

The Normal Review.

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50c a Year.

SPECIAL COURSE IN METHODS.

Monday, May 21, to June 23.

The announcement of the special five weeks' course in Methods of Teaching, at the Normal, to begin May 21, has elicited much favorable comment from leading educational journals and prominent teachers. One county superintendent writes: "I can heartily endorse any movement that will give the teacher more power in the school-room." Another writes: "I am very much interested in your special methods course, and believe it is a movement in the right direction. If I can possibly arrange my work here, I shall be a member of your class, at least for a part of the term." Still another writes: "Your special term in methods is a step forward towards better school work. I hope it will become a permanent feature of your school. In the selection of teachers we need more discrimination between the skilled workman and the apprentice. Our greatest need is experienced and trained teachers."

This is the first attempt, so far as we know, made by a Pennsylvania State Normal, to provide advanced work in methods. Hitherto, progressive and enterprising teachers have been obliged to resort, for this special work, to so-called "summer schools of methods," usually at a

great distance and at considerable expense. Our aim is to bring the school of methods to the teachers, thus saving expensive travel and high rates of boarding. But a greater advantage than that of economy is that the work will be done in the favorable atmosphere of a normal school, with the important adjuncts of a school of practice, and a choice educational library, rather than amid the distracting influences of a large city or a summer resort.

Dr. EDWARD BROOKS, of Philadelphia, will devote one week, commencing Monday, May 21, to the subject of "Psychology in its Relation to Teaching." This work will be practical rather than theoretical. The aim will be (to use the Doctor's own words) "to kindle and inspire more than to give abstract instruction." In connection with Dr. Brooks' daily instruction we have the promise of an evening lecture on "The Value of the Ideal."

It is with peculiar pleasure that we announce the instruction by Dr. Brooks. He is a veteran in normal school work, and has acquired a national reputation through his numerous text-books and his long connection with the work of training teachers in this State.

Miss LELLA E. PATRIDGE, author of "Talks on Teaching" and "Quincy Methods Illustrated," has been secured as leading instructor for the entire term. Her work will be in the line of the two books named. We know of no one more thoroughly qualified to set forth

the spirit of true education as illustrated in the work done by Col. Parker at Quincy and Chicago, and by Dr. Sheldon at Oswego.

Miss Patridge has enjoyed exceptional facilities for acquainting herself with the most advanced educational thought of the day. Her abilities as an instructor are too generally known to make further mention necessary.

The work of Miss Patridge has been carefully planned, so as to make each day of the five weeks important.

THE FOLLOWING PROGRAMME will be adhered to with only such slight modifications as circumstances may render advisable:

FIRST WEEK—LANGUAGES.

Monday.—The First Work in School.
Tuesday.—Picture Stories.
Wednesday.—Beginnings of Natural Science.
Thursday.—The Unity and Connection of Studies.
Friday.—The Examination and Correction of Written Work.

SECOND WEEK—READING.

Mon.—Introductory.—The Pedagogics of Reading.
Tues.—First Lessons—Details and Illustration.
Wed.—Silent Reading—Its Purpose and Results.
Thurs.—Poor Reading—Its Cause and Cure.
Fri.—The Mechanics of Reading—When and How Taught.

THIRD WEEK—GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Mon.—Meaning and Use of the Study of Geography.
Tues.—First Steps in the Teaching of Geography.
Wed.—Home Geography—Hints and Helps.
Thurs.—The World Beyond—Beginning to Travel.
Fri.—Connection between Geography and History.

FOURTH WEEK—ARITHMETIC.

Mon.—Preliminary Discussion—Number vs. Figures, Teaching Objective Devices, etc.
Tues.—The First Year's Work in Number.
Wed.—The Teaching of the Language of Numbers—Figure Work.
Thurs.—Fractions Illustrated.
Fri.—Decimals and Percentage.

FIFTH WEEK—MISCELLANEOUS.

Mon.—Busy Work—Its Use and Abuse.
Tues.—Technical Training.
Wed.—Methods and Devices.
Thurs.—School Government.
Fri.—Moral Training.

The instruction to be given by permanent members of the faculty will include a valuable course of plant lessons by Prof. J. B. Smith, and a critical line of work in the objective study of language and literature under the direction of Miss Elma Ruff.

The White Lady.

The royal palace of Berlin, which is called "the old castle," is of an imposing and almost ill-omened aspect. Its high, black walls, with its innumerable windows screened with spring roller blinds; its deep, dilapidated basement, plunged in the still waters of the Spree, and, above all, the awful silence that reigns over this immense, uninhabited building, impress one with mortal sadness and evoke to the spirit the remembrances of the "haunted castles" of which the old legends tell us. One hardly dares speak above a whisper in crossing its vast rooms, where footsteps echo as in a "deserted church." The court very rarely goes there. The Crown Prince lives near the Tilleuls, in a palace more modern, separated by the opera-house. The "old castle" is deserted; it does not please, it incommodes, it almost frightens, and, moreover, it has a legend, and a Berlin legend must be an uncommon thing. Indeed, what fantastic recital could this huge city, regulated like a military barrack, furnish?

The old King William of Brandenburg, father of Frederick the Great, was of a singular type. Paralyzed by a fit of anger, and bending under the weight of four combined maladies, gout, sciatica, gravel and dropsy, he was wheeled in a chair from one room to another, his grave face appearing like a passing phantom in the high rooms of the old castle.

One night William was lying at the farther end of his bed in a state of excessive weakness, half asleep; a lamp burned near his pillow; a valet slept on a mattress at his feet. Suddenly the King heard the hangings divide, and by the light of the night-lamp he saw a tall white lady with outstretched arms and flowing hair, inclining her head toward the bed, and turning from right to left as though she sought something under the hangings. At last she discovered the King, and her steady eyes looked at him long in silence. William raised himself and made a movement; her eyes followed him; she was unmoved.

At that moment the clock on a

pier-table near the bed rang the hour and stopped. The lady reclosed the hangings slowly and disappeared. At the same moment a violent noise was heard in the room adjoining, where were, and now are, placed on etageres, the plates and dishes used in the fetes of the Prussian King. All the silver and gilt and all the bric-a-brac of horn and of glass shook and fell with a crash to the floor.

The valet awoke; the King cried in accents of terror: "There! there! she went out there!" and with a bewildered look, his hand extended, he pointed to the door of the private room.

"Who?" asked the valet, half asleep.

"The white lady, I tell you. Go and see which way she went."

The valet searched all over the palace and found no other spectre than a corporal in the act of awakening a sentinel.

"I saw the white lady," said the King, as though speaking to himself, and covered his face with the bed-coverings.

When a Prussian king sees the white lady he dies, ever since the time that a German prince of the house of Brandenburg, named Joachim, took, to enlarge his possessions, the house of a poor woman of Berlin; at least, so runs the original tradition of Eugene Pelletan. The unhappy woman, reduced to extremities by this act, appealed to the elector, and, not obtaining reparation nor indemnity, prophesied that he would see her at the day of his death. "And after you," she continued, "yours will see me at their last moment, until your last generation."

And, in fact, William I. saw her in the seventeenth century; she appeared in the same manner to Frederick I. King William accepted her advice in ordering his coffin, and bade the Queen, his wife, to lie in it in order to see "if the coffin was of the dimension required." It was his last folly; he died in the evening.

Forty years later the King of Prussia, Frederick the Great, died at Sans-Souci.

What phantom could, without

being ridiculous, come in her white robe to this beautiful pavilion, to the lovely boudoirs adorned with "amours de plater rose" and "tapisserie, voile de Watteau" or of Lancret? How could a spectre dare to approach this philosophical King whose materialism so embarrassed the great Voltaire and Maupertius, the sovereign who created in his court the office of "premier athee du roi," and who asked in his last will and testament to be buried with his horses and his dogs in a corner at the farthest end of his terrace?

And yet Frederick, who believed in nothing, believed perhaps in ghosts. The idea that he had one day to encounter this apparition which all his ancestors had seen at their last day haunted him more than once.

There is seen still at the castle of the Hermitage, near Beyreuth, a picture of the white lady which he had painted for his sister, the Margrave Wilhelmine. Was it fear? Was it bravado?

The lady was always faithful to her mission. One day, at nightfall, Frederick was alone in his library, which is at the extreme end of the castle, standing before a music-stand which he used when playing the flute. The door opened and the white lady traversed the room without looking at him. For a moment the King was confused. He had, however, the courage to follow her; he opened the door through which she disappeared, but she had already crossed the next room, the door closing automatically after her. Frederick pursued her from room to room without reaching her, and finally stopped at the vestibule door.

The apparition seemed to run over the sand in the circular court which surrounds the double portico of coupled columns; she hesitated for a moment, then vaguely beckoned to him, "Come," and disappeared.

A keeper of Sans-Souci shows the fauteuil in which Frederick passed the evening of that day. He locked himself in his library, and the sentinel who paced the hundred feet on the terrace saw him remain motionless for long hours, his eyes fixed on a corner of the room as though in

expectation. He died a few days later.

No information can be had regarding the appearance of the white lady to the princes who have succeeded to the throne of Prussia since the beginning of the century. The positive and superstitious people of Berlin make her existence an article of faith. They are persuaded that the Emperor William saw her, and if the Crown Prince has lived until the present time, with his cancer, it is because he has not yet seen the white lady.

What Shall the Public Schools Teach?

The essential thing in a public school system is the imparting to all children of so much general intelligence as shall make it safe for them to become citizens. Such a thing as an ignorant vote ought to be an impossibility. Most vices and all crimes are punishable by law, and yet no one of them, not even all of them together, are so dangerous to a republic like ours as is an ignorant ballot. Ignorance is the ready tool in the hands of designing villainy. There is no injustice in the disfranchisement of ignorance; it is simply asking that a man fit himself for the grand work of sharing in the governing power before the power shall be intrusted to him.

One of two things, therefore, ought to be done. Either the ballot should be taken from the hands of ignorance, or else immediate measures should be taken for compulsory, universal education. If any State of the Union be too poor to inaugurate such a system, let it be temporarily assisted by the General Government. This is a matter in which the national safety is concerned. Nothing short of this would justify such a use of the public money; but this would justify it. This national help might be gradually withdrawn in a ratio directly proportioned to the increase of wealth in the State; it should entirely cease so soon as the State should become able to bear its own burden. It is a serious question whether a thorough system of industrial training can be successfully grafted on to the public schools as

they now exist. The course of study already embraces more than most children can master. Concerning all of the things that are already taught (?), it is impossible that the children should be anything more than "smattered;" the word "educated" is hardly the appropriate one to use. If life were long enough, and if people were able, it would, doubtless, be a delightful thing to study and learn everything. But under the conditions of our present life a selection has to be made. And certainly the things that are indispensable to an honest livelihood should find place, though some otherwise very desirable things have to be crowded out. And if the end can be attained in no other way, technical schools should be established, where, along with industrial training, other common and most necessary things might be learned. Let the public schools be kept as training schools for citizenship, and let the distinctively religious institutions devote themselves to looking after religious needs. While, then, I would not have the State teach anybody's religion, I would have the public schools give careful and thorough instruction in morality. I am perfectly well aware that there is no agreement among the different schools of thinkers as to the origin, the underlying principles, or the ultimate sanctions of ethics. There is no practical disagreement as to what sentiments and feelings it is right to cherish, or what conduct it is right to indulge in as between man and man. And there is no question that these right feelings and actions do conduce to public welfare and private happiness. Suppose theorists do dispute as to why it is wrong to lie, all admit the fact. People have disputed over the why of the multiplication table, and speculated as to whether two and two might not make five on some other planet. But nobody denies that, in this world, two and two do make four. The whys are not easy to explain in any department of study, and I do not know that they are much more difficult in ethics than they are anywhere else. But the whats are practically plain, and as plain in ethics as they are

anywhere else; and the whats are enough for the purposes of teaching in the public schools. If all the children can be taught what is right and can be made to see and feel that human well-being and happiness depend on it—their own as well as that of everybody else—then the priests, the ministers or the parents will have perfect liberty to tell them the why as much as they please, and nobody need be troubled by the explanation, or question their right to give it. That they be taught and made to feel the facts is the only concern of the State, and this, it seems to me, is as practicable teaching in any other direction.—*M. J. Savage, in January Forum.*

TRUE THEORY is the outgrowth of practice, and consequently those who have had the most practice in school work, are, other things being equal, the most competent to frame rules for the government of schools. It would be well if we could always keep this principle in mind. The law wisely places the management of the schools in the hands of directors, and makes the teachers their "executive officer." When this is managed as it should be, it is well; but when carried to extreme, it makes of the teacher the merest machine. If he is told just what he must do, what he must not do, and just how he must or must not do this, that, and the other, he is about as much of a free moral agent as an army mule,—just about as free, and under such a system he would soon become about as moral. It is well to employ no teacher who cannot be trusted both to manage and instruct his school.—*Iowa Nor. Monthly.*

Disciplinary Studies.

1. Because a study is practical, does that inevitably decree that it is not disciplinary as well?
2. Because a study is non-practical, does that settle it that it is therefore disciplinary in the highest degree?
3. If the second be true, does nature or its Author intend to mock man by requiring him to do one thing to live and another to educate? Let's be reasonable.

The Same Old World.

'Tis the same old world our fathers knew
And their grandsires knew before them,
And the same old sun and skies of blue,
As in their lives shone o'er them;
And life is the same old hard fought game;
The players change but the play's the same.

Though the years come on and the years go
by
Yet they but repeat earth's story,
With its oft-told tale of a smile and sigh
And of blossoming fields and gory;
New-comers smile and weep, 'tis true;
But the smile and the tear are by no means
new.

There is nothing new to this age and time
In the song, the jest or story,
We hear the joke, the tale and rhyme
That was known ere the world grew hoary;
New novelists, singers and jesters came;
But the song, jest and tale remain the same.

Did Cæsar Fortify the Rhone?

BY PROF. J. A. ALLEN.

It was our way, when we were children, to believe everything we saw in print; and that was very much the way the world had, of believing everything that came from the ancient authors. Among the rest, we have all, in our younger days, read and believed the account, in the beginning of the "Gallic War," that Julius Cæsar "carried a wall nineteen miles long and sixteen feet high, with a ditch," from Geneva to where the Rhone gets past the spur of the Jura.

Some years ago, having occasion to look at the matter, I was struck to find that in the Life of Cæsar by Napoleon III., reports of engineers were given, to the effect that only a few points here and there in those nineteen miles needed fortification, or probably ever were fortified; and those same engineers reported that they had found traces, at such points, of what they supposed to be Cæsar's forts. This may have been because they looked for them there; and perhaps if they had looked for something else they would have found that too.

At least my curiosity was moved, and I thought to myself that if I ever had the chance I would look with my own eyes and see what I could see. Now it happened, about two years ago, that I spent three or four days at Geneva, and on the third day proceeded to put my scheme in practice. In the morning I went by omnibus over the five dusty miles to Ferney, to see Voltaire's estate and chapel there; and from this elevation had a splen-

did view not only of the Mount Blanc range to the southeast, but of the slope of the Jura, as plain as it is on the map, toward the Rhone and the southwest. At noon I was back in Geneva, and spent the afternoon in following the parched, rough, and dusty margin of the river as far down as I could conveniently go. A good deal of the way was through a rather scrubby growth of trees, and some of it over rough field cracked with the heat and drought of early August. I kept, as nearly as I could the line which must have been followed by Cæsar's engineers, and may fairly say that I stood on every "coigne of vantage" that commanded a fair view of the river for at least five miles below Geneva.

As to the remaining dozen or fifteen miles, I of course do not pretend to say. But the general impression I took from the survey, I did make might be summed up by saying that General Scott might as well have claimed, for political effect, to have fortified the gorge below Niagara against the Canadian in the War of 1812. At Geneva, as everybody knows, the river rushes out of the lake in great body and force. Byron calls it "the arrowy Rhone;" which the guide-book improves upon by saying that it flows "swift as an arrow." Some allowance must be made for this poetic but violent hyperbole. But it is no exaggeration at all to say that the Rhone, as it passes under and issues from the bridges of Geneva, is a gigantic mill-race. At its narrowest it is about four hundred feet wide (by my reckoning) and though it widens out a good deal below, it seems to abate nothing of its speed. The Arve comes in, a mile or so below the city, and its white-brown, clayey water spins along on the surface of the torrent, showing hardly any sign of mingling as far as I could follow it with my eye.

To all appearance it would be perfectly idle to float a boat in the current. Not a sign of a boat was anywhere to be seen, except where here and there some craft was moored to the shore, so as to take advantage of the stream to turn a mill-wheel,—possibly, too, to catch

fish or wash clothes. As for navigation, it seemed ridiculous to hint at any such thing. Yet just here—the river being perhaps half-a-mile wide,—we are to believe that the unfortunate Helvetians made a serious attempt to cross in their pitiful canoes, and it is something of a victory for Cæsar's troops to have prevented their landing! If they did try, it would be hard to persuade me that they ever got half-way over, or that the victory was anything more than the fun of seeing them swept helpless down the stream.

I am, further, very skeptical as to their ever reaching the water's edge on the other side. All the way along, on both sides, there are precipitous banks, coming close down into the river, which I roughly guessed to be (on the opposite side) about a hundred feet high. The *carbaretier* on the hither bank, where I got my humble repast, thought they were fully three hundred. Either height is quite enough to make any such attempt impossible. In order to give the proportions of his victory, Cæsar tells us, afterwards, that the armed migration of the Helvetians consisted of more than six hundred thousand,—men, women, and children, to say nothing of wagons and live stock. And only a sharp battle prevents these poor creatures,—after they have climbed down that precipice and got somehow to the water's edge,—from forcing a landing on the other bank, equally high, steep, and barricaded with trees! Where did the fleet of boats come from? And how was that multitude, cattle, carts, and all, to get across that half-mile mill-race? I ought to say that there is not even a respectable wall of rock to climb down by, but (so far as one can judge) a sort of indurated clay,—not slaty shale, like that at Niagara, which you can crumble off in your fingers, but lumpy, amorphous, and (one would think) the most treacherous climbing in the world.

I do not believe that Cæsar would have made his—real or imaginary,—wall extend all the way from Geneva, as he did, if he had not been at a safe distance from Rome. With all his great qualities as a

military leader, he was at the same time a shrewd politician, watching his chances at home when the war of conquest should be over. His notes of battle and march were hastily made up, in little packages, and sent to his friends at the capital as powder for the campaign going on there. They were written for political effect; and I do not see why we should take them at their word, any more than other things written for political effect. At least in this part of the ground, I think the story is very suspicious. I dare say there may have been fortified spots here and there along the bank, as the French engineers assert,—probably for purposes of observation, not defence. But as to this "wall nineteen miles long and sixteen feet high, with a ditch," I suspect that it is all in Caesar's eye,—and in his Commentaries!

Our Loved Ones.

Our loved ones faded from our sight
And left the earth home dark and drear,
They took from out our lives the light,
They left within our hearts the tear.

Our loved ones passed from out the night
Of earthly pain and conflict long,
Into Thy presence, King of Light,
To praise Thee in the glad new song.

Dear one, beyond all others dear,
Because thou dwellest free from pain,
I patient wait in darkness here
Tho' bitter grief the heart strings strain.

Loved one, the sunbeam of my heart,
Because thou dwellest with the King
And with the ransomed hath a part,
I'll patient bear the bitter sting.

I dare not call thee back to me,
Tho' all of life I'd gladly give
For but one look of love from thee,
One moment as of old to live.

'Tis better far for thee to be
With Christ, our Lord, so glorified,
Than waiting here on earth with me,
Tho' in thy death my joy has died.

A little while—I stop and say—
And then with thee across the tide—
O dear one, is it sin to pray,
Lessen the days I here abide.

Failure of the Schools to Reach a Desirable Standard.

The remark that the schools are improving, has been made so often that those who are not actual laborers in this field are in danger of thinking we have already well nigh reached the possible standard of perfection. But, if we join any county superintendent and travel the grand round with him, we shall be disquieted at the sight of many young men and women just about to leave the schools, whose names

have been on the register for years, who can scarcely read intelligibly; whose penmanship is exceedingly faulty; who are no more capable of writing such a letter as I have referred to than of translating Latin into pure English; who cannot carry on a conversation in grammatical language for a single moment; who are unable to write a correctly worded receipt, note or order for goods from the village store; whose knowledge of United States history ends with the statements that the revolutionary war was caused by a tax on the tea, and that Washington was the father of his country; and, worst of all, with no taste for healthful reading or apparent desire for culture. These statements are not overdrawn. Every experienced superintendent will testify to their accuracy. Where we find one pupil possessing the scholarship indicated as within the scope of a common-school education, there are a score whose attainments are a criticism on the efficacy of the work which is being done. If it be true that the majority leave the schools in comparative ignorance of what they are expected to learn; that they fall so far below a desirable standard; that, indeed, a startling degree of failure is patent to the intelligent observer, something must be radically wrong in our system. We must cease boasting of our schools. Seek out, and if possible, remove those obstacles which hinder advancement. — *School Education.*

Value of Foreign Coins, U. S. Standard.

AUSTRIA.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Sovereign	\$ 6 60
Crown	6 56
Ducat, Hungarian	2 25
Ducat, Austrian	2 20
Eight Florin Piece	3 80
Four Florin Piece	1 90
<i>Silver.</i>	
Thaler Crown	\$ 0 95
" Queens	0 90
" Species	0 88
" Vereins	0 65
Florin Double	0 80
Florin	0 40
BELGIUM.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Ten Francs	\$ 1 90
<i>Silver.</i>	
Francs	\$ 0 17½
Five Francs	0 90
BRAZIL.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Twenty Milreis	\$10 25
Ten Milreis	3 75
Nine Milreis	4 55
<i>Silver.</i>	
Two Milreis	0 83¼
Double Pataca	0 37¼
500 Reis	0 19

CENTRAL AMERICA.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Dubloon or Onza	\$15 50
Pistole	5 10
Escudos	1 87
<i>Silver.</i>	
Peso	0 88
Four Reals	0 44
One Real	0 8
CHINA.	
<i>Silver.</i>	
Tael	\$ 1 55
Dollar	0 75
DENMARK.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Twenty Kronors	\$ 5 20
Ten Kronors	2 60
Double D'or	7 88
D'or	3 90
<i>Silver.</i>	
Rigs Doler	0 90
Bank Doler	0 43¼
Two Kroner	0 50
Kroner	0 24¼
FRANCE.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Five Francs	0 95
<i>Silver.</i>	
Five Francs	0 90
One Franc	0 17½
GERMAN EMPIRE.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Five Marks	\$ 1 15
<i>Silver.</i>	
Five Marks	1 10
One Mark	0 21
GREAT BRITAIN.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Guinea	\$ 5 10
Sovereign	4 85
<i>Silver.</i>	
Crown	1 10
Florin	0 45
Shilling	0 22
Sixpence	0 10
HOLLAND.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Ducat	\$ 2 25
Five Gulden	2 00
<i>Silver.</i>	
Gulden	0 40
Half Gulden	0 17
ITALY.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Five Lires	\$ 0 95
<i>Silver.</i>	
Five Lires	0 90
One Lire	0 17½
JAPAN.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Yeu	\$ 0 94
Five Yeus	4 94
Twenty Yeus	19 95
<i>Silver.</i>	
Trade Dollar	0 91¾
Yeu	0 90
Ten Sen	0 08
MEXICO.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Dubloon	\$15 50
Peso	0 90
<i>Silver.</i>	
Peso	0 88
Real	0 09
RUSSIA.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Emprial, or Ten Roubles	\$ 7 50
Ducat, or Three Roubles	2 25
Glatina Rouble	0 72
<i>Silver.</i>	
Rouble	0 66
Ten Kopecs	0 05
SPAIN.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Five Pesetas	\$ 0 95
<i>Silver.</i>	
Peseta	0 17½
SWEDEN AND NORWAY.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Ten Kronors	\$ 2 60
Ducat	2 27
<i>Silver.</i>	
Kroner	0 26
SWITZERLAND.	
<i>Gold.</i>	
Five Francs	\$ 0 98
<i>Silver.</i>	
Franc	0 17½

The Stars: Are They Suns?

It appears, in considering the relation of the sun to the stars, that our inquiries, in whatever direction they may be prosecuted, lead us invariably to believe that the stars are suns and that the sun is a star. This is, indeed, a sublime conclusion. The researches of astronomy, based upon irrefragable evidence, teach us that the innumerable luminaries which adorn the stellar vault are vast bodies resembling the sun in their physical constitution, and rivaling the sun in magnitude and splendor. In connection with this grand idea, another thought naturally occurs to the mind of the inquirer. It is this: Our own sun is accompanied by a retinue of primary and secondary bodies revolving round it. Does this fact also hold good in respect to the countless bodies in the stellar regions which we are taught henceforth to regard as so many suns? To this we would reply, in the first instance, that in so far as observation is concerned we have no evidence whatever (unless in the exceptional case of Sirius) that any star is accompanied by opaque bodies revolving round it similarly to the planets of the solar system. But a little inquiry will soon show that this objection to the doctrine of the stars being accompanied by a system of planets is without valid foundation. If we suppose the earth to be viewed from either of the planets Venus or Mars, it would doubtless present the aspect of a brilliant star, perhaps exceeding in luster the average brightness of a star of the first magnitude. If we suppose the observer to be upon the planet Saturn, the earth would no longer be visible to the naked eye, but might be perceived in a telescope of moderate power. Finally, if the observer took his station upon the planet Neptune, which is the most remote body of the planetary system (and which, be it remembered, a railway train traveling at the rate of fifty miles an hour would not reach in less than six thousand years), the earth would be visible only in the most powerful telescopes which the skill of man has hitherto constructed, and even then

would be perceptible only as an excessively small point of light.

Now, the planet Neptune is distant from the earth only one seven-thousandth part of the distance of the nearest of the fixed stars. Obviously this fact, viewed in connection with the remarks we have just made, settles the question of the visibility of planets revolving around the stars. At such a distance any system of opaque bodies shining solely by reflected light, and resembling in other respects the bodies of the planetary system, would be utterly imperceptible even in the most powerful telescopes which have heretofore been constructed for astronomical purposes. We repeat, therefore, it is no valid objection to the doctrine of the stars being accompanied by planets that we have no ocular proof of the existence of such bodies, seeing that in consequence of the immense distance of the stars the visibility of a system of planets revolving around a star is utterly impossible, notwithstanding the most powerful telescopic aid which we may employ in our observations. On the other hand, it seems a perfectly reasonable conjecture to suppose that the innumerable suns which adorn the stellar vault, and which have been found, so far as the researches of the astronomer have heretofore conducted him, to be vast bodies comparable in magnitude and splendor to our own sun, should, like our sun, also be accompanied in each instance by a retinue of revolving worlds. The researches of astronomers on the movements of double stars inform us that the great law of attraction which governs the movements of the various bodies of the solar system extends also to the vast bodies of the universe which roll in space at an inconceivable distance beyond the limits of the solar system. It is probable, therefore, that each star is accompanied by a system of revolving bodies, the movements of which are controlled by the preponderating attraction of the central body, as we see in the case of the solar system.

Another interesting question offers itself in connection with these remarks: Does life exist not merely on the earth, but on all the planets

of the solar system, and also on the planets which may be presumed to revolve round the innumerable suns of the stellar regions? Here, again, we have only conjecture to guide us. With respect to the bodies constituting the solar system, which, from their comparative proximity to the earth, might be supposed to furnish a solution of this problem, careful observations have heretofore offered no indications whatever of the existence of life upon their surfaces; but life in some form or another may notwithstanding exist on those bodies. We must bear in mind that the planets are in all probability in various stages of development. It may be reasonably presumed that the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, in consequence of their enormous bulk, have cooled down more slowly than the earth and the other smaller planets of the solar system, and are therefore less advanced as abodes of animated existence than the latter are; but even in the case of the earth it must be admitted to have revolved millions of years round the sun merely as a fiery orb before life appeared on its surface, and even after it had cooled down and become the abode of animated existence, it produced, during countless millions of years more, life only in its lowest forms. The existence of man is but yesterday. This is an instructive lesson. It teaches us that although man exists on the earth's surface, it does not follow that beings of the same order of intelligence as man exist upon all the other planets, or even upon any of them. Upon some of the planets life may not have yet come into existence; upon others life may exist, but in a less advanced stage than upon the earth; and the same remark is obviously applicable to the numberless bodies of the starry firmament. The state of the question, then, is this: We cannot pronounce positively upon the existence of life anywhere beyond the planet upon which we dwell; but, reasoning from analogy, we may suppose that certain, if not all, of the other bodies of the planetary system, which in so many respects bear a strong affinity to our own planet, are in like manner the abodes of

life in some form or another, and that similarly there are countless bodies in the stellar regions which may also be the abodes of life.—*Prof. Grant, in Good Words.*

Handwriting of Authors.

Joaquin Miller is one of the few who write so it is almost impossible to read the manuscript. Swinburne is another. There is a manuscript poem of his that it is impossible to read entirely. Some verses will read along quite fluently, but others are illegible. He probably writes with a quill pen, and a bad one at that. His letters have no shading, and he is not particular about dotting his i's or crossing his t's. Walt Whitman writes a very characteristic hand; big, boldly-formed letters; careless, but very distinct. He also uses a quill. A letter of Ruskin's looks as though he might have written it with the point of a pin, but it is very easy to read. The words stand a good distance apart, occasionally joined by the crossing of a t.

"Yours in haste, Kate Field," written in a square, bold hand, is very characteristic and easily recognized under any circumstances. One could hardly form a proper idea of Julia Ward Howe from her handwriting. It looks as though the pen barely touched the paper, and bears the marks of haste. It is not hard to decipher, however, except the Howe in the signature, that might as well be anything else.

Now comes the worst writing imaginable. It is a page of manuscript in one of Mrs. Oliphant's stories. If she had written it with the point of a hair, the strokes of her pen could not be any finer. When this manuscript was first received in New York some six years ago, the printers refused to set it up. They declared that they could not read it. George Macdonald writes a large, manly hand, with bold, black strokes and unmistakable signature. Robert Buchanan writes an easily-read, affectedly literary hand, as though he was trying to be unintelligible, but did not like to be altogether so. He puts little curly *queues* on his letters that are rather boyish. William

Winter, of the New York *Tribune*, writes the most remarkable hand of all. The letters look like forked lightning. His directions on an envelope are very plain, and you begin the letter swimmingly, but, before you know it, you are brought to a standstill. His penmanship, for all this, is pretty as well as unique, and there is something quite poetic about it. Journalists are more apt to write badly than authors, for they write under pressure. They should write better than any one else, or at least more distinctly, for the reason that there is no time to revise their proofs. Horace Greeley and Ex-Governor Bross have long had the palm for writing the most unreadable "copy" that printers ever had to handle. There is a specimen of Gov. Bross' writing in almost every printing office in the country, preserved as a curiosity.

ANY one familiar with the history of public schools in the United States knows that they were never intended to cover the entire field of scholastic training. The system rests on the assumed—we may say self-evident—right of society to protect itself against the dangers incident to illiteracy. In a republic those dangers are obvious and great. Ballots in the hands of ignorant masses menace the perpetuity of the state. Under any and all systems of government illiteracy conduces to poverty and crime. It is, therefore, on broad general principles competent and politic for the state to make war on illiteracy as a public enemy. For this reason the state puts its hand into the strong box of the millionaire and takes his money to build school houses, employ teachers, and defray all other expenses incident to the maintenance of free school. It may happen that the millionaire has no direct interest in the schools—may have no children to send to them, or, having children, may prefer to educate them in private schools—all the same he is taxed. Society guarantees him such protection as it can give to his life and property, and in order that this protection may be the best possible it helps itself to his money to aid

in the warfare against illiteracy. How far may free public instruction be carried on this basis? How broad should be the curriculum of the public schools? Are the high schools of most of the cities, towns and villages within the proper range of free instruction? Is it a rightful exercise of the taxing power to compel property owners to support such institutions? And are not the high schools absorbing money that should be devoted to the improvement of schools of lower grades? If it be claimed that the war which the state may rightfully urge against illiteracy through the taxing power includes instruction in the classics, in modern languages, and in the higher mathematics, why not say at once that the state is forced to maintain free colleges? And having gone so far, why should not the state support free medical colleges, free law schools, and all other appliances for professional training? Complaint is made that the lower grades of city schools are inadequately supported in order to eke out money for the maintenance of a high school. More buildings, more teachers, better facilities of all kinds are needed in the lower grades, but taxes are high—so high that people protest against any increase for school purposes. Only a very small percentage of the pupils in the lower grades can finish the course, for they must go to work long before the high school can be reached in regular progression. The high school is for the few—the lower grades for the many. Must the many be pinched or defrauded in order that the few may be educated beyond the province of the free-school system?—*Washington Post.*

Morality in Teaching.

Is not a school, which is under the charge of a teacher who is ever, by word and deed, inspiring his pupils to earnest, faithful, honest school work; who chides impurity, dishonesty, neglect of school duties, overgrown selfishness, and gives a hearty approval to their bright contraries, doing a fruitful work in the service of that morality whose basis is human nature, and dates back to man's first coming into the world.

Clioian Review.

MOTTO--NON PALMA SINE PULVERE.

HANNAH STEPHENS, Editor.

ARBOR day, April 27.

CLIO now numbers 124.

MISS LUCY ULERY will start for Kansas City soon.

NEW students are continually arriving at the Normal.

MR. KEYS, class of '87 paid the Normal a visit recently.

CLIO is prospering under the presidency of Mr. Lowstuter.

No preparation has been made so far for celebrating Arbor day.

THE seniors of '87 drop in on us occasionally, or semi-occasionally.

TEACHER'S examination is to be held at the College, June 26 and 27.

MISS ELVA HERTZOG, class of '84, expects to be a special method student.

MR. GEORGE D. JENKINS is at present attending school at Ada, Ohio.

MR. J. B. HALLAM, class of '87, has engaged a room for the special course.

THE seniors are delivering orations in the Chapel at the rate of two a week.

MISS BELLE RANKIN, a student of last year, expects to return for the teacher's term.

MR. JOSEPH PATTON, a former student, paid the Normal a brief visit April 23.

PRINCIPAL W. S. BRYAN, of the Brownsville schools, expects to take the special method course.

THE present address of Prof. C. R. Ehrenfeld, formerly principal of the Normal, is York, Pa.

THE school is looking forward with great anticipation for the arrival of Miss Patridge and Prof. Brooks.

MISS LILLIAN BURKHART, a pupil of Prof. King's who favored the school with recitations, April 20, has given her name as an honorary member of Clio.

PROFS. Hall, Jennings and Herrington examined the graduating class of the Brownsville Public school.

MRS. J. W. SMITH, class of '78 is traveling through southern California with her husband for his health.

MISS MILLIE MCKELVY and a friend, both of Ligonier, Pa., expect to take the special course in methods.

MR. W. I. BERRYMAN has gone to Waynesburg College, where he is taking a special course in Latin and German.

"LITTLE JIMMIE" HALLAM and Hugh Keys, being the latest, they report the Normal to be growing in favor everywhere.

MISS MAMIE NELAN, a late graduate of Bridgeport public schools, has entered school. She has identified herself with Clio.

MISS PATRIDGE will arrive about May 15, and will have her work in good shape before the opening of the special term, May 21.

MISS ALICE HORNBER, a worthy Clio of former days, is attending a Normal school conducted by Prof. Porter at her home, Bridgeport.

MISS ADA JENKINS, who has been teaching in Miss Maggie Stockdale's room at Monongahela City, will return to the Normal in a few weeks.

THREE or four special course students are expected from each of the classes of '85 and '86, and a larger number from the class of '84.

MISS ANNIE HORNBECK, who taught last term at Saltsburg, Indiana County, Pa., has engaged a room for the special methods term.

THE graduating class of the Brownsville school will hold their commencement exercises in the Lyceum, on the eve. of May 8. The school will hold closing exercises in the afternoon in the school hall.

MISS BERTHA LUTES will open a summer school at her home, Lock, No. 3, the first of May. Miss Lutes was a Normal student last year.

PROF KING is making bi-weekly trips to the Normal for the training of the contestants, class day performers and societies in general.

THE class of 1887 will be represented in the special method course, probably by eight members, possibly by ten. Can any other class beat that.

A SPECIAL course student is expected from each of the classes of '78 and '79, and two each from '80, '81 and '82. The class of '83 may do better, and send five.

MISS MARY E. CHURUS, of Latrobe, Pa., one of Westmoreland County's foremost primary teachers, will be at the Normal for part of the special methods term.

MISS MCPHERSON has placed in her recitation room a large and beautifully framed portrait of Whittier, a companion piece to the Longfellow portrait placed there some weeks ago.

PROF. HALL recently helped examine the graduating class of the Brownsville high school and reports excellent work by the class. "Now class, come right away to the Normal and finish the work so well begun."

STUDENTS continue to come in. Miss Mary Nelan, of Brownsville, and Messrs. Lee Smith and O. O. Anderson, both Fayette County teachers, began work April 23. Also Misses Rhoda G. Harrison, of Elizabeth, and Katie J. Henderson, of Boston, Pa., both Allegheny County teachers.

A CERTIFICATE of attendance will be given to each member of the special course who desires it, and assistance will be cheerfully given in obtaining suitable positions as teachers.

Philomathean Galaxy.

MOTTO—PEDETENTIM ET GRADATIM.

CLARA E. MULHOLLAN, Editor.

STUDENTS are constantly arriving and swelling our ranks.

MR. VINCENT C. RADER, '87, was a visitor at the Normal, April 23.

MISS MARY GUFFEY, a junior of '86, expects to enter for the special term.

THE seniors are now at work on their third classic "Sir Roger De Coverley."

PROF. RAUB, a former teacher of the school, is now teaching in Paterson, N. J.

MISS MAGGIE HESTER is teaching a very successful summer school near Elizabeth.

THE King entertainment was an excellent seasoning for last week's educational feast.

MR. WM. DEBOLT, '86, is now employed in a large store on Liberty street, Pittsburgh.

MR. KIEHL, '87, finished his school, and is now attending Waynesburg College.

MR. GEO. O. HORNER, of Millsboro, class of '79, was a visitor at the Normal, April 21.

MISS SADIE BELL, '85, has closed her school, and expects to remain at home for the summer.

MISS ANNIE RUPLE, '87, closed a successful school term, and is now continuing her work in Botany.

PROF. F. R. HALL, examined the graduating class in the Brownsville public school on Friday, April 20.

MISS CARRIE MCGINNIS, a faithful Philo, of class of '86, expects to attend the special term for teachers.

MISS LILLIAN BURKHART visited the school on the 20th of April, and favored us with several choice recitations.

PHILO was never in such a prosperous condition as at the present. About 125 members are on the roll. If the membership continues to increase, the hall will have to be enlarged.

MR. KIDD has pitched his tent in Philo society, and expects to "camp" there the remainder of this term.

PROF. BRYAN, Principal of the Brownsville public school, was a guest of Prof. Hall's on Saturday, April 21.

MESSRS. V. C. RADER, G. M. Montgomery and G. P. Baker paid the Normal a flying visit on Monday, April 23.

MR. HARRY BEAZELL, a former student and Philo, has graduated at Duff's Business College, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ALL the students are anxiously looking forward to the coming of Miss Patridge, who is to instruct them in methods.

MR. WM. DUNN, class of '79, expects to make his future home in Denver, Colorado, where his wife will soon join him.

MR. L. R. CRUMRINE, a former student and an ardent Philo, attended the entertainment on Saturday evening, April 21.

MISS MABEL AMMONS, a Normal student, who has been sick, is now convalescent. She was taken to her home, at Millsboro, April 22.

PHILO saw a tug of war when Dr. Noss and Prof. King debated the question whether a man has a right to live a hermit, April 13.

MISS ELLA TEGGERT, a junior of '87, has given up her position as book-keeper in Mr. J. N. Mullin's store, Fayette City, Pa., and has returned home.

MR. A. A. GUFFEY, '87, has entered Washington and Jefferson College, and is enjoying himself so highly that he writes for all his friends to come and join him.

ON account of the increase of students, it has been necessary to place an eleventh row of chairs in the Chapel, which was never known before in the history of the school.

SUPT. SPINDLER's examinations of teachers in this part of the country will be held at Monongahela City, May 24 and 25; Beallsville, May 28 and 29, and California, June 26 and 27.

DR. GEO. M. VAN DYKE, '78, has returned from Philadelphia to his home in this place. He will spend a few months here before locating permanently in his medical practice.

MISS JOSEPHINE MELLON, a member of the senior class, and a loyal Philo, spent the past week at her home in Beaver Falls, and returned with glowing descriptions of her visit.

THE following officers were elected April 20: President, Miss Sadie Scott; Vice-President, Miss Jessie Whitsett; Secretary, Miss Minnie Paxton; Critic, Mr. Rizor; Attorney, Mr. Meradith; Treasurer, Miss Mountsier.

MR. J. H. SUTHERLAND, '83, will teach a select school at Marion (Bredy P. O.), Indiana county, Pa., this summer. Mr. S. has been a student in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, during the past term.

THE Botany class is flourishing under the direction of Prof. Smith. They have already analyzed three plants. He has divided the class into sections of three, and, owing to the scarcity of gentlemen, each one has to collect specimens for two ladies.

THE entertainment given in the Normal chapel, April 21, by Prof. and Mrs. Byron W. King, proved a decided success. The program consisted of various selections, vocal imitations and ventriloquism. Their work was intensely thrilling and effective, the audience often being moved to tears. It is thought to be the best elocutionary entertainment ever given here, and we hope to have them with us again in the future.

Turning Points of Freedom.

BY BERTHA WATSON.

When the United States, having triumphed over her English enemies, was rapidly settling the Western lands and beginning to quarrel bitterly over the question of slavery, a famous people of the old world had become the victim of a powerful neighbor.

The peninsula of Italy, instead of being one great independent state, was divided among a number of petty princes and dukes, a few of whom were good rulers, but most of whom were cruel tyrants. Next door, so to speak, was the ambitious Austrian empire, which, without a shadow of right, had succeeded in putting a finger into all Italian affairs and getting the upper hand generally. The bad rulers gladly took her money and added her oppression to their own. The good rulers, she overawed by her powerful army.

Those among the Italians who loved liberty—and they were many—were continually plotting and scheming against Austria.

She had spies everywhere and many were the cruel punishments inflicted upon those she called traitors but who were in reality patriots.

The brave young Count Gouffonieri was condemned to death for conspiracy. His devoted wife forced her way into the presence of the emperor, Francis Joseph, and falling on his knees begged for his pardon with sobs and tears. It was in vain. Then she appealed to the Empress, and would not leave her until she had succeeded in gaining from Francis Joseph the promise that Gouffonieri's life should be spared.

The Emperor's mercy was worse than his cruelty. The young soldier was chained in a dungeon and never allowed to see his family and friends, or even to hear of them. Twice a year word was sent to his wife that he was sick or well—no more.

For ten years she left no stone unturned to gain his freedom. Then she died of a broken heart. The prisoner was told, "Your wife is dead," but when or how he was not allowed to know.

No wonder the people groaned under cruelty like this.

There was, however, an Italian prince who loved his country, and only bided his time until he could aim a deadly blow at Austria. Charles Albert, King of Savoy and Piedmont in the north-western part of Italy, was the one true patriot among all the rulers of the land.

But what was this small state compared with that great Empire and all its upholders in Italy.

Charles Albert bided his time and at last he thought the moment had come. The people of all Italy he knew were in sympathy with him, but their tyrants were rich and controlled the army.

Victor Emmanuel, the king's oldest son, was delighted at the prospect of war against the Austrians whom he hated bitterly. The young man was a born soldier. In one of the first battles the experienced Austrian army was getting the best of the Piedmontese, when, as an eye witness says:

"I saw pass before me like a whirlwind, a young general, his Arab horse covered with foam, his spurs stained with blood. The cavalier, with eyes flashing and moustache bristling on end precipitated himself, sword in hand, towards a splendid regiment of the guards; he pulled up opposite to it and cried out, "With me, guards, to save the honor of Savoy!" A general shout responded to the chivalrous invitation. The regiment put itself in motion instantly, and the fight was more desperate than ever."

It was Victor Emmanuel who thus saved the day for Savoy.

But Italy was still too disunited, too little used to serve under one master, to keep up against the strength and discipline of Austria. At the battle of Novara, in 1849, Charles Albert was utterly defeated, though the Piedmontese fought with desperate bravery.

General Perron, heading a desperate assault, had his skull broken. He begged the men who supported him to lay him at the king's feet, and with his last convulsive breath he said, "Sire, I offered to you and my country the last days of my life. My duty is accomplished."

A captain of artillery having an

arm shot off, never left his post, but rallied his men and rushed again to the assault.

Such instances of bravery were numerous, but they were in vain. When all was over, Charles Albert, completely broken-hearted, gathered his generals about him and in their presence resigned his crown to his son.

This was a terrible responsibility for a young man, but Victor Emmanuel proved himself worthy of the trust. From that very moment he set before himself the mighty task of freeing Italy and making it one nation.

The most important lesson he had to learn was patience. For ten long years he waited before taking up arms again.

At last, having strengthened himself by an alliance with Napoleon III, Emperor of France, he marched against the foe. Great was the enthusiasm. The petty states arose and expelled their tyrants. Volunteers flocked in from all Italy. It was easy for these men to die in battle.

"One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down with triumphant acclaims,
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names."

Success crowned the armies of the allies. "Italy shall be free from the Alps to the Adriatic," said Napoleon in a burst of generosity, which unfortunately did not last. He suddenly discovered that it was for his own interest to make peace with Austria. The Italians were bitterly disappointed, but it was useless to go on without the aid of the French army, so they too, made peace, and Italy was only a little better off than before.

Thus the Italians learned that they could not depend on the friendship of others, but must trust to themselves alone.

One of the bravest soldiers of liberty was Garibaldi.

"The Lion of Italy." He had red hair and always wore a red cap, a red shirt, and a white cloak lined with red. His followers wore red in imitation of their leader and acknowledged no law but his word. He would not accept pay for his services, and sometimes he fought

for Victor Emmanuel, but oftener waged what is called "guerrilla war," on his own responsibility, fighting just where and how he chose.

At one battle he was surrounded by four dragoons who demanded his surrender. Drawing his sword he replied proudly, "I am Garibaldi. You must surrender to me." And they did!

The very worst man in all Italy, at that time, was Francis, King of Sicily, and his subjects looked with longing eyes to the free people of northern Italy, under the rule of "The honest king." But Victor Emmanuel was not strong enough to go to their rescue.

Suddenly Garibaldi and his volunteers descended upon Sicily. The king's army outnumbered the little band of "Red Shirts," four to one, but they fought with a fury that swept all before them—and Sicily was free!

Then the question arose—Should Garibaldi set up a little state of his own here, or, should he hand over the conquered province to Victor Emmanuel? There must have been a fierce struggle in his mind, for he held some views very different from those of the king, and his minister, Cavour. Loyalty and common sense conquered at last and Victor Emmanuel was invited to take possession.

When they met—"the two leaders rode quickly forward, and when near enough to salute, Garibaldi reined up his horse, and said in an agitated voice, 'King of Italy!'"

"I thank you," was the simple response of "the honest king." They clasped hands and stood looking at each other in eloquent silence, the black eyes and the blue flashing forth mutual congratulations, while the royal troops and Garibaldians, mingling together fraternally rent the air with joyous acclamations. "Viva Vittorio, Red'Italia! Viva Garibaldi! 'Viva l'Italia!'"

But Victor Emmanuel did not move fast enough to satisfy "The Lion of Italy." After awhile he set out for Rome, intending to drive out the good old Pope, Pius IX, and present that city also to the king.

This, Victor Emmanuel could not allow. There is no doubt now that Pius IX and Victor Emmanuel really liked and respected each other although they were often on opposite sides of the quarrel.

As Garibaldi refused to lay down his arms in obedience to the king's command, Victor Emmanuel sent his own soldiers against him and defeated him. This was in 1862 when our own civil war was raging so fiercely.

All Italy was freed from Austrian rule now with the exception of beautiful Venice, and one more campaign drove the foreigners from her territory.

"This is the happiest day of my life!" the king said proudly, when the Venetians, wild with joy, welcomed him to their city.

United Italy was free!

Physical vs. Intellectual Exercises.

In his report just rendered to the trustees of Princeton, Dr. McCosh estimates that from eight to ten per cent. of the students in every class lose very much of the benefit of their college course because their hearts are in their sports rather than in their studies. He asserts that the enthusiasm of the students is expended on these muscular feats rather than on intellectual exercises, and that the hero of a class is one that stands high, not in literature or science or philosophy, but in mere physical agility. Dr. McCosh has asked the Faculty to devise effective measures to avert these excesses, and he expresses the hope that these efforts will be sustained by parents and by the press. Upon this point he says:

"Let them encourage those colleges that are seeking to lay restraint on the evil. Some colleges are refusing to join in the exertions we are making, not to stop sports, but to keep them within due bounds. These colleges may gain the championship in games, but let the public know that it is not to their credit or for the good of the students committed to their care by fathers and mothers. It may come to this, that we have to refuse to allow our students to play with those colleges which lay no restraint on

the time devoted to games. A student here told his Professor that he had come to college, not to study, but to play foot-ball. We do not wish our college to be viewed by young men as a place where this can be done."

Study and Advancement.

Teachers should do more studying of methods. Institute instruction cannot take the place of hard study and hard thinking; it can only supplement them. The institute ought to be to the teacher what the teacher is to the pupil, the helper. Though careful preparation for the day's labor is just as essential to the teacher as it is to the pupil. To secure this preparation, which in time will amount to training, teachers ought to read more educational journals and study more educational books. There are teachers who have been teaching for years who do not own a single book on education, who read no educational journals, and yet they wonder that they and their business are not held in higher esteem. They don't deserve it.

Too Much General Reading.

It cannot be too strongly impressed on pupils that their first duty is the proper preparation of their lessons, day by day; and that then the highest and best use to which any time they may have left over, not demanded by other duties, can be put, is the reading of good books. To such books they should be directed by their teachers. The reading of books not selected by judicious advisers ought to be discouraged rather than encouraged. I am told by the custodians of our public library that there are among the pupils of the schools boys and girls who take out a book every day.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE which is attainable by mere reading, though infinitely better than ignorance, is knowledge of a very different kind from that which arises from direct contact with fact; and the worth of the pursuit of science as an intellectual discipline is almost lost by those who seek it only in books.—*Huxley.*

The Mystery of Good Breeding.

Subtle, fragrant, indescribable, but all pervading is that lovely thing we call good breeding. As subtle and as indescribable, but by no means fragrant, is its ungainly opposite. Keenly conscious of the absence of the former, but unable to exactly specify and define when present, we know and feel, but cannot analyze nor tabulate—save in cases of exceptional sweetness and refinement, when we can touch the exact action and repeat the commanding word which governed all. So with ill-breeding. We can scarcely say where it was, unless the misdemeanor was as deep as a well and as wide as a church door; but there it was, and we felt and knew whether we were able to define it or not. No one can describe discord nor harmony. No one can make you understand an unknown perfume or an unheard piece of music. The famous account of Rubenstein's "pianner" is a capital bit for an afternoon recital, but no one ever came away from the hearing with a clear idea of the piece played, nor even how it was played. Birds singing up aloft and thunder crashing through the sky—a cottage here and a running rivulet there—are all very well as suggestions more or less onomatopoeiatic, but they are no nearer to the fact than mere suggestions. So with the mystery of good breeding—the subtle harmony and passing flavor of true politeness. It is heard in an intonation—an inflection—in the choice of one word over another seemingly its twin, but with just that difference of application, rather than meaning, which creates the essence of good breeding. The almost microscopic recognition of a stranger—the specialized attention of an unobtrusive kind—is its evidence; the careless neglect of an apparently insignificant form is its death-warrant. To be the only stranger in a room full of intimates and to be un-introduced and neglected is an act of ill-breeding specially Brittanic. If by chance one more kind-hearted to begin with, and more polished by friction to go on with, takes pity on the poor social waif and stray, and

offers any attention, or reels off the thread of a conversation, that person has this marvellous charm we call good breeding, in which all the rest have been deficient. When you enter a room and are presented to the hostess her reception of you proves her good breeding or her bad. The way her children meet you—the way in which, at any age beyond the merest babyhood, they speak and hold themselves—is as eloquent of their gentle training or ungentle as is a correct accent or a provincial. No idiosyncrasy mars the real essence of good breeding, and all the excuses made for lapses and lesions are futile. A well-bred person maybe as shy as a hawk and her limbs may be as awkwardly hung together as so many crooked sticks badly pinned. All the same, her good breeding will be evident, and neither her shyness nor her awkwardness will tell against it. Though it costs her the well-known agonies to sustain a connected conversation, and though by the very fact of her shyness her brain will run dry, she will sustain it with the most consummate politeness, if not always with the most flawless fluency. She will put a restraint on herself and talk her best, bad as that best may be, because she is versed in the art and mystery of good-breeding, and thinks of others than herself. But an ill-bred person, if shy, is simply boorish, and takes no trouble to conquer the dumb demon within him, but gives way to it and lets it conquer him at its pleasure. You feel that the excuse made for him—or her—by those who want to smooth over asperities with varnish—that excuse of being so "dreadfully shy"—is no excuse at all. For you know by experience how sweet and anxious to be supple and at ease—for all the pain it costs her—can be that well-bred bundle of nerves and fears, who is as timid as a hare and as sensitive as a mimosa, but also who is as thoughtful for others as the boor is disregarding. Good breeding is the current coin of society. He who is bankrupt therein ought not to take rank with the rest. The defaulting Lombard had his bench broken in full conclave, and was chased out of the street

where his better endowed brethren carried on their business. What the old money-changers and money-lenders did with their defaulting members, society ought to do to the ill-bred—to the people who oppose all you say for the mere sake of opposing you, and not for anything approaching to a principle; who contradict you flatly, and do not apologize when they are proved in the wrong; who tell you home truths of a bilious complexion and vinegar aspect; who repeat ill-natured remarks made in their presence, or repeated to them, making you feel that you are scorned and despised you know not why, and vilified without the chance given you of self-justification; who abuse your known friends, and ascribe to them all the sins of the Decalogue; who brutally attack your known principles in religion, morals, politics, who sneer at your cherished superstitions and fall foul of your confessed weaknesses; who take the upper hand of you generally, not counting your susceptibilities as worth the traditional button. Such people as these—and there are many of them masquerading as ladies and gentlemen of good position and irreproachable credentials—but, no matter what their lineage nor fortune, they should be cashiered; and society would be all the sweeter and more wholesome for the want of them. Contrast these spiny hedgehogs, these aggressive thorn-bushes, these stinging mosquitoes and ramping tarantulas with their opposites—the well-bred and gentle folk who never wound you, never tread on your corns nor offend your susceptibilities in any way, and who carefully carry out of sight all their own private little flags which may be your red rags. This is not want of courage, but it is good breeding. It is not in any way necessary that we should be always testifying, blowing trumpets in the market place for all men to listen, crying Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! we think so and so, and therefore must you consent to hear, whatever the pain to your own prejudices. There is no virtue in contradiction, in telling truths of a bilious complexion and vinegar aspect, in plucking

the peacock's feathers from your crow, and showing him to be a very dingy little blackbird and no royal king as he made himself appear. We all have to see and hear things we feel we could "show up" if we had a mind; but if we are well bred we leave our friends to their faiths uninvaded, and only if we are boorish, blatant, and ill-bred, do we take it in hand to be the clumsy Ithuriels who will show them the truth, and make them wince with the findit.g.—*London Queen.*

Conceptions of Teaching.

The Creator made man with a certain design to be fulfilled in his growth. The Bible tells us that He made man in His likeness. But we see that this means that man was made to grow into something resembling his Maker; that is, he was created to be in the likeness of his Maker. There is a design in the child as there is in the acorn. In the acorn there is a future oak tree. In the child there is a potential man. The work of teaching is to forward the design of the Creator, to fulfil it, to insure it. It has been supposed by very good men that the design implanted in us was a bad one, and must be replaced by a better one. This can not be done. We are not wiser than our Creator; we must humbly sit down to study and comprehend His plan and work it out as best we may; others disregard the idea of a design. They say here is certain knowledge; learn that, it is useful and will help to get a living. Others go farther and see that training is a valuable thing to have, and so they proceed to give knowledge and training. There is a higher ground that is occupied by some teachers. They say that not only is there a design in the make up of humanity, but that the Creator has provided in the human being a means for working it out—that is, that man is a self-educating being; that this surrounding nature is the agency that sets the mechanism in motion, that evolves at length a properly developed man. This is a tremendous truth. If the teacher rightly comprehends it he will shape his efforts to work along with the evident efforts of Divini-

ty to mold humanity. But education has not been conceived of in this light by any except the masters. A young girl having just graduated from some high school, bearing a diploma tied up with a blue ribbon, essays to teach. She is immediately accorded a place by an obliging public. What does she know about what the Creator intends to do with those little children? Nothing at all. "Sit still and learn your lessons" is to her the condensation of all pedagogical lore. And if we go into schools taught even by gray haired masters we shall find the aim is no higher. These men are not working as though the young person before them were endowed with self-educative powers; nor do they test from time to time to see whether a complete manhood is being evolved. They train the memory and judgment; they impart certain facts, more or less important, and so far they do well. What could they do more? Men are to be judged not so much by what they do as by what they attempt to do. We do not know very much about education; that must be admitted, humiliating as the admission is. We are but students in either the science or art of education. We can, however, study the subject; we can read what the masters say; we can humbly work to the best of our ability. We must, in all our work, recognize the truths that have been discovered, and this one stands out clear and plain, that the child is born with a plan of education within him and with self-educative powers. We may deform him, we may waste his time, but all that he is good for will consist in the development of the inborn graces. Do we work with these truths in mind? Are our schools constructed to recognize these truths? Is every lesson planned to operate in accordance with these truths? As we conceive of the art of teaching, so shall we teach. There is high teaching and there is low teaching, and there is a great deal that is not teaching at all that is put forth as teaching. Let us rightly conceive of teaching even if all the world is doing something different.—*School Journal.*

ALL workers, if they are to last, must have holidays. For some persons and for some occupations frequent short holidays are the best; with other natures and in other circumstances only comparatively long periods of release from routine are of service. Few real workers, if any, can safely continue to deny themselves at least a yearly holiday. Mere rest—that is, mere cessation from work—while it is better than unbroken toil, does not recreate the fairly vigorous so thoroughly as does a complete change of activity from accustomed channels. For the strong worker, either with brain or muscle, diversion of activity recreates better than rest alone. The whole body feeds as it works, and grows as it feeds. Rest may check expenditure of force, but it is chiefly by expending energy that the stores of energy can be replenished. We mostly need holidays because our ordinary daily life tends to sink into a narrow groove of routine exertion, working and wearing some part of our organism disproportionately, so that its powers of work and its faculty of recuperation are alike worn down. In a well-arranged holiday we do not cease from activity; we only change its channels. With such change we give a new and saving stimulus to assimilation and the transmutation of its products into force. As a rule, the hardest workers live longest, but only those live long who sufficiently break their wonted toil, by the recreating variety of well-timed and well-spent holidays.

WHEN YOU have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

HE that openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, must expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they do not think of him.

FAULTS of the head are punished in this world, those of the heart in another; but as most of our vices are compound, so also is their punishment.

Culture and Character.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," the poet has said; and to a reflective mind, the distinction between the two is not difficult to seize. He who has knowledge only, knows things and their relations; himself and his relations, above all himself in his relation to the true human ideal, he does not know. He seeks to make his knowledge subservient to his own personal ends; he does not regard it as a revelation of duties to be done, of sacrifices to be made, of heights to be attained. He, who has wisdom, on the other hand, holds his knowledge in trust for higher than personal ends, and makes us realize, as other men do not, the true value and dignity of knowledge.

Character, then, is the principal thing. It is character that we continually find to be limiting and conditioning culture; that is to say, if culture is not carried farther than we find it to be in certain cases, the reason is that the character, the moral nature, has not been such as to support and sustain a truly generous culture. There is, perhaps, a finely developed aestheticism in certain directions, but the lack of culture's perfect work is seen in a certain hard materialism of personal aspiration. The disciple, perchance apostle, of beauty, is far from beautiful when we get a glimpse of his inner life and essential aims. He has never learned that the prime secret of all beauty in human life lies in *disinterestedness*, in the ability to put self aside, on occasions at least, and to live in causes and principles; and, above all, in one's fellow-beings. Few things are more trying than the mock enthusiasm of very mediocre men and women for things that they have learned to admire as by rote, to hear the jargon of the literary or artistic coterie and to know how little it all means as regards real elevation of character and sentiment. And what we say of literary and artistic coteries we might apply to scientific coteries, where minute points of classification and nomenclature are discussed with infinite zeal and warmth, but with far less regard to any advantage to be reaped for the cause

of truth and of humanity than to the satisfaction of rival vanities.

In this country we are laboring with great zeal and vast pecuniary resources to promote the cause of culture. We educate, educate, educate, educate, as somebody once said we ought to do; but whether the result is to produce much that can be called culture in any high sense is an open question. A criterion may, perhaps, be found in a comparison of the rising of the now adult generation. Are our young people showing graces of mind and character in more abundant measure than their parents? Are their aims higher? Is their language better? Are their intellectual occupations more serious? Are their manners gentler and more refined? We do not propose to answer these questions dogmatically; but this we say, that, unless there has been an improvement in these several respects, a vast amount of educational effort has not met its full reward. Speaking broadly, it seems to us that the culture of our educated classes, or of the class supposed to be educated, leaves much to be desired; and we are disposed to think that one reason of this is, that we have conceived of education in too purely an intellectual sense. We have thought more of sharpening the intellectual faculties than of liberalizing the sentiments or softening the manners. We have introduced too much of rivalry into education, and represented education too much as a preparation for a further rivalry in after life. We have imparted knowledge, but have only to a very moderate extent succeeded in inculcating wisdom; and knowledge without wisdom seems poor, thin, and sometimes even meaningless. We need, as it seems to us, to devote more consideration than we have hitherto done to the question, "What is the true ideal of human life?" If we can fix upon the true ideal, we can proceed to educate toward that, and our work will then be directed toward something that is an end in itself. The knowledge we impart will be held by a different tenure, and applied in a different spirit. What each one knows will be his or her equipment toward a worthier fulfilment

of social duties, a worthier realization of what is best in himself or herself, and not a mere stock in trade for the procuring of personal gratifications. What we would chiefly insist upon at present, however, is, that were knowledge pursued in the right spirit, the intellectual gain would be very great. Minds would become more receptive, owing both to the superiority of the motive set before them, and the higher degree of rationality that the whole system of life and thought would assume. Civilized speech would not show a constant tendency to degenerate into a jargon of slang, if people recognized in speech a social function, not merely a mode and means of self-assertion. It is impossible to find one's self in any fortuitous assemblage of average human beings without being led to reflect how much human intercourse might be improved and beautified if, by some means, we could implant in the minds of each individual a true respect for the rights and feelings of others and a general sense of what is due to society, considered as the source of unnumbered advantages to all its members. At present it often seems to be a distinct aim with many persons—and those not in any sense social outlaws, but on the contrary, what would be called "respectable people"—to show how little they care for anything beyond their own pleasure and convenience. The popular idea of "independence," indeed, is largely made up of swagger and aggressiveness; whereas the most primary notion of independence should embrace the making of an honest return for all good received. —*The Popular Science Monthly*,

BROOKLYN has but one woman principal at the head of a grammar school. Miss Harriet N. Morris is the teacher, and her school is said to be the best in the city. In introducing her plan for composition work last year, Miss Morris began by giving the pupils five minutes for thought on a given subject and ten minutes in which to write. Thus, while very little time was occupied, and at intervals of a week, much was ascertained, and

the pupils were made first to feel their deficiencies and their limited knowledge upon very important points. For instance, the subject of "Breathing" was given out. The result was curious, yet not different from what was to be expected. Some of the answers are as well worth quoting as those which went to make up that very funny book Mark Twain so humorously reviewed. For instance:

If we could not breathe we should not be able to live, so therefore we are taught to breathe so that there might be somebody living.

Breathing is something we cannot do without. It is something we have to do all our life.

We have to breathe every day we live if we want to live.

Breathing is a substance which we cannot see. We may hear it in many cases. We breathe by the air going down our windpipe.

Those men who drink liquors always have bad breath. When your breath is gone you stop going.

I think breathing is one of the most chiefly things we have to depend on. No one, neither man nor beast, can live without breathing.

If you are careful and go out and get fresh air you will grow to be a healthy man like Henry Ward Beecher was.

Some people at night breathe very hard and lowed.

Breathing is the art of taking in pure air.

I don't know what we would do if we could not breathe.

"Fonetic Fanaticism."

It is with diffidence that I hazard conjecture, but there really does appear to be a sign that one of the silliest of the so-called educational "movements" of the day is beginning to shame its supporters into a sense of its obscurantist fatuity. The Spelling Reform Association, which has its headquarters in America, and has just started a quarterly magazine, under the original and picturesque title of *Spelling* is to be heartily congratulated on having involuntarily struck one of

the severest of all possible blows at the crack-brained cause which it represents. When once the fonetic fanatic fails in the carriage of his convicshuns, wen wunce he hesitates to go the hole hog with Mr. Pitman, it is all up with him. The fonetic fanatic who compromises is lost, and the statement with which the Spelling Reform Association have prefaced their what they should, but apparently, dare not describe as their "nuvencher," simply bristles with compromises. Its concessions to usage so enormously outnumber its revolts thereagainst that the latter almost escapes notice, and a sentence from the journal of this association, instead of looking, as it ought to look, on phonetic principles, like so much "printer's pi," resembles only a piece of ordinary English topography after a mischievous boy has amused himself by stealing a few "e's" out of it, and here and there substituting an "f" for a "ph." "Spelling," says the artless *expose des motifs* which these gentlemen have put forth—"Spelling is the representation, by visibl symbols, of the sounds of human speech, in the order of their articulation. To distinguish and describe these sounds and the mode of their articulation is the business of fonetics; to devize and apply intelligibl symbols for them is the business of spelling. Spelling is the grafic and visibl form, as pronunciation is the fysiological and audibl form of language." It is fortunate for the association that the very proposition from which they start is false; for if it were true it would signally condemn their practice. If spelling were really nothing more than the representation by visible symbols of human speech, it would not only be right to spell visible "visibl," but it would be perfectly legitimate to spell symbols "cymbals." Spelt in the latter way, the word is not a whit less exact—while "representashun" is a more exact—representation of its particular "sound of human speech" than it would be if spelt in the former way. But the truth is, of course, that spelling is not a "cymbal," but a "symbol;" it is intended to symbolize instead of merely "cymbalising," to convey

and idea and to record its history as well as to guide the vocal utterance of a mere unmeaning sound. Orthography, in other words, according, at least, to any enlightened conception of it, has a message to the eye and mind as well as a message to the ear, and the superior importance of that message to the eye and mind increases in direct proportion to the antiquity, the vocabular wealth and the literary perfection of the language with which we may have to deal. And it is precisely for these reasons that "movements," such as that which the association represents, will always encounter the uncompromising, and it is safe, I hope, to predict the victorious opposition of every person of taste, knowledge, and culture outside the narrow circle of the little band of misguided doctrinaires, made mad on the subject by their too much learning, who have been foolish enough to lend the fonetic fanatics the encouragement of their more or less distinguished names.—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

Train the Masses.

The number called to the highest pursuits of the professions and literature is so small, compared with the whole of mankind, that our thoughts should be directed to the proper training of the masses rather than to the care of those who, by unusual mental power or organization can reach the place where mind alone must do the work.

A Conundrum.

"When she returned she found the money gone," is a sentence that is stirring up good and bad grammarians. "If it was gone how did she find it?" is the query asked by one side, and, "If she hadn't found it gone why wasn't it there?" inquire the other. Why not let the matter drop and hunt for the thief?

"CERTAIN" thoughts are prayers. There are moments when whatever be the attitude of the body the soul is on its knees."—*Victor Hugo*.

The Horr Lectures.

THE visit of Ex-Congressman R. G. Horr to the Normal, the last of May, will be a notable event. The first lecture on the evening of Decoration day, May 30, on "The Labor Problem," will be a masterly treatment of a timely theme. It is the wonder of everybody how Mr. Horr can brighten this serious subject with so much that is humorous and entertaining. As a brief and appropriate prelude to the lecture Mr. Horr will speak on "Lessons from the War for the Union." Mr. R. T. Wiley, whose Decoration day music is more extensively used throughout the United States than that of any other composer, will have charge of the musical exercises in connection with this lecture. He will be assisted by Miss Mitchell, of Elizabeth, Pa., Miss Ewing, of the Normal faculty and a large chorus.

MR. HERR'S second lecture on the evening of May 31, on "Genuine vs. Shams," is replete with good sense, flashes with wit, and bubbles over with humor from the beginning to the end. Mrs. Radcliffe, one of the Monongahela valley's most gifted vocalists, will sing at this lecture.

THE enrollment of students at the Normal this year is entirely without parallel in the history of the school. The number of Normal students alone will far exceed 400, and the total attendance will probably be above 600.

THE "JEW PUBLIC" given in the Chapel, April 14, was a complete success. The audience numbered about 300. All were deeply interested throughout. Miss Ada Gunn read an essay on "The Holy City." Miss Cassie Darsie presented, in costume, impersonations of such Jewish characters as Moses, David, Ruth, etc. Mr. G. M. Fowles delivered an oration on the "Jewish People." Miss Janet Campbell gave a "talk" on the "Life and Manners of the Jews." Prof. Byron W. King rendered the part of "Shylock, the Jew," in the Merchant of Venice. The various civilizations, Grecian, Roman, American, Egyptian and Jewish were represented in a closing scene by five

young ladies, appropriately costumed, who presented the claims of their respective civilizations in well chosen words. The stage scenery was quite beautiful and effective. Red fire was used to exhibit the costumed figures in vivid colors. The entertainment was under the management of Miss Ruff.

THE principal is in receipt of letters from persons who say they would like to attend during the special term if they can obtain rooms in the building. To all such we wish to say, first, that we regret that we are not able to promise rooms in the building to all who prefer them; second, that we can promise good rooms and boarding near the school; and third, that we will secure good accommodations for students when requested to do so. Those wishing rooms reserved should write as early as possible.

IT is by no means strange that large numbers of growing teachers should eagerly embrace the opportunity of getting our comprehensive and stimulating special course of methods study.

Those who aspire to do stronger work in the school room, and to fit themselves for more congenial as well as more lucrative positions, will at once discover advantages in this special term, never before offered to teachers in this part of the State.

A MILITARY company composed of over 50 gentlemen students, has been organized. Capt. L. P. Beazell, a member of the Grand Army Post, of this place, and a trustee of the Normal, has charge of the company. He is assisted by Lieut. W. F. Peairs, a member of the senior class.

A SERIES of three lectures will be given here May 3, 4 and 5, by Mrs. H. E. Monroe. The first will be given in the M. E. Church, subject, "Christ in Art." The second and third will be in the Normal chapel, subjects, "Washington City," and "The Civil War."

REV. LEROY STEPHENS, President of Mount Pleasant Institute, will preach in Normal chapel, Sunday evening, April 29.

A Rounded Character.

THE exhibition of great power or ability well put forth in a single direction is always attractive, and wins universal admiration. It is easy to recognize and acknowledge the merit of a great commander, inventor, or discoverer, a fearless explorer, a favorite author, a wise statesman, a profound philosopher. The world is justly indebted to them for their contributions to its happiness and prosperity, and usually takes little note of their deficiencies in other directions, whatever they may be. If they fail in some of the ordinary duties of life; if they neglect to attend to details; if they are not economists; if they forget social or domestic claims, no one is surprised. It is, perhaps, as natural for some people to forget common claims and duties as it is for others to become absorbed in them. One man dwells in thought and shrinks from action, another is always acting without thinking, but as Ruskin well tells us, "it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity." One is wedded to theories and despises practice; another, with executive power, scorns all theory as vaporous and impractical. One man engrossed with scientific research neglects to control his money matters, and involves himself and others in trouble; another, vigilant and economical, cares not a straw for the most wonderful message that science ever brought. Some are too much absorbed in lofty ideas or adventurous schemes to take proper care of their physical welfare; others too much engaged with the claims of the body to take thought for anything beyond. It is a very common mistake to suppose that genius must always dwell in extremes, and that to mediocrity alone belongs the power of balance and harmony.

THE tuition for the term of five weeks is eight dollars, in advance. For less than the term, \$2 per week. Boarding will cost from three to four dollars a week.