

The Normal Review.

Vol. IV. No. 3.

CALIFORNIA, PA., NOVEMBER, 1888.

50c. a year.

Entered as second-class matter.

WINTER term opens Dec. 31.

THE *Normal Era* is the name of a new and newsy paper published in the interests of the Indiana, Pa., State Normal School. We wish it success.

MR. E. L. PHILLIPS writes: "The REVIEW is a welcome visitor in my school. The pupils take great delight in reading it."

MISS JENNIE N. FRITZINS, '87, has charge of Room 4, Third Ward school, Braddock, Pa.

NO ONE who thinks children important and teaching them a fine art finds his work humdrum.

MISS LEONA MICHENER, a Normal student of last term is now Mrs Samuel Neptune. The REVIEW tenders its wishes for a happy matrimonial life.

MISS MATTIE I. COOK, '83, who has deservedly won an excellent reputation as a teacher in the 5th ward school, Allegheny City, writes of the REVIEW: "The little messenger brings the welcome tidings of the steady progress of the Normal and is always appreciated."

MR. JOHN A. BRANT, '87, writes a cheery letter from his home at Laughlinstown, Pa. Mr. Brant was an earnest student and is now a faithful reader of the REVIEW. We have no doubt he teaches a good school.

MR. A. L. HAMILTON, a student last term and now teaching at Fort Collins, Col., finds the REVIEW necessary to his happiness and well being. A brother of Mr. H. is county superintendent of schools, and also lives in Fort Collins.

MISS DORA G. WHITE, a former student, is teaching near Fleming, Center county, Pa.

MISS CLARA MULHOLLAN, '88 is teaching in Clearfield county.

MR. L. R. CRUMRINE and Miss Maggie Stathers, both former students, are the teachers at Fredericktown, this county. We hope to have both with us next spring term.

MISS ELDA N. HOOVER, '85, wields the birch in a school near Dean, Minn.

MISSSES MARY SNYDER and Tillie Watkins; students last term, are teaching their home schools.

AN intermediate teacher asks for the best helps for teaching in her grades. Such a monthly visitor as *The Popular Educator* (\$1) or *Teachers' Institute* (\$1.25) would be a valuable help. Parker's "Talk's on Teaching" (\$1.10), and "The Practical Teacher" (68 cents) would greatly lighten and brighten the teacher's work. The above as well as all other educational or miscellaneous books can be ordered from John S. Eberman, California, Pa.

VIGOROUS work is being done by the Normal faculty this year. The interest and intensity of the work will grow as the year advances.

On the 13th of May, Col. Parker of Quincy fame, and the great apostle of the so-called "New Education," will begin a full week's work at the Normal. He will be followed by Dr. Brooks, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Brooks will be succeeded by Dr. X. Z. Snyder, superintendent of the schools of Reading, Pa. Col. Parker and Dr. Brooks will both discuss the theory of teaching, the former applying it to the teaching of geography, numbers, language, drawing, etc., in the elementary stages, the latter to the teaching of certain subjects, especially mathematics, in the more advanced grades.

Supt. Snyder's time will be devoted to the practical work of the school room, a line of work in which he has won an enviable reputation.

Supt. Luckey, of Pittsburgh, will put the finishing touches on this special work in methods, by giving a day or two to the consideration of the teacher's work from the point of view of an experienced superintendent.

The special methods work at the California Normal last spring,

by Miss Lelia E. Patridge and Dr. Edward Brooks, naturally excited a good deal of interest among teachers. It greatly helped the faculty to emphasize the professional side of their work, and to stimulate a teaching spirit. Such help every normal school must feel the need of so long as examinations act as a spur only in acquiring knowledge of the branches. We hope to see the day at California when the senior class, at least, shall devote their whole time to the philosophy and practice of teaching. Until that day dawns, we propose to avail ourselves of every possible aid in building up in the minds of our students the *professional idea*.

The results of the work done last year by Miss Patridge and Dr. Brooks were extremely satisfactory. The school profited not only directly by their presence, but indirectly also by the attendance of many earnest and progressive teachers who came to catch inspiration and gather knowledge for their work. Such students serve as a tonic for a whole school.

We are aware that in employing expert teachers of national reputation to supplement the work of our regular faculty we are not following the example of other schools, but we are quite willing to be a pioneer in a work so advantageous to our students and our school.

IMPROVEMENTS on a large scale are being made at the California Normal. The campus is being graded on the side next the railroad. The library is being greatly enriched by the addition of many choice books. The recitation rooms will be rendered more attractive and the halls covered with mattings. The school was never in a more prosperous and promising condition. Last year the attendance was 638, a large increase over any preceding year. The real growth of the California Normal, however, is better judged from the *improved work* being done than from the increase in the attendance.

Destiny,

We shape ourselves the joy or fear,
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.
—Raphael.

Co-Education.

This nondescript word which is knocking in vain for admittance to the pale of good English, is a striking illustration of the power of a verbal bugbear. At first appearance it appalls timid souls with its monstrous aspect threatening nothing less than universal ruin, chaos and primeval night. A closer inspection dissipates most of its shadowy terrors, and a little sober investigation shows it to be a very commonplace puppet, possessing neither sound nor fury, a device of empty imaginations to scare others still more vacuous.

What is the explanation of the fright? What is the occasion of the apparition? It is simply a consequence of the crowding of modern life and civilization upon the ancient domain of the university and college. The form and traditions of these institutions have come down from the ages of feudalism, and they have suffered marvellously little variation. In mediæval times the scholastic life was an exotic. Society was organized for war and took its shape and sentiment from military exemplars. Women had little association with men compared with present usages. Their place was the house, where they were drudges, chattels or toys. The university rose from the cloister, and its teachers being of the monkish and priestly orders it naturally retained the distinctive traits of its original. It was an institution exclusively for men. It left women in the subordinate station where the current theology and militarism placed them. If women became learned by any chance they were monstrous; if literary, abominable, the objects of infinite ridicule for generations of heavy wits. The average college of to-day goes on repeating the

formulas of its prototype. It is the last stronghold of barbarian contempt for women. To admit a daughter of Eve is felt to be a sacrifice of academic dignity: to offer her the cabalistic letters, "LL. D." "Ph. D.," "M. A." is looked upon with agonizing alarm as casting under foot the last and dearest proof of masculine supremacy. We say this of the "average college," and although nearly two hundred of our American collegiate institutions have passed out of this category, there yet remains an imposing number of relics. They are still contemplating with horror the scare-crow of "co-education." They stand where the first university stood, and they do not realize that all the conditions of life and culture have changed. Men and women now mingle everywhere in the great affairs of the world as equals: they work together in literature, in art, in the professions; all the lucrative and useful industries have ceased to be exclusive, trades and commerce are thrown open to all without regard to sex. What is society but a great co-educational institution? What are the churches but spiritual colleges for the co-education of men and women? What is the whole system of modern travel but a peripatetic college where men and women study geography and human nature together? The household, the common school, the Sunday school, the high school, the academy, do not these already make a university in themselves where the men and women of the coming generation learn the first great lessons of co-education? Where, indeed, in our modern, teeming life, is there any other than co-education, except these cloistral colleges that are trying to perpetuate an idle and effete tradition of mediævalism?

Some very pertinent testimony on this point is given in the last number of our young contemporary, *University*. It is comprised in a symposium of opinions from President Adams, of Cornell; President Fairchild, of Oberlin; Dr. W. A. Hammond, of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School; President Warren, of Boston University, and others. Their conclu-

sions are unanimous that the bugbear of co-education is a mere bugbear with no substantial basis for harm. As a representative of the symposium we quote President Warren, whose statement is at once most comprehensive and brief.

"The form of education here brought to consideration is eminently American. It is a high product of the freedom and democratic spirit and moral earnestness of our national life. It is a lesson in breadth of culture, in the sacredness of personality, in completeness and variety of educative influence.

"Alongside the typical university of the new world, in which the most cultivated men and women are personal patterns, and guides and companions to younger men and women in every department of science, and philosophy, and art, and letters, the university of the old world loses much of its historic prestige. In the contrast its instruction seems pedantic and mechanical, its associations narrow, its songs inane, its convivialities degrading, its codes of honor brutal, its affectations barbaric, its wit in too great a degree vulgarity. Its whole atmosphere is one of unmitigated masculinity. It represents not the breadth and variety of "all the fair humanities," but the narrowness and monotony of that one section of mankind which, wherever it has attempted to assert and display its alleged superiority to its weaker counterpart, has never failed to illustrate its actual inferiority in taste, in ready command of personal powers, in tact, in conscientiousness, in generosity, and in most aptitudes for ideal living.

"It is true that in our country some colleges and universities are still to be found in which the same narrowness is perpetuated, and in which one discerns no higher ambition than that which seeks slavishly to reproduce in America the traditions and life of the European university or college for young men. These institutions, however, are no longer in number or in character the true and typical representatives of American ideals. They are mere "survivals" of outgrown

conditions — male zenanas, so to speak. They are belated representatives of the pedagogical ideas and possibilities of three hundred years ago. They teach nothing to Europe, while in America they are recognized as merely curious relics of foreign influence, which the best elements in the nation's life have left far behind.

"In her truly representative universities, America says to the world: The right of all citizens to the world's highest teaching and learning is every whit as valid and sacred as is the right of any. And more, the highest and broadest culture of men or of women can never be achieved in intellectual isolation. Still less is any truly and liberal and ideal type of academic life attainable in a retreat of recluses, self-elected to exclusive privileges, on the ground of self-asserted, but purely imaginary, pre-eminence in intellectual power and promise. If any European or other peoples declare it perilous in their existing social conditions to accept these principles of the latest and most advanced authorities in pedagogic science, they, by the very declaration, do but pass judgment and pronounce sentence upon their own social and ethical state. Americans will not care to dispute their low estimate, but, with serene confidence in the progress of mankind, will labor for such amelioration of human society in all lands as shall bring, as early as possible, to all nations the possibilities of normal and rational educational institutions." — WILLIAM F. WARREN, *President Boston University.*

Attention.

The art of learning, as well as the art of teaching, is based on the power of attention. Few problems are too difficult for the student who can concentrate upon them all his energies. Right study and true teaching develop the power and habit of complete attention. Self-direction, or concentration, is the office of attention. As the burning-glass concentrates all the powers of the sun upon a single point, so attention concentrates all your powers upon the matter in hand. The

problem cannot be solved in a moment. You bend all your energies to its mastery; you drive out other thoughts; you refuse to be interrupted; you hold yourself to the work. After prolonged effort you accomplish it. This is study. Dreamers do not learn. Were the mind a ship, attention would be the captain; were the mind an army, attention would be the general; were the mind a school, attention would be the teacher. Take away the power of attention, and the soul would merely drift, and life would be one long reverie; man would be an idle dreamer. Attention is our ability to concentrate our efforts. We thus gain mastery. Like memory and consciousness, attention, in some degree, is present in all knowing, and feeling and willing. It enters as an essential element into all effective mental operations. There can be no distinct thinking, no vivid feeling, no deliberate action, without attention. It energizes and quickens mental effort.

Attention is self-activity. It is the will acting on the intellect. Attention selects one special field and refuses to be diverted from it. It neglects all else, and returns again and again to the object of special attention. Attention isolates one object from others and concentrates effort upon it, to the exclusion of all other objects. Isaac Newton ascribed his superiority to other men in intellectual power simply to his great power of attention. The brain and nerves are the physical organism in connection with which the soul works. Instinctively man and brute turn the sense organ toward the object, the sound, the odor. Prolonged attention exhausts the physical organism. It is physically impossible for children to give close attention for a long period. As years advance attention may be prolonged more and more. A loud sound, a brilliant object or a strong odor attracts attention. Brute attention is chiefly of this nature. The teacher finds it necessary to *attract* the attention of her young pupils. She finds that new objects, sudden changes and striking movements *arrest* attention of her young pupils. But

the child soon develops the power of purposed attention. *Attracted* attention is merely the sensuous arrest of attention. Such attention is destitute of will power. Attention means power of *self-direction*. Reflex attention and involuntary attention are unmeaning and misleading. The idiot is incapable of self-direction. Because he cannot attend, he cannot learn. The attracted attention which he seems to give is not concentrated mental effort. Brutas can give a degree of attention, hence can learn some things. The child begins to notice attractive objects. This is the germ of voluntary attention. We cannot fix the period when the infant begins to attend. When a few weeks old it recognizes its nurse. When a few months old it recognizes many objects, but can hardly be said to attend before the fifth or sixth month. The child learns slowly because he can attend but feebly and for a short time. The boy can learn more rapidly as he can attend more closely and for a longer period. The well-brained youth can throw his energies into his work for several hours, and hence can do much more than the boy. The educated man can do vastly more than the youth, because he can concentrate his energies for many hours. At twenty attention is fully active, but may grow more and more vigorous up to the meridian of life. These familiar facts indicate the slow but gradual growth of attention, as well as its relation to achievement. Teaching is the act of promoting human growth. The teacher should spare no effort to win and interest the attention of her pupils. Each exercise should be so conducted as to develop the power and habit of attention. Well directed effort in concentrating the mind upon the work in hand develops the power of attention. You try to give your entire attention, for a short time daily, to some subject. In a few months you find that you can attend more closely and for a longer time. When you can attend completely, your power of attention is educated.

Dickens considered his power of attention the secret of his achieve-

ments. Hard work fosters genius; but only well-directed, persistent effort counts. The sun's rays burn only when concentrated. Self achieves mastery only when he hurls all his forces upon one point. "Scatter brain" roughly characterizes the large class of half idiots who cannot learn because they cannot give close and continued attention. Who has sinned — these stupid pupils, or their still more stupid teachers? *Attention is work.* Lazy persons have poor memories, because they are too indolent to give attention. As a rule, interested attention and good memory go together.

No element of personal power is greater or more potent than specialization. No man can be so much of a man in any one direction as when he is a whole man in that direction. He who can concentrate his whole being—all his energies and all his capabilities—for the compassing of one thing on which his mind is fixed for the time being—is obviously more potent in behalf of that object of his endeavor than would be possible were his energies divided and only a portion of himself given up to that for which he is striving. And this power of concentration it is that makes the man of pre-eminent practical efficiency in any and every sphere of human endeavor—material, mental and spiritual—from the lowest to the highest. —*Baldwin's Elementary Psychology.*

Injurious Influences of City Life.

If there is one general physical difference between the country-bred and the city-bred man, it lies in the size and strength of the muscles of the shoulder and arm. It is almost impossible for a man to live in the country without using the arms far more than the average city man. This use of the arms has, in both men and women, an important bearing on the general health, since it increases the capacity of the chest, and thereby the surface of lung tissue where the blood is spread out in thin-walled vessels through which the oxygen and carbonic acid easily pass in opposite directions,

and increased irritability, has one sovereign remedy so simple that few will take it, and this is daily systematic arm exercise. It is nature's sedative, for which she charges nothing the next day, but gives us sleep instead of insomnia, and cheerfulness in place of discontent. A man may walk in an hour four miles on a city sidewalk, and reach his desk tired, exhausted of force, and better only for the open air and a slight increase of the circulation. Had he spent half of that time in a well-ordered gymnasium, using chest and rowing weights, and, after a sponge bath, if he had gone by rapid transit to his office, he would have found his work of a very different color, easier to do, and taking less time to perform it. The view for some time held by Hartwell, of the Johns Hopkins University; Sargent, of Harvard, and others, that arm exercise prevents, or does away with, nervous irritability, and at the same time increases the absolute capacity for mental work, has not been sufficiently urged or accepted. The remedy for this state of things is to cause every man and woman to realize the importance of arm exercise. Make it compulsory in schools, and popular after leaving school. If one's occupation does not require it in itself, muscular exertion of some kind ought to be taken daily, with the same regularity as food and sleep, for all three are necessary to the fullest development of our powers.

servicing thus the double purpose of feeding the body more abundantly and of removing a constantly accumulating waste product. This richer blood is again driven with greater force by increased heart and arterial action through its circuit. The vital organs are better nourished, and the power to produce work is increased. Few will deny that a well-nourished body can be trained to do more and better mental work than the same organism in a feebler state. Walking on an even surface, the only variety of physical exercise which most business and professional men get in town, is well known to be a poor substitute for arm exertion. The reason is partially plain, since walking is almost automatic and involuntary. The walking mechanism is set in motion as we would turn an hour glass, and requires little attention, much less volition and separate discharges of force from the brain surface with each muscular contraction, as in the case with the great majority of arm movements. The arm user is a higher animal than the leg user. Arm motions are more nearly associated with mental action than leg movements. A man's lower limbs merely carry his higher centers to his food or work. The latter must be executed with his arms and hands. A third way in which arm exercise benefits the organism is through the nervous system. Whether this is due to an increased supply of richer, purer blood, or whether the continual discharge of motor impulses in some way stores up another variety of force, we do not know. One thing is certain, the victim of neurasthenia is very seldom an individual who daily uses his arms for muscular work; with this, the limit of hurtful mental work is seldom reached. It seems evident that arm rather than leg movements are essential to increased productive power. If these are neglected, the man, as a social factor, degenerates and falls a prey to his stronger fellow man in the race for supremacy and productiveness. It may be remarked that American gout, that condition of the blood which causes our English cousins pain in their feet, and Americans universal pains

and increased irritability, has one sovereign remedy so simple that few will take it, and this is daily systematic arm exercise. It is nature's sedative, for which she charges nothing the next day, but gives us sleep instead of insomnia, and cheerfulness in place of discontent. A man may walk in an hour four miles on a city sidewalk, and reach his desk tired, exhausted of force, and better only for the open air and a slight increase of the circulation. Had he spent half of that time in a well-ordered gymnasium, using chest and rowing weights, and, after a sponge bath, if he had gone by rapid transit to his office, he would have found his work of a very different color, easier to do, and taking less time to perform it. The view for some time held by Hartwell, of the Johns Hopkins University; Sargent, of Harvard, and others, that arm exercise prevents, or does away with, nervous irritability, and at the same time increases the absolute capacity for mental work, has not been sufficiently urged or accepted. The remedy for this state of things is to cause every man and woman to realize the importance of arm exercise. Make it compulsory in schools, and popular after leaving school. If one's occupation does not require it in itself, muscular exertion of some kind ought to be taken daily, with the same regularity as food and sleep, for all three are necessary to the fullest development of our powers.

The average reader will be hardly prepared to learn that in the Argentine Republic railways are multiplying so rapidly that it is proposed to introduce legislation against "paralleling." Competing and unnecessary railways are being projected in large numbers and the country is fairly wild over railways. The Republic has already a very creditable system, but needs some additional lines and some extensions. But the projects are coming up in astonishing numbers, far beyond the needs of the country, their promoters being stimulated by the concessions and guarantees which the Government has been making.

Genius and Talent.

Let it be granted that a vast deal of nonsense has been talked everywhere in this oblate spheroid of ours about almost every conceivable subject. Yet about none has a vaster amount of nonsense been talked before the tribunal of literature than about the famous old forensic case of Genius *vs.* Talent. The born genius, its sycophants and adulators continually assure us, with nauseating persistence, arrives intuitively, by pure force of natural insight, at such and such a magnificent result—a "Paradise Lost," let us say, or a Blenheim Madonna, or a theory of evolution; while mere talent, poor, plodding, purblind, miserable talent (you should always be extremely hard on talent, with a few contemptuous, crushing epithets, if you yourself wish to be thought a man of genius), toils after it in vain, with painful steps and slow, groping its uncertain way to minor truths or pettier works by the feeble rays of its own insignificant farthing rushlight. So long as genius still lives, to be sure, and treads the solid earth, known as a genius only to an appreciative few, it does not generally receive this grateful incense of slavish adulation in its divine nostrils to any intoxicating or dangerous extent. Worship is rarely vouchsafed to contemporaries. But when once the genius is fairly dead and buried (in Westminster Abbey or the Pantheon, as the case may be) it undergoes forthwith its due apotheosis, and a thousand lips cry out to it straightway in deafening chorus, "Oh, Genius, how beautiful you were; how supreme; how grand; how noble; how consummate! Oh, Genius, how masterly was your touch; how intense your feeling; how cosmical your grasp; how profound and searching and absolute your science! Alas, how infinitely did you differ in your ineffable attributes from that unequal substitute which alone we have left among us—poor, plodding, purblind, miserable talent!" For it is commonly understood among the esoteric worshippers of the exalted genius that their patron is indeed a very jealous god; that he bears, like the Turk,

no rival next his throne; and that he harbors in his breast a special grudge against that inferior and grovelling, but somewhat similar, deity, mere commonplace talent. He is known to regard himself, with Hebrew exclusiveness, as the original and only genuine divine entity, all others being spurious imitations. Now, it is the misfortune of the world that the world in this matter that the lions have chiefly painted themselves: and, as the lion in the fable justly anticipated, they have invariably represented themselves as having very much the best of it. Genius, especially self-conscious genius, has brought copious glee to its own image; it has erected an altar to itself like the divine Cæsar, and has insisted strongly upon the need for public recognition of its own glorious and divine attributes. "Fall down and worship!" says genius in the imperative mood, and forthwith a slavish world falls down and worships. Byron, Victor Hugo, Lytton, Disraeli, have all told us, with extreme frankness, what we ought to say and think about them. We have been politely requested, in exquisite verse, to vex not the poet's mind with our shallow wit on the conceit if not very flattering ground that we can not fathom it. Genius, secure of its own Olympic supremacy, has looked down from its airy throne upon the blind and battling multitude below—meaning us, of course, who are not geniuses—with a sardonic smile of mingled contempt, beneficence and pity. And the world, which is very apt to accept men in the long run at their own valuation (so much the worse for the modest), bows down in the end to self-assertive genius, and sees in its face all those splendid qualities which genius itself bids it look and find there. For indeed the world is, by nature, prone, after all, to the attitude of worship. It kneels readily. Though it chooses the objects of its adoration in strange places, yet it bends willing knees to the golden calf; and to the golden calf of success and public approbation none is less than to those other assorted golden calves which we know as wealth, rank, title, and position. It may

cast mud at its deities when they are young and unrecognized, to be sure—for who can see divinity in a tweed suit?—but as soon as the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, has decreed them the laurel wreath of common praise and a guinea a line, it will immediately start a Browning Society or a Shelley Society, or, for aught I know, a Ouida Society, too, to give the new cult its appropriate hierarchy. And, above all where the object of their worship is quite safely dead and buried (for live gods, at times, inconveniently disclaim their noisiest votaries), the admirers will swarm around with contagious enthusiasm in their wrath against the prophets of all newer cults, and cry aloud for the space of two hours together, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," till the town clerk comes to disperse them. On the other hand, if any bold iconoclast, sick of this perpetual adulatory hero worship, this fulsome laudation of the divine afflatus, ventures to hint that genius, after all, does not really differ so much from mere talent—poor but honest and industrious talent—that the distinction is mainly one of degree, not of kind, and that what in its youth was simply called talent grows, with time and repute, into genuine genius, the orthodox worshippers have always their thunderbolt ready forged to crush and annihilate him. "This fellow," they say, with a toss of the head, "being, in very truth, a born frog, ventures to maintain that frogs, by dint of inflation, can puff themselves out to the dignity of oxen, or that at best there is but little difference of size and build between the two species. That is just because he is a mere frog, and jealous of the vast superiority of bovine greatness." To be sure, when the oxen themselves were yet but young bullocks, sporting in the fields, these same orthodox critics would have eagerly contended for their essential frogginess; but now that they are full grown and fat and florally wreathed with sacrificial garlands, as becomes an Apis, the orthodox have forgotten their former recalcitrancy. As of old the fathers stone the prophets, and the children

occupy themselves with building their sepulchers. But let that pass. The point is that if one tries to put the question as to the nature of genius in its true aspect one is regarded in the invidious light of a modern Zoilus.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

Is Longevity Worth Its Price?

Can there be a doubt that Burns and Keats foresaw the issue of their struggle against bigotry, or that Cervantes, in the gloom of his misery, could read the signs of the dawn presaging a sunburst of posthumous fame? Spinoza and Schiller died at the threshold of their goal; Pascal, Harvey, Macaulay, Buckle, and Bichat left their inimitable works half-finished; Raphael, Mozart, and Byron died at the verge of a summit which, perhaps, no other foot shall ever approach. Who knows how often, since the dawn of modern science, the chill of death has palsied a hand that had all but lifted the veil of the Isis temple? Or in how many thousand lives time alone would have solved all discords into harmonies? An increase of longevity would, indeed, solve the vexing riddles of existence; it would furnish the secular indorsement of Mr. Mallock's conclusion. It would give the vicissitudes of fortune a chance to assert their equalizing tendencies; it would supply a missing link in the arguments of that natural religion that thrusts the equipoise of justice in the apparent caprices of human fate. The price of longevity would redeem the mortgage of our earthly paradise. And that price could be paid even by the disciples of Epicurus. The belief in the possibility of a merry, though wasted, life has its correlative in the idea that a lengthened life must necessarily be a dreary one. Health can dispense with the alliance of asceticism. The renunciation of vicious pleasures means only the renunciation of thousands of those ills which the children of earth owe exclusively to their apostasy from nature; and that the indulgence in natural enjoyments is compatible with perfect health is proved by the longevity records of

the nations that celebrated life as a festival. The biologist Bichat, whose institutions so marvelously anticipated the conclusions of a later science, held that the normal longevity of our race should be an average of ninety-six years, basing his inference on the fact that the life-term of all known mammals exceeds at least six times the period of their growth. A dog, growing for three years, may live to eighteen or twenty. A horse, growing for four or five, attains, and often exceeds, an age of thirty years. A camel, growing twice as slowly, may live to forty years and upward. An elephant, even in captivity, does not attain its full growth before its fiftieth year, and in India often outlives two masters. Some of the larger quadrupeds, likewise, grow very slowly; several varieties of baboons, for instance, do not acquire the characteristics of maturity before the beginning of their teens; and the naturalist Brehm mentions a male cacma who, after becoming the patriarch of his tribe, raided the durra-fields of the Zulu villages for nearly thirty years before he met his Waterloo in a fight with the outraged natives. The males of our own species grow for at least sixteen years, but less than one-third reach even the threefold multiple of that age, and hardly one in three hundred the normal sixfold. Attention has also to be called to the circumstances that, whether the years of Genesis may have been solar years, moons, or seasons, the genealogy of the patriarchs records a steady decrease of longevity, since the author of that record can hardly be supposed to have used, within the same chapter, two or three different units of computation. Besides, there is an *a priori* probability that the average duration of our life-term must have been shortened by those three billion tons of virulent stimulants, which, according to Dr. Schrodt's estimate, have convulsed the viscera of mankind since the invention of alcoholic beverages, not to mention narcotic drinks, tobacco, made dishes, premature marriages, indoor life, sedentary occupations, high-pressure schools, sleepless nights, and all the fracas, fret, and

factory smoke of modern city life. There is no doubt that the average of longevity has slightly increased since science has begun to dispel the monstrous hygienic superstitions of the Middle Ages, but it is equally certain that those superstitions enormously decreased the average life-term of earlier generations. Mental activity, under the stimulus of a fierce competition, is not specially conducive to length of life; yet a surprising number of Grecian statesmen, poets, and philosophers were octogenarians. The sun of the South did not prevent the passionate, though dietetically temperate Saracens of Bagdad and Cordova from reaching an age which their Trinitarian contemporaries often ascribed to the machinations of witchcraft. Yet neither the Greeks nor the Moriscos were distinguished for the practice of the ascetic virtues. They loved life for its own sake, and saw nothing meteorious in gratuitous self-denial. Physical exercise, outdoor sports, abstinence from toxic stimulants and premature incontinence, frugality in the original sense that implied a predilection for a mainly vegetable diet, and the love of mirth and harmless recreations, generally suffice to keep disease at bay, though there is also a deep significance in Goethe's remark, that perfect health of mind and body depends upon the regular, though not necessarily exclusive, pursuit of some practical occupation. Brain-workers, he thought, should follow some mechanical by-trade, and counteract the one-sided tendencies of their study by mechanical labor—say, in an amateur carpenter-shop, or a private smithy, *a la* E. J. Burritt or, better yet, on a little farm, with a bit of live-stock and a thriving orchard. Disappointment, oft repeated, undermines health as effectually as protracted physical pain, and for the worry of the vexations incident to the complex and precarious pursuits of modern civilization there is indeed, no better specific than the peace of a rustic garden home. Xenophon's hunting-lodge, Felix Sylla's cabbage garden, Erasmus' green-house, the patriarch of Ferney's home-made Eden, with its pear-tree nur-

ies and refugee settlement, and even the woodlands and wood-piles of Hawarden, may have enabled their proprietors to outlive the rancor of their enemies, and in all secular pursuits the art of survival is a chief secret of success. Other worldliness may renounce those pursuits, and in a narrower sphere of physical enjoyment the vital organism may fulfill its functions in a day as completely as in any multiple of days, but in the world of progress and social ideals only the hope of long life, or its equivalent in fame, gives existence the value of its highest purpose.—*Felix L. Oswald, in the Forum.*

Romance of Literary Discovery.

To the merest accident have we been indebted for the preservation of volumes which are justly considered to rank among the most precious relics of literature, and not less remarkable than the discoveries themselves is the fact that they have often been made at a time when further delay would have made them impossible. This has been particularly noticeable in regard to the remains of classical literature. In a dungeon in the Monastery of St. Gall Poggio found, corroded with damp and covered with filth, the great work of Quintilian. In Westphalia a monk stumbled accidentally upon the only manuscript of Tacitus, and to that accident we owe the writings of a historian who has more influence, perhaps, upon modern prose literature than any ancient writer, with the solitary exception of Cicero. The poems of Propertius, one of the most vigorous and original of the Roman poets, were found under the wine casks in a wine cellar. In a few months the manuscript would have crumpled to pieces and become illegible. Parts of Homer have come to light in the most extraordinary way. A considerable portion of the "Iliad," for instance, was found in the hand of a mummy. The best of the Greek romances, the Ethiopics of Heliodorus, which was such a favorite with Mr. Browning, was rescued by a common soldier, who found it kicking about the streets of a town in Hungary.

To turn, however, to more modern times, every one knows how Sir Robert Colton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor, who was cutting it up into measures. The valuable Thurloe State Papers were brought to light by the tumbling in of the ceiling of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The charming letters of Lady Mary Montague, which have long taken their place among English classics, were found in the false bottom of an old trunk; and in the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee lurked unsuspected for years. One of the most singular discoveries of this kind was the recovery of that delightful volume, "Luther's Table Talk." A gentleman in 1626 had occasion to build upon the foundation of a house. When the workmen were engaged in digging they found, "lying in a deep, obscure hole, wrapped in a strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax, within and without," this interesting work, which had lain concealed ever since its suppression by Pope Gregory XIII. We are told that one of the cantos of Dante's "Paradiso," which had long been mislaid, was drawn from its lurking place (it had slipped beneath a window sill) in consequence of an intimation received in a dream. One of the most interesting of Milton's prose works—the essay on the Doctrines of Christianity—was unearthed from the midst of a bundle of dispatches by a Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the state papers, in 1823. As years roll on and curiosity is more and more awakened, such discoveries must become rarer; but probably many precious documents are still lurking in unsuspected corners, and not a few literary discoveries remain even now to be made which will, when made, immortalize the fortunate discoverer.—*Spectator.*

MARIA MITCHELL is a power because she herself is great. She is valued among those who know her well for what she is rather than for what she has accomplished—all who come in contact with her are held by her personal appearance, her personal presence and her personal character, so strong is her in-

dividuality. She is a noble type of a strong-bodied, strong-brained, strong-hearted woman. She astonishes, fascinates and holds her pupils by a remarkable combination of shrewd common sense, startling insight into individual character and a frank simplicity and distinctness.

She says she was a homely girl, but time has now touched her face with many softening lines, and though her features may be irregular and unclassic, the pure life, high thoughts and noble purposes have written in eloquent language the evidence of a great nature. Her bearing is that of a woman who has never been false to her principles nor her convictions, who has never misrepresented her opinions nor sacrificed truth to expediency. Her manners are those of one of good birth, good breeding, a just appreciation of her own personal worth, a lenient judgment of others' attainments and a supreme devotion to truth. Her perfect self-poise results from a life in which is no sham and nothing to conceal.

It is the desire of Vassar Alumnae to endow the chair of Astronomy as a memorial to Dr. Mitchell. Forty thousand dollars is required for this purpose, twenty thousand of which is already obtained. Miss Whitney, who has for several years past been assistant at the Observatory, has been appointed the Doctor's successor and is one of her former pupils of whom she is very proud. Miss Whitney graduated from Vassar in 1868.

Miss Mitchell enjoyed the friendship of Harriett Martineau, Mary Somerville, George Eliot, Sir George Airy, Severrier Struve, Humboldt and many others of the great in social and scientific circles. In England she was the guest of Sir John Herschel, and while on the Continent was welcomed in observatories, which being under monkish rules, never before admitted any woman within their sacred precincts. Besides medals and honors, two colleges bestowing upon her the degree LL. D. while another gave that of Ph. D., she was an officer or member of various women's clubs and scientific associations.

Clioian Review.

MOTTO—NON PALMA SINE PULVERE.

IDA HUGG, Editor.

JOHN S. EBERMAN '78, is now sole proprietor of the drug and book store on Second Street.

REV. D. H. MCKEE, '78, by recent appointment, goes to Florence, Pa. He is an earnest and faithful minister.

MRS. JENNIE ADAMS CARTER, '81, has returned to her educational work at Waco College, Texas.

MISS MINNIE ROLEY, a staunch Clio of the class of '88, is teaching a seven months term at her home, and is reported to be a very successful teacher.

CLARENCE LEWIS, a student of '87, is now living in Pittsburgh, where he attends Curry Institute.

THE Juniors are doing unusually good work in composition under the direction of Miss Ruff.

MISS NETTIE TEETERS is now Mrs. Geo. Linn. Clio extends her congratulations.

MR. W. D. BRIGHTWELL, of Fayette City, an old Clio, visited the society recently.

CLIO was fortunate in securing Miss Florence Burke for a member.

AMONG her visitors on the evening of the 5th, Clio was glad to number Mr. Will Loustutter, of the class of '88.

MR. WILL MCCONEGLEY, class of '86, visited the Normal recently.

THE following officers were elected to serve during the coming six weeks: Pres., Mr. Long; V. P., Miss Van Voorhis; Sec'y., Miss Goodman; Attorney, Mr. Griffith; Treas., Miss Campbell; Chorister, Miss Duncan; Critic, Miss Darsie.

MESSRS. STRICKLER and McGinnis visited us on Saturday, Sept. 29. Mr. McGinnis is teaching in Lower Tyrone township.

UNDER the guidance of Mrs. Mary G. Noss, the Seniors are doing brisk work in the model school. Mrs. Noss is the training teacher, and makes a call on every practice teacher each period. Notes are made by her of the good points in teach-

ing, and also of the mistakes. These are presented to the Seniors in the form of general criticism during the methods period. By this means the whole class is benefited. Mrs. Noss is an experienced teacher and the right person in the right place.

DR. LEONARD, of Allegheny, visited us on Friday of last week.

THE Cantata of "Faith Triumphant" was given by the choir of the Cumberland Presbyterian church on Saturday evening, Oct. 20, in the Odd Fellows hall. The pupils of the school were given permission to attend. A great many availed themselves of it.

THE Senior class met and elected Mr. L. C. Day president of the class for the entire year. They also discussed a proposed entertainment to be given by Seniors alone, and adjourned to meet on Wednesday of this week, Oct. 24.

MISSSES Ache, Baker, Brown, Coursin and Crawford have given their chappel recitations. Miss Ache recited, "A Roman Valentine." Miss Barker, "Roman Sentinel." Miss Brown, "The Tear of Repentance." Miss Coursin, "Life's Voyage." Miss Crawford, "Sandalphon." The declamations were delivered well, showing careful study and preparation.

MR. LONG, one of the Seniors and a staunch Clio, has been at his home since last Friday on the sick list.

MR. WOOLSEY, class of '85, visited the Normal lately.

MR. HARRY HENRY, of Belle Vernon, who attended the school for one week, is now clerking in a store at his home.

THE Seniors changed their classes in the model department on last Monday, Oct. 29.

THE first classic of the Senior class will be due on next Thursday. It will be a "Critique on Chaucer."

MISS ALICE HORNER, also a Clio, is teaching near Bridgeport.

IF any knowledge is required of Pericles or Themistocles, just inquire of any one of the Seniors. Information will be speedily furnished.

HENRY VIII had six wives, all beautiful but one (Anne of Cleves). He lived fifty-six years, forty-three years being years of wickedness, and did one great, good act in his life time; that was, "The overthrow of ecclesiastical authority in England."

A *Senior Reading Class* has been formed; Miss Ruff selects the reading each day, and, in the evening after supper, the class assembles in her sitting room and she reads aloud. Thus far they have read portions of *Taine* and "*Welch*."

MR. J. C. HOCKENBERRY, '86, is succeeding well as assistant principal at Tyrone, Pa. Mr. H. is licensed to preach and on Sunday evening, Oct. 22, occupied the pulpit of the First M. E. church of Tyrone.

A COLLECTION of school exhibits will be sent from the Normal to the Washington county institute next month.

MISS JENNIE LINN, an old Clio will enter school at the beginning of next term. She will be gladly welcomed by Clio, being an active member while in school.

MR. MARTIN, a student of last spring term, is clerking at the present in Fayette City, but expects to enter school the first of next term, and also expects to be a Clio.

PROF. ANGNEY, lately of the Indiana Normal, is attending the Ann Arbor University. Prof. Angney visited Miss Ruff last spring at this place.

THE Board of Directors visited the model department recently and expressed themselves well pleased with the work being done.

AMONG the recent visitors at the Normal we noticed Mrs. Underwood, Mrs. and Mr. Graham, (parents of Mrs. Noss.)

Philomathean Galaxy.

MOTTO—PEDETENTIM ET GRADATIM.

SADIE LILLEY, Editor.

THE three Baker brothers, G. P., class of '82, Chas. E., and Wm. L., are all teaching in Washington county.

MISS EFFIE B. LINDSAY, '84, is a very successful teacher at West Brownsville, Pa.

MISS ANNA M. POWELL, '87, has begun work as teacher at Homestead. Her room was opened about Oct. 15.

PHILO can boast of sixty members. All in earnest.

DR. NOSS believes in keeping the students busy. The little "nick" of time at the close of devotional exercises is now very profitably used in discussing miscellaneous subjects placed on the blackboard.

THE Seniors find it hard enough to teach, and they certainly have reason to be thankful that they have a real model teacher to pattern after. Mrs. Noss not only observes but directs, and thus enables us to lead the youth over the right path.

MISS ELLA PORTER, a faithful Philo, is teaching a successful term at Connellsville.

ON the evening of Oct. 12, Philo received the following members: Misses Murray, McMunn, Hank, Warren, and Jennings.

THE following officers were elected last week: Pres., Mr. Huggins; Vice Pres., Miss Dickey; Sec., Miss Gilmore; Attorney, Mr. Day; Treas., Mr. Luckey; Critic, Miss Berthel; Marshal, Mr. Pierce.

DR. ISAAC E. JOSEPHS, of Pittsburgh, spent a day at the Normal with his sister, Miss Mary. He came here on a visit previous to his entering the Dental College at Cincinnati.

THE Junior class now numbers 65 and yet more to follow. What an interesting future for the school if the examiners don't cull too heartlessly.

THE average age of our Senior class is 18, while the average height is 5 feet 4½ inches.

MISSSES. UNDERWOOD and Williams, who are now teaching their home schools near Monongahela City, will probably enter school in the spring term. Philo will be benefited by their coming.

MR. WILL PARSHALL, a former student, and Miss Ella M. Cox were married a short time ago.

MISS ANNA VANCE, one of last year's staunch Philos, is teaching near home.

THE cantata, "Faith Triumphant," was given by the C. P. choir, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Oct. 20. It was a grand success, rendered to a full house. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Cumberland Church, which is now in course of improvement.

MISS LAURA LILLEY of Coal Center, and a graduate of '83, is now teaching at Starkey, San Louis Obispo county, California. She has a nine-months term at \$65 a month. Go West, young women! Go West!

"ENVY is a row of hooks on which we hang our grudges."

"Public opinion is the moulder of society."

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name, don't have it engraved on your umbrella.

MISS RUFF has the Juniors busy at work training their imaginations by the way of essay writing. They are now discussing the verb thoroughly, and at the same time reading ancient history for the next essay, and listening to her encouraging words, "more essays to follow."

MR. W. D. CUNNINGHAM, whom Philo greatly misses, is principal of West Newton schools.

THE Seniors had a meeting on Monday evening, Oct. 22, at which time Mr. Day was elected president.

MR. HARRY BEAZELL, a good worker for Philo, is now in Boston, where he has a clerkship in a railroad auditor's office.

"Never utter a word of slang,
Never shut the door with a bang,
Never say that you 'don't care,'
Never exaggerate, never swear.

Never lose your temper much;
Never a glass of liquor touch,
Never wickedly play the spy,
Never, oh! never, tell a lie."

THE students are striking hard at a new series of gymnastics.

THE fortunate Seniors whose names begin with the first letters of the alphabet are being heard bi-weekly on their recitations, and as soon as that load is off their shoulders they are told that the original oration is the next work that claims their attention. We hope the alphabet may be carried through as creditably as it has been begun. The drilling for the chapel recitations is very efficiently done by Miss Macpherson.

WHO wrote the most? Warren wrote "Now and then;" Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning;" Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

FIND out what you can do, and how you can be most happy with the means, time, and talent at your command, and then throw your heart into your work and you will be a blessing to your friends and to the world.

A MODERN marriage notice: "No cards, no cake, no flowers, no thanks, no regrets, nobody's business."

MR. JACK JENNINGS spent last Saturday with his sister, Louie, at the Normal.

MISS BERNICE APPLGATE is teaching near McKeesport.

MISS ELVA HERTZOG spent last Saturday, Oct. 22, with her parents in town.

PHILOS are always devising new plans for the improvement of their society. The young ladies are now preparing a succession of tableaux, dialogues and the like and a choir is being organized. We are striving to make Philo as good as the best, regardless of time and hard work.

The Blue-Stocking Scare.

Although Frances Burney, Joanna Bailie, Maria Edgeworth, and Hannah Moore enjoyed in the eighteenth century an honorable position in the cultured circles of society, the authoress was held in general discredit as adopting a vocation not only at variance with the due discharge of feminine duties, but incompatible with the modesty that should ever be the distinguishing attribute of her sex. The blue-stocking was deemed an abnormal creation of a corrupt society—a fungus excrescence nourished by decay. The publicity of authorship must inevitably destroy that sensitive delicacy of the feminine character, which was its especial charm. A due performance of the wife and mother's duty was irreconcilable with the essentially masculine function of writing books. A woman should find within the sphere of domestic life full scope for the exercise of any talent she might possess. Monk Lewis, the author of a popular romance, reproved his mother, early in this century, for attempting to write a tale, and with that uncompromising frankness of expression which characterizes near relative's rebukes, he informed her "that she had no business to be a public character, and that a female author became that contemptible thing, 'a sort of half man.'" The memoirs of Jane Austen show that she braved the public opinion of the day in publishing her well-known works; but though personally that seems to have given her little concern, yet to please her family she had always a handkerchief at hand to conceal from view the writings on which she might be engaged when visitors were announced. Miss Martineau details early experiences of a somewhat similar character, and it was not until her twenty-seventh year, when forced by circumstances to obtain the means of self-support, that she ceased to take precautions to keep her vocation a secret from the world. But no lady writer suffered so severely as Mrs. Somerville

from the public opinion of those days, as her unwomanly love of mathematics immensely aggregated the guilt of the infraction of the established code of feminine propriety. Her afflicted relatives adjured her to give up her discreditable studies, and not to bring disgrace upon herself and family by indulgence in such unwomanly pursuits. The evils that a feminine study of Euclid were calculated to produce, disquieted the clergy; and from the pulpit in York Cathedral Mrs. Somerville was condemned as an offender against the laws of God, as well as a transgressor of the accepted code of womanly propriety. The highly-gifted Caroline Herschel, declared by the Astronomical Society in 1828 to have accomplished a work "probably unparalleled either in magnitude or importance in the annals of astronomical labor," shared with Mrs. Somerville in the discredit attached to feminine scientific studies. Even her illustrious brother, imbued apparently with the prejudices of the day, seems throughout the long, indefatigable, and loving service she rendered him, to have regarded and treated her in the light of a useful drudge. And so little did her nephew, Sir John Herschel, consider her entitled to any mark of public honor and respect, that, when the Astronomical Society resolved to present her with a gold medal for her discoveries of comets and her catalogue of stars and nebulae, he most unkindly wrote to his aged aunt to say that he had "strenuously resisted" the resolution. The piteous plaint of her old age, that from the earliest dawn of recollection, her life had been one of "sorrow, trouble and disappointment," must evoke the deepest sympathy, mingled with indignation at the social prejudice that had embittered her laborious existence. Since the day she died, now nearly forty years ago, the English code of feminine propriety has undergone a notable change, and since the more distant time when Mrs. Somerville was condemned from the pulpit of York Cathedral, the change in some important respects amounts to a revolution. — *The Woman's World*.

A Famous Art Patron.

Unlike his predecessors, Hadrian cared little for the supremacy of Rome. Rome was no more to him than other cities of the empire, and, either in war or peace, he was always on the move; there was a restless fire in his nature, and he had set himself the task of visiting every province of his empire, and seeing with his own eyes the needs of the people he ruled over. Britain, Gaul, Germany, Spain, Carthage, Alexandria, each province was visited in turn, every department of the public service of each was investigated, overhauled, reformed, and everywhere public works marked the course of his progress. But through all his travels he remained "the Greekling," his bearded face—an innovation on the close-shaven chins of all his predecessors—proclaimed him the Sophist and philosopher, and Athens was still his favorite city, and he delighted to abide there, fancying himself living in the Hellas of the Golden Age. Never since the loss of her liberty had Greece had so powerful a friend; Athens was rebuilt, her temples and theaters restored, and a new quarter, named after Hadrian, added to the city. Indeed, throughout all the cities of Asia Minor he scattered showy buildings with lavish munificence. His cosmopolitan taste, by elevating the status of provincial cities, lowered the supremacy of Rome, yet no emperor enriched the capital so much as this restless Hadrian. The works of his with which we are all most familiar are the bridge and castle, now called of St. Angelo, but originally known as Pons Aelius, and the mausoleum of Hadrian. That tomb of many emperors, that fortress of many fights, is now impressive, bleak, and grim, a dark discolored wreck of the white marble pile that rose tier upon tier, surmounted by a gilded dome. But though the bridge and castle are most familiar to our eyes, the building most closely associated with the memory of Hadrian are the ruined fragments at the base of the hill of Tivoli, known as Hadrian's villa, but which was, in truth, a very considerable suburb, bound-

ed by a ring fence ten or twelve miles in circuit, containing within its girth a strange agglomeration of heterogeneous buildings, constructed from his designs. Almost every known masterpiece of the ancient world was here adapted or imitated; temples of Egypt, of Asia, and of Greece; Plato's academy, the Stoic's Porch, the Lyceum, Greek and Latin libraries and theaters, palaces, barracks, baths,—all gorgeous beyond description, incomparably costly, enriched with such multitudes of statues that there is scarcely a museum in Europe which has not drawn largely from this well; embellished by every means that the art of sumptuous Rome could command, paved with mosaics wrought of gold and jewels, luxurious beyond the most enervated dreams of Hadrian's dear Greece. Nor were the gardens one whit less magnificent than the buildings; there were marble colonnades for shade, paved with mosaic; the pond for the sham sea-fights was paved throughout with yellow marble; the groves, the hills, the fields, the streams, were all laid out with elaborate art in imitation of the description of the meadows, vales, and rivers of antiquity. Art was perverted from its true function; everything was made to look like something it was not, was strained to represent some sentiment that had no existence in Rome of the second century; all was an imitation of something that had gone before, so that the art of Hadrian's Rome, for all its priceless splendor of material and elaboration of *technique*, was a lifeless thing, unnatural and unreal; the echo of a true note that had for long been silenced, and that with each re-echoing grew duller, more blurred, less true. The gods of Greece were dead, the old mythology disbelieved, the old ideal disregarded; the artists of Hadrian's time, in repeating their story, had no message to interpret to the world—no voice of their own; they were merely translators. Indeed, in many cases already, their work was only the translation of an older translation, and a chance reference by Lucien to sculpture as "merely mechanical," reveals in what humble estimation the sculptor's art was held.

Educating the Whole Man.

Education ought to be threefold—intellectual, moral, and physical; training of the mind, the heart, and the hands, building up together and building each with regard to its relations to the whole man, the three departments of man's triune nature, the three members of the human trinity. Any system of education is defective which neglects either of the three. A cultivated mind, associated with a dwarfed moral nature and lodged in a frame whose powers have never been developed, is rarely useful to mankind and often a curse to its possessor. When the moral sense is pushed to abnormal development without the accompanying and dominating influence of the intellect the result is more likely to be an inmate of a lunatic asylum than a useful citizen. Physical training alone produces that thing in which the human family makes contact with the brute creation. Society claims the right, based on the first law of nature, to insist that all children shall, to a certain extent, be educated. Society puts its hand into the strong box of the childless millionaire and takes his money to educate the ten or a dozen children of his pauper neighbor. It does this in order that crime and poverty may be diminished. It builds school houses and employs teachers in order that it may not have to build so many prisons and hire so many keepers. On the theory ignorance begets vice and conduces to poverty, society makes war on illiteracy through systems of public schools. There is no question of more general and absorbing interest than the education of the young, and there is no feature of American social life more dear to the people, more carefully watched, or more cheerfully supported than our free schools. There is a good deal of complaint of a lack of moral teaching in our public schools. While it is decidedly not advisable to introduce sectarianism even in its mildest shape, it would seem practicable to pay more attention to those great fundamental truths of religion in which all sects can agree. Love of truth, for

truth's sake, can be taught without trenching on sectarian ground. The golden rule—that grand epitome of human philosophy—ought to be wrought into the very nature and give color to the life of every child. Children should be taught that it pays to be good—pays in increased happiness, in that best of all sensations, the consciousness of having resisted temptation. No immoral man or woman, no person of impure life, should ever be employed to teach the young, for the unconscious and inevitable influence of such teaching is bad. Physical training, the education of the hand, is just beginning to receive attention, commensurate in some degree, with its importance. It is entirely practicable to give all the boys in our public schools such instruction in some of the mechanic arts that the boy thus taught will be able to get a living by it. While receiving such teaching the boy's physical nature is being developed quite as well as it could be by plying the oar or base-ball bat. All the girls, too, can be taught sewing and cooking while learning to write neatly and spell correctly. And this instruction is vastly important, because the greater part of the girls in our free schools cannot be taught at their homes to sew neatly or make a good loaf of bread. While pupils of both sexes are receiving this industrial education, it is necessary that they should be taught that labor is honorable; that ignorance is disgraceful, and that to grow up in ignorance of all arts or occupations by which they can earn a living is inexcusable.

ACCOUNTS reach us of an invention now being exhibited in Liverpool, by means of which an Italian name, Carlo Bozza can not only give—without other aid than electricity—performances upon a variety of musical instruments at the same time, but can also reproduce the music at any distance. Signor Bozza has also invented a new musical instrument, playable only by electricity. It is made of porcelain, and from it he is said to produce music, unique in sweetness and penetration.

Two Years Less in School.

If two years are saved in the education of a youth under the French method, and the education is better than that obtained by American youth under the longer time, as President Eliot, who has given the matter a careful examination, affirms in the August *Atlantic*, there is no time to be lost by American educators in ascertaining what can be done for the improvement of our own system. It has been our claim and boast that the American schools were in advance of those in Europe; they are in some points, but they are behind in others. Where we are behind is in loading our school programmes with so much detail that the pupils bend under the weight and strain, and do not justify our method by satisfactory results. They are kept so long in school that the youth who goes to a profession is graduated at so late an age that a heavy tax is laid upon parents and guardians for his support; or if he goes to a trade, so much time is spent in the routine of school-work that he does not gain knowledge enough within the years that he can stay in school to supply his needs in the plain business of life. Our school system handicaps our young people at both ends of the social scale. The French, by the application of the process of elimination to their system, have thrown out whatever is superfluous, and have so reduced the programmes for both boys and girls that it is possible to save two years of the time which American pupils now consume in obtaining an education which is far less complete. The question, then, turns upon the adoption of the French method. Is it wise to shorten our school programmes, as the French have done? The answer is both Yes and No. President Eliot is not the first to perceive that our school system is loaded down with so much detail. The American principle is that of Davy Crockett, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." We wish to be sure of our ground that we dig up the knowledge that has been planted in the minds of our youth by repeated examinations in order to see if the roots of education have

sprouted; we are not willing to wait for nature to do her work, with the line upon line and the precept upon precept. The examinations are almost as much of a weight upon the American public schools as the details of the programmes. The two go together. The idea behind this plan is that the work of the school is to see that the pupil has been faithfully over a certain amount of ground, and has it well memorized. The French idea is that if the pupils get the mastery of the principles, and if the work is made hard all the way, but at the same time is like going up a staircase, lifting one up higher and higher in the mastery of his studies, the true end of an education is realized. It was long ago remarked by the late Mr. Arnold that much of the superiority of the French and German schools was due to the employment of a higher grade of teachers, among whom the proportion of men was much greater than with us, so that the method was followed with a better discretion and insight than have been possible with ourselves. To put the matter shortly, then, the French system or method will succeed with us if we cease to put our strength into examinations that are chiefly useful in delaying work, if we transfer supervision from the pupil to the teacher, and if we employ a better grade of teachers, and more largely male teachers, for the instruction of our youth. In this light there is a great improvement possible, and by such means it is not unlikely that two years may be saved in American as it is already saved in the French schools, to the great satisfaction of both parents and children.

Poverty and Riches.

How often does one meet upon the streets gray-haired men who once were princely merchants or lordly planters, and who are now compelled to struggle hard for a scanty support? At a spectacle like that one may query whether such a man is more to be pitied than he who has never tasted the sweets of good fortune, but all his life-long has toiled hard at the oar

against an adverse tide. "Use," says Shakespeare, "doth breed a habit in man," and it might be argued that he who has never known prosperity, having become hardened to poverty, can not suffer as he does who has fallen from a high state. But to argue thus would be to ignore the numerous disappointments that enter into every poor man's life. In this country it is especially difficult to settle down to "hard commons." There seems to lie before us so much opportunity for enterprise, and we are surrounded by so many examples of brilliant success, that even the poorest and most obscure have their alluring day-dreams of riches and fame. This is particularly true of the young. It is said that every American boy expects to be President of the United States, and when one thinks of Andrew Jackson, Andy Johnson and Abraham Lincoln that expectation is, in some measure, justified. But, as Tennyson puts it,

"The one succeeds, the many fail."

And it is sad to think of the thousands and tens of thousands of young hearts that have broken in silence while the light of hope faded before their eyes and left the world to darkness and to them. The great doctrine of compensation holds good all along the line. The balance may not be exactly even, but there is always some offset for either good or evil fortune. The other day we read that Mr. Wm. Vanderbilt felt a constant sense of pressure from the magnitude of his wealth. He was a slave to his own property. He was harrassed by continual demands for money, being in that respect almost as badly off as an impecunious wretch beset by a throng of relentless creditors. The condition of his stomach would not permit him to enjoy champagne or rich viands. He complained that his grand mansion was only a boarding-house for servants, and as for his wealth he had never been able even to see it. After all, physical enjoyment is limited not so much by fortune as bodily strength, and the highest intellectual pleasures are within the reach of the poor. A few good books, a seeing eye, and a hearing ear will equip a man for empyrean flights.

The Bugbear of Plagiarism.

You may as well hope to pluck a comet from the sky by the tail as to pluck the legend of plagiarism from some literary hearts. Sir Theodore Martin has published a pleasant tract "Shakespeare or Bacon?" (Blackwood's) which will remind some, and inform others, that Shakespeare was accused of plagiarism by Ben Jonson! However, Ben's later saying in his "Discoveries," that he loved Shakespeare "on this side of Idolatrie," makes amends, and appears to prove that, even then, some loved Shakespeare beyond, or as far as "Idolatrie." Ben's epigrams against "Proule" and other plagiarists are commonly mere reminiscences of Martial, and may have had little or no actual reference to contemporaries. Probably most of the literary coincidences in fiction which are called plagiarisms may be accounted for in a very simple and innocent manner. A story in a magazine gets into common talk and conversation, and is heard, at last, by some literary person in search of a topic or a *motif*. Neither he nor the people who tell him the anecdote are aware that it has ever been printed; it has reached them by way of oral tradition. So the literary person amplifies it into a story, or inserts it in a novel, thinking it a matter *publici juris*. Then the original author, or his friends or admirers, make complaint, and perhaps a feud and general disturbance follow. Most people know the tale of the ghostly manager of the "lift," or "elevator," in the French hotel. I once introduced it into a budget of ghost stories for an American magazine, and then heard, to my dismay, from the American editor, that the story had appeared thrice in Transatlantic literature. Yet I certainly had never seen or heard of this ghost as a printed and published ghost. The same thing happened in the case of Fitz-James O'Brien's tale of the palpable but invisible specter. Some one in England met the story in oral tradition and reproduced it with a perfect unconsciousness that he was robbing the dead American author. The main idea of "Burglar Bill," again, was quite

original in its author's mind, and came to him as a theme for burlesque, whereas it had been seriously used by Mrs. Burnett, the author of "Through One Administration." Happily the hunter of plagiarism had no chance here, as the right to travesty and burlesque a serious idea is generally conceded. Have I not heard some person, supernaturally wise, affirm that Mr. Haggard's "Measons" is pilfered from a silly tale of my own? In both a record is tattooed on the human body, and that idea is *publici juris*, surely, because it is over 2,300 years old, and was employed by Histæus, according to Herodotus, who was "a plagiarist himself," according to Porphyry.

Regrets.

Every man who thinks at all (and thinking is a rare gift) has formed some ideal of life. He has his cherished aspirations and secret aims. Some beautiful dream of youth may have haunted him in manhood, and hoping against hope he may have been unable to part with it even in old age. He knows, perhaps, that it can never be realized, that every effort he makes is a vain effort, and yet he will not let it go, since it would be parting with what is as dear to him as life. That such a man should suffer from regrets is inevitable, but it is not so certain that he needs our pity. It is surely better to aspire and to fail than to have no goal for the spirit at all. Perhaps the secret regrets of life are the weightiest, and chiefly on this account—that they are incommunicable. The man who respects himself, and is conscious that his ardent hope will never be satisfied, does not proclaim his grief to the world, nor, in all probability, does he tell it to his nearest friend. He wears his shirt of sackcloth and conceals it under fine linen. The regrets caused by our own folly or incapacity are among the most painful to endure. A girl, by some act of waywardness, has lost her lover; a man, by his careless conduct, has missed a post that might have led to fame and fortune. A word, a look, an unjust suspicion, has broken hearts before now; and

many a person, owing to a fatal error in youth, has walked ever after in the valley of humiliation. There is no comfort in feeling you will act more wisely another time, for that other time never comes. You have no more powder in your flask, no more arrows in your quiver; and now you are left to bear, as best you may, the consciousness of defeat. There is but one sorrow more lasting and more poignant than this, and that is when a man knows that his defeat in life's battle has been due to vice or to any laxity of principle. The regrets common to the race, being common, are more readily endured. We suffer deeply, but our grief is not without alleviations. As the years move on there is not a man but may confess with Dogberry that he is "a fellow that hath had losses." Friends die and leave us desolate; but our grief, bitter though it may be, is softened by the thought that those we love have reached the haven where they would be. It is worth noticing, and indeed, when one comes to think of it, the fact is very significant, that regrets never follow virtuous actions.

The first American newspaper, *Publick Occurrences*, was issued on the 25th of September, 1690, and, according to Samuel Merrill, in his interesting work on "Newspaper Libel," Mr. Harris, its sole publisher, editor, and reporter, thus announced his intentions in his prospectus: "It is designed that the Countrey shall be furnished once a moneth, (or, if any Glut of Occurrences happen oftener), with an account of such considerable things as have arrived unto our Notice. In order here unto, the Publisher will take what pains he can to obtain a Faithful Relation of all such things; and will particularly make himself beholden to such Persons in Boston whom he knows to have been for their own use the diligent Observers of such matters." *Publick Occurrences* did not reach a second number. It was interdicted as contrary to law, and nearly fourteen years elapsed before a second attempt was made to give the "Countrey" another newspaper.

Education and the Employment of Children.

For years the world has been on a moral crusade against the employment of children in mines and factories, while the far greater evils that result from the mothers going out as wage-earners have attracted comparatively little attention. Labor, within certain limits, is good for the child, giving it a wholesome moral discipline, and training it for the business by which it is to earn its livelihood; but, when a married woman has to neglect her natural duties for the responsibilities that properly belong to the other sex, it is time for humanity to protest in the name of her offspring.

In the homes of the very poor there are no hired servants to keep the household machinery running smoothly while the mistress is away. The wife of the laboring man is frequently cook, nurse, housemaid, laundress, all in one; and if she must go out as breadwinner besides, what is to prevent the domestic engine from running off the track and getting itself hopelessly ditched? Of the two evils, if both are evils, I am persuaded that it is better that the child should go out to labor than the mother. Liberty, uncurbed by the check-rein of parental restraint, is a more than doubtful blessing, for the loss of which the child that takes its mother's place in the shop or the mill is more than compensated by the advantage of having her care at home. It is of far greater importance to the physical and moral well-being of the child that it should have a clean, well-ordered home to receive it out of working hours, than that its working hours should be abolished. The real hardship to the children of the poor lies not in setting them early to learn the wholesome lesson of labor, but in leaving them to grow up amid the discomforts and dangers of a neglected home, while the mother is bestowing upon loom and spindle the care that is the natural birthright of her little ones.

Education, in the proper sense of the word, is that course of training which will best fit an individual for the business of life; or, to speak

more accurately, will best enable him to adjust himself in harmony with his environment. The kind of education that is best for any person will depend, therefore, very much upon what his environment is [to be; and, as it certainly can not be maintained that the environment of the majority of mankind is such as to require a very great amount of book learning, it may reasonably be asked whether some of our popular theories of education do not need remodeling. By this I do not mean that our facilities for higher education should be in any way diminished, but only that we should use a little more discrimination in applying them, and bestow the highest advantages where they are likely to do most good.

Each department of the world's work can be best carried on by those who are fitted for it. The intellectual work, like every other, can be carried on with success only by those who have some capacity for it; and, by bestowing an elaborate training upon all alike, without regard to natural qualifications, we damage both the state and the individual—the state, by wasting its resources in unremunerative intellectual products; the individual by leading him into fields where he is forced into competition with those better equipped for the struggle for existence, and against whom, by the inexorable law of the “survival of the fittest,” he has no chance to contend with success.

It is not a matter of mere sentiment to reserve the mother's time and labor for her children, but of sound political economy. There is no question of greater importance to the state than the training of its future citizens; and a home where thrift, cleanliness, and good government prevail, with that moderate amount of domestic comfort which the hand of a tidy woman can impart to even the most meager surroundings, is a more powerful factor in the production of a good education than all the schools in Christendom.

We all know that there are foolish and incompetent mothers in every walk of life; but would any one, therefore, argue that it is good

for children in general to be deprived of the care of their mothers? Such faults of the poor as arise from lack of opportunity we may hope to correct; those that are inherent in human nature I leave to the moralist, as beyond the scope of this paper.—*Eliza F. Andrews, in Populace Science.*

Quick Temper.

A matter not unworthy of remark is the almost universal claim laid to that supposed-to-be undesirable possession, a quick temper. “I have a frightfully quick temper!” is an assertion often made without any sign of regret, rather with evident self complacency. And how often, when, with the intention of saying something pleasing, we remark upon the sweetness of a friend's disposition to the friend in person, are we met with the reply, “Oh, you're quite mistaken; I'm one of the quickest-tempered people in the world!” given in a tone that does not imply modest deprecation of a compliment, but a decided sense of unappreciated merit. Now this willingness—eagerness, it may even, without exaggeration, be called—to be convicted of what is acknowledged to be a fault strikes one as a curious anomaly. No one would answer, if told, “You are very truthful,” “Oh, no, I'm a constant liar;” nor, if complimented upon consistent attention to her own business, would respond, “On the contrary, scandal mongering is my favorite occupation.” At least, no one would give either of these answers in the serious way in which the claim to the possession of a hot temper is made. May there not be, underlying this inconsistency and explaining it, a misconception of the real meaning and source of a quick temper? To many minds, this undesirable trait seems to be the outcome of many very admirable qualities. To be hot-tempered means, inferentially, in such mental vocabularies, to be generous, and large-minded, and unselfish, and—after a little lapse of time—forgiving. But I maintain that it means exactly the reverse of all these things. If a man be quick

tempered, if he give way to anger quickly and unrighteously (for I leave out of the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for good reason only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, if not in ten cases out of ten, his fury is kindled by some fancied slight to himself, and is allowed to blaze simply as an illumination in honor of his self esteem; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means synonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all he is not large minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to see how small a point in the universe this temper-rousing episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly—in a flash of thought—the outburst would be averted.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Physiology in the Public Schools.

The children who are to be the future molders of the country's welfare should be systematically and properly taught in the schools physiology and hygiene, with only enough anatomy as a foundation for the study of physiology. If Dr. Hammond's statement be correct, that many school children of the present day are oppressed mentally and physically by too many and too hard studies, it is imperative that parents, teachers, and even pupils should know what work the child's brain and body can and ought to bear. But this statement of Dr. Hammond will cause the introduction of the studies of physiology and hygiene to be objected to by some on the ground that any additional studies will weigh too heavily upon the children. This objection is a valid

one if the prescribed lessons are to be merely memorized by pupils, and if the children are to be rigorously marked for not remembering. Improperly taught, as these subjects too frequently are, they become distasteful to the pupil, discouraging to the teacher, and are calculated to do more harm than good. Properly taught, they will not be merely additional studies for the pupil to grind out with tears and labor and vexation of spirit, but will be welcomed because they lighten the work imposed by the routine of school-life. Until very recently, in order to obey the precept, "know thyself," the teaching has been almost altogether anatomical, dry descriptions of the position, shape, and use of bones, muscles, and the various tissues of the body. Unfortunately, much of this sort of teaching still prevails, even for the young children, and some of the books in use foster such teaching. Fortunately, many of the books devote more space to physiology than to anatomy, but a few only give much attention to hygiene, which is the most practical of the three studies, but its study should be associated with that of the other two. Says Dr. Parkes, the eminent sanitarian: "Hygiene aims at rendering growth more perfect, decay less rapid, life more vigorous, and death more remote." Information that will help to effect these ends is what is needed by all who wish to enjoy and accomplish most during life. While it is of interest to know what bones are, and how many there are in the body, where the location of the heart is, and what are its functions, it is of more practical importance for all of us to know what will keep the bones in sound condition, and what we should or should not do in order that our hearts may serve us faithfully many years. The practice of hygienic laws, as well as the study of hygiene, is needed both in and out of schools much more than mere anatomical and physiological knowledge. Now that the study of psychology is fashionable, we may hope, perhaps, for a better knowledge on the part of teachers of what is and is not necessary for healthy mental activity and development, what are rational methods of teach-

ing; but as long as text-books are ground out, in questions and answers, just so long will memorizing be the rule for pupils, and the encouragement of observation and originality be the exception.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

WHETHER teaching pays or not depends on what is reckoned as pay. If gratitude, love, esteem, fervent affection, joy arising from seeing others happy—useful, using the powers for the good of others, are of value, then the good teacher is well paid. If these are worth nothing to a man, then a teacher must be put down as poorly paid.

A teacher was lately visited by a lady who was a pupil of his when she was a child. They sat long and talked over old times at school. She had become a very useful person, a writer of charming stories, and was able to estimate the value of his teaching. After arriving home she penned a note to him, and we have been permitted to see it:

"I want to tell you what a great pleasure it was to see you yesterday; what a host of recollections it started up. The time was not half long enough for all I would like to hear and say. The years at your school were among the happiest and most profitable of my school days. The influence over me was decided, and has been lasting. Many things you said have staid by me ever since; twenty-five years they have been in my mind and memory. Principles you inculcated have governed me; I have often felt the wish I could see you and tell you so, and thank you for what you have done, for the good you did me, especially for waking me up to study, and for doing so much to make school work a pleasure.

"I am glad to be able to discharge a little of the debt of thanks I owe. I wonder if I have any one who feels so thankful to me as I do to you. I wish sometimes I had been a teacher. I often thought you were the most perfect person I ever saw; I tried hard to be like you."—*School Journal*.

MISS RUFF is endeavoring to make extemporaneous speakers of us all. We are asked to speak upon subjects dating from the ancient nations to our own good time. "Egypt an element in civilization," "The educational systems of Egypt and Greece reviewed in the light of the best educational means and methods," have been two subjects discussed.

THE trustees of the institution are ever awake for improvements. They are now grading the grounds between the building and the railroad. This is a needed improvement. Passengers hereafter will have a far better view of the beautiful grounds and buildings.

MRS. JENNIE CARTER, (nee Adams) paid the school a visit a few weeks ago. She is teaching in Waco, Texas, at the present time. The Model school children are very much interested in sending presents to her pupils. Their busy work is very interesting.

MISS AGNES McALPIN, '81, is teaching in Bridgeport, Conn. She has entered upon her second term. Her Normal diploma was accepted as sufficient evidence of teaching qualifications. Graduates of the Normal going into other States to teach find little difficulty in having their diplomas indorsed.

IN school discipline the teacher should remember that one is never quite defeated until he loses his temper and loses self control.

SEPT. GEO. A. SPENDLER was a visitor at the Normal, Oct. 12. His arrangements for the County institute are completed. We predict the largest gathering of teachers and the most interesting institute that Washington county has yet had.

PROF. HALL, to B class in physiology: "Bring a chicken-foot to class and I will explain the tendons to you." Little girl: "Prof., we had chicken yesterday." Prof. H. "Well, the next time you have chicken, bring a foot to class." Little girl: "Dear knows when we'll have chicken again."

MISS NELL WHITTING, a Junior of '87 and an old Clio, is now teaching near Brownsville.

MISS CARRIE LONGANECKER, a graduate of the Normal, is now teaching in Uniontown.

MISS ANNA E. HURST, a Normalite, now teaching in Scottdale, Pa., promises us a visit soon. The REVIEW, she writes, is a welcome visitor.

IT would be impossible to acknowledge separately all the kind words that have been received concerning the REVIEW. To all who have given us cheer and encouragement we say—thank you, and blessings on you.

MR. GRANT ZOLLARS, we understand, expects to enter the Junior class at the opening of the winter term.

LARGE numbers have enrolled in what is called the Junior correspondence class and are doing regular work in Latin and algebra, preparatory to entering the Junior class at the Normal when their term of teaching ends.

THE occupations which the members of the Senior class will pursue after graduation, are as follows: Miss Ache, Missionary; Miss Baker, Teaching; Miss Brown, House-keeping; Miss Cousin, Music Teacher; Miss Crawford, Lawyer; Miss Cunningham, School Teacher; Miss Dagne, Milliner; Mr. Day, Minister; Miss Darsie, Teacher of language in a Seminary; Miss Eichlaam, Poetess; Miss Goe, Housekeeper; Miss Gilmore, School Teacher; Miss Hank, Dress Maker; Miss Hugg, Mother Superior in a convent; Miss Jamison, Cook; Miss Kineder, Elocutionist; Mr. Long, Doctor; Mr. Lewis, President of U. S.; Mr. Luckey, Lawyer; Miss Lilley, Professional Singer; Miss Musgrave (Joe), Elocutionist; Miss Musgrave (Lizzie), will be content to remain in single blessedness, doing nothing; Miss Neemes, Lawyer; Mr. Packer, Civil Engineer; Miss Sibbit, Minister's wife; Miss Murray, Minister's wife; Miss McMunn, Principal of School; Miss Teggart, School Teacher; Miss Berthel, Elocutionist; Miss Josephs, Duchess; Miss VanVoorhis, Photographer; Miss Vogel, Housekeeper.

MISS FLO PACKER reports herself as well pleased with her school at Braddock, and we feel sure will succeed. Miss Packer was an earnest society worker and is very greatly missed by Clio.

WE are pleased to hear that Mr. Grant Danley, one of Clio's faithful members of the class of '88, has almost entirely recovered his health; which fact we are very glad to note.

MISS PRESSIE DARSIE, class of '87 is teaching at West Belle Vernon, and is giving great satisfaction as a teacher.

THE return of Dr. Brooks for special work will be hailed with delight by all who were here last spring.

MR. ARTHUR ALLEN will be one of the students at the Normal this coming term, and will continue in school the rest of the year.

ACCORDING to the Juniors, they have just used one ream of writing paper this term, the reason of this is that they have a composition every two weeks. The Seniors have used one ream and a half, having had three to write this term. Strange, the amount of paper it requires for one composition.

DURING the month of September there were 1,878 cases of yellow fever at Jacksonville with 212 deaths, making an average mortality of 1 in 9. Fearful as this seems, it is mild compared with the epidemic of 1878-9, for during the month of Sept. of that year, there were 8,341 cases with 2,649 deaths. However, Dr. Mary Walker was not there to give her excellent advice and aid, which, perhaps, explains the comparative mildness of this epidemic.

PROF. WEBSTER, of Floyd county, Iowa, has unearthed in that county the skeletons of thirty men which seem to be of a different race from any of the pre-historic remains yet found. Prof. Webster, has not, as yet, advanced any theory concerning the strange discovery.

MISS ANNA KINDER, one of our members, will come in the building as a boarder next term.

"LEARNING is wealth to the poor an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged. Can we well afford to do without it?"

THE piano has been taken into the public parlor, much to the satisfaction of the young ladies of the dormitory.