | |
|-------------|--------------|
| $6 + 1 = ?$ | $6 + 6 = ?$ |
| $6 + 2 = ?$ | $6 + 7 = ?$ |
| $6 + 3 = ?$ | $6 + 8 = ?$ |
| $6 + 4 = ?$ | $6 + 9 = ?$ |
| $6 + 5 = ?$ | $6 + 10 = ?$ |

WEDNESDAY

Subtraction:

| | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| $6 - 6 = ?$ | $9 - 6 = ?$ | $13 - 6 = ?$ |
| $7 - 6 = ?$ | $10 - 6 = ?$ | $14 - 6 = ?$ |
| $8 - 6 = ?$ | $11 - 6 = ?$ | $15 - 6 = ?$ |
| | $12 - 6 = ?$ | $16 - 6 = ?$ |

THURSDAY

How long is your reading book? How wide is it?

How long is your hand? How long is your thumb? How long is your little finger?

FRIDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 11 | 21 | 31 | 41 | 51 | 61 |
| +6 | +6 | +6 | +6 | +6 | +6 |
| 71 | 81 | 91 | | | |
| +6 | +6 | +6 | | | |
| | | | | | |

Addition:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 12 | 22 | 32 | 42 | 52 | 62 |
| +6 | +6 | +6 | +6 | +6 | +6 |
| 72 | 82 | 92 | | | |
| +6 | +6 | +6 | | | |
| | | | | | |

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Subtraction:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 17 | 27 | 37 | 47 | 57 | 67 |
| -6 | -6 | -6 | -6 | -6 | -6 |
| 77 | 87 | 97 | | | |
| -6 | -6 | -6 | | | |
| | | | | | |

WEDNESDAY

Play buzz, using six for "buzz."

Subtraction:

| | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 18 | 28 | 38 | 48 | 58 | 68 |
| -6 | -6 | -6 | -6 | -6 | -6 |
| 78 | 88 | 98 | | | |
| -6 | -6 | -6 | | | |
| | | | | | |

TUESDAY
Count by sixes, from 6 to 60.

THURSDAY
Play grocery store, using toy money, and making change up to \$1.00.

FRIDAY
Write five number stories, using six.

Second Year Number Work

First Week

MONDAY
Count by sixes, from 6 to 60.
Multiplication:

| | | |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| $6 \times 1 = ?$ | $6 \times 4 = ?$ | $7 \times 6 = ?$ |
| $1 \times 6 = ?$ | $4 \times 6 = ?$ | $8 \times 6 = ?$ |
| $6 \times 2 = ?$ | $6 \times 5 = ?$ | $6 \times 8 = ?$ |
| $2 \times 6 = ?$ | $5 \times 6 = ?$ | $6 \times 9 = ?$ |
| $6 \times 3 = ?$ | $6 \times 6 = ?$ | $9 \times 6 = ?$ |
| $3 \times 6 = ?$ | $6 \times 7 = ?$ | $6 \times 10 = ?$ |
| | | $10 \times 6 = ?$ |

Division:

| | | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| $6 \overline{)666}$ | $6 \overline{)126}$ | $6 \overline{)186}$ | $6 \overline{)246}$ | $6 \overline{)306}$ |
|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|

TUESDAY

Division:

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| $6 \div 1 = ?$ | $36 \div 6 = ?$ |
| $6 \div 6 = ?$ | $42 \div 6 = ?$ |
| $12 \div 6 = ?$ | $48 \div 6 = ?$ |
| $18 \div 6 = ?$ | $54 \div 6 = ?$ |
| $24 \div 6 = ?$ | $60 \div 6 = ?$ |
| $30 \div 6 = ?$ | |

FRIDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 6 | 7 |
| 1 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| 4 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 2 | 6 | 7 |
| 6 | 4 | 5 | 2 | 8 | 6 | 6 |
| 2 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 7 | 4 | 1 |
| 3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 1 |
| | | | | | | |

WEDNESDAY

General Examples:

| |
|---------------------------------|
| $6 + 6 + 6 + 6 + 6 = ?$ |
| $30 - 6 - 6 + 6 \div 2 = ?$ |
| $24 - 6 - 6 - 6 \times 2 = ?$ |
| $6 \times 6 \div 6 \div 6 = ?$ |
| $24 \div 2 \div 6 = ?$ |
| $1 \times 6 + 6 + 6 \div 6 = ?$ |

Second Week

MONDAY
Add 6 to each of the following numbers:
80, 71, 63, 52, 34, 81, 22, 44, 93, 42, 84, 15, 94, 83.

Addition:

| | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 123 | 423 | 331 | 123 |
| 654 | 361 | 213 | 624 |
| 324 | 542 | 112 | 214 |
| 241 | 221 | 212 | 262 |
| 634 | 122 | 263 | 411 |
| 212 | 425 | 513 | 127 |
| 416 | 121 | 121 | 524 |
| 422 | 264 | 545 | 162 |
| | | | |

THURSDAY

Multiplication:

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 110 | 211 | 100 | 210 | 211 |
| 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| | | | | |

TUESDAY

1. If the long hand of the clock points to seven and the short hand to three, what time is it?
2. If both hands point to three, what time is it?

3. If school opens at nine o'clock, how long is it from that time until recess, at ten forty-five?

Write two clock problems.

WEDNESDAY

Play grocery store, using toy money.

THURSDAY

Measure the distance around a desk. How far around all the desks in the room?

FRIDAY

Have a number match, choosing sides, and reviewing addition, subtraction, multiplication and division tables.

Third Week

MONDAY

Count by sevens from 7 to 70.

Multiplication:

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| $7 \times 1 = ?$ | $3 \times 7 = ?$ | $7 \times 5 = ?$ |
| $1 \times 7 = ?$ | $7 \times 4 = ?$ | $5 \times 7 = ?$ |
| $7 \times 2 = ?$ | $4 \times 7 = ?$ | $7 \times 6 = ?$ |
| $2 \times 7 = ?$ | | $6 \times 7 = ?$ |
| $7 \times 3 = ?$ | | $9 \times 7 = ?$ |
| | | $7 \times 8 = ?$ |
| | | $8 \times 7 = ?$ |
| | | $7 \times 9 = ?$ |
| | | $10 \times 7 = ?$ |
| | | $7 \times 10 = ?$ |

TUESDAY

Division:

- | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| $7 \div 1 = ?$ | $21 \div 7 = ?$ | $49 \div 7 = ?$ |
| $7 \div 7 = ?$ | $28 \div 7 = ?$ | $56 \div 7 = ?$ |
| $14 \div 7 = ?$ | $35 \div 7 = ?$ | $63 \div 7 = ?$ |
| | $42 \div 7 = ?$ | $70 \div 7 = ?$ |

WEDNESDAY

Add 7 to each of the following numbers: 61, 42, 83, 70, 81, 43, 92, 63, 54, 32, 12.

General Examples:

- $7 + 7 + 7 + 7 + 7 = ?$
 $35 - 7 - 7 + 7 = ?$
 $28 - 7 - 7 - 7 \times 2 = ?$

THURSDAY

Multiplication:

- | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| $\begin{array}{r} 110 \\ 7 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 100 \\ 7 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 211 \\ 7 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 210 \\ 7 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 311 \\ 7 \\ \hline \end{array}$ |
|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|

Division:

- | | | | | |
|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| $\begin{array}{r} 7)777 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 7)700 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 7)140 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 7)210 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 7)217 \\ \hline \end{array}$ |
|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|

FRIDAY

Measure, out of doors.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Add 7 to each of the following numbers: 80, 71, 63, 52, 43, 81, 33, 22, 91, 42, 83, 11, 92, 60.

Addition:

- | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| $\begin{array}{r} 224 \\ 714 \\ 122 \\ 716 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 711 \\ 217 \\ 321 \\ 762 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 372 \\ 315 \\ 717 \\ 432 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 117 \\ 721 \\ 514 \\ 271 \\ \hline \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 177 \\ 712 \\ 134 \\ 723 \\ \hline \end{array}$ |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|

TUESDAY

1. Twenty-eight sparrows were perched on a telegraph wire. Seven flew away, then seven more flew away. How many were there left on the telegraph wire?

2. If eggs cost 30 cents a dozen, how much will 7 dozen cost?

3. In a garden were 21 crocus blossoms. The frost killed 14. How many crocuses were left?

4. Write the Roman numeral for the day of the month; for the date of your birthday; for Christmas Day.

5. Write two problems, using 7.

WEDNESDAY

Write all the numbers ending in 7, from 7 to 777.

THURSDAY

Write the seventh multiplication table.

Write the sixth multiplication table.

FRIDAY

Review all the tables of the month.

A Multiplication Game

One helpful device for fixing that dreaded but "necessary evil," the multiplication table, in the mind of the child and transforming it from a tiresome task into a pleasure, is to present the table in the form of some simple game, whereby the child really obtains the required knowledge in an easy, childlike, and entertaining way. Here is a game in which my children take special delight:

GUESSING GAME

A child comes to the front of the room and says, "I am a child from the family of Nines. Can you guess my name?"

The children become very eager, and she calls on James to guess. James says, "Is your name three nines are twenty-seven?" She replies, "No, James," and writes on the board 3 9's are 27; then calls on another child and writes his guess upon the board. So the game continues until, finally, some child gives the number she is thinking. She says "Yes, that is my name," and the child who guessed it takes her place, and perhaps, changes the name of the family by saying, "I am a child from the family of 'Eights' or 'Sevens.'"

A roguish-eyed little girl was conducting the game one afternoon and the question "Is your name six nines are fifty-six?" was asked her, and with an amused twinkle in her eyes she said, "We haven't anyone in our family by that name."

—EMMA B. OLWIN, Illinois.

An Old Scotch Adage

AN OLD SCOTCH ADAGE

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse,
 Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man,
 Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,
 Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle,
 Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

How to Learn to Tell Time

BY MARY A. SINCLAIR

(The teacher had a clock face with movable hands, designed for school purposes, hung up before the children in lowest primary grade for an opening exercise in learning how to tell time. Just as the lesson was about to begin the door opened and a tardy boy walked in. Every eye followed the teacher, who glanced at the *real* clock.)

I wonder if any of you know how late Fred is? It is too bad to have our "Roll of Punctuality" (pointing to a pretty scroll on the blackboard, full of names) lose one name, because our little boy didn't hurry faster. But look up at the "real truly" clock, and see if any one can tell how many minutes Fred was late.

"I should think he was about five minutes late." (This, from one little girl whose mother had taught her something about telling time.)

A little more than that; but let us turn to the "make believe" clock and learn how to read from a clock, just as we read from a blackboard. It will be great fun to move these hands about just as we like! Is there any one in the room who can come up and turn these hands around to the place where they ought to be when school begins in the morning? I am glad to see so many who think they can. You may try, Winnifred (a breathless silence follows as the little girl begins to turn the hands that all the other fingers are tingling to get hold of). How many think she is right? Yes! She is just exactly right. She has had sharp eyes and noticed how the hands looked when school began, and now comes a hard one. Where shall the hands be when you have your dinner? Well, what is it, Mary? "We don't all have dinner at the same. I have mine at twelve o'clock and Lily doesn't have hers till one o'clock."

Then how shall we manage about that? We can learn to tell both times. That will be like having two dinners. Now, for the first twelve o'clock dinner! Who is ready?

How many think Roy is right? Who wants to correct him? Was he too early or too late? True; he was a whole hour too early, I think he must be hungry. You are right, Addie, and now for the one o'clock dinner. How long is that after twelve o'clock? But I have one now that will make you think.

Where shall the clock hands be placed to show when the whistle blows and papa comes home from his work? (A few seconds of quiet follow, then a boy jumps to his feet. "I know! I know!") Go and show by the clock, then, Frank. What! You know when, but can't show *us* when? Now I am going to leave that for you to tell me to-morrow; and one more question besides that, too, must be answered in the morning—the very hardest to-day. Where shall the hands of the clock be placed to show

when little boys and girls ought to be in bed? Do you believe you will all say the same time? I don't mean the time that you would *like* to go to bed, when you tease to sit up, but the time that you ought to be asleep to make you bright-eyed and happy next day. You have two things to learn at home, remember, to tell me to-morrow.

(The main idea in this first lesson is to teach the hours—not half or quarter hours—of the principal events of the day, and fasten in memory by the law of association.)

Rapid Calculation in Arithmetic

By SARA LEVY, New York City.

By constant use of such devices as the wheel, ladder, steps, etc., aim for increased accuracy in all written calculations and speed in oral work. For variety use the device of finding a missing number in a column addition. This involves both rapid addition and subtraction.

Explanation: The teacher writes on the blackboard a column to add; as,

2
6
4
2
5
7

—
26 Ans.

The pupils add rapidly.

The teacher erases one addend, putting in the carat > in its place; as,

2
6
4
<
5
7

—
26 Ans.

Teacher.—You know the missing number is 2. Now let us see how we get it. What is the sum total?

Pupil.—26 is the sum.

Teacher.—Now add the numbers in the column; as, $2 + 6 + 4 + 5 + 7$. What is the sum?

Pupil.—24 is the sum.

Teacher.—Now subtract from the total 26 this sum of 24. What is the remainder?

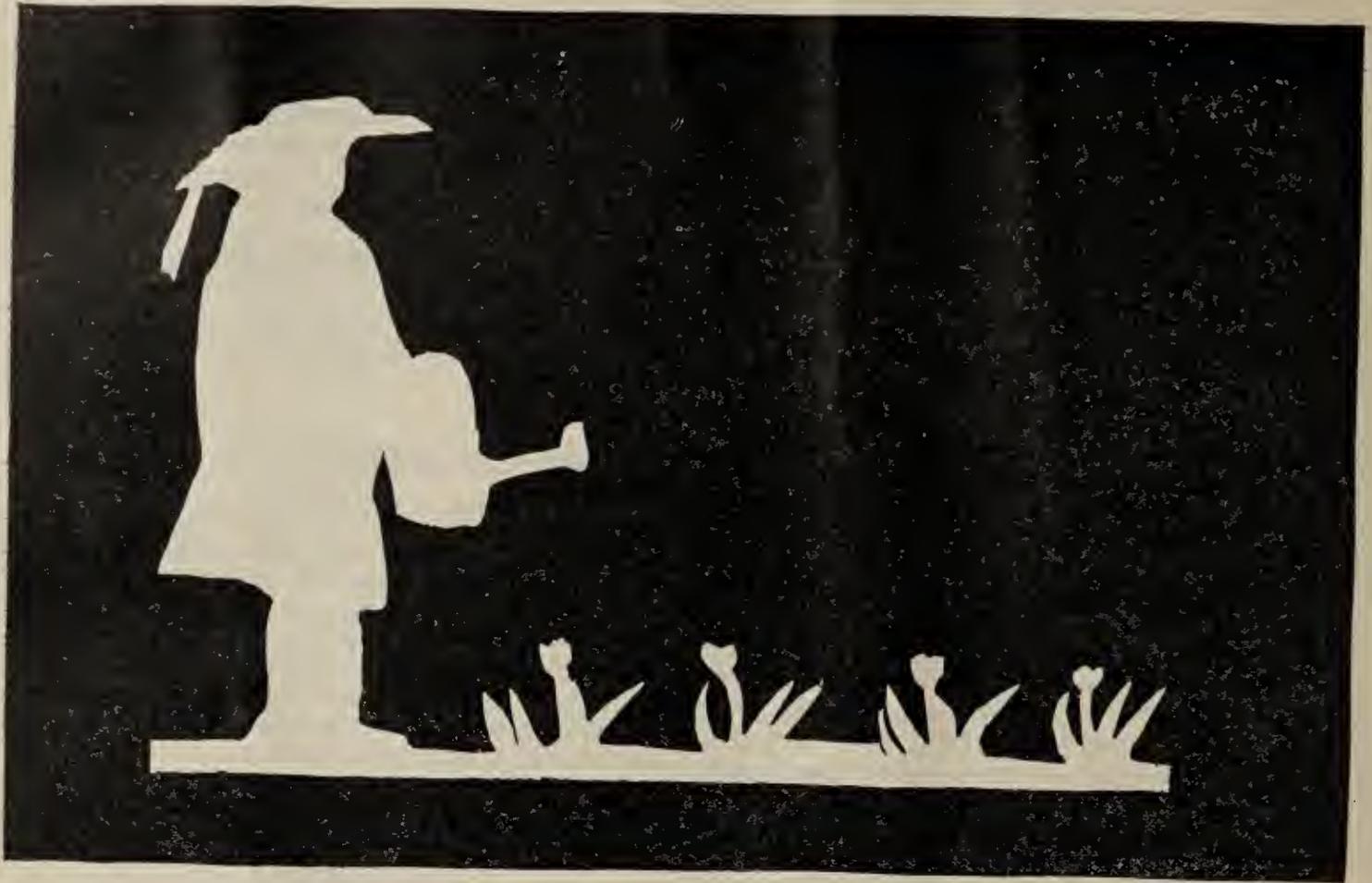
Pupil.— $26 - 24 = 2$.

Remainder.

Teacher.—So 2 is the missing number in the column.

Drill by placing many columns on the board, leaving out one addend, but putting down the total sum including the addend.

You will be surprised at the rapidity with which the children add and subtract from the total sum, so finding the missing addend.



March Paper Cuttings

Nature Study for March

The Crocus

Have one or more specimens of the entire crocus plant, root or corm, leaves and blossom.

Have the children describe the root, noting the tiny, scaly leaves and thickened stem.

Leaves: Narrow, almost like grass blades, but stouter, with a whitish strip running along the entire length.

Blossom: Pupils will be astonished at the way in which the blossom lengthens. The colored tube rests upon the root, and disappears beneath the surface of the ground. Have the stamens and petals counted. Of what colors are crocuses? (Blue, yellow and white.)

The Daffodil

Have complete specimen, including bulb, if possible. Note that directly from the bulb there grows up an unbranched flower stem, near the top of which a large branch is seen. From this comes a single flower.

Leaves: Linear, blue-green in hue, long, sword-shaped and nearly flat.

Blossom: Greenish-yellow. Have pupils note the difference in size between the three sepals and the three petals. How many stamens? What is the shape of the pistil? Has the daffodil any odor?

The Frog

The Egg: Laid by mother frog at the top of ponds, etc. Masses of the eggs float about on the surface of the water, until the warm sun hatches them. The egg looks like a ball of jelly, about the size of a pea, with a black speck in the center, about the size of the head of a pin. The jelly is very slippery. It is there to keep the eggs warm and to prevent them from being stolen by birds, etc. The duck, with its broad bill, manages to make way with many frogs' eggs, but the eggs slip out of the mouths of most other birds.

The eggs are to be found in March and April. The mother frog lays hundreds of the eggs as soon as the spring opens.

As the sun shines on the eggs, the little black dots begin to grow, and they change in shape from round to oval. Finally the tadpole emerges from the jelly.

The Tadpole: At first the tadpole has no legs, no mouth, a very little tail, and a swelled place in the center of the body. At this period the tadpoles cling to water weeds.

In the second stage the tadpole has a mouth, pink gills on each side of the head, a longer tail, swims rapidly, and eats only vegetable food.

In the third stage it begins to eat more greedily and to grow very fast. The gills disappear and the lungs begin to form. Two little knobs grow at the back of the head and form the hind legs. Two more knobs appear in front of them, forming the fore legs.

The Baby Frog: When the gills have entirely disappeared, the frog cannot breathe in the water. So it goes into the air. It eats insects and worms. It grows so fast that the skin becomes too small, so the frog tears it off, rolls it into a ball, and swallows it.

The Frog: The body is broad, ugly in shape, about three inches long. The head is large and flat, with a large mouth. Inside the mouth are two sacs with which it makes its croaking noise. The eyes are large, with yellow rims above the forehead, so that the frog can see in all directions. It has no neck, so it cannot turn the head. The skin is reddish-green, with stripes. The hind legs are longer and stronger than the front ones; that is why the frog leaps instead of walking. There are four toes on the front foot, and five on the hind foot; they are webbed, like a duck's.

When a frog is in a damp place, he grows fat; if left in a dry spot he begins to shrivel.

When food cannot be found in the winter, the frog buries himself in the mud at the bottom of a pond, and sleeps until warm weather.

Tulips

They stand like lovely ladies at a ball,
With quaint hoop'd skirts held wide,
Where gleaming sunbeams o'er their gay gowns fall,
O'er rose-brocades and cherry lutestrings all
Set primly side by side.

They curtsy to each other very low,
As drifts the soft wind by,
And paduasoy and taffeta like snow
'Gainst gold and amber ripple to and fro
Beneath a turquoise sky.

The song of birds makes music wondrous sweet
For minuet most fair,
With old-world grace the lovely dancers meet,
Sweep their quaint curtseys, then in slow retreat
Float by on fragrant air.

They fold soft petals in the fading light
When shadows long and deep
Drift over skies all pearl and silver bright,
Once more they curtsy, as to say Good-night,
And then . . . to sleep.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Nature Stories

(FIRST AND SECOND YEARS)

March

March is the first spring month.
 The ground is still white with snow.
 But the days grow longer.
 The wind blows hard in March.
 The wind dries up the water.
 It dries the clothes.
 Jack Frost is leaving for the North.
 The wind flies my kite.
 My kite is made of paper.
 It has a long string.
 The wind holds it up.
 It pulls hard on my hands.
 The leaves will come on the trees.
 The flowers will blossom.
 The birds will come back from the South.
 They will find places to build their nests.
 They will use string and paper and cotton.
 If we throw out cotton they will take it.
 Soon there will be eggs in the nest.
 The mother bird will sit on the eggs to keep them warm.
 By and by the little birds will hatch.

Maple Sugar

March is the month for maple sugar.
 The sugar trees are hard maple.
 The bark of the tree is gray. The twigs are red; they have red buds.
 In spring the sap in the trees begins to flow.
 The trees do not need all the sap.
 The farmer bores a hole thru the bark in each maple tree.
 He puts a spout into the hole for the sap to run out of.
 Then he puts a pan or bucket under the spout.
 The sap runs out thru the spout.
 It drips into the pan.
 It looks like water.
 It tastes a little sweet.
 By and by the pails get full of sap.
 Then a man takes the sap to a large kettle.
 He builds a hot fire under the kettle.
 The sap boils and foams.
 It is kept boiling all the time.
 They boil the sap to get the water out of it.
 The sap gets hot and thick.
 It is called maple syrup.
 Then they boil it more.
 They turn it out in little pans.
 When it gets hard and cold it is maple sugar.
 The Indians used to make maple sugar.
 They made dishes of birch bark.
 They put the maple sugar in the birch-bark dishes.
 They never had white sugar as we do.
 Maple trees grow all over the United States.
 In autumn the leaves turn red and gold.

Mr. Frog Tells His Story

I am a frog. I began life as an egg. The egg, with a lot of others, was laid on the top of a pond.

The group of eggs was surrounded by a soft, warm blanket of a sort of jelly. It floated about on the surface of the water, and many were the narrow escapes from destruction we had.

One day I made up my mind to see something of the world. I wanted to know what was happening on the other side of the pond. So I began to stretch. I wriggled and stretched and stretched and wriggled, until I got out of the egg. There I was, as fine a tadpole as one would wish to see.

My brothers and sisters in the other eggs wriggled themselves out of their eggs at about the same time. What fine games we had! Round and round we swam, seeing who could swim fastest, who could swim longest without resting, and who could go farthest.

Some of my brothers and sisters were caught by the giants of the pond, and I never saw them again. The giants of the pond could swim very fast indeed. Many times I just escaped being caught. I knew that if I were caught, there was no hope for me. I should be eaten at once.

GETTING LEGS

One morning I woke up and had a surprise. I had two legs. Before, I had had only a head and a long tail. You can imagine how proud I was of those two legs.

At first I was afraid to use them, for fear they might break off. I soon found, however, that they were fastened on well, so I used them every time I had a chance.

By and by two more legs came, behind the first two. Then my tail began to disappear. I felt as if I should choke. The water felt heavy. I wanted to get away from it.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A FROG

I went up to the surface of the water, and then I found that I could breathe very well. I know now that I was choked because I had lost my gills. Since then I have been able to breathe only in the air. When I had gills I could breathe in the water.

When I poked my head out of the water to breathe I could see green fields and shady trees. I thought I would like to be there. So I swam to the side of the pond, and gave a big jump. There I was on the bank. I went over to the trees, but I soon came back to the side of the pond. I have lived here ever since.

Last spring, when I was a year old, I began to sing. My voice was high and squeaky. I was called a peeper. Perhaps you have heard peepers singing in the early spring. They are the frogs that are only one year old.

This year my voice is low, and I am a full-grown frog. If you listen after the sun has gone down, you can hear me croak. I say, "Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-chug."

Reproduction Stories

The robin comes back in March. He sings as if he were glad to get home. I think he is glad to be here again. We are glad to see him. He has spent the winter in the South.

How-do-you-do, Miss Pussy Willow? Where have you been all winter? Do you wear that gray hood because it is cold? We are very glad to see you, Miss Pussy Willow.

I found some pussy willows this morning. They were growing on a long brown stem. The pussy willows were gray and very soft. They had little brown covers. They popped out of the brown covers when the weather began to get warmer.

I have a pussy cat. I call her Pussy Willow. Her fur is gray. It is very soft. When my pussy curls up in a ball to go to sleep she looks like a big pussy willow. Have you seen gray pussy cats?

The spring has come. The bluebird is here. They say that when the bluebird sings, winter is surely over. Do you know the bluebird? His coat is bright blue. His breast is red. The bluebird's song is very sweet.

March is the third month of the year. It is the first month of spring. The three spring months are March, April and May. Do you know the names of the summer months? Do you know the names of the autumn months? Do you know the names of the winter months?

This is March. We fly kites in March. We make paper pin-wheels in March. Do you know why we have kites and pin-wheels in March? It is because the wind blows so hard.

In March the boys play marbles. The girls roll hoops and jump rope. The snow is gone, so they can play out-of-door plays. All the boys and girls are glad when it's March.

Did you ever see a March hare? I never did. I have seen pictures of hares. They look a little like rabbits. I think I would rather have a rabbit than a hare, even in March.

The seventeenth of March is St. Patrick's day. We all wear green on that day. We wear green because it is the national color of Ireland. St. Patrick lived in Ireland.

March is called the windy month. April is the rainy month. June is the month of roses. Which month do you like best?

Last week I had a cold. I could not go to school. I caught cold because I did not wear my scarf. It was a cold, windy morning. Mother said I ought to wear the scarf, but I did not want to. The next time it is cold I shall wear the scarf.

The Easter Rabbit

[ADAPTED FROM A GERMAN LEGEND]

Once upon time a good-natured rabbit hopped along a quiet woodland road. It was on the day before Easter Sunday. Suddenly he came upon a fine, large nest filled with eggs.

The eggs belonged to a mother hen. But the fox had been by that way in the morning. He had pulled the mother hen from the nest, and then had taken her home for his family to eat.

When the rabbit saw the eggs he felt sorry for the little chicks inside. "I must help them," he said. So he stretched himself gently over the eggs to keep them warm and went to sleep.

When the rabbit awoke in the morning the nest was full of downy little yellow chickens. They thought that the rabbit was their mother. So they peeped and peeped and peeped for something to eat.

The rabbit smiled good naturedly. "Of course," he said, "I might have known that chickens must eat the same as rabbits. Now be patient just a minute while I fetch you food—my children."

The rabbit laughed right out when he said "my children." Then he scratched around and hopped about to get food for his chicken family.

When the little ones were cold they crept right under their rabbit mother to be warmed. No chickens ever had a warmer nest to sleep in. The rabbit staid with them and took care of them until they were old enough to look out for themselves.

Ever since that time the children in Germany look for the "Easter rabbit nests" on Easter morning. And they usually find some. But that is another story.

The Robin

Let the children report:

1. Which comes first in the spring, the male or female robin? The male can be told by the bright, red breast.

2. How does the robin know where to find earthworms? (Watch him pull the worm out of the ground.)

Morning Talks for the Primary Room

BY LUCY WHEELOCK

Pebbles

"Oh, what can you tell, little pebble, little pebble,

Oh, what can you tell, little pebble by the sea?

The secret of your silent life,

Now whisper it to me,"

Sings Miss Grace as she takes up a round, white stone from her desk.

Each child finds a similar stone upon his desk and begins to examine it.

You may all think of a story for your pebble to tell. It may tell where it used to live and how it came here. Harold may begin.

"My pebble says it came from the seashore, and there is a lot of sand, and there are lots of stones and shells."

The quantity of sand suggests children digging, and Harold is ready to finish his story.

"A little boy came to the beach one day with a shovel and pail to dig in the sand. He found me in the sand and put me in his pocket and brought me home."

That is a good story. Who has another? Suppose a little boy were in the country looking for a stone, where would he find it?

"I know," says Harry; "on a gravel-walk. When I was at grandpa's last summer the driveway and walk were full of gravel-stones."

Who else has been in the country and found little stones?

Elsie's hand is raised.

"I saw a little brook once, and the bottom of it was covered with stones, and there were more on the edge of the brook, and we made a garden in the sand and put a stone wall all around it."

That was a good way to use the stones. Who has played anything else with them?

"We played store this summer, and had little round flat ones for pennies," said Jack.

Why, I think you are like some people I have read of who use stones and shells for money all the time, and long ago before people understood arithmetic, pebbles were used in counting and to help people remember numbers. If a man wished to show ten of anything, he put down a white stone.

Two white stones would show two tens, and so on to ten tens.

Who has another story?

"My stone is like a marble and will roll," says little Jay.

"And mine is like a brown egg," says another.

You might draw or paint a picture on it, and play it is an Easter egg.

But my pebble has a long story to tell. You must listen well, for it will speak softly, because, you know, I asked it to whisper. It says: "Long ago I lived in the bottom of the sea,

buried in the sand. I was larger then, and rough and had sharp corners and edges. It was dark and cold with so much water above me. I often heard the waves talk of playing on the shore, and sometimes they laughed so loud that it seemed like a great roar. I wished to be free and tried to move myself, but I could not stir till the water helped me and washed me out of my bed. Then I could see many living things moving about in the sea." Who can tell any of them?

"Fishes." "Whales." "Lobsters." "Crabs." Yes, all these and many more, and there were beautiful plants in the sea. Who can tell me what they were?

Yes, there was sea weed and sea moss. "I was happy, although the water kept rolling me over and over and pushing me up against other stones. Sometimes a sharp corner was broken off, and sometimes a rough edge rubbed away. I had many hard knocks, but I knew that I was growing smooth, and I was glad.

"At last I had grown much smaller, and so round that I could roll easily. Then one day a wave gave me a ride. It took me along farther and farther from my home, and left me at last on the shore. The beach was covered with other stones like me, and I was among friends. The sun soon dried me, and the other stones said I glistened in the sunlight. But at high tide the water swept over us again, and we were whirled about and dashed upon the shore, till it seemed as if there would be nothing left of us. But all the time I was becoming rounder and more beautiful, and this was the only way to make me so.

"At last I was washed up so far that the highest tide could not reach me, and there I lay day after day in the loving sunlight, and every night the sea sang a low slumber song.

"Only sometimes, when the wind lashed the waves and the clouds were dark, the sea grew angry and uttered a terrible roar. Then the sailors and the people living on shore trembled; for an angry sea has terrible power, and they fear it.

"One day when the sun was bright, a woman in a blue dress came walking along the beach. She had a basket on her arm, and before I could speak, I was in it."

"Oh! I know!" cried several voices. "It was you." "It was Miss Grace."

Yes, it was I, and here is the stone. Will you all take your slates and make some pictures to tell me what kind of a story your pebble has told? To-morrow you may bring pictures or anything which will tell us more about the sea, and then we will read your stories with the pictures. Now let us ask these pebbles for their secret again, and sing the answer, as we put them away.

“Oh, what can you tell, little pebble, little pebble,
Oh, what can you tell, little pebble by the sea?
The secret of your silent life,
Now whisper it to me.”

“It is the love of God in Heaven,
The God who made both you and me;
And every day I think His praise,
In silence by the sea.”

The Salutation of the Flag

Col. George E. Balch, whose memory is revered by thousands that have been helped by him, was the originator of the salutation of the flag as part of the morning exercises in the schools. It was my privilege to have known this noble patriot-philanthropist well. He was especially interested in the development of the schools of the Children's Aid Society of the City of New York. When asked to give for the benefit of the teachers of America an explanation of the purposes he had in view in the introduction of the daily flag salutation exercise in the schools, he wrote out the following statement:

“Any one who will endeavor to trace the history of patriotic education in the United States, will be surprised to find that it is only within comparatively few years that this phase of education has received any attention whatever. No allusion to it is made in any of the reports of the superintendents of public education previous to 1888, and in the eighteen volumes of the Proceedings of the N. E. A., published up to 1889, we find that among the essays and discussions, written and oral, which up to that time had marked its annual reunions since 1871, giving the views of its members on all that was the most advanced or most popular in teaching, views which may justly be taken as a fair reflection of what was uppermost in the minds of the members, and to which, as a consequence, public attention was most frequently directed, there will not be found in the whole 7,400 closely printed pages, patriotic education in any of its forms treated as a topic *per se*, and but six essays out of some five hundred and twenty-six, having an indirect bearing on this vital question.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT

“In 1887 and 1888, as a result of more than a year's study of the ‘tenement house system’ of this city, my attention was turned to the subject of public education. While investigating some aspects of this subject my mind was unexpectedly directed to that form of education for American citizenship, which refers more particularly to the various relations of the child to the town, the state, and the nation. It was about this time that I made the acquaintance of that great philanthropist, Charles Loring Brace, and became deeply interested in the labors of the Children's Aid Society, which has had for its object, during the fifty-nine years of its existence, the amelioration of the condition of the children of the lower classes

of New York City. It is only necessary here to refer to that portion of its duties which relates to its day schools.

“In these schools tens of thousands of the *very poor* of nearly every race on the face of the earth and of every color, children unable from extreme poverty, from speaking a foreign language, irregular hours or other reasons, to attend the public schools, have been taught what it means to be clean, orderly, respectful and obedient to authority, industrious, truthful, honest, and pure.

“They have been well instructed in the simplest elements of an English education, and have gone out better equipped for the struggles of life than they would have been without the mental, moral, and physical training afforded by these schools. From the philanthropic side these schools have accomplished even more than their wise progenitor had dared to hope for—but these children were to be *citizens*. A body of vagabonds, ignorant and ungoverned children, forms a dangerous class which would make itself felt as men, by those who were too foolish or negligent to notice it as children. ‘Let society beware,’ Mr. Brace wrote in his first report, ‘when the outcast, vicious, reckless multitude of New York boys swarming now in every foul alley and low street come to know their power and *use* it.’

THE PLAN MATURED.

“At an interview with Mr. Brace, early in 1889, the plan of introducing into the schools some exercises, to be subsequently settled upon, which should interest the children, particularly in their civil relations to the country of their birth or adoption, was discussed and met with his hearty approbation. It seemed that right here, in these schools, among those who would appear to need it most, was the place to try the experiment. Moved thereto by a desire to become thoroly familiar with the working of the general system of instruction and discipline in vogue in the schools, and of ascertaining from personal observation how far the experience of the teachers with children of alien birth or foreign parentage had indicated the need of special attention to patriotic education, in January, 1889, a careful examination of each of the twenty-one day schools of the society was undertaken by me, a task which occupied some two months. This embraced the relations existing between the teachers and the parents, and finally what steps had been taken or what

special exercises were observed to awaken and stimulate a spirit of patriotism among the scholars, and if in use how far they had been successful.

TEACHERS WELCOME THE MOVEMENT.

"Among the teachers, in all these schools, there was found a keen appreciation of the imperative necessity of developing and encouraging a distinctively American ideal of how important it was that the child should understand just what the school was for and why the children attended it; that they should know something about the country, their place in it and their future duties as American citizens. But just how best to bring this all about was the question which not a single teacher was prepared to answer. Many of the children could speak no English; a large number spoke a foreign language when at home; the parents represented twenty-three nationalities, they were mostly ignorant and leading a life of great toil, and were quite incapable of helping the children in their quest for this kind of knowledge. Manifestly the only place where these boys and girls could ever reasonably expect to learn about this country, its institutions, the symbols of its power and greatness, of what it had done and was doing for them, was the *school*.

"Firmly believing that 'whatever we wish to see introduced in the life of a nation must first be introduced in the life of its schools,' what could be more important for these children than to understand their personal relation to the country of their birth or adoption, the privileges which were theirs to enjoy and the love of country which would be developed as they gradually came to be made familiar with its history and the many radical differences between its institutions and political principles and those of all other nations? Any plan which would succeed with these children could surely succeed under any other conditions.

"Such a plan was formulated, and one of its elementary steps consists in the salutation of the national flag by the scholars of every one of the twenty-one schools at the daily morning exercise, a picture of the first movement of which accompanies this article.

THE PLAN EXPLAINED TO THE CHILDREN.

"In May and June, 1891, these schools were all visited and addressed on the subject of 'Why children in the public schools should salute the Nation's flag and *how* they should salute it.' In connection with the address, the pupils were exercised in the necessary movements and in the words. The address and the drill were adapted in language and form of expression (as near as it is possible for age to adapt itself to youth) to the measure of the comprehension of the children. That they enjoyed it was evident from their great interest and their enthusiasm. At that time the only words used were, 'We give our *heads* and our *hearts* to our *country*!' Observing, however, that the Italian

and German flags were used in a few of the schools, and appreciating how important were the *first impressions*, that it was American *citizens* we were endeavoring to mold and shape, and citizens of *no other nation*, in October of 1891, the words, '*one country, one language, one flag!*' were added.

"The words finally agreed upon were these: 'We give our *heads* and our *hearts* to God and our *country*! *One country, one language, one flag.*'

THE DRILL.

"The manner of executing it is as follows:

"The pupils have been assembled and are seated. The flag borne by the standard-bearer is before the school. At the signal (either by a chord struck on the piano, or in the absence of a piano from a bell), each child seizes the seat preparatory to rising.

"*Second Signal.*—The whole school rises quickly, *as one person*, each one standing erect and alert.

"*Third Signal.*—The right arm is extended, pointing directly at the flag. As the flag bearer should be on the platform where all can see the colors, the extended arm will be slightly raised above the horizontal line.

"*Fourth Signal.*—The forearm is bent so as to touch the forehead lightly with the tip of the fingers of the right hand. The motion should be quick but graceful, the elbow being kept down and not allowed to stick out to the right. As the fingers touch the forehead, each pupil will exclaim in a clear voice, 'We give our *heads*'—emphasizing the word '*heads*.'

"*Fifth Signal.*—The right hand is carried quickly to the left side and placed flat over the heart, with the words: 'and our *hearts*!' uttered after the movement has been made.

"*Sixth Signal.*—The right hand is allowed to fall quickly but easily to the right side; as soon as the motion is accomplished, all will say, 'to God and our *country*!'



"*Seventh Signal.*—Each child, still standing erect but without moving, will exclaim: 'One *country*!' (emphasis on *country*).

"*Eighth Signal.*—The children, still standing motionless, will exclaim: 'One *language*!' (emphasis on *language*).

"*Ninth Signal.*—The right arm is suddenly extended to its full length, the hand pointing to the flag, the body inclining slightly forward, supported by the right foot slightly advanced; the attitude should be that of intense earnestness, the pupil reaching, as it were, toward the flag, at the same time exclaiming with great force: 'One flag!'

"*Tenth Signal.*—The right arm is dropped to the side and the position of attention recovered.

"*Eleventh Signal.*—Each child seizes the seat preparatory to turning it down.

"*Twelfth Signal.*—The school is seated.

"*Flag Bearer.*—The color bearer grasps the staff at the lower end with his right hand and a foot or more (according to the length of the staff) above the end of the staff with his left hand. The staff is held directly in front of the middle of the body, slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular. At the *fourth signal* the flag will be dipped, returning the salute; this is done by lowering the left hand until the staff is nearly horizontal, keeping it in that position until the *tenth signal*, when it will be restored to it first or nearly vertical position.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE SALUTE.

"The educational value of the flag salute depends, of course, very largely upon the teacher. Children, even the most insubordinate, respond to kindness and sympathy. If they can be made to understand that by this act they offer to their country their love, their gratitude and their devotion, then indeed will the end in view be accomplished. If day by day, through the instruction imparted, the child appreciates more and more what it means to be a citizen of the nation, 'conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal,' then surely will this act become the precursor of noble aims and high endeavors.

"God grant that this may be so, and that every child as it salutes the flag will do it with his whole soul!"

Teaching Personal Cleanliness

(FIRST TO THIRD YEARS)

Before we begin our school work this morning, I would like to have all the children in the room spread their hands out flat upon their desks, palms down, with thumbs touching. (Down came forty pairs of little hands in great glee.)

It looks as if the room had suddenly blossomed out with hands. Now, listen! All those who are willing that I should look carefully at their hands and finger nails may let their hands remain; the others may take them away. (Such an amazement! A few hands dropped at once; more were uncertain; only a few remained after one minute.)

What has become of the blossoms? Now, you may all remove them, for I am not going to look at them this morning, but I *shall* look one of these days; now I have given warning.

Now for some questions. How many washed their own hands this morning? What! Not half of you. Did any of you manage to clean your own finger-nails?

How many own a tooth-brush? How many can comb and brush their hair? How many boys can black their boots? I am really surprised. Why, there are not any boys or girls in this room that are not old enough to do all these things for themselves. And you would like it, if you should try it, and feel so much pride in keeping yourselves tidy if you were in the habit of it. No matter how good looking you are or what pretty clothes you have, if you are not just as clean as you *can* be, you have reason to be a good deal ashamed, as some of you seem to feel now.

Now let us see how to keep ourselves clean and dainty. Soap, water, and towels are everywhere. You smile, and it *is* hard work to believe this when we see some boys' hands. The care of the finger nails is a little more trouble.

Will some boys or girls tell me how they can earn a little money?

"I get a cent every morning for carrying milk over to Mrs. Mason's."

"I have one hen all my own and sell the eggs to my mother."

"I carry papers and have twenty-five cents a week all my own."

"I have a little bank half full of pennies, already."

You see you can manage to get a little money, and it is so much braver to earn it than to have it given to you. Now take twenty-five cents and buy a little toilet knife with a blade that has a blunt point and is half a file. This will easily remove all the little mourning lines under your finger nails. You will have to ask mamma to shape them for you with her sharp scissors, but you can keep them clean without any help whatever.

A tooth-brush will cost about twenty-five cents more. How many times a day must we use this brush? Yes, "in the morning." Is this all? You are right, Mary; "the last thing at night." We will talk more about this some day when we have a lesson on the teeth.

Our time is all gone now, and the care of the hair must be talked about at some other time. Let me make you a little offer before we leave this lesson. I will give a "whispering recess" and perhaps a little game to every boy and girl that will come to school to-morrow with neat-looking shoes.

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If you have Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

The Wind

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.

I felt you push, I heard you call,

I could not see yourself at all—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,

O blower, are you young or old?

Are you a beast of field and tree,

Or just a stronger child than me?

O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The 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 wonderful
Outside world could be.

—KATE L. BROWN.

Pussy Willows

Pretty pussies down by the brook,
Swinging away to and fro;
On the bending willow boughs,
Like pussies all in a row.

If I put you down by the fire,
For pussies so cunning and shy,
I wonder if you'll turn
Into pussycats by and by?

"Ah, no!" the pussies said,
'We couldn't and wouldn't do that;
We belong to the fairy folks
And we are their pussy cats."

The Caterpillar

'Twas but a caterpillar small,
Only a crawling thing,
With nothing to defend itself,
With neither wings nor sting.
Contentedly it crawled along
Some juicy leaves all day,
Unhurt, though many an enemy
Had chanced to come that way.

And often, when it raised its head,

Gay insects fluttered by;
Sometimes it was a busy bee,
Sometimes a butterfly.

It envied not their happy life,
Contented with its state,
And knew not of that wondrous change

For which it still must wait.

But time passed on. It ceased to eat,

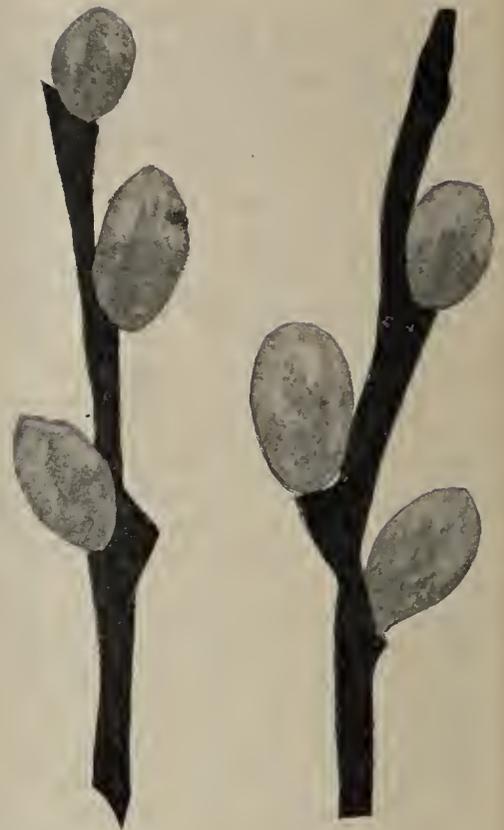
And crawled about no more,
And looked so very different
From what it was before.

Its little legs all disappeared,
Its hairy coat as well,
For now it was a chrysalis
Shut up in a strange shell.

And thus it lay for many a day,
And seemed as if it slept,
Until, one bright and sunny morn,

Out of its shell it crept.
It rested for a little while,
Its pretty wings to dry,
And then it flew into the air,
A lovely butterfly.

—The Teachers' Aid.



March Paper Cutting and Pasting

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 *St. Nicholas*.



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Public School Educational Department

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

Victor



Cut-Up Story

Robins Are Coming

When Elizabeth looked out of the window she could see only bare trees.

But under the trees the snow was beginning to melt.

Elizabeth watched the men go by to get the buckets of sap.

She knew that there would be maple sugar for her soon.

High up in the tree Elizabeth saw a bird.

He began to sing.

Elizabeth was six years old, and she knew the name of the bird.

It was a robin. Elizabeth had seen a robin in the Summer.

Elizabeth knew that the robin had gone South in the Winter, where it is warm.

Elizabeth ran to her mother. "What shall I feed the robin? There are no berries and he cannot get worms," she said.

Her mother said, "When I was a little girl I used to feed the robins raisins. I soaked the raisins in hot water to make them soft."

Elizabeth ran to the kitchen and the maid gave her a saucer, and in it she put the raisins.

Then the maid poured hot water on them till they were soft.

Elizabeth watched the maid cut them into little pieces.

Then Elizabeth ran to the window with the saucer of raisins.

She put them out on the porch.

The robin had sharp eyes and he saw the raisins.

He flew down and sat on the edge of the saucer.

Then he turned his head and looked all around.

Elizabeth kept very still.

The robin took a raisin and ate it. Then he took another and another.

When he had eaten as many as he liked he flew up on a branch of the tree and sang.

The next day Elizabeth put out more raisins.

One day she saw the robin carrying sticks in his mouth.

He put them in the branch of the tree, and mother said the robin was going to build a nest.

Elizabeth wanted to help the robin build the nest.

So she took bits of string and put them on the porch.

The robin came and took the cotton and the string in his bill.

He took one piece at a time.

He put the sticks and the cotton and the string in his nest and he stuck them all together with mud.

He brought the mud in his bill.

He sang early in the morning and then worked all day.

One day another robin came to the nest. Now there were two robins.

Mother told Elizabeth that one was Mr. Robin and the other Mrs. Robin.

From the garret window Elizabeth could look right into the nest.

One day when Mrs. Robin had left the nest, Elizabeth saw that there were four dear little eggs in it.

Not many days after that she saw four little birds in the nest.

The birds had no feathers. The mother robin covered them up. They slept under her soft, warm breast.

After a while the little robins were covered with feathers.

Then the mother robin taught them to fly.

One day two little robins came with the mother robin to eat raisins out of Elizabeth's saucer.

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Common School Hymns—II

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre-
 2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal

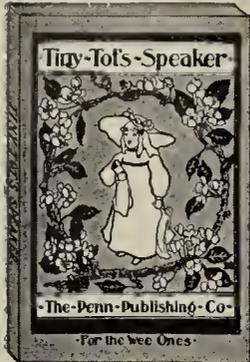
a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deemer's name be sung,
 truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,

Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
 Till suns shall rise and set no more. A - men.

BEST BOOKS FOR

These well-known books of entertainment and exhibitions contain readings, recitations, dialogues, drills, tableaux, pantomimes, monologues, etc. Many of the books are made up of original material written expressly for them, and all are prepared by persons of experience and established reputation in this line of work.

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Word Picturing

Occupations of People

FOR FOURTH AND FIFTH YEARS

I see a large field of thorny, shrub-like vegetation, and the thick, flat leaves of this plant are covered by millions of little insects, which have been made very useful by man in the manufacture of beautiful colors. Men and women are in this field gathering these insects and carrying them away in bags. These people are very thinly dressed. There are some trees close by, with only one bunch of leaves and there are spread at the top like a feather duster. What country is this? What are the workers gathering and what is the climate there?

Ans. The country is Mexico; the climate is hot; the trees are palms, and the people are gathering cochineal insects from the cactus-plant.

A wild, mountainous region with very high peaks covered with snow. There are valuable mining regions in the valleys which yield silver, copper, and gold. There is a deep, dangerous ravine in these mountains and men are standing on each side of the precipice trying to throw a rope across. There are donkeys and pack mules in sight and there are a few sheep standing about. Overhead is one of the largest birds in the world, which is peculiar to this region. Who can tell me all about this place?

Ans. It is a pass in the Andes mountains

in South America, and the men are making a rope bridge over the ravine as their only means of transportation. The large bird is the condor.

Another field with colored people at work. The field is covered with rows of small plants, three or four feet high, which have a pale, yellow blossom, and large, white balls bursting from ripe pods. The people who are at work are carrying away baskets piled high with these white balls. What is this occupation and where would such work be likely to be carried on?

Ans. It is a cotton field "down South" and the negroes are picking cotton.

This picture is full of people, dressed in a foreign style. The men wear long, loose robes and turbans wound about their heads. On the ground are boxes and bales scattered about looking as if a journey was being planned. There are two or three camels in the background. Where do you think this is, and what is going on?

Ans. A caravan is forming in the Barbary states in North Africa. They are going to cross the desert. It is merchandise that is lying about, and it will soon be put on the camels' backs. A caravan often consists of four or five hundred loaded camels, a crowd of merchants, servants, guides, and horses.

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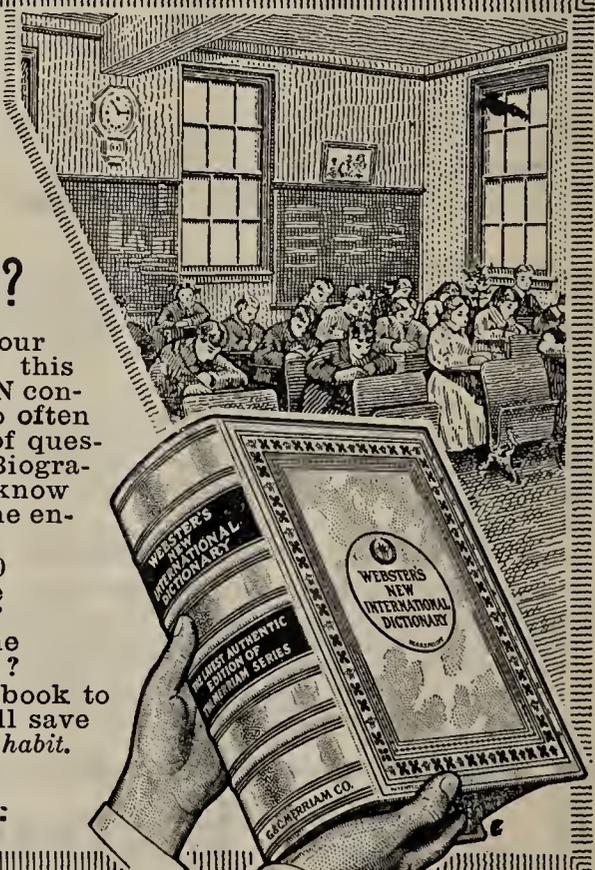
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Potatoes

The recent announcement that large quantities of potatoes are being imported into the United States lends interest to a statement prepared by the Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor, showing the imports and exports of potatoes during a term of years. While the production of potatoes in the United States is usually sufficient to meet the requirements of its population, there have been a number of occasions following short crops in the United States on which considerable quantities were imported. On other occasions, when there were shortages abroad and large crops in the United States, considerable quantities were exported. The total imports of potatoes into the United States in the last ten years aggregated 22,845,634 bushels, valued at \$10,985,770, or about 48 cents per bushel, this valuation being based upon the wholesale market price in the countries from which imported and does not, therefore, include the cost of transportation or duties paid, the rate of duty being 25 cents per bushel of 60 pounds, both under the present law and its immediate predecessor. The exports of potatoes from the United States during the same decade amounted to 10,900,566 bushels, valued at \$8,413,675, an average of 77 cents per bushel.

Potatoes imported into the United States come chiefly from Canada, Mexico, and Bermuda in America, and Scotland, England, Ireland, Germany, and France in Europe, while in recent years small quantities have also been brought from China, Australia, and the Canary Islands.

The world's potato crop, so far as it can be measured statistically, runs between 5 and 6 billion bushels per annum, but these figures do not include the production of China, North Africa, and most of South America, the original home of the potato, which was found under cultivation in South America by the Spanish discoverers and transplanted to Spain and thence to other parts of Europe. Germany is by far the largest single producer of potatoes, her total crop for 1909, the latest available figures, being 1,716 million bushels, against 1,173 million in European Russia, 613 million in France, 480 million in Austria, 184 million in Hungary, 137 million in Great Britain, 120 million in Ireland, 99 million in Canada, and 377 million in the United States.

New York is the largest potato-producing State in the United States, her product in 1910 being 44½ million bushels,



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Little Helpers
Mother's
Little Joys**

are Beecham's Pills. They bring happiness and health to all. You may know what a miserable feeling it is to suffer from indigestion—to be afraid of eating—unable to take what you would like for fear of after-effects—to possess little or no appetite—to suffer from "wind" and occasional pains near the heart (caused by flatulence)—to be troubled with an unpleasant sense of repletion after only a moderate repast?

Are you upset in these ways and are you sometimes Constipated—Liverish—Bilious—Headachy—or colloquially "A bit off-color?" How often do you feel that, although you can scarcely say you are ill, you are far from being as well as you would like—as well in fact, as you know you ought to be?

**BEECHAM'S
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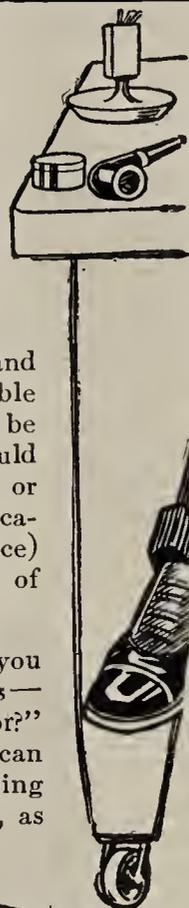
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VOL XXXIV

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NO 8



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Census Returns for Switzerland

The population of Switzerland, according to the census of 1910, just published, is 3,753,293, a gain of 437,850 in 10 years.

The population of the several Cantons in 1910 was as follows: Zurich, 503,915; Berne, 645,877; Lucerne, 167,223; Uri, 22,113; Schwyz, 58,428; Unterwalden, 30,949; Glaris, 33,316; Zug, 28,156; Fribourg, 139,654; Solothurn, 117,040; Basel, 212,406; Schaffhausen, 46,097; Appenzell, 72,632; St. Gall, 302,896; Graubuenden, 117,069; Aargau, 230,634; Thurgau, 134,917; Tessin, 156,166; Vuad, 317,457; Valais, 128,381; Neuchatel, 133,061; Geneva, 154,906.

The cities also show considerable growth since the last census. Zurich maintains first place with 189,088 inhabitants, followed by Basel with 131,914; Geneva, 122,583; Berne, 85,264; Lausanne, 63,926; Lucerne, 39,152; St. Gall, 37,657; Chaux de Fonds, 37,636; Winterthur, 25,

066; Biel, 23,583; Neuenburg, 23,505; Tablat, 21,691; and Freiburg with 20,297. Other cities are Schaffhausen, Herisau, Straubenzell, Chur, Vevey, Lugano, Le Locle, Roschach, Le Chatelard, Solothurn, Davos, Bellinzona, and Arbon.

The density of population in Switzerland increased during the past decade by 11 persons to the square kilometer (0.3861 square mile), being 91 in 1900.

Of the various languages 69 per cent of the inhabitants speak German, 21.2 per cent French, 8 per cent Italian, while 1.1 per cent speak Romanish, an old language spoken by mountaineers on the Italian and Austro-Hungarian frontiers, and 0.7 per cent speak other languages.

The number of foreigners in the country has increased in the past 10 years from 383,424 in 1900 to 565,296 in 1910, the greater part of whom are Germans, followed by Italians, French, and Austrians.

George Washington

"How did George Washington look?" asked Nell.

"What was he like? Won't you please to tell?"

Thus I answered: "A courtly man,

Wearing his honors as heroes can.

Erect and tall, with his six feet two;

Knee breeches, buckles, frills and queue;

Powdered brown hair; blue eyes, far apart;

Strong-limbed and fearless, with gentle heart;

Gracious in manner toward every one.

Such, my Nellie, was Washington."

To be as great as Washington,

I could not if I would;

So I've made up my mind

To try to be as good.

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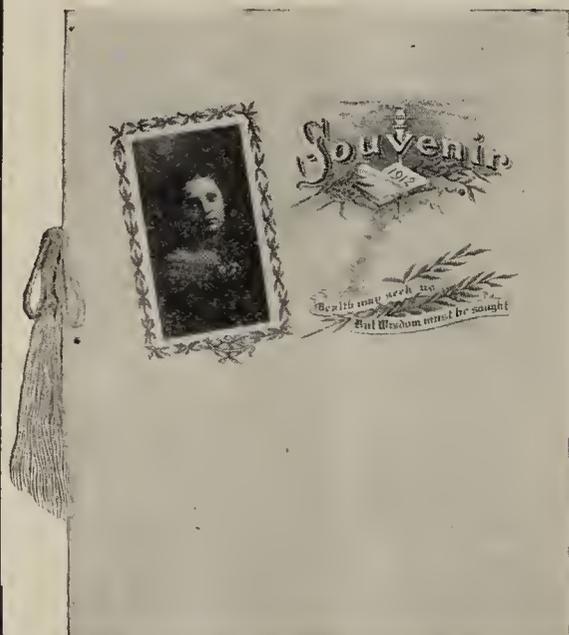
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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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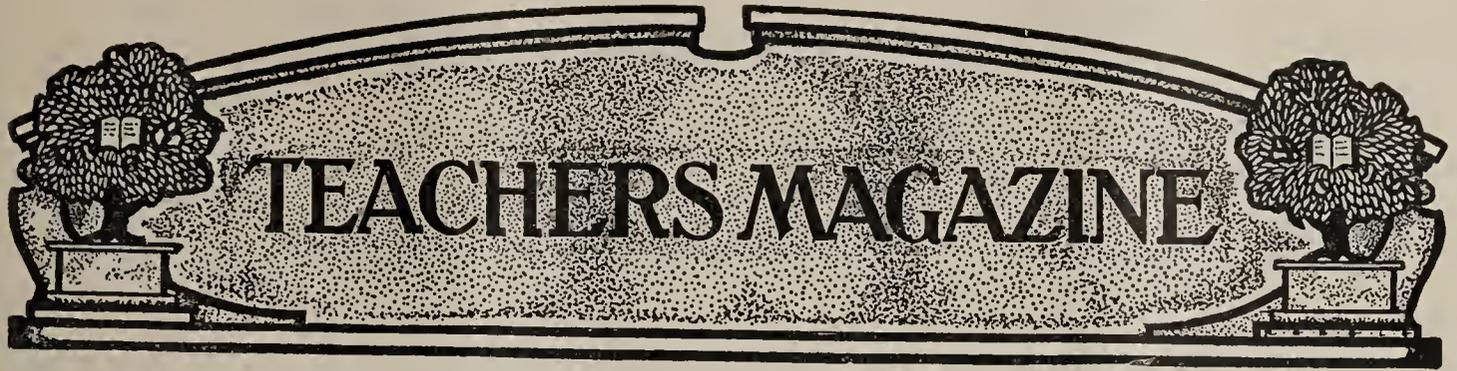
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Vol. XXXIV

April, 1912

No. 8

Sweet Reasonableness

Children have a keen sense of justice. It seems almost as if justice were instinctive. The very babies resent injustice and intuitively rebel against it. Deserved censure is borne more or less submissively; undeserved punishment awakens bitter feelings akin to revengefulness.

Most teachers will readily recall instances of their own childhood days when they felt deeply outraged by the infliction of wrong. The great French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, relates how at the deathbed of his father there arose before his vision a scene that had happened forty years past, when that father struck him, a seven-year-old small boy, with a ferule across the extended right hand for the supposed wilful breaking of an earthen pot. I myself experienced a similar feeling on hearing of the death of my stepmother, when the first thought was of a punishment received, at her instigation, for the accidental destruction of a water jar. Thirty years had passed, but the scene was as vivid in my mind as if it had taken place only just a day before. Oh, the bitterness of it! Years could not blot out the wrong done to the little child. What a warning to parents and teachers!

The government of children is easy or difficult according to the degree of justice by which the little republic is ruled. It is of comparatively small importance whether the teacher be lenient or severe, but just she must be in all things. If the teacher is so constituted temperamentally that she cannot do without pets, let these be chosen from among the ones who struggle hardest and against the greatest odds to meet the set requirements. If experience may venture another word of caution on this point, it is that boys prefer to be saved the dubious distinction of being numbered among those pets. Justice is a surer key to the heart of the young than indulgence.

One policy that is not likely to go amiss is never to impute wicked motives to any child, whatever the appearances or provocations may be. Mischievous mischief, never. The teacher who assumes that all her pupils are striving to co-operate with her in making the

school a success, is sure to win out, providing she sticks to that assumption thru good and evil report. Faith beareth away the victory.

Let the devil go about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. That is his method of carrying on his business. The teacher has another purpose to fulfill. Her business is to find all the good that is tucked away in the heads and hands and hearts of her pupils and to get that to work for the saving of the world.

Finding good and helping it grow is what the artist teacher is after. Any dunderhead can find fault. Censure can no more produce virtue than weeding can make corn grow where none has been planted.

Commendation works greater good than condemnation. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." That is the kind of talk that makes the good grow in us—and in others. An appreciative attitude, especially toward those who look up to us, has a double gain. The appreciative shall be appreciated. Not one of us has a chance of growing "altogether lovely," once we get the fault-finding habit. Fault-finding makes one cross.

Now justice in dealing with grown-ups is somewhat different in aspect from that which has to do with the government of children. Grown-ups are supposed to know the law and the necessity for it. Children are learning. It is sound pedagogy to surround them with beautiful objects to teach them a love of the beautiful. And they will acquire a sense of the beauty of holiness in much the same way. It is better for all concerned that the good be rewarded—and that means honest effort and good intentions and everything good—than that we go searching for occasions to punish evil whether real or supposed. Encouragement of right is a surer way to the heart than blame of wrong doing.

* * * * *

Matthew Arnold has coined a phrase that expresses the sum and substance of justice: "Sweet Reasonableness." That is the key to the art of managing children.

Memory Gems for April

(Saturdays and Sundays are omitted)

(A) Marks the selections for the younger children; (B) those for the more advanced pupils.

APRIL 1

(A) Good-morning, sweet April,
So winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lips
And a tear in your eye.

(B) 'Tis the month of April,
When early in the morn
The cheery farmer soweth
To right and left the corn.
The gallant team come after,
A-smoothing of the land,
May heaven the farmer prosper
Whate'er he takes in hand.

—OLD SONG.

APRIL 2

(A) Sing, children, sing!
Winter wild has taken wing.

(B) A raindrop, pure and sweet,
Is a prism all complete.

APRIL 3

(A) See the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the spring.
Sing, little children, sing!

—CELIA THAXTER.

(B) A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day, in the morning.

—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

APRIL 4

(A) Hear the sweet lily bells
Ringing to church!

(B) They are all in the lily-bed, cuddled close
together—
Purples, Yellow Cap, and little Baby
Blue.

How they ever got there, you must ask
the April weather,
The morning and the evening winds,
and the sunshine and the dew.

—NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

APRIL 5

(A and B) For all that sleep shall rise again
To spend a long, glad Easter day.

APRIL 8

(A and B) Consider the lilies, how they grow,
they toil not, neither do they spin,
yet Solomon in all his glory was not
arrayed like one of these.—BIBLE.

APRIL 9

(A) Little white lily
Smells very sweet,
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.

(B) Oh, Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so
true!
I wish all were like you:
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And glowing forth courage and beauty to-
gether.

APRIL 10

(A) For He who careth for the flowers
Will much more care for us.

(B) Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee.

—LOWELL.

APRIL 11

(A) April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs bring again.

—EMERSON.

(B) The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

APRIL 12

(A) Lord and Lady Robin are out,
So brave in their scarlet and gray,
Fain to spy what spot might be best
For building their palace, that we call a
nest.

(B) Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossoms that hang on the
bough.

—SHAKESPEARE.

APRIL 15

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

(B) Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

—WHITTIER.

APRIL 16

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

(B) When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers.

—BRYANT.

APRIL 17

(A) Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the
spring.

—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

(B) Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story.

—WORDSWORTH.

APRIL 18

(A) Across the windowpane
It pours and pours.

—LONGFELLOW.

(B) How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee.

—MARY HOWITT.

APRIL 19

(A) Cloud and sun together makes the year;
Without some storms no rainbow could
appear.

(B) The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside'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.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

APRIL 22

(A) Violets stir, arbutus wakes.

(B) Who shall say that flowers
Dress not Heaven's own bowers?

—LEIGH HUNT.

APRIL 23

(A) Robins call robins thru the showers,

(B) April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep the girlish tears.

—WILLIAM WATSON.

APRIL 24

(A) Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer,
Cry, cock-a-doodle-do.

—SHAKESPEARE.

(B) When proud-pied April, dressed in all his
trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

—SHAKESPEARE.

APRIL 25

(A) Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(B) A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

—WORDSWORTH.

APRIL 26

(A) Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.

—CLARA SMITH.

(B) And the spring arose in the garden fair
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark
breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

—SHELLEY.

APRIL 29

(A) My heart looks up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

—WORDSWORTH.

(B) Dandelion thru the meadow makes
A royal road, with seals of gold.

APRIL 30

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

—CELIA THAXTER.

(B) I'll not o'erlook the flower
That made the woods of April bright.

—BRYANT.

April Crop of Mother Goose Rhymes

There was a little woman, as
I've been told,
Who was not very young, nor
yet very old;
Now this little woman her liv-
ing got,
By selling cross-buns hot, hot,
hot.

Hot-cross Buns!
Hot-cross Buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!
Hot-cross Buns!
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.

Cuckoo, Cuckoo,
What do you do?
"In April
I open my bill;
In May
I sing night and day;
In June
I change my tune;
In July
Away I fly;
In August
Away I must."

Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day;
Little Arthur wants to play.

St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost
rain,
For forty days it will re-
main;
St. Swithin's day, if thou be
fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na
mair.

A sunny shower
Won't last half an hour.

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do
you do,
And how do you do again!

March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough
would thrive,
Himself must either hold or
drive.

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill,
go!
That the miller may grind his
corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some in the morn.

Daffy-Down-Dilly has come to
town
In a yellow petticoat and a
green gown.

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap a baby bunting in.

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor
beast;

When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not
forth;

When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes'
mouth;

When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

Higgley Piggley,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen;
Sometimes nine,
And sometimes ten.
Higgley Piggley,
My black hen!

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn
till night,

No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be—
I jump mejerrime jee!
I care for nobody—no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me.

"Where are you going, my pret-
ty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she
said.

"May I go with you, my pretty
maid?"

"You're kindly welcome, sir,"
she said.

"What is your father, my pret-
ty maid?"

"My father's a farmer, sir," she
said.

"Say, will you marry me, my
pretty maid?"

"Yes, if you please, kind sir,"
she said.

"What is your fortune, my
pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir,"
she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my
pretty maid!"

"Nobody asked you, sir," she
said.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver
bells,
And pretty maids all in a
row.

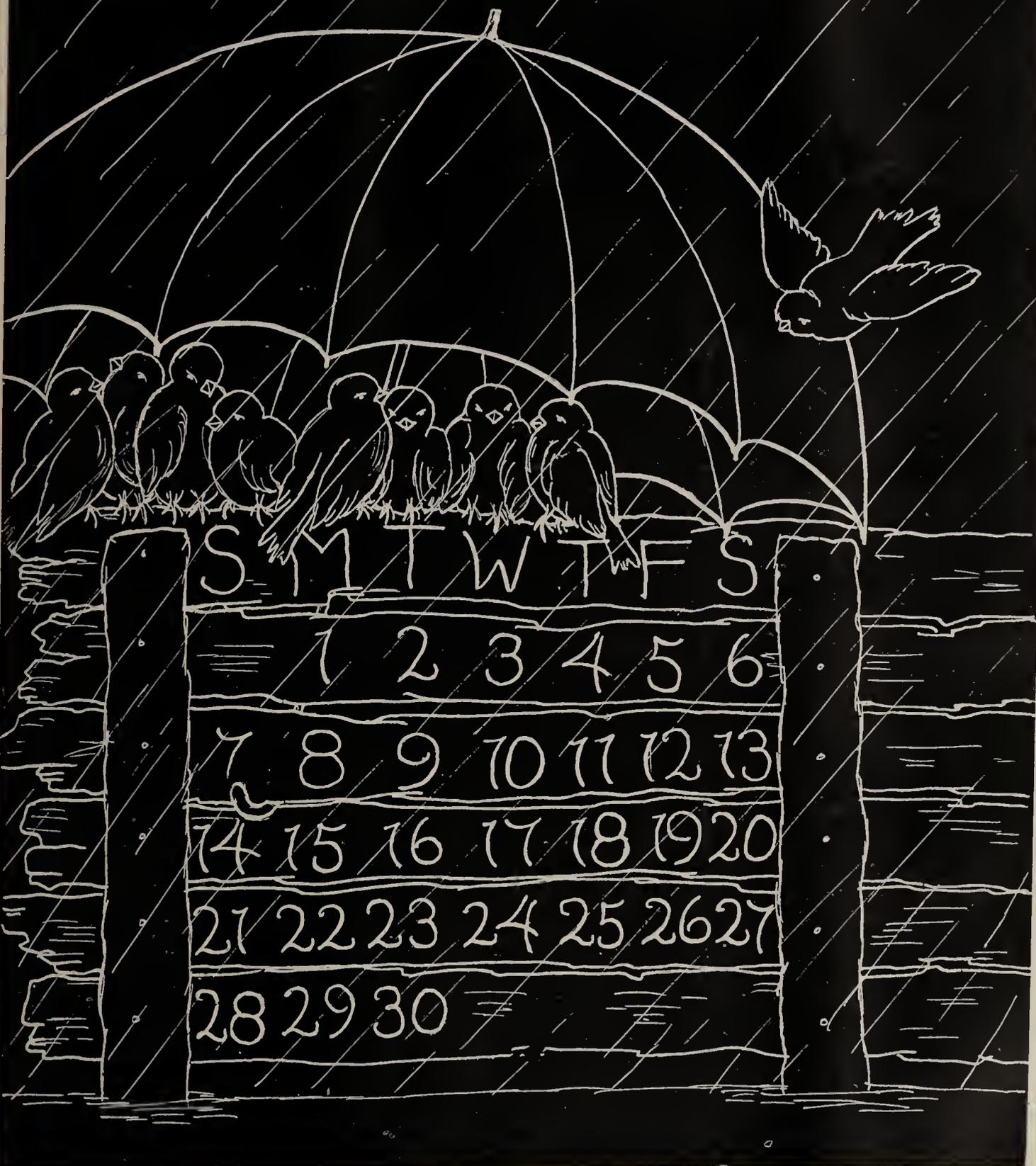
I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of
gold.

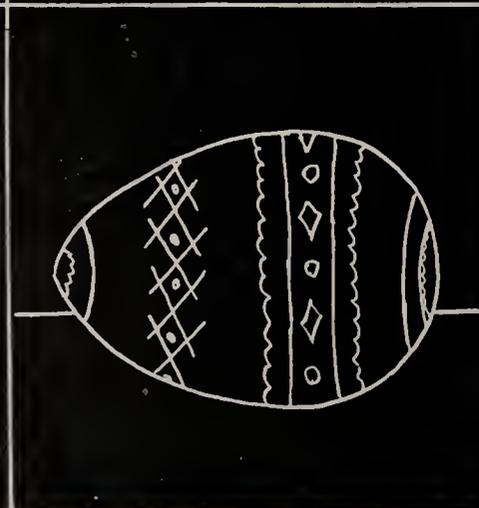
The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white
mice
With chains about their
necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to
move,
The captain said, "Quack!
Quack!"

APRIL



Blackboard Calendar Designed by Ruth Mildred Lang



Folk Dances and Games

We Are Two Great Musicians

A GERMAN FOLK DANCE.

We are two great musicians,
We come from Germany,
De-de-dum.

We are two great musicians,
We come from Germany.

Hark! I'm playing

Vio-vi-o-vi-o-lin-i,

Hark! I'm playing

Bass violin and flute.

I can dance dum de-di-de-dum-dum

De-di-de dum-dum-de and

I can dance dum de-di-de-dum-dum

De-di-de-dum-dum-de.

FORMATION:—Large ring, not too close together, hands on hips. The two musicians (two boys) stand in the center of circle.

EXECUTION:—The musicians wander about in a circle, to the right. At (1) all imitate violin playing; at (2) bass viol, at (3) flute|

At (4) each musician chooses a partner (a girl), taking hold of both hands. The two arms of one couple rest crosswise over the arms of the other couple. With this formation the four dance several hop steps to the right; at (5) hop steps to the left, back to the starting point.

The two boys now join the circle, and their two girl partners become the musicians.

The circle may move slowly around to the left during the singing.

The Singing School

The players stand or sit around in a ring. One child is chosen as singing master. This singing master starts the first line of a well-known song. Then all must join in the singing. The moment the singing master stops, all must stop. Whoever continues singing must leave the ring. The last one remaining in his place becomes the singing master of the next singing school.

We are two great musicians.

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes rhythmic notation for the dance parts, such as 'dum de-di-de-dum-dum' and 'de-di-de-dum-dum-de'. There are first and second endings marked with 'I.' and 'II.' and repeat signs. The lyrics are: 'We are two great musicians, We come from Germany, de-de-dum. We are two great musicians. We come from Germany. Hark! I'm playing, Vio-vi-o-vi-o-lin-i. Hark! I'm playing bass vi-o-lin and flute. I can dance dum-de-di-de-di-de-dum-dum de-di-de-dum-di-de-dum-dum. I can dance dum-de-di-de-di-de-dum-dum de-di-de-dum-dum-di. And I can de-di-de-dum-dum-di.'

An April Gymnastic Game

To-day we will plant a garden. Stand, ready to begin work.

(Pupils all stand.)

You may spade up the soil.

(Pupils make motions as of spading. Teacher counts "one, two, one, two," etc., until the spade has supposedly gone into the ground twelve times.)

Now rake the earth down smooth.

(Pupils rake. Teacher counts "One, two," as before, twelve times.)

Now you may pulverize the soil with your fingers.)

(All stoop, and make appropriate motions until the teacher gives the next call.)

Get your papers of morning-glory seed from the desks.

(Each child rises, opens his desk, and pretends to take out a paper of flower seed.)

You may sow the seed.

(All stoop once more and pretend to sow the seed.)

Cover up the soil.

(Appropriate motions.)

Get your watering cans from the desks and water the seeds.

(Pupils rise, pretend to take cans, and water the seeds.)

You may hoe your gardens.

(Motion of hoeing.)

You may weed your gardens.

(Motions as of weeding.)

You may tie your morning-glory vines to your desks.

(Motion as of tying vines.)

You may pick a bouquet of morning-glories.

(Motions of picking and arranging blossoms.)

You may burst a blossom that has rolled up, by blowing into it.

(Appropriate motions.)

You may gather morning-glory seeds.

(Appropriate motions.)

You may burst the seed cases and take out the small black seeds.

(Appropriate motions.)

You may put the seeds into an envelope, paste the flap of the envelope, and put it into your desks, to be kept until next year.

(Appropriate motions.)

A School Medley

Sometimes even our songs sound prosy, then we sing a verse of several songs in medley succession and how it livens us up! If the children have not sung a particular song with the right spirit or swing before, they are sure to catch it when sung in quick comparison with many others. Don't be too classic to try it. It will do its work in the right place.

Pennsylvania.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Chickens for Easter

FIRST GRADE WORK

Take a paper twelve inches by three and fold it thru the center, then fold one side back to the center, turn and fold other side back to the center.

This makes four thicknesses of paper.

On the top side trace a chicken and under the chicken draw an irregular line for grass. (See illustration.)

Have children cut chicken out; also cut the line for grass.

Color chickens yellow and grass light green.

With pencil draw eye and wing on each chicken.

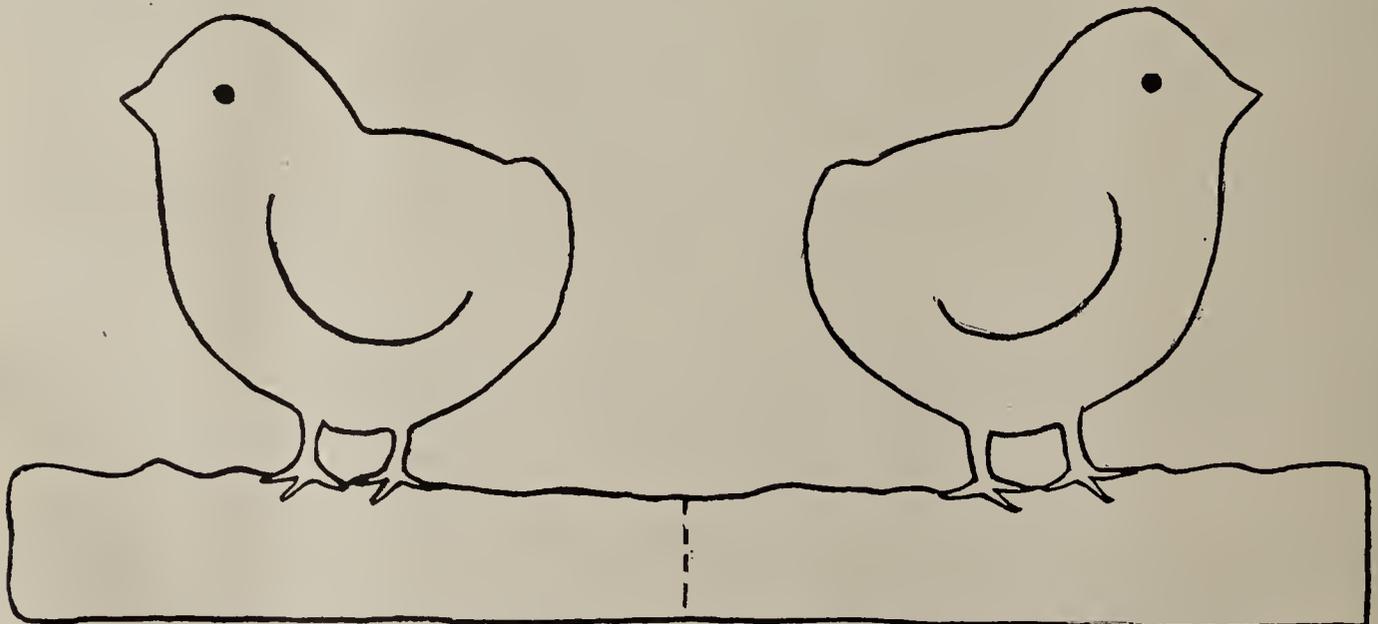
When unfolded there will be four chickens standing in the grass.

They will be able to stand alone if folded correctly.

We set them on the ledge over the blackboard.

New York.

H. G. LAINHART.



The Lame Man and the Blind Man

Dramatization of a Fable

[This simple dramatization can be done by two boys of whom the one representing the blind man should be strong enough to carry the other pick-a-back. The lame man has a stout walking stick in one hand and a newspaper in the other.]

L.—Have you heard the news?

B.—What news?

L.—The King is going to give a great feast to which everybody is invited.

B.—Everybody? Are you invited, too? And I?

L.—Of course, we are both invited, too. Here (handing him a newspaper) read it for yourself.

B.—Are you mocking me?

L.—Oh, excuse me! I forgot that you are blind. I will read it to you. (Reads) "The king has planned a great feast for his people. It will take place in the Royal Gardens on Tuesday at noon. There will be good things to eat and drink, and every guest will receive a present."

B.—On Tuesday, eh? That is to-morrow.

L.—Yes, to-morrow. I wish I could be there. If my feet were as strong as yours I would surely go.

B.—What good does it do me to have strong feet? I cannot see to find the way. What a pity it is that we cannot go! What a fine time we would have! The thought of the good things to eat and drink makes my mouth water. And everybody is to get a present. I wonder what that will be? But what's the use! I am blind and cannot see the way, and you are lame and cannot walk. So we must stay at home.

L.—Who says we cannot go. We can both get to the feast if you will do what I tell you.

B.—I'll do anything you say, if you can make it possible for me to be at the king's feast. What is your proposition?

L.—It is easy enough. You are strong and I can see. Let me mount on your back. You can carry me, and I will direct you on the way.

B.—Bravo! That is a splendid plan. We had better start off now to be there on time.

L.—I am ready.

B.—Jump up!

L. (Handing his stick to B and mounting on his back).—Now let us on our way.

Both (As they start off, the blind man carrying the lame man on his back, singing to the tune of "When Johnny comes marching home again.")—

We're going to have a jolly feast,

Hurray! Hurray!

We'll eat and drink for ten at least,

Hurray! Hurray!

Sweet cider and doughnuts and apple pies,

Enough to open a blind man's eyes;

You bet we're there

When somebody gives a feast.

Bowing Game

The children form a 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, 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 one presiding at the piano plays.

The Cooper

The players form a circle, standing closely together, facing inward, the eyes turned to the ground, the open hands held on the back. The "cooper," holding in his hand a knotted handkerchief, walks around the circle and says:

I am the cooper,
The barrel I bind;
If water runs in,
It gets wet, I find.
I tighten the staves,
Doom-boom!
I whack them again
Doom-boom-doom-boom!

At some time, during his walk around the circle, he puts the knotted handkerchief into the open hands of one of the players, in such a manner that no other player can notice it. He may do it right at the beginning of his verse if he likes, but he must walk on as if nothing had happened, to the end of the last word. When the verse is finished, the one having the handkerchief strikes his neighbor to the right on the back and pursues him, striking him all the time, around the whole circle to the place from which he started. The one holding the handkerchief now becomes the "cooper," and the game begins again. The former "cooper" has meanwhile taken his place in the ring with the others.

Some April Plans

Nature Study

The early spring flowers offer themes of delight for the lessons of this month. The simpler facts of germination and plant growth are easily presented and understood. It is best not to be too technical in description, but when a scientific term is needed do not be afraid to use it. I like best to think of the wild flowers by their simpler names; the trillium is botanically interesting in the exactness of its scientific nomenclature in its three-fold divisions of leaf and flower, but it brings us its sweetest message from the woods when it comes to us as the "wake-robin," waking at the song of the robin to greet the early spring.

Memorial Days

April 19th is Patriots' Day. "The shot heard 'round the world" re-echoes from Lexington. Washington, our first President, was elected April 6, and inaugurated at New York April 30 of the same year.

Other events will undoubtedly suggest themselves to the teacher as the month rolls on, and a word or even the bright-colored crayon, which marks such days in our calendar upon the blackboard, will often fix a date indelibly in the memory of the child.

April Blackboard Story

The following may be used for blackboard work, or told to the children:

FANNY'S VISITOR

"Oh, dear," cried little eight-year-old Fanny, "that rain has just come to spoil all my fun."

It was Saturday, so there was no school, and Fanny wanted to go to the woods with some little friends to gather the early wild flowers. She could scarcely keep the tears back when she saw the dark clouds covering the sky. She pulled her papa's big chair close to the window and kept saying:

"Rain, rain, go away;

Come again another day."

Then she sat down to watch the blue spots in the sky, hoping that the clouds would pass over.

But the gray mists were gathering in the hollows and soon the raindrops began to fall.

Fanny almost forgot to be cross, the big chair was so comfortable. She put her head back on the soft pillow and was just wishing she had someone to talk to, when she heard a sweet voice and there stood a lovely lady. She was dressed in light green and she came with her arms full of flowers—full of all the wild flowers that children love.

"I have come to see you, little girl," said she, "and here are your little friends with me," and

all the flowers began to smile and Fanny smiled, too.

The little blue violets looked shyly at Fanny, but the wake-robins nodded their snowy heads as if to say, "We're glad to see you."

Fanny knew the trailing arbutus was there, for she could smell its sweet fragrance even before she could see its pink blossoms; and there was the lovely marsh-marigold, too, looking like a great golden buttercup.

"Oh, you sweet flowers!" cried Fanny. "Did you come all the way from the woods to see me?"

"Yes," said they all, "we love little children. April has brought us here."

"Is that lovely lady April?"

"Yes," said the flowers, "when you come to the woods we will be all ready to see you. April takes care of us. When we are thirsty she gives us soft showers and we lift up our heads and grow strong and beautiful. Come to see us, little girl. Come to the woods,—we will be waiting for you. Good-bye."

The lovely lady smiled, and Fanny heard all the little flower bells ringing sweetly, like silvery chimes; and rubbing her eyes she looked around, but the lovely lady and all the flowers were out of sight—gone back to the woods—and Fanny jumped down from her chair and ran to tell her mother what strange things had happened.

The Tree

FOR ARBOR DAY

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;

"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from root-let to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:

"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind as he swung.

"No, leave them alone till the berries have grown,"

Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow. Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes, all thou can'st see; take them; all are for thee,"

Said the tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

—BJORNSEN.

Study of Spring Flowers

By SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD

April and May bring us abundant material for nature study. Flowers are springing up everywhere about. Happy the teacher who lived with the flowers in her childhood, who knew the haunts of the frail anemone and the fragrant violet, and welcomed the first blood-root and hepatica, or later rejoiced in the beauty of the wild rose hedges, and waited for the coming of brilliant cardinal flower. We love the flowers that in our childhood the hands have held. These speak to us as none others can. A wealth of association endears them to us. Because we rejoice in them beyond all others, let us fill the hands of the children with flowers, and bind them together with beautiful thoughts.

But while we encourage the children to seek and find the spring treasures and to know them in their homes, let us guard against any ruthless destruction of their beauty. In the neighborhood of towns and cities, many flowers have become extinct, because they have been gathered in so great numbers that no seed has ripened. Can we not learn to "love the wood-rose and leave it on its stalk?" We know how instinctive is the desire of possession, and how quickly the little fingers clasp the tender stem, only to throw the flower aside to wither as another becomes more attractive. Left in its place, the flower might have delighted other eyes, or borne fruit which would insure a multitude of blossoms another summer.

Wordsworth has immortalized for us the "golden daffodils" which he saw dancing in the sunlight. He speaks of them as seen again and again by "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." Can we not help the children to realize that they are more truly possessors of the beauty in which they delight, when they carry away its picture, in their thought, than when they ruthlessly destroy the life, which is beyond their power to give?

Now a word to the city teachers, whose children are shut away from fields and brooks and woods. What can we do for them? Their need is great. They have so little share in the generous gift of Mother Earth. They are shut out from their own inheritance. And with this loss comes one greater than we realize. Robbed of the flowers in their child-life, they will miss always the "beautiful pictures which hang on memory's walls" in our richer lives. Poem and story suggest to us brook and field and wood; no answering memory responds, when these children spell out the words so full of meaning to us.

I have seen the grimy hands which pale-faced children reach out, as I have passed "alley or tenement row" in the city, and have heard the "Missis, please give me a flower," until my heart ached for the starved children,

whose eyes have never looked upon a meadow rich in daisies and buttercups. Shall we say that nature study is not for these, because the material is not close at hand? or shall we strive all the harder to place this bread of life within their reach? It is worth the striving, even if for once only the maimed and starved and blackened little life have a glimpse of the beautiful, which for the time being crowds out the foul and ugly.

We cannot carry all our children to the fields, but we can carry a bit of the fields to them. Within a Saturday's journey are the meadows where the violets grow. We can gather enough, once, to "go round," and can bring home entire plants which will blossom in the schoolroom. We can prevail upon our country friends to send us boxes of daisies or clover—hardy blossoms that love to endure. And we can nurture the dandelion that forces its way between the stones, and take the children to look upon the apple tree in blossom in the rare backyard. The growing plant in the window, watched and watered by the children, will add an element of life and sweetness to the school. We cannot spare it. The children's lives are poor without it. We shall not grudge the effort which adds so much to their narrowed experience.

I make this plea for the city children because this study is so often barred out of their work. Suggestions as to method are useless if the entire work is omitted. But now a word for those whose work is begun.

Do not forget that the study of plants is first and most a study of life. The form, number, and size of petals are secondary matters. We must look first for the "excuse for being." Listen attentively to the children's "whys" and "what-fors." Let them teach you.

Why does the willow catkin wear its close cap? Why are the hepatica's leaves so furry? Why does the violet have its thick root-stock? Why does the maple have so many seeds? Where do they go? What are the wings for? Why are flowers fragrant? Where does the pollen come from? What is it for?

Lead to further questioning, instead of answering directly. Why do we wear furs? When? What can the furs do for the delicate bud? How are the spring blossoms enabled to appear so early? Whence comes their nourishment? What is the use of the bud scales? of the rootstock? What work is done by the hepatica leaves, after the blossom has ripened?

Encourage a continued study of plant-life. The child should, when possible, see the plant in its environment, should learn whether it loves shade or sun, wet or dry ground, whether its fruit is borne early or late, and how it is distributed. The apple, pear, cherry and plum

trees afford good opportunities for extended observation. The beautiful blossoms are typical, many of their characteristics being repeated again and again in the other members of the rose family; and they serve as good illustrations of the maturing fruit. The children can easily find in the fruit its relation to the blossom. The strawberry, cinquefoil, and rose may be studied in like manner.

Do not forget that the observation is made keener by every comparison. After one flower has been studied, compare it in detail with another which is similar, and again with one which is different. In such comparisons the

pupil constantly reviews and impresses truths learned before, while he is relieved of the drudgery of formal review. When taking up the study of a new plant, lead the pupils to see and express all they can of themselves before you lead them to a new thought. This will help to encourage free and independent work.

Do not fail to associate with the observation the poem and story which lead to fuller appreciation, to the beauty and greater reverence for its author. The lessons have not fulfilled their mission unless the children, thru them, are led to "look thru Nature up to Nature's God."

Reproduction Stories

We have daffodils in our garden. The daffodil blossoms are yellow. The daffodil leaves are long and narrow. They look like leaves of grass, only they are larger.

Have you seen a crocus this spring? What color was it? I have seen a lot of crocuses. Some of the crocuses were white. Some of them were yellow. Some of them were blue.

I saw a bluebird this morning. He sat on our old apple tree and sang. What do you suppose he sang? I think he was glad that spring is here.

Last year some robins built a nest in our old apple tree. They had four little robins. When the young birds were large enough the mother bird taught them to fly. We hope they will build a nest in the apple tree this spring.

What kind of a tree are you going to plant on Arbor Day this year? Last year we planted a maple tree. This year we think we shall plant an elm.

The maple trees are in blossom. The blossoms are red. They are small, but we think they are very pretty. The cherry trees will be in blossom before long.

The girls are all jumping rope now. I am learning to run in and jump. I can jump every time when the girls hold the rope still.

We boys are playing baseball. We think it is silly to jump rope. That is a girls' game.

We are going to have an egg-hunt on Easter Monday. Mother is going to hide the eggs. They are made of candy. You can buy ten candy eggs for one cent.

Mary and Grace went out to look for spring flowers yesterday. They found some little fuzzy hepaticas. They were almost buried under last year's brown leaves. The hepaticas were pink and blue.

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,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

—LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

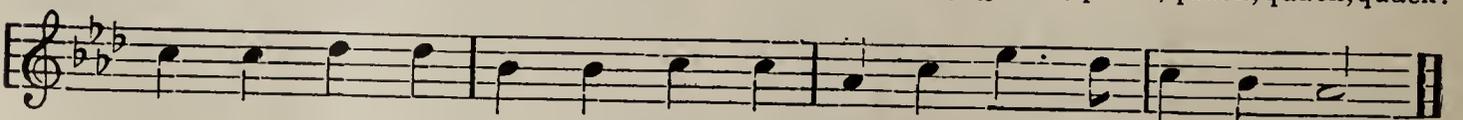
"SPRING-TIME SONG."



Spring is com - ing, spring is here, All ye ducks and geese draw near, Come and join us



in our fol - ly, Come ye waddlers and be jol - ly, Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!



Good soft mud and run - ning wa - ter, Now we shall not want nor lack.

A Lesson on Shadows

(Given to third-year pupils in Primary Department 41, New York, Miss Howzer, teacher.)

Note.—The sunlight came in one of the windows and threw a beam across a few of the desks. The teacher stood in the beam of light in such a position that her shadow was thrown across the back of the desk.

THE LESSON

What do you see on the desk? (Teacher's shadow.) Would you know it was I?

Raise your right hands. Your left hands. Take your pencil in your right hands. Hold it over your paper as if you were going to write. What do you see on your papers? In what direction does the shadow lie, toward the right or the left? (Toward the right.)

From which side is the light coming? (From the left.) The left is the proper side for the light to shine from. I wish you would think and see if you can tell why.

Look at me for a moment. As I am holding my hand over the paper to write, the shadow of my hand falls on the paper directly in the place where I wish to write. What is the objection to that? (You cannot see so well.)

Can you tell me what makes the shadow you see now on your desks? (Your hand.) But my hand alone would not make a shadow. (The sun.)

You have found that there must be two things to make a shadow; what are they? (The sun or light, and an object.)

Yes, and there is a third thing.

Where do you see this shadow? (On the desk.)

The desk is the place where the shadow falls. Then what three things do we have when we see a shadow?

Has any one found out anything about shadows since I asked you to observe them? (Pupils had observed that when passing out from under the electric lights the shadows grew very long; that in a dim light shadows could scarcely be seen; that when a person walks his shadow moves with him; that the shadow of people passing the electric lights is thrown very clearly on a wall. Some pupils were eager to know why their shadows seemed longer at night than in the daytime.)

How many have ever played shadow games? (Shadow tag, and guessing the name of a person whose shadow is thrown on a white surface by a lamp were mentioned.)

(The children were allowed to make shadow pictures with their hands.)

If I hold a piece of glass here in the sunshine it does not cast a shadow; if I hold a book here, it does. Who can tell why? (The light goes thru the glass, but cannot pass thru the book.)

(Robert Louis Stevenson's poem beginning, "I have a little shadow," was read and the children were asked to tell why it was that when the writer got up very early in the morning,

before the sun was up, his lazy shadow remained in bed.)

Now, think, children, upon what do we live? (Upon the surface of the earth.) What lights the surface of the earth? By and by, eight or nine o'clock this evening, will we be receiving light here from the sun? Why not? (Illustration of the turning of the earth on its axis used to show that we would pass into the shadow of the earth itself, for it would come between us and the sun.)

Even great heavenly bodies like the moon and the earth cast shadows, but there is not always something on which the shadows can fall. When we have an eclipse of the moon the earth passes between the sun and the moon and then we see the shadow of the earth falling upon the moon.

Some of you noticed the different length of shadows. How many have been out early in the morning when the sun was just up? Where was the sun then? (Low down on the horizon.) What kind of a shadow did it cast? (Long shadow.)

When the sun is setting in the west what kind of a shadow does it cast? Where is it then in the sky? (Low down.) What will you conclude then about the length of the shadow and the position of the light? (A low light casts a long shadow.)

After sunrise the sun appears to rise higher and higher in the heavens until at noon he is almost over our heads. Look at me. If the sun were directly over my head where would my shadow be? When you stand under the chandelier at home where is your shadow? Is it long or short? What further conclusion do you make then as to the position of the light and the length of the shadow? (A high light makes a short shadow.)

How do right and left compare with each other as to direction? (They are opposite.)

When the light comes from the east where will the shadow be thrown? (Toward the west.) If the light comes from the south where will the shadow be thrown? (Toward the north.) At noon the sun is in the south. How could you tell from it which way is north?

I wish you would notice next week the direction in which your shadow falls when you go home at noon, and please tell me any other facts about shadows that you can find out.

SUMMARY

The following summary of the lesson was written on the board to be copied.

Wherever there is light and an object there is also a shadow of the object.

A low light makes a long shadow.

A high light makes a short shadow.

The shadow is always opposite the source of light.

Lesson on a Rabbit

(For First-Year Pupils)

Preparation.—An outline sketch of a rabbit drawn on blackboard. A large picture of a rabbit to show to the class. It is well to keep both concealed until the time arrives for beginning the lesson.

Lesson.—"I am going to show you, this morning, a picture of a little animal which some of you may have seen. If you have, perhaps you can tell me something about it."



After allowing a brief opportunity for the stories which the children will be eager to tell, the teacher may proceed more methodically.

"What can you tell me about its ears?"

"Its ears are long and furry." "Its ears are long so it can hear well."

"What can you tell about its tail?"

"It has a very short tail."

"What do you think about its coat?"

"Its coat is very soft." "Its coat is furry."

"What can the rabbit do?"

"It can run and jump."

"What kind of a bed do we make for the rabbit when we have a tame one?"

"We give it straw for a bed."

"What do we give it to eat?"

"We give it cabbage, and carrots, and beet tops."

"What color is its coat?"

"What kind of eyes do white rabbits have?" (Pink.)

"What name do we sometimes give to the rabbit?" (Bunny.)

"Who can tell me a little story about Bunny which I can write on the board? Suppose we look at this picture of little Bunny which I have drawn on the board. What do you say to people when you first meet them in the morning? (Good-morning.) Then what will you say to Bunny?" (Good-morning, Bunny.)

"I will write that on the board."

"What will you say to Bunny about his ears?"

"You have long ears."

"We will write that also. What will you say to Bunny about his tail?"

"You have a short tail."

"Suppose we ask him what he eats. 'What do you eat, Bunny?' What will he tell us?"

"I eat leaves and grass."

"What would he say his name is?"

"My name is little Bunny."

"Now we will see who can read these stories, and then we will see who would like to write one. We will let you select the one you would like to write about. Perhaps some of you would like to try to make a picture of Bunny on your papers after you have written your story."

"Here is a funny verse we will say together:

"Behold the funny Bunny,
With his big, long ears!
He doesn't seem to see us,
But I'm sure he hears.
His tail is short and fluffy,
And his whiskered cheeks are puffy,
But he goes like chuffy-tuffy
When he starts to run."

A MOTION PLAY

Ten little rabbits waiting in a row, (1)
Forward and backward their long ears go. (2)
Here's a bit of cabbage (3) and some apple
nice, (4)

Ten little rabbits eat it in a trice. (5)
Faces now are washed, every single one, (6)
Hushed to sleep they go, for the day is
done. (7)

(1) Hands, palms open outward, held on level with shoulders. (2) Bend palms backward and forward from wrist. (3) Extend right arm. (4) Extend left arm. (5) Bring tips of fingers and thumbs together rapidly. (6) Place hands together in front of chest and rub each finger and thumb of the right against its opposite of the left. (7) Close hand, doubling it as in making a fist.

Easter in Many Lands

BY MARY WINDSOR ALLEN

'Round the whole world goes a belt of brightness at Easter time. In RUSSIA, bells ring, cannons roar and at midnight comes the grand musical chorus. Each person carries a taper or torch,—rich and poor, old and young, all join in this great festival.

After the church service is the blessing of the cakes, which are set in long rows, each one bearing a lighted taper. There is also, in Russia, the Easter kiss. Friends meet; one says, "Christ is risen!" the other responds, "He is risen indeed!" Then comes the kiss, given on both cheeks. Even the Czar is not excused from that part of the festival. For an hour and a half, in the Chapel of the Winter Palace he is bestowing those favors—upon the clergy, and Council, senators, generals, navy officers and his household. Of course there is feasting at Easter, and the egg, that is a part of the festival, is rolled about from Russian to Russian.

GERMANY is a land given over to Easter eggs, and it is a quaint fancy of the German children that the hare lays all the prettily colored and daintily painted Easter eggs.

In GRANADA, SPAIN, it has been part of the Easter festival for the Archbishop to appear in the Cathedral and wash the feet of twelve pilgrims; and on Good Friday for every one to appear on the street dressed in black. On Easter Sunday there is a grand procession, when a statue of the Virgin is parade thru the streets with great pomp. Guns, drums and trumpets add their part to the celebration.

In the city of JERUSALEM, where first dawned the glorious resurrection morning, Easter festivals are celebrated. Crowds of pilgrims gather together and the streets are full. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the great attraction, and during the entire week in the neighborhood of the Holy Sepulchre, are booths and stalls where fancy articles are sold.

There are crosses and beads from Mecca, mother of pearl images from Bethlehem, and bitumen crosses from the Dead Sea. The pretty Bethlehemite women go into the city riding on the same kind of wild asses that were used in the time of Christ. The women, dressed in white robes bordered with red, claim descent from the Crusaders.

At the Court of VIENNA there is a gorgeous procession where the richest dresses and most costly jewels are worn as part of the festival.

Even in southern AFRICA a festival is held at Easter time which is called the "Festival of the Lord of Earthquakes." Just what this means to that people they probably know.

Hot cross buns are also a part of Easter, and their use is one of the old customs—but we find them to-day on our breakfast tables on Good Friday morning.

Another very old custom is the coloring and presenting Easter eggs. In the city of Washington the children, on the slopes of the lawns at the White House, roll their brightly colored eggs over the grass on Easter Monday.



A Springtime Drawing by Ben E. Cleaveland

Hepatica

When April awakens the blossom folk,
And bluebirds are on the wing,
Hepatica muffled in downy cloak,
Hastens to greet the spring.

Careless of cold when the north wind blows,
Glad when the sun shines down,
She opens her wrap, and smiling shows
Her dainty lavender gown.

Her sisters are robed in pink, and
Some are in royal purple dressed,
And over the hills and fields they come,
To welcome the darling guest.

The children laugh as they pick the flowers,
And the happy robins sing;
For, blooming in chill and leafless bowers
Hepatica means the spring.

—ANNA PRATT.

Growing Things

(THIRD TO FIFTH YEARS)

Before the caterpillar makes his cocoon, what is he very busy doing? The large quantity of food he takes is in preparation for his weeks of sleep that are to come.

Do you know what animals sleep all winter? We say they hibernate. Do you know how they look before they go into their winter quarters? And how they look when they come out? Instinct teaches them to eat enough before they hibernate to last through the winter.

Before the camel goes on his desert journey he eats sufficient to last him a week. Why does he do it? Where does he store it?

Now, plants have a sort of instinct, too, to provide for the future, and where do you suppose they store food away? Do they need to do so? Let us see.

We enjoy plants because they give us what? "Flowers?" Yes. "Fruit?" Yes. When we want to make new plants, what do we put into the ground? What seeds are also useful for food?

To make flowers, fruit, and seed, the plants need a great deal of strength. It takes strong, healthy plants to give us nice flowers, good fruit, and productive seed.

Some plants do not get enough strength the first year to blossom. It takes trees many years to become strong enough and to get sufficient food to make fruit. But if they could think and talk they would tell us just what they were doing all the time; that they were busy storing away food so that they could make flowers, fruit, and seeds.

(Present to the class fleshy roots, such as the turnip, parsnip, radish, beet, etc.) Where do you think these fleshy roots would tell us they had been laying up food?

(Show bulbs.) If we put these bulbs into the ground, what will they do? They have no roots; how can they grow and make them?

What will feed them? They have enough food stored up in the bulbs to start them.

Show seeds, such as the bean, corn, peas, etc. How about the seeds? If we plant them what will they do? Where is the food that will start them.

Some trees and plants blossom very early in the spring, before the plant has time to get much nourishment or food from the ground. Where was food stored away for them?

(Show pictures or drawings of roots of trees and enlarged buds and stems. These are the storehouses of the early blossoms.)

(Show the potato.) What part is planted? What is cut with the eye? Why? Then the potato has food stored in it. What part of the plant is the potato? What we call eyes are really buds, and buds grow on what part of the plant?

Then we have learned that plants store up food in their roots, stems, bulbs (which are only thickened stems), and seeds.

If animals and plants are so thoughtful for the future, what lesson do they teach us?

We do not need to store up material food in our bodies, but we do need to save material things for the future. But in our minds we may continually store up knowledge which will be of great service to us in after years. It is for that reason we come to school to learn. Then let us be as thoughtful and wise as the animals and plants.

Wishing

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the
Spring!

And stooping bows above,
And wandering bee to love me,
And fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king.

Nay—stay! 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.

O—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 shall I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Homes comes the rover,
For mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

The Violet

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair!
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was, content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—TAYLOR.

Home Geography

By EMILIE V. JACOBS, Supervising Principal, Philadelphia

II. The Streets

1. Names.
2. Necessary factors.
3. Uses.
4. Location.

LESSON I

1. Names of streets adjacent to school.
Names of streets upon which pupils live.
Names of other important streets of city.
 2. Necessary factors: Paving, cleaning, lighting, draining, beautifying, shading, naming with signs.
 3. Uses of streets.
- Reading—Our City. Chap. I. Yerkes and Lefferts.

LESSON II

Plan of streets in neighborhood of school. (Drawn by teacher on board while pupils answer questions as to location, interesting features in regard to streets, as drawn, familiar buildings, where the cars run, how they go to get cars for Zoölogical Gardens, etc.) Locate, by "blocking in," the school lot.

LESSON III

Pupils draw with the teacher, the plan of streets in neighborhood of school, and locate school lot.

Home exercise the same.

LESSON IV

Plan of streets in notebook.

III. Buildings

1. General.
2. Important and prominent buildings.

LESSON I

1. Kinds of buildings passed on the way to school.

2. Other kinds of buildings, houses, churches, schools, stores, banks, factories, offices, railroad stations. Materials, construction, use.

LESSON II

Important Buildings. (Philadelphia used as the type city.)

1. City Hall.
 2. Broad Street Station.
 3. Reading Terminal.
1. Architecture, materials.
2. Location.
3. Use.

Reading: Geography Primer, Cornman & Gerson.

LESSON III

4. Independence Hall.
 5. Girard College.
 6. U. S. Mint.
1. Architecture and materials.
2. Location.
3. Use.

Reading: Geography Primer, Cornman & Gerson.

LESSON IV

Written work.

LESSONS V AND VI

Fairmount Park.

I. Physical features. Hills, river, fields, drives, trees, grass, flowers.

II. Buildings and Statuary.

1. Zoölogical Gardens,
2. Horticultural Hall,
3. Wm. Penn's House,
4. Memorial Hall,
5. Boathouses,
6. Mansions,
7. Statues of Washington, Lincoln, etc.

LESSON VII

Written lesson.

IV. The City as a Whole

LESSON I

(Philadelphia will be used as a type of whichever home city or town is studied.)

Lantern pictures of Philadelphia streets, buildings, and park. Meaning of and name—Philadelphia.

LESSON II

Class view the city from a height; viz., an observatory, tower, or roof garden.

Note:

Size, extent and limit of city.

Schoolhouse.

Streets.

Nearby prominent buildings; distant buildings.

LESSON III

Written lesson on the city, its streets and buildings.

V. The People

LESSON I

Kinds of people seen in the home city.

1. White.
2. Negro.
3. Chinese.
4. Indians.

Great numbers to occupy so many houses and work in so many places. Comparative numbers and appearance.

Features: Skin, hair, eyes, and prominent facial features.

Only the most prominent features pointed out from memory and from pictures, just sufficient to allow pupils to distinguish generally amongst them.

LESSON II

Lantern illustrations of various peoples.

LESSON III

Write in notebooks the names of kinds of people and review features shown with lantern.

VI. Industries

1. Why people work. (Food, clothing, shelter to be obtained.)
2. Where people of the home city work.
3. Principal industries of Philadelphia.
 1. Details: Fuel, lights, furniture, books, churches, hospitals, doctors.
 Geography Primer, Cornman & Gerson.

LESSON I

1. Why fathers, brothers, sisters, etc., work. Mothers work, too.
 2. Where they go to work.
- Group the places of work under headings corresponding with the various important industries.

LESSON II

1. Weaving (cottons, woolens, carpets).
2. Manufacturing of clothing (shoes, hats, etc.).
3. Manufacturing of furniture.
4. Building ships.
5. Building locomotives.
6. Making foods.
7. Printing and book making.

LESSON III

Notebook.

The industries of the home city.

Why people work.

1. Food.
2. Clothing.
3. Shelter (homes).

"How We Are Fed," Chamberlain.

LESSON IV

Visit a factory, preferably where food or clothing is made, or note a building in construction.

1. What is manufactured?
2. Materials used.
 - a. When obtained.
 - b. How brought here.
3. Where articles are sold.
4. Process of manufacture.
 - a. Machinery.
 - b. Workmen.

LESSON V

Review visit.

Written lesson.

A Review in Geography

As the close of the year approaches, the work of the previous months is to be gathered together in review, and we have tried this plan with some measure of success in a fifth grade geography class.

The first topic we took up was the study of the animals peculiar to, or especially useful in, each zone or in each of the grand divisions. The children made lists to compare, naming the polar bear and reindeer of the north frigid zone; the horse, cow and sheep as domestic animals of the temperate zone, and such wild animals as had come into our former study; the elephant, camel, lion and tiger of the tropics, with birds, insects and reptiles. We discussed the uses of these various animals, as burden-bearers, for food, or as furnishing clothing; also the fitness, in structure or habits of life, for the region in which they were found.

We then took up the vegetation in a similar way, by zones or continents, talked of conditions of growth, uses as foods, or as furnishing occupations to the people, as in farming, silk culture, etc. Vegetation, including food products, lumber, etc., furnishes a broad topic, as it is the key to many of the habits, industries and characteristics of the people.

Varying modes of dress, in accordance with climate, conditions in various countries and the products of the same formed another topic.

The products of the countries or zones studied were next taken up and studied with reference to climate, natural conditions or artificial (as in the case of irrigation), the physiography of the countries, as affecting these, being dwelt upon.

Commerce formed a further topic, modes of

transportation and means of interchange bringing up some interesting talks. The desolate condition of the inhabitants of the far north, as compared with us of the favored temperate zones, the effect of trade as manifesting a higher degree of civilization; trade of the present day, by steamship and rail, as compared with that of former years, in so far as history and reading had brought the matter up. The pupils were quite ready to talk on these subjects.

The different forms of government formed a timely topic. The Eskimo of the land of the midnight sun, with no ruler, no teacher, no lawyer, preacher or doctor, was compared with our modern life of freedom and prosperity, our republic was contrasted with old-world conditions. The district being largely composed of Russian Jews, the children can appreciate the tolerance and liberty afforded here as compared with life under the heel of the Czar.

Another topic was to name all articles in the home pantry, giving as far as possible the probable source of supplies.

A further subject was to make a list of articles in the grocery store, with the country or industry which produced each, or the kind of culture or labor necessary for its production. The grocery store alone furnishes a fine and comprehensive geography lesson.

A list of all products necessary to fit up our own schoolroom — lumber, iron, paint, glass, mortar, etc. — formed another eye-opener. After this, I think no one thought of geography as a distant, or dry, subject, for it comes so close home into our daily lives.

Illinois.

RUTH COBDEN.

THE CHILD WORLD

Supplementary Reading for Primary Grades

Jacob's Return

One day Jacob said to Laban, "Let me have my wives and my children. I wish to return to my father's home."

"Oh, no," was the reply, "stay with me a little longer. Since you came to my house I have grown much richer than I ever was before. Only stay and tell me what I shall pay you for your labor."

"Very well," said Jacob, "I will remain, but you must give me from your herds of sheep and goats all that are black, all that are spotted, and all that are striped. The lambs and kids must also be mine if they are black or spotted or striped."

This plan satisfied Laban, so Jacob remained. But from that time it happened that many spotted lambs and kids were born, so that before long Jacob had great herds belonging to him.

It made Laban very angry to see Jacob getting so rich. At last he said, "Jacob, I have decided otherwise, we will no longer agree that the white sheep shall be mine and the colored ones yours. Hereafter the white sheep and goats shall be yours and the colored ones mine."

But it happened after this that most of the young lambs and young kids were white. Laban grew angrier and angrier with his nephew, and finally God said to Jacob, "Go back once more to your native land. I will be with you."

At God's command Jacob began immediately to plan for his departure. One day when Laban was in the field shearing the sheep, Jacob took his two wives, his children, his camels and his flocks, and started for the home of his boyhood. Laban returned to the house a little later, only to find his nephew gone. He hurried after the caravan and soon overtook Jacob and those with him. He found that Jacob was determined this time to carry out his plan, so he kissed his two daughters, said farewell

to his nephew, and the next morning went back to his house, leaving the wayfarers to continue their journey.

As he approached his native country, Jacob began to be a little anxious. He was thinking about his brother Esau. "Will he still be angry with me?" he said to himself. "What will he do when he sees me again? Will he have forgotten that I deceived him?"

Thereupon he called some of his servants. "Travel ahead of us," he commanded them, "and if you meet Esau say to him: 'Your servant, Jacob, has been with Laban all these years. He has oxen, and sheep, and men-servants and maid-servants. He sends to tell you that he may find favor in your sight.'"

The servants started, but they had not been gone long when they came running back, shouting as they ran, "We have seen Esau. He is coming to meet you with four hundred men."

Jacob was very much frightened at this. "What shall I do?" he thought. "Esau is still angry with me if he has so many men with him."

Finally he thought of something. He divided his herds and his servants into two companies. He said, "if Esau comes against one company, the company which is left can run away."

Then he continued slowly on his journey, but all the time with an anxious heart.

As he passed along the road over which he had gone from home so many years before, he stretched up his arms toward Heaven, and prayed, "Lord, I am not worthy of all the favor which thou hast shown to thy servant. When I passed over the river Jordan the first time I owned nothing but my staff. Now I come with two great companies." And again he prayed, "Dear God, protect me from my brother Esau, that he may not come to do harm to me and my children."

The next day Jacob picked out some of his fattest sheep and goats, some of his choicest cattle, and the very finest of his camels, as a present for Esau. The sheep he sent in a drove by themselves, the goats by themselves, and so with the cattle and the camels. He said to certain of the servants, "Take these and go on ahead. If Esau meets you and asks where you are going, answer him, Your servant Jacob sends these as a present to his brother Esau. Jacob himself is behind us."

So the servants started ahead, each with a drove of the beautiful animals. When Jacob had gone some distance further, what do you suppose he saw far over the fields? His brother Esau was coming. Esau, with four hundred men!

Jacob turned pale with fright. What should he do? Stand still he could not.

He quickly placed his wives, children and servants where they could go most safely, and they continued their journey in even line.

And now Jacob was getting near Esau. His heart beat loudly from fear. "How will it be?" he thought.

Still the two brothers came nearer and nearer each other, until they were only a few steps apart. Jacob left his wives and children, and stepping forward, bowed his head seven times to the earth.

As soon as Esau saw his brother, the old grudge was entirely forgotten. He ran to meet Jacob, threw his arms about him and gave him the heartiest welcome. Then he saw the women and children behind his brother.

"Who are these?" Esau asked.

"They are the wives and children whom God has given me," Jacob replied.

"To whom do those beautiful animals, that I just saw, belong?"

"They are yours," said Jacob, "that you may forget how I once wronged you."

"No, dear brother," Esau answered, "keep what you have. I am already rich enough."

But Jacob begged so earnestly to have his brother accept the present that Esau finally agreed.

"Come now," said Esau after they had talked a little longer, "let us go home together."

"You go yourself first," Jacob replied. "I will travel more slowly. I have little children and many young cattle and lambs, so I must give them plenty of time."

Esau offered to leave some of his servants to help his brother, but Jacob said that it was unnecessary. He was no longer afraid, for Esau was his friend again.

So Jacob went home to dwell in his fatherland once more. Esau's home was close by, and the two brothers remained friends as long as they lived.

How Robin Got His Red Breast

An Indian Legend

Once upon a time all the northland was covered with ice, and it was very, very cold. There was only one fire by which people could warm themselves.

You may be sure that the people regarded that fire as the most precious thing they had. They engaged an old man and his son to watch it day and night that it would not go out.

The old man and his son took turns resting and caring for the fire.

Now, there lived in the northland a big white bear who loved the cold. He hated the people and their one precious fire. He thought if he could put out the fire, the people would die from the cold. So he was always on the watch for an opportunity to get at that fire.

One night the boy was looking after the fire, while the old man was sleeping soundly. The boy felt drowsy, and before he knew, he, too, was fast asleep.

The white bear saw his opportunity. Out he came from his den and put out the fire. A few sparks only were left glowing on the ground. These the bear had not noticed.

A robin had seen the work of the hateful bear. He loved the people and wanted to help them.

No sooner had the bear gone away, when the robin flew down from his nest and fanned the tiny sparks with his wings until the fire was blazing up again. But his tiny breast had been burned red by the heat.

The robin flew away, and wherever he lighted there sprang up a bright fire. Soon the whole northland was warmed and lighted up by blazing fires.

The white bear crept back to his den growling.

Ever since that time the robin's breast has been red.

Stories to Tell the Children

The Frog Prince

A FAIRY TALE

In olden times, when wishing was worth while, there lived a king whose daughters were so pretty that everybody talked about them. But the youngest daughter was the most beautiful of them all. Even the Sun himself wondered whenever he looked her in the face; and he certainly knew, for he had seen pretty maidens the world over.

Near the castle of the king was a large, dark forest. In this forest, under an old linden tree, was a well. Whenever the day was very hot, the youngest princess would go into the forest and sit by the side of the cool well. Whenever she got tired of doing nothing she would toss up a golden ball and catch it again. This ball was her favorite plaything.

One day the golden ball did not fall back into her hands, which she held up high. It fell to the ground and rolled right into the water. The princess followed the ball with her eyes until it disappeared. The well was deep—so deep that no human eye had ever seen the bottom.

Then she began to cry. She cried louder and louder, and could not be comforted. Suddenly she heard some one calling to her, "Little Princess, why do you cry?"

She looked round, and saw a frog raising its big, ugly head out of the water.

"Oh, is it you, old water-splasher?" said she. "I am crying because my golden ball has fallen into the well."

"Stop crying, little Princess; I may be able to help you. What will you give me if I return the plaything to you?"

"Whatever you wish, dear Frog. I will give you my dresses, my pearls, my jewels, and the golden crown I wear."

"Your clothes, your pearls, your jewels, your golden crown I do not want. If you will love me, and let me be your playmate, and sit beside you at your little table, and eat from your golden plate, and drink from your little cup—if you promise me this—then I will dive down and bring up the golden ball again."

"Oh, yes," said she, "I promise you everything you wish, if you will bring me back the ball."

She thought by herself, "What silly nonsense the frog talks! He sits in the water with the other frogs, and croaks as they do. He can never be the playmate of a human being."

When the frog had her promise, he drew his head under water, and in a moment he came back with the ball in his mouth, and threw it upon the grass.

The princess was full of joy when she saw her beautiful plaything again. She took it up and ran away as fast as she could.

"Wait for me," cried the frog; "take me along. I cannot run as fast as you can."

But it was of no use to him to call "Croak, croak!" as loud as he could. She gave no heed to it, but ran home. The poor frog was soon forgotten. So he jumped into the well again.

Next day, when the princess was seated with the king and all the people of his household at the dinner table and was eating from her golden plate, something came, flip-flap, flip-flap, up the marble steps of the palace. When it had reached the top, it knocked at the door and called, "Youngest princess, open the door!"

She ran to see who was there. Whom did she behold but the frog! She shut the door quickly and sat down again at the table, looking very much worried.

The king saw that she was troubled, and said, "Has a giant come to take you away?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "it is no giant. It is only an ugly frog."

"What does the frog want of you?"

"Why, father dear, yesterday, when I sat beside the well and played, my golden ball fell into the water. When I cried about it, the frog brought it up for me again. And just because he would not get my ball unless I promised that he should be my playmate, I did promise. After that I thought no more about it. I never dreamt that he could really leave the well and come here. Now he is at the door and wants to come in."

Just then there was a second knock, and the voice said:

"King's daughter, youngest,
Open the door.

Have you forgotten the promise
At the cool forest well?

King's daughter, youngest,
Open the door."

Then the king said, "What you have promised, you must do. Go and let him come in."

So she went and opened the door. The frog hopped in and followed close at her feet till she sat in her chair. Then he called, "Take me up." At first she would not, but the king commanded, and she obeyed.

The frog jumped from the chair upon the table, and said, "Now, push your golden plate nearer to me, that we may eat from it together."

Everyone saw that she did not like to do it, but she did it. The frog was much pleased with his dinner. At last he said, "Now I have had enough to eat, and I am tired. Please take me up to your room and put me to bed."

Then the princess began to cry. She was afraid of the cold frog. She said she would not let him sleep between the silken sheets of her bed.

Her father was very angry and said, "You shall not despise one who helped you when you were in need."

She took hold of the frog with two fingers and placed him in a corner of her room. When she was in bed the frog came and said, "I am tired. I want to sleep, too. Take me up or I will tell your father."

That was too much for the princess. She picked him up and cried out in her rage, "Will you never be quiet, you hideous frog!" With these words she dashed the frog against the wall with all her might.

When he fell he was no longer a frog, but a handsome prince, with bright, smiling eyes.

The king was pleased when he heard what had happened. The prince and the princess now played together every day. He told her how he had been changed into a frog by a wicked witch, and that nobody but the princess could have released him from the well.

Soon after the handsome prince and the beautiful princess were married. On the day after the wedding a carriage drove up to the palace door, drawn by eight horses with golden chains,

and white ostrich plumes on their heads. Behind the carriage stood faithful Henry, the servant of the young prince.

Henry had been so grieved when his master had been changed into a frog, that he had bound three iron bands around his heart to keep it from breaking in two from grief and sorrow.

The carriage was to take the young prince to his kingdom. Faithful Henry helped the bride and bridegroom into it, and then got up behind.

They had not gone far when the prince heard a crack, as if something had broken. He put his head out of the window and called, "Henry, is the carriage breaking?"

"No, sire, it isn't the carriage; it is a band which I bound 'round my heart when it was grieving because you had been changed into a frog."

Twice afterwards, upon the journey, the same cracking sound was heard, and the prince both times thought that the carriage was breaking; but it was only the bands which burst from the heart of faithful Henry, so full of joy it was that his master was free and happy again.

Unfinished Stories

By MARY WINDSOR ALLEN

Laura and Jane went out to walk one warm April day. Down by the brook they found a small tree covered with little bunches like fur. "Oh," said Laura, "the darlings! I know what they are. I shall carry some home to mother."

What were the "darlings"?

Why were they down by the brook?

What did Jane say?

What did Laura say to her mother when she got home?

"Well!" said Jennie, "that apple tree is dead, surely; see how dry the bark is, and there are no buds big enough to be of any use. I am so sorry."

"Do not be sorry," said the old tree, "just wait a few weeks and I will give you a grand surprise. Can you guess what it will be?"

Finish this story by telling what Jennie replied, and what the surprise really was.

Little May was standing by the table watching Rover and Frisk frolic on the carpet. All at once a ray of bright sunshine came in thru an opening in the blind and shot right across her face. Then she saw that the light was full of bright, sparkling stars.

"I'll catch those stars," said May, and quickly she passed a little box she had, thru the ray, and put on the cover.

Tell what May found in the box when she opened it.

What were the stars?

Where did they come from?

How many did May catch?

What do we call those stars?

One morning two little chickens had a strange visitor. Neither knew what to call him. One said, "What is that? It is not a chicken." "No," said the other, "a chicken does not look like that. I will just ask him who he is." So the plucky little chicken stepped up to the stranger and asked him who he was and where he came from.

Tell what the visitor said. Where did he come from and where was he going?

The Caterpillar

Good-morning, Mr. Caterpillar, with your coat of brown,

Where are you going this fine day, to walk about the town?

You do not in a hurry seem, I think you're rather slow,

If I had sixteen legs I should a little faster go.

But then you're dressed so very warm you cannot travel fast;

How very glad you'll be, I'm sure, to put away at last
That shaggy coat of black and brown which all the
time you wear,

Why, just to see you in that fur makes me warm, I
declare;

But one fine day when you a lovely butterfly will be,
You'll surely hardly know yourself, or so it seems
to me.

—A. S., in *Child Garden*.

Three Crows

Allegretto.
Solo. (ad lib.) *CHORUS.*

mp Three Crows there were once who sat on a stone, *f* Fal

mp e stacc. *f*

Solo. mp
la la la la la... But two flew a-way, and

mp

CHORUS. f *Solo. mp*

then there was one. *f* Fal la la la la la... The *mp*

f *mf*

o-ther Crow felt so ti-mid a-lone, Fal- la la la la la... That

stacc. *mf*

CHORUS. ff

he flew a-way, and then there was none. Fal la la la la la...

fz *f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The score is marked with various dynamics such as *mp* (mezzo-piano), *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *ff* (fortissimo). There are also performance instructions like *Allegretto*, *Solo. (ad lib.)*, *mp e stacc.*, and *stacc.*. The lyrics are: "Three Crows there were once who sat on a stone, Fal la la la la la... But two flew a-way, and then there was one. Fal la la la la la... The other Crow felt so ti-mid a-lone, Fal- la la la la la... That he flew a-way, and then there was none. Fal la la la la la..."

Correct Position and Breathing

A LESSON OUTLINE.

All children in this room will now take a good position. Charles may come to the front and tell us who he thinks is sitting correctly. Yes, Mary is. Let us all look at Mary and see just how she is sitting. Her body is erect; the back of her hips is straight against the back of the chair; her chest is well expanded; her feet are square on the floor. We all may look as well as Mary. There, what a fine appearance my school presents! I am proud of it.

Now, you may stand beside your desks. We will open the window a little. Why? Could we live without air? The more fresh air we get the healthier and livelier we shall be. In order to get plenty of air we must help our chests to grow. We will take these exercises to strengthen them:

First, we must stand correctly. Raise the crown of your head, but keep your chin drawn in (like this). Throw your shoulders back; oh, not too far, that is unnatural. Are your knees together? Turn your toes out, so (60 deg.). Why, I have a room full of soldiers!

Now, for the exercises. Extend arms horizontally in front, tips of fingers touching. Reach hands backward as far as you can, stretching muscles of chest and arm. Can you feel your chest muscles move? What else can you feel? (Chest swells out). This exercise broadens the chest. Now we will try something to heighten it. Put your left hand on chest, right hand below it, at waist-line; press gently with right hand, at the same time trying to lift muscles of your upper chest; one, two, one, etc. Try the same movement without the aid of the hands.

Here is another: Hands together in front, fingers interlocked, palms pointing upward. Fill lungs with air, bringing hands upon head. Hold the breath with hands at back of neck. Expel breath, bringing joined hands back over head to position.

Now one more: Hands together behind, fingers interlocked, palms pointing upward. Extend joined hands as far backward as possible while taking a deep inspiration. Expel breath and let the hands fall lifeless.

Next we will take an exercise that will help our lungs: Expel your breath and as I raise my hand inhale air thru the nose. As I lower my hand let it pass gradually out of the lungs thru the mouth. We may sometimes expel the breath thru the nose instead of the mouth, but we must always *inhale* thru the nose.

Let us try this exercise again. Can you feel the lungs expand way down to the waist? Test, by lightly clasping the waist, letting the middle fingers just touch one another. Now draw the air into the lower part of the lungs. Do you feel your finger tips incline to pull apart? If they do not you may know that your clothing is too tight. The lungs and chest will not grow if the clothing is too tight.

This last exercise is very helpful. Practice it at home as often as you can, but be sure to do it just as I have taught you.

NOTE—In all respiratory exercises the children should be urged to a forced respiration, i. e., a deeper breath than the normal. Care should be taken to have the breathing slow and even, not a quick gasp or sigh, which may lead to dizziness. At first the breathing may be very audible in the respiratory exercises; this may be found necessary during a few weeks to insure that the right thing is being done. As soon as possible the breath, tho just as deep, should be slower in order to give strength and control to the respiratory muscles, and the breathing will then be quieter. In all cases an exaggerated lifting of the shoulders should be avoided.

The Wailing Wind

[SELECTED]

My mother told me long ago

When I was a little lad,
That when the wind went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad.

And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,

With the blankets pulled up 'round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!

And, "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,

And the voice would say in its moanful way:

Y-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

Y-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

Y-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

The Brown Thrush

There's a merry brown thrush singing up in a tree,

He's singing to you, 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."

And the brown thrush kept singing,

"A nest, do you see,

And five eggs hid by me in a juniper tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl, little boy,

Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad, now I'm free!

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me;

And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy;

But long it won't be,

Don't you know? don't you see?

Unless we are as good as can be."

—LARCUM.—

First Year Plans for Number Work

First Week

MONDAY

Count by twos to one hundred.

Add 6 to each of the following numbers: 32, 43, 61, 52, 20, 33, 12, 31, 41, 52, 62, 13.

TUESDAY

Subtraction:

1. There were twelve crocuses in blossom in the garden. Six of them died. How many were left?

2. Thirty children planted each a tiny tree on Arbor Day. Six of the trees died. How many lived?

3. There are twenty-five children in the first grade room. Six of them are going to speak pieces on Arbor Day. How many will not speak pieces?

4. Thirteen sparrows were eating oats in the street. Along came a cat and six of the sparrows flew away. How many were left?

5. Write a problem about eleven birds and six birds.

6. Three from 6 leaves how many? From 8? From 10? 12? 14?

7. Six from 12 leaves how many? From 13? 14? 15? 16?

WEDNESDAY

Count by threes, from three to ninety.

Addition:

| | | |
|-------------|-------------|--------------|
| $1 + 7 = ?$ | $5 + 7 = ?$ | $9 + 7 = ?$ |
| $2 + 7 = ?$ | $6 + 7 = ?$ | $10 + 7 = ?$ |
| $3 + 7 = ?$ | $7 + 7 = ?$ | $11 + 7 = ?$ |
| $4 + 7 = ?$ | $8 + 7 = ?$ | $12 + 7 = ?$ |

THURSDAY

Subtraction:

| | | |
|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| $7 - 7 = ?$ | $11 - 7 = ?$ | $15 - 7 = ?$ |
| $8 - 7 = ?$ | $12 - 7 = ?$ | $16 - 7 = ?$ |
| $9 - 7 = ?$ | $13 - 7 = ?$ | $17 - 7 = ?$ |
| $10 - 7 = ?$ | $14 - 7 = ?$ | $18 - 7 = ?$ |
| | $19 - 7 = ?$ | |

FRIDAY

Miscellaneous:

| | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| $2 + 7 = ?$ | $10 - 7 = ?$ | $9 + 7 = ?$ |
| $9 - 7 = ?$ | $13 - 7 = ?$ | $16 - 7 = ?$ |
| $3 + 7 = ?$ | $7 + 7 = ?$ | $11 + 7 = ?$ |
| | $8 + 7 = ?$ | |

Second Week

MONDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 2 | 12 | 22 | 32 | 42 | 52 | 62 |
| +7 | +7 | +7 | +7 | +7 | +7 | +7 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| | | 72 | 82 | 92 | | |
| | | +7 | +7 | +7 | | |
| | | — | — | — | | |

TUESDAY

Subtraction:

| | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 19 | 29 | 39 | 49 | 59 | 69 | 79 | 89 | 99 |
| -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

| | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 17 | 27 | 37 | 47 | 57 | 67 | 77 | 87 | 97 |
| -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

WEDNESDAY

Write all the numbers ending in 7, from 7 to 77.

Add 7 to each of the following numbers: 41, 32, 30, 51, 60, 72, 80, 91.

THURSDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 1 |
| 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 4 |
| 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| 3 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| 2 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |

FRIDAY

Play candy store, using toy money, and making change up to \$1.00.

Third Week

MONDAY

Miscellaneous:

| | | |
|--------------|---------------------------------|--------------|
| $3 + 5 = ?$ | $11 - 5 = ?$ | $12 - 6 = ?$ |
| $7 - 4 = ?$ | $5 + 7 = ?$ | $12 + 7 = ?$ |
| $14 - 6 = ?$ | $20 - 7 = ?$ | $14 + 6 = ?$ |
| $14 - 6 = ?$ | $15 - 5 = ?$ | $21 + 7 = ?$ |
| | $11 + 7 = ?$ | |
| | $6 + 2 - 3 + 1 + 2 = ?$ | |
| | $5 - 3 + 1 - 2 + 1 + 2 + 1 = ?$ | |

TUESDAY

How tall is the teacher? How tall is the tallest pupil in the room? How tall is the shortest pupil in the room? Are there any two pupils in the room of exactly the same height? How tall are they?

WEDNESDAY

Addition:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 13 | 23 | 33 | 43 | 53 | 63 | 73 |
| +7 | +7 | +7 | +7 | +7 | +7 | +7 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| | | 83 | 93 | | | |
| | | +7 | +7 | | | |
| | | — | — | | | |

Add 6 to each of the following numbers: 23, 42, 51, 64, 73, 82, 91.

THURSDAY

Subtraction:

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 18 | 28 | 38 | 48 | 58 | 68 | 78 |
| -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 | -7 |
| — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| | | 88 | 98 | | | |
| | | -7 | -7 | | | |
| | | — | — | | | |

Subtract 6 from each of the following numbers: 29, 38, 47, 56, 69, 78.

FRIDAY

1. Five + 8 + 2 + 5 + 2 = ?
 2. Six - 3 + 2 + 1 - 2 + 2 = ?
 3. Twelve - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 = ?
 4. Six + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + 1 = ?
- Play buzz, using seven for "buzzy."

Fourth Week

MONDAY

Addition:

$$\begin{array}{r} 13 \quad 23 \quad 33 \quad 43 \quad 53 \\ +6 \quad +7 \quad +6 \quad +7 \quad +6 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 63 \quad 73 \quad 83 \quad 93 \\ +7 \quad +6 \quad +7 \quad +6 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

Subtraction:

$$\begin{array}{r} 17 \quad 27 \quad 37 \quad 47 \quad 57 \quad 67 \quad 77 \quad 87 \quad 97 \\ -6 \quad -7 \quad -6 \quad -7 \quad -6 \quad -7 \quad -6 \quad -7 \quad -6 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

TUESDAY

Addition:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | 5 | 7 | 6 | 7 |
| 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| 1 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 |
| 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| — | — | — | — | — |
| 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 |
| 2 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 3 |
| 1 | 1 | 2 | 5 | 1 |
| 3 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| 5 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 5 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

WEDNESDAY

1. Frank had 14 cents and gave his sister
6. How many cents had he left?
2. I had 3 peaches and mother gave me 6 more. How many had I then?
3. Write five number problems.

THURSDAY

Measure the plants in the schoolroom. How long is your handkerchief? Is it as wide as it is long?

FRIDAY

Choose sides, and have an addition and subtraction match.

Second Year Number Plans

First Week

MONDAY

Count by sevens, from 7 to 77.

Multiplication:

| | | |
|-----------|-----------|------------|
| 8 × 1 = ? | 8 × 4 = ? | 7 × 8 = ? |
| 1 × 8 = ? | 4 × 8 = ? | 8 × 9 = ? |
| 8 × 2 = ? | 8 × 5 = ? | 9 × 8 = ? |
| 2 × 3 = ? | 5 × 8 = ? | 8 × 10 = ? |
| 8 × 3 = ? | 8 × 6 = ? | 10 × 8 = ? |
| 6 × 8 = ? | 8 × 7 = ? | |

TUESDAY

Division:

| | | |
|------------|------------|------------|
| 8 ÷ 1 = ? | 8 ÷ 8 = ? | 24 ÷ 8 = ? |
| 16 ÷ 8 = ? | 32 ÷ 8 = ? | 40 ÷ 8 = ? |
| 64 ÷ 8 = ? | 48 ÷ 8 = ? | 72 ÷ 8 = ? |
| 56 ÷ 8 = ? | 80 ÷ 8 = ? | |

WEDNESDAY

Miscellaneous:

| | | |
|------------|------------|------------|
| 3 × 8 = ? | 10 × 2 = ? | 8 × 10 = ? |
| 24 ÷ 8 = ? | 80 × 8 = ? | 16 ÷ 8 = ? |
| 8 × 6 = ? | 5 × 8 = ? | 2 × 8 = ? |
| 32 ÷ 8 = ? | 72 ÷ 8 = ? | 64 ÷ 8 = ? |
| 8 × 5 = ? | 8 × 1 = ? | 40 ÷ 8 = ? |
| | 8 ÷ 8 = ? | |

THURSDAY

Add 8 to each of the following numbers: 21, 32, 63, 72, 84, 26, 35, 75, 42, 56.

General Examples:

$$\begin{array}{l} 8 + 8 + 8 + 8 + 8 = ? \\ 7 + 7 + 7 + 7 + 7 = ? \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{l} 8 + 7 + 8 + 7 + 8 = ? \\ 8 - 7 + 8 - 7 + 8 - 7 = ? \\ 8 - 7 + 6 - 5 + 4 - 3 = ? \end{array}$$

FRIDAY

Play grocery store, using toy money.

Second Week

Multiplication:

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 211 | 210 | 311 | 200 | 510 |
| 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 | 8 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

Division:

| | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 8 888 | 8 800 | 8 160 | 8 328 |
| — | — | — | — |

TUESDAY

Addition:

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 424 | 276 | 354 | 281 | 543 |
| 174 | 712 | 621 | 827 | 187 |
| 221 | 171 | 374 | 438 | 834 |
| 761 | 267 | 581 | 211 | 163 |
| — | — | — | — | — |

WEDNESDAY

Write all the numbers ending in 8, from 8 to 108.

1. If church begins at half-past ten and lasts for an hour and three-quarters, at what time does it close?
2. If Sunday-school begins at twelve o'clock

and lasts an hour and a quarter, at what time does it close?

3. Write two clock problems.

THURSDAY

Write the Roman numerals, beginning at twelve and going back to one.

Miscellaneous—Multiplication:

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| $7 \times 8 = ?$ | $8 \times 7 = ?$ | $8 \times 6 = ?$ |
| $9 \times 8 = ?$ | $9 \times 7 = ?$ | $9 \times 6 = ?$ |
| $8 \times 10 = ?$ | $7 \times 10 = ?$ | $6 \times 10 = ?$ |
| $2 \times 8 = ?$ | $2 \times 7 = ?$ | $2 \times 6 = ?$ |
| $4 \times 8 = ?$ | $4 \times 7 = ?$ | $4 \times 6 = ?$ |
| $8 \times 1 = ?$ | $7 \times 1 = ?$ | $6 \times 1 = ?$ |

FRIDAY

Have a number match, choosing sides, and reviewing addition, subtraction, multiplication and division tables.

Third Week

MONDAY

Write the multiplication table of four, five and six.

TUESDAY

Write the addition, subtraction and multiplication table of seven and eight.

WEDNESDAY

Write the division table of seven and eight.

THURSDAY

Write all the numbers ending in 8, from 8 to 88.

Multiplication:

| | | | | |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| $\begin{array}{r} 110 \\ 8 \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 100 \\ 8 \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 211 \\ 8 \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 210 \\ 8 \end{array}$ | $\begin{array}{r} 311 \\ 8 \end{array}$ |
| $\hline 8)888$ | $\hline 8)408$ | $\hline 8)488$ | $\hline 8)248$ | $\hline 8)568$ |

FRIDAY

Play meat market, using toy money.

Fourth Week

MONDAY

1. A box held 35 letters. Marion made two words of 8 letters each from them. How many letters were left?

2. Four and 3 and 2 and 1 and 7 are how many?

3. Fifteen $-3 -3 -3 -3$ are how many?

4. Twenty $+1 -2 +1 = ?$

5. Billy had 16 cents and lost 8. How many had he left?

TUESDAY

Play grocery store, using toy money.

WEDNESDAY

Measure objects, out-of-doors.

Addition:

| | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 415 | 716 | 627 | 480 | 222 | 123 |
| 721 | 382 | 123 | 804 | 333 | 123 |
| 181 | 451 | 753 | 408 | 444 | 123 |
| 218 | 327 | 426 | 840 | 555 | 456 |

Add eight to each of the following numbers: 22, 43, 52, 17, 23, 41, 72.

THURSDAY

Write all the numbers ending in 8, from 8 to 888.

FRIDAY

Review all the tables of the month.

Some High Percentages in Spelling Tests

The following comments on a written spelling lesson observed in a third-year class may explain, in a measure, the surprisingly high standards attained in written examinations by the pupils of some schools.

The children were directed to write seven sentences as dictated by the teacher. During the dictation the instructor walked up and down the room, telling one pupil, "I see a word misspelled in the third line"; or "Your second sentence is not punctuated correctly."

In fact, the class was given so much assistance, their errors were pointed out so clearly, that the observer could not help concluding that the purpose was to deceive the authority, who was to judge from the proficiency of the class.

Take this example: The teacher dictated "I'm coming," said Nellie. "Wait till I write this word." The interrupted quotation caused trouble, the children placing their quotation marks indiscriminately.

The point was cleared by the teacher having the pupils tell her the words of the speaker. After this, most of the class put the quotation marks correctly.

BUT, this was supposed to be a written review of subjects that had been thoroly explained by the teacher and grasped by the children. By looking over these papers, revised with the teacher's assistance, will the higher authority — principal or superintendent — to whom they are submitted form a correct conception of these children's efficiency in spelling, or of the instructor's ability to help them attain this efficiency?

From Lips and Heart

Where is the teacher who does not feel the better for a cheery "Good-morning!" from every little pair of lips? It breaks the ice so pleasantly for a day's trip together.

Sometimes they forget it, of course! Home thoughts make them abstract, but try surprising Edward some time by saying, "Good morning, Edward! I am ahead of you in our greeting!" He will be first next time, sure!

—E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Penna.

Weather Observations

- What day of the month is this?
 Who looked at the thermometer outside this morning?
 How many degrees did it register?
 How many colors did you see in the sky as you came to school?
 What about the clouds?
 What sort of weather do you think we shall have to-day? Why?
 What kind of wind is blowing this morning?
 In what direction are the trees bending?
 Where does the weather-vane point?
 In what direction are the clouds traveling?
 What does this kind of wind bring?

MEMORY GEM

- Which is the wind that brings the rain?
 The East wind. Children and farmers know
 That cows come shivering up the lane
 When the East wind begins to blow.

The Clock

- How do we know when it is time to go to school?
 What tells us when it is time to have recess?
 What tells us when to go home?
 Where is the clock?
 Can you hear it? What does it say?
 Let us all say it!
 What part of the clock does the ticking?
 What parts of the clock move?
 What is the face of the clock?
 What is the clock case?
 How many hands has the clock?
 What does the little hand tell?
 What does the big hand tell?
 How do the hands tell the time of day?
 How many numbers are on the face?
 What do the short lines between the figures show?
 How many minutes are between the figures 12 and 1?
 How many between 1 and 2?
 How many between 12 and 2?
 How many between 12 and 3?
 How many between 3 and 6?
 How many between 6 and 9?
 How many between 3 and 9?
 How many between 12 and 6?
 How many between 12 and 9?
 How many between 9 and 12?
 How many around the whole face of the clock, from 12 back to 12?
 Now we have the whole multiplication table of 5. Let us say it together: $1 \times 5 = 5$, $2 \times 5 = 10$, $3 \times 5 = 15$, $4 \times 5 = 20$, etc.
 (In the same way the table of 10 up to 6×10 may be developed; also the table of 15 up to 4×15 , and the 20 up to 3×20 .)
 How do we keep the clock going?
 What is the difference between a clock and a watch?

Who knows of any clocks besides the one here at school and those in your homes?

Telling Time

[Supply a cardboard clock face with two movable hands of the same material. The older children will be glad to make the instrument. Hang it up so that all may see it.]

Which is the hour hand? Why is it called hour hand?

Which is the minute hand? Why do we call it the minute hand?

How long does it take the minute hand to move from one figure to the next? (Move hand from one minute mark to next and so on till the next figure is reached, the class counting aloud.)

How long does it take the minute hand to travel once around the whole face of the clock? (Move hand one minute at a time, the class counting aloud to 60.)

How many minutes does it take the hour hand to travel one figure to the next?

[Develop twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock, etc.]

Where does the minute hand point at every full hour? (It tells that 60 minutes are up.)

[Develop five minutes past the hour, ten minutes past the hour, fifteen minutes past the hour, and so on by progressing five minutes at the time, until thirty minutes past the hour is reached.]

Who knows another way of saying thirty minutes past twelve? (Half past twelve.)

Where does the minute hand point when it is half past the hour? (Thirty minutes is half way around the face of the clock.)

Now let us go on. [Use toy clock all the way thru in illustrating.] How many minutes past the hour when the minute hand points to 7? to 8? to 9? to 10? to 11?

Who can tell me another way for saying thirty-five minutes past twelve? (Twenty-five minutes of one.) Yes, after we have passed the half hour we begin to think of the hour that is to come. That is why we say twenty-five minutes of, twenty minutes of, fifteen minutes of, ten minutes of, five minutes of.

Now I will have the minute hand point to number 9 again. Who can tell what time it is by this clock? (A quarter of twelve.)

How many quarters are there in an hour? Here is a watch. How many hands has it?

What is the tiny little hand called that goes merrily ticking around its own little circle? (The second hand.)

Who knows how many seconds the tiny hand marks in one minute?

So it takes sixty seconds to make a minute and sixty minutes to make an hour.

Who knows of other ways of telling time?

Who will tell us about the sun dial?

Which is the surest way of telling time?

Hints and Helps

Plans, Methods, Devices and Suggestions from Teacher's Workshops

Finding Time for Good Things

On Mondays we usually give the hour for nature work to lessons on the object, which may be a leaf, a branch, tree, flower or fruit. On Tuesdays we devote the hour to painting the object. Each child has his box of colors, brush and cup of water for mixing the paint. The color has been talked of in the previous lesson. If the object is small, each child has one on his desk to look at. On Wednesday, if the object studied is one that may be conventionalized for decorative drawing, we let the children make original designs, either for border, corner or center decorations. Thursday is then frequently given to the construction of some object such as a book, cover, a picture frame, a box, basket, which when finished is decorated with the design originated the previous day. Friday is usually given to reviewing the points which are to be especially fixed in memory.

New York.

L. C. B.

Plans for Neatness

We country teachers, of course, are all bothered with dirt, and if any little plans will help to make this less I know we will all be glad.

One good plan for keeping the floor under the desks clean is to quietly inspect them at night, and then let the one who has the dirtiest desk clean the others and pick up the paper, etc., on the floor, after the rest have been excused. I have tried this and find that it works so well that I am saved much sweeping.

Have a regular time for cleaning out desks and insist that it shall be done at that time, and all unnecessary papers destroyed. Have waste baskets and see that they are used. Let the children care for the boards and appoint certain ones to clean them, also the erasers each week. If you have school room decorations, such as chains, raffia work, pictures, etc., see that all are displayed in good shape, and that no dust gathers on them. Everything should look neat and attractive. If anything is disgusting it is to go into a schoolroom and see books, papers, etc., scattered around and covered with dust.

Let us be neat ourselves, keep our schoolroom neat, and our pupils will strive to be neat about their person and their work.

Michigan.

BESSIE L. ILES.

Varied Positions

It is strange how a change of position while reciting or singing will waken a class of little ones. I often tell my boys and girls to rise, face the opposite direction from what they are accustomed to, and then we sing, but with a

new zeal; sometimes one side of the room faces the other, again they all march quietly to the front of the room and sing in a "big choir." We also have solos, duets and quartets. There are always some who lead in that line and they choose others to help them. I have seen children who can't keep a tune make a bold effort to sing a solo so that they may choose others to help them in the chorus.

There are nine in my first grade and when standing in an even line I tell them they are like a straight *rod* and let them form into a *ring* by each one stepping out as he spells the word I pronounce and, joining hands with each other, form a ring. Anyone failing to spell his word breaks the ring and his space is left open until he finds his word in the lesson, spells it and closes the opening. Sometimes they form in a square, and they soon learned that $4 \times 2 = 8$, the ninth one acting as teacher in pronouncing the words. Forming a triangle, 3×3 is a practical result. There are six windows in our room. I often tell each one to choose a word from the lesson, which they are, go to the window, and as I go to each one they tell me who they are and what they say (spell it). Don't be afraid to let these little men and women be real actors on the schoolroom's stage whenever an opportunity presents itself.

Lancaster, Pa.

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Impersonation

Inanimate objects and lower forms of life talk about themselves in the first person. Tennyson could make this succeed occasionally, as in his "Talking Oak," and "The Brook." But Tennyson never wrote a school reader, and he has left no successors. It is not poetic, and certainly not exalting to read:

"I was a worm. I ate green leaves till I could eat no more. I went to sleep," etc.—all, of course, leading on to the dénouement of the butterfly. Or:

"I am a mouse. I love to crawl into holes, and to steal cheese in the pantry. I am afraid of the cat," etc., etc.

Do children really like these things? Do they respect them? Can we expect that they will read these effusions with spirit and expression—especially when they have read or heard them read a score of times? Let us respect the child's common sense, which is ordinarily superior to our own. JAMES C. FERNALD.

THE WISE OLD OWL

"A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke.

"The less he spoke, the more he heard;
Why can't we all be like that bird?"

Decorative Borders

The white paper used in packing ribbons is a very useful article in the schoolroom. Being waste material, it can be procured at very little expense from milliners and retail merchants. One of the most pleasing uses is for decorative borders.

A border of babies is made by cutting pictures of children from journal fashion plates and mounting them on the ribbon paper. A background of hills, woods, fences and grasses washed in and the cut pictures tinted with water color makes an unusually attractive border that pleases the little people.

A border of birds on the wing and one of gaily-colored butterflies made on the ribbon paper were very much admired. The ribbon paper can easily be decorated with water colors, so that older children may be put to work one at a time to make a border of tulips.

Lanterns painted by pupils on such paper or painted by entire class and mounted on the ribbon paper make very pretty borders.

Ohio.

ANNE FORESTER.

Get Ready for Penmanship

Teachers, do you dislike the period for preparing for penmanship?

I have made it one of the most interesting parts of the day by allowing two boys and girls to pass ink bottles and copies while the school, sitting in position (arms folded), sing a song. They try to finish their task before the song is ended, and it is a game full of business. Pens have been laid on each desk at the previous intermission, and all are ready to write at the same time. We collect everything the same way. Try it!

E. MAIE SEYFERT.

Riddlemeree

FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Born in winter, dies in summer, and grows with root upward.

An icicle.

In the church, but not in the steeple;
In the preacher, but not in the people;
In the oyster, but not in the shell;
In the clapper, but not in the bell.

The letter R.

Six daughters each had a brother. How many children in the family?

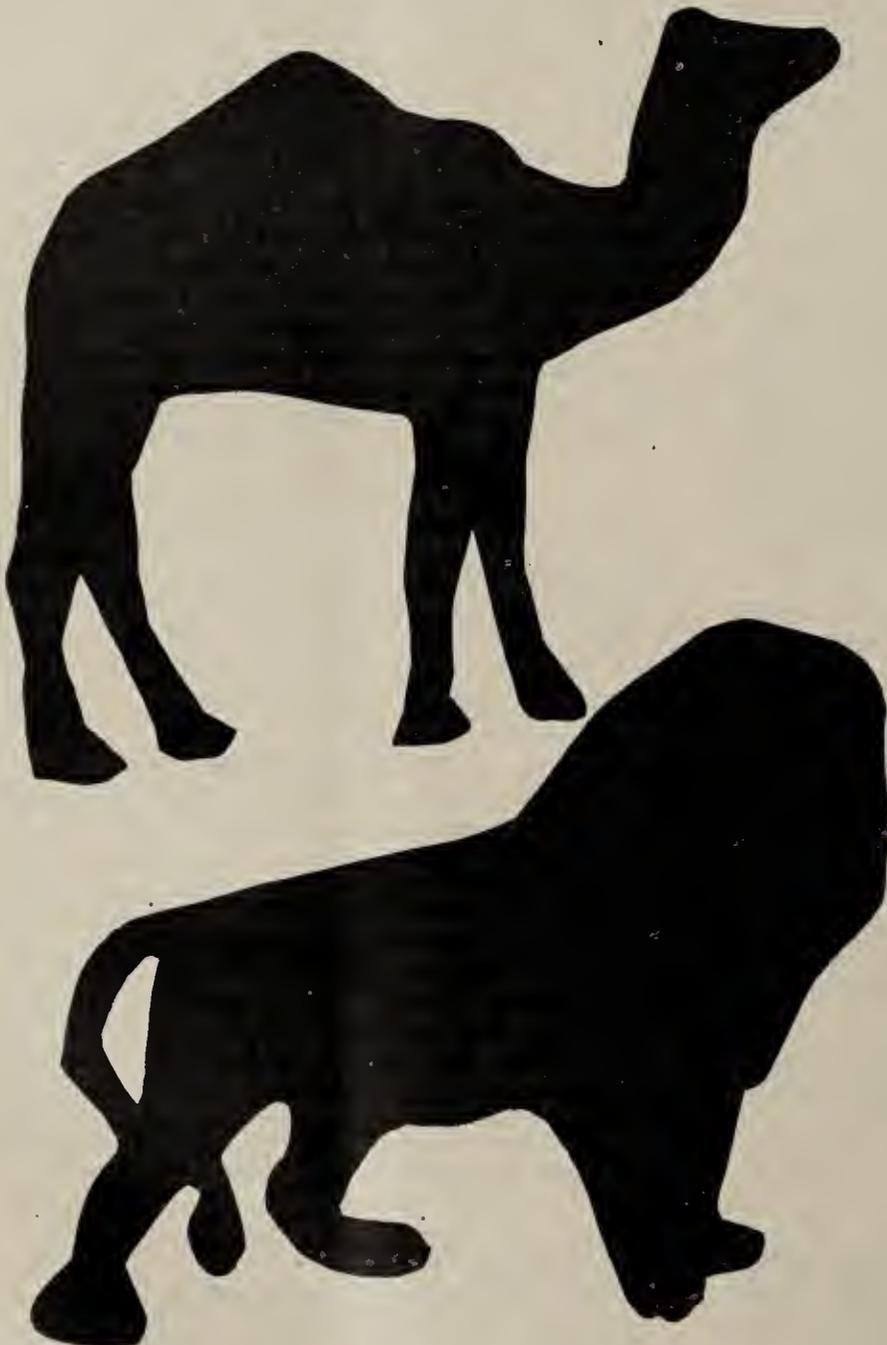
Seven.

A cat in each corner of the room. A cat opposite each cat. A cat looking at each cat. A cat sitting on each cat's tail. How many cats?

Four.

In the moon, but not in the sun,
In the pistol, but not in the gun,
In the fork, but not in the knife,
In the parson, but not in his wife,
In the rogue, but not in the thief,
In a book, but not in a leaf,
In the town, but not the street,
In the toes, but not in the feet.

The letter O.



Circus Paper Cuttings.

Some Dainty Pets

We happened upon them quite by accident in this way:

The school had begun an experimental study of insects and with the locusts, beetles and butterflies that were brought in by the children came a box of very lively caterpillars, collected from a passion flower vine. This vine is a favorite pasture for a particularly ferocious looking little caterpillar.

We examined the wriggling specimens rather gingerly and put them into a bottle with the intention of preserving them in alcohol for a more thoro investigation of their anatomy when they should seem less formidable.

Next morning when the bottle was brought down, behold, and what did we find but two little chrysalids hanging to the top of the bottle, each with a little tuft of hairy brush at the end, the remains of what had been a brown little coat.

Here was a new idea suggested to us! We need not "chase the winged butterfly" with net and collecting box! We could develop our own specimens!

It was only two weeks until we found two beautiful orange red butterflies in the bottle; but the door of their prison was so small that we had to batter down the walls in order to release the prisoners, and in the tumult one of them had a wing so damaged as to utterly spoil his good looks—and so saved his life, for he could still fly, and we let him go.

The other we put into the cyanide jar while the bloom of youth was still on his wings and we have him, mounted, in all his brilliant beauty, our first "own" butterfly.

But there have been many others quite as fine specimens since, tho few have gone into the deadly jar; for our school is not killing butterflies wholesale. We try to find the male and female of each variety, and stop at that.

FEEDING THE CATERPILLAR

Each child has at home at least one caterpillar in a saucer with a glass tumbler turned over it. The caterpillar is fed upon whatever it likes best, and that is usually the foliage of the plant upon which it is found. Sometimes the little fellow is captured as he travels over the ground, and much interest is taken by his captor in spreading before him all the dainties of the neighborhood in the way of leaves from garden, orchard and park.

When the little epicure finds what he likes he at once falls to eating and keeps it up voraciously whenever his table is spread with fresh viands.

By and by we come upon him when a change has taken place. He has changed his dress more than once, but never was he like this before. He has gone to bed and pulled the covers over his head—perhaps he was afraid of the dark—and his little hairy coat he has hung on the bed post.

Being but novices, we know not what he will

be next, so wait in delightful anticipation for him to wake up.

THE BUTTERFLY

We have never yet had the good luck to see our caterpillar fold about him the "drapery of his couch and lie down to pleasant dreams," but just once we had the rare fortune to come upon him just as he rolled out of the chrysalis, a very damp, and apparently very much surprised butterfly—reminding one somewhat of a chicken just out of the shell. He walked about and shook his wings, wondering, possibly, what sort of Raleigh cloak his tailor had been giving him this time!

One little fellow we kept several days, feeding him often with sugar water. At first we had to hold him carefully and with a pin straighten out his proboscis and put the end of it in the sweet; but he came to know what it meant and would run his slender thread of a tongue out quickly and eagerly move it about in the liquid as if enjoying his dinner like any other little gormand.

We came to love him so that we took him out to the flower garden and with a little sigh of regret saw him flutter away to find his own "refreshments."

AWAKENED INTEREST

The children are learning the names and uses of the parts of an insect, and we are making a collection of those in our own neighborhood, which we keep in a little cabinet made by one of our fifth grade boys.

Sometime we may have something interesting to report from our experiments and observations, but we can never estimate, much less report all that this study is doing for the children in giving them an interest in and respect for the little creatures that once excited only their loathing and contempt.

California.

FRANCES R. SAUNDERS.

From Longfellow's "Hiawatha"

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, THE FIREFLY

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting thru the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

An Arbor Day Program

Something for Every Child in the Class to Say

First Child.

There isn't a blossom under our feet
But has some teaching short and sweet,
That is richly worth the knowing;
And the roughest hedge and the sharpest thorn
Is blest with a power to guard or warn,
If we but heed its showing.

Second Child.

CHOOSING THE TREE

Come, happy children, with footsteps light,
To the cool, green woods away!
Let us choose a tree that is young and strong,
To plant on Arbor Day.

Shall it be the beech with its folded leaves,
And its trunk so rough and brown?
Or the maple, whose crimson blossoms burn
While softly drifting down?

Here is the chestnut that turns to gold
When the summer days are dead,
And here the oak that then shall wear
A robe of russet red.

Here are the linden's pointed buds,
And the sweet-gum's spicy smell,
And the graceful elm, whose drooping boughs
The bluebirds love so well.

The silver birch, like a white-clad ghost,
'Mid the other trees is seen;
And the wild plum drops her blossoms now,
To open leaves of green.

Which shall it be, O children dear?
We may choose whate'er we will,
For a hundred others as fair as these
Are left in the forest still.

But see that the roots are strong and firm,
And the sap is running gay,
And bring it carefully from the woods,
To plant on Arbor Day.

—ANGELINA W. WRAY.

Third Child.

Choose me, for

I am the Maple, beautiful and tall;
No fruit bear I, but calmly wait
Till perfect leaves and hue of fall
Shall grace my place at Beauty's gate.

Fourth Child.

Choose me, for

I am the hardy Oak,
And toss my branches to the sky;
A type of strength am I,
And strength is best. Choose me.

Fifth Child.

Choose me, for

I am the Chestnut shady, home of squirrels
And happy birds; the livelong day
Gay, laughing boys and merry girls
Within my shade are fast at play,
With fears and cares away,
And joy is best. Choose me.

Sixth Child.

Choose me,

The lofty, silent Pine;
The winds and snows find rest with me,
And men seek out this calm of mine,
To dream of things divine.
Choose me.

Seventh Child.

Choose me,

The stately Elm with leaves of green,
O'er-spreading far on high
Its canopy of fresh spring leaves,
All hail the elm! I cry.

Eighth Child.

Hurrah for the beautiful trees!
Hurrah for the forest grand!
The pride of His centuries,
The garden of God's own hand.

Ninth Child.

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the plank to withstand the gales.
The keel, the keelson, the beam, and knee;
We plant the ship, when we plant the tree.

Tenth Child.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

Eleventh Child.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag;
We plant the staff for our country's flag;
We plant the shades, from the hot sun free,—
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—HENRY ABBEY.

Twelfth Child.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.

Thirteenth Child.

Can'st thou tell, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

Fourteenth Child.

If thou could'st but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

Fifteenth Child.

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.

Sixteenth Child.

Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

Seventeenth Child.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love.

Eighteenth Child.

Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

*Nineteenth Child (Holding letter A, made
of green paper leaves.)*

A is for the Ash tree,
Of the Ash, then, I will sing.

Twentieth Child (Holding B).

B is for the Butternut,
Better than anything.

Twenty-first Child (With C).

C is for the Cherry tree,
That bears the fruit so fine.

Twenty-second Child (With D).

D is for the Dogwood;
I'll take its flowers for mine.

Twenty-third Child (With E).

E is for the Elm trees,
That by the roadside grow.

Twenty-fourth Child (With F).

F is for the Fir tree,
Good for Christmas, we all know.

Twenty-fifth Child (With G).

G is for the Grapevine,
All purple in the fall.

Twenty-sixth Child (With H).

H is for the Hickory,
With fine nuts, tho they're small.

Twenty-seventh Child (With I),

I is for the Ivy fair,
That climbs up porches everywhere.

Twenty-eighth Child (With J and K).

J is the Juniper,
Always so green.
K says 'twill keep so,
Forever I ween.

Twenty-ninth Child (With L).

L is for Linden,
Whose blossoms are sweet.

Thirtieth Child (With M).

M is for Maple,
Whose leaves are so neat.

Thirty-first Child (With N).

N is for downy Nests,
Where birdies grow.

Thirty-second Child (With O).

O is for Oak tree,
That the birds love so.

Thirty-third Child (With P).

P is for Poplar,
That shakes in the breeze.

Thirty-fourth Child (With Q).

Q is for Quince bush;
I like Quince, if you please.

Thirty-fifth Child (With R).

R is for the lovely Rose,
That blossoms in June.

Thirty-sixth Child (With S).

S is for Spruce tree,
That's paper quite soon.

Thirty-seventh Child (With T).

T is the graceful Tamarack,
Unless you call it Hackmatack.

Thirty-eighth Child (With U and V).

U is the useful Underbrush,
You find beside the wall;
V is for the many Vines,
All scarlet in the fall.

Thirty-ninth Child (With W and X).

W is the Walnut,
With nuts in autumn time;
X is for the Extra trees,
That have no words that rhyme.

Fortieth Child (With Y and Z).

Y is for the yellow leaves,
That all trees sometimes show;
Z is for the Zephyrs,
That all the trees will blow.

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Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

For Bird Day

April

Frost in the meadow, fog on the hill;
Bluebird and robin sing with a will.

Up thru the brown earth, spite of the cold,
Comes Lady Crocus, in purple and gold.

Shy little Snowdrop, dressed like a bride,
Nodding and trembling, stands by her side.

Daffadowndilly slips out of bed,
With a buff turban crowning her head.

Slim Mr. Jonquil comes on the run.
"Pray, am I up in time for the fun?"

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, in *Harper's Young People*.

The Secret

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built the—I sha'n't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—something in it—
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Tho I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out.

—Selected.

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!"

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Somebody's Knocking

There's somebody knocking.

Hark! who can it be?

It's not at the door! no, it's in the elm tree.

I hear it again: it goes rat-a-tat-tat!

Now, what in the world is the meaning of that?

I think I can tell you. Ah, yes! it is he:

It's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free.

He's dressed very handsomely (rat-a-tat-tat),

Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat.

He's making his visits this morning, you see;

Some friends of his live in that elm tree;

And, as trees have no doorbells (rat-a-tat-tat),

Of course he must knock: what is plainer than that?

Now old Madam Bug hears him rap at her door:

Why doesn't she come? Does she think him a bore—

She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still.

I guess she's afraid that he's bringing a bill.

"I've seen you before, my good master," says she:

"Altho I'm a bug, sir, you can't humbug me.

Rap on, if you please! at your rapping I laugh,
I'm too old a bug to be caught with your chaff."

—*The Nursery*.

The Flicker

Three woodpeckers have come to us this year: the hard working downy, the jolly little sapsucker, and the merry red-head. There is one more that we ought to add to the list for summer study, since he is very likely to cross our path,—the flicker:

This woodpecker has a great many names, probably because he lives in a great many states. The most common are: flicker, high-hole, yellow-hammer, and golden-winged woodpecker. I like the name flicker best of all.

He is a good-sized bird, about two inches longer than a robin. His colors are: brownish with black spots above, whitish spotted with black underneath, a black crescent on the breast, and a scarlet crescent on the back of the neck. When he flies you will notice two things: the rich golden color of the inside of his wings, and the white patch on the back just above the tail.

Now, since he is a woodpecker, you will probably expect to find the flicker pecking away at trees, but you are much more likely to find him walking through the meadows. About half of his food consists of ants and these he finds afield. He thrusts his long, sticky tongue into an ant hill, and the busy little ants stick to it whether they will or no. He also eats other insects as well as a good deal of plant food.

I hope that you will see a flicker this year and hear him call out, "A-wick-a-wick-a-wick-a-wick-a-wick-a." Possibly some of you may find a nest that these birds have dug out in an old apple tree. They do not always make new nests, however, but live in the deserted homes of other woodpeckers.

A FEW QUESTIONS ON WOODPECKERS

(1) Has the flicker a straight bill like the downy?

(2) Have you seen the flicker's mate? If so, in what way does she differ from him in color or marking?

(3) Try to watch a flicker feeding its young.

(4) Have you seen a red-headed woodpecker this year? Are you watching to see whether he stores his food?

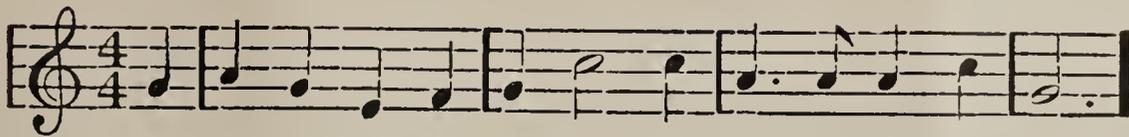
(5) How many sapsuckers have you seen? Do you always look to see whether the sapsucker has the underparts yellow?

(6) Does downy seem to be more busy in summer or in winter?

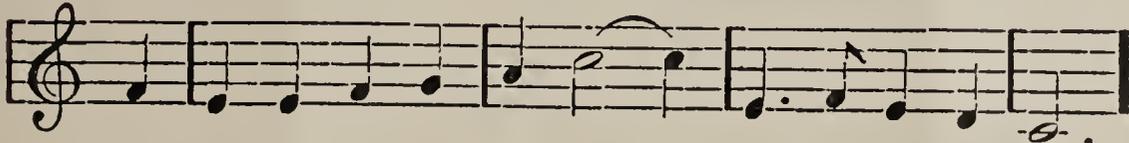
—From *The Junior Naturalist*.

Pussy Willow.

A. S. P.

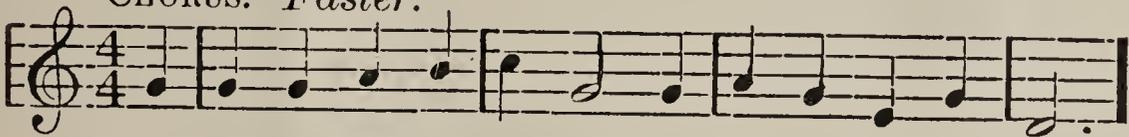


1. The ling'ring snows are melting, Beneath the sun's warm ray;
 2. The stalks all down the roadway, Stand gleaming in the sun;



The pus - sy-buds are burst-ing, All a-long the way.
 The fur - ry lit - tle pus - sies, We love them ev-'ry one!

CHORUS. *Faster.*



Oh, Pus-sy, Pus - sy - wil - low, Oh, Pus-sy, Pus-sy dear!



We're glad you've come to tell us, That the spring-time is near!

Pussy-Willows

A soft gray sky, with a hint of blue,
 A wistful wind a-blowing,
 And hemlocks, whitened here and there,
 With flakes of last night's snowing;
 The yellow grasses bow and bend—
 Poor, withered things! left over
 From summer's happy revelings
 With honey-bees and clover.

It is the hopeless time of year,
 When all the world is weary
 Of waiting thru the winter months,
 So long and cold and dreary.
 But Nature smiling to herself,
 A secret safe is keeping;
 She knows her children are not dead,
 But only softly sleeping.

She knows the thrilling flood of life
 Within the forest welling;
 And sees the branches blushing red
 With longing to be telling.
 She feels the Mayflowers lift their heads
 From all their mossy pillows;
 And now, the smallest tree has told,
 For here are pussy-willows!

You dear, wee, furry, silvery things!
 We touch you with caressing,
 And pluck your sprays with eager hands

And many a whispered blessing.
 A robin chirrups on the hill,
 A bluebird in the hollow;
 For these are pussy-willow days,
 And spring is sure to follow.

—*Home, Farm and School.*

Good News

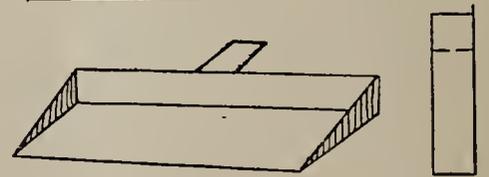
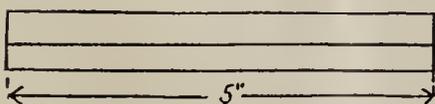
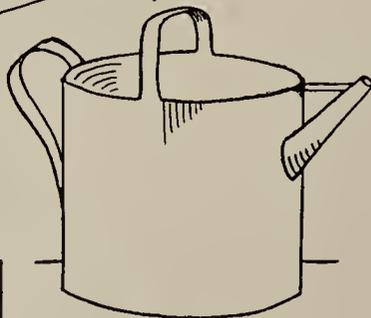
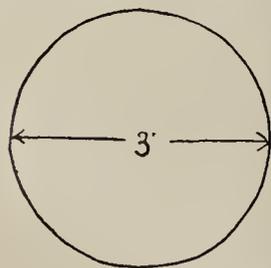
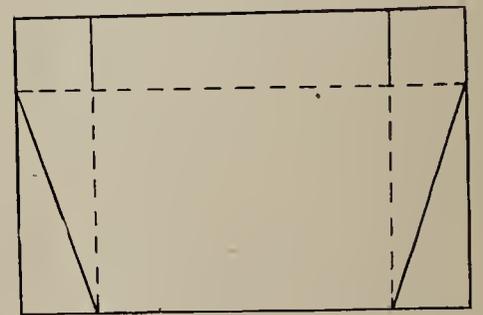
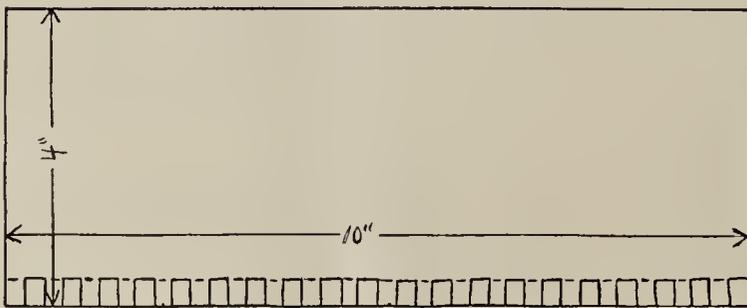
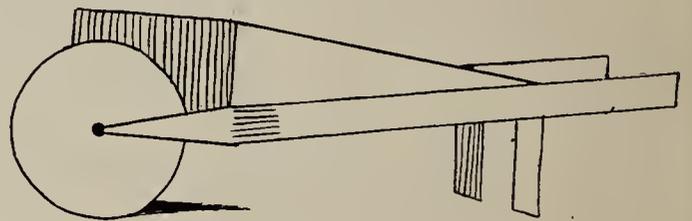
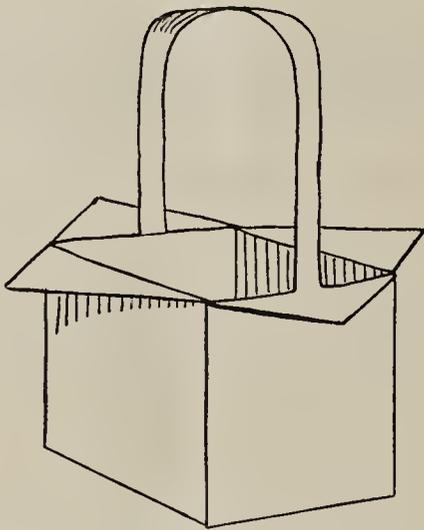
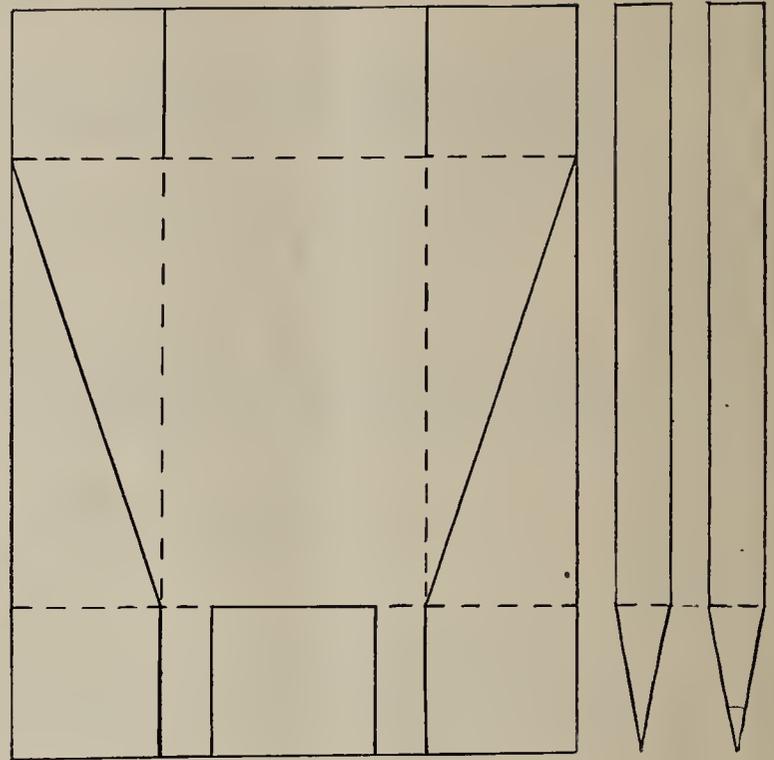
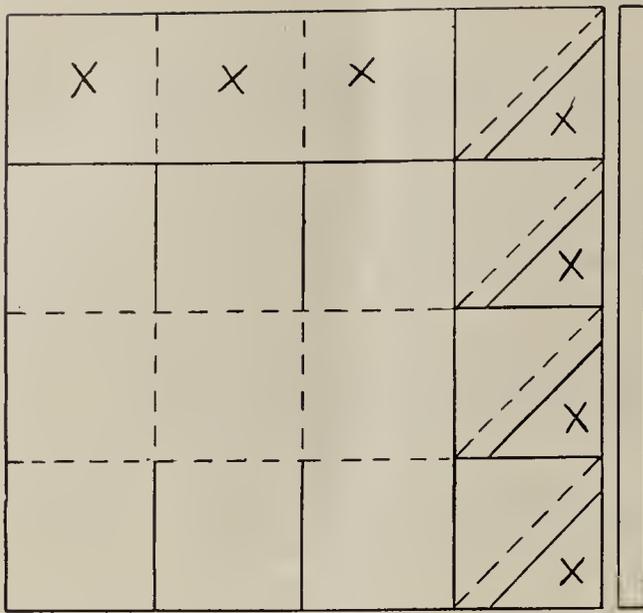
The little birds fly over,
 And O, how sweet they sing!
 To tell the happy children
 That once again 'tis spring.

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

—*Celia Thaxter.*

The Robin

I see you, little robin,
 I hear your "tweet-tweet-tweet,"
 I love to watch you hopping
 On your little yellow feet.
 Your eyes are bright and saucy,
 Your song is full of cheer,
 I'm sure you came to tell me
 That the flowers will soon be here.



Card Board Construction Work for Spring.

Pieces to Speak

Fido's Story

They said it was Arbor Day, Harry and Lee,
And they planted a stick on the street,
And I just thought I would run to see
If 'twas anything good to eat.

It tasted so nice I chewed it all up,
And then—oh, dear! dear me!
They came and called me a naughty pup,
And they chained me tight to this tree!
—*The Youth's Companion.*

Our Tree

Out in the wildwood, with none to see,
Under the ferns and the maidenhair,
We found this dear little maple-tree,
And we thought perhaps it was lonesome there,
So we dug it up, little root and all,
And we plant it here by the schoolhouse wall,
To be our pet and to watch our plays,
And to grow and grow all the summer days.
—E. H. T., in *The Youth's Companion.*

Do Apple Seeds Point Up or Down?

When teacher called the apple class, they gathered
'round to see
What question deep in apple lore their task that day
might be.
"Now tell me," said the teacher, to little Polly Brown,
"Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing
down?"
Poor Polly didn't know, for she had never thought to
look.
(And that's the kind of question you can't find in a
book.)—
And of the whole big apple class not one small pupil
knew
If apple seeds point up or down! But then, my dear,
do you?

—CAROLYN WELLS, in *St. Nicholas.*

Farmer John

A hale old man is Farmer John,
A happy man is he;
He rises with the lark at morn,
And sings right merrily.

Hard worker, too, is Farmer John:
He labors every day.
And as he plows or sows the seed,
He sings right merrily.

Contented soul is Farmer John,
Light-hearted, gay and free;
In winter cold, or summer bright,
He whistles merrily.

—*Selected.*

The Two Birds

There were two birds sat on a stone,
One flew away, and then there was one;
The other flew after, and then there was none,
And so the poor stone was left all alone.

Of these two birds one back again flew,
The other came after, and then there were two;
Said one to the other, "Pray how do you do?"
"Very well, thank you; and, pray, how do you do?"
—*Selected.*

The Scissors

We're a jolly pair of twins
And we always work together;
We are always bright and sharp,
However dull the weather.
Whenever little Maidie
Takes her workbox in her lap,
We are always up and ready
With our snip, snip, snap.

We cut the pretty patches
To piece the pretty quilt;
Each square the next one matches,
Their posies never wilt.
We trim the edges neatly
With never a mishap,
And what music sounds so sweetly
As our snip, snip, snap?

—*Our Lesson.*

A Spring Rhyme

By BERTHA E. BUSH
Patter, patter, shine, shine, shine.
Sun and rain together
Wake the flowers and make them grow
In the sweet spring weather.

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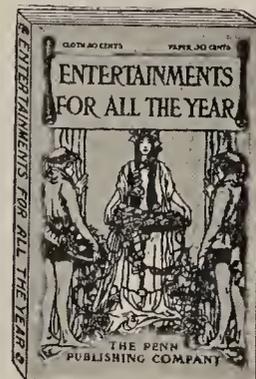
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The Undervalued Banana

The dictum that fruits should be eaten "in their season" finds its limitations as regards variety in the temperate zones at certain periods of the year. There is, however, one fruit which is readily available fresh in American markets at practically all seasons, although it grows best from November to April in its tropical or semi-tropical home. It is unfortunate that an article of diet which meets certain nutritive requirements so well and is so easily obtained at reasonable cost as the banana should be the subject of much misunderstanding among both physicians and laymen. For despite the fact that over forty million bunches are reported to have been brought to the United States last year, it is popularly stated in many quarters that the banana is difficult of digestion and may give rise to alimentary distress.

A closer consideration of the composition of the banana may serve to elucidate the situation. The fruit is brought to our northern market green, and is ripened by artificial heat. This process can be hastened or delayed within certain limits according to the momentary demands of the retail trade. The color of the peel gives evidence of the degree of ripeness. The green banana contains, in the part exclusive of the skin, about 1.5 per cent, of protein and 20 to 25 per cent. of carbohydrate, almost entirely starch. In the ripe banana, with yellow-brown peel, the edible part contains somewhat less (16 to 19 per cent.) of carbohydrate; but that which remains is now almost entirely in the form of soluble sugars. Broadly speaking, then, the ripe banana is about one-fifth sugar; the green, one-fifth starch. Most of the remainder of the edible pulp is water. Intermediate degrees of ripeness present starch and sugar in reciprocal proportions varying between the limits set above.

Inasmuch as bananas are commonly eaten uncooked, it is obvious that more or less raw starch will be ingested if the fruit is not ripe, i.e., if the skin has not begun to shrivel and darken. Raw starch may be singularly irritating to the alimentary tract of man and is at best poorly utilized, whether it be ingested in the form of uncooked potatoes, chestnuts, bananas or other native starchy foods. No one would advise the use of uncooked potatoes; yet many people eschew a thoroly ripe banana in the belief that this wholesome fruit is "rotten" when the skin becomes darkened, whereas they eagerly eat the yellow-green starch-bearing

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fruit at a stage of incomplete ripeness. "Green" bananas, like "green" apples, are unwholesome so long as the starch has not been adequately converted into sugars in the ripening processes. But the delicious and innocuous ripe banana should not be made to suffer in its dietetic reputation because of the ignorance of the consumer. Here is a chance for popular education, says *The Journal of the American Medical Association* in a recent editorial.

Experience shows that the thoroly ripe banana (or the less ripe fruit, after cooking) is undeserving of the unfavorable reputation which it has won in certain quarters. It forms a useful addition to the dietary, richer in nutrients and far more delicious than some of its more expensive competitors.

Dr. Wilder on Tobacco Smoking

From "The Boston Traveler."

The "Non-Smokers' Protective League of America" has no more enthusiastic member than Prof. Emeritus Burt G. Wilder, M.D., B.S., of Cornell.

Dr. Wilder retired in 1910 after forty-two years of service and immediately planned work which will occupy him if he lives to be 100. In neurology and

vertebrate zoölogy he is an eminent leader, and has a collection of 1,900 human brains, one of the world's largest.

"I suppose I am one of the oldest, most uncompromising, and most outspoken opponents of the practice," says Dr. Wilder, "and my sense of justice has been more frequently offended by the smoker. They disregard conspicuous notices, they defy legitimate regulations, and they still stand approximately immune from any punishment for their transgressions."

The Non-Smokers' League plans to secure the enforcement of existing laws and regulations as to public smoking; to secure from Legislatures and other competent bodies the enactment of such laws as may be needed for the protection of non-smokers; to create a wholesome public opinion on the subject and encourage resistance to the invasion of just rights to publish and distribute literature and maintain lecture bureaus. In the words of President Pease, "The league intends to impress the fact upon smokers that they have no right to inflict discomfort and harm upon others."

"Dr. Pease, when the league has succeeded, will deserve to rank as one of the great benefactors of his country and the race," says Dr. Wilder. "There

are five aspects of the question," Dr. Wilder says, "and, needless to say, they are all bad, the esthetic, social, financial, hygienic and ethic. The last is by far the most important since 1867, and I have been making 'slips' recording my personal observations of the disregard of the comforts and rights of others by users of tobacco. The facts I have gathered will confound those who regard this as a civilized community."

Dr. Wilder began his anti-tobacco crusade after his first and last smoke. "That one," says the doctor, "was my sole manifestation of the acritomimicosis derived from our ape-like ancestors. It had the usual effect; my father remarked that it 'was good enough for me,' and I have felt the same ever since. Had I persisted I should hope that he would have tried successively exposition of the folly, corporal punishment and exclusion from the house as a noxious animal."

Dr. Wilder severely arraigns educational institutions for allowing students to smoke. "Some wellwisher of mankind," he says, "should offer to the ten largest universities a million dollars each upon the condition that, for at least ten years, no undergraduate be permitted to smoke in its buildings or on its grounds."

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Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top;
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
 When the bow bends, the cradle will fall;
 Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

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.

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VOL XXXIV

MAY

1912

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Hints for a Sane Fourth

SUGGESTIONS

Whatever form the celebration of the national anniversary may take, there should be something done to bring to the remembrance all the stirring events which led up to and followed the Declaration. A military parade serves well, particularly if the column includes thirteen girls dressed in white, with red, white and blue sashes, to represent the original states—or possibly forty-six, to represent all the States. But even if there can be no military show there may at least be music; plenty of it, all day long, and in as many places as possible. And there should be flags everywhere. Many people who have the national colors forget to display them. At night, to make up in some degree for the absence of fireworks, let houses be illuminated and bonfires blaze. A little money from each one, a little planning, a little care and a great deal of enthusiasm will bring about a celebration of the Fourth that will be so lively and satisfactory in every way that those who growl because there are no fireworks will be laughed at by the big majority who have had a fine day without any.

Bonfires.
Floral fêtes.
Bugle calls.
Living flags.
Bell ringing.
Archery contests.
Burlesque features.
Moving pictures.
Torchlight parades.
Enact the signing of the Declaration.

Fifers and drummers to march in Continental costume.

Print patriotic songs on cards for free distribution.

Sing these songs at all the band concerts.

Have strings of lanterns across the streets.

Make it a home-coming day; a family reunion day.

Let boys have a campfire and cook their dinner.

An automobile parade at night would be a pretty feature.

Send up small balloons with "reward" post-cards attached.

Free entertainments in halls would go far to make children happy.

A porch may be used as a stage, and little folks give an entertainment there.

Exhibit war relics in the town hall: swords, flags, pictures, letters, etc.

Each one of thirteen houses to represent one of the original States.

Use red, white and blue or blue and yellow candles for lights in the evening.

Children like to put on uniforms and march. Let them, if they will go without fireworks.

At the sunrise flag-raising have a lot of little flags rolled up to drop out of the big one.

Wherever there is water have a water fête; canoes decorated; swimming matches and other aquatic sports; lanterns, torches, music; bridges and rafts illuminated.

Good subjects for tableaux are: Washington taking command of the American Army; Betsy Ross making the American flag; the Boston Tea Party; signing the Declaration; Washington's farewell to his officers.

About town have banners bearing such inscriptions as:

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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TEACHERS MAGAZINE

Vol. XXXIV

May, 1912

No. 9

The May Program

May Day, Bird Day, Memorial Day—what splendid opportunities for bringing home to the young some of the best things that education has in store for them! With our May program wisely planned we ought to accomplish much good. There need not be the slightest neglect of the bread-and-butter studies. We can teach the children all they can profitably manage of that kind of work in something like two hours a day. This has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, and the opinions of the uninformed cannot change the fact. That leaves us plenty of time for educational activities which make for big things, for things that feed heart and soul and endow them with means for winning happiness. Let us keep this firmly fixed in our minds and plan accordingly.

If the powers that be have made no allowance for a special May Day, let us take a sunny Saturday afternoon for celebrating it in outdoor jollity. We shall have a May pole with wreath and ribbons, our May queen shall hold court, and we shall have games and dances. Those of us who are near to meadows and brooks and woods will gather wild flowers and wear crowns of violets on our heads, and maybe we shall fill a box with fragrant treasures to send to a friend who teaches in a city school to make glad the hearts of her pupils.

Those who are forever asking what is the good of it all, may get comfort from the thought that by letting the children experience the joy of simple pleasures, we tuck away in their memories a lesson that may help them in after life when artificial amusements fail to satisfy. Besides, health is certainly worth while. And the hours spent with the teacher, away from books and desks, in outdoor fun make for comradeship and other good results which will bring fruit in the work-a-day routine of the school.

Bird Day is not meant to occupy a whole school day. A Friday afternoon is the best time for the celebration. Its purpose is practical enough to satisfy the most hardened hankerer for results that can be calculated in dollars and cents. The neglect of an intelligent protection of the song birds has disastrous effects

on the farmer's crops. This is beginning to be more generally understood. The children now in the schools shall not be left in ignorance regarding the place of birds in the economy of nature. That is why we have Bird Day. Moreover, the loving words that poets have spoken of the winged songsters will sink deep into receptive young hearts and awaken in them rev-



erence for the beautiful in nature and gratitude to Him who made "our little brothers of the air."

Memorial Day is a legal holiday. So no one can find fault with our making the most of it. During the week preceding the celebration, the teacher may well devote a half hour a day to stories of patriots who went forth to save their country. North and South and East and West are all one now in loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. Let that be kept to the fore. Not a word of sectional bitterness should be heard in any schoolroom. Nor do we want to dwell too much on battles. Let us speak of war as the greatest calamity that can befall a country. The children can be made to understand that every joyously acclaimed victory meant bitter sorrow to many homes. Husbands and fathers and sons and lovers and brothers paid for it with fearful suffering and death on the battlefield, with none of their loved ones near to breathe comfort to them.

The general character of the month's work will, of course, take account of the physical and scholastic needs of the individual pupils, besides having alert regard for the daily conditions and opportunities of the season. Fortunately for the teachers and children of the present, the official courses of study have become elastic enough to allow of a variety of occupations, as long as certain few reasonable results are attained.

Whatever lessons can be given out-of-doors, on warm days, will be the more enjoyable and beneficial for the change. The story-telling period has added fascination when teacher and pupils are gathered under some fine old shade tree. Sketching with colored crayons the chickens and the flowers and other living things in their natural haunts helps the heart as well as the eye. Measuring objects about and near the school building, laying out garden plots, examining and counting seeds, keeping store with pebbles representing money, and whatever other devices the ingenuity of the teacher may hit upon, will bring new life into the arithmetic and geography and language lessons. The occasional getting away from books and desks and blackboards will do wonders for the school. May and June are ideal months for out-of-door school.

When we must be indoors, we may still feed on the experiences gathered out in the open. We will resolve, too, to have sensitive regard for the physical comfort of the children. If "that tired feeling" is in evidence, let the little ones have a five or ten-minute resting spell. With their heads resting on their desks they may doze or snooze, and on awakening a short drill or a song will work all the better.

* * * * *

Keeping school in May-time is a special art. There is only one month more difficult than this and that is June. The heart must keep alert as well as the brain. And great is the reward.

A Deeper Lesson

By MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

Except for a line or two in her forehead and a slight air of responsibility, Miss Lewis might have been taken for one of the seminary pupils as she returned with them thru the mild October evening from their daily walk. Her step was as light as theirs, her interest in the passing pleasure as keen. She was a new teacher, but in these few weeks had passed muster both with the Lady Principal and her somewhat fastidious pupils not only as to her proficiency in mathematics but in the perhaps equally important matters of dress, speech, and manners.

In the quiet suburban village every small diversion was of moment, and the procession of girls halted on the opposite side of the street to watch the train as it stopped at the little station. Only one passenger alighted, an old

man too commonplace in appearance to call for a second look, and there was a slight forward movement along the line. But Miss Lewis stepped from her place at the rear. "Girls," she said, "Alice Reed will take charge of you the rest of the way. Say to Mrs. Knight, please, that I will be at the seminary in a few minutes." She stepped across the street, and the line moved on.

"Well, *who* is that with Miss Lewis?" one of the pupils said a little later, looking out of the library window and seeing the young teacher coming up the broad front walk with a stranger strikingly unlike the visitors that usually entered that door. With a girl's quick perception she noticed the drooping brim of the old man's hat, his bent shoulders and common clothes, the shabby valise in his hand, the small tin bucket—but that Miss Lewis herself was carrying.

"It must be some of her relatives," the girl said; "how dreadfully she must feel."

"And she is such a dear!" her companion replied in genuine commiseration.

But when a few seconds later they had to cross the hall just in front of Miss Lewis and considerably turned their heads to save her feelings, she called to them to stop. "Wait, Ruth," she said. "I want you and Katherine to meet my father. These are two of our students, Father. Ruth is Junior and Katherine Senior."

The old man looked earnestly into the young faces, a tender light in his faded blue eyes. "And you are in school to my Bessie," he said, as if the relation clothed them with unspeakable interest. "She wa'n't lookin' for me to come, but I wanted to see her so bad and find out for myself how she was gettin' along up here, that I couldn't wait any longer, and I just told her Ma last night I was comin' to-day."

The girls' faces softened. "We think a good deal of Miss Lewis ourselves," Katherine said.

The weather-worn old face grew brighter still. "She is the best daughter in the world," he exclaimed, and warm-hearted Ruth felt a sudden mist over her eyes. "Maybe I ought to say one among the best," he added, humbly accurate; and then, as if to bring the conversation to a safer level, "I brought her a bucket of honey. I don't reckon you girls get good country honey every day."

"No, indeed," the girls said. "We sit at Miss Lewis's table, and we shall expect her to divide with us."

"He is just the dearest old man," they told the other girls, as they gathered at the head of the steps, waiting for the second bell from the dining-room; "and the way he looks at Miss Lewis is the sweetest thing you ever saw."

Their young hearts were in a glow of tender emotion, more ennobling than they knew, for they had stood for a moment in the warmth of love's large orb as it made perpetual summer in the aged father's heart.

Decatur, Georgia.

WHEN SPRING IS KING.

Words adapted from EMANUEL GEIBEL.

JUSTUS W. LYRA, (1842).

Allegro.

1. { It is May time, sweet May time, The time when Spring is King.
All the trees are in blos - som, And birds are on the wing.
2. { We are off for the wood-land, Past school-house, church and mill.
Past green orchards and riv - ers, Thro' fields and o'er the hill.
3. { Out of doors in sweet May time Is gen - u - ine de-light,
Out in God's own green tem - ple, Where all is fresh and bright,

The clouds trav - el swift - ly A - long the streets of heav-en's
The jol - ly brooks are sing-ing As to the riv - er beds they
We breathe the joy of liv - ing Our minds and hearts are light and

blue, 'Tis the time for folks to wan - der, And we are wand'ring, too.
flow, Now we, too, are do - ing like them And sing as on we go.
gay: Oh, how won - der - ful the world is, When Spring is King in May!

Memory Gems for May

MAY 1

- (A) Sweet May hath come to love us,
The trees their blossoms don.
Oh! isn't this a happy day!
The first of May, the first of May.
- (B) Now the bright morning star, day's har-
binger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads
with her
The flowery May, who from her lap of
green throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
—MILTON.

MAY 2

- (A) Why do all the meadow brooks
Try to run away,
As though someone were chasing them?
Bless me! This is May.
—R. M. ALDEN.
- (B) Hail, bounteous May! that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
—MILTON.

MAY 3

- (A) Spring, with her golden suns and silver
rain,
Is with us once again.
- (B) May we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.
—MILTON.

MAY 6

- (A) Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.
- (B) Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's
pleasant King;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do
sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
—THOMAS NASH.

MAY 7

- (A) O pussies dear,
It's very queer
That you wear your furs this time of year.
Mama, in May,
Put hers away.
I should think you'd be too warm to play.
—St. Nicholas.
- (B) The palm and May make country houses
gay,

Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry
lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
—THOMAS NASH.

MAY 8

- (A) The Maple puts her corals on in May.
- (B) The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning
sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do
greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet spring.
—THOMAS NASH.

MAY 9

- (A) "Bend down your branches, apple tree!"
Said busy little May,
"With blossoms I must trim each twig,
And I've not long to stay."
- (B) Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's
pleasant King;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do
sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and May make country houses
gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry
lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning
sit,
In every street, these tunes our ears do
greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet spring.
—THOMAS NASH.

MAY 10

- (A) Over the hills and far away
A little boy steals from his morning play,
And under the blossoming apple tree
He lies and dreams of the things to be.
- (B) Behold the young, the rosy spring
Gives to the breeze her scented wing,
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
—ANACREON (Translated by Thomas Moore).

MAY 13

- (A) Isn't it wonderful when you think,
How a little seed, asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink
And carefully upward creep!
- (B) Still there's a sense of blossoms yet un-
born
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at its feet.

—HENRY TIMROD.

MAY 14

- (A) Heigho, daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall.
- (B) I feel a newer life in every gale.

—JEAN INGELow.

MAY 15

- (A) The grass is soft,
Its velvet touch is grateful to the hand.
- (B) Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad;
Fling care and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself
Where peaceful waters glide.

—WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

MAY 16

- (A) Out in the meadows so fresh and so dewy,
"I wish you good morning!" the daisies
say.
- (B) Earth changes, but the soul and God
stand sure.

—BROWNING.

MAY 17

- (A) Little Blue Jay
Came back to-day
Looking so happy and blest.
- (B) Lo, in yon elm an oriole
Voices a mood of nature's soul.

—D. M. HODGE.

MAY 20

- (A) Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain,
Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again.
- (B) Whither away, Bluebird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.

MAY 21

- (A) The grasses hold up their heads to the sun
As glad as glad can be.
- (B) Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of
May.

—JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

MAY 22

- (A) The buttercup catches the sun in its
chalice.

MAY 23

- (A) Put a little sunshine in the day,
Others need its cheer, and so do you.
- (B) Hark, hark; the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phoebus 'gins to rise
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.

And winking Mary—buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With ev'rything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!

—SHAKESPEARE, "Cymbeline."

MAY 24

- (A) Do thy duty, that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.
- (B) "Our God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!"

—WHITTIER.

MAY 27

- (A) The daisy and the buttercup
Are nodding courteously.
- (B) This is the season of the year,
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs, hand in hand,
And two by two in fairyland.

—STEVENSON.

MAY 28

- (A) One smile can glorify a day.
- (B) Tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every-
thing.

—SHAKESPEARE.

MAY 29

- (A) The dandelion and buttercups
Gild all the lawn.
- (B) I know a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows,
Where ox-slips and the nodding violet
grows.

—SHAKESPEARE.

MAY 30

- (A and B) How sleep the brave, who sink to
rest
By all their country's wishes blest.

—WILLIAM COLLINS.

The Society of an Old Stump

By WM. J. BLAKESTON, Ontario

One of the chief objects of Nature Study is to create a desire to know more of the creatures about us. When we get acquainted with the insects and plants with which nature abounds every walk will give us pleasure at all times of the year. But what is more unlikely to give pleasure than an old stump? How many of us ever enjoyed tearing one to pieces? Not many, I presume, unless we have done so for the purpose of making a bonfire. Personally, I have passed hundreds of old decayed stumps in my lifetime without ever a thought of their varied and interesting inhabitants. An old stump contains as many nationalities in the insect world as any old four-storied ramshackle tenement in the slums of London contains in the human world.

One fine day in May, 1905, as we (the Nature Study students of Macdonald Institute), were roaming thru the woods, our instructor, Mr. Jarvis, B. S. A., called our attention to an old decayed stump, and asked us to carefully note its occupants as it was being torn to pieces. We first noticed a colony of ants, shed-builder species. These industrious little workers are a perfect commune. Unlike human beings, everything is done for the good of the whole, and nothing for the individual, but, like human beings, they make war on other communities and enslave the inhabitants. When we ruthlessly destroyed their home, they scurried about trying to protect their precious larvæ.

Slyly sliding behind bits of wood and into crevices were little flat, segmented, oval-shaped crustaceans called sow-bugs. Many of them were caught by the students.

Here and there was seen the fierce-looking, wriggling centipede, with its flat, reddish body and long feelers. They tried hard to escape from the marauders who were tearing down their house, but nevertheless several of them were captured. They feed on insects and are recognized by the fact that each segment of the body bears a single pair of legs.

As we dug away, several rascally little cut-worms were unearthed and made prisoners. These little pests cut off many young plants, especially corn.

Quite a number of little snails were exposed to view.

After a few moments of further disintegration, a pigeon horntail was seen and a wild scramble ensued for the possession of this mischief-maker. It was finally secured and safely imprisoned. This insect is called "horntail" because the body usually bears a spine or thorn. The female pierces the wood of a tree to the depth of half an inch, where she deposits her eggs. The grubs do great harm by perforating trees, especially elms.

A little rover beetle was also caught, notwithstanding his exceedingly quick movements. These little fellows feed on decaying animal and vegetable matter and therefore should not be destroyed.

A ground beetle was another inhabitant of this unstable structure. It is a predaceous insect. Comstock tells us that one species of the ground beetle called "The Searcher" has been known to climb trees in search of caterpillars.

One of the most interesting creatures found in the old stump was a newt, or salamander, commonly but mistakenly called a lizard. We had some fun corralling this amphibian, as it is a somewhat repulsive object to most people. The chief difference, which may be noticed at a glance, between a salamander and a lizard is in the length and structure of the legs, which in the former are weak rudimentary appendages, while in the latter they are strong and well-proportioned, enabling the lizard to move with lightning-like rapidity.

A number of spiders were also seen as the work of demolition went on.

Further destruction also revealed fish-worms, a cocoon of the tent caterpillar, besides mosses and fungi.

Some may ask: "What is the use of all this animal and insect life?" They are nature's scavengers and are gradually converting the useless old stump into useful ingredients for the soil.

A Prayer

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

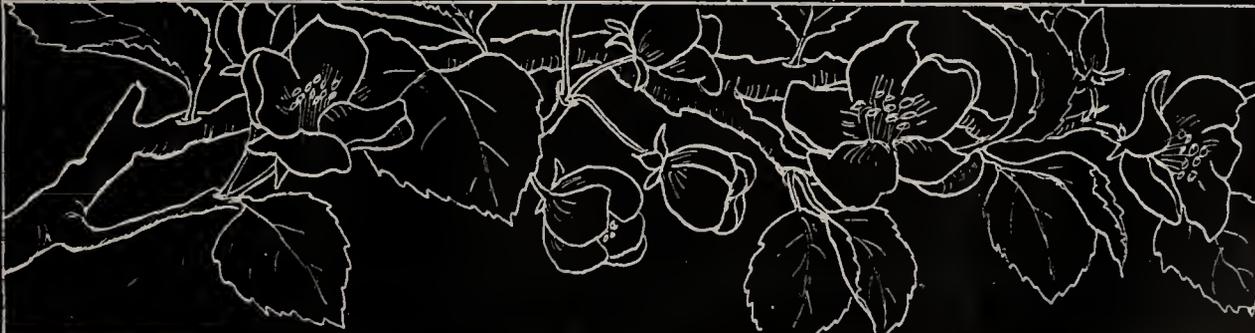
Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

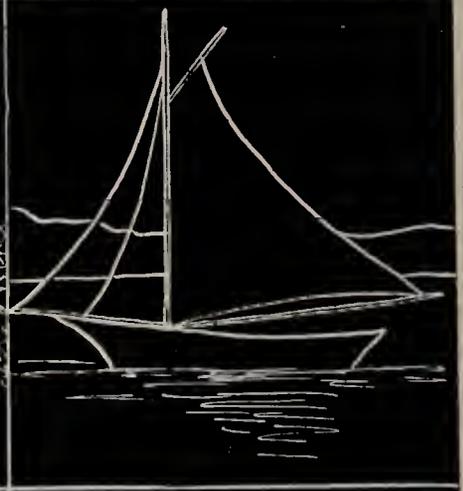
Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!



| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|----|
| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
| M | A | Y | 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 | 29 |  | 31 | |



Blackboard Calendar for May, Designed by Ruth Mildred Lang



Home Geography

By EMILIE V. JACOBS, Supervising Principal, Philadelphia

VII. Animals and Plants

Animals.

1. That help men in their work.
2. As pets.
3. Wild animals.

LESSON I.

1. Other creatures living in the home city besides people.
2. Animals seen commonly in city.
3. Animals seen near city, in country.
4. Other animals seen at Zoölogical Gardens, or in pictures, or in the circus.

List on board all mentioned. Then underline the *tame* animals. Contrast with *wild* animals. Term *domestic*;—living near man's home, cared for by him, food provided.

LESSONS II. AND III.

Domestic Animals.

Their use to man, alive and when killed.

1. Horse,—transportation; also products.
2. Cow,—ploughing, milk; also products.
3. Sheep,—wool; also products.
4. Pig,—products.
5. Dog,—pet; watch; shepherd.
6. Cat,—mousing; pet.

LESSONS IV. AND V.

Wild Animals.

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Lion | 6. Squirrel |
| 2. Tiger | 7. Fox |
| 3. Elephant | 8. Bear |
| 4. Zebra | 9. Deer |
| 5. Buffalo | 10. Wolf. |

List any the pupils mention. Select ten for special description.

- a. *Wild*,—ferocity or timidity.
- b. Obtaining their own food.
- c. Description of appearance.
- d. Families corresponding to domestic animals.
- e. Uses to man when hunted, trapped, or shot.

Fish, insects.

LESSON VI.

Lantern lesson; animals.

LESSON VII.

Written lesson.

Plants:

1. Food plants.
2. Clothing plants.
3. Shelter plants.
4. Ornamental plants.

LESSONS VIII. AND IX.

1. Plants used for food. (Fruits, vegetables, nuts, coffee, tea, etc.)
2. Plants used for clothing. (Cotton, rubber, flax, etc.)

LESSON X.

3. Plants for shelter (houses and fuel).
Trees; mention kinds.

4. Plants for pleasure. (Flowers, vines, trees for shade, Christmas trees, etc.)
"How the World Is Clothed," Chamberlain.

LESSON XI.

Written lesson.

VIII. Transportation and Communication

1. Necessity.
 - a. To carry products.
 - b. To carry people.
2. Methods.
 - a. People.
 - b. Animals.
 - c. Wagons.
 - d. Automobiles.
 - e. Street cars.
 - f. Steam cars.
 - g. Boats, ships, vessels.
 - h. Sleighs.
 - i. Bicycles.
 - j. Airships.
3. Helps.
 - a. Roads.
 - b. Bridges.
 - c. Tunnels.
 - d. Railroads.
4. Communications.

References: "How We Travel," Chamberlain.
"Industrial and Commercial Geography," Morris.

LESSON I.

1. How Food and Clothing Are Brought to Our Homes.
 - a. By people walking.
 - b. By wagons.
 - c. By automobiles.
 - d. By sleighs.
2. How Food, Clothing and Building Materials Are Brought to Our City.
 - a. By trains.
 - b. By boats and ships.
3. How Our Products Are Sent to Other Places.
4. How People Travel from Place to Place.

LESSON II.

Necessity for good roads, bridges, tunnels, and railroads.

1. Safety.
2. Convenience, saving of time.

LESSON III.

Trace historically the methods of transportation.

1. People; animals.
2. Wagons; sleighs; rowboats; sailboats.
3. Steam cars; steam ships.
4. Electric cars; automobiles; bicycles.
5. Airship.

LESSON IV.

Written lesson.

LESSON V.

1. Necessity for communication by message; ordering products, etc.
2. Methods.
 - a. By messenger.
 - b. By mail.
 - c. By telegraph.
 - d. By telephone.
3. Historical order.

IX. Physiography of the City

Surface features of Philadelphia, or the home city.

Hill and plain.

River and Island.

LESSON I.

Hill and Plain.

- a. Streets of city.
 1. Some flat and level.
 2. Some hilly.

Contrast ease in walking, skating, coasting on them.
- b. Country or park.
 1. Flat fields or woods.
 2. Hills,—grassy or wooded.

LESSON II.

Review of characteristics of hill.

Review of characteristics of plain.

LESSON III.

Rivers upon which the home city is situated.

Delaware and Schuylkill as types. Pupils first tell as many features as possible, to be supplemented by teacher's description and pictures.

1. Description to include: Source, flow, mouth, bends, banks, harbors, rocks, bridges, boats (no terms).
2. Uses.
 - a. Water supply; washing, drinking.
 - b. Commercial; transportation.
 - c. Food; fish, and fertility of soil. mills, etc. (Food, clothing, shelter.)
 - d. Æsthetic; scenery.
 - e. Water power; flour, textile, planing.

LESSON IV.

Review characteristics of rivers.

LESSON V.

Islands.

In Delaware and Schuylkill; cities, New York and Atlantic City as types.

1. In Delaware and Schuylkill.

Wooded, grassy, size, rocks.
2. Other islands

Cities,
Fields,
Woods,
Rocks.

How reached;—swimming; in boats; over bridges.

LESSON VI.

Review island characteristics.

LESSON VII.

Written lesson.

Lesson on the Care of the Teeth

FOURTH YEAR

From seven to twelve years of age is the period during which children suffer most from toothache. Why is this?

Yes, it is because that is the period during which the first teeth drop out, and the second set grow to fill their places.

There is least complaint of toothache between the ages of twelve and fifteen. Why is this?

Yes, the new teeth are fully grown then, and while they remain young and strong there is not much trouble with them.

When is toothache likely again to set in?

When the sound teeth begin to decay.

Is there any way of postponing this decay?

Robert suggests careful brushing and Louisa, the dentist. Both are necessary.

The work of the dentist usually begins after the work of decay has set in. He can stop decay every time it gets a start. But the work of prevention belongs to the owner of the teeth. Perfect cleanliness is its great secret. Foods and medicines have something to do with the decay of teeth.

Now what about the toothbrush—how often should it be used?

Mary thinks, after every meal. So do I. How often *must* it be used?

There is an acid that forms upon the teeth during the night. This must be cleansed away in the morning. Many people brush their teeth the last thing at night to remove the particles of food that would cause decay if left there.

Some people think that the first teeth are not worth taking care of, because they do not last long. That is a grave mistake. If the first teeth are neglected, the second teeth will not be as strong and healthy as they might be.

The dentists say that every unsound tooth should be pulled out or filled, whether it be a first or a second tooth. Bad teeth hinder digestion.

Give me three reasons why people should have their teeth looked at by a dentist every once in a while.

1. To find out if they are beginning to decay, so as to save them by filling.

2. To stop decay as soon as it begins, for the sake of having a clean mouth.

3. To stop decay for the sake of having a good digestion.

Mary has a fourth—to stop decay so as not to have a toothache. I will give you a fifth for the sake of your little brothers and sisters. Many children have teeth that disfigure them, having grown wrong in the growing. This could have been prevented had good dentists been employed early enough. Now who will tell me what fifth reason there is for consulting the dentist occasionally?

5. Little children should have their teeth watched to see that they grow right.

That will do for a beginning.

Music in the Primary Grades

By LOTTIE LAPPART, Nebraska

INTRODUCTION OF ROTE SONGS

Select songs that are within the children's voices. The songs should be easy and contain no words, or sentences, beyond the pupils' comprehension. Select ones in which the thought appeals to the child and which will develop the emotional side of his nature. Get material closely related to his activity, as he must work out from his own experience in order to be interested.

Care should be taken that an unimportant word is not emphasized in the singing of songs any more than in reading. Also insist on distinct and correct pronunciation of words.

1. Tell the story of the song in your own words, thus arousing interest in the sentiment of the song. Ask questions about the song. The following questions are about the song, "A Birdie with a Yellow Bill," in Smith Song Book No. 1. "What part of the bird is the bill? What color was this birdie's bill? Show me a window sill. What did the birdie do?"

2. The teacher may now say a phrase, or clause, of the song and pupils repeat. Thus treat the whole verse of a song. These phrases, or clauses, may be sung sometimes and pupils repeat tones and words exactly. They may have to sing a phrase over two or three times before they get the tones correctly. As a rule, however, it is better not to sing the words to teach them, but to merely say them.

3. Next sing the verses of the song to its tune. It may, in some cases, be better to drill a little on the air of the song before attempting to sing the words. The teacher alone may sing several times the air of the song as a whole, with some syllable as *la*. Then she may sing phrase by phrase with the syllable chosen, the pupils singing after her. Then together sing the whole song by the syllable, then the words. If there is a certain part of the air of the song that the pupils, or some of the pupils, do not get correctly, drill on that especial part.

Occasionally have pupils learn by rote the syllables of one of their songs as an extra verse. In the "Birdie Song," before referred to, the syllables in the first clause are, *do, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol*. Sing it through in this way. They thus learn how *do, re, mi*, etc., sounds. Another way to accomplish the same results is to place the syllables of the entire verse on the board, and have them sung from it until committed, or the music of the song may be put on and each syllable written beside its note on the staff.

It delights the children to have the teacher point to the syllables of some familiar song on the scale ladder on the board while they sing the syllables she indicates. They become very eager to tell what air they are singing.

Show portraits of musicians telling where some of them lived, or a piece they composed. Later the children may name them from their pictures, and tell something about each.

DEVICES FOR GIVING VARIETY

1. Teacher sing one phrase or verse of song, pupils another, thus alternating. In the same way one pupil, several pupils, one or two rows, may alternate with the remainder of the school.

2. Each row sings a line of a song. This requires close attention from all, as the teacher indicates by motion of hand which row is to sing the next line.

3. An individual may sing a line of song, teacher indicates another individual to sing the next line, and so on thru the song.

4. Boys and girls alternate in singing phrases, or verses, of the song.

5. Pupils on one side of room sing one phrase, other side of room sing next, and so on.

6. Let one division of the pupils sing the words of the song, while another division, at the same time, is singing the air with some syllable as *no* or *la*.

7. Let them play the mouth organ, that is hum the song thru. Let them play an imaginary horn, and *toot* thru the whole air of the song. Sometimes let them sing the songs by *la, no, loo*, etc.

8. The ear training, teacher sing first few tones of a song with *la, no, loo*. Pupils are to guess what song she is singing. Little snatches of songs may be played on an organ, or a piano, for them to guess.

9. One pupil, or choir of pupils, comes to the front and sings a verse of a song, the congregation (pupils at seats) joining in the chorus. Vice versa.

10. If a motion song is to be sung, have a few pupils come to the front and act it out while it is being sung.

Breathing Exercises

Stand in military position. Place the hands as high and as far back as possible at the turn of the ribs. Send out the breath in a sigh. Inhale *slowly* and audibly thru a small aperture in the lips, the sound produced being the consonant *f*. Let the rib-muscles that pull open the rib case remain passive during this exercise, and slowly fill the lungs. Having inhaled all the air possible in this position, lift the shoulders and inhale until the lungs are completely filled. Retain the breath for ten seconds, using, if need be, effort; resist the inclination to expel the air immediately, for the object in this exercise is as much to gain control over the breath-impelling muscles of the thorax as to enlarge the air cells, and every surrender to the inclination renders this more difficult.

Flag Drill

By FLORENCE V. FARMER

The drill is planned for twenty-four children, but any desired number may take part. Arrange them according to size, number one being the smallest.

POSITION I.

Odd numbers enter from the left, even numbers from the right side of stage. Cross to center, form single line up center, number one leading, number two stepping in behind, then number three, and so on.

When number one reaches front of stage he stands and a straight line is formed from front to rear of stage. Hold the flag in the right hand, over the right shoulder, and left hand at side.

FIRST EXERCISE

1. Right hand extended, flag vertical.
2. Grasp flagstaff at *b* with left hand.
- 3, 4. Hold in same position.
5. Raise right hand to *a*.
6. Lower left hand to *c*.
7. Bring flag to left side, right hand at left shoulder.
8. Drop right hand to side, leaving flag vertical at left side.

SECOND EXERCISE

1. Left hand extended, flag vertical.
2. Grasp flagstaff at *b* with right hand.
- 3, 4. Hold in same position.
5. Raise left hand to *a*.
6. Lower right hand to *c*.
7. Bring flag to right side, left hand at right shoulder.
8. Drop left hand to side.

POSITION II.

FIRST EXERCISE

1. Odd numbers extend right foot to the right.
2. Draw left foot over to the right.
3. Rise on toes, raising flag vertically high over right shoulder.
4. Down to position.
5. Rise on toes, raising flag vertically high over right shoulder.
6. Down to position.
7. Same as 5.
8. Same as 6.

SECOND EXERCISE.

1. Right hand at *c* on right shoulder.
2. Left arm curved over head, grasp flagstaff at *b*, head erect, eyes to the front.
- 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Hold same position.
8. Resume original position.

THIRD EXERCISE

1. Even numbers kneel on right knee.
2. Even numbers extend flags to the right, holding them high and slanting to the opposite line.

3. Odd numbers extend flags to the left, crossing opposite flags.

4, 5, 6, 7. Hold same position.

8. Resume original position.

FOURTH EXERCISE

1. Odd numbers kneel on right knee.
2. Odd numbers extend flags to the left, holding them high and slanting to the opposite line.
3. Even numbers extend flags to the right, crossing opposite flags.
- 4, 5, 6, 7. Hold same position.
8. Resume original position.

POSITION III.

Class to the *right—face*.

Nos. 24-14 remain in position.

Nos. 2-12 wheel backward.

Nos. 23-13 wheel forward.

Nos. 11-1 step back 2 steps.

FIRST EXERCISE

1. Class face front of stage.
2. Right foot advanced with slight stamp.
3. Left hand on hip, right straight up, flag slanting forward and a little to the right, head bent back, eyes on the flag.
- 4, 5, 6, 7. Hold same position.
8. Resume original position.

SECOND EXERCISE

1. Flagstaff grasped at *c* with right hand on right hip, crossing breast diagonally to left shoulder and held there by left hand at *a*. Hold in same position thru the remainder of this figure.

THIRD EXERCISE

Class—To the *right—face*.

March in pinwheel. The ends must look toward the center and keep straight lines from 1 to 24 and from 2 to 23. March until back in original position.

POSITION IV.

Flag in right hand, vertical. With ends as pivots, wheel back to square.

FIRST EXERCISE

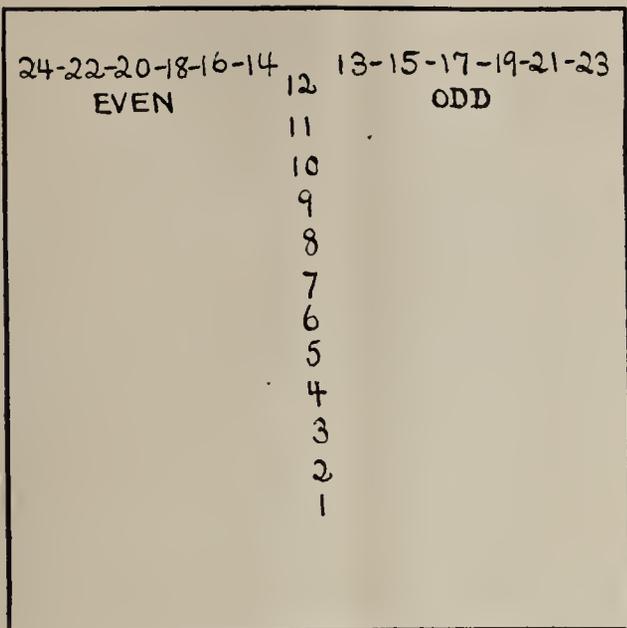
Class—To the *center—face*.

Lines 24-14 and 11-1 march forward to center of square, raising flags and forming arch. Then back to position.

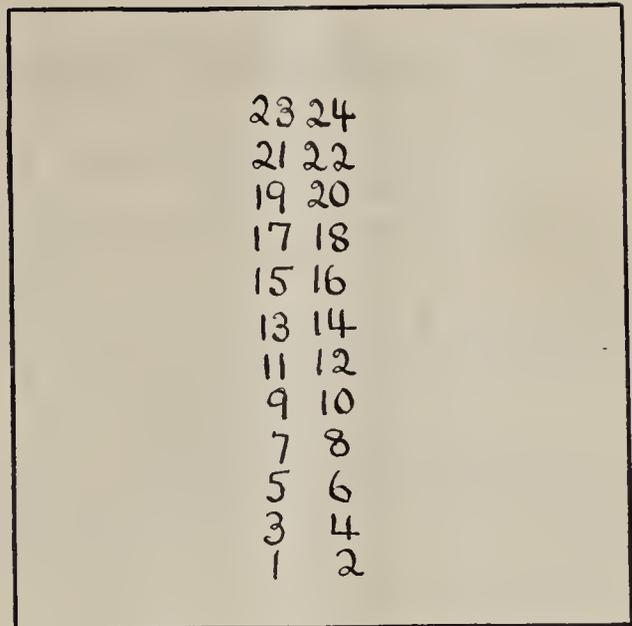
Lines 13-23 and 2-12 march forward to center, raising flag to form arch. Then back to position.

SECOND EXERCISE

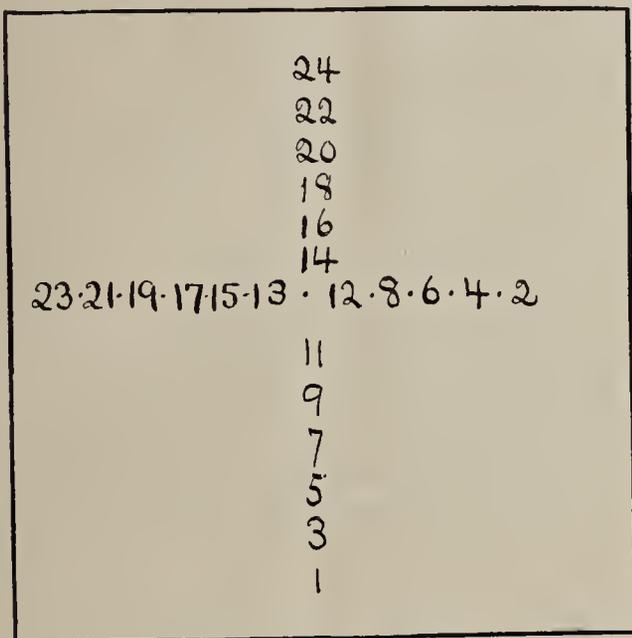
1. All kneel on right knee.
2. Right hand at *c*, left at *a*.
3. Raise both hands high above head so that flagstaff is horizontal.
- 4, 5, 6, 7. Hold same position.
8. Rise and resume original position.



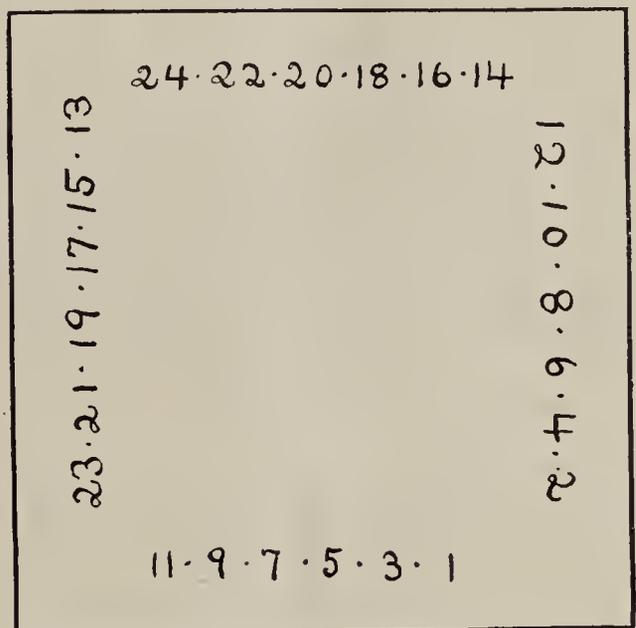
POSITION I



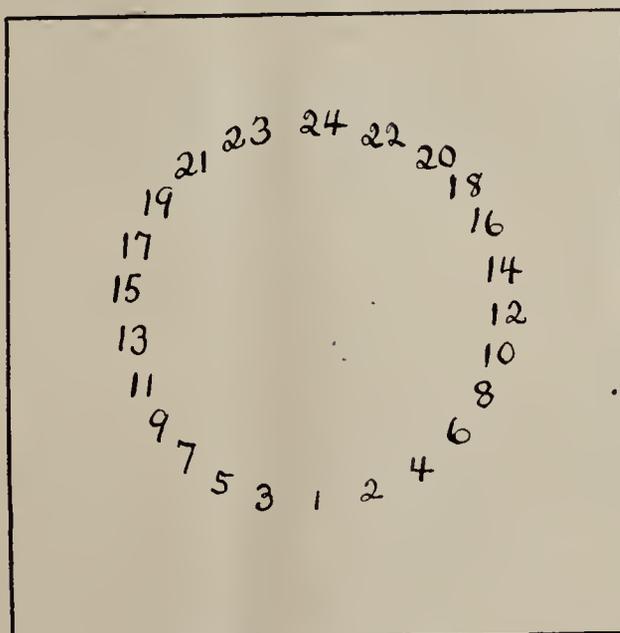
POSITION II



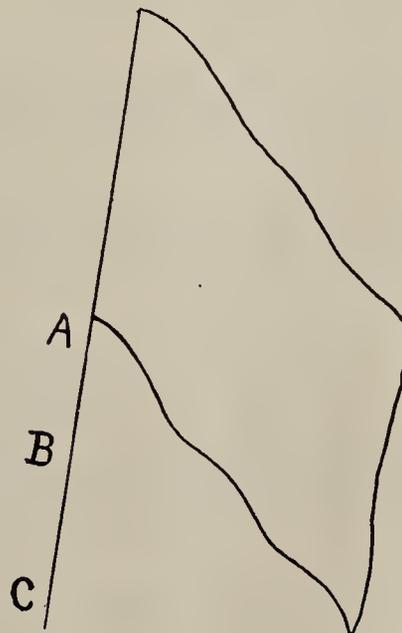
POSITION III



POSITION IV



POSITION V.



POSITION V.

Class face to the right and march around until a circle is formed. Then halt and face center.

[See diagram on page 333.]

FIRST EXERCISE

1. Long step forward with right foot, raising flag high and slanting toward center of circle.
- 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Hold same position.
8. Resume original position.

SECOND EXERCISE

1. Extend right foot to the right.
2. Draw left foot over to right.
3. Rise on toes, raising flag high above right shoulder.
4. Down to position.
5. Same as 3.
6. Same as 4.
7. Same as 3.
8. Same as 4.

POSITION VI.

[See diagram on page 333.]

Class turn to the right and march in circle until 1 and 2 are at the rear of stage, then stand. The odd numbers will all be on the left side of the circle and the even numbers on the right. Even numbers face to the rear and the whole class march up center of stage, number one leading as in Position I. Class stand.

FIRST EXERCISE

1. Raise flag and sway whole body to the right.
 2. Sway to the left.
- Alternate right and left thru eight counts.

SECOND EXERCISE

Odd numbers hold flag in left hand, even numbers in right hand, vertical.

1. Even numbers extend flag to the right, horizontal.

Odd numbers extend flag to the left, horizontal.

2. Resume position.

Same movement thru eight counts. On the eighth hold all flags in right hands, vertical.

EXIT

Class march, odd numbers passing to the left and even numbers to the right until rear is reached, when all march out.

SNAP

This drill is very attractive if done in military manner and to music. The music must stop before each new position to give time for the commands. A march song may be sung as the class enters and finished before the first exercise. Another might be used as the class marches off.

See also the Memorial Day Program on page 348.

Dandelions

By MIRIAM S. CLARK

I know not how it happened—

But when I looked out, at dawn,

A merry troop of golden heads

Were playing on the lawn;

And, laughing with the summer breeze

Who chanced to linger there,

Were begging him for strings of dew

To bind upon their hair.

I know not how it happens—

But youth must surely pass,

As certainly and silently

As wind across the grass;

And now, where golden locks were seen

Beyond the garden beds,

A gentle group of grandams sit

With placid, silver heads.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

Bird Notes

We know of a nest in a cherry-tree,

High as ever a nest need be,

As cosy a home as you'd wish to see;

And mother-bird calling, "Peep, peep,"

Cheerily singing, "Peep, peep."

As the sun dropped low in the western sky,

And the winds kept rocking her cradle on high,

We'd list to the low, sweet lullaby

Of the mother-bird, crooning, "Sleep, sleep,"

Drowsily cooing, "Sleep, sleep."

But the nestlings are stolen, and shattered the home,

All the song of her life with her birdlings hath flown,

And the dear little mother-bird sitting alone,

Is moaning and crying, "Weep, weep,"

Drearily sighing, "Weep, weep."

—KATE ASHLEY.

How You Take It

"Did you tackle the trouble that came your way

With a resolute heart and cheerful,

Or hide your face from the light of day

With a craven soul and fearful?"

'Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,

Or a trouble is what you make it.

And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,

But only how you take it."

Little Helps

A little spring had lost its way along the grass and fern,

A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary man might turn;

He walled it in and hung with care a ladle at the brink;

He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,

Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

—*Selected.*

Hints for Language Teaching

Second and Third Years

(Suggestions gathered from a talk to teachers given by Supt. W. H. Maxwell, New York City.)

PRACTICAL EXERCISES

1. Have pupils make simple sentences telling what animals do; as, The dog barks.

2. Sentences telling what is done to things: as, The pie is baked.

3. Sentences telling of what qualities things are: as, The rose is beautiful.

4. Sentences telling what things are: as, The axe is a tool.

5. Sentences changing subjects to their plural form: as, The dogs bark, The pies are baked, The roses are beautiful, Axes are tools. In connection with regular plurals lead children to note that the noun takes an *s*, and the verb drops an *s*. Present enough of these cases for the children to generalize upon finding the rule.

6. Give sentences containing plurals, and have them changed to the singular.

7. Give declarations and have them changed to questions.

8. Give questions and have them changed to declarations.

9. Write on the blackboard a list of name-words, and a list of verbs that may be used with them appropriately. Require pupils to write declarations and questions, using these nouns and verbs.

10. Write the names of a dozen or twenty members of the class, and a list of verbs expressing actions which the teacher wants them to perform, and actions which she wishes them not to perform. Require pupils to write sentences on the models: *Reuben, write your spelling lesson, and Mary, do not talk.* In connection with these sentences teach the use of the comma after the name of the person addressed.

11. A good exercise in composition, teaching the importance of subject and predicate, is to put a story before the pupils in the following skeleton form, and require them to write the story:

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| cloud—threaten | lightning—flash |
| wind—blow | thunder—crash |
| dust—whirl | rain—pour |
| tree—bend | clouds—break |
| swallow—fly | sun—shine |
| men—run | ducks—swim |

12. Repeat all foregoing exercises, using the progressive form of the verb: as, *Spring is coming.*

13. Ask what is done to the thing named, supplying such words as pitcher—fill; thief—catch.

14. Supply lists of names and adjectives, and require statements bringing them together: as, *The gardener is busy. The apples are ripe.*

15. Give comparative lists, as:

| | |
|--------|--------|
| string | soft |
| rope | strong |
| sponge | hard |
| stone | weak |

16. Give lists of opposites, and require them coupled: large, old, dry, tame, ripe; small, wet, unripe, wild, new.

17. Give such miscellaneous lists as round, yellow, wooden, sour; and require those expressing shape to be brought together, those expressing color, those expressing material, those expressing taste, etc.

18. After an object lesson write on the blackboard a model composition on the object, using only simple sentences. Require pupils to write a similar composition on some other familiar object. Write on blackboard all the unfamiliar words they are likely to need, and train pupils to ask for the spelling of any word they do not know. In this way most of the bad spelling can be avoided. Give a conversation lesson on the schoolroom, followed by a model composition, and require pupils to write similarly of their parlor at home. The teacher's composition should afterward be copied, written from dictation, and finally written from memory.

19. Write on blackboard a set of questions, the answers to which will make a connected composition and require the composition. Let this be upon a well-prepared subject.

20. Compositions in these grades should take the form of narratives and descriptions. Do not have them rewritten unless as a punishment for actual carelessness. Always supply the means of correct spelling from the blackboard.

Language for Fourth Year

Dr. Milne recommends writing telegraphic dispatches as a device for training in brevity of expression. Try it. Suppose a case and let pupils see who can leave out the most words and yet preserve the full meaning of the message. For instance:

1. You have missed your train. Telegraph to your brother to meet the next one.

2. You have not received an expected letter and fear that your mother is ill. Ask your father about it by telegraph.

Another exercise recommended by Dr. Milne is explaining proverbs. This strikes us favorably as an introduction to the critical study of literature. Have pupils explain.

A wise son maketh a glad father.

A lying tongue is but for a moment.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Open rebuke is better than secret love.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Folk Dances and Games

The Belled Cat

Children form a ring. One player, with a bell about the neck, represents the cat. Two blindfolded players representing dogs will try to catch the cat. The three must keep within the ring. When the cat is caught the successful dog becomes the belled cat and chooses one from the ring to represent a blindfolded dog.

Jacob, Where Are You?

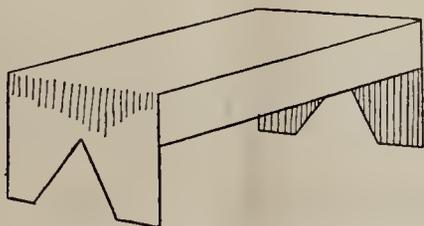
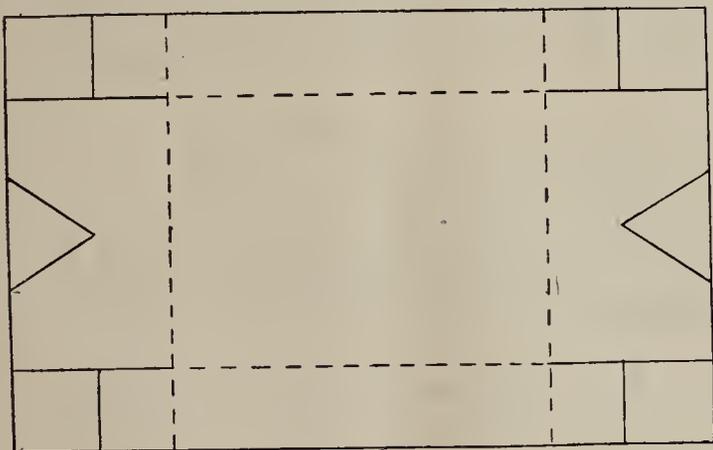
A ring is formed. Two or more children are blindfolded and must try to catch Jacob. All must keep within the ring. Whenever one of the catchers calls out "Jacob, where are you?" Jacob must answer "Here!" When Jacob is caught he rejoins the ring and the one who catches him becomes Jacob. When a girl is to be caught she may be called Rachel, and the game becomes "Rachel, where are you?"

Stoop Tag

A catcher is chosen. He runs after the other players to tag one. By stooping quickly and keeping that position while the catcher is near the players may escape tagging. For none can be tagged while stooping.

Cross Tag

The catcher tries to tag a particular player. As soon as one of the other players crosses between the two, it becomes the object of the catcher to abandon the first runner and to try to catch the one who crossed. This one in turn will be safe if another player crosses between him and the pursuer. So the game continues till one is caught, who then becomes catcher.

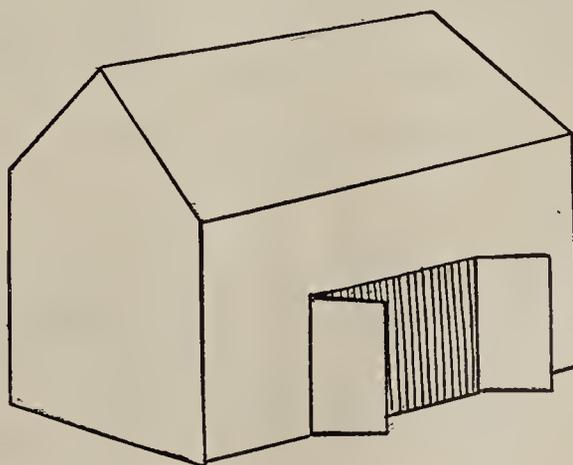
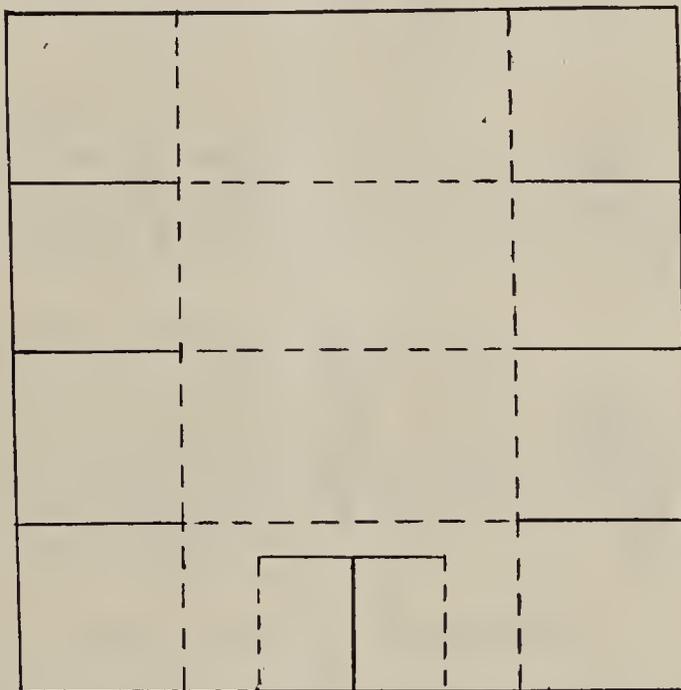


Fox in the Cave

One player is chosen to be the fox. He stands in a "cave" which may be marked out by a piece of wood with which a circle is scratched on the ground. A corner of the yard, or a ring drawn around a tree will do splendidly. In his cave the fox may stand on both feet.

All the players, including the fox, are armed with knotted handkerchiefs. The fox is teased in various ways to leave his cave. As soon as he leaves the cave, he must hop on one foot, either the left or the right. The fox now tries to hit a player with his handkerchief. (Or he may throw it at a player.) Whoever is hit must run to the cave, while all the children run after him and strike him with their handkerchiefs. As soon as he gets to the cave, he becomes the fox, and the game begins again.

The fox must never be on two feet, outside of his cave. The moment he is, the children all drive him back to his cave by striking him with their knotted handkerchiefs.



Cardboard Construction: Bench and Barn

Folk Dances and Games

Swedish May Dance

FORMATION

Two rings are formed. The boys will form the outer ring, the girls the inner ring. All face in one direction so that each boy will have his partner on the right. Couples hold hands. Outer hands are placed on hips.

EXECUTION

At 1—Valse step with inner foot. The united hands are swung forward so that partners stand almost back to back.

At 2—Outer foot is placed forward with half a turn, so that partners face each other. Arms are swung back.

At 3, 4, and 5—Again valse steps with turning and swinging of arms.

6—Same as 2.

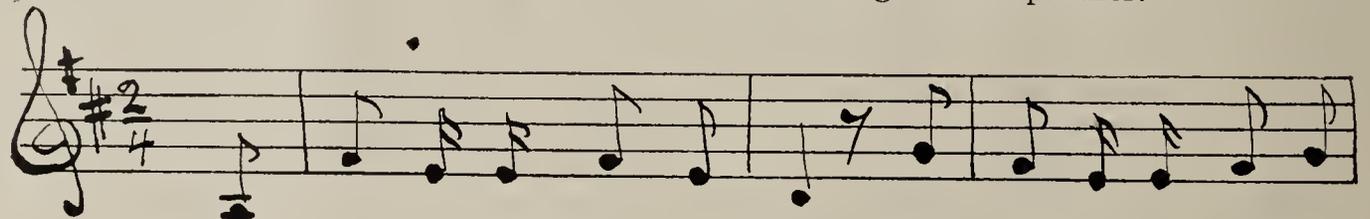
7 and 8—Like 1 and 2.

At 9—Partners face each other and take hold of both hands, which are swung in time with the music.

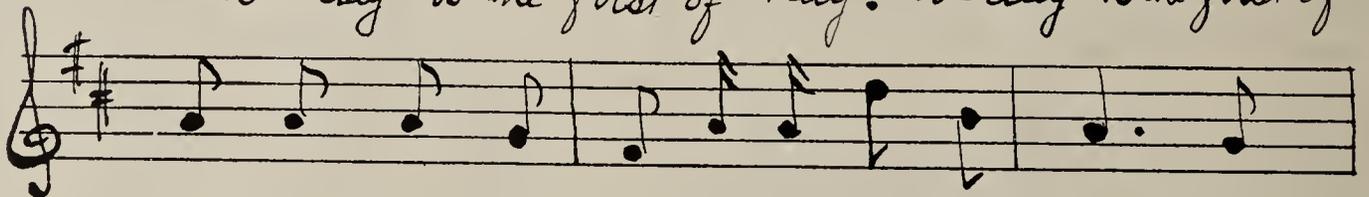
At 10—Hands are released. After stamping on first step, boys march to the right, girls to the left in circle, thus moving in opposite directions.

Continue marching until all have marched once around the circle and each boy has passed his partner and grasped the hand of the one next to her.

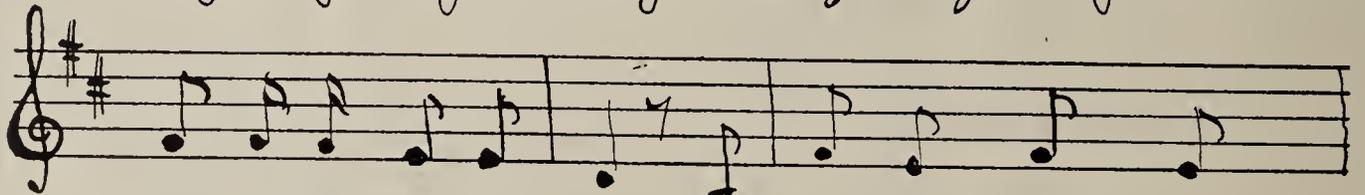
The dance now begins again, each participant having a new partner.



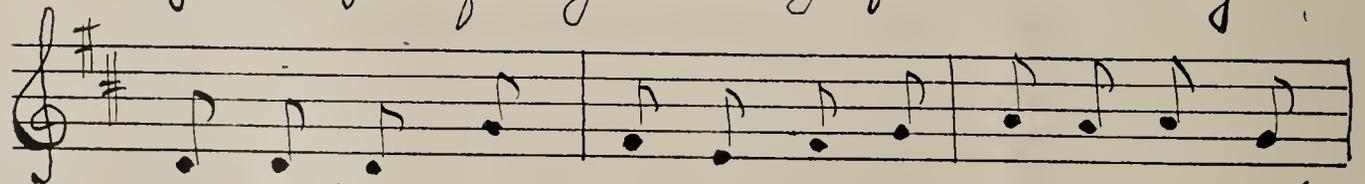
To-day is the first of May. To-day is the first of



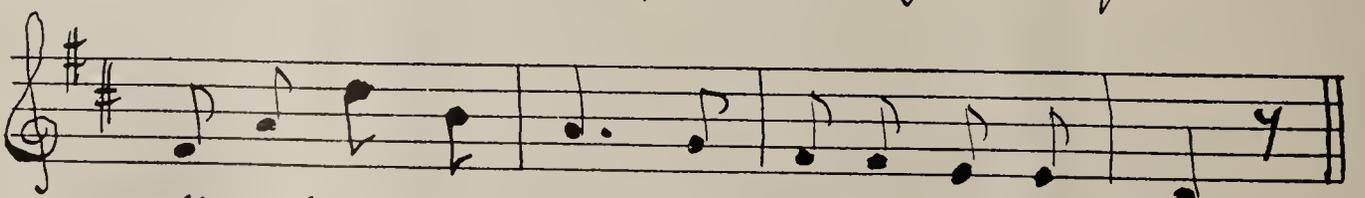
May, May, May. To-day is the first of May. To-



day is the first of May. Good-by, fare-well, my



dear-est friend, Some day we'll surely meet again, When



all is bright and gay, Some sun-ny day in May.

THE CHILD WORLD

Supplementary Reading for Primary Grades

Joseph and His Brethren

When Jacob got back to Canaan, he found that his father, Isaac, and his mother, Rebekah, had died. A short time after his return to his home, Leah and Rachel both died, too.

Jacob had twelve sons. They were all shepherds, all but one—Benjamin. He was too young to go to work with his brothers. Jacob loved his son Joseph more than all his other children. He showed his love for Joseph so openly that the older brothers became angry at the favorite.

At one time, Jacob gave Joseph a beautiful coat of many colors. This made the older brothers more jealous than ever, and they talked bitterly about him when they were by themselves.

One day Joseph had a strange dream, and he told it to his brothers. "Listen to me," he said, "and I will tell you of a dream that I dreamed last night. We—you all and I—were binding sheaves in the field. And lo and behold! my sheaf lifted itself and stood upright. Then your sheaves gathered around mine and bowed themselves down before my sheaf."

When Joseph had told his dream, the brothers were furious. "Is that the kind of dreams you dream? Are you thinking of ruling over us? Would you like to have us obey you, and shall we all bow down before you? Do you expect to be king over us?" And the brothers hated Joseph more than before.

Joseph had another dream, and he told it again to his brothers. "I dreamed," he said, "that I stood up and the sun and the moon and the stars bowed down before me."

This dream he told also to his father. When Jacob heard the story, even he was a little vexed. He rebuked Joseph and said, "What about this strange dream which you say you dreamed? Do you mean to say that I, as well as all your brothers, must come and bow down before you?"

Jacob kept Joseph's dream in mind. But the brothers were by this time so stirred up that some of them wished in their hearts even that Joseph might die.

This was very wrong of them.

Joseph is Sold

One day Joseph's brothers were, as usual, in the fields with their flocks. Jacob said to his favorite son, "Dear Joseph, go out and see what your brothers are doing, and if all is well with them and with the sheep. Then come again and tell me."

Joseph put on his new coat and started off at once. He hunted for a long time before he found where his brothers were. Finally a man directed him to the right place.

When the brothers saw him in the distance, coming towards them in his coat of many colors, one said to another, "Behold, there comes the dreamer." And a second said, "When he gets here, let us kill him and throw his body into a hole in the ground. We can say that a wild beast has eaten him up. Then we will see what becomes of his dreams!"

Now there was one among them, Reuben by name, who was not so hateful as the other brothers. "No," he said, "let us not kill him. I have a better plan. Not far from here there is a deep hole, a pit. We will put him into the pit."

What Reuben had decided to do was this. If one could have listened to his mind, he would have heard Reuben say to himself, "After they have put Joseph into the pit I will go home with the rest and come back later and take the boy to his father. Our dear old father would grieve himself to death if he should lose Joseph."

By this time Joseph had come up to his brothers. They gathered around him at once, and pulled off the coat of many colors. Then they dragged the terrified boy to the mouth of the pit.

Joseph begged them not to drop him in. He screamed and wept, but all to no avail—the cruel brothers paid no attention to his piteous cries. In he had to go, down, down into the black darkness, where snakes and lizards might be crawling all around him, for aught he knew. If there had been water in the pit, Joseph would surely have drowned. But the well—for that is what the pit had been—was dry.

When the brothers had lowered Joseph into the dark pit, they calmly sat down to eat their noonday lunch. How do you suppose they could taste a mouthful, when they thought of their brother, down there in the dark hole?

While they were sitting there eating, a company of merchants came along with their camels. They were called Ishmaelites (just as we are called Americans). The merchants were on their way to Egypt to sell their wares. Judah, who was one of the brothers, on seeing the merchants, said to the others, "Let us not take away Joseph's life, for he is our own brother after all. What good would it do us to have him dead? Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites."

Judah's plan pleased the brothers. They went to the dark pit and lifted Joseph out and sold him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver. Only think, for eleven dollars and thirty cents they sold their own brother! Was it not dreadful?

The Ishmaelites took Joseph with them to Egypt. The boy felt very sad to be carried off with those strange men, far, far away to Egypt. The tears came to his eyes when he thought of his dear father at home, and of Benjamin, his youngest brother, whom he loved dearly.

Reuben did not know that Joseph was sold. While his brothers were eating their luncheon, he had gone away. After they had left the place he came back to the pit to take Joseph out. But Joseph was not there.

As Reuben looked in he could see nothing. He called down "Joseph, Joseph!" But all was silent. His brother was no longer there. He tore his clothing and wept, in his sorrow and grief. "Oh, the boy is not there," he groaned, "what shall I do, what shall I do?"

While Reuben stood at the pit, the brothers were a little distance away, trying to decide what they should tell their father. They were planning how they might deceive him so that he would not suspect that they knew where the boy was.

This is what they did. They killed a kid and dipped Joseph's beautiful coat in the blood. Then they tore jagged holes in the coat. They carried the torn and bloody coat to their father and said to him, "We found this in the field. See whether it is Joseph's coat or not."

Father Jacob knew the coat at once, all blood-stained and torn as it was. "Yes," he cried, "Yes, it is my son Joseph's coat. A wild beast has devoured my dear Joseph and rent him to pieces."

Jacob tore his clothes in his great sorrow, and he put on mourning clothes and wept for his son a long, long time. The poor father—if he could only have known! His sons and daughters talked to him and tried to comfort him, but he would not be comforted. "I shall never be happy again," he would say. "I shall go down to the grave with my deep sorrow."

How sad a loss it must have been for Father Jacob!

May Crop of Mother Goose Rhymes

The fair maid who, the first of
May,
Goes to the fields at break of
day,
And washes in dew from the
hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

Curly locks! curly locks! wilt
thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor
yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a
fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
sugar and cream!

The cuckoo's a fine bird:
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings;
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings "Cuckoo!"
The summer is near.

Cushy cow bonny, let down thy
milk,
And I will give thee a gown of
silk;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk
to me.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet
away.

The man in the wilderness
asked me
How many strawberries grew
in the sea.
I answered him as I thought
good,
As many as red herrings grew
in the wood.

As I went thru the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick
Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in
his throat,
If you tell me this riddle, I'll
give you a groat.
(A cherry)

Swan swam over the sea—
Swim, swan, swim,
Swan swam back again,
Well swam swan.

Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

Lady bird, lady bird, fly away
home;
Thy house is on fire, thy chil-
dren all gone—
All but one, and her name is
Ann,
And she crept under the pud-
ding-pan.

Daisies

Dear, lavish blossoms, that light
the Junes,
And fold our fields with ten-
der haze
Of those pure petals which
grow like rays
From the downy rims of their
golden moons;

Pale throngs that the suave
wind ripples thru
With the placid surges of
sleeping lakes;
Bright largess that fresh
young summer makes,
In her sweet, wise way, out of
morning-dew;

O daisies, dainty and coyly-
prim,
When I watch you blooming
I always seem
To be wandering back, in a
drowsy dream,
Where the meadows of child-
hood glimmer dim!
The meadows that manhood sees
no more,
The meadows of story and of
song,

Where Little Red Riding-
Hood trips along,
To knock at her grandma's cot-
tage door!

Where the ghost of Bo-Peep
goes roaming, too,
And seeks her flocks while she
rubs both eyes;
The meadows where elfin
echoings rise
From the phantom horn of Lit-
tle Boy Blue!

The meadows of melody and of
rhyme,
Lying far aloof from the
world's wide din;
The lovely meadows that
never have been,
Yet will always be, till the end
of time!

—EDGAR FAWCETT.

The Other Me

He goes beside me in the Sun;
And he is dark, though I am
fair;
Both when I walk, and when I
run,
The Other Me is always there.

I often tell him things I know,
But not a word has he to say;
Yet still he goes the Roads I go,
And likes to play the Games I
play.
Sometimes the Other Me is Tall,
And stretches far, far down
the street;
Sometimes the Other Me is
Small,
And tries to hide beneath my
feet.

Last week the Other Me was
lost,
One bad day when it rained
and blowed;
He hid when he was wanted
most,
But where he went I never
knewed.

He came back when the Lamp
was lit;
I saw him dance across the
floor
And jump into my Bed, and sit;
How queer I never heard the
door.

—Selected from "Red Apple
and Silver Bells," by Hamish
Henry.

Jack and the Beanstalk

A lazy and careless boy was
Jack,—

He would not work and he
would not play;
And so poor, that the jacket on
his back
Hung in a ragged fringe al-
way;
But 'twas shilly-shally, dilly-
dally,
From day to day.

At last his mother was almost
wild,
And to get them food she
knew not how;
And she told her good-for-noth-
ing child
To drive to market the brin-
dle cow.
So he strolled along, with
whistle and song,
And drove the cow.

A man was under the wayside
trees,
Who carried some beans in
his hand—all white.
He said, "My boy, I'll give you
these
For the brindle cow." Jack
said, "All right."
And, without any gold for the
cow he had sold,
Went home at night.

Bitter tears did the mother
weep;
Out of the window the beans
were thrown,
And Jack went supperless to
sleep;
But, when the morning sun-
light shone,
High, and high, to the very sky,
The beans had grown.

They made a ladder all green
and bright,
They twined and crossed and
twisted so;
And Jack sprang up it with all
his might,
And called to his mother down
below:
*"Hitchity-hatchet, my little red
jacket,
And up I go."*

High as a tree, then high as a
steeple,
Then high as a kite, and high
as the moon,

Far out of sight of cities and
people,
He toiled and tugged and
climbed till noon;
And began to pant: "I guess I
sha'n't
Get down very soon!"

At last he came to a path that
led
To a house he had never seen
before;
And he begged of a woman
there some bread;
But she heard her husband,
the Giant, roar,
And she gave him a shove in
the old brick oven,
And shut the door.

And the Giant smiled, and beat
his breast,
And grumbled low, "Fe, fi, fo,
fum!"
And his poor wife prayed he
would sit and rest,—
"I smell fresh meat! I will
have some!"
He cried the louder, "Fe, fi, fo,
fum!
I will have some."
He ate as much as would feed
ten men,
And drank a barrel of beer
to the dregs;
Then he called for his little fa-
vorite hen,
As under the table he stretched
his legs,—
And he roared, "Ho! ho!"—like
a buffalo—
"Lay your gold eggs!"

She laid a beautiful egg of
gold;
And at last the Giant began
to snore;
Jack waited a minute, then,
growing bold,
He crept from the oven along
the floor,
And caught the hen in his arms,
and then
Fled thru the door.

But the Giant heard him leave
the house,
And followed him out, and
bellowed "Oh—oh!"
But Jack was nimble as a
mouse,

And sang as he rapidly
slipped below:
*"Hitchity-hatchet, my little red
jacket,
And down I go!"*

And the Giant howled, and
gnashed his teeth,
Jack got down first, and, in a
flash,
Cut the ladder from under-
neath;
And Giant and beanstalk, in
one dash,—
No shilly-shally, no dilly-dally,—
Fell with a crash.

This brought Jack fame, and
riches, too;
For the little gold-egg hen
would lay
An egg whenever he told her to,
If he asked one fifty times a
day.
And he and his mother lived
with each other
In peace alway.
—MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES, in
Wide-Awake.

Enunciation Exercise

Betty Botter bought some but-
ter,
"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 bet-
ter."
So she bought a bit of butter
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter bet-
ter,
So, 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

Sing, little bird, O sing!
How sweet thy voice, and
clear,
How fine the airy measures ring
The sad old world to cheer!

Bloom, little flower, O bloom!
Thou makest glad the day;
A scented torch, thou dost il-
lume
The darkness of the way.

Stories to Tell the Children

By FLORENCE DOW GRIFFIN

Benny Goat

Once upon a time there was a goat, and because his name was Benny he was always called "Benny Goat."

Benny Goat was not very tall and he was not very large, but he was very, very strong.

He was covered with long, shaggy black and white hair. He had a very tiny tail, two little ears, two strong horns and whiskers under his chin.

Benny goat lived in the barn with the horse, but he had a little stall of his own and he ate his oats and corn from a box, for he was much too short to reach the manger. He did not care much for oats and corn and hay; he liked bread and biscuit much better. Mamma always gave him biscuit if he knocked at the kitchen door and Benny goat knew the way to the kitchen door very well.

In the morning Benny goat's little master would open the barn door and say, "Good-morning, Benny goat," and Benny would answer, "Baa, baa" (Good-morning, little master).

"Do you want your breakfast?"

"Baa, baa!"

"Well, here are your oats. Now, what's the matter? Stop your stamping! Oh, did you want a drink of water first? I really forgot."

So Benny goat is led from the barn to the pump. Little master takes the rope in one hand and pumps with the other. Benny goat watches very closely with his little black eyes, and when he sees that the rope is not very firmly held he gives a jump and breaks away from his little master. Straight he goes to the house, trip, trip, trip up the back steps, tap, tap, tap, at the kitchen door with his little horns. Mamma hears his knock and of course thinks it is the milkman and opens the door.

Benny goat does not wait to be asked, but goes past mamma right into the house. Benny has never learned much about politeness, so he puts his head on the table, sniffs at breakfast cooking on the stove and then runs towards the pantry.

Mamma gets a biscuit. "Come, Benny goat," she says, and throws the biscuit out of the door. That is all Benny wants, so he rushes down the steps, stamp, stamp, stamp and soon has the biscuit.

Little master catches Benny's rope and leads him back to the barn and Benny goat's fun is over.

Little master often plays that Benny goat is his pony. He has a tiny little harness for him, just like papa's, a little black whip and a small two-wheel gig. Benny goat makes a very good pony and he thinks it almost as much fun to draw little master as to eat biscuits, but sometimes, I am sorry to say, he forgets all

about his harness and gig and little master and starts for home, bump over sidewalks and stones, bump against trees and fences, bump, bump, bump till he reaches the barn door. Then little master scolds and punishes Benny goat and shuts him up in his stall without any oats or hay, till Benny goat says, "Baa, baa, baa!" (I am sorry, little master. I won't be so naughty again!)

Bee Hive Town

Farmer Gray has a queer village under his apple trees.

There are many small wooden houses and all exactly alike: little square houses with sloping roofs; houses without chimneys or windows and with only one door, yes, and there are no stairs to the step at that. They must be tenement-houses, too, for see how many people go in and out. Strange to say, the ladies all wear gowns made exactly alike, and the gentlemen all look alike, too.

What is this village? Why, of course, "Bee Hive Town!"

How do you suppose it looks inside one of the houses?

They are hot and small and crowded. We surely would not want to stay there long.

The sleeping-rooms and the nursery are down stairs.

What lots and lots of rooms all packed close together, and such tiny ones, too!

The little rooms are made of thin, clear wax. Nearly all have six sides. There is a long hallway between the rooms only wide enough for two bee people to pass without touching. Do you wish to peep at one of the baby bees who is asleep in his own little room or cell?

"Oh, what a homely baby!" you say. "It looks just like a little gray worm!" Let us remember that this is a very young baby, only just hatched out of a tiny blue egg.

Here comes the nurse to feed it; she gives it honey and water and pollen all mixed together. When the baby bee is five days old, it goes so very fast asleep that the nurse cannot wake it even at dinner-time. So she covers it all over with a warm blanket of wax and leaves it for three days. When it wakes up again it has changed from a little gray worm to a tiny white bee. How the nurse kisses the baby after its long nap, and what a fine breakfast she has all ready for it! The baby bee grows very fast and in a week or two it will be big enough to go out into the world and hunt for honey with its sisters.

The mother bee is called a queen. Her children, both boys and girls, love her very dearly. The room in which she lives is the most beauti-

ful in the house. The bees watch her carefully so that nothing shall harm her.

The little sisters are the "Workers." The brothers are lazy. So they are called "Drones." The sisters build the walls of the rooms or cells, take care of the babies, and find all the honey.

And "what do the drones do?" Oh, sing all day long and this is their song: Hum-m-m-m! I am sure you have heard it many times.

Shall we go upstairs now?

But where *are* the stairs?

Why, really, there *are* none; we shall have to crawl up as the bees do!

"Oh, how sweet it smells! And how funny to have the cellar and all the pantries *upstairs!*

These pantry cells are just like the bedrooms in shape, but very much deeper. It must take a bee a long time to fill one full of honey.

Would you like some honey? I am sure the bees will gladly give you some.

Suppose we go now with the sister bees and see where they *find* the honey.

Why, there goes one right into Mrs. Gray's flower garden. I am sure she will not mind. Our bee lights on a blue morning-glory. Bees think blue the very prettiest color of all. Our bee takes two or three tiny sips and flies off to its home or hive and then back again it comes to the morning-glory. I suppose if we should watch all day we would see it flying back and forth from the morning-glory to the hive. Let us now go to the peach orchard. Bees like the peaches, too.

Sure enough, here are many bees at work. Never fear, little busy folk, we will not hurt you, and we know you will not hurt us if we do you no harm.

* * * * *

Hark! What is that loud noise down in "Bee Hive Town?" Let us go quickly and see.

There stands Farmer Gray pounding on a tin pan.

"Why do you make all this noise, Farmer Gray?"

"Look over there. Do you not see a hive with a great many bees around the door? That house is too full of bees. So some of them are going to move away. When the bees move they like to go far off to another 'Bee Hive Town.' They want to see something of the world, no doubt, but I want them to stay right here. So I have built them a nice new house. Now if I make this loud music they will look at that new house. I know if they see it they will like it. Then they may decide to move in. We call it 'swarming.'"

The farmer keeps on beating his tin pan until one bee lights on a low branch of an apple tree. Then the queen bee flies to that branch, too, and calls all the other bees to her. Soon the bees are all together in a bunch. The farmer quickly takes his tin pan into the house and brings out a basket. He pushes the bees off the apple branch into his basket and carries them to the new house. Now he is sure that the bees will not leave "Bee Hive Town."

Reproduction Stories

For the Younger Children

One day Lucy Snow was stung by a bee. Her mother put ammonia on the sting, and soon it was quite well.

Two little boys went out to pick strawberries. One ate all he picked and the other carried his home to his sick sister.

One of the brass wheels in a big clock once said, "I am tired, and I will not work any more to-day." Then all the other wheels had to stop, too, though they were willing to work.

My name is Betty. When I was four years old I went to a party. A little girl fell out of her chair, and all the children laughed but one. I didn't laugh because I was the girl that fell.

Joseph was sitting in a car; a lady came in and stood right in front of him. As soon as he saw she had no seat, he gave her his. Then the lady said he was a little gentleman, and so he was.

Jimmy is a little boy. Prince is a big dog. They live in the country and play together out

in the fields. When the sun is too hot they lie down under a big tree and take a nap.

Lily's mamma said she would take her to the beach. Lily went to get her pail and shovel, so that she could play in the sand. They were easy to find, because she always kept them in the right place.

Johnny had a pop-gun. He tried to shoot a bird in a tree, but just as he was going to shoot, the bird flew away. Johnny was glad, for he says it would have been cruel to shoot the poor little bird.

Mamie caught a little yellow chicken. She took it into the house to show it to her mamma. Her mamma said she ought not to frighten the poor little chicken by catching it. So Mamie let it go and said she would not catch it again.

George found a five-cent piece. Just then he saw a little girl crying. He asked her what was the matter. She said, "I have lost two cents." George changed the five-cent piece and gave the little girl two cents and spent the other three cents for candy.

Spring Nature Study for City Children

What is their birthright? To be able to enjoy as full country freedom at this season of the year as the birds that have come back from their winter trip, or the ice-imprisoned brook that started again when spring whispered of green meadows, and renewed frolics with the pebbles that had not had a single whirl all winter.

If there is anything pathetic it is to see children shut up in a city this springtime, so ignorant of what the season's glories and delights really are that they pay no attention to the few opportunities they do have to revel in Nature's spring opening. They have never been taught to look for these signs of coming glory. These mean but little to them because they have not been trained to observe or admire the annual bursting into new life of the little vegetation about them.

The city-born children do not know their lot has been cast in a desert of streets and houses, any more than canary-birds know they ought not to be in cages. They have never known anything else. True, they go to the parks and see ornamented nature on dress parade; but how can any such touch-me-not views of their best friend compare with a heart-to-heart living and digging into the very depths of the earth-life for the secrets that only come thru the loving study of a close companionship?

Who shall come to the relief of these poor children—poor and starved without knowing it? Who but the teacher? For it is doubtful if the ordinary home training often takes up this finer side of life. How shall this help be brought to the children? By teaching them *how to see*, first of all, and then showing them *what to see*.

Let us see what else lies close about these children who think they are reveling in spring glories when they seek their artificial helps for outdoor recreation?

Here, under their eyes, are whole yards of gorgeous hyacinth beds, loading the air with fragrance; gay tulips and yard-high white vases of sociable pansies with their well-remembered faces, and family resemblances; there is a magnolia tree in radiant blossom of creamy magnificence close by in a churchyard; lilac bushes are growing greener every day; the vines on that somber church that have been only a wiry mesh all winter began to tint one night, as if an artist's brush had touched them while the city slept, and now take on a deeper hue every day with their clustering, waxy leaves that seem to spring from out the very church walls; the arbutus, with its heavenly incense, has appeared on the street for sale; everywhere are signs of a new life—a new world.

Do the children, on their way to and from school, notice these things in any distinctive way from the panoramic view of daily life to

which they are accustomed? Do the teachers make it a part of every-day teaching to call attention to this glory of upspringing life?

If all our children, from kindergarten to high school, were encouraged to watch for and report the first signs of opening springtime, and the daily increasing richness, it would be the very best ethical training ever given inside a school-room. A child's soul filled with hunger for beauty has not much room for the craving of the excitement of wrong-doing.

These shut-up city children are victims of a civilization that should touch with a profound pity the soul of every teacher who has ever known what a free childhood meant. The loss in mental, moral, and physical fiber to these children can never be estimated.

How much can the schoolroom supply of this? In what way? Every teacher must find out for herself. The plant lessons which belong to this season of school-work give an excellent opportunity, but afford only a standing place from which to reach out into the soul of things. That teacher will reach the farthest and find the most who is, herself, in the closest sympathy with

“Nature, that dear old nurse,
Who sings to us, day and night,
The songs of the universe.”

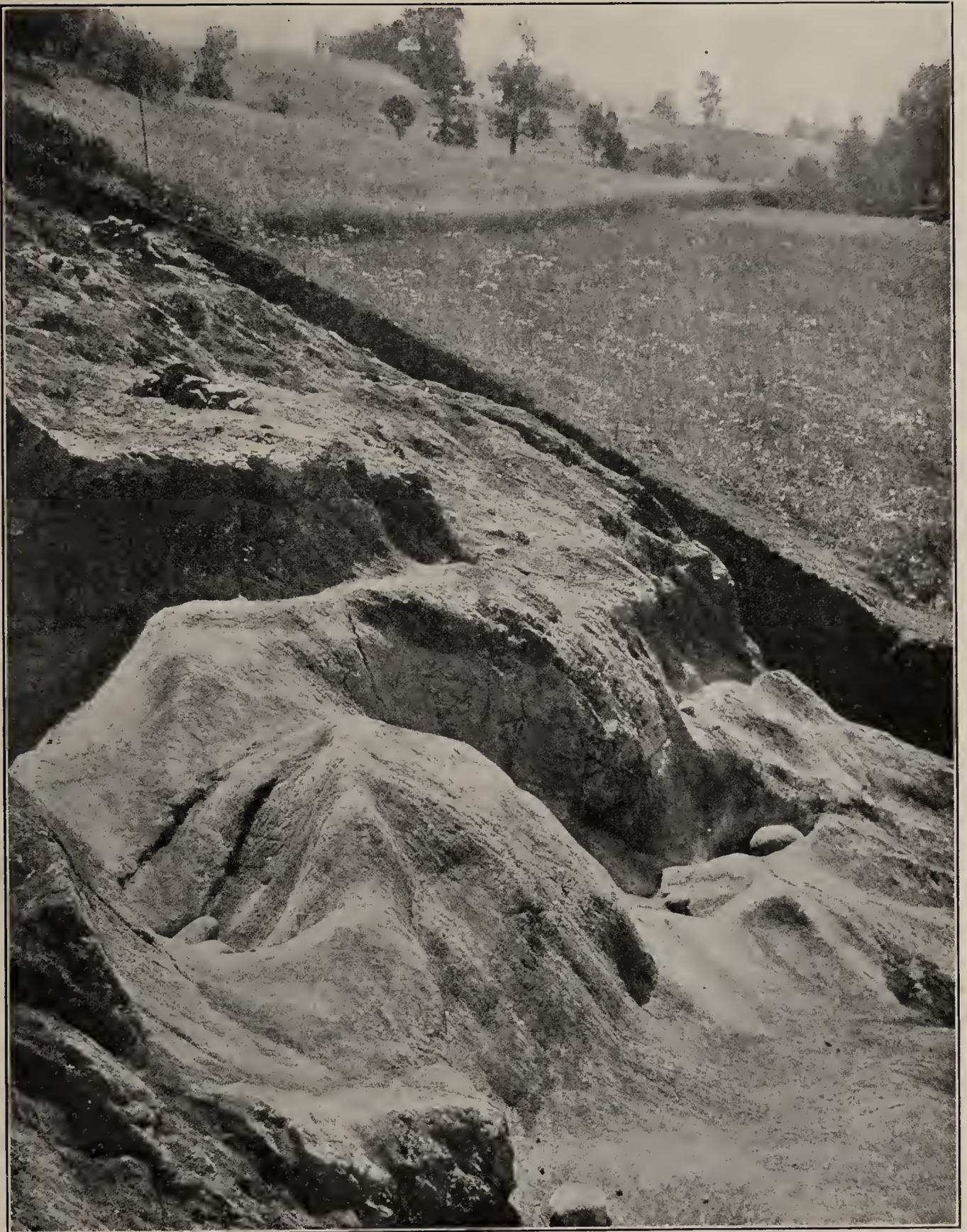
The birds do not quite desert the cities, and children can be trained to distinguish the different bird notes and to learn something of bird habits, even in a crowded city. A reproduction of these bird notes at school will be a delightful recreation “between whiles,” and will put the boys and girls in better spirits for their work than the regulation “exercises” of which they have grown tired all the winter. Studying bird-life with a reverent spirit partakes of the nature of the highest ethical training.

The writer once stood beside Rev. Joseph Cook when the first robin note he had heard that season reached his ear. He stopped and at once lifted his hat in reverent humility to the bit of joyous life, fluttering a few feet away from him.

“I always lift my hat to the first robin,” he said, gazing up to that leafy branch as to a shrine. The occasion and the attitude of that giant among men, at that moment, held a lesson for the training of every child in the land.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest, at peep of day?
“Let me fly,” says little birdie.
“Mother, let me fly away.”
Birdie, rest a little longer
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

—TENNYSON.



A WONDERFUL MONUMENT OF NATURE HISTORY
"Glacier Mills" of the Tertiary Period, Recently Discovered in the Tyrol

Program for Memorial Day

1. Orchestra or piano selection of patriotic melodies.

2. Boy or girl:

"Friends: We bid you welcome. The exercises which are to follow are given in honor of the patriots who died on the battlefields. Memorial Day has been observed from the time that the Civil War was still raging. In 1868 it was that the 30th of May was formally agreed upon as Memorial Day. As Americans we have gathered to bear testimony of our loyalty to the Union by remembering the noble heroes who laid down their lives that freedom and right might prevail. Now let us all rise and unite in singing 'America.'"

3. All sing: "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

4. Recitation: "Memorial Day."

A little blue violet looked up to the sky,
And nodded and smiled—I asked her why.
"O little blossom, what would you say?
Why do you nod so glad and gay?"
"I am telling of soldiers brave and true,
Come close, and I'll whisper it all to you."

A little brown wren with eyes so bright
Was warbling a song at morning light.
"O little bird, what is it you say,
What are you singing all the day?"
"Oh, the soldiers did so brave a thing,
And that is why I love to sing."

If some little child you chance to meet,
Who does not know why this day we greet,
"O little child," you all would say,
"We'll tell you why we keep this day;
We give to the soldiers love and praise,
Who gave us their lives in other days."
—LILLIE V. MICKEL.

5. Boy or girl:

"On the battlefield of Gettysburg there were spoken words by President Abraham Lincoln which have been, and will continue to be, an inspiration to all who are true to our country and its flag. Those words were spoken on the 19th of November, in 1864. They will now be read [or recited] by ———."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG
NOVEMBER 19, 1864

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men were created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of the war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will very little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

6. Song: One verse of "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

7. Scripture Citations [four children]:

Remember the days of old . . . ask thy Father and he will shew thee; thy elders and they will tell thee.
—Deut. 32:7.

WHEN DEATH OCCURS

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;
blessed be the name of the Lord. —Job 1:21.

He giveth His beloved sleep. —Ps. 127:2.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. —Ps. 116:15.

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.
—Is. 25:8.

8. Recitation: "Our Flag."

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
—HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

9. Flag drill. [See drill described in this number of TEACHERS MAGAZINE.]

10. Song: "Star-Spangled Banner."

11. Recitation: "Song of the Drum."

Dr-r-rum! Dr-r-rum!
Dr-r-rum! Drum! Drum!
With a rap and a tap and a rolling beat
And a sound on the ground of the tramp of feet,
Keeping step they come
With the sound of the drum,
With the rolling and the beating of the drum.

And this is the song as we march along,
That the hollow drum sings to the gathering throng:
With the rap and the tap and the rolling beat,
With the sound on the ground of the tramp of feet,
 Keeping step they come,
 With the sounding drum,
With the rolling and the beating of the drum.

—I. E. DIEKENG.

12. Recitation: "Our Heroes."

OUR HEROES

On fame's eternal camping grounds,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn rounds,
The bivouac of the dead.
*In the Arlington National Cemetery, where
16,000 soldiers are buried.*

13. Recitation: "The Blue and the Gray."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

"Scatter your flowers alike to-day,
Over the graves of the Blue and Gray.
Time has healed all the Nation's scars,
Peace has hushed all the noise of wars,
And North and South, and East and West,
There beats but one heart in the Nation's breast."

—MARY N. ROBINSON, in *Primary Education*.

14. Recitation: "Blue and Gray."

BLUE AND GRAY

"O Mother! what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?"
Was heard from the lips of a little child,
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears;
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow
Its treasures of golden hair.

"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa's hair is gray;
And the love we bear our darling child
Grows stronger every day."
"But what did they mean?" persisted the child;
"For I saw two cripples to-day;
And one of them said he fought for the blue;
The other, he fought for the gray.

"They sat on the stone by the farmyard gate,
And talked for an hour or more,
Till their eyes grew bright, and their hearts seemed
warm,
With fighting their battles o'er,
And parting at last with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way,
Each called on God to speed the time
Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days,—
Two stalwart boys from her riven;
How they knelt at her side, and, lisping, prayed,—
"Our Father, which art in heaven";
How one wore the gray, and the other the blue;
How they passed away from sight,
And had gone to the land where gray and blue
Are merged in colors of light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair,
While her heart was sadly wrung
With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour
By her innocent, prattling tongue,—
"The blue and the gray are the colors of God;
They are seen in the sky at even;
And many a noble, gallant soul
Has found them passports to heaven."

—Selected.

15. Exercise for little children:

Leader:

Children, bring your sweetest flowers!
North and South and East and West,
Bring the flowers you love the best,
Lay them where the soldiers rest.

Five Children (carrying violets):

We'll bring them to-day the violets blue.

Five Children (carrying white and red roses):

And roses red and white.

The Ten Together:

The colors bright they bore so true
For God and home and right.

[The flowers are placed on a table in front of the platform. The teacher's desk may be used, or the flowers may be placed on the floor of the platform.]

16. *Eight Children* (each deposits the flower mentioned):

1. Here is a lily,
2. And here is a rose,
3. And here is a heliotrope,
4. And here is the woodbine sweet that grows
On the garden's sunny slope
5. And here is a bit of mignonette,
6. And here's a geranium red,
7. A pansy,
8. And a violet I found in a mossy bed.

Together:

These are the flowers we love the best,
And on Memorial Day
We lay them on graves where soldiers rest,
Our tribute to them to pay.

17. School in concert:

All hail to the fallen heroes,
All hail to those living still,
All hail to the flag for which they bled,
The field of blue, the stripes of red;
Thee we honor and defend,
To thee be true till life shall end,
Our country and our flag.

18. Five or ten minutes' inspirational talk.

19. Flag salute.

Use the ceremony described in *TEACHERS MAGAZINE* for February or March.

20. Audience and school unite in singing last verse of "America":

Our Father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light!
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

The Blue and the Gray

By BESSIE CEPERTON BEIRNE, West Virginia

It was the day before Decoration Day. A young teacher was telling her children why thousands of graves would be covered with flowers to-morrow. There sat the grandchildren of the men in Blue and the men in Gray who had shot down one another, eagerly listening to the story of the great war of secession. The kind eyes and heart and voice of the teacher wiped out all bitterness, leaving only the impression on these little minds of a mighty and a noble struggle between two sections of their own country, caused by a difference in viewpoint, a struggle in which the men on both sides were their countrymen, fighting for what, with all their souls, they believed to be the right.

As the undreamed-of stories of courage, endurance, honor, patriotism, love of home, and love of country, came in simple, vivid pictures from the Southern woman's lips, the children's eyes grew round and bright.

"They died, little ones," concluded Miss Bowling, "for their country, and for what they believed to be right; and that is why, to-morrow, in the cities and the towns and the villages and on the farms and on the wild mountain sides—wherever there is a soldier's grave—*some one* will lay some flowers.

"And now I'll tell you what *we* will do for the soldiers"—ah! things were growing very real—"You may gather some flowers this afternoon,"—for some could walk and some could crawl, and the flowers were very near, just where God had planted them, "and late this afternoon we'll go over to the cemetery and decorate."

What a radiant, earnest little flock scattered thru the grass, picking the dearly loved wild-flowers and hailing with gladness each buttercup, daisy, and bright eye.

At last aprons and hats are full to overflowing and the children scramble onto the low porch to "make bouquets." Then came the walk to the nearby cemetery. With hands full of flowers and flags and grave child faces of loyalty, the celebrators walked quietly over the soft grass to the honored mounds.

There is one fair haired little child kneeling by a soldier's grave, feeling with delicate, sensitive fingers "for the place where the flag belonged." She has found the spot she wants, and now, with her flower-face upturned to the western sky, the sightless eyes unmindful of its brightness, with the other children watching in silence, their flowers in their hands, wee "Blind Rachel" plants the first flag that is planted that Decoration Day.

And the teacher wonders if, in all the broad Union, there will be more real *honor* paid the dead; more true patriotism in the hearts of

those who scatter flowers than is shown in that little cemetery, in one of the Southern states, by that band of young Americans, who have strewn blossoms above the Gray and unfurled the flag above the Blue in impartial reverence for their heroic countrymen.

Bring Flowers

Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the beds where our brave are at rest.
Bring pansies for thoughts, unforgotten are they;
Bring laurel for glory they won in the fray;
Bring lilacs for youth—many fell ere their prime;
Bring oak leaves for Liberty, goddess sublime;
Bring chrysanthemums white for the truth they implore.
Bring lilacs for peace—they battle no more;
Bring violets, myrtles, and roses for love;
Bring snowballs for thoughts of the Heaven above;
Bring hawthorn for hope which surmounts earthly strife;
Bring amaranth blossoms for immortal life.
Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the graves where our brave are at rest.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Emblems of Decoration Day

(Child with bunch of red roses recites.)

With slow and reverend tread,
I bring the roses red
To deck the soldiers' bed
Emblem of blood they shed
For this our native land.

(Child with bunch of daisies recites.)

And I, white daisies bring,
A simple offering
Emblem of holy peace,
Oh, may its reign ne'er cease
In this our happy land.

(Child with bunch of violets recites.)

I bring the violets blue,
They say "be true, be true,
True to God above you,
True to friends that love you
And to thy native land."

(All three recite together.)

For the brave and the true
We'll twine them together;
For the red, white and blue
Are united forever.

--WILLIAM WOODMAN.

For Grandpa's Sake

My grandpa went to war long years ago—
I never saw him, but they told me so,
And how, after a battle, the news came,
Among the "missing" was my grandpa's name.

They never heard of him again, they said,
And so we know that grandpa must be dead;
And when I think of him, so good and brave,
I wish we knew where he had found a grave.

When Decoration Day comes, every year,
I feel so sad, and sometimes shed a tear,
To see the soldiers' graves all spread with flowers,
While grandpa cannot have one rose of ours.

So if some little Southern girl should know
A nameless grave where never blossoms grow,
I'd love her so, if there some flowers she'd lay,
For grandpa's sake, this Decoration Day.
—*The Youth's Companion.*

Bring Flowers

Bring flowers, to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead—our glorious dead!

Daisies

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.

And often when I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.
—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Dandelions

Two little maids went wondering,
Over a meadow in May,
How all in one sunny morning,
Came the dandelions gay,—
Gay little happy flowers,
That laugh up out of the grass,
The merriest, gladdest welcome
To the children as they pass.

Margery ponders and ponders,—
"They're bright like the stars up high;
Perhaps they are stars, Jenny,
That have dropped down from the sky."
Oh, perhaps this is one of the places
Where they love to go and stay,
When the sky is all smooth and empty,
And the dark night gone away."

That night, when the daylight faded,
Two little maids stole out
Into the still, gray meadow,
And eagerly searched about.
Not one gay, golden blossom—
But far up overhead,
The countless stars were shining,
All wonderful, instead!

—L. G. WARNER.

The City Garden

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

I have a garden all my own,
Nobody knows how it has grown.
There are thistle-flowers and buttercups,
And ladies'-slippers, too,
And just the other day I found
Some violets all blue.

Then there are cockle-burrs, to make
Baskets and nests, you know,
Dear green and purple spiky things,
I wonder how they grow?
For no one came and put them there,
They just are growing wild;
I think God must have planted them
For me, a city child.
Nobody knows how it has grown,
This little garden all my own.
—*The Youth's Companion.*

Three Little Chicks

Three little chicks so downy and neat,
Went out in search of something to eat:
"Ter-wit, ter-weet!
Something to eat!"
And soon they picked up a straw of wheat.
Said one little chick, "That belongs to me!"
Said one other little chick, "We'll see, we'll see!"
"Ter-wit, ter-weet!
It is nice and sweet,"
Said number three: "Let us share the treat!"

They pulled and they tugged, the downy things,
And oh, how they flapped their baby wings!
"Ter-wit, ter-weet!
Something to eat!"
Just please to let go of this bit of wheat!"

Fiercer and fiercer the battle grew,
Until the straw broke right in two.
And the little chicks
Were in a fix,
And sorry enough for their naughty tricks.

For a saucy crow has watched the fight,
And laughs, "Haw, haw! it serves you right!"
So he snatches the prize
From before their eyes,
And over the hills and away he flies!

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN.

OLD "ROUND" FOR THREE OR FOUR VOICES.

1ST VOICE. *Cheerfully.*

Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, loud - ly sing, cuc - koo. Grow - eth seed, and

2ND VOICE. *f*
Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, ... loud - ly sing, cuc -

3RD VOICE. *f*
Sum - mer is a -

blow - eth mead, and springeth wood a - new, Sing, cuc - koo! Ewe bleat - eth

koo. Grow - eth seed, and bloweth mead, and springeth wood a - new, Sing, cuc -

com - ing in, ... loud - ly sing, cuc - koo. Groweth seed, and bloweth mead, and springeth wood a -

aft - er lamb, Low'th aft - er calf the cow, Bul - lock starteth, buck to fern go'th, mer - ry sing, cuc -

koo! Ewe bleat - eth aft - er lamb, Low'th after calf the cow, Bul - lock start - eth,

new, Sing, cuc - koo! Ewe bleat - eth aft - er lamb, Low'th aft - er calf the

* The small notes printed in the treble of the accompaniment should be sung, if possible, as a fourth part. If necessary this round can be sung even by two voices.

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN.

koo! Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo! Well sing-est thou, cuc - koo! nor cease thou nev - er
 buck to fern go'th, mer-ry sing, Cuc-koo! cuc - koo! cuc - koo! well sing-est thou,
 cow, Bul - lock starteth, buck to fern go'th, mer-ry sing, cuc-koo! cuc - koo!

now. Sum - mer is a - com-ing in, loud - ly sing, cuc-koo! Groweth seed, and
 cuc - koo! nor cease thou nev-er now. Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, ... loud - ly sing, cuc -
 cuc - koo! Well sing-est thou, cuc - koo! nor cease thou nev - er now. Sum - mer is a -

blow - eth mead, and spring-eth wood a - new, Sing, cuc - - koo!
 koo! Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and spring - eth wood a - new!
 com - ing in, loud - ly sing, cuc - koo! loud - ly sing, cuc - koo!

What One Teacher Did

At the Beginning of the School Year

Hers was an ordinary schoolroom, having a platform, the usual teacher's desk, one or two chairs, and some curtains that had been rolled up and pinned by the last teacher and the children till a row of pinholes dotted them (the curtains, not the children) from top to bottom. The whole place was as unattractive as a spot could be, where children were expected to *like* to come and be very happy after they got there.

The new teacher had her own ideas how a schoolroom ought to look. But where could she begin? Her purse was a great deal lighter than her heart as she thought of spending the next ten months in that unattractive spot. She had her plans for a new cloak that winter; she had not supposed it was possible to get along without it. But as she stood alone in that silent schoolroom there rose up a determination to sacrifice the cloak and "fix up" her room. She first found somebody to scrub floors and windows. After that she silently laid the perforated curtains in the basement and went to "the store" and bought new ones with a yellow tint that would look pretty with the sun shining through. Fixtures were too ambitious. She stitched the curtains herself after paying a few cents to the carpenter for window sticks.

Several things were accomplished by the next move; for she happened (?) to make the acquaintance of the "terror" of the school, who had been annually "turned out" for several winters, and pressed him into service to "help put up the curtains." By the time they were "up," she had a chivalrous youth at her service now and evermore. But the curtain ambition was not yet satisfied. She adored window drapery. Why shouldn't she have some? Again the "store" furnished some cream-colored scrim for eight cents a yard and again she had recourse to the sewing machine. Another doubtful boy was added to the helpers this time, and in an hour every window was draped. How pretty they looked with folds looped back with fresh ribbon at a few cents a yard!

The blackboards came next. Sparging removed dust, if not the cracks; two spare corners and some colored crayons were discovered and soon a bunch of golden-rod, sketched by skilful fingers, found its *vis-a-vis* in a spray of oak leaves and acorns, prettily outlined on the other side.

What was the use of that platform lifting her above the children when she wanted to be *with* them? She could not remove that, but the desk went down to hobnob again with the old curtains in subterranean freedom, and a little cheap table was placed in front, that was nearly covered next day, legs and all, by the square of scarlet flannel that she bought and "feather-stitched" herself the night before, "after tea."

A "remnant" of carpet, costing \$2.42, was nailed down next day over the platform, giving such an air of comfort to the room that the "new cloak" sacrifice began to look very small in comparison.

The bare walls began to complain of neglect. What was to be done? She would *not* have poor pictures to educate the children the wrong way and she could not afford good ones. An idea struck her. She would make a humble beginning and trust to fortune for the rest. At a drugstore she found a picture frame that had been used for advertisements, which they were glad to give away. Some long, ornamental grass grew by the roadside. Gathering a handful and buying a piece of cardboard for ten cents, she went home. She had saved a paste-board picture of a stork one day, to "carry to school for the children," and in her mind's eye she saw a picture grow out of this combination. It grew and was finished. A dignified stork stood waiting on the regulation "one foot" in a tangle of high grass. Hung in the schoolroom next day, it was a bit of naturalness that was surprisingly pretty.

The "annually suspended" stood on the shoulders of his bosom friend and looked into the schoolroom window that night after the teacher had gone and said: "I say, Bill, she's got a new picture, and I'll bet yer she made it herself. She can jest do anything."—E. D. K.

Stories to be Worked Out

Roy and Willie were sailing their little boats. After a while they fastened the boats to the shore and went up the hill to pick blackberries. When they went back the boats were both gone.

To what had the boys fastened their boats?
Where did the boats go?

Who found them?

What did Roy and Willie say?

John and Walter were looking at a picture of a lighthouse. The waves and spray were dashing up over its sides, and a lantern on top was sending its light far out over the water.

"Oh!" said John, "I can tell you all about a lighthouse. I have been in one."

Finish this story by telling what John said about a lighthouse.

I once saw a picture of a man, dressed in skins. On the back of his chair was a parrot, and his other companions were two dogs and a cat. There might have been another companion not in the picture.

Who was this man?

What happened to him once?

When did he live?

Hints and Helps

Plans, Methods, Devices and Suggestions from Teachers' Workshops

One Teacher's Morning Program

- 9.00—Flag salute and opening exercises.
9.10—Five minutes' practice in singing.
9.15—Five minutes' general information lesson.
9.20—Twenty minutes' oral arithmetic.
9.40—Twenty minutes' reading.
10.00—Five minutes' physical exercise. Open windows.
10.05—Fifteen minutes' language lesson.
10.20—Ten minutes' drawing.
10.30—Twenty minutes' recess. Games.
10.50—Twenty minutes' writing.
11.10—Twenty minutes for nature study.
11.30—Five minutes' singing, with or without marching.
11.35—Ten minutes for spelling drill.
11.40—Ten minutes for class reading or dramatization.

Preparing for an Entertainment

A good way to get hearty co-operation from pupils is the following:

The teacher appoints two committees, of three each, of the more competent pupils to prepare programs.

Each of the committees prepares a program of dialogues, recitations, songs, etc., giving the names of the pupils to take part.

As, "John Brown, Recitation."

"Julia Berg, Dialogue."

These programs are written on the blackboards on opposite sides of the room and the school votes on them by passing to the side of their choice.

Pupils chosen find their own selections and for dialogues appoint others to help them. In this way the best talent is called out and the teacher's work is lessened (unless, indeed, she find her name on the program).

—F. A. K.

Geography and Arithmetic

Find Ireland on the globe. Find Switzerland. An Irish mile is 2,240 yards. A Swiss mile is 9,153 yards. How many Irish miles make a Swiss mile?

Draw a line an inch long, to represent an Irish mile. Draw a line below it long enough to represent a Swiss mile.

How many yards make a mile in this country? Tell how much longer or shorter than ours is the mile in each of the following countries:

The Irish mile is 2,240 yards.

The Swiss mile is 9,153 yards.

The Italian mile is 1,766 yards.

The Scotch mile is 1,984 yards.

The Tuscan mile is 1,808 yards.

The German mile is 8,106 yards.
The Arabian mile is 2,143 yards.
The Turkish mile is 1,826 yards.
The Flemish mile is 6,869 yards.
The Vienna post mile is 8,296 yards.
The Roman mile is 1,728 or 5,025 yards.
The Werst mile is 1,107 or 1,335 yards.
The Dutch and Prussian mile is 6,480 yards.
The Swedish and Danish mile is 7,341.5 yards.
The English and American mile is 1,760 yards.

—E. E. K.

Dictation

In dictating, use a natural, distinct tone, and read or say a sentence but once. It is of as much importance to train pupils to hear well as to read well. Have pupils read sentences written from dictation. Train pupils to know when they can write a word, and train them to know when they cannot write a word. If they do not know a word, let them raise their hands; then write it for them on the board; or, better, let a pupil write it. If there is a new word in the dictation lesson, write it on the board. In examinations, if pupils do not know a word, let them make a dash in place of it. When the work of dictation is in good progress, begin to train pupils to talk with the pencil. As soon as they begin to do this, all spelling may be taught in composition.

Care of the Heart

A physician writes: "Life would be prolonged by paying a little more attention to the heart. Much good might be done if parents would teach their children the danger of overtaxing the heart. They should teach them to stop and rest a few moments during their play when they begin to feel the violent throbbing of their hearts against the chest wall."

Haven't Time

Never show a paper with the slightest mistake in form upon it. Haven't time! Take the time given to memorizing words, to oral spelling, to technical grammar, to correction of papers, and put it into "learning to do by doing." Haven't time!! It is a tremendous economy of time both for teachers and pupils to have pupils do accurate work. You can leave them alone when this is done, and hear recitations in peace. Pupils love to do beautiful work; perfection is always beautiful, and they will respect you profoundly for the training. When children are doing good work, order "keeps" itself.

"Getting the Drop" on the Class

The writer suspects that not only the title above but also the idea below will prove both novel and profitable to most all of those who read this. He got it from Dr. James Sullivan, the hustling principal of Brooklyn Boys' High School and lecturer on methods in history teaching at Columbia, Harvard and New York universities. Practice it consciously until it becomes a habit and you will find your efficiency increased 25 per cent.

The trick is this: Instead of limply sitting at your desk while the class assembles and one after another slowly gets ready to pay attention, briskly enter your classroom from the corridor, or, if you are not in the departmental system, approach your desk from the rear of the room at the beginning of each new subject, take your own seat in a firm, businesslike manner (with a sort of anticipatory rubbing of the hands, so to speak, like a lawyer smelling a promising client) and in a matter-of-fact, taking-things-for-granted tone of voice say, "Jones, read from your notebook the assignment for to-day's recitation." With proper directions and a week's trial it will be found that the teacher's approach to his desk will become a signal for the pupils to put away their distractions and be ready, each one, to read the assignment. Giving the pages, sections or topics of the lesson from memory should not be permitted. Being caught unprepared to get up promptly and read the assignment from notebook should debar the pupil from the privilege of reciting for that period. The lessons should be assigned ahead for as many days as possible. The assignment should always and without exception be given out at the beginning and not in the hurried last few moments of the recitation. The first quarter (if not more) of the period should be given over to the explanation and co-operative working over (by teacher and pupils) of the advance lesson. In calling for recitations or answers, the weaker pupils should be given the easier questions and should, besides, be sandwiched in between two of the better pupils so as to avoid those fatal processions of failures. Read this all over again and give it a thoro trial. Then note how you carry your shoulders after a month.

—ABRAHAM DEIXEL, Pd.M.

Cultivate Cheerfulness

A sound mind in a sound body seems to be of more importance to teachers than to almost any other class of individuals. Teachers cannot be too careful about whatever conduces to this end—food, cleanliness, and exercise. Take the latter in the hearty, health-giving form of play. Exercise the laughing muscles; one hour's play is often, intellectually, worth two hours' hard study. Tell amusing stories, and listen to others who tell such. Cultivate cheerfulness, seek

healthy, wholesome fun, and pursue it; if you feel cross, sit down and laugh. Establish the habit of cheerfulness. Moods become automatic, thoughts turn to accustomed objects, run in accustomed channels. If you permit it, that which is petty, narrowing, and belittling will absorb the attention until the power to concentrate the mind upon that which brings life, inspiration, and joy is well-nigh lost. A healthy mind never grows morbid; a morbid mind never exists in a healthy body.

Finding Sums

Cut-squares of white cardboard. On one card place two figures to be added. Place the result of the addition on a separate card or slip. Put several combinations in one envelope, having care that each problem has its corresponding result enclosed. Have enough envelopes that each pupil may be given one. Let the children place the answers under the examples to which they belong. When all are correctly placed, let them be copied by the pupils. After that the examples, with their answers, may be read aloud. I have found this to be an interesting and helpful "busy work" device.

—BESSIE APPLE.

Study of the Apple

Since last May the children have had several views of the apple tree. I have found that it takes a whole year to get acquainted with the appearance of the tree. It has its special aspects in each season. During May and early June, the pretty clusters of blossoms and buds were brought into the schoolrooms. The unfolding buds were watched, the blossoms enjoyed, then studied. The twigs bearing the blossoms were kept in water and the changes in the blossoms observed. Fresh twigs were brought in from time to time and the development from flower to fruit noticed. In October, the ripe fruit furnished helpful lessons in observation, comparison, modeling, drawing, and language.

The life history of the apple and other fruits, as studied by the children, have furnished most interesting material for many blackboard readings.

Apple-tree, how did you grow?

I came from a little seed.

The seed was in the ground.

The sun and the rain helped the seed.

Little roots ran down from the seed.

A little stem ran up from the seed.

The little stem grew tall and strong.

Birds came to the tree.

Blossoms grew on the tree.

Apples came after the blossoms.

All came from a seed.

—From Hall and Brambaugh Standard Primer, published by Christopher Sower Company, Philadelphia.

First Steps in Letter Writing

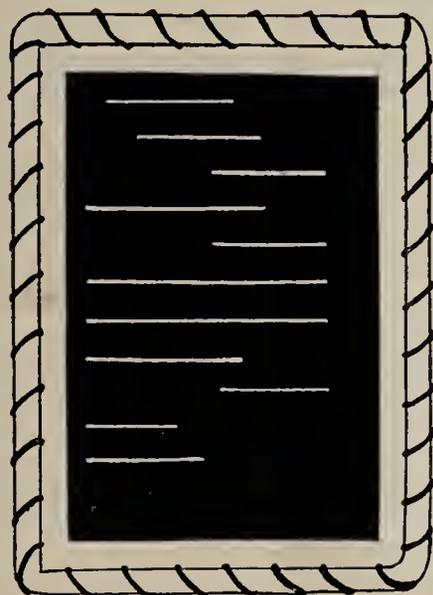
By E. D. K.

Miss Dix excelled in letter writing. She did not consume one page with excuses for not having written before and another in weather platitudes and inane generalizations, but she plunged directly into her subject, and vivified every line with her own magnetic personality.

Now, Miss Dix was a teacher and a second grade teacher too, and letter writing began in her room. Her success in this subject was a cause of envy among the other teachers. Her class hailed the letter-writing exercise with delight; the other classes hated it. Her children did not "take their pen in hand to write a few lines," but they said the thing they were thinking most about at the time. It was often a jumble, but it had that rare charm of good letter writing—naturalness. The "atmosphere" of the writers was in their letters, and this satisfied the teacher for the time being. As they grew older and their mental range broadened, the letters would broaden too.

But Miss Dix believed also in observing conventional forms in letter writing. There was a right way and a wrong way, and it was much better to learn a correct way at the start. When they grew up, individuality and custom might change things about, but it was better to have a uniformity in the school room.

After the preliminaries of paragraphs, margin indentation, and punctuation had been settled, Miss Dix sketched this slate upon the clean end of the blackboard, and there it remained for many weeks.



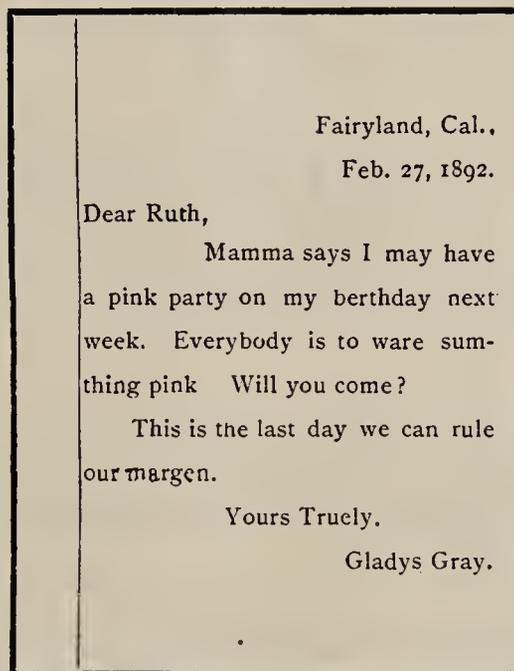
The children understood that the paragraphing on this model slate was not arbitrary, and that it varied with every written letter. Miss Dix believed that everything in the room assisted in the education of her children, and that

this correct letter form would be slowly photographing itself upon their minds, if always before their eyes. When they had a few spare minutes she would say, "You may copy that slate upon the blackboard," and they came to like it very much, especially the making of the frame cover into which they wove marvelous spiral cords of their own fancy.

Once a week they wrote real letters and read them, too! Sometimes they exchanged letters, and that was great fun, for it was almost equal to having a postman's letter or going to the post-office.

It was a great trial to be given a sheet of paper, pen, and ink for a real letter. Such epistolary airs! I happened in one day, just as Miss Dix was saying: "Now I have allowed you to rule your margin for a whole month, and you know I told you there must come a time when you must imagine you saw this straight margin line at the left instead of having a real one ruled for you. This is the last day you can have the ruled line. Be sure and ask me how to spell all the words you do not know. Now I will give you fifteen minutes for your letter."

I took up the paper nearest to me at the close of that time and found this letter.



Fairyland, Cal.,

Feb. 27, 1892.

Dear Ruth,

Mamma says I may have a pink party on my berthday next week. Everybody is to ware something pink Will you come?

This is the last day we can rule our margin.

Yours Truly,

Gladys Gray.

Little Gladys was thinking so much about her party that she did not ask to have all her words spelled. She was also so much impressed with the fact that it was the last day of grace for the helpful margin line, that she recorded the fact with due solemnity. But Gladys was a very little girl, and if you had asked her age she would have said, "Only just seven."

Commencement Day

Patrons of the school are always interested in class exercises. The occasion will be a good one, and perhaps the only one the teacher may have during the year, to give parents a specimen of "new methods," so much talked about.

Have at least one exercise from the primary, the intermediate, and the advanced department.

A *well-conducted* reading exercise by the little ones will receive greater applause than a variety of one-stanza recitations chattered off by infants.

Arrange for an exercise from the molding-board. Place the board on the platform so that the short ends are parallel with edge of platform; elevate one end so that the surface is plainly visible to audience. Have represented on it beforehand whatever has been accomplished by the pupils during the term, *e.g.*, the divisions of land, the county, the state, or the continent. Pupils pass to platform, and arrange themselves on either side (not at the end) of board. Teacher conducts the exercise in her own way, striving to make it as bright and as interesting as possible. If the children have been trained to give quick, loud, clear answers, there will be no lack of interest in the audience.

Several boys may give an exercise in history, each one taking a period, and giving in a clear, concise manner the principal events and characters of that period.

If authors' days have been observed or if any particular author's works have been studied during the term, an interesting exercise may be drawn from this work.

An Arbor Day Program

By ANDREW SLOANE DRAPER

1. Devotional exercises:
 - a. Reading of Scriptures.
 - b. Prayer.
 - c. Song.

Scripture lesson may be read by one person, or different scholars may each repeat a verse or a sentence. Or it may be made a responsive service, the teacher repeating one sentence and scholars the rest.

2. Reading of the law establishing Arbor Day.

3. Reading of superintendent's circular, and of letters in reference to Arbor Day.

Note.—Many teachers and others in charge of exercises may choose to invite letters appropriate to the occasion from prominent persons in the different localities, who are unable to be present.

4. Song.
5. Appropriate recitations by eleven pupils.
6. Reading or declamation.
7. Song.

8. Address, "Our Schoolhouses and Our Homes, How to Beautify Them."

Note.—Any other appropriate subject may be selected.

9. Song.

10. Brief essays by different scholars.

First scholar may choose for subject, "My Favorite Tree is the Oak," and give reasons. Other scholars may follow, taking for subjects the elm, maple, beech, birch, ash, etc. These essays should be very short.

11. Song.

12. Voting on the question, "What is the Favorite Tree?"

13. Reading or recitation.

14. Song.

15. Organization of local "Shade-tree Planting Association."

Note.—The scholars should at least appoint a committee to serve for a year, to see that trees planted are properly cared for.

16. Song—"America."

PROGRAM—AT THE TREE

Suggestions.—Arriving at the place designated for the planting of a tree, everything should be found in readiness by previous preparation in order that there may be no delay. By arrangement the tree should be dedicated to some particular person, as may have been decided. It would be well to have printed or painted on tin or wood and attached to the tree the name of the person to whom it is dedicated.

After a marching song has been sung on the way to the tree, the following order of exercises is suggested:

1. Place the tree carefully in position.

Note.—When advisable the tree may be placed in position in advance of the exercises.

2. Song.

3. A brief statement by the teacher or another concerning the person to whom the tree is dedicated.

4. When practicable recital of quotations from the writings of the person thus honored.

5. Let each pupil in the class, or such as may be designated, deposit a spadeful of earth.

6. Song.

Note.—Where impracticable to plant trees, shrubs, vines, or flowers may be substituted. A flower bed may be laid out, and vines set in or seeds planted.

The Stranger

"No one can tell," said little Nell,

"What our baby tries to say.

She's just come down into our town,

And they don't know heaven-talk out our way."

—*Wide-Awake.*

Self-Government in School

Miss G.'s predecessor had the reputation of being a very strict disciplinarian. Miss G.'s idea of good discipline was a condition in which the pupils were being educated to self-control. She judged that this had not been the policy of her predecessor, and that the pupils themselves had no conception of such a state of order.

Looking about for means by which to impress upon the children the desirability of self-control, Miss G. happened upon the following story which she related to her pupils:

AN ORDERLY CROWD

A German teacher visiting this country said to an American teacher, "I think you have better discipline in your schools than we have in Germany."

The American was surprised, for he knew how very strict the Germans are in the matter of system and order in the schoolroom. He therefore asked his German friend to explain, and this is what he was told:

"At a great exposition which I visited in America several years ago, I witnessed the wonderful spectacle of seeing several hundred thousand people pass thru the gates. Great crowds were carried there by trains and cars. But there was not a single jam either at the gates or at the trains. With us, if four or five people wanted to get into a horse-car there would be a jam. The people here display self-control. They appear to be guided by their sense of propriety and a regard for the rights of others. I think this is taught in your schools. I have noticed the self-command of the pupils in the schools I have visited. The best discipline is that which teaches self-control. That power, once gained, remains thru life and is of great advantage to the possessor."

SELF-CONTROL IN SCHOOL

"Children," said Miss G., when she had finished the story, "if I should teach you simply reading, writing, arithmetic and the other studies I should not be doing my duty. One thing which you need to learn quite as much is this power of self-control—that is, to learn to govern yourselves, to behave properly of your own free will. This is something that has to be learned by practice every day. It is not a thing which you can put on and take off whenever you wish as you do your coat.

"Presently I shall call the arithmetic class. While that class is reciting what ought all the other children in the room to be doing?"

"Studying."

"But suppose they study out loud."

"It would make too much noise."

"And why would it not be right to make unnecessary noise?"

"Others couldn't study. You couldn't hear the class recite."

"Yes, whoever should make unnecessary noise or disturbance would be interfering with the rights of others, would be doing an injury to others.

"How many agree, then, that the right thing for every pupil is to do his work and be quiet?"

All agreed.

"Let us think a little more about this. Some of you may study and be quiet because you think it right; others may do so because you fear I will detect and punish you if you do not. Which is the better way? In which way will you be exercising self-control? In which way will you be depending upon me to control you?"

ORGANIZATION

In this way Miss G. began to cultivate a public opinion in favor of self-control. She had a pupil keep a list of all who did not have to be reprimanded for disorderly acts during the day. These were designated as Grade I in Deportment. The others as Grade II. Those in Grade II could be placed in Grade I when they had been perfect in deportment for three days.

Organization of the school for self-government then began. The necessity for officers to perform certain duties was discussed with the children as occasion arose, and the school was allowed to select the officers from Grade I, the principle being made clear that those who could not control themselves were not yet fitted for controlling others; or, those who had shown themselves unmindful of the good of the school were not yet qualified to take charge of duties necessary for the general welfare.

From self-government in the school, they were led on in time to study the principles of self-government by the people, and thus patriotism, character and fitness for future citizenship proceeded naturally and regularly.

A Good Spring Medicine

is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier and tonic that for more than a third of a century has been taken as needed in thousands and thousands of homes by every member of the family.

Its wonderful results in cleansing the system of all humors, curing scrofula and eczema, overcoming that tired feeling, creating appetite, giving strength and animation, make it the best.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the people's medicine—agreeable, effective and economical. Get it today.

Arithmetic Tests

SECOND YEAR

1. A baker sold 735 loaves and he has still 189 loaves left. How many loaves had he at first?

2. How many nuts would be required to give 69 boys 8 each and 78 girls 7 each?

3. Multiply the difference between two thousand and seven and eight hundred and sixteen by seven.

4. A horse weighs 1,785 pounds and a cow weighs 1,167 pounds. How much heavier are 7 cows than 4 horses?

THIRD YEAR

1. I have 18 cases of oranges with 570 oranges in each case, and I sell them at 19 for a quarter. How many quarters do I get for them? How many dollars is that?

2. Divide 237630 by 89.

3. Multiply the sum of 795 and 343 by the difference between 63 and 141.

4. Multiply the difference between two hundred and seventeen thousand and one and one hundred and eighty thousand and sixty-nine by 59.

THIRD AND FOURTH YEARS

1. Multiply the difference between thirty thousand and one and three thousand and fourteen by 89.

2. Divide five million fifty thousand and five hundred by 19.

3. How many boxes each holding a dozen eggs could be filled from a large basket containing 2,000 eggs, and how many eggs would be left over?

Answers—(1) 2,401,843. (2) 265815 ÷ 19. (3) 166 ÷ 8 over.

FIFTH AND SIXTH YEARS

1. A man left $\frac{1}{2}$ of his money to his wife, $\frac{1}{4}$ to his son, $\frac{1}{8}$ to his daughter, and the remainder, amounting to \$1,500, to charities. Find how much money he left.

2. If my step is 2 ft. 6 in. and I take 60 steps per min., find how long it will take me to walk 13,500 yds.

Answers—

(1) \$18,000.

(2) $4\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH YEARS

1. A man deposited \$220 in the bank on March 8. He returned some time later and withdrew it. The banker gave him \$222.4. The rate being 4% find the date on which the withdrawal was made.

2. Divide $\frac{1}{1\frac{2}{3}}$ by $\frac{3\frac{3}{4}}{12}$
Multiply $6\frac{1}{3}$ by $9\frac{1}{2}$ of $5\frac{5}{16}$.
Add the sum and difference of these results.

3. If 100 Kilogrammes = 196 cwts., find the number of Kilos. in 1875 tons.

Answers—(1) June 8. (2) 633 $\frac{1}{2}$. (3) 191.32.

Names of Week Days

MYTHS CONNECTED WITH THEM

Sunday means day of the sun. Monday means day of the moon. The old Romans named these two days for us. They had many stories about the sun and moon. The story of Endymion is a particularly beautiful one.

Endymion represents the setting sun, sinking to sleep in the caves of night. His sheep are the fleecy clouds that float in the summer sky. A vivid story of Diana, the moon lady, will also interest the children, and it may lead them to observe more closely the changes of the moon. from the tiny silver crescent thru all its varying phases.

For reading in this connection any standard mythology is good. There is an abundance of master works in sculpture and painting of which good reproductions are easily obtained.

The following little story for the children may suggest to the teacher how the subject may be treated:

ENDYMION

Long, long ago, across the sea, where balmy breezes blow, and blue skies smile, lived a shepherd boy whose name was Endymion.

He tended his flocks on Mount Latmos. When night came, he lay down on the hillside and rested near them.

Endymion was happy and content. When he sank to rest a lovely being came and watched his slumbers and kissed his eyelids so that he dreamed pleasant dreams. She was Diana, the goddess of the moon. And, when the new moon hung like a crescent in the evening sky, she would come floating down on its silvery beams and hover over him.

She loved Endymion and, because of her love, she guarded his flocks all night. When morning came and her twin brother, Phœbus Apollo, ruled the sky, she vanished away till evening called her home.

Two Dogs' Tales

BRAVE BERRY

Berry is the night watchdog at the Electra Company's plant in Cleveland, Ohio. He succeeded the human watchman some time ago when the latter proved unreliable and was discharged. Berry is a big, powerful animal, part Newfoundland and the rest St. Bernard. He tips the scales at 170 pounds and is always on the job. He is also on the payroll of the company at seventy cents a week, the cost of his food.

Berry was recently the hero of a night encounter with two desperate safe robbers who had gained entrance to the office by sawing the lock. When the door was burst open the brave dog gave instant battle to the burglars who, armed with pieces of lead pipe, rained blow after blow upon him.

With howls of mingled pain and determination Berry fought the human thieves until they retreated into the darkness. In the desperate struggle Berry had acquitted himself nobly and, though frightfully injured, upheld the reputation of his kind for fearlessness and reliability. In the morning he was found lying beside the safe, whose contents of several hundred dollars had not been touched, but only with enough of life to give a feeble wag of welcome to his superintendent.

Berry was taken to a hospital where for two weeks it was uncertain whether he would live or die. He finally recovered and has now returned to work.

A HERO DOG

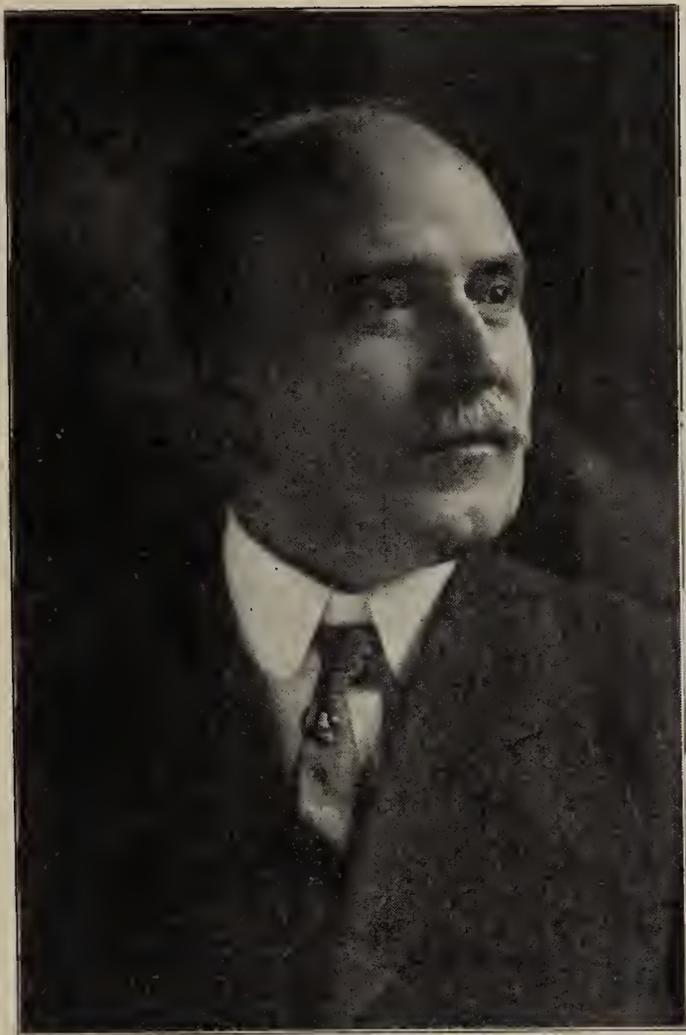
Toots, a fox terrier, once saved a passenger train on the Lackawanna Railroad from being wrecked near Bloomfield, N. J.

The crossing tender, in addition to raising and lowering the gates, was required to attend to the switch, there being only a single track from Bloomfield to Montclair. On the day in question a westbound train was approaching and the gateman dropped his red flag and ran to throw a switch. At the same time an eastbound passenger train was rounding the curve and coming downgrade towards the crossing.

Toots, who had spent much time around the flag shanty and who was familiar with the duties, seized the flag in his teeth and ran up the track. The engineer saw the danger signal and stopped his train just in time to prevent a collision.

Toots died recently at the advanced age of fifteen and was buried with honors.

—Home and State, Dallas, Tex.



ALBERT FLANAGAN

The news of the sudden death of Albert Flanagan on March 15th came as a painful shock to his many friends. He appeared to be in the best of health, hopeful, vigorous and cheerful. So little did he himself foresee the end that he had made all arrangements for a trip to Bermuda with Mrs. Flanagan.

He was fifty-seven years of age. The A. Flanagan Company at Chicago, of which he was the founder and the head, had been developed by close application and strict adherence to honest business dealings, from very modest beginnings to the prominence it occupies at present in the educational publishing field.

Mr. Flanagan felt encouraged to think of retiring and enjoying the well-earned reward of his work in peace and comfort, but the summons came which called him from the midst of his labors to his eternal home, leaving his beloved wife, who had been the joy of his life, his children, his brothers and other relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

Mr. Flanagan was a native of Ohio. Later his family settled in Wisconsin, where he went to school and began his life work. Soon after his graduation from the high school at Fort At-

kinson, Wisconsin, he took up teaching. His experience covered district and graded schools and yielded him a practical knowledge of the needs of teachers. In 1883 he married Miss Sara McMahon, of Watertown, Wisconsin, whose love and devotion sustained and cheered him in the struggles attending the building up of a publishing business, and who gave to his home that charm, whose genial spell was felt by everybody whose privilege it was to visit there.

In the same year he went to Chicago and became identified with the *Practical Teacher*, then published by W. L. Klein. Soon after he acquired the exclusive publishing rights and with the magazine as a nucleus he began the issuing of books. Trainer's "How to Teach and Study U. S. History" was the first book brought out by him. This was followed by teachers' aids and supplementary reading books of many kinds.

In 1900 the A. Flanagan Company was organized, with the founder of the house as president. The spacious quarters occupied by the firm have become the favorite book center for the teachers of Chicago and nearby localities.

The whole life of Albert

Flanagan has been consecrated to education. Sincere, always cheerful, deeply religious, upright, helpful, he has won hosts of friends, whose sympathy goes out to her who feels the bereavement most deeply. His life was a useful one and a blessing to the world.

The Bible in Literature

There is one book, the Bible, which the study of all other literature will only render more precious, while at the same time it is so surpassing and universal in its range that all other literature serves for its foil or its illustration.

"The sun," says Theodore Parker, "never sets upon its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colors the talk of the street."

"By the study of what other book," asks Professor Huxley, "could children be so much made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its efforts to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?"
—*Youth's Companion*.

What are the dainty butterflies,
The delicate painted things
That fly thru the golden summer
On airy, gossamer wings?

They are disembodied spirits
Of the earliest springtime
flowers—

Those that are loved by the fairies

In the opening springtime
hours.

That little, yellow butterfly,
With its glistening, golden
tint,

Is the memory of a crocus,
The first dear April hint.

Teachers

"How to Apply for a School and Secure Promotion," with laws of certification of teachers of the Western States. Prepared by experienced school men. Sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps. Address: Rocky Mountain Teachers' Agency, 1545 Glenarm, Denver, Colo., Wm. Ruffer, A. B., Mgr.

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EVERY FISHERMAN
Should have a copy of
"WHERE TO GO FISHING"

Awful

(FOR A BOY)

There is a little maiden
Who has an *awful* time;
She has to hurry *awfully*
To get to school at nine.

She has an *awful* teacher,
Her tasks are *awful* hard,
Her playmates all are *awful* rough
When playing in the yard.

She has an *awful* kitty
Who often shows her claws;
A dog who jumps upon her dress
With *awful* muddy paws.

She has a baby sister
With an *awful* little nose,
With *awful* cunning dimples,
And such *awful* little toes.

She has two little brothers,
And they are *awful* boys;
With their *awful* drums and trumpets
They make an *awful* noise.

Do come, I pray thee, common sense,
Come and this maid defend;
Or else, I fear, her *awful* life
Will have an *awful* end.

—Toronto Globe.

S U M M E R T R I P S

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OR BY THE SEA

- ¶ Vacation days are coming fast. Have you decided your Summer trip yet?
- ¶ The Pennsylvania Railroad's Summer Excursion Book, issued the latter part of May, will contain descriptions of nearly eight hundred resorts in the United States and Canada.
- ¶ Are you familiar with all these resorts? There are the forty beaches of New Jersey, each offering some distinctive charm; Long Island's beautiful hills, valleys and bays; the rocky New England coast and the maritime provinces of Canada.
- ¶ The Alleghenies, the Catskills, the Green Mountains, the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Poconos in the East and the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains in the West, offer unrivaled opportunities for recreation and pleasure.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED PLEASURE TOURS

- ¶ This is the easy way to travel—no care, no thought for details, everything arranged in advance, the best things seen at the best time.
- ¶ Tours will be run this Summer to Yellowstone National Park; Halifax and the Maritime Provinces; Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Montreal, Quebec, Lakes Champlain and George, and the Hudson River; Toronto, Niagara Falls and the Thousand Islands; Niagara Falls, Toronto and the Muskoka Lakes, and to Saratoga, Lakes George and Champlain, Au Sable Chasm and the Adirondack Mountains.
- ¶ Full information concerning Summer Trips of all kinds may be obtained upon application by letter or in person to D. N. Bell, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

P E N N S Y L V A N I A R A I L R O A D

In answering advertisements please mention "Teachers Magazine"

Weeding the Onion Bed

The days were long and the sun shone hot
 Upon Farmer Goodson's garden spot,
 Where corn and cabbages, beets and peas,
 Melons and cucumbers, those and these,
 Grew and spread in the sun and light,
 Wrestling upward and downward with might,
 While in and among them, flourishing still,
 As only weeds *can*, weeds grew with a will.

"Weeds grow apace," the old farmer said,
 Leisurously viewing his garden bed;
 "Well—the plow for the corn—for the cabbage the hoe—
 But then, in some places, 's I ought to know,
 There's nothing so certain the weeds to destroy
 As the fingers and thumbs of a trusty boy."
 So, raising his voice, he shouted, "Ned!
 Here, sonny, come weed out this onion bed!"

The day was hot, and the beds were dry,
 As garden beds *are*, in late July;
 And Ned was reading his Fairy Book,

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under direction of teachers as competent as any in the best residence schools of your state. Do your summer school work with us, without feverish haste. We can advance you steadily and help you reach the goal of your ambition. Every instructor we employ is a college graduate with successful teaching experience before coming to us, and they give their whole time to our work. We do not hire teachers whose best endeavors are expended in day schools. We never have imposed such injustice upon our students. Our tuition fees are just as low as we can possibly make them and do full justice to your interests. Payment for any course may be made in small monthly installments without additional cost.

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In the cool, sweet shade by the orchard brook.
 While wondering whether he'd come with grace,
 Or with frown and pout on his bright young face,
 I looked, and lo! there was plucky Ned,
 Tugging away in the onion bed.
 Oft and again as the day wore by,
 Till the sun went down in the western sky,
 I glanced toward the garden, and always there
 I caught the gleam of his gold-brown hair,
 As under the hat his curly head
 Bent low o'er the weeds in the onion bed.

Ah, years have journeyed and gone since then,
 And Ned is a man in the world of men.
 With heart and hand and a steadfast will,
 He is pulling the weeds of evil still.
 A shining record and noble fame
 Belong to-day to his honored name.
 Yet nowise grander he seems to be,
 Than long ago he appeared to me,
 When promptly bowing his curly head,
 Patiently weeding the onion bed.
 —MARY E. C. WYETH, in *Wide-Awake*.

TEACHER—Send to-day for Free Samples of our CLOSE OF SCHOOL SOUVENIRS

OUR SOUVENIRS are made up with a folder and 2 inserts, united with a silk tassel, made from the best stock manufactured. Cover design is Steel Die Embossed and finished by hand in beautiful tints of water colors. On the inserts is printed a farewell greeting signed, "Your Teacher," also an appropriate close of school poem illustrated with pen drawings. The body of folder is printed in a sepia tone and the stock, photograph and water colors are all tinted into a beautiful blend.



- WE PRINT TO YOUR ORDER name of school, District number, Township, County, State, Teacher's name, names of School Officers, and names of pupils.
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- YOUR SOUVENIRS COME ASSEMBLED ready to hand to your pupils, packed in a mailing box. Our fifteen years' experience in the souvenir business should give you confidence in placing your order with us in the matter of A-No. 1 goods and speedy delivery. We print souvenirs only.
- OUR NO. 1 SOUVENIR is one of the most elaborate and the largest size that has ever been placed on the market. The demand for a larger souvenir has been demonstrated to us in our Christmas trade—80% of our orders were for the larger No. 1 souvenir, and not a single complaint did we have from any of our customers ordering same. Our No. 3 and No. 1 souvenir are exactly the same in design, excepting in size.
- No. 1—12-Page Booklet—Size, 5½x7½ inches. 7c. ea.
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Dolly in Trouble

Oh, dolly, you really are careless
You needn't deny it—it's plain;

My wash-day was only last Thursday,

Yet your clothes are all dirty again!

Six pinafores, yes, and two nightgowns,

To count them I'd better not try;

I'll never have finished by bed-time—

Oh, dolly! I think I could cry!

Whatever can you have been doing—

You know that I wanted to go into town for the afternoon shopping;

I cannot do both, as you know.

I suppose you've forgotten my saying,

"Now, Maudie, remember and mind

You don't wear that pink frock on week-days,"

(You may well look ashamed) yet I find

It's here in the wash same as ever,

And, well, as I live! there's a tear!

And after you promised me truly!—

Don't tell me you'd "naught else to wear."

There's your red one hung up in the wardrobe,

Pray what is the matter with that?

I know now, you fancy the color

Doesn't go very well with your hat.

You're getting too vain, you bad dolly,

I won't have that impudent stare;

If you didn't say something you looked it—

You'll be slapped well and put to bed, there!

—The Teachers' Aid.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY 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 DIARRHOEA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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When you are "just ready to drop," when you feel so weak that you can hardly drag yourself about—and because you have not slept well, you get up as tired-out next morning as when you went to bed, then you need help right away.

Miss Lea Dumas writes from Malone, N. Y., saying: "I was in a badly run-down condition for several weeks but two bottles of Vinol put me on my feet again and made me strong and well. Vinol has done me more good than all the other medicine I ever took."

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PAID UP

TEACHERS MAGAZINE

VOL XXXIV

JUNE 1912

NO 10



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Contains a simple and attractive collection of rimes, written from the standpoint of the child. While they are such as will please the young reader, each one is intended to impress some valuable lesson. They are grouped together under such general headings as: The Child at Home, The Child at School, The Child Out-of-Doors, Other Children, etc.

Lucia's Peter and Polly in Summer

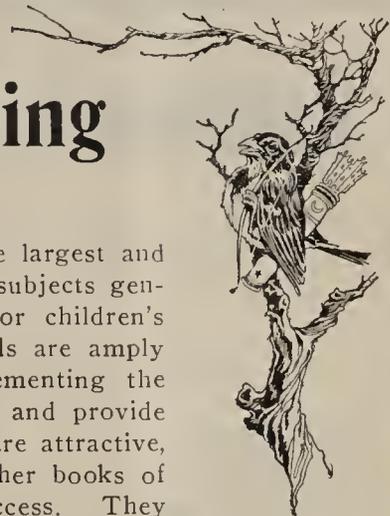
Second Year.....35 Cents

Peter and Polly are two little children who live in the country, and this story tells of the simple, interesting incidents in their life during a single summer. It gives a natural and delightful account of their play and of those things that ordinarily come within the experience of young children, showing their point of view, their limitations, and their development.

We shall be glad to mail our 72 page illustrated Guide to Good Reading to any address on request.

Write also for **The Story Hour**, a pamphlet listing a collection of delightful stories selected with great care to be told by the teacher to the pupils. These stories will help to solve some of the greatest difficulties in teaching. They are subtle assistants which develop the mind of the child, stimulate his imagination and arouse his emotions, provide him with what is beautiful in thought and expression, give him a valuable ear training, enlarge his vocabulary, increase his enthusiasm for reading, furnish him with stories for reproduction, and form a basis for language work.

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By James Baldwin, author of *School Reading by Grades*, *Baldwin's Readers*, *Harpers' Readers*, etc., and Ida C. Bender, Supervisor of Primary Grades, Buffalo, New York.

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This series is designed not merely to teach children to read within a brief space of time, but to read orally with such good expression that they will give pleasure both to themselves and to those who listen to them. To this end, supplementing many of the lessons are notes and exercises which help the pupil to understand the selections, to secure correctness of pronunciation and enunciation, and to give an intelligible and pleasing rendering of the printed page.

The readers are both teachable and readable; they are unusually interesting both in selections and in illustrations; and they duly recognize the imaginative impulses of the child.

The system of teaching in these readers is of the greatest efficiency in that it utilizes and harmonizes all the devices which have proved to be of most value in all of the so-called methods, whether new or old. The methods of presenting the various lessons are so plainly indicated that the labor of the teacher is minimized, and the arrangement is such that the pupils are nowhere con-

fronted with more than one difficulty at a time. Thus the teaching of reading becomes a pleasure, and the process of learning ceases to be a task. To accompany this system of teaching reading, a Teachers' Manual has been prepared, which lays out the work with greater definiteness and simplifies the labor of the teacher.

The contents of the entire series have been chosen with reference to their genuine interest for the pupil, their undoubted literary merit and their broad educative value. Every selection is an example of good literature and of the use of good language and the influence throughout is helpful and strengthening.

Every page is remarkable for its clearness and beauty. The type is from a new font and was specially selected for its legibility and for its adaptation to the eye-sight requirements of school children. The illustrations, of which there are more than 600, are all from original drawings made especially for these books, and representing the work of many of the best artists in America.

Illustrated Descriptive Circular Sent on Request

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK

CINCINNATI

CHICAGO

TEACHERS MAGAZINE

OSSIAN LANG, Editor

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY AND AUGUST

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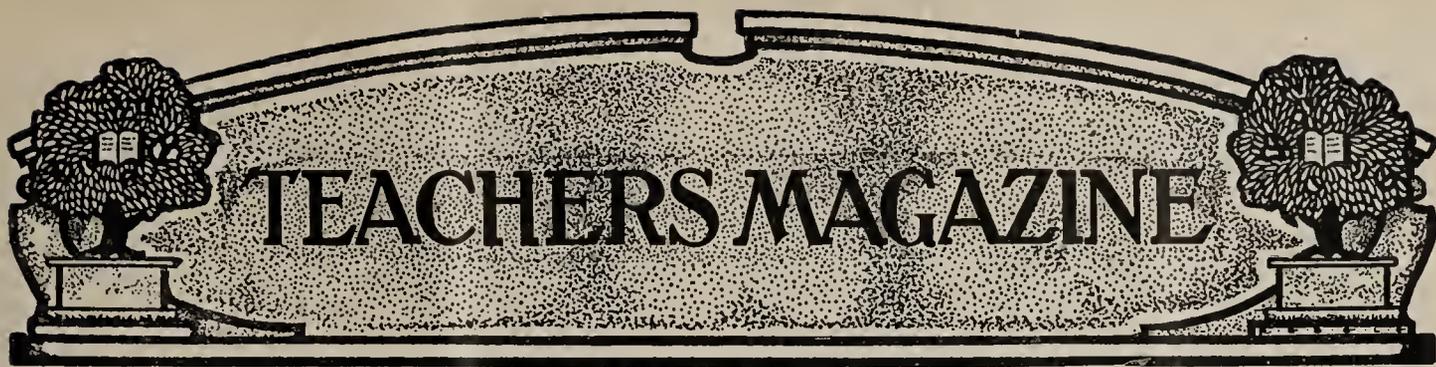
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Vol. XXXIV

June, 1912

No. 10

June Days

Four weeks more! That, or about that, is all that is left of the school year. If the work has been well planned from term to term, from month to month, from week to week, and from day to day, there will be little left to do in the closing days, except reviewing and organizing acquired knowledge and refreshing faded impressions. This is the proper program for June.

As the days grow warmer, sedentary tasks become more irksome and the minds are less alert. Let us keep ourselves reminded of this, especially those of us who are teaching the little children in the primary grades. I wish we might do away with June examinations altogether. If such tests are wanted to record the progress that has been made, they had best be set for April or May. June may then be used for strengthening the weak places revealed in the examinations.

However, whatever the tasks may be which must be disposed of, let us keep as much time as possible for outdoor lessons, games and general sociability. Here is where the teacher has her best opportunities for making the pleasant side of her personality felt,—and if all sides are pleasant, then the whole personality. The best impressions are carried over into vacation time, and if there is no reunion after vacation, into after life. All of us want to leave pleasant memories behind. June is the time for making sure of them.

Don't let us forget Flag Day. June 14 is the date. The schools are the places above all others where the story of Old Glory should ring out in inspiring exercises. The oft-repeated pledge of fealty and loyalty to our beautiful banner will have a special significance on that day, and the young hearts will thrill with a new inspiration. There need be little reference to wars; that was brought out in the February and May celebrations. Let us dwell more particularly on the fact that the Stars and Stripes float over a united and prosperous people whose trust is in God and who love liberty and justice and who want the blessings of peace to spread over all the earth.

And when the school year has come to an end, may the vacation bring you joy and all the happiness that ought to be vouchsafed to those who have labored conscientiously for the betterment of mankind! Mizpah! "Till we meet again," refreshed and with new courage, in September!

The Rousseau Bi-Centenary

June 28 will be the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the Genevan watchmaker boy who became one of the world's greatest writers and whose ideas revolutionized the education of children and overturned governments. With us as teachers he is honored more particularly as the author of "Emile," the classic gospel of the new education. That book was the inspiration of a long line of master teachers, among them Basedow, Pestalozzi, Kant, Herbart, Froebel, and Parker.

"Study your pupils," wrote Rousseau, "for it is certain that you do not know them; and if you read this book of mine with that object in view, I am sure it will not be without profit to you." He made the study of children the foundation upon which education must build. The individuality of each and every child must be considered and ministered unto in a manner best suited to its particular needs. That thought ushered in a new era in the bringing up of children. We of to-day are the inheritors of all the good that has sprung from this source, and it is only just that we should pay honor to the genius of Rousseau on the bi-centenary of his birth.

Wherever teachers are assembled together in convention, this summer, there ought to be at least one number on the program devoted to the memory of the author of "Emile." If we do not pay due homage to the great leaders in education, how can we expect others to honor the teachers who have brought them to the light?

EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS, which is occupied more especially with the philosophical and

historical aspects of teaching, has had several articles on Rousseau, in the last few years, in anticipation of the bi-centenary. The issue for September, 1912, will be a special memorial number. If you have no copy of "Emile" among your own books, you may be able to locate one in some other library. Get a copy by all means and read it. As an inspirational work it has no equal among modern classics of pedagogy. It will increase your understanding of

childhood's needs, it will strengthen your faith in the dignity of the work of rearing children, yield a fuller appreciation of the value of the laws of human growth as guiding principles in educational effort, and enlarge your insight into the truth that it is not what man knows but what he is and what he will be that determines his life efficiency. This is perhaps the best way of celebrating the birthday of Rousseau: read "Emile."

Making Teaching More Effective

An Interview With Thomas A. Edison

No one appears to have emphasized the position of Thomas A. Edison as a social reformer, and yet that is the title above all others which is his due by reason of the wonderful changes wrought by his inventions in the civilization of our day. The revolution which the industries have undergone by the utilization of electric power have transformed labor conditions and have compelled a new education of the mechanic; the stock-ticker has wrested from a few manipulators of finance the possession of exclusive information concerning fluctuations in the markets of the world and has made this accessible to all who are vitally concerned; the storage battery may yet prove the best solution of the locomotion problem, and aside from the effect on animal labor there is bound to be a more efficient traffic system than the world has yet known; the phonograph has already worked mighty improvements in home and office, and ere long its value as an educational instrument will be universally recognized in the teaching of young and old. Mr. Edison does not talk reforms, he makes them. Judged by results he towers above all the reformers of the age.

TEACHERS' MAGAZINE has long wished for a word from the great wonder-worker, firmly convinced that he would have a new message for teachers. His whole purpose is to free men from drudgery and enable them to make the most of their human heritage. The elimination of waste and the conservation of energy are the paramount problems in the science of education. How profoundly they have occupied Mr. Edison's thought is evident from the words which he contributed in an interview granted to a representative of TEACHERS' MAGAZINE. He speaks in practical terms, pointing out new devices for the abolition of drudgery and the advent of a freer field for the advancement of truly educational work.

Seated in the splendid library of his laboratory at Orange, N. J., the great inventor said:

* * *

The human mind opposes a certain amount of resistance to everything you try to get into it.

In the case of a child, this resistance is manifested in various ways. Lack of interest, in-

difference, and inattention are perhaps as common forms as any.

It is a part of the school teacher's daily task to invest with interest many subjects that, to the youthful mind, are inherently uninteresting. At the same time she must impress the essentials of the subject matter upon the minds of her scholars by tedious and fatiguing repetition and reiteration.

If the teacher could be emancipated from a large share of this routine drill work and could devote more of her time to original constructive work, reflective consideration of the individual needs of her pupils, and the exercise of her best talents as an educator, there is no doubt that her work would not only be much more agreeable, but also more effective.

I believe that the phonograph can be used in such a way as to materially lighten the labors of the teacher and also enhance the pupils' interest in drills and review work. We are trying this in schoolrooms at present and the results are very satisfactory.

We are also working on educational motion pictures with which to supplement various courses of study. Now that we are able to provide an inexpensive and simple motion picture machine that can be operated by anyone, there is no reason why every schoolroom should not have motion pictures. I think most school teachers will appreciate how much of an aid it would be to them. The pictures quicken interest in and enlarge the pupils' comprehension of any branch of study that is capable of being explained or illustrated by motion photographs—and there are few that are not.

I may before long have a more extended statement to make to the school teachers of America.

* * *

Educators everywhere will await with keen interest the more extended statement to which Mr. Edison refers.

Historical Tableaux in the Fourth Grade

By LAURA ELIZA CLEMENTS, Ethical Culture School, New York City

The history work of the fourth grade in the Ethical Culture School includes Greek myths, Norse legends, giant tales, Viking tales, and accounts of discovery and exploration. This year the fourth grade was given the opportunity to furnish the program for an elementary school assembly, and this opportunity was utilized to give a new interest to the work in history.

The pupils themselves suggested many ways in which the history material might be presented in an attractive and instructive way. The plan finally adopted was to arrange a series of tableaux representing a number of historical characters and scenes. This plan gave abundant occasion for the study of the costumes of the various periods involved. In order to correlate the work in history with that in English literature and music, pupils were asked to select poems and music which would serve as appropriate accompaniments for the pictures.

For the tableaux themselves a large gilded frame was provided. A curtain was arranged so that it could be easily drawn over the opening, and electric bulbs were attached to the back of the frame in sufficient number to throw a brilliant light upon the figures. The grouping was supervised by a member of the art department. Minute attention was paid to details of color and composition.

The pupils themselves selected the characters and scenes to be reproduced. Following is the program as finally arranged:

1. A Viking.
Song: "To the Sea." Words from Viking Tales. Original melody.
2. Eric the Red in Vinland Trading with the Indians.
3. Columbus Landing at San Salvador.
Poem: "Columbus." By Joaquin Miller.
4. John and Sebastian Cabot, the first whites excepting the Northmen to step upon the mainland of North America.
Poem: "At Sea." By Allan Cunningham.
5. Balboa Discovering the Pacific.
6. Pocahontas, first as an Indian maiden, then in English costume, which she adopted after becoming the wife of John Rolfe.
7. Pilgrims Going to Church.
Piano Solo: "1620." By Macdowell.
Song: "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers."
By Mrs. Hemans.
8. George and Martha Washington.

Excepting the piano solo, all the work of presenting the program was done by the children

themselves. A little girl announced the pictures and gave whatever explanations were necessary, and various individuals and groups recited the poems and sang the songs.

The artistic effect of this program was highly satisfactory. The accompanying pictures give but a faint notion of the great beauty of the original tableaux. But the most important result was in the minds of the children themselves. For the time they felt themselves ac-



A VIKING

This boy made his own cap out of an animal he killed last Summer in the Maine woods.

tually to be the characters whom they represented. Not only have they gained a vital sense of the early history of America, but they have developed a faculty for the vivid realization of any historic deed.

(See also the picture on page 361.)

Little Peri-Winkle

Little Peri-Winkle,
With her eyes a-twinkle,
Said, "I am going to the ball to-night."
But nobody could wake her,
Hard as they might shake her
For she went to sleep with her eyes shut tight,
And never woke up till the sun shone bright.

FREDERICK B. OPPER.

Memory Gems for June

(Saturdays and Sundays are omitted)

(A) marks the selections for the younger children; (B) those for the more advanced pupils.

JUNE 3

(A and B) And what is so rare as a day in
June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.

—LOWELL.

(B) Sheathed be the battle blade
And hushed the cannon's thunder;
The glorious Union God hath made
Let no man put asunder.

—MORRIS.

JUNE 4

(A and B) There's never a leaf nor a blade too
mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

—LOWELL.

JUNE 13

(A) We gathered flowers and wove us crowns.

(B) Honored on land and sea,
Unsoiled forever be
Each stripe and star.

—W. P. TILDEN.

JUNE 5

(A) Sweet peas! Sweet peas!
The very sweetest of all sweet things,
Airily posed, like butterfly wings.

(B) Oh, ho! it is June, and the blushing roses
Blossom lavishly everywhere.

JUNE 6

(A) The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt-like a blossom among the leaves.

(B) Woodland odors, faint and rare,
Of fern and wild rose scent the air.
—W. W. CALDWELL.

(A) All hail to the flag of our country,
The glorious red, white, and blue!

(B) Peace blesses all our happy land,
One flag, from sea to sea.
Great God! each loyal heart and hand
And voice is praising Thee.

—D. H. KENT.

JUNE 7

(A) 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be
blue.

(B) A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
—KEATS.

(A) Pussy-Clover's running wild,
Here and there and everywhere,
Like a little vagrant child
Free of everybody's care.

(B) My name is June:
Mine are the longest days, the loveliest
nights;
The mower's scythe makes music in my
ear;
I am the mother of all dear delights;
I am the fairest daughter of the Year.

JUNE 10

(A) The ant is hard at work, and so the bee
In woods and meadows and the fragrant
lea.

(B) Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true.
—KINGSLEY.

(A) Daisy-bud's eyes are yellow,
Yellow and round like the sun;
Such a bright-eyed little fellow
Surely loves kisses and fun.

(B) I trust in nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility.
—BROWNING.

JUNE 11

(A) The lily is all in white, like a saint.

(B) There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower.
—SCOTT.

JUNE 19

(A) Again, beside the roadside, blows
The pink, sweet-scented brier-rose.

(B) Be good, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day
long;
And so make life, death, and vast forever
One glad, sweet song.

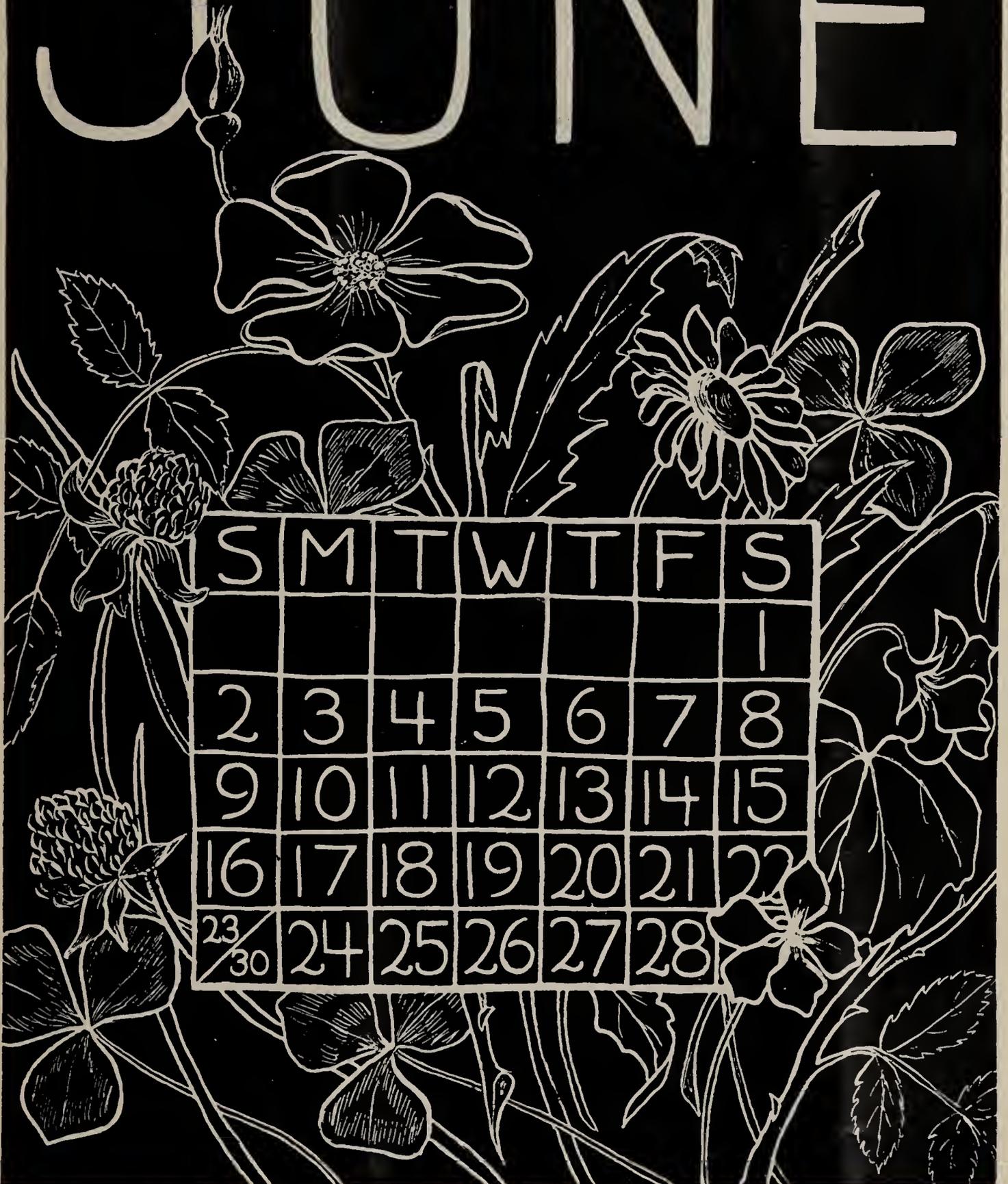
—KINGSLEY.

JUNE 12

(A) With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.
—DRAKE.

(Continued on page 397)

JUNE



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|----------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | | | | 1 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
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| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 30 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | |



Simple Dramatizations of Fables

The Miser

Miser (Carrying a bag, enters and approaches his treasure-box—a covered waste-basket will do admirably for the purpose).—There, I have brought another bag of gold. (Drops bag beside basket and sits down.) Gold, gold, gold! *That* rules the world. Every new bagful makes me more powerful. Soon I shall be the richest man in the world. How I do love gold! I would like nothing better than to be counting gold pieces all day long. (Pointing to basket.) There is my treasure-box. (Takes off cover and plunges his hand into the basket as if feeling the gold pieces.) Ah! this is happiness indeed! Not a single piece of gold will I spend. Getting gold, plenty of gold, gold enough to roll around in. That is my joy. (Pours contents of bag into basket.) Klink, klink, klink, klink, klink! Was there ever music more beautiful! Klink, klink, klink, klink, klink! This is the sweetest song I know. But I must not tarry. Time is money. I shall go and get more gold. (Covers up basket and departs.)

Thief (With a large bag under his arm, has been watching from behind a door, goes to the basket).—So here is the place where the old skinflint hides his gold. Well, I know a fellow who can make better use of the pelf than he. And I am that fellow. Now to work, my lads, to work! (Transfers contents of basket to his bag.) Klink, klink, klink, klink, klink! Was there ever music more beautiful! (Laughs.) Ha, ha, ha! Klink, klink, klink, klink, klink! The old miser is right. The song is sweet to me. But I must not tarry. Time is money. If I don't run, I may be caught. (Covers up basket.) I'll leave the treasure-box. The old miser may want it to put more gold into it. Ha, ha, ha! (Runs away.)

Miser (Returns).—I did not count my gold. How careless of me! I knew I forgot something, as soon as I reached home. Half the fun is counting the gold. My precious, precious treasure-box, how I do love you! (Embraces basket.) Now for a look at the gold! (Takes off cover. Falls back in consternation.) What!! empty? Oh, my gold, my gold, my gold! (Cries.) Some wicked thief has stolen all my gold. Wretched man that I am! Give me back my gold, my gold! (Falls to the ground, sobbing.)

Neighbor (Approaching him).—Hello, neighbor! What sorrow has come to you?

Miser.—My gold, my gold, my gold!

Neighbor.—Gold? I never knew you had gold.

Miser.—This whole treasure-box was filled to the top with gold. A wicked thief has stolen my gold.

Neighbor.—What good was that gold to you?

As long as I have been your neighbor I never saw you spend a cent.

Miser.—Why should I spend it? My joy was to come to my treasure-box each day and delve into it with my hands and count my gold.

Neighbor.—Cheer up, neighbor! You have lost nothing when you come to think it over. The box is still here. You can come to it every day and delve into it with your hands, imagining that you are counting gold. It will do just as well. (Leaves.)

Miser (After a moment's pause rises and goes away disconsolate, taking the cover of the basket with him).—What a fool I was to put my trust in gold!

In Unity is Strength

(An old man, with a bundle of sticks under his arm, walks into the room, followed by his three sons, who are quarreling on the way.)

Father.—Boys, why do you always quarrel? Soon I shall be no more. And there will be no one to look after you. Then you will be dependent on one another. If you do not live together in peace, your enemies will destroy you.

First Son.—I am your oldest son. The others should obey me, and there would be no quarrel.

Second Son.—Why should we always give in to him? He is no better than we are.

Third Son.—And I am bossed and pushed around first by one and then by the other, and sometimes by both of them together. I am not a slave. I am your son, and they are my brothers.

Father (Handing the bundle of sticks to the youngest son).—Take this bundle of sticks. You are my youngest son. But you are strong. Break the bundle if you can.

First Son (Trying to break it over his knees).—I cannot, father.

Father.—Try again with all your might and strength!

First Son.—I cannot break the bundle.

Father.—Then hand the bundle to your older brother and let him try.

Second Son.—I have put forth all my strength. The bundle cannot be broken.

Father.—Now you, my oldest son. Your muscles are powerful. You will surely break the bundle. Here, try it!

Third Son (Using all his strength and trying several times).—It is useless to try to break the bundle. It cannot be done, father.

Father.—Give me the bundle! Now I will give you each a single stick. There. Try to break that.

The Three Sons (Break the sticks).—That is easy.

Father.—My sons, behold the strength there is in unity! If you keep together in peace and

harmony, your union will be stronger than the bundle of sticks. It will not be in the power of any man to hurt you. But if you do not hold together, you will be like the single sticks. You will be alone when danger comes, and you will be destroyed by your enemies. Remember this lesson all the days of your life: IN UNION IS STRENGTH.

Now return to your labors and live in peace!

The Trumpeter

(Three boys: General, seated; soldier bringing prisoner before him.)

Soldier.—General, I caught this trumpeter of our enemy's side. He stands before you as a prisoner.

General.—Take him without the tent and have him shot.

(Soldier seizes the trumpeter to take him away.)

Trumpeter.—Hear me, O General, and have pity on me. What wrong have I done that I should die?

General.—You are an enemy and not deserving of mercy.

Trumpeter.—But see! I bear no arms. I have not killed a single man in battle. All I have is my trumpet.

General.—And why have you that trumpet?

Trumpeter.—I blow it when I am commanded to do so.

General.—That is why we shall not spare your life. It is true you do not fight. It were better you did. With your wicked trumpet calls you stir others to battle and shed the blood of my men. You are ten times more our enemy than a fighter in your ranks. Begone!

(Trumpeter is taken out of the room.)

The Monkey and the Cats

(Two children, representing cats, come running into the room. They see a piece of cheese.

Both try to take it.)

First Cat.—See here! That cheese belongs to me.

Second Cat.—No, it is mine. I saw it first.

First Cat.—I saw it as soon as I got into the room.

Second Cat.—I smelled it before I ever came in.

First Cat.—Anyway, I am older than you, and the cheese is mine.

Second Cat.—I was born in this house, and you were born across the sea.

First Cat.—Did you ever hear such an impudent cat! Go away! I shall eat the cheese alone.

Second Cat.—Just try it. And I shall show you who is best at scratching and biting.

First Cat.—Now be reasonable. I shall give you a piece if you are good.

Second Cat.—Generous, indeed! If you want to be fair, let me eat the first half, and I will leave you the other half.

First Cat.—Never! I know you too well. You would eat more than your share.

Second Cat.—Let us get a lawyer to settle this matter.

First Cat.—Well and good. The monkey is my choice.

Second Cat.—He is my choice, too.

(Both go to a third child, representing the monkey.)

Both Cats.—Good-morning, Dr. Monkey!

Monkey.—Good-morning, ladies! What can I do for you?

Both Cats.—We found a piece of cheese and we cannot agree who shall divide it.

Monkey.—This is, indeed, a serious case. What kind of cheese is it?

Both.—Limburger cheese.

Monkey.—Limburger cheese? Indeed! This is becoming more and more serious. Where is the cheese?

First Cat.—I'll fetch it.

Second Cat.—I wouldn't trust her. I'll get it.

First Cat.—Neither will I trust her.

Monkey.—Very serious, indeed! Lead me to the cheese.

(The three stand around the cheese.)

Monkey.—Are you sure that this is the piece of cheese you are quarreling about?

Both Cats.—It is.

Monkey.—Very serious, indeed! (Picks up the cheese and smells it. We shall have to use the scales, that we may weigh it and make an accurate division. Come with me. (Walks away with the cheese to the scales, the two cats following him.)

Both Cats.—Who will get the first piece?

Monkey.—Patience, ladies! This is serious business. Let us proceed! Now I shall cut the cheese in two and put one slice in each scale. (Done.) There! But this scale hangs lower than the other. I shall have to bite off a piece of the heavier slice to make a just balance. (Takes a large bite and puts the two pieces back in the scales.) Very strange! Now this scale hangs lower than the other. I shall have to bite off a piece of this piece now.

First Cat.—Please, Dr. Monkey, let us have what is left of the cheese. We will make our own division.

Monkey.—That cannot be done. The law must take its course. Justice is not content, even if you are. (Nibbles again first of one piece and then of the other.)

Second Cat.—Please stop, Dr. Monkey. We will no longer trouble you with our quarrel. Only give us what is left of the piece of cheese.

Monkey.—Very well, ladies. But what about my fee for helping you? Lawyers must live, you know. The only fair thing for you to do is to give me the wretchedly small piece of cheese that is remaining. It is little enough, you will admit. (Eats the rest.) Now, good-morning, ladies! (Bows them out of the room.) Call again.

The Bell of Justice

A Commencement Play for the Older Pupils

By GUSTAV BLUM AND E. FERN HAGUE

- Act 1. A Street Scene in Atri.
Act 2. The Market Place.
Act 3. Mr. Lano's Yard.
Act 4. The same as Act 3. Twenty years later.
Act 5. The Market Place.
Act 6. The same as Act 5.

THE CHARACTERS

(As they appear at first.)

1. The Town Crier.
2. King Henry of Atri.
3. First Judge.
4. Second Judge.
5. Third Judge.
6. Fourth Judge.
7. Mr. Lano.
8. Trusty—Mr. Lano's horse.
9. Horse Dealer.
10. Conscience (The Conscience of Mr. Lano, who becomes a miser. Conscience is a voice off-stage.)
11. The Farmer.

ACT 1

STREET SCENE IN ATRI

Enter (left) Town Crier, followed by Citizens.

Town Crier (Shouting).—His Royal Majesty King Henry of Atri orders all ye farmers, all ye merchants, all ye butchers and statesmen, all ye soldiers and priests, all ye women, all ye lads and lassies—His Royal Majesty King Henry of Atri orders all ye everybody and all ye every one to assemble in the Market Place at once.

Exit right, followed by the crowd.

ACT 2

THE MARKET PLACE

Enter King (right), followed by the four Judges, the Town Crier and the people.

King (To Judges).—Fasten the bell, my worthy Judges, and tie the rope to it. (To the people.) My people, do you see this beautiful bell? It is your bell. But it must never be rung except in case of need. If any of you is harmed or in any way wronged, then you may come and ring the bell. These wise judges will assemble at once and hear your case and give you justice.

People (Shouting).—The Bell of Justice! The Bell of Justice!

King.—Aye, the Bell of Justice it shall be!
Exit King (left), followed by the four Judges.

People.—Long live our King! Long live our King!

Exeunt people, right.

ACT 3.

MR. LANO'S YARD

There is a sound of a horse's hoofs off-stage, right.

Lano (Off-stage).—Ho! Trusty!

Enter Lano, leading by the bridle Trusty, his horse.
Note.—Trusty is a boy dressed to look like a horse.

Lano.—Ah, my good Trusty, you are a noble steed. You have saved my life so many times and to-night you have saved it again. Ah, Trusty, you are a good steed. I'll always take good care of you.

Enter Horse Dealer, left.

Horse Dealer.—Oh, here you are, Mr. Lano; you are just the man I wanted to see!

Lano (Patting his horse).—You can see me now.

Horse Dealer.—A fine young horse you have here. I want to buy it.

Lano.—You cannot do it.

Horse Dealer.—I will give you five hundred dollars for your horse.

Lano.—There is not enough money in all of Italy to buy this horse, because I won't sell. Listen! Last year he outran a pack of hungry wolves who would have eaten me, and to-night he escaped from a band of robbers who would have shot me.

Horse Dealer.—He is swift of foot!

Lano.—I would not sell this horse for all the money in Atri!

Horse Dealer.—Oh, well, if you feel that way about it I suppose you ought to keep it.

Lano.—I ought to and I will... Good-night, Mr. Horse Dealer.

Horse Dealer.—Good-night.

Exit Horse Dealer, left.

Lano (To the horse Trusty).—Ah, my good Trusty, come along to your oats and your soft bed of straw.

Exit Lano, right, leading Trusty.

ACT 4

TWENTY YEARS LATER. SAME AS ACT 3.

Enter Mr. Lano, right. He looks old and is lame. He limps in, carrying a cane in one hand and a bag of gold in the other. He sits upon a log, right, and counts his money.

Lano.—Money is the thing! Money is everything in the world! The more I get the more I want. I am getting truly ambitious.

Trusty, old and lame, limps in, left.

There you are, you good-for-nothing rascal. What are you staring at! Always looking for something to eat. You can't work, so you can't eat!

Conscience (Off-stage).—Do not forget, Mr. Lano, that this poor old horse saved your life!

Lano (Looking disturbed).—That annoying voice! (Turns to the horse.) No matter! You can't save me now! I do not care for riding in my old age, and you are too old and lame to

carry me on your back. I would like to get rid of you.

Enter Horse Dealer, left, and crossing stage, right.

Mr. Horse Dealer! Wait! I want to speak to you!

Horse Dealer comes down stage to Mr. Lano.

I have decided at last to sell that horse. What will you give?

Horse Dealer.—That horse! Twenty years ago I would have given you five hundred dollars. To-day, not a cent. He isn't worth his feed!

Lano.—Surely you will give me something for my horse!

Horse Dealer.—I'll tell you what I will do. I'll buy that blanket.

Lano.—What will you give?

Horse Dealer.—Five dollars!

Conscience (Off-stage).—Wait, Mr. Lano. That blanket keeps your poor old horse warm!

Lano (Jumping up disturbed).—Who speaks? I see no one!

Horse Dealer.—I spoke. I said I would give you five dollars for that blanket.

Lano.—The blanket is yours.

The horse dealer pays the money and takes the blanket off the horse.

Horse Dealer (Looking at the horse).—You poor old bag of bones!

Exit, left, with blanket.

Lano.—Poor old bag of bones, indeed! You are good for nothing. Get out and find your food by the roadside.

Conscience.—He has served you faithfully many years.

Lano.—Go, I say!

The horse limps painfully off stage, left, and Lano gathers up his gold.

I am getting a little richer every day! Just a little richer!

Lano exit, right, limping.

ACT 5

THE MARKET PLACE

Enter the Farmer, left, carrying a load of grapevines upon his back. He pauses in front of the Bell of Justice and looks at the rope, which he can barely reach.

Farmer.—This rope is too short. Suppose a child should want to seek Justice. Why a child could not reach the rope to ring the bell. I will tie this grapevine to the rope to make it longer.

He ties a grapevine to the rope; exit right.

ACT 6

THE SAME

Trusty enters, right, limping, and seeing the fresh grapevine begins to eat the leaves. The bell rings. The King and Judges enter, right and left.

First Judge.—'Tis the miser's horse. He has come for Justice!

Second Judge (To the Farmer).—Go, bring the miser to us at once!

Exit Farmer, right, running.

Third Judge (Patting Trusty).—This horse pleads his case as well as any dumb brute can.

Fourth Judge.—And he shall have Justice!

People (Shouting).—Aye, Justice for the horse!

Enter Farmer, leading Lano by the collar.

Farmer.—Here he is, your Honors. I found the miser counting his money!

People (Disdainfully).—Counting his money!

First Judge (To Lano).—Is this your horse?

Lano.—Yes, your Honor.

Second Judge.—How old is he?

Lano.—Twenty-four years, your Honor, but, as you see, he is worthless now.

Third Judge.—Nevertheless, he has served you faithfully for many years.

Lano.—But now he is not worth the food I give him.

Farmer.—What you give him isn't enough to keep a chicken alive.

People all laugh.

First Judge.—Is there nobody to plead the poor horse's case?

Conscience (Off-stage).—I will plead the horse's case.

People (Looking around).—Who speaks? Who speaks?

Conscience (Off-stage).—I speak. I am the Conscience of Mr. Lano, who has become a miser. I know the case of the horse. Many years ago, when this horse was young, his master used to ride him. Once the master was out on a lonely plain and a pack of wolves set after him. Had it not been for the speedy horse, the wolves would have eaten him. Is that not true?

Lano (Hesitating).—Alas! That is true!

Conscience (Off-stage).—Then the following year the master was riding along a lonely wood-side and some robbers attacked him, and would have caught him had it not been for the speedy horse.

Lano.—That is true!

Conscience (Off-stage).—And yet you have turned him out to starve and freeze!

Lano.—I was wrong! I was unjust! I was cruel!

First Judge.—You shall feed your horse well!

People (Shouting).—Feed him well!

Second Judge.—You shall build him a warm stable!

People (Shouting).—Ay, a warm stable!

Third Judge.—You shall give him a bed of straw every night!

Fourth Judge.—And a warm blanket!

People (Shouting).—A bed and a blanket!

King.—All these things shall the good horse have!

Lano (Patting Trusty).—They are right. All these things shall you have as long as you live!

Exit Lano, right, leading Trusty. Others exeunt, left.

Folk Dances and Games

Come, Let Us Be Merry

[GERMAN FOLK DANCE]

Each boy chooses two girl partners, holding one by the right hand and the other by the left. Girls place free hands on their hips. Two rows are formed, boys standing opposite to one

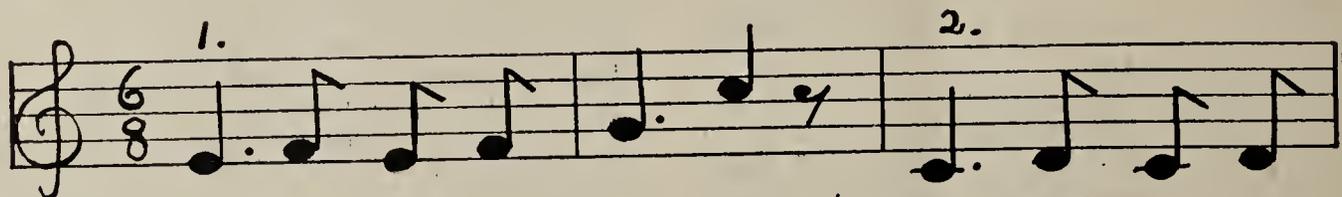
another. The distance between the lines should be about six steps.

PART I.

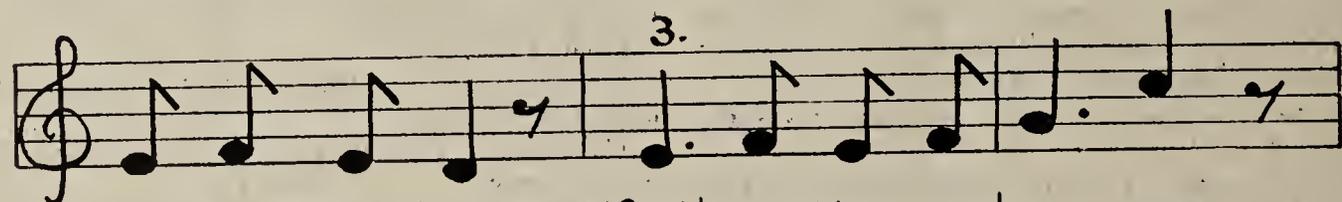
At 1—the two lines approach each other, taking three short steps forward.

At 2—all walk backward to their original position.

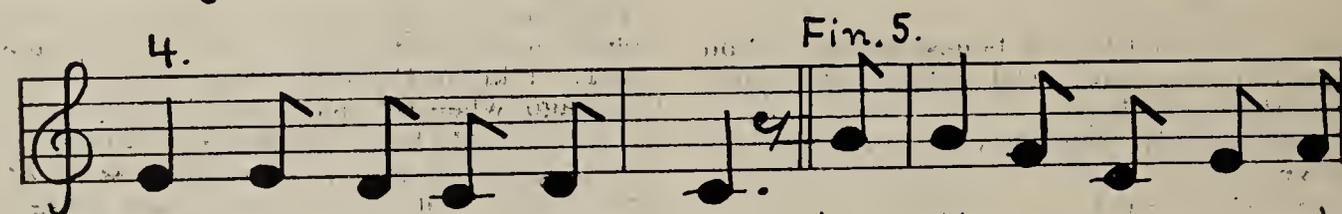
3 and 4—like 1 and 2.



Come, let us be mer-ry! We-ll ne'er be as



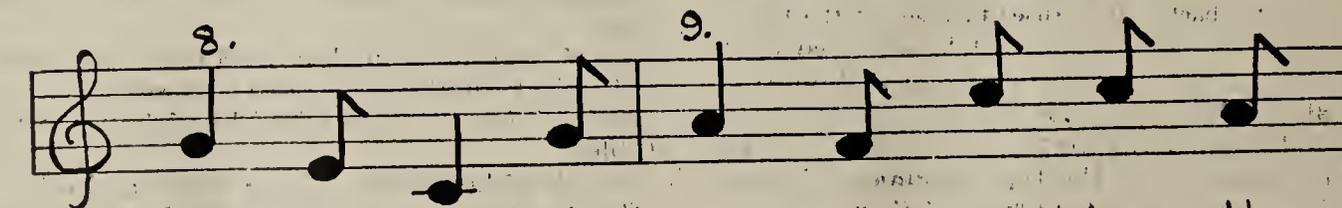
young as to-day. Gath-er the sweet ro-ses,



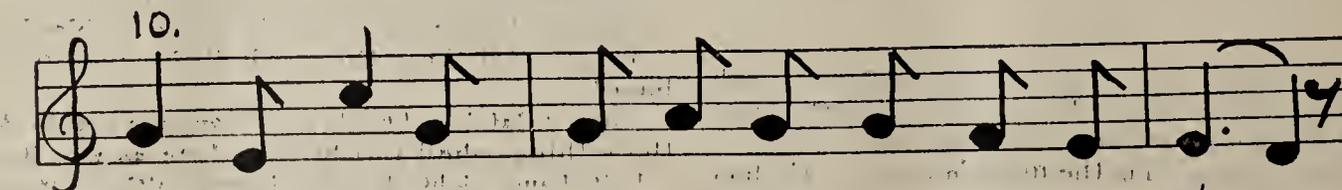
Ere they with-er a-way. Let oth-ers wor-ry and



fret and care, They search for thorns and they'll



find their share And nev-er no-tice the



vi-o-let That grows at the road-side, near-by.

PART II.

At 5—every boy turns to the right, dropping hand of girl on his left, and hooking the right arms they dance around each other in two hop steps.

At 6—every boy releases right-hand partner and hooks left arms with girl on the left, the two dancing around each other as in 5.

7 and 8—like 5 and 6.

Continue 5 and 6 to the end.

Part I. is then repeated, with the difference that the boys standing opposite to one another change places.

Repeat Part II. and close with Part I.

Catch of Fish

From sixteen to sixty players can share in the game.

Mark off a goal at each end of the room, and a prison, called the net, in some corner. Divide the players into two groups, one for each goal. The players in one goal join hands and are the net, those in the other are fish. A signal is given, and all the players must change goals. The net runs out, and tries to surround as many fish as possible. The fish can only escape thru the opening in the net or by dodging around the ends. When the two ends of the net close together, all that are within are caught, and are placed in the prison, called also the net.

Should the net break, by a separating of the hands of two players, all the fish escape. The players go back to their original goals, and the game begins again. But no fish is allowed to break the net by force.

The fish that are caught are out of the game till all the rest have been made prisoners. Those who were fish then form the net, and the game begins anew.

If there are many players it may be well to have two nets. There will be livelier dodging and more fun.

Stealing Sticks

Ten to thirty or more players may join in this game. They are divided into two parties. The players of one side should have a distinctive mark, such as a handkerchief tied around the left arm. This will distinguish them from their opponents.

The ground is divided into two equal parts by drawing a line across the middle. At the rear of each of these two sections a goal is marked off. Place six sticks in each goal. Two captains are appointed. The two sides face each other standing near the center line. No player must be near the goals. The captains may appoint some as runners, others as defenders of the goal, if deemed advisable.

The object of the game is to carry away all the sticks from the opposing side. The players try to reach the goal of the opposite side without being caught and held. They may be

caught as soon as both feet have crossed the line into the opposing court. Each one who reaches the opposite goal safely may carry one stick to the goal of his side, and he may not be caught while returning with a stick. If he is caught in the enemy's territory, before reaching the opponent's goal, he is a prisoner, and must stand inside the opponent's goal until touched by one of his own side. To aid in his release, he may hold out his hand as far as possible, provided his feet are in the goal. When touched by one of his friends, they both return to their side, and may not be caught while returning.

No stick may be taken by a side while any of its members are prisoners. The game is won by the side which gains all the sticks.

Hill Dill

Grade: All.

Number of players: Ten or more up to sixty.

Two parallel lines are drawn, out of doors or on the gymnasium floor, from twenty to fifty feet apart. Between them stands the one who is It. The other players are divided into two equal parties, each standing within its respective home. The catcher (It) calls out:

"Hill Dill,

Come over the hill!"

The players run across the space between the lines, exchanging goals. They may be caught while crossing. All who are tagged join the one who is It, and help him tag the others.

The Flying Feather

The children form a ring. A feather (or a small piece of loose cotton) is blown into the air and must not be allowed to fall to the ground.

Lame Fox and Chickens

Mark off a den for the fox at one end of the playground, and a house for the chickens at the other end. One player is chosen to be fox, and stands in his den. The other players (six to thirty) represent chickens, and stand in their house. At a given signal all the chickens run out. The fox, hopping on one foot, tries to catch as many chickens as possible. All who are tagged become foxes. When a signal is given, the foxes must return to their den and the chickens to their house. All the foxes now hop out to chase the chickens when the signal is given. If a fox, while outside his den, touches both feet to the ground at the same time, the chickens drive him home with their knotted handkerchiefs. He may change from one foot to the other, but he must not touch both feet to the ground. The fox may return to his den and the chickens to their house at any time for a rest. When all the chickens but one are caught, the last chicken becomes the fox of the next game.

Nature Study in June

By SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

Read "The Vision of Sir Launfal" now. Read it and re-read it until the beautiful words sing themselves over and over in your thought as you come and go. Read it until the spirit of the poem abides with you. Then read it to the children, large or small, old or young, and see if they, too, are held and charmed by its music and beauty. You may well rejoice if it falls to your lot to fasten this marvel of song and sunshine to these sweet June days,—in the thought of a child.

June, in the school course, is the month of endings. Reviews are now in order. The dropped stitches must be taken up, the weak places strengthened. How easy, now, in the midst of hurry and striving, to drop the nature study and work with re-doubled zeal and new tension upon "the essentials"! Ah, this is the very month when the nature study *is* essential. This is the time when we need to turn from our hurry and worry to learn "the peace at the heart of nature." Do not be deceived into believing that the "results" in arithmetic and grammar are in direct ratio to the minutes spent upon those subjects. Learn to work slowly in June. Take time to breathe, for soul as well as body. Now, even if never before, bring the blossom, the poem, or the song to inspire you to renewed endeavor, in quietness and confidence. Truly, the geography and grammar and arithmetic will be the gainers by this course.

In the old farmer's almanac, we used to read the legend—economically fitted into the spaces at the side of the page—"Look out for high winds this month," or other advice of kindred nature, trailing down the page. In June, look out for original individual work. Your pupils have observed under your careful guidance thus far. You may not realize how far their expression has been simply an echo of your own. Now, in this month of plenty, ask them to bring in their own specimens, and tell or write about them. Welcome the horse-radish bottles which serve as life-preservers for the wilted dandelion or the fainting clover. Submit to "collections" of leaves, twigs, and blossoms. Listen with sympathy to reports of excursions and discoveries. See what the children can do for and of themselves. Leave room for choice in assigning work. The children are to bring some flower growing near home, some weed from the garden, or the blossom they love best. Each should have some opportunity to show his specimen and tell all he can about it before he is

helped by the teacher or his work supplemented by his mates.

Here are endless opportunities for drawing, for language, and in the older classes for reading. The search for flowers will lead to little walks or longer excursions, which may be described in writing by the pupils. A good theme for composition, this. Do not omit the field lesson.

Give some time this month to the observation of seed-making. Watch the dandelion, the buttercup, the violet. What part of the plant becomes the fruit? What changes do you observe? What happens to the other parts of the flower?

Have an eye to the bees, too. What is their business in the flower cups? What blossoms do they visit? What do they carry away?

There is time, too, for a word about our friends the caterpillars—with their wonderful houses, both social and single. Who knows the mystery of the caterpillars and the cocoon? Observe a family.

June is the time for birds, too, "Gladness on wings" everywhere about us. What boy has a story of nest-building which he has watched but not hindered? What girl knows the robin's nest in the apple tree, or the lark's in the meadow?

Are there gardens at home? Then they have a history to be recited, perhaps as interesting as "Warner's Summer in a Garden," and while gardens are uppermost read to the children parts of Mrs. Ewing's beautiful story of "Mary's Meadow."

If you have a public day in June, gather together the children's work in nature study for the year, and arrange a simpler program. Let every child describe his favorite flower, or recite some memory gem. Let June songs be sung, and flower myths be read. Read the descriptions of trees studied, of plants observed, of seeds planted. Decorate the room with June flowers, and sing their praises. The work need be only a gathering together of the year's lessons. You will find the results greater than you knew.

* * * *

Now, one word for July and August, and I am done. Let them be vacation months, with the fullest rest and the largest interests, that give new life. But whatever happens, find some time to be alone, by brook or tree, mountain or sea. And while you absorb something of the quietness and strength that come of nature's teaching, you will lose the care and tension which have made work hard and heavy. To one and all, a happy vacation!

Some Common Insects

By FRANK O. PAYNE

The study of insects in our schools has largely been the study of the larger and more attractive species, such as butterflies, grasshoppers, and the larger beetles. The study of these consists, principally, of observations, conversation, sketches, and written descriptions of the insect by itself, without reference to its food or metamorphosis.

A most interesting procedure is to study the living creature in its own habitat from day to day. To do this, it will be necessary to have some sort of cage or place of captivity for such insects as are tempted to escape; but for convenience, let it be desired to study such insects as do not easily escape. Of such are plant lice, geranium "worms," and cabbage "worms."

1. PLANT LICE

These are so abundant that no trouble can possibly be experienced in finding them. They may be found almost covering the tender shoots of many plants. Rose bushes often have thousands upon them. Select some small plant which has a supply of plant lice upon it. Transplant the plant to a large pot of rich soil, and bring it into the schoolroom. If a few ants can be observed as they crawl up the stem and get a drop of honey from them, it will prove of great interest to the pupils, and lead up to the name "ants' cows," so frequently applied to plant lice.

A simple magnifying glass is needed to study these tiny creatures. With the aid of the glass the following points can be made out:

(a) The body is short and plump.

(b) There are two kinds, winged and wingless, and the latter are most numerous.

(c) The young are hatched in spring, and are all wingless females. These bring forth living wingless females, and these, in turn, do so likewise. This process is often repeated as many as fourteen times in a season. It has been found that each insect produces from fifteen to twenty per day. Reaumur estimated that a single louse in the course of five generations would produce six thousand millions of descendants. At the end of a season, when frosts admonish the aphides (plant lice) that summer is gone, they produce a brood which consists of both males and females. These lay the eggs for next season, which remain over winter, ready to hatch and repeat this marvelous multiplication another season.

2. THE CABBAGE "WORM"

Take up a cabbage which has these creatures upon it, and plant in a box for study in school. The cabbage caterpillar, for it is *not* a worm, will keep on feeding and growing, and all its transformations may be observed.

When ready to undergo the metamorphosis, a net or screen may be put above and around the box, so that the butterfly cannot escape when he emerges from the cocoon.

3. Similar methods may be employed in studying the geranium caterpillar.

Blueprints as Aids to Nature Study

Much has been written of the value of photography in nature study. The "Solandi process" (Sol and I), as the name implies, consists of laying the object to be printed upon the ordinary sensitized paper and then developing, as if it were a negative.

The use of blueprint paper instead of the regular photographic paper is very much to be preferred, because any one can finish the prints in a few minutes.

To use the blueprint paper in nature study the following plan is recommended. Let it be desired to study leaves or flowers:

First, lay the object upon the paper, being sure that the plant is perfectly dry. Place over it a plate of glass, to hold the object down firmly upon the paper and expose to the direct rays of the sun. Let it remain there three or four minutes, or until the exposed parts of the paper are of a bronze color. Then remove, and quickly place the paper in a vessel of perfectly clean water. Keep covered with water for at least ten minutes, being careful to change the water two or three times. Then remove from water, and dry between blotters.

A little practice will enable the operator to take excellent prints of almost any part of the plant.

When the prints are dry, they should be spread on a drawing board, and a piece of tracing paper should be laid over, and the outline of the print taken off with a sharp, soft pencil. Transfer this tracing to drawing paper, and line it in with either colored pencils, ink, or water-colors.

There is a great advantage in this matter of tracing the outline of these blueprints. The eye does not take in all it sees. Many features of an object take no hold on the consciousness of the pupil. Many of these details not seen by the eye in the object itself will be detected when the hand traces around it.

The results which have been obtained in some schools are indeed marvelous. Pupils under the writer's instructions have taken excellent blueprints from grasses, ferns, and other delicate things.

Blue print paper is inexpensive, and can be had at any art store or architect's office.

Another reason for employing this means of delineation is found in the fact that children are always interested in chemical action, and printing of this kind opens up an entirely new field of research to the pupil.

June Lessons

By MARGARET J. CODD.

The following may suggest simple subjects for talks with the children: What month is this? How many days in June? What season of the year is it now?

Which are longer, the days or the nights? When does the longest day in the year come? What is that time called?

How many thunderstorms have you noticed this month? Did they make the weather warmer or cooler? Have you noticed any fogs this month? What are fogs? How do they feel? How many have noticed dew?

What kind of clouds have you seen? Which are cooler, clear or cloudy days? Which are cooler, clear or cloudy nights? Can you tell me why? What are the prevailing winds this month? What can you tell me about the moon?

What do we see on the trees now? Do the trees have blossoms? What do we call the blossoms of some trees? (Catkins.) How do catkins look? Tell me some trees which have catkins. What trees have already blossomed? What trees are in blossom now? Have all the trees leaves now? Which generally come first, blossoms or leaves?

What are trees good for? You may each name a tree that bears fruit. Each name a tree which bears nuts. Each name a shade tree.

What wild flowers are in blossom? Where do they grow?

What flowers in the garden are in bloom? How many of these little children have a garden-bed of their own? Perhaps those who cannot have a garden might have a pretty window-box. Let us each have a plant this season and watch it grow.

Have all the birds come back? Have you seen any nests? Have you seen any young birds? Let us watch them, *but not disturb them*. What do the old birds feed the young ones? How do they prepare their food? How do they teach the little birds to fly? Do the young birds have feathers? Where have the birds gone that were here last winter?

Are there cocoons on the trees and bushes? What is in a cocoon? What kind of moths and butterflies have you seen this month? What color were they? Which did you think the prettiest?

How many have found any frogs' eggs this season? How do frogs' eggs look? Where do we find them? What comes out of frogs' eggs? Do tadpoles look like frogs? What other name have tadpoles? What more can you tell me about frogs?

Is the old hen sitting on her eggs? What will come out of those eggs? How do little chickens look when they first come out of the shell? What do they eat? Who has little chick-

ens at home? Who can draw me a picture of a little chicken? What does the mother hen do for her little chicks?

Who has seen a cow this month? What was running near her? What must we feed young calves? Have you seen any little colts this year?

(Simple questions about *young animals* will elicit ready response from country children; and city children who live near parks will have much of interest to tell about the young of the various animals in the zoölogical collections. It is a most interesting time for observation, and the love and devotion of mother and offspring always touch a responsive chord in the child's breast.)

June 14 is Flag Day. Let flags and our national colors, with patriotic songs and selections, keep fresh the memory of those "who fought and bled" to give us the blessings of freedom.

A Sleepy Little School

A funny old professor kept a school for little boys,
And he'd romp with them in play-time, and he wouldn't mind their noise;
While in his little school-room, with its head against the wall,
Was a bed of such proportions it was big enough for all.

"It's for tired little pupils," he explained, "for you will find
How very wrong indeed it is to force a budding mind;
Whenever one grows sleepy and he can't hold up his head,
I make him lay his primer down and send him off to bed!

"And sometimes it will happen on a warm and pleasant day,
When the little birds upon the trees go tooral-tooral-lay,
When wide-awake and studious it's difficult to keep,
One by one they'll get a-nodding till the whole class is asleep!

"Then before they're all in dreamland and their funny snores begin,
I close the shutters softly so the sunlight can't come in;
After which I put the school books in their order on the shelf,
And, with nothing else to do, I take a little nap myself!"

—St. Nicholas.

THE CHILD WORLD

Supplementary Reading for Primary Grades

Joseph in Potiphar's House*

Joseph was taken to Egypt. There Potiphar, the captain of King Pharaoh's guard, bought him of the Ishmaelites.

Joseph was now a slave. He must do whatever was given him to do about the house, even if it were scrubbing or helping in the kitchen. This was pretty hard for a boy who had been the favorite son in his father's house, with servants and everybody yielding to his every wish. But Joseph made the best of it, and he showed himself so diligent and so obliging that Potiphar was very much pleased.

Before long Joseph was made overseer in the house and over all that Potiphar owned. It was Joseph who decided what should be bought and how everything should be taken care of. Potiphar troubled himself no more about his household or his business affairs. He simply ate and drank what was set before him.

After this Potiphar became richer and richer. Whatever Joseph did prospered. For the Lord was with him and blessed the work of his hands.

Matters might have gone on smoothly for many years perhaps, if there had been no one except Potiphar and Joseph. But Potiphar had a wife. One day the wife asked Joseph to do something which was wrong, and Joseph refused. This made the woman angry, and she vowed she would have Joseph punished for not doing as she wished.

When Potiphar returned home, his wife told him a lie, saying that Joseph had done what was not right, and could no longer be trusted.

Potiphar believed what his wicked wife said. He had always trusted Joseph. So he was all the more furious to think that Joseph had deceived him. He called five soldiers and ordered them to take Joseph to prison at once.

* Miss C. S. Griffin, the author of these "Bible Stories for Little Children" has reserved all publishing rights. Readers of TEACHERS' MAGAZINE who desire to have this feature continued next year, are requested to address a postal card to the editor expressing their wishes in the matter, together with any other suggestions they may have for rendering the magazine still more helpful than it has been.

Poor Joseph! Only a short time before he was a free and happy boy, wandering about the fields with his brothers among the sheep, and wearing the new coat as a special proof of his father's love.

Then he had been put down in the dark pit by his jealous brothers. He had been taken out again when they decided that he was not to be killed after all, and he had been sold to the unknown merchants. He had come all that long, tiresome journey to Egypt, and there he had been sold again, this time as a slave.

As a servant in Potiphar's house he had done his very best with whatever he was given to do. Potiphar had learned to trust him, and had made him overseer of all his house. It was through no fault of Joseph's that Potiphar had been displeased.

And now he was in prison. What would happen to him next? He did not know, but God did not forget him there in his dark cell. Greater things were in store for Joseph than he had ever thought of, in the days when he wondered what was meant by his strange dreams about the sheaves, and the sun, moon and stars.

What happened to Joseph in the prison and afterwards, we shall soon see.

Joseph in Prison

In the prison Joseph soon showed that he was to be trusted, just as he had done in Potiphar's house. When the keeper found him quiet and obedient, he allowed Joseph as much liberty as was possible inside the prison walls. Finally Joseph was given charge of all the other prisoners.

He was compelled no longer to stay locked up in a cell. He could go about as he pleased. He watched what the other prisoners were doing, and took care that they did not escape.

Now it happened that both the king's chief butler and his chief baker offended their master, the King of Egypt. King Pharaoh was greatly displeased with the chief butler and the chief baker, so he had them locked up in the prison where Joseph was.

The chief butler and the chief baker were put in Joseph's care, and he was ordered to look after them especially.

When Joseph went to their part of the prison one morning, he found both the chief butler and the chief baker looking very sad. "Why are you so unhappy this morning?" he asked.

"Oh," they replied, "each of us had a very strange dream last night. There is no one here to explain to us what the dream means. This is the reason why we are unhappy."

"God alone knows the exact meaning of dreams," Joseph said, "but let me know what you dreamed. Perhaps I can tell something about what these dreams mean to you."

The chief butler told his dream first. "I dreamed," he said, "that a vine stood before me. On the vine were three branches. These three branches sent out buds and blossoms. Then clusters of grapes grew on the branches, which ripened into purple fruit. In one hand I held the king's drinking cup. With the other hand I picked off the grapes and pressed the juice into the cup. Then I placed the cup in the king's hand and the king drank from it."

"This is the meaning of your dream," said Joseph. "The three branches stand for three days. Within three days the king will let you out of prison and will make you chief butler again. And now I ask a favor of you. When you are near the king once more, ask that he free me from prison. Tell him that I was stolen away from my country and that I have done nothing for which they should put me into this dungeon."

The chief baker had listened to all that Joseph said. "My dream," he thought to himself, "probably means that something good is coming to me, too. I had better tell it at once."

"I dreamed," he said to Joseph, "that I carried on my head three baskets of white bread. The top basket was full of cakes for the king. And there came some birds and ate the cakes from the basket."

"Your dream," Joseph answered, "bodes ill for you. The three baskets mean three days for you also. Within three days the king will have you hanged. The birds will come and eat the flesh from your bones, as your body hangs from the tree."

The chief butler was full of joy at Joseph's words, for in three days he would serve the king once more. But the chief baker was sad that his dream predicted his death.

All that Joseph had said came true. On the third day was the birthday of the king, and Pharaoh made a great feast. The chief butler was restored to his old position, and he placed the cup in Pharaoh's hand. On the same day the chief baker was hanged.

Joseph in Honor

You will remember how readily the chief butler had promised to ask King Pharaoh that Joseph might be freed. But after he was safely out of prison he forgot all about Joseph.

For two long years Joseph was kept shut up in the dark prison. Now it happened one night that King Pharaoh had two very remarkable dreams. When he awoke in the morning he thought to himself, "I wish I knew what these strange dreams mean."

As soon as King Pharaoh was dressed he ordered all the wise and learned men of his kingdom to come together. When they had gathered in the king's palace he told his remarkable dreams to them, and asked what their meaning was.

The wise men thought of this thing and that. They put their heads together and looked very wise. But the more they thought, the less they seemed to know about the dreams. The excitement grew when the king became impatient and told the wise men that they must find out the meaning. What were the wise men to do?

The chief butler heard what was going on, and now, for the first time since he had left the prison, he thought of Joseph. He went at once to King Pharaoh. Bending low before his master he said, "My lord king, I know of some one who can tell you the meaning of your dreams. I have done wrong, not to have thought of this man long before this day. When I was in prison two years ago, the chief baker and I both had strange dreams. There was a young man, a Hebrew servant, to whom we told our dreams and he explained their meaning to us. What he told us came true to the very letter. The chief baker was hanged, as the man said he would be, and I was given back my place in your household, O king! That young Hebrew may yet be in prison."

King Pharaoh sent at once to the prison, and Joseph was brought to the palace at once. Before Joseph appeared before the king he shaved himself and put on his best clothing. When he was properly dressed, Joseph went in to the king.

"I have heard," said King Pharaoh as he saw the young man, "that you can explain dreams. I have had a dream which troubles me very much. There is none among all my wise men who can interpret it. Will you give me the meaning of it?"

"I cannot explain the meaning of dreams myself," said Joseph modestly, "but God will give you a good answer through me."

Then the king told Joseph his dreams. "I dreamed," he said, "that I was standing by the bank of a river. And there came up out of the river seven fine, fat cattle; and

they walked about eating the grass by the river bank. Close behind them seven other cattle came up from the river, and these were lean and bony. I never saw in all Egypt such miserable looking, lean, bony cattle. These ugly, lean cattle did eat up the seven fat cattle. And after they had eaten them up they were just as ugly and lean as before. One would never have known that they had seven fat cattle in their stomachs."

"When I had seen these things," continued the king, "I woke up. But I soon fell asleep again and dreamed that a stalk of corn grew up from the earth, and on the stalk were seven ears, full and good. Soon after this another stalk grew from the ground. This also had seven ears, but the ears were withered, thin, and blighted by the east wind. The seven thin ears swallowed up the seven good ears—now tell me, Joseph, what do these dreams foretell?"

Every one in the king's presence looked at Joseph. He was not afraid. He knew God would help him. Without hesitating he said: "Both dreams mean the same thing. The Lord, my God, whom I worship, has shown you in those dreams what he is about to do. The seven fat cattle and the seven good ears mean seven years. There will be seven years of plenty throughout all the land of Egypt. So much corn will grow that the people will not be able to eat it all.

"The lean cattle and the thin ears withered by the east wind mean another seven years. After the seven years of plenty are ended there will be seven years of famine, when nothing at all will grow. The people will suffer greatly from hunger. They will cry for bread and there will be none to be had. The seven years of plenty will be forgotten in Egypt. The famine will kill many. The king has dreamed the same dream twice because God will soon bring these things to pass."

King Pharaoh did not doubt what Joseph foretold. "What can I do," he asked, "to save my people from the dreadful years of famine?"

"If the king will hear me speak," Joseph answered, "he will look about for some man who is honest and wise and let him be obeyed by all the people of Egypt. Let King Pharaoh do this and let him appoint also officers who will gather in one-fifth of all corn that grows when the harvest is rich and plenty. Then let these officers lay up the corn and other food that will keep, in big store-houses where it will be safe. When the years of famine come and the land brings forth no food, then the people may go to these storehouses and buy grain. If this is done the people will not have to perish from hunger."

The king and all the wise people who stood about the throne were much pleased at the words of Joseph. King Pharaoh rose and said to those near him, "Can we find a wiser and better man than this Joseph, in whom the spirit of God is?"

To Joseph the king said, "Since God has shown you all these things, there is no one wiser and more honest than you. It is my wish that you shall be over my house, and my people shall be ruled by you. Only on the throne will I be greater than you. See, I have set you over all the land of Egypt."

What a wonderful change! Was it not? An hour before Joseph was a prisoner in a dark dungeon; now he is ruler over all Egypt, and next in power to King Pharaoh himself.

The king now took his signet ring and put it upon Joseph's hand. He also hung a gold chain around Joseph's neck and gave him a robe of the whitest and finest linen. Then he ordered a chariot to be brought for Joseph to ride in.

And as Joseph rode in state through the streets, servants ran ahead crying, "Bow the knee. Pharaoh has made Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt."

Joseph was thirty years old when he became the ruler of Egypt. He went over the whole country and saw that all was done as he said.

When the seven years of plenty came, the earth brought forth more food than the Egyptians had ever seen before. Joseph ordered many storehouses built in the cities. Here the grain was laid up. No one could even guess how many bushels of corn were stored away in those great buildings. So much was there of food. Then came the seven years of famine, as Joseph had predicted. When the people were suffering with hunger they went to King Pharaoh and asked for food. But Pharaoh sent them to Joseph and said, "Do what Joseph says to you."

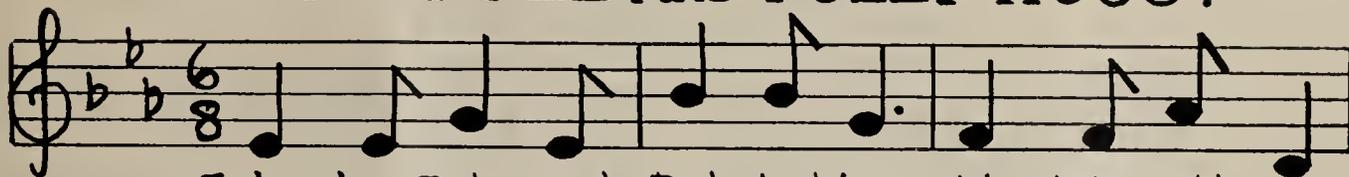
The people went to Joseph and asked for corn. Then he opened the great storehouses and sold to the Egyptians the food they needed, so that not one of them died from hunger.

Old Glory

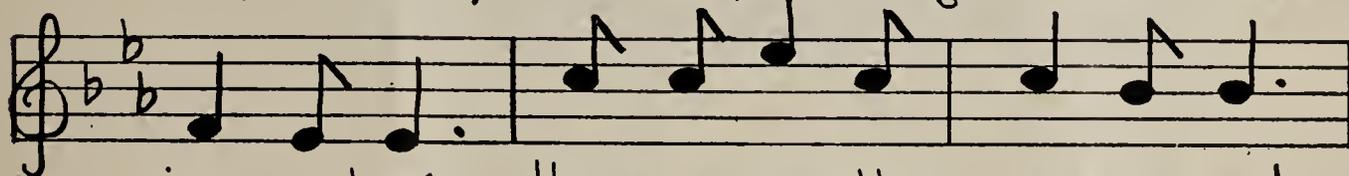
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead,
By the symbol conjoined by them all skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,
My name is as old as the glory of God,
So I came by the name of Old Glory.

—JAMES W. RILEY.

TADDY POLE AND POLLY WOGG.



Tad - dy Pole and Pol - ly Wogg Lived to - geth - er
By and by - it's true, but strange - O'er them came a



in a bog. Here you see the ve - ry pool
won - drous change. Here you have them on a log,

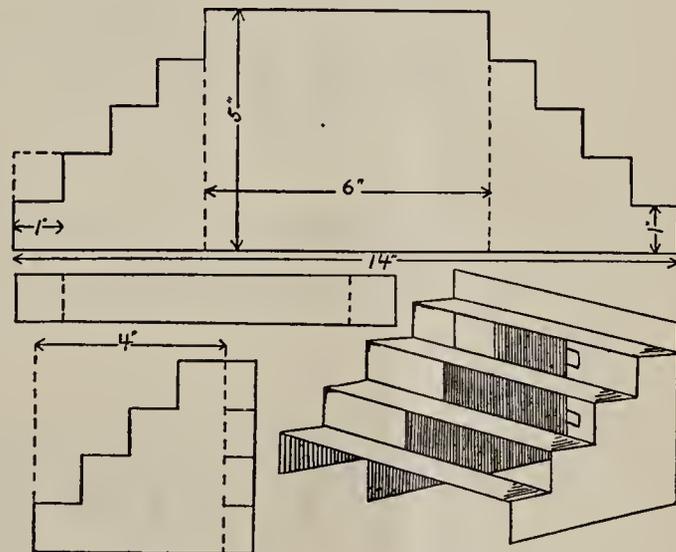
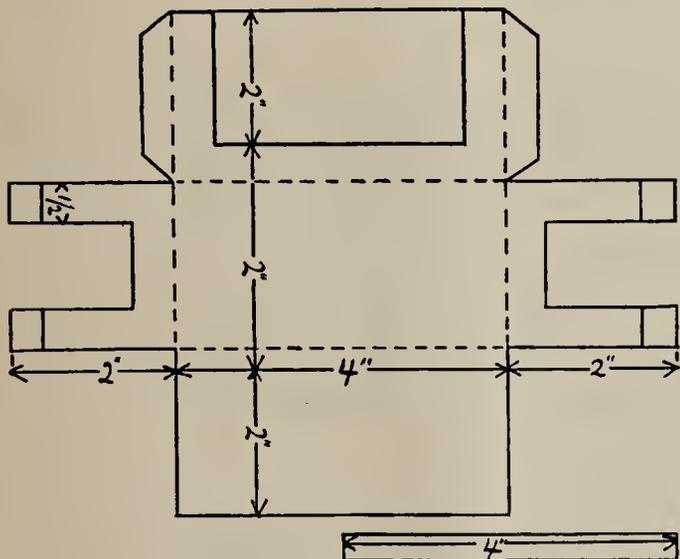


Where they went to swim - ming school.
Each a most de - ci - ded frog. Tra - la - la - lee, tra -



la - la - la - lee, tra - la - la - la - lee, tra - la - la - la - lee.

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Suggestions for Paper or Cardboard Construction Work

THE ARCHER.

Bow and ar-row bear-ing, Cheer-ful, bold, and hale,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Walks the ar-cher dar-ing, Ov-er hill and dale. La, la,

This system contains the next two staves of music. The notation and key signature remain the same as the first system. The lyrics continue below the notes.

la, la, la, la, la, la! Ov-er hill and

This system contains the next two staves of music. The notation and key signature remain the same. The lyrics continue below the notes.

dale. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

This system contains the next two staves of music. The notation and key signature remain the same. The lyrics continue below the notes.

Ov-er hill and dale.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The notation and key signature remain the same. The lyrics conclude below the notes.

The Story Hour

By FLORENCE GRIFFIN DOW

How Dick Watched the Chickens

Dick was a little black and brown dog. He was full of mischief and fun, but he was good and kind. If he had not been kind he would never have watched the chickens so carefully.

Dick loved Baby Lily and he often played with her and watched her, too. If she ran far from the house he would take her little dress in his mouth and carefully lead her back to her mamma.

Dick sometimes played with the kitten, too. He would run after her and chase her until he was tired and then he would take her head carefully in his mouth and carry her back to the mamma cat.

One morning papa found ten little yellow chickens in old Biddy's nest. He took old Biddy and her babies and put them into a little house with a door made of slats. Biddy could not get out of this house and run off with her little ones, but the chickens could go in and out as often as they pleased.

Dick watched papa and Biddy and the chickens. He thought, "Now I will have some fun!" But papa said, "Dick, those are our nice little chickens; don't you touch them!"

Then Dick looked very sad and lay down in the grass near the chicken-house. He watched them carefully. They would run off a little way and Biddy would call "Cluck, cluck," and back they would run to her as fast as they could.

One little chicken, Dick thought, was very bold and naughty, and he was afraid it would get into trouble. Sometimes when Biddy called it would run away as fast as it could and try not to hear her "Cluck, cluck." Dick watched this little chicken and pretty soon, sure enough, it did get into trouble.

Back of the chicken-house the grass was tall and thick and stiff, but the little chicken did not know this. When it saw a bug jump in the tall grass the little chicken jumped into the tall grass, too.

Dick watched the chicken and began to tremble.

Soon the little bug jumped away, but the little chicken could not get away, for it was caught in the tall, thick grass. How it did cry, "Peep-peep!" But Biddy could not go to the little chicken and the little chicken could not get away.

Poor Biddy! Poor chicken! Poor Dick! What could they do? Dick thought and thought!

"I cannot lead it back like Lily, for it has no dress. What shall I do? If I should take it as I do the kitten would I hurt it? But papa said 'Don't touch!'"

The little chicken began to cry harder than before, "Peep, peep, peep, peep!"

It was more than Dick could bear. He ran to the chicken, opened his mouth and shut it carefully over the little chicken. Then he carried it safely back to Mamma Biddy.

The Game Cock

It was a hot Sunday afternoon in June. Henry had read his book all thru. He had eaten all his candy and nuts. He had teased the cat till it ran up a tree, and now there was nothing to do. Henry lay on the ground, looked at the grass, kicked his toes in the earth and wondered what to do next.

Now a strange thing truly did happen. There dropped from the sky above, right down on the grass in front of him, a little chicken.

Henry rubbed his eyes, he must be dreaming! But surely he heard a "peep-peep," and surely that was a chicken. 'Twas a poor little thing without any feathers at all except just one in its tail.

It could not tell its story. "Peep-peep" was all it could say.

Henry stopped rubbing his eyes and jumped up and ran after the chicken, but in catching it he pulled out its last little feather.

Henry took the chicken into the house.

Mamma wanted to make a dress for it, but Henry said it was June and he guessed the chicken was better off as it was.

Mamma thought some hawk must have stolen the little chicken from its mother and perhaps had carried it a long way in its claws and then had dropped it, for certainly it came from the sky.

"Poor little chicken," Henry said as it lay trembling in his hand. "You shall be my game cock and I will be very kind to you."

Now, a game cock, you must know, is a very fine bird. All his feathers are smooth and slick, his tail is long and graceful, and tho he is a very small bird he holds his head very high. This little chicken was so homely and funny that every one who saw him had to laugh.

Did the little chicken care? Not a bit. He was very happy. He had a nice box to sleep in and plenty to eat and to drink. There was no one to trouble him in the least. All he had to do was to grow, and how he did grow! His legs became very long and yellow, his head grew very big and on top was a red comb; his wings became strong and large. Soon smooth feathers, light brown and yellow, covered his body.

One day the game cock was drinking water from a bright tin pan and he saw himself. How beautiful he was! He flapped his great

yellow wings, lifted up his big head and began to crow.

No wonder he was proud, for every one who saw him now said: "What a beautiful Buff-cochin rooster!"

But Henry always laughed and said, "That's my little game cock!"

But the rooster never learned to talk, and never told his story, so Henry never knew how he came to have a "little game cock."

Beauty and the Beast

Once upon a time a rich merchant had three daughters. He liked them all very much, but he loved the youngest best because she was so good. He always called her Beauty.

One day this rich merchant lost nearly all of his money and became very poor. He could no longer live in his great city house. So he moved to a small country cottage.

The two older sisters were very unhappy, but Beauty said, "Never mind, dear papa, we will be happy anyway, and I will work so hard that you will forget you are poor."

One sister, whose name was Dressalinda, said, "We can have no new gowns!" and the other, whose name was Marigold, said, "Nor any money to spend!"

But Beauty kissed her father and promised to be good, and she was. Every morning she rose before the sisters were awake, cooked breakfast and tidied up the house. All day Beauty was busy and made her father happier than he had ever been before, while her sisters were idle and cross.

One day the father went to the city, expecting to get some money that a man owed him.

"Do bring me a new gown, father!" cried Dressalinda.

"And me a purse of gold!" cried Marigold.

"And what will my Beauty have?" asked the father as he kissed her good-bye.

"A rose, father," she replied, for she knew that would cost very little. So the father went off to town, but he did not get his money after all, so he came home very slowly, for he felt very sad. As he passed a garden he saw a lovely rose. "My Beauty shall have her present," he said. And tho he knew it was very wrong, he reached over the fence to steal the rose. Just as he broke the stem he heard a loud growling and saw a dreadful beast coming to eat him.

"Oh, good Beast," he cried, "I did not mean to do wrong. I am a respectable merchant."

"A respectable merchant would never steal a rose; I must eat you up."

The man begged so pitifully that the Beast said, "Well, go home, and to-morrow morning either come to me or send one of your three daughters for me to eat."

The poor father was now more unhappy than ever, and even Beauty was unhappy when she heard all about the trouble that was to come.

She ran up to him, put her arms around his neck, kissed him and said, "Good-night."

The next morning Beauty woke very early and wrote a letter to her father and then ran off to the Beast's house.

Thru the garden to the house ran Beauty, then into the house to the dining-room. The table was set for two, and everything was very beautiful. Beauty stood looking about and wondering how soon the Beast would come to eat her, when she heard a gruff voice say, "Good-morning, Beauty."

There stood the Beast, who was just as ugly as everything in his house was beautiful.

"Good-morning, Beast," said Beauty in a trembling voice.

"I do not wish to harm you," said the Beast. "Will you sit down to breakfast?"

Beauty did so, but it was a very quiet meal, for neither spoke until breakfast was over, when the Beast said: "Beauty, you are just the kind of a little girl I would like always to pour my coffee. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Beast," said Beauty.

The Beast looked very sad, but he said no more and soon went away. After that every morning at breakfast the Beast would say, "Will you marry me, Beauty?" and Beauty would always reply, "Oh, no, thank you, Beast."

But the Beast was still very kind to Beauty. All day long she played in the beautiful gardens where she had everything she could wish, except, of course, her father, and she did long to see him. One day she asked the Beast if she might run home for a little while to tell her father that she had not been eaten, but that she was very happy indeed.

"Yes, run home, Beauty," said the Beast, "but be sure to come back for breakfast. I shall die if you don't."

Beauty promised that she would. Her father was very glad to see his dear child again, but her sisters felt jealous because she had so many beautiful things and at night they gave her something to drink that made her sleep too long, and when she awoke it was dinner time instead of being before breakfast.

Beauty ran to the Beast's house as fast as she could go. She had broken her promise and she loved the kind Beast even if he was so ugly, and now perhaps he was dead. Yes, as she came near the house she saw the Beast lying in the garden. She ran to him, crying very hard. The Beast seemed quite dead.

Little Beauty kneeled down and put her arms around the Beast's neck and cried: "Oh, dear Beast, I am so sorry. I love you so much, you are so good!" And then the Beast waked up, for he was not dead, but instead of an ugly old Beast, Beauty saw a Prince in a blue and silver court suit.

The beautiful Prince had been changed into an ugly beast by a wicked magician, but Beauty's kiss of love had made him the charming Prince once more.

Again the Beast, now the Prince, said: "Will you marry me, Beauty?" And Beauty replied, "Oh, yes, thank you."

So they were married and lived very happily, and if they are not dead they are living still in the palace in the midst of a lovely rose garden.

Reproduction Stories

A gentle dragon-fly once flew into a school-room by mistake. The foolish children cried and tried to hide under the desks. The poor dragon-fly was as much frightened as they were. Soon it found its way out of the window again, and was glad to get back to the fields.

Once a little speckled trout was sporting in a brook. All at once it found itself going very fast with the stream. Before it had time to wonder what had happened it felt itself going down, down, down, and the water with it, bumpety-bump, over rock after rock, until with one last bounce, it rose to the surface in a pool below. Astonished and out of breath, the little fish looked back and saw that it had tumbled over a waterfall.

Three boys were playing tag near a river bank. One of them slipped and fell into the water. The boys shouted for help. Not one of the three could swim. Suddenly a big dog came dashing along. He jumped into the water and swam out to the drowning boy. He caught him by the coat and swam back with him to land.

Five little girls were having a picnic in the woods. A frog hopped right into the midst of them. Four of the little girls ran away screaming. The frog was frightened quite as much as the little girls. He hopped away as fast as he could to get back to his own little family. Then the four little girls returned to their picnic baskets. "Weren't you frightened at all, Ella?" they asked the little girl who had stayed in her place. "Why no!" Ella said, "why should I be afraid? The frog has no teeth and cannot bite."

The Bee and the Dove

One day a bee fell into the water. A dove was sitting on a tree and saw the bee fall. "If I do not save her the bee will die," the dove thought. So she picked off a leaf and let it drop into the water. The bee got on the leaf and was saved. She was very thankful to the dove.

A few days later a hunter came to shoot the dove. The bee was flying by and saw it. "If I do not save her she will die," the bee thought. So she stung the hunter's hand and made him miss his aim.

The dove was saved and flew away. She was very thankful to the bee.

The Bobolink and the Chick-a-dee

A Bobolink and a chick-a-dee
Sang a sweet duet in the apple-tree,
"When I'm in good voice," said the chick-a-dee,
"I sing like you to 'High' C, 'High' C;
But I've caught such a cold
That for love or for gold
I can only sing chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

M. ELLA PRESTON.

Suppose

Suppose—sup-p-o-s-e—
Well, just suppose
Some day my mother'd say,
"You needn't go to school, my
dear,
Just stay at home and play.
And here's a box of chocolate
creams"
(Or something quite as good).
"Eat all you want!"—Oh, just
suppose,
Suppose my mother should!

E. L. SYLVESTER.



POCAHONTAS

This figure was introduced in a series of tableaux given by fourth grade pupils of the Ethical Culture School, New York City, to represent the part played by the Indians in the early history of our country. The tableaux which are described on page 387 would make an interesting figure of the Closing Day exercises.

The Study of Leaf Forms

The study of the various forms of leaves is always delightful to pupils. Very valuable observation work can be done by gathering the leaves of various trees and plants; the specimens to be brought by pupils, if possible, and identifying the forms by comparison with one another. As in all nature work, careful use should be made of the notebook. The following outline may be placed upon the blackboard, to be copied into the notebook and filled out for each leaf identified:

1. Name of plant or tree
2. Shape of Leaf
3. Location
4. Date

A REFERENCE LIST

OVATE (OVAL-SHAPED)

| | |
|-----------|-----------------|
| Apple | Pennyroyal |
| Elm | Trillium |
| Locust | Pea |
| Buckthorn | Bean |
| Raspberry | Pansy |
| Boxwood | Lady's-Ear Drop |
| Chickweed | |

TRILOBATE (THREE-LOBED)

| | |
|-----------|----------------|
| Columbine | Golden Currant |
| Mignonete | Tulip Tree |

ORBICULAR (CIRCLE-SHAPED)

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Nasturtium | Creeping Trefoil |
| Horseshoe Geranium | Cabbage |
| Round-leaved Pyrola | |

OBLONG

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Rhododendron | Cranberry |
| Mullein | Swamp Huckleberry |
| Horse Mint | Fox Glove |
| Wild Plum | Swamp Rose |
| Wild Black Cherry | Oak |

ACEROSE (NEEDLE-SHAPED)

| | |
|---------|---------|
| Pine | Larch |
| Hemlock | Yew |
| Fir | Juniper |
| Spruce | |

RENIFORM (KIDNEY-SHAPED)

| | |
|------------|------------------|
| Cowslip | Canada Violet |
| Ground Ivy | Scarlet Geranium |
| Bloodroot | Wild Ginger |

SAGITTATE (ARROW-SHAPED)

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| Climbing False Buck-wheat | Arrow-head, Arum |
| Arrow-leaved Tear Thumb | Wild Morning-Glory |

LINEAR (LIKE A LINE)

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Butter-and-Eggs | Onion |
| Pin-Leaf | Star of Bethlehem |
| Carnation | Rush |
| Spring Beauty | |

ELLIPTICAL (ELLIPSE-SHAPED)

| | |
|---------------|-----------|
| St. Johnswort | Hydrangea |
|---------------|-----------|

LANCEOLATE (LANCE-SHAPED)

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Meadow Lily | Willow |
| Wild Sunflower | Walnut |
| Pipsissewa | Sweet William |
| Sumach | Dwarf Primrose |
| Mountain Ash | Poison Hemlock |
| Boneset | Tobacco |
| Fringed Gentian | Snap Dragon |
| Snake Head | |

SPATULATE (SPATULA-SHAPED)

| | |
|--------------|-------------------------|
| Winter Cress | Bluets (radical leaves) |
| Hawkweed | |

HASTATE (SPEAR-SHAPED)

| | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| Black Bindweed | Purple Loosestrife |
| Spinach | |

CUNEATE (WEDGE-SHAPED)

| |
|-----------------|
| Water Pimpernel |
|-----------------|

PALMATE (HAND-SHAPED)

| | |
|------------------|-------------|
| Horse Chestnut | Sugar Maple |
| Melon | Lupine |
| Virginia Creeper | Castor Bean |

CORDATE (HEART-SHAPED)

| | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| Common Morning-Glory | Rhubarb |
| Violet | Hollyhock |
| Lilac | Brass Wood |
| Poplar | Pumpkin |
| Catnip | Sunflower |
| Hepatica | Hazelnut |
| | Colt's Foot |

CONNATE

| |
|---------------------------|
| Honeysuckle (upper pairs) |
|---------------------------|

OBOVATE

| | |
|---------|-----------|
| Hickory | Some Oaks |
|---------|-----------|

The Trillium

The following, or something similar, may be written upon the blackboard for sight reading, or told the children for reproduction:

THE TRILLIUM

The trillium is a plant that grows in the woods. This kind has three white petals, three green leaves, and three green sepals. It is called trillium because all its parts are in *threes*. Sometimes it is called "wake-robin" because it wakes up and begins to blossom in the early spring when the robins come.

What a pleasant time it must have out in the woods! The winds blow softly and the trilliums nod their snowy heads to their neighbors, the little blue violets, over on the green mossy bank.

The violets smile and nod back. What do you think they say to each other?

Home Geography

By EMILIE V. JACOBS, Supervising Principal, Philadelphia

X. Direction

1. Necessity for studying directions.
 - a. Travel,—going about city, or from place to place.
 - b. Location,—to locate rivers, islands, etc.
2. Teaching north, south, east, and west.

LESSON I.

Given in schoolyard at 11:30 a. m.

Materials,—yardstick, chalk, mariner's compass, weather-vane.

1. North:—Shadow of stick.
Shadow of pupils.
2. South:—The sun at noon.
3. Holding stick to pavement, draw line along shadow. Mark "north." Consult weather vane and "compass." Draw "south" line opposite "north." Establish "east" and "west."

LESSON II.

Directions, north, south, east, and west in classroom.

Look out of window to recall north and south as located in the yard.

Draw diagram on floor.

Place placards of directions on walls.

LESSON III.

Drill in directions.

- a. Name objects in northern, southern, eastern and western parts of room.
- b. In what part of room are objects named by teacher.
- c. Moving directions; i.e., walking toward north, south, east and west.

LESSON IV. AND V.

A. Directions of objects from each other.

(In what direction one object must go to get to the other; or, one object is nearer what direction than the other object is.)

B. Objects north, south, east, and west of some special object.

LESSON VI.

Plans.

1. Pupil's own desk.

Draw several times, varying the kinds of one or two objects on it, and also varying their locations,—e.g., ruler, book, box.

LESSON VII.

Plan of the Classroom.

Draw several times, varying the location of a chair, basket, desk, etc. Pupils draw on paper, while teacher works on board.

LESSON VIII.

Pupils draw plan of room independently.

LESSON IX.

School lot.

Reviewed with assistance, the teacher working on the board, while pupils work on paper.

LESSON X.

Pupils draw plan of school lot independently.

LESSON XI.

Plans of lot, city, state, county, world.

1. How made.
2. Necessary features.
 - a. Correct proportions.
 - b. Diminished scale.
 - c. Proper directions.

LESSON XII.

3. How land and water are represented, the general coloring only, not special forms.

4. How special land and water forms are represented. City, river, island.

5. Find Philadelphia, Delaware and Schuylkill rivers on map, or locate the home city with its local physiographical features.

SECONDARY DIRECTIONS

Northeast, northwest, southeast, southwest.

XI. The Earth as a Whole

LESSON I.

The Globe.

Examine maps again and show globes of various sizes. Find land and water, rivers, cities, islands, names of continents, Western and Eastern.

LESSON II.

The Globe.

1. Great land and water masses.
2. The hemispheres, Eastern and Western; necessary division for ease of location.
3. The continents in each hemisphere.
4. The oceans in each hemisphere.

LESSONS III., IV. AND V.

The Eastern Hemisphere.

1. The grand divisions.
2. The oceans.
3. The directions of the adjacent grand divisions and oceans from each other.

LESSONS VI., VII., AND VIII.

The Eastern Hemisphere.

1. The grand divisions.
2. The oceans.
3. The directions of the adjacent grand divisions and oceans from each other.

LESSONS IX. AND X.

The oceans and grand divisions of both hemispheres. The position of Philadelphia on maps and globes, or the home city.

LESSONS XI., XII., AND XIII.

The Equator and Poles.

1. Location.
 2. Climate.
 3. Vegetation.
 4. Animal life and people.
 5. Length of day and night.
 6. Seasons.
- Refer to polar expeditions.

Study of the Home Town

An Illustrative Outline Based on the Study of Buffalo

By GERTRUDE M. ALDERMAN, Buffalo Normal School

1. Situation.
Located at the source of the Niagara river.
2. Condition of the land 200 years ago.
 - A. The land was covered with dense woods and forests to the water's edge.
 - B. Wild and treacherous animals roamed thru the woods, especially the buffalo (hence the name buffalo).
3. Earliest inhabitants.
 - A. Indians; the first tribe was the Erie or Cat nation, who were extinguished by the Senecas. Later the Iroquois inhabited the land.
4. First mention of the Indian in Buffalo.
 - A. In 1679, the Indians gathered on the shore of Lake Erie and watched the *Griffon*, the first vessel that sailed the lakes.
 - B. *La Griffon* (named in honor of a French minister upon whose coat-of-arms was the representation of a griffin).
 - a. Built in the winter of 1679.
 - b. Built by the French explorer, La Salle.
 - c. Built at the mouth of Cayuga Creek.
 - d. The vessel was 60 tons burden.
 - e. The figure-head was a griffin.
 - f. French banners and flags fluttered in the wind.
 - g. In August, the vessel was completed, and after firing three guns and singing hymns La Salle and his companions launched their vessel.
 - h. The vessel reached Green Bay; La Salle sent it back, but it was never heard of again.
5. Indian name for Buffalo.
 - A. Ti-yu-syo-wa, "place of the bass woods."¹
6. First white inhabitant of Buffalo.
 - A. In 1791, the first white man of Buffalo appeared and built his log-cabin (the first house in Buffalo) on Exchange street, on the site just behind where the Mansion House stands to-day.
 - B. His neighbors were Indians.
Red Jacket.²
 - a. Born and died near Buffalo.
 - b. Great orator.
 - c. Fought for America in War of 1812.
 - d. Possessed a silver medal which George Washington gave him.
 - e. Meaning of his Indian name was, "He keeps them awake."
 - f. Frequently called "The Cow-killer."
 - g. Buffalo has lately erected a monument to his memory at Forest Lawn.
7. Roads and places at the beginning of 1800.
 - A. Maine street, called the Indian path.
 - B. Niagara street, called Black Rockroad.
 - C. North street,³ called the Guide road.
 - D. Terrace was a grassy spot overlooking the lake where the Indians lay and smoked.
 - E. Cold Spring.⁴
8. Interesting facts before the War of 1812.
 - A. Little Red Schoolhouse (the first school of Buffalo) stood on the corner of Pearl and Swan streets (now a great business block). It was built in 1806, burned in 1813.
 - B. First courthouse⁵ was on Washington street, facing Lafayette square.
 - C. First jail was on Washington street, near Clinton. It was a square, two-story stone building surrounded by a wooden stockade from fourteen to sixteen feet high. A stairway extended from the second story over the stockade to the walk below.
 - D. The first coach used in Buffalo was in 1804. It was a great curiosity for many months.
 - E. In 1802 Buffalo boasted of a post-office, but all the mail could have been carried in a man's hat.
 - F. Burial places.
 - a. Washington street, where now the office of the Buffalo *Express* stands.
 - b. Second place was where now our imposing City and County Hall stand.
 - c. Third place was on the corner of Delaware and North streets.
 - d. At Forest Lawn.
 - G. First tavern⁶ was where now stands the Mansion House.
 - H. The first newspaper was the Buffalo *Gazette*, edited in 1811. From this paper has descended the Buffalo *Commercial*.

NOTES

¹ Basswoods were trees from which the bark was easily peeled at all seasons of the year. The region of Buffalo abounded in these trees. The Indians made huts of the bark and canoes of the trunks.

² The great Indian received the name "Red Jacket," because of a bright red jacket given him by a British officer and which he was always proud to wear. (This fact was brought to the class by the children.)

³ One of the children stated that his grandfather used to drive his cows thru North street, now one of the most beautiful streets in the city.

⁴ The name "Cold Spring" came from an Indian word meaning cold water. (The children stated that in the vicinity of Cold Spring is a spring noted for its cold water.)

⁵ The bell that hung in this courthouse is now in the Buffalo Historical Rooms. (Some of the children have seen it.)

Geography of Our Insular Possessions

The Hawaiian Islands

In the turmoil and anxiety of the Spanish-American war, the annexation of Hawaii aroused little comment. Yet, in the signing by the President, July 7, 1898, of the joint resolution of Congress, an important bit of history was made.

For about two generations Hawaii had been closely allied to the United States, and had fast been taking on our civilization. The raising of the star-spangled banner on July 7, or Aug. 12, was made the culmination of a long policy, which had bound the two countries closely together.

STRATEGIC VALUE

The Hawaiian Islands are in the Pacific Ocean, between eighteen and twenty-two degrees north latitude and between 155 and 161 degrees west longitude. Thus they hold a central position in the north Pacific, 2,000 miles from the coast of the United States, 3,400 miles from Japan, and 4,800 miles from China. Thus it will be seen that they are the key to the Pacific. Ships, whether they be passenger, merchant, or war vessels, need these islands for coaling purposes. In case of war between the United States and an Eastern power, they would be almost indispensable.

The strategic importance of the islands is shown by the fact that nineteen nations keep diplomatic representatives at Honolulu, to keep a watchful eye on their interests. When the Panama Canal shall have been built, Hawaii will be in the direct path from Atlantic ports to the Eastern countries. Hence the possibilities before these islands, both in a strategic and a commercial way, are almost unlimited.

HAWAII'S EARLY HISTORY

It was in January, 1778, that the islands first became known to the rest of the world. Capt. James Cook, an English navigator, while hunting for a passage between the two oceans, discovered the island of Kauai, and afterward the others of the group. The superstitious natives proclaimed him a god and fell at his feet in supplication. Cook presumed upon this credulity, and exacted tribute from the natives. He carried his power too far, however, with the result that he was killed, in revenge for his deeds. The spirit of lawlessness and vice bred by Cook continued and grew in the islands. Each of the eight inhabited islands had a government and chief of its own. In 1789, Captain Metcalf arrived at the islands, and was guilty of a fearful massacre of the natives. In revenge, the natives captured Metcalf's son and killed him and all his crew, with the exception of two men. These two men aided "the great Kamehameha" when, in 1796, he conquered and united the islands under one government. By

their tact and intelligence, they prepared the islands for the coming of American missionaries; an event which happened in 1820. This was the first contact of the natives with the good side of American civilization.

1820 TO 1893

The natives renounced their idols and embraced Christianity. The years between 1820 and 1839 were characterized by a wonderful increase in knowledge, even tho turmoil, intrigue, and lawlessness, to a considerable extent, prevailed. In four years two thousand persons had learned to read, and schools had been established in all the important towns. The schoolhouses were the huts of the natives, and the school bell was a conch shell. Commerce was extended somewhat, bringing evil results in many cases. Men deserted from the ships, calling at Honolulu, and lived lives of robbery and murder. In 1823, Richard Charlton, a British consul, came to Honolulu. He was in sympathy with this dangerous element, and made a good deal of trouble for the king. In 1826, however, Capt. Catesby Jones was sent to the islands by the United States to capture American deserters and protect American interests. Charlton opposed him in his plans, claiming the authority of Great Britain over Hawaii. A council was called, which resulted in a triumph for Jones, the negotiation of a commercial treaty with the United States, and the enactment of penalties for crime. Thus Hawaii took a long step toward civilization.

THE CONSTITUTION

The growing commerce and political affairs of the islands demanded a more stable form of government. So, in 1839, the United States were formally asked to draft a constitution for Hawaii. They refused, on the ground that they did not wish to appear to be interfering with the native government. So Mr. Richards, an American of influence, was delegated to draft a constitution. This he did, and secured its adoption Oct. 8, 1840. It was modeled on that of the United States, and limited the power of the throne, gave religious liberty, provided for governors of the larger islands, a legislature of two houses like those of England, the appointment of judges, and the establishment of a legal system. The constitution restored order and peace to the islands.

POLITICAL INTRIGUES

The French government had attempted to control the religious beliefs of the natives, with the result that the other governments protested. Failing in this, the French tried to have their language adopted in business. Again they failed, and in revenge seized Honolulu. Again

a protest was made, and the French retired. In the meantime, the British consul was intriguing to have Great Britain secure the islands. He finally succeeded in having the British flag raised, but Great Britain and France, thru the efforts of Mr. Richards, soon formally recognized the king of Hawaii as an independent sovereign. This action was taken jointly, and the two countries pledged themselves never to take possession of or establish a protectorate over the kingdom of Hawaii. This treaty was signed in 1843.

DYNASTIC TROUBLES

In 1865 the constitution was amended. In 1866, the lepers were transferred to the island of Molokai, which is now devoted exclusively to their use. In 1876 a reciprocity treaty was concluded with the United States, admitting Hawaiian sugar into this country, free of duty. This arrangement was a wonderful thing for Hawaii. Her industries took on new life, wealth increased, the capital became a modern city, and Hawaii flourished.

In 1874 the heir of the throne died, and the line became extinct. The legislature elected Kalakaua, a man corrupt and depraved, who probably secured his election thru wholesale bribery. Under his rule, riots and uprisings

were constantly occurring, so that, in 1887, the citizens rose and made the king yield to their demands for better government. A new constitution was signed, giving white men the suffrage, and making the cabinet elective. The king's sister, Liliuokalani, was bitterly opposed to this, and to all the whites. She was in England at the time, but soon returned, and, in 1891, succeeded to the throne. She violated the constitution at once, and the most underhanded schemes were soon in full power. She abrogated the constitution and assumed absolute power. The people rose and deposed the queen, organizing a provisional government, with Sanford B. Dole at its head.

ANNEXATION

Annexation was asked of the United States, and in 1893 a treaty was drafted and approved by President Harrison, just before he retired from office. Mr. Cleveland rejected it at once, and upon the advice of Commissioner Blount, whom he sent to Hawaii to investigate the conditions there, attempted to restore Liliuokalani. Thru the prudence and foresight of our minister, Mr. Willis, this scheme was abandoned. A republic was established July 4, 1894, with Judge Dole as president. The first part of 1895, the ex-queen's followers tried to restore



her to the throne. Their plot was foiled, and the ex-queen arrested. She came to the United States soon after, seeking sympathy, which she could not find. A treaty of annexation was approved by President McKinley in December, 1897. The Senate, however, failed to ratify the treaty. A joint resolution was then introduced and passed both houses of Congress. It was signed by the President July 7. Thus the history of the kingdom and republic of Hawaii ended in a way satisfactory to the majority of Americans.

GEOGRAPHY AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Hawaiian Islands are eight in number—Hawaii, Maui, Kahoolawe, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, and Niihau. These are in a line of about 350 miles in length. The principal city of the islands is Honolulu, on the island of Oahu. The island of Hawaii is by far the most beautiful, as well as the largest. It contains about two-thirds of the total area of the islands, 6,700 square miles. That is, Hawaii itself is about the size of the State of Connecticut. It contains the highest mountains of any island on the globe. Mauna Loa is an active volcano, 14,000 feet above the sea. Its crater is 800 feet deep, and at the surface is 19,000 feet long by 9,000 feet wide. Its eruptions are magnificent, and many of them are historic. The fires spout fountainlike from the crater to a height of 800 feet and more, and a river of lava, a mile in breadth and thirty miles long, rushes down the mountain side, sweeping everything before it. In 1855, the stream flowed for fifteen months, coming within eight miles of Hilo, when it stopped. In 1880 it came within a mile of the town.

Kilauea, another volcano, is 4,000 feet high, on the side of Mauna Loa. Its circumference measures seven and one-half miles. At its southeastern extremity is a lake of fire nearly half a mile across. At times this lake vanishes, leaving a pit nearly 500 feet deep. At such times the lava probably breaks thru below the surface of the ocean. In a few weeks it returns, rising rapidly, till it overflows its boundaries.

Upon these mountains can be found almost any variety of climate, and consequently of vegetation. The summits of some of the highest are covered with almost perpetual snow, while tropical plants flourish at their bases. The climate is exceptionally cool for the latitude. This is due to the icy currents from the Bering Straits, and the trade-winds of the region. The terrible cyclones of the tropics are rare visitors at the Hawaiian islands. The difference between the eastern and western coasts is very noticeable. The former has a windy and rainy climate, with much vegetation, while the latter is dry and warm, with little vegetable growth. The valleys are very fertile, but they are comparatively small in extent, and hence the mountain slopes and plateaus are cultivated

thru artificial irrigation and much labor. There are, in all, about 300,000 acres of arable land. The forests are numerous, and contain many beautiful specimens of wood. Hundreds of rivers, some of them quite large, flow down the mountain sides into the sea.

A mountain range runs thru the islands and another small range is in the northwest. The two are separated by a twenty-mile plain, called the plain of Eva.

PRODUCTS

Hawaii's great industry is sugar-making. Molasses, wool, tallow, hides, rice, and bananas are exported in fairly large quantities. Most of the temperate zone products also can be grown. In the animal kingdom, birds are the most abundant. There are about seventy species, the majority of them being in some way connected with the sea. The domestic animals of the United States are, to a large extent, native in Hawaii. Salt is found in abundance in the island of Oahu, where it is obtained from a salt lake.

OTHER FACTS

The Hawaiians probably belong to the Polynesian family. They originally came from Savaii, one of the Samoan Islands. They are, as a race, more industrious than most tropic peoples. Honolulu, the capital city, is thoroly cosmopolitan in its character. It has electric lights, street cars, telephones, and many other of the appliances of a modern city. It has about 50,000 inhabitants. The avenues are shaded with tropical foliage, and many of the houses are of modern architecture. The majority, however, are of one story, with wide piazzas. Taro, a curiously prepared dish, is the staple article of food for the natives.

As a people, the islanders are simple and hospitable. They still retain many of the vices of the early days of their history, but they have large possibilities for good before them. Slowly, but surely, however, the race is becoming extinct. Now that the islands have become a part of the United States, they have gradually taken on our customs, our laws, and our civilization.

School Gardens

Have you ever tried laying out a school garden? Now is the time to go at it. The children will enjoy it, and so will you. The parents, too, will be delighted.

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 you will wonder why you did not begin with it earlier in the season. The gain for the school will be great.

Lynn, Mass.

A. L. C.

Bleking: Swedish Folk Dance

I.

f

f

mf

II.

Bleking: Swedish Folk Dance

[See Music on the opposite page]

The players stand in a circle, facing inward. Couples are formed. When the music begins, partners face each other and join hands. The last eight bars of the dance music may be played by way of introduction.

PART I

Couples hop in place, keeping time with music. On 1 the left foot is put forward, the right foot behind it, both feet coming down at the same time. On 2, the right foot is put forward and the left behind, both striking the floor at the same time. There are four groups of five hops each; two long ones, two short ones, and one long one. Thus:

Left—right—left, right, left—right—left—
right, left, right.
Right—left—right, left, right—left—right—
left, right, left.

(Repeat twice.)

PART II

Couples dance around the circle in "sailor step," that is, hopping twice on the left foot and then twice on the right; one of the partners beginning with the right foot, the other with the left. Thus:

LL—RR—LL—RR
RR—LL—RR—LL, etc.

Picturesqueness and grace is added by swaying the body toward the right where the foot is placed on the floor.

The Cardinals at School

A TRUE STORY

By EVA A. MADDEN, Kentucky

On the day before the great blizzard the pupils of the "I Can" school in Kentucky were busy reading the lesson in the second reader about the lark which saved the little girl from being killed by the reaping machine.

"Oh, look!" cried Jane, forgetting that she was in school. "Oh, Miss Leland, please look!"

The teacher raised her eyes in the direction Jane pointed, and then said, "Oh, look!" too.

All the eyes in the room did as Miss Leland said and saw in the beech tree just outside the window a pretty bird dressed in olive brown with red beak and tail feathers.

"It's a she-redbird!" cried Delany, excitedly, and he ran to the table and brought Miss Leland a book full of pictures of birds.

While Miss Leland looked in the book the children crowded to the window to watch their visitor.

"Oh, Miss Leland!" cried Andrew suddenly, "there's the 'he'."

Sure enough, there, on the limb just below the first bird, was a second one of a brilliant red except for a few touches of black on the head and wings.

By this time Miss Leland had found the right picture in the bird book.

"The Cardinal Grosbeak," announced Caroline, who could read even in books for grown people.

"Cardinal means red," explained Miss Leland, "and Grosbeak, big bill, or beak."

Then, while the children compared the picture and the birds she told them all about grosbeaks and their ways.

"We call them Cardinals, Kentucky Cardinals," she said while her grosbeak whistled,

"Cheo, cheo, cheo, chee," as much as to inform her that he understood every word she said.

Ida opened her lunch-basket and crumbled up a biscuit which Miss Leland let her sprinkle on the window-sill for the visitors.

Then the children took out paper and pencils and wrote down all Miss Leland had told them about the grosbeaks.

"Cheo, cheo," Mr. Cardinal kept whistling, as he cocked his head on one side and looked down into the schoolroom.

"He says, 'Come here! Come here!'" and Walter jumped up and down in his seat. "Look, look, one, two, three, four! Oh, Miss Leland, six more cardinals have come to school!"

When the children looked out again the beech was like a Christmas tree. There were eight colored birds decorating its limbs.

The next morning it was bitterly cold, colder than the children had ever known it to be. Everything was frozen and snow lay deep on the ground.

"It is 16 degrees below zero," announced Willard, who was very proud of knowing so much. "Miss Leland, do you think the cardinals knew that it was going to be cold and came here to get lunch?"

"Perhaps they did. At any rate, here they are this very minute," and Miss Leland pointed

Many Good People

"Cannot afford to be sick." Their earnings are so small, they must be careful to keep their expenses down. They know by experience the great usefulness of Hood's Sarsaparilla, in preventing disease by building up the system, and they show "common sense" in taking this great proprietary medicine.

Thousands find Hood's Sarsaparilla perfectly satisfactory in the treatment of impure blood, lack of strength, that tired feeling, loss of appetite, scrofula, eczema, rheumatism and catarrh.

Summer is Come

Birds in the bush-es are hop-ping and chirp-ing, All in the fields are re-joic-ing and gay;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics: "Birds in the bush-es are hop-ping and chirp-ing, All in the fields are re-joic-ing and gay;". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in a simple, rhythmic style.

Lamb-kins a-long the new pas-tures are skip-ping, Summer's sweet sunshine in-vites us to play: For

CHORUS.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: "Lamb-kins a-long the new pas-tures are skip-ping, Summer's sweet sunshine in-vites us to play: For". The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment. The word "CHORUS." is written above the end of the first line. A dynamic marking "f" is present at the end of the piano part.

summer, sweet summer, sweet summer is come, And hap-py are we that sweet summer is come.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: "summer, sweet summer, sweet summer is come, And hap-py are we that sweet summer is come." The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

to the beach, where sat the little flock of cardinals.

"They've come in time to answer 'Present,' said Delany.

During the entire cold spell the cardinals came every day to school. They were very good pupils, never dropped slates or pencils, and never disobeyed the teacher. They made no noise, but sat very still with their pretty heads buried in the warm red feathers of their breasts. At recess they flew down and ate the lunch the children put on the window-sills.

One morning it turned warm again and the

cardinals stayed away from school. A week or two passed and they never returned. "And they were the very best-behaved pupils I ever had," said Miss Leland sadly.

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An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Memory Gems for June

(Continued from page 364)

JUNE 20

- (A) The swallows twitter about the eaves.
- (B) Nature is a revelation of God;
Art, a revelation of man.
—LONGFELLOW.

JUNE 21

- (A) The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew.
- (B) The daisy by that shadow that it casts
Protects the lingering dew-drops from
the sun.
—WORDSWORTH.

JUNE 24

- (A) All the summer, to and fro
Busily the bees must go.
- (B) What's in a name? That which we call a
rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
—SHAKESPEARE.

JUNE 25

- (A) Like the bee, in all I meet
I will only seek the sweet.

- (B) For easy things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
—SPENCER.

JUNE 26

- (A) The children's clock in ev'ry town
Is dandelion's globe of down.
- (B) The little four-leaved rosebud I love best,
That freshest will awake and sweetest go
to rest.

JUNE 27

- (A) The daisies white are nursery maids
With frills upon their caps.
- (B) The buttercups across the field
Made sunshine rifts of splendor.
—MULOCK.

JUNE 28

- (A) The daisies and the buttercups
Now merrily are growing;
And ev'rywhere, for June's sweet sake
Are crimson roses blowing.
- (B) It is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.
—WORDSWORTH.

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Treatment of Burns

(A boy had burned his hand while putting wood in the stove. The teacher applied cold water till the smarting ceased and then bound it up in a handkerchief. She asked the pupils:)

Why should we cover up a burn? "To keep it from taking cold." "Because the skin is easily broken and then the hand would be very sore." Yes, those are good reasons, but the principal one is to keep the air away from the burn. Usually this is all the treatment that is needed. We may put a little harmless salve on the cloth with which the burn is covered, but that is only to keep it from sticking to the skin. It does not draw the fire out, nor "make the burn heal"; nature must do that, only we may take care not to do any more damage. Sweet oil is a very good dressing for more severe burns, or they may be bandaged with cloths soaked in water to which as much cooking soda as will dissolve has been added. The dressing of a burn should be allowed to remain until it becomes stiff, and then removed very carefully. Flour may be shaken over a burn to shut out the air.

It is important to know how

to put out fire quickly. Never run about if your clothes take fire, but lie down on the ground and roll over and over, or snatch any heavy woolen thing, like a blanket or mat, and wrap it about you. This will smother the flames, while running for help would only fan them into fiercer life and you might be fatally burned. Try to do the

same thing if you should ever be with anyone to whom such an accident has happened. After you have partly smothered the flames, you may pour on water to finish the work, but never wait to do this in the first place. Persons who have been severely burned should be carried into a warm room, their clothing cut to pieces and removed very carefully, and a doctor summoned.

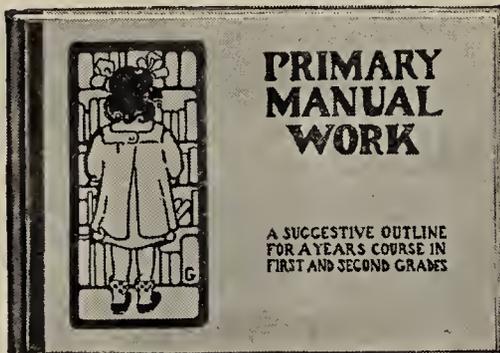
What is a Comet?

What is a comet? Up to the time of the Renaissance a comet was universally supposed to be a vapor in the atmosphere, presaging pestilence, wars, and the death of kings. The Danish astronomer, Tycho Brake, was the first to show that comets lay in the celestial spaces beyond our atmosphere, and Newton proved that the heads of comets obeyed the law of gravitation, like other Celestial bodies. In the middle of the last century H. A. Newton, of Yale, Schiaparelli, and others showed that our chief meteor showers were due to swarms of meteoric bodies moving in elliptical orbits about the

sun, and that in each case there was also a comet moving in the same orbit. It was also shown that in a number of cases it was possible for two or more comets to move in practically the same orbit, and also for one or all of them to fade out and become invisible.

Starting from this last discovery, it required but little ingenuity to foresee that a meteor swarm was nothing but the invisible and scattered head of a comet. When a meteor shower occurred upon the earth it was a case of collision between the earth and the comet, the me-
(Continued on page 400)

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teers being rendered temporarily brilliant by the friction caused by their rush thru our atmosphere. Since the meteors were often accompanied by luminous trains which sometimes retained their brilliancy for several minutes, it was clear that the meteors contained occluded gases, which were expelled at the high temperature to which they were exposed. Since the luminosity of the trains has been known to last in some cases for over an hour, it was evident that it could not be due to the mere heat of friction, which in that rare atmosphere would be dissipated in a few seconds, but must be due to a continuous electric discharge, analogous to that which takes place in the high vacuum of a Geissler tube.

When we photograph a comet's head through a glass prism, obtaining its spectrum, we find that this spectrum consists of a series of bright bands of irregularly varying density. This indicates, first, that the comet shines by its own light, and not like a planet by mere reflection from the sun. Secondly, it shows that the luminous material is in the form of gas, and thirdly, it tells what kind of gas it is. Since the gas cannot be heated to such a degree as to become self-luminous at that

distance from the sun, the source of the light must be electric.

We can now, therefore, say with considerable assurance that a comet's head consists of a swarm of meteors, surrounded and interspersed with a gaseous

atmosphere, which renders it luminous, and therefore visible, by continual internal discharges. When the atmosphere disappears and the discharges cease, the head becomes invisible, and the comet becomes a simple meteor swarm.

Two Replies

MRS. L. C. WHITON, in *Wide-Awake*.

"How do we know it is morn
Ere the day is beginning to
dawn?"

Why, we look, and the stars
no longer glow;
And the wide-awake cock be-
gins to crow;
And the drowsy cattle stand
up and low;
And the snowy sheep to the
pasture go;
And the robins, singing, flit to
and fro;
And the dew is coaxing the
flowers to blow;
And a rosy flush is beginning
to show
All over the skies,—and so we
know
That a beautiful summer
morn
Will soon be born.

"How do we know it is night
Ere the day has taken its
flight?"

Why, the shadows lengthen of
rose-trees high;
And the lilies are closing, as
if with a sigh;
And the red sun drops down
low in the sky;
And the same little robins
homeward fly,
Singing more softly as they
go by,
Till, folding their wings in
warm nests high,
They twitter and twitter un-
til they lie
In a cooing rapture,—and
that is why
We know it is almost night,
Almost—not quite.

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What I Should Like to Do

[Exercise for six little maids]

BY GEO. W. SHIPMAN

FIRST LITTLE MAID

Six happy little maids are we,
Who go to school each day,
And are as busy as we can be,
With scarce a chance for play.
I've heard it said that time has wings,
I wonder if it's true!
And if we had our choice of things,
What each of us would do?

SECOND LITTLE MAID

I often think if I could fly
As birds do, through the air,
I'd go to Europe bye and bye,
To view the wonders there.
But this is such a great big world
With so much that is new,
And there are, O, so many things
That I would love to do!

THIRD LITTLE MAID

I'd love to sail across the sea,
And see the town of Cork,
Or view the lovely poppy fields,
With Chinese girls at work.
But I suppose I'll stay at home
And learn to read and sew,
Because there are so many things
For little maids to do.

FOURTH LITTLE MAID

I think I'd go to Africa,
Where cocoanuts abound,
And roses blossom every day
The whole long year around.
I'd have a team of elephants,
An ice cream parlor, too,
And O, there are so many things
That I should love to do!

FIFTH LITTLE MAID

Well! I would go to Klondike,
sure,
In spite of all the cold,
And sometime I'd come back again
With bags and bags of gold.
And I would buy you all some rings,
And lots of dollies, too,
For there are O, so many things
My Klondike gold would do!

SIXTH LITTLE MAID

If I were rich as any king,
With all the world to see,
I think I'd rather stay at home
Here in America.

ALL

So say we all. Here is our home,
Our country, great and true;
And there are many jolly things
For little maids to do.

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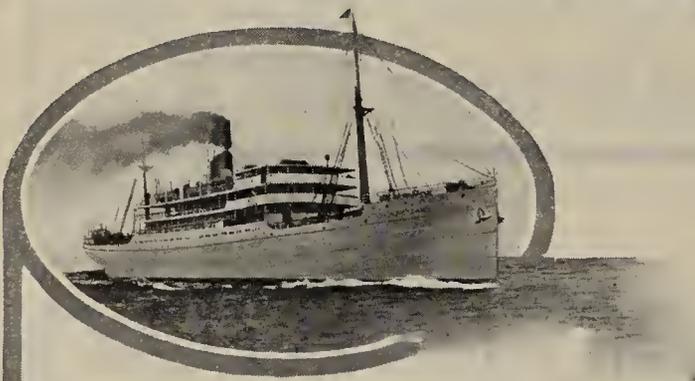
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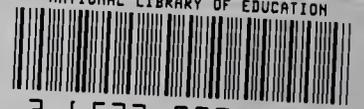
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