

The Normal Review.

Vol. IV, No. 7.

CALIFORNIA, PA., MARCH, 1889.

50c. a year.

Entered as second-class matter.

SPRING term opens March 25.

TOTAL attendance to this date, about 450.

THE enrollment for the year is expected to reach 700.

GOVERNOR BEAVER is expected to be present and make a brief address on Commencement day, June 27th.

PRINCIPAL GEO. F. MARTIN, of Waynesburg, will be one of the many who will take the Special Course in Methods.

MISS M. AMELIA FEE, one of Connellsville's progressive teachers and a soloist of more than local reputation, will be in attendance during Dr. Palmer's Course in Music.

MISS ADA GUNN, '88, who is teaching near Elizabeth, was a welcome visitor at the Normal Feb. 22.

THE Normal trustees will probably rent the upper story of the "College House," now occupied by Mr. L. W. Morgan, for the use of boarding students.

PROF. W. N. HULL, now of Corvallis, Oregon, in a recent communication alludes to the fact that he was principal of the seminary here in '63 and '64, and was the first to suggest the *State Normal*. He has our thanks for the suggestion.

MISS JENNIE COGAN, of Port Perry, Pa., a student at the Normal last spring term, died after a brief illness, Feb. 1, 1889.

MR. J. R. BAKER, of Beallsville, a Normal student some years ago, is now a student in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny.

MISS LIZZIE LITTLE, of West Elizabeth, Pa., a former student, was a welcome visitor at the Normal Feb. 12th.

SUPT. SPINDLER speaks in warm praise of the teaching of Miss Elva Hertzog, a member of the class of '84, and of the Special Methods class last spring.

MR. W. S. BRASHEAR, of Brownsville, was in town Feb. 23. He will enter the Junior class at the opening of the spring term.

MISS MILLIE MCKELVEY, a student last spring term, was married, Jan. 22, to Mr. Josiah Brant, of Ligonier. Our good wishes go with the happy couple.

REV. J. C. MOMEYER, of Petersburg, Ill., many years ago pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church here, visited the Normal Feb. 7, in company with 'Squire C. J. Springer.

THE practice teachers are learning the happy secret of objective and pictorial teaching. The hollow mockery of text-book teaching--that abomination of desolation in elementary schools--meets with no favor.

MISS MARIE HALL, '80, now an instructor in Chalfant's Business College, Brownsville, was a Normal visitor February 23.

THE spring term of the California Normal will be one of rare value to every teacher who attends. A Westmoreland teacher has just written: "Being delighted with your school last year I write to ask you to save a room for me next term." This is a fair sample of many letters received.

THE latest and best definition of a crank—a thing by which revolutions are made. The faculty are becoming a little cranky on certain subjects, *e. g.*: spelling, writing, and practice teaching. It will soon be impossible for any one to graduate unless he is a good penman, a perfect speller and an expert teacher.

MISS Carrie S. Greathead, '85, of Fulton county, who was recommended two years ago by Principal Noss for a position in Westmoreland county, paying nearly double the salary paid teachers in her own county, has secured positions near her, in Westmoreland, for two sisters.

Important Dates.

Spring Term opens March 25.
Public School Exhibition March 30 (probably.)
Col. Parker's work at the Normal begins May 13.
Dr. Brooks' May 20, and Dr. Snyder's and Dr. Palmer's June 3.
Senior and Junior Examination about June 15.
Alumni Reunion, June 25 (or 26).
Annual Contest, June 26.
Commencement, June 27.

There is talk of an Alumni banquet on Tuesday evening of Commencement week.

Good reports reach us of the work of Mr. Joseph D. Hornbake, '85, who is teaching the Centreville school, this county.

Rev. M. A. Rigg, '84, now a student in the Western University, sends us the names of six subscribers to the *NORMAL REVIEW*. That is a good example for other friends of the paper to follow.

THE students and faculty of the Normal recently presented a nine-volume set of the International Educational Series to Miss H. E. Brooks, of the Lock Haven Normal, whose library was wholly lost by fire in December.

MR. O. S. Chalfant, '86, who is reading law at Washington, Pa., was a recent Normal visitor. His brother Harry, of the same class, is a Freshman in Washington and Jefferson College.

PROF. W. S. Jackman, '77, of the Pittsburgh High School, was at Harrison's inauguration and read a paper before the National Department of Superintendents, which met at Washington, March 6-8.

ONE by one, the few alumni who have thought they might get along without the *NORMAL REVIEW* are falling into line among our permanent subscribers.

MISS Maria L. Larime, '78 who has been teaching long and well in Fayette City, has just sent her subscription for the *NORMAL REVIEW*.

Theology in Fiction.

Time was when a strict religionist regarded fiction as under a ban. Perhaps we are entering on a period when the timid novel-reader will ask, as he takes up the latest piece of fiction, "You are quite sure this will do me no good?" At any rate, it is a little singular that the two novels just now most talked about in England and America have for their *motifs* the effect of theological speculation upon character, and that in each the old theme of the novel, a man and woman in love with each other, is inextricably involved with doctrinal contention. The old dilemmas raised by Miss Yonge and her school, when disbelief in baptismal regeneration and the like was held to forbid the bans, shrink into mere pin-points beside the fierce horns which impale humanity in Mrs. Humphry Ward's and Mrs. Deland's delineations of life. Even the critic, compelled by his vocation to a cool observation of the struggle for life which goes on among the paper dolls of literature, has an uneasy feeling as he witnesses the mortal agony of Robert Elsmere and John Ward, that he must regard the books which record these experiences as contributions to theology, and not merely as works of art. Nevertheless he returns to his senses and remembers that every work of art must be judged by the laws of art; and if the appeal from his criticism is to another court the terms of defense must also be changed. Laocoon is not first to be considered as a study in superstition, and a modern novel which aims to reflect the action and interaction of human beings in a microcosm can not be excused for imperfection on the ground that the author was more interested in the effect of her novel upon certain minds than she was in producing a perfect work of art. Say what we will about the novel as an engine of thought or an instrument of torture, its primary end is as a creation on which its maker may look and say with satisfaction that it is good, even if he begin again immediately to make a better. Permanence is one of the attributes of a work of

literary art; and though the test of time is essential to an assurance of this condition, it is quite possible, in reading a novel of the times, to say if it has not the promise of endurance. When an author deliberately uses fiction to accomplish certain results it is clear that when the occasion passes the use of the book has departed. It may have been a good missile, but abandoned missiles serve only the uses of the collector and historian. Homer's shield is as beautiful to-day as it was when it left the workshop of Hephaistos.

These principles are somewhat elementary, but it is worth while to recur to them now and then when literature is in question, since a forgetfulness of them is apt to lead us into a confusion of thought respecting the claims upon our interest of some new book which has all the form of good literature, yet serves other ends than are served by good literature. It would be mere pedantry to say that "Robert Elsmere" is not a novel, because the author employs the novel form to press certain views which she has appropriated; but it will be quite as far from good criticism to praise an author for ingenuity in bringing great and profound subjects to the attention of readers by involving them in the fortunes of imaginary men and women, and dexterously hinting that the men and women are more real than imaginary. It is amusing to see what a part books play in this story. All the main characters either have written, are writing, or are likely to write. The hero is always passing through crises, and the crises are brought on by some book or article which he has just read. The character which impresses the reader as closest to life, Catherine, the wife of the hero, does not read at all, and the women in the book generally are not greatly troubled with their educated minds; but the womankind of the novel is mainly within the field of a society which finds its highest life in intellectual stir. In brief, the book is a product of literature, and appeals mainly, if not exclusively, to religious Athenians. It illustrates the scope of the current literary interest which takes in science and religion, and it illustrates also, though

not intentionally, the futility of the patronage of science and religion by literature. The novelist who aims to present the working of the element of religion in human life must remember that both historically and philosophically that element means the connection of human life with the origin of all life, and therefore presupposes changelessness in essence, however the form may vary. If, in depicting human character under the stress and strain of conflict arising from a revolution in religious thought, such a novelist chooses to convey the notion of stability in the person who is not moved from her rock of inherited and practiced faith, and the notion of uncertainty in the person who strays farthest from his original moorings, no fine-spun web of dream stuff, no airy reconstruction of religious forms into an æsthetic scheme will avail to convince the reader that what is eternal in faith abides so surely in the drifting figure as in the more immovable one. Mrs. Ward's novel appeals strongly to that large class of modern readers which corresponds in nature with the restless horde of plutocrats than wander over the face of the earth seeking new sensations. There are multitudes of women and men who are gifted with intellectual and religious sensibilities and are extremely impressionable. They have well-stocked minds, and, having no engrossing pursuits, think they can afford to indulge in the luxury of journeys in new fields of thought. They may not go very far, but they get new impressions, and their intellectual and emotional life is made up of a succession of new impressions. To read "Robert Elsmere" is for them to travel, by a comfortable conveyance, into a somewhat forbidding region, and as they look out of the window to draw back with a thrill of ecstasy at sight of the deep canons over which their slim trestle-work permits them to cross in safety. It is to a somewhat simpler minded public that the story of "John Ward, Preacher," appeals. Here the theologic *motif* is not so subtle and complex as in "Robert Elsmere;" there is no such wealth of thought, no such

finesse in the handling of characters; but we are bound to say that the American novelist has obeyed the canons of her art better than her English sister. To be sure, she has not set herself such a tremendous task; but, then, part of the success of a novelist lies in the foremeasurement of power and materials.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Of Essays.

The resources of the finest novel may be, at length, exhausted; we learn its incidents by heart, and its characters become so familiar that we know exactly what they are going to do and say in every exigency. So, too, the measures of our favorite poems go singing through the brain, until they come obediently at memory's call, and we have no need to refer to the printed page. But the secret of the perennial charm of the essay, from the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* downward, lies in the fact that it may be read and reread with a pleasure and affection that grows with each perusal. The volume of essays is a beguiling fireside crony, and a traveling companion that never disappoints. It may be slipped into the pocket, or tucked under the arm and taken upon an excursion, without fear of unpleasant consequences. Because it discourses of many things, and often changes its theme, it never wearies; and, inasmuch as it may be loitered over and dipped into, here and there, in idle fashion, its influence is soothing. It does not quicken the mind painfully, or urge the mental movements to feverish haste. Having all seasons for its own, somewhat of the magic of the environment in which it revealed its heart to us lingers around it. A rosy drift of peach blossoms fell once upon its pages, while a skittish wind ruffled the feathery young tree tops, and the thrush in the wood beyond, like the Arcadianshepherd boy, was "piping as though he could never grow old." Perhaps it was the tingling air of an autumn day that fluttered its leaves, when the sky shone between withered branches, and a shuddering sigh passed through the dry cornfields; or, perhaps, the snow hissed

against the pane, and the fire glittered, gem-like, upon the hearth.

The first affections of the essay lover are often given to Charles Lamb's writing—their pathos intensified, and their quaint conceits touched always by a remembrance of the man himself, and the self-sacrificing life across which the madhouse cast its black shadow. And although we read, but the other day, that William Hazlitt was "the most amazing example of what a critic ought to be," few can deny the merits of his "Table Talk." The papers "On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth," "On Going a Journey," and "Why distant Objects Please," are admirable examples of his manner, and of the charm he exercises. He loiters, arm-in-arm with the reader, as it were, in a familiar attitude, murmuring to him his thoughts and memories, while the pensive, twilight atmosphere of retrospection hovers over all. Emerson, on the contrary, allows no straggling out of ranks. He speaks with the serious intention of teaching. Probably no thoughtful person has ever arisen from the perusal of "Self-reliance" without feeling that he has learned something; for though he may begin indolently, he will end by tingling all over from the electrical "sparks and shocks" of which Birrell speaks. Birrell himself, in his "Obiter Dicta," has made a valuable contribution to this department of literature. The essays upon "Dr. Johnson," "Worn-out Types," and "Book-buying" do not contain a commonplace line; while the paper upon "Falstaff," contributed by George Radford to the first series, can not be passed without praise. Nor should we forget that Andrew Lang may be found "At the Sign of the Ship," or that Symonds and Gosse—though the latter did say that America has not produced a poet—still wield their facile pens. On our own side of the water we have the scholarly Lowell, and Henry James who discourses cleverly, if without any great breadth, upon sundry modern authors. Holmes—"professor, poet, autocrat of wit's own Breakfast table,"—and Warner, whose sunny humor is an antidote to pes-

simism, possess something of the same genial mood, though widely diverse in style.

It is to be observed that the tendency of the essayists of to-day is more toward literary criticism than toward contemplative and abstract thought. With Matthew Arnold, as it has been well said, criticism of books was a criticism of life, and struck deep into human nature. In his hands it never degenerated into a mere venting of opinions. Though Stevenson has escaped this popular mania he does not take the reader to his bosom. We stand, rather, at a safe distance and watch the rockets go up. As a guide and philosopher he would be about as reliable as Robin Goodfellow. He appears to pride himself upon his inconsistency, and has a "swashing and a martial" audacity. We are dazzled and amazed by the wonderful legerdemain he exercises upon words, and the dexterity with which he exchanges old lamps for new. He can turn and twist the most ancient idea until it catches the light at every angle.

THE King of Sweden was on his last birthday the recipient of a pretty little letter from a Swedish girl, six years of age, who, beginning her epistle "Dear King," informed him that, as his birthday coincided with her own, she had written in order to congratulate him, particularly as "she loved her dear king so very much." He wrote back: "I thank the little Miss S. A., six years of age, for her letter of congratulation on my birthday, which is also hers. May she become a good woman, and thus afford pleasure to her king, Oscar." The letter was accompanied by a handsome gold bangle.

PUBLIC education in San Francisco receives marked favor in the selection of six ladies and six gentlemen to serve as members of the board of education. The selection was made by a committee of twenty-five citizens of high character, appointed at a recent political convention, and includes men and women of the best qualifications, without regard to party affiliations.

Principles or Methods.

S. B. TODD.

Should we study principles, or learn methods?

At one time a knowledge of the subject to be taught was considered sufficient preparation for teaching it. Later, in addition to an acquaintance with the subject matter, a knowledge of methods was held to be essential. Now, it is thought by many that still more is necessary; namely, an understanding of the fundamental principles that underlie the whole fabric of education.

To understand our question, we should know the relation that exists between the science and the art of education. Art, as distinguished from science, aims to accomplish a certain end; science explains why the end can be accomplished. Art is doing, science is knowing. An artisan may perform an operation and may not be able to explain it; the scientist can explain the process and anticipate the result, but may or may not have performed the operation. The art of Education, including an empirical knowledge of subjects and of methods, has long been understood, while the science of education has not yet been fully formulated.

The science of education, as it relates to growth, is deduced from the sciences of physiology and hygiene, psychology, logic, aesthetics, ethics, and mental physiology—physiology and hygiene, as they relate to physical education; psychology and logic, as they have to do with intellectual development; aesthetics, as it underlies emotional training; ethics, since it is the foundation of morals, and mental physiology, since it shows how the state of the mind depends upon the condition of the body. The science of education, then, is a composite, taken from these correlative sciences, and in addition should treat of the values of studies as nourishment, as stimulants, and as remedies for mental disorders; also of supervision, examinations, requirements of teaching, etc.

There are many reasons why we should give more attention to the study of the science—the principles of

education—and less attention to the study of others' methods, to rehearse a few of which reasons is the object of this paper.

1. *It is advised by the wisest men.* "Know, then do," said Bios, a Greek philosopher, centuries ago. The advice is good to-day. Knowledge should always precede practice; notwithstanding the fact that some still maintain, "We learn to do by doing." It is assumed that the teacher has some natural ability; this is to be improved by study, and both are to be corrected by practice, or, as Bacon puts it, "Studies perfect nature and are perfected by experience."

2. *Education has now reached the "why" period.* In the first stages of instruction, pupils are taught processes without the reasons why; so education in its infancy was empirical, tradition and authority were the only guides, and the pedagogue was never questioned. But just as there comes a time in the student's life when he should be able to give reasons, when he can proceed independently and solve the problems, even though they are not "like those in the book," so the time has come when teachers should be able to give reasons for their line of action. The spirit of the age is proposing problems in education for which there is no precedent. Indeed, every young American is a problem that can't be solved by "rule of thumb." The teacher who would be successful must understand the principles.

3. *The science of education will give an infallible standard by which the value of methods may be tested.* Many methods now in use are irrational and absurd, and the only reason for their existence is that they have descended to us from our ancestors. The best results of teaching are slow to appear, they cannot be tested by examinations, and it is difficult to trace them back to their causes. Indeed, the teaching which makes the most brilliant show, results in high percentages, and "takes" with the people, is very often far from being what it seems, and unless we have a higher standard than tradition to guide us, it will be by the merest chance if we happen upon the best methods.

4. *The study of principles creates a reasonable discontent with one's attainments, while a "course in methods" often results in a satisfaction which effectually checks any further improvement.* Opponents of any normal schools say, "their graduates think they know more than the Almighty—at their age." As applied to some normal schools, there is a germ of truth in the statement, and the amount of truth is in proportion to the amount of time spent learning methods—in "rule of thumb work"—without an understanding of the underlying principle. A graduate of such a school starts out well; he knows just what to do and how to do it, but he seldom grows; and it never for a moment occurs to him that he has not learned all there is to know about teaching; on the other hand, the teacher who comes to his work a student of principles may halt at first, but his improvement will be rapid and continuous.

5. *That which is learned from experience is at the expense of the pupil, and, unless corrected by sound principles, is often erroneous.* It is said that a young pill peddler once prescribed for a German sick of fever. The German threw away the medicine, ate a mess of raw cabbage, and got well. The doctor noted, "Cabbage good for fever." His next fever patient was an Irishman, for whom he prescribed raw cabbage. The Irishman died; whereupon the doctor wrote in his note book, "Cabbage good for a Dutchman, but mighty poor for an Irishman." He was an empiric, a name which is synonymous with quack. Judged by the same standard, there are few school teachers who are not quacks. A knowledge of medicine and its effects is but a small part of a physician's education; but, till very lately, a knowledge of the subject matter to be taught was all that the State required of teachers.

6. The argument against the study of educational science are fallacious:

(a) *It will result in a hurtful uniformity.* A moment's thought will convince any one that the objection is well founded. In any of the learned professions, those who

are the most thoroughly grounded in the science are the most original and versatile in practice; and any one who has visited schools knows, that all ignorant teachers are alike, that the sameness in their methods is remarkable, and that variety and originality are found in the work of those who are acquainted with educational science. Let a teacher, by study and observation, become thoroughly convinced that one great end of education is a mastery of self, the development of the will power; and it will influence all her work. Her aim, will be, not to govern, but to teach the pupil to govern himself, and the more difficult it is for the pupil to do this, the greater is her opportunity; thus, she will discourage whispering, not alone because it interferes with work, but that the pupil may learn to resist temptation, to assert his own power, and to take pride in doing so. In a thousand ways this principle will influence her work, and will be more productive of results than a lifetime's study of methods.

(b) *It will perplex and confuse teachers.* It must be acknowledged that this is true.

"The centipede was happy quite,
Until the toad in fun
Asked, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?'
Which worked her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in a ditch
Considering how to run."

The centipede was confused, and if teaching is simply a mechanical operation that can be performed just as well without thought, then it is wrong to confuse the teachers.

7. *It widens the teacher's horizon.* The teacher runs around the circus ring of the school room, and very often the ring decreases in size with each succeeding year; he associates with those who are his inferiors in intellectual acquirements, until he thinks he knows more than all the world. We can't deny it; there are more pedants among teachers than in any other profession. The actual work of the school room is as narrowing as almost any other mechanical employment, and yet it demands the greatest originality, freshness, and breadth of character. The teacher owes it to himself that each succeeding year he can see farther; and in no way can he better develop his

judgment and broaden his views of life than by the study, in the science of education, of the most profound questions ever proposed for solution, and by association, though writings on the same subject, with the greatest minds of all time.

8. *It is becoming the fashion.* Chairs of "the science and the art of education" are being established in all the leading universities in this country and in Europe. Normal schools are beginning to teach it, while till lately it had a place only in the catalogue. Many who never have taught and never intend to teach are studying it; and surely a science which has received contributions from almost all the great thinkers is worthy the attention of every scholar. As a means of information and culture, it stands far above many of the so-called sciences of the day. When people regard it in its true light, when the proper place is assigned it in our normal schools, and it is taught in all our colleges, and when at least a partial understanding of its principles is held to be a necessary qualification for teaching, then, and not till then, will school teaching cease to be an avocation and take its proper place among the learned professions.

I have now taken more space than I was asked to fill. I have but opened the question. I trust it will be discussed further. The "Science of Education" sounds well; it is a nice thing to talk about; but it must be acknowledged that it is more talked about than studied; it is more praised than understood. A more thorough study will not lessen the amount of praise, but will make it more judicious.

In conclusion, I will quote from Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," and one would almost think the author had in mind some of the teachers of to-day:

"They tax out policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Foretell prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand; the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed work, mappery, closet war.
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
The place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution."

—Troilus and Cressida, Act 1, sc. 3.

Laws Concerning Religious Instruction in Schools.

It appears that out of twenty-eight States and Territories twelve have no law upon the subject, five content themselves with prohibiting sectarianism, in two morals and good behavior are insisted upon, and New Hampshire only provides for the election of religious teachers. Iowa's terse law declares the Bible shall not be excluded, and no pupil shall be required to read it contrary to the wishes of his parent. New York makes no provision for any part of the school hours being used for religious exercises, but forbids the exclusion of the Scriptures. Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Minnesota lead the van in explicit and admirable legislation, requiring piety as well as morals, the fear of God as well as a due consideration of the rights of man. West Virginia law demands that teachers must be of good moral character and not addicted to drunkenness. Arizona enacts that morals shall be taught, but adds: Any teacher who shall conduct any religious exercises in his school shall be deemed guilty of unprofessional conduct, and it shall be the duty of the proper authority to revoke his diploma. Nevada, ignoring all other moral considerations, requires in most ungrammatical language an oath of every candidate for the position of teacher to the effect that he never has been, and, so long as he retains his office as teacher, never will be, connected with a duel. Dissatisfaction with existing legislation and customs is wide-spread, but is chiefly found among Roman Catholics and Lutherans, who insist that primary religious instruction should be denominational and under the care of the church. In Illinois a considerable number of opponents of the public-school system demand that it be purged of all religious influence whatever.

The largest college in the world is said to be Mohammedan institution at Cairo, which is credited with 300 teachers and 10,000 students.

Has Humanity Advanced?

I suppose the average American, even more than the average Briton, considers this an age which has advanced greatly beyond all races and nations of past times. It would seem preposterous to compare the Englishman of the days of good Queen Bess with the Englishman of to-day, and still more with the American of the ever-expanding West. Let any Englishmen or American consider what the next few months will bring to him, in what degree he will have occasion to take advantage of the developments of modern civilization and the idea will seem absurd that a race which knew nothing of these developments might nevertheless, have been far more cultured and humanized than our modern Anglo-Americans. If this idea would seem absurd, how much more absurd would the idea seem that the ancient Greek or Roman, even the ancient Hebrew, Egyptian or Chaldean, might have been a more fully developed man than the modern Englishman or modern American. The fact has been that because evolution has carried the human race, in its more civilized branches, in a certain direction, it has been assumed without sufficient inquiry that this direction is that of advance—as though evolution always meant advance. Evolution means always a constantly increasing fitness for the surroundings—but by no means improvement and advance, for the surroundings may absolutely require deterioration and coarsening, not merely for success, but for bare survival. If a race of cultured philosophers were by stress of circumstances compelled to make their abode in a wild and savage community, or if (which would come to precisely the same thing) a wild and savage community, surrounded and encroached upon a community cultured and civilized and softened to the highest degree, which among the members of this community would have the best chance to survive and, therefore, be, in Spencer's sense, the fittest to survive? Would it be the more philosophical? On the contrary, they would be without a shadow of

a chance. They would be, as a matter of fact, what Henry Labouchere has called them by way of insult, the Leprachauns of society and would perish incontinently, whereas the rougher and least sensitive would not only survive but thrive. But without going so far as to consider a savage, take a business community, say a community of English commercial men or American drummers; would tenderly poetical or profoundly philosophic men have a better chance than men who can face out their part, neither poetical nor philosophical—men who can persuade their fellows, that they want a supply of green spectacles, when in reality all the requirements of their highly-cultured minds would be well satisfied without any such coarsely material products of commerce? We know well that it is not the gentle and tender, not the philosophic or scientific, but the obtrusive and vulgar who have the best chance of survival in the struggle for wages, and in our day the struggle for wages is no other than the struggle for life.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." It is thus we must test ages and races and nations. Take where possible the most advanced development of any race or nation, or, where as yet, such development has not been reached, take the manifest tendencies of the development of a still advancing race or nation and compare works and deeds and thoughts, so we may recognize whether there has been improvement or deterioration in the leading races and nations of the world. When we do this thoughtfully and without prejudice it does not appear altogether clear that lapse of time has led to the true advancement of man in what constitutes his real dignity, in what really differentiates the human race from animal races. I am not a pessimist by nature, rather I think I err on the optimistic side, seeing that, among my own surroundings, I feel always hopeful of improvement and am ready to recognize improvement where it has been effected. But there are times when, contemplating the ways of those races which are regarded as most civilized and cultured, I recognize a

scarcely intended accuracy of differentiation in a reply given recently by a young girl in a middle-class examination in England (or very likely the original story was American). "The brute," said she, in explanation of the distinction between brute and man, "is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast." And, truly, when we find a nation which rejoices to proclaim itself loyal to its monarch rejoicing to find the aspirations of its monarch wholly warlike, and consider what war means, we can not but see tokens of the "perfect beast" in that nation.

Esoteric Browningism.

The poetry of Mr. Browning has had singular fortunes. Rejected at first by the world, his poems became the possession of a few friends of romance; then a wider public was induced to read them: finally they fell into the hands of people who have overbuilt the fairy plot of ground with "societies," and who squabble about texts and meanings like scholiasts or Biblical commentators. The last estate of the poems has been worse than the first. They have been annexed, as it were, by enthusiasts, who clearly value them chiefly as problems or puzzles, to which they alone possess the key. It is as if Ariadne had loved the Labyrinth because she alone had the clue to its dark recesses. The professional devotees of Mr. Browning, an irritating band, praise him as one who speaks chiefly to the intellect. They hunt through him for puzzles and problems, they canvass him for "thoughts." It does not seem to occur to them that he, like other poets, is a master of romance; that he appeals with perfect clearness and directness to the heart, the fancy, and even to the ear. If he did not do this, and do it successfully, winningly, with phrases and fancies that haunt the memory, that mingle with our musings on love and death and day and night, Mr. Browning would be a failure. He would be no worse and no better than an obscure mystic, a darkling preacher, the joy of coteries; no better than an artist with an

esoteric jargon. Poetry of that esoteric sort, adored in a chapel of darkness, has been popular in very early, and in very late decadent periods of verse. Poetry may move in a moonlit mist to the sound of excellent cadences, and may win us by the mere melody and color of the words, by the address to the ear and the fancy, while the heart and the emotions are touched only as they are touched by music. Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" is the renowned example which proves that this kind of obscurity may be beautiful and winning. But when Mr. Browning's verse is difficult or hard, it certainly does not win us by its appeal to the fancy, the ear, almost to the eye, like "Kubla Khan." It is not rich in pictures then, nor eloquent in music. Nevertheless, it is precisely his darkest, his most involved, his least melodious pieces that are the favorites of the societies which discuss Mr. Browning, piously "beating the bush and never starting the hare." These worthy but misled admirers do the poet injustice by seeking for a cryptic philosophic meaning where there neither is nor should be any such meaning at all. Let us imagine some young man or woman who takes up "Childe Roland" without having heard any clatter of commentators and societies. He or she (he at all events) needs no introduction to the piece, and no explanation and no discussion. It is a piece of pure romance, a series of the most distinct pictures, a summoning into life of the most intelligible emotions, a portion of the world of fairy story told again to men and women, not to children. Here is an ogre's tower full of adventures; here is the road to the tower, across a desolate land, strewn with the bodies and informed with the memories of those "who strove in other days to pass." What were the adventures to be achieved in the tower? Who knows, who cares? There is an imprisoned princess to be released, a giant to be slain, a treasure to be won, an elixir of youth to be tasted, *que scais-je?* All that is of no moment. What is of moment is the romance, the pictures of

That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
Askance to watch the working of his lie;

of the starved plain with grass "as scant as hair in leprosy;" of the wretched jade browsing there.

By the boundless ingenuity of dullness, the abomination of desolation, of pedantry standing where it ought not, the enchanted castle of Mr. Browning's verse has become nearly as inaccessible as the dark tower whither Childe Roland came. The land about it is haunted by scarecrow scholiasts, disheveled essayists, male and female. Their engines of torture, their examination papers, their pamphlets, their proceedings, are thick on the ground as the gins and snares of Giant Pope or Giant Despair. A young adventurer who loves poetry, and would sojourn in all the caves of Calypso, in all the towers of Armida, is frightened away by the pedants from the soil which Mr. Browning rules as his demesne. The neophyte fears that the palace of the magician will prove as bleak as "the round squat turret," and so it will if he approaches it under the guidance of societies and problem-hunters. Never, never, if he followeth with the scholiasts of this world will the young adventurer come to the real tower of ivory, to the true enchanted castle. 'Tis of a fairy architecture, with a hundred chapels, turrets, galleries, full of music, hung with tapestries grim or gay, pictures of duchesses riding in the greenwood, of wild monks reeling home from revels, beautiful ladies, happy or unhappy, of true friends arm in arm. This enchanted palace is peopled with a thousand dreams, faces and figures out of all the centuries, Caliban on his isle, and Blougram over his wine, and the disciple dying in the desert, and Venetian ladies with the sun staining their yellow locks to a more fiery gold. Depend upon it, Mr. Browning is not all a puzzle, nor his muse merely a sphynx. He is a poet like the rest, and what Keats and Scott and Tennyson give you he gives also, in his own manner and measure, if you take him at his best and when he is most himself. Now, to the young lover of poetry who has been frightened away from Mr. Browning by the sybils who shriek and the priests who beat their vain cymbals around

him, interpreting his dark meanings, I would say, read "Men and Woman." Read it without puzzling after problems or grubbing for more than you see on the surface. Read "Men and Woman" as you read "Adonais," or "The Ode to Autumn," or the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," or the "Ancient Mariner," just for the first plain sense, for the romance, for the delight of the heart and the fancy, for the human beings who move there, and the human emotions. Whoever does this, not being blind and deaf to poetry, will be a life-long and grateful admirer of Mr. Browning. — *The Forum*.

The Teacher in and out of School.

It matters not how broad a man may be by nature, if he rivets his attention upon the minor matters of his profession he is sure to have his common sense submerged in a sea of trifling details. There is no cumulative force in centering upon the lesser matters of the school-room. Volumes could be written upon the unfulfilled anticipation of teachers who had the native qualities of true greatness, but have been content with the tantalizing substitutes for high aspirations. We are not unappreciative of the true glory of the pedagogical fraternity, but, large as is the teacher's field of usefulness, it is worth the teacher's while to consider those influences which are bracing to his whole system without intrenching upon professional effectiveness. Teachers give as a reason for not doing social, intellectual, religious work outside their immediate requirements that they become so much exhausted with their school duties that they can not, and they base it upon the fact that teachers break down nervously much sooner than other professional people. One hour of hard work for school out of school-hours ought to be sufficient with the ordinary man, and this is usually best given in the morning by a man who rises early. This leaves a man his evenings for culture and breadth. Broaden, broaden every time, broaden at every point. — *Journal of Education*.

Clioian Review.

MOTTO—PEDETENTIM ET GRADATIM ORIAMUR.

ALLIE F. BAKER, Editor.

Mrs. Prof. Bryan, '83, spent a day or two in Pittsburgh. She reports having met Miss Amanda Cassidy, also of '83, now a teacher in one of the Pittsburgh schools.

Miss Ella Bargman will enter school again this spring.

Preparations are being made for an entertainment at the close of the public school.

Mr. Frank Everhart and sister, of Geneva, expect to attend school next term.

Misses Ada Stephens and Eva Taggart, both graduates of last year, attended the entertainment Feb. 15.

Miss Carrie Bargman it used to be, now Mrs. Thorne, of Allegheny City. Clio extends her congratulations.

The Seniors are hard at work on their second classic.

Miss Annie Duncan, a loyal and enthusiastic Clio, is compelled to leave school on account of sickness. We hope she may speedily recover and resume her work.

The following have been chosen as the Contest Committee for '89: Misses Darsie, Van Voorhis, Irwin, and Messrs. Long and Lewis.

Among the names lately added to our list of members are those of Messrs. Pollock, Ward and Allen.

Mrs. Lucy Fulton (*nee* Miss Lucy Ulery), is seriously ill, with congestion of the brain.

Our members appreciate the drill gained in society work, so that entertainments, holidays, etc., do not interfere with their work.

Always desirous of imparting to us more knowledge, the principal each morning, in chapel, has some one give us a few facts about some prominent person. Among those last spoken of were Martin Luther, J. Q. Adams, and H. W. Longfellow.

Mr. Guffey visited his sister—(so he says)—Friday evening, Feb. 8.

Mr. Archie Rodgers, a Clio of '88, is attending College at Bethany this year.

It is gratifying to know that Mr. G. W. Snodgrass, class of '86, is regarded by the "Franklin and Union Literary Society," of Ada, Ohio, as a very valuable member.

Miss Lizzie Morgan, one of Clio's old standbys, recently spent a few days in California with her parents. Miss Lizzie is doing excellent work in her school, at Monongahela City.

Mr. Fred Shrontz, '88, has been compelled to leave Bethany College (where he was doing good work as a Junior), on account of weak eyes.

The Seniors of this year like the work of practice teaching so well that they no longer count how many weeks they *must* teach, but hope they shall have the privilege of a whole year's drill.

Clio will have the use of a piano during the next term; this in addition to the orchestra and new "College Glee Book," will be appreciated not only by the choir but by each individual member.

The G. A. R. Circle of California gave an entertainment and lunch on Friday evening, Feb. 22.

Mr. Paul Nutt, an old Clio, is teaching in Carroll township, this county, and is taking an active part in the Star Literary Society.

The members of the society had a "mock trial" Friday evening, March 1, taking the place of the usual performances.

Mr. Lee Smith, of the Senior class, is now President of Clio. He is a good officer and performs his duties faithfully.

The entertainment given Friday evening, Feb. 15, under the auspices of Misses Ewing and Ruff was a grand success. The audience was large. The debate showed careful thought, and the debaters, Misses Burke and Duncan, deserve special commendation.

What to Teach the Boys.

Teach them to be useful.
Teach them to be truthful.
Teach them to be manly.
Teach them to be polite.
Teach them careful and correct business habits.
Teach them, by example, to do things right.

Habit.

Habit is a hard thing to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you have "bit" left. If you take off another, the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another, it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a bad habit you must throw it off altogether.

Historical Items of Interest.

The first attempt to manufacture pins, in this country, was soon after the war of 1812.

The first temperance society, in this country, was organized in Saratoga, New York, in March, 1808.

The first almanac was printed by Geo. Van Turback in 1460.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first glass factory was built in the United States, 1780.

Mr. H. T. Bailey, a present trustee and former member of the faculty, visited the school a few days ago. While in school, Mr. Bailey was a faithful Clio.

The class of '89 are not going to be outdone by previous classes, Commencement Day. They are making arrangements for a very interesting program.

Among our late visitors we were glad to see Mr. Chas. Kefover, of '84, now a law student at Uniontown, Pa.

Philomathean Galaxy.

MOTTO—NON PALMA SINE PULVERE.

OLIVE J. HANK, Editor.

Miss May Donaldson is teaching in the Brownsville public schools, completing the term of Miss Abell, resigned.

New and valuable books are being added to the Library from time to time.

Messrs. Bowman and Brashear, who expect to enter school in the spring, paid the Normal a flying visit Saturday.

Prof. Hall is a candidate for the county superintendency and says "he expects to get there."

Miss Murray has returned to the Normal after a pleasant visit home.

Miss McMunn was called to her home in Allegheny, Pa., on account of her sister's sickness.

Misses Maude Clarke and Edie Day spent their vacation with Mrs. Eva Milliken, Pittsburgh.

The following officers were elected last week: Pres. Miss Lilly; Vice Pres., Miss Brown; Sec., Miss Gass; Attorney, Mr. Patton; Marshal, Mr. Lowers; Treas., Miss Guffey; Critic, Miss Dagne.

Misses Baker, Clugston, Richards, Pollock, Hutton, Clemens and Hook, all former Philos, expect to be with us next term.

Miss Mary Josephs spent a few days recently with Miss Rose Simpson, of Brownsville, Pa.

Miss Agnes Stiffy, well known to a great many Normalites, died Feb. 25. She was a sister of Prof. Stiffy, formerly a member of the faculty, and also of Miss Clara Stiffy, class of '87.

Miss Lizzie Lytle, a former Philo, visited her sister, Mrs. Dr. Rabe, in this place last week.

Miss Emma M. Lindsay, of Par-nassus, Pa., a student at the Normal last spring, writes: "One of the best friends I have had this winter is the NORMAL REVIEW."

Miss Laura Westbay, a Junior of '88 and a faithful Philo, visited her sister, Miss Hattie, last week.

Messrs. Chas. J. Stewart and W. F. Peairs, both of '88, were Normal visitors on Washington's birthday.

Among the visitors on the evening of the 22d, Philo was glad to number Miss Gunn, of the class of '88.

Mr. Peairs, a last year's Senior and a staunch Philo, expects to be with us for the special methods course in the spring term.

Mrs. Bailey, who is lecturing in behalf of the constitutional amendment, addressed the school in chapel on the afternoon of Feb. 26. Mrs. B. is earnest and eloquent and no one who heard her talk could fail to be benefited.

Mr. West, of Merrittstown paid California a flying visit last week.

Miss Ruff's Literary Public, given on the evening of Feb. 15th, before a large audience, was remarkably successful in every respect. The performances were all of the highest order and everybody went away pleased with the evening's entertainment. The debate by Misses Burke and Duncan, on the question—"Shall Women Vote?" could not have been surpassed by any gentlemen in school, which is saying a great deal. On the whole, the entertainment showed careful planning and skillful management on the part of Miss Ruff and Miss Erving and hard work on the part of the performers.

The Seniors will begin their chapel orations in a few days. The orations have received careful preparation and promise to be unusually fine.

The second classic of the Senior class, a "Critique on the Speech of Mark Antony," was finished on last Monday. The third, on "Women in Shakespeare," is due in two weeks.

Mr. Swearer, a former student, intends returning for the spring term. Mr. Swearer is a good student and a loyal Philo.

Mrs. Noss is planning a model school entertainment which promises to be well worth attending.

Misses Ada Stephens and Eva Teggart, members of class of '88 and staunch Philos, visited the Normal recently and were present at the "Public."

Philo, enterprising as ever, has been making numerous improvements in her hall, and to obtain money for still further improvements, has determined to give an entertainment. The aforesaid entertainment will be given in the chapel on Friday evening, March 8th. It will be entirely different from the usual style of such entertainments and we can promise a delightful surprise to all who come. Philo's members are wide awake, active and energetic, and they will spare neither time nor hard work in making this entertainment a complete success in every respect.

Mr. Fuehrer, a student of the school, was recently called home to Richmond, Va., to attend the funeral of his mother. While gone Mr. Fuehrer visited Washington City, was in Congress awhile, and had the honor of shaking hands with "His Excellency."

If Philo increases in numbers during the next term as she has during the one now almost gone, the question will come up, "Where are we to hold our meetings?"

The Seniors have elected as their class day performers: Pres., Mr. Day; Orator, Mr. Smith; Prophetess, Miss Eichbaum; Historian, Mr. Lewis; Poetess, Miss Dagne; Donor, Miss Paxton; Writer of Class Ode, Miss Neemes; Consoler, Miss Lilley.

Mr. Luckey is the only Senior who can afford a mustache.

Mr. Ross, of Greensboro, Pa., received a barrel of choice apples from his home. They are all gone now, and the boys are thinking of getting him to order another barrel.

Memory and the Note Book.

It is true in a sense that memory is a gift. It is just as true that it is acquired. The memories of Wallis, Napoleon and Shakespeare may be accounted for on the ground of special natural endowment. Yet even these marvelous natural memories were better because of the use which their owners made of them. Music also is a gift which in some measure is presented to every human being. Few are endowed with the genius of a Wagner or a Mendelssohn; but small, indeed, must be the natural gift of the person who is unable to carry "Old Hundred" or "Yankee Doodle." The charge of inability to sing or remember lies not so often at the door of nature as at the door of inexcusable neglect. Good memories should be the result of proper use and consequent development of moderate natural power. Surely here is opportunity for the much-needed plea in behalf of memory training. No one need be alarmed by the fear of overdevelopment of this particular faculty to the exclusion of others of equal importance. The proper training of memory necessarily involves the development of mind as such, for it brings into use the laws by which all mind really acts. Some one asks about the memory of the ancient and the savage. These had no system, and yet their memory is proverbial. This is quite true. The ancients, as a rule, did possess good memories. Poems containing thousands of verses were handed down in memory through many generations. The Indian says, "God gave the white man a note-book because he knew he could not remember." Now, there is a more than one explanation for these exceptional memories. One reason lies in the fact that fewer things occupied the mind. Neither the ancient nor the savage busied himself about so many things in a week as the average modern thinks of in a day. One important principle in remembering is to think of but two things at once, while the majority of persons in these days seem to find it necessary to think of about twenty things at a time. It is true, moreover,

that many of the helps of to-day are injurious to the memory. Our forefathers knew the Bible by heart. We refer to the concordance when we wish to find a passage of Scripture. The Indian does not recognize the fact that the pencil and the note-book are largely responsible for the white man's poor memory. No uncompromising warfare is declared against the note-book. It has its place, but it is used entirely too much out of its place. We should write to impress, not to remember. Napoleon, we are told, wrote on a slip of paper the name he wished to remember and then threw the paper away. He wrote to get the impression through eye and hand, as well as through ear. He threw the paper away so that his memory would be given the responsibility of reproduction. Memory is rightly jealous of distrust, and she feels herself slighted when the note-book is resorted to in the most trivial affairs. Memory the queen, yet our servant if we will, has been too long displaced by note-books, alarm clocks, and various other mechanical contrivances. We must ask her pardon. We must assure her that there has been no malice in our hearts. We must take her into our confidence, treat her properly, and she will be true to us. The great secret of strength of memory in the savage and the ancient lay in the use of the faculty. This was not an intelligent use. It was a necessary use. If you had asked him how he remembered he would not have been able to tell you. We should use our minds intelligently. The realm of the possible in knowledge is continually widening. The realm of the possible in memory culture is surely equal to the realm of the real in the past. It is believed to be vastly more extensive.—*The Chautauquan.*

The Study of Greek.

There is no royal road to learning, but some roads are easier to travel than others, and, all things being equal in other respects, the easiest road is apt to be the best road. Under any conceivable circumstances, it will require an enor-

mous expenditure of mental labor to acquire even a smattering of real knowledge and real educational discipline, and it is foolish to waste energy on ways and means when the same results can be obtained without such waste. But it does not at all follow that a road which looks the easiest at first glance, and which gives promise of being a flowery way, is the most to be desired. It is still an open question whether the old-fashioned foundation of culture based on the writings of the Greek and Latin authors ought to be maintained in all its integrity, or whether it should not be superseded, in whole or in part, by something different which shall put the modern languages to the front. We have contributed our part to the discussion by a contention in behalf of the modern languages, without, however, recommending the setting aside of Greek and Latin, but rather retaining them for the benefit of a very considerable class of students, and with the confident belief that a curriculum enlarged in this way will, so far from resulting to the disadvantage of classic culture, have the effect of giving it a fresh importance and influence. The claim that there is a very particular disciplinary value in Greek we regard as worthless; but there certainly is a particular value, disciplinary and otherwise, in the Greek literature; and in the vast majority of cases, if any intimate and friendly acquaintance is to be made with Greek literature, and with all that it stands for, it will have to be made when the student is young, and through the instrumentality of an attempt to master the language. It is the enormous and inestimable value of Greek literature that gives the Greek language a proper right to its eminence as a feature of a collegiate course, and if the Greek literature is to be put to one side and the students are to be taught Greek out of newspapers, then the study of the language had better at once be relegated to the position of a collegiate side issue of no interest or importance except to specialists. We do not doubt in the least that, after a certain fashion, the study of Greek can be made

more interesting—more entertaining would perhaps be a better phrase—to a great many students, than it is by the customary hammering away at Homer and the poets. But the young fellow who can't get interested in Greek except through some such a device as this had a good deal better let it alone altogether. He can certainly put in his time at college a good deal better in obtaining a reading and colloquial acquaintance with French, German, or any other foreign language, than he can by fooling with newspaper Greek. We admit the force of all the Mississippi professor says about the encouragement a student may get by the knowledge that Greek is a living language; but all the same, if he and his fellows let go in the least of the idea that it is a sympathy with antique Greek culture that they are seeking to drive into the heads of the young fellows under their care, they will do the cause of classical culture vastly more harm than has been done by all the attacks of the Modernists.—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

The Clever Women.

Here are some notes about the clever women: Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," than which no book has been so widely read and universally approved since "Adam Bede" appeared, is said to be a small, slight woman, as was George Eliot, too, by the way, and has a colorless face, soft, thick, dark hair, which she wears very smooth and plain; a large nose, like Eliot again, and her eyes are small, black and very piercing.

The author of "The Story of an African Farm," which has had only less success than "Robert Elsmere," is an English governess who was born at the Cape, of mixed German and English parentage, the daughter of a missionary, who died and left her at the age of eleven years, alone and friendless. The early years of her life were full of the most dreadful hardships and cruelties, and much of the more melancholy parts of the book is autobiographical. Her real name is

Olive Schreiner, though she calls herself Ralph Iron.

Vernon Lee is another author who has chosen to write under a pseudonym, her true title being Violet Paget. Her novel, "Miss Brown," raises the same storm in England that the "Quick or the Dead" did here, and since then she has confined herself to writing essays on all sorts of subjects, and very remarkable ones they are. She is plain, large and very masculine in appearance, doesn't care much about women's frills and fancies, and is an inveterate cigarette smoker, always having one between the fingers of her left hand while she writes or reads.

Edna Lyall, the author of those semi-religious novels, "Donovan," "We Too," etc., which have had an enormous circulation both in England and this country, is a woman of some means, and has no great need for the large sums of money accruing from the books which she wrote more for pleasure than with the idea of making her fortune. She has been carefully laying away all the profits from "Donovan," and with it has bought a peal of bells for the church at Eastbourne, where she lives. They were hung the other day, and dedicated with much ceremony in the presence of the whole village and a crowd of her admirers and readers, who had come from every part of England for the occasion.

Mrs. Mary Labouchere, wife of the editor of the London *Truth*, whose contributions to the *World* in the shape of foreign letters are familiar to all its readers, is an ardent politician, and shares the advanced Liberal views of her husband. Latterly she has been making political speeches in England to the accompaniment of the most enthusiastic applause from her hearers.

The only female political speakers in this country, until within the last few years, have been Anna Dickerson and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, who were both engaged to make stump speeches for the Republican party during the campaign of 1888. But since the rise of the Prohibitionists as a party, women have taken an active and eloquent part in the

political contests. Miss Frances Willard talks in public for her party frequently, and all the women Prohibitionists threw themselves into the contests with the utmost eagerness, speaking, writing and working for their ticket. So far the Democrats have not enlisted female influence. The Republicans have started in Chicago a Young Woman's Campaign Republican club, that electioneered for Harrison and Morton, and some branches of the club were formed in outlying towns. The Democrats point to Mrs. Cleveland as a specimen of the Democrat woman.

An American View of the School Question

To say that every citizen and every class of citizens should be treated with entire impartiality and without recognition of class or classes, under the law and in the spirit thereof, is not only what should be said, but that which all should be made to acknowledge as the doctrine by obedience to it. Over against this view is to be set the demand made by certain Roman Catholic prelates that "either the public-school money should be divided as between Catholics and Protestants or the Government should order and regulate the schools, the Catholics having time and opportunity at their option therein to teach Catholic doctrine." The contest is to go on. It is to be hoped that the folly, as the intolerance, of radical Boston will not be emulated elsewhere. The principle involved is so well grounded in the American heart, judgment, and conscience that there is not the slightest danger that it will be abandoned or materially modified. The State taxes the people to educate the children of the State. This it does and will do, ignoring all sects, classes, and conditions. It will know neither Jew nor Gentile; neither Protestant, Catholic, nor agnostic.

The opening year of Dr. Patton's administration at Princeton has already been marked by gifts amounting to \$80,000. A new dormitory for students is greatly needed.

Our Public Schools and the Educational Battle in England.

It is one of the glories of the American Republic that at a very early period in its history it settled the question of popular education. Our public schools, free and non-sectarian, constitute one of the greatest monuments of the wisdom of the fathers of the Republic. It is strange that the advantages of our school system should not have commended themselves to the English—at least so commended themselves as to lead to the adoption of the system—until 1870. The education act of 1870 was the first formal attempt to establish a system of national education in England. It looked at the population as a whole, and provided for its wants by the establishment of schools. It made provisions for their support by a grant from the consolidated fund, by school rates, and by voluntary contributions. It placed the control of the system under local and general boards. It had to take into consideration existing schools, and make for them and with them the best arrangements possible. These existing schools were, for the most part, denominational; and by far the largest proportion was connected with the Established Church and with the sacerdotal party in the church. The arrangement made with these schools constituted the compromise. They were allowed to share in the endowments, but to remain substantially under ecclesiastical government as before. With this arrangement there has been dissatisfaction almost from the first. The Nonconformists of all classes, with the single exception of the Roman Catholics—the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Methodists, the Baptists—did not, as a general rule, have denomination schools. In districts, therefore, both in town and country, where the church of the Establishment has a school or schools, the board school being wanting, the children of Nonconformists have no choice, but attend the church schools. Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, and others complain, and openly take the ground that the

denominational school, supported by public funds, is a privileged institution which has for its object the extinction of nonconformity. This is the one side of the difficulty, although not the whole of it. The other side of the difficulty is represented by the church party. They claim, and the claim is conceded, that in eight thousand parishes, including a population of ten millions, they have secured a monopoly of education. They have been receiving two millions sterling out of the taxes; but now, pointing to their work, they demand two million more out of the rates. If they had not made this demand—a demand which, if conceded, would upset the arrangement of 1870—the presumption is that these special privileges would have remained for some time to come unquestioned. But they have made the demand; and the result is that they have aroused a feeling which will refuse to be quieted until denominational schools are placed on an entirely different basis.

Big and Little in Education.

The question of small or large establishments of learning has again been raised for fragmentary discussion in the daily press; and a number of distinguished educators have expressed opinions on the subject. There is nothing new or striking in what they have said. It is plain that the large establishments desire more students and more endowments, and commonly regard the small colleges with contempt. This is all natural. The center of the sky is exactly over each man's head, and the manager of an establishment costing ten or twenty or more millions cannot be expected to know that a quarter of a million, or even less, may build a useful college and keep it a going with excellent results. The college men of this generation have for the greater part been educated in small colleges and fairly well educated at that, if success in life is any measure. Fifty years ago the large universities were not very rich in anything but men; and it is not believed that they are really much richer in men now

than they were in the old days; and their present graduates must keep busy if they get up along side of the men turned out half a century ago. It is possible that there is some illusion about the indefinite enlargement of universities. Possibly several have reached the limits of economical and useful combination of educative elements. Why one thousand students must be increased to five thousand is not very clear. There is a limit somewhere. On the other hand, there seems to be a kind of law in non-sectarian institutions—that the expenses of students increase as endowments increase; and the greater part of American youth are practically excluded. In short, the effect of giving a million to such an establishment seems to be to put it a little farther away from the mass of young people. The law works by indirect and subtle ways to the uncomely result.—*Zion's Herald*.

The Ideal Manliness.

God does not bid us all be physical athletes—agile at cricket, eager in hunting, courageous in fighting; but he does bid us all “quit ourselves like men”—be morally strong, with a grand, God-like, Christ-like strength of an inward noble spirit and life—truthful, honest, pure, faithful to all moral convictions, courageous and steadfast in maintaining the right, resisting all temptation to wrong, whatever the endurance and the disadvantage. “Be strong, and of good courage” strong in God's strength and in dependence upon God's help, so that sneaking, meanness, untruth, base passion, moral cowardice before wrong-doers, shall be impossible to you. The Roman word for courage was “virtue.” True courage includes all that is best in moral character. It is not stoicism; it is not foolhardiness; it is not insensibility. It is a steadfast adherence to what is true, and right, and good, on the simple ground of moral principle and feeling. It is true, and right, and good. God, my Heavenly Father, has enjoyed it; Christ, my Redeemer, died to maintain it; therefore I will endure all things for the maintenance of it.

The Toils of Authorship.

Literary composition is an art, and, like every other art, must be cultivated. What should we say of the man who, not finding a life-like picture the result of his first attempt with brush and colors, should conclude, despite his inborn desire to be able to portray the beautiful in nature, that he was wanting in the true genius, and could, therefore, never hope for success? Certainly, there are great variations in natural ability; some are gifted with the power of graphic description and lucid illustration to a much greater extent than others, but no "inborn genius" can dispense with arduous cultivation by study and by practice. Carlyle has described genius as the ability for taking pains. Some of our great writers may have had genius of a different species, but they certainly spent much time and labor on their works. Charles Dickens declared that it was impossible for any one, however great his natural ability, to succeed without persevering labor; his own manuscripts, now in the museum at South Kensington, show that he composed with the greatest care, re-writing every sentence in order to make it as clear and forcible as possible. It is said that De Quincey, who is generally regarded as a master of English prose, was a most painstaking writer, altering and re-writing some passages of his "Confession of an Opium Eater" more than sixty times. Macaulay is one of the best examples of the true working genius. Writing of his account of the Highlands, he says: "To-morrow I shall begin to transcribe again and to polish. What trouble these few pages will have to cost me! The great object is that after all this trouble they may read as easily as if they had been spoken off and may seem to flow as easily as table-talk." One of our greatest modern scientific writers, speaking of the subject of literary composition, says: "I found myself so hard to satisfy, so far as forms of expression were concerned, that to write an article of nine pages I took about two months, writing sometimes only three or four lines a

day. Later, I had so much difficulty in writing to my own satisfaction that I would retain in my mind the reasoning of a whole chapter rather than begin the work of committing it to paper." If prose requires so much care, how much more necessary is it that pains should be bestowed on poetry. These examples of industry of great writers should be sufficient to remove the false impression that great writers do not bestow much labor on their works.

Riding up to a school house, in one of the extreme corners of the country recently, on a dark, rainy, muddy morning, I was met by the teacher with such kindly courtesy and cordiality, in which there seemed to be not the slightest insincerity or affectation, that I quite forgot the rain and mud. It was about half past eight o'clock, and I was much interested in her manner of receiving her pupils. Standing not far from the door, she extended her hand to each pupil who came in, with a pleasant, cheery "Good morning, Roy," "Good morning, Katie," with a kindly remark to each one, in a voice and manner in which the keenest observer could not detect insincerity. While I would by no means imply that every teacher should shake hands with pupils each morning, it was her way of expressing a real, kindly, personal interest in each pupil, which is a strong element in the success of a teacher, however expressed.

The best way of securing attendance is through the best teaching, and this of course necessitates the best teachers, men and women of broad culture, strong of purpose, great of head and heart. Of all persons, the teacher should possess fine equipoise of character; a heart ever ready to sympathize, appreciate and enjoy; an intellect quick to penetrate and solve; the highest morality, accurate judgment, unquestioned justice.

Children FEEL character with a degree of accuracy that is surprising, and are keen to detect sham and pretense. Emerson has truly said, "It is only on reality that any power of action can be based."

THE sum of \$70,000 has been expended by the trustees of the Peabody fund within the last twelve months, distributed pretty evenly among the Southern States. During the last twenty years this fund has supplied resources amounting to \$1,727,650 for the extension of educational work in the South.

It is told of the late Roscoe Conkling, that he could repeat from memory page after page of classic literature; not fragmentary lines, but whole epics. The odes of Horace he could reproduce without an error. His favorite poems were "Lalla Rookh" and "Lady of the Lake." There is no doubt that the mastery of these productions gave him the expression for which he was noted. To use the queen's English with force requires a careful study of its masters. And there is no better way to acquire language than by thoroughly memorizing a few selections as did Conkling.

ENGLAND, with a population of 26,000,000, had under 5,500 students at her universities in 1882. Germany, with a population of 45,250,000, had over 24,000 university students. That same year the United States, with a population of 60,000,000, had 66,437 students in colleges. 4,921 in schools of theology, 3,079 in law schools, and 15,151 in medical schools; total, 89,588.

MR. GLADSTONE is at present engaged in the collection and classification of his correspondence extending over a period of fifty years and unraveled for personal and historical interest. The grand old man is steadily destroying all useless or superfluous matter, but he has decided that 60,000 letters must still be preserved.

ALREADY 181 women have matriculated this year at the London University, which is fifty more than last year.

About Sponges.

"The only place in this country where sponges are to be obtained is off the Florida Keys," said a big New York dealer in the article to a *World* reporter. "They are also found among the islands of the West Indies and in the Mediterranean Sea. They also abound in the Greek and Turkish archipelagoes. The natives dive for them, and sometimes they go down in from thirty to forty fathoms of water. The divers live only a short time, and after five or six years become blind and deaf—that is, if they are not eaten by the numerous sharks that abound in these waters. They are a lazy set of men, and after they get their vessels well provisioned will not work until their supply is exhausted. Then they will work until they obtain a good cargo, and then dispose of it on the outer islands. Six to eight men go on each vessel. They live on fruit, drink wine and hanker after the society of females."

"Is the sponge of animal growth?"

"That's the question, which, after an exhaustive scientific discussion in this city some years ago, resulted in the conclusion that it is. In its original state the sponge resembles the blowfish in its appearance. When it is first taken from the water it has a pulpy flesh, and it is laid on the shore and covered with rushes until the rays of the sun burn the flesh off. Then it is put in shallow water and 'cradled.'"

"What are the different grades of sponges, and whence do they come?"

"Sheep's wool, grass, velvet and reef sponges can be obtained on the Florida seacoast. Sheep's wool also comes from Nassau, but it is not as good as the Florida article. It has large pores. The grass, velvet, reef and wire sponges can also be obtained at Nassau. The wire sponge is not sold for use. The Mediterranean sponge is known as the Turkish bath sponge in this country and as the honeycomb in Europe. It is brought to this market after undergoing the process above described, and bleached here. The bleaching is done by the use of manganate of

potash. After this is applied the sponge is placed in cleansing acids, washed in salt water, and finally colored to the desired tint by a solution of common washing soda. From Nassau we also receive the silk, surgeons' large-cup, eye-cup, toilet and Zamoca sponges."

"What are the finest sponges, and where do they come from?"

"They are known as cup sponges, and we get them from the Greek archipelago. The sponges used in hospitals are the small surgeon and abdominal, and they are rapidly being done away with, absorption cotton being their substitute. The sponge now made for medical use is called a sponge tent. It is made of reef sponge, and is used for cleaning out wounds and also in obstetrical cases. The sponge is an article none of which goes to waste. The clippings are used for filling mattresses, and are also used by rail engineers for packing journal boxes."

"I suppose there are no tricks in the trade?"

"Oh, yes, there are. The sponge can be easily doctored. Common grass sponges are frequently bleached and put on the market as Turkish goods. So neat is the work that even druggists cannot detect the difference."

The Public School Question in England.

Our own is not the only community, nor the only country, in which there is intense feeling just now upon this topic. The report of the majority of the Educational Commission in England has awakened active alarm and opposition, and a great public meeting was held recently in Exeter Hall, London, preceded by a two days' conference devoted to the discussion of the subject. Fifty of the most distinguished advocates of unsectarian education—members of Parliament, officials of the great Non-conformist bodies, chairmen of school boards, editors of educational journals, etc.—signed the call. Mr. Coryell Williams stated that last year denominational schools received \$501,500 more than they contributed to the general fund, and that they returned \$195,-

000 less than they did ten years ago, when they were educating 349,000 more children. He added that if the plan of aiding them out of the income from taxation be carried out such denominational schools will receive \$15,000,000, over the spending of which the taxpayers will have absolutely no control. The circular calling the conference announced it as the object of the gathering to object to the appropriation of additional public money to denominational and other private schools, to oppose sectarian religious teaching in the schools, to promote the extension of unsectarian schools under the control of the tax-payers, and to gain additional facilities for the training of teachers in unsectarian institutions. The conditions of the situation evidently are very different there from here. There the public common-school system has attained no such development and stability as among us, and private—including denominational—schools do by far the larger share of the work of education. But the vital question which is next to be decided there is the same which has been coming to the front here of late so rapidly—the question whether the public money is, or is not, to be used for private, including parochial, schools. We believe that the reply will be the same, and will be equally emphatic, on both sides of the Atlantic. It will be a decisive No.—*The Congregationalist*.

Artistic Atmospheres.

Mankind are universally endowed, in some degree, with the art feeling, which is but another name for the sense of the beautiful, and with the art impulse, which is the desire to give expression to the conceptions of beauty, whether evolved from the soul, as in music and poetry, or constructed from the elements originally furnished by the perception of outward objects, as in painting and sculpture. There is, however, a vast difference between the coarse statuary of Egypt and the masterpieces of a Michael Angelo or a Praxiteles, between the gaudy and childish paintings of China and those which adorn the

walls of European and American art galleries, between the rude song of the plantation negro and the works of a Beethoven, a Verdi, or a Gounod. In other words, the difference between the potentialities of the seed and the realities of the full-grown plant, crowned with blossoms and nodding in the breeze and sunshine, is so great, that one has to stop and reason about the matter before he can convince himself that the disparity is one of degree rather than of kind, of development rather than of intrinsic character. Indeed, there are those who, adopting the pseudo-philosophical method of explaining all diversities of tastes and intellectual development by referring them to race or national characteristics, claim that the differences we have noted are differences of kind, based upon differences of blood. If, however, we examine the infant art of peoples widely separated ethnically and chronologically, we must be struck by the great similarity in the art-expression of tribes and nations which have no ethnical or known historical connection. The rude idols of uncivilized peoples, wherever found, have an unmistakable family resemblance; the strong contrasts of color, the startling and gaudy, with little regard to symmetry of form or harmony of hues, characterize the pictorial art of barbarous nations of all ages and climes, and the irregular minor chants of the Indian, the Kaffir, and the Malay bear so close a resemblance to each other that it is doubtful whether European ears could distinguish any difference in their respective styles. We do not mean to deny that some races are more intellectual than others; that, for instance, the greatest art-works are the product of the Caucasian race, nor even to discuss how far this superiority may be due to the influences of heredity, but we think the facts we have alluded to above, and others of a similar nature, strongly tend to show, if they do not positively establish, that the condition of art at any time, and among any nation—in other words, its rate of growth—is determined by the degree of civilization which the nation has attained.

Popular Interest in Great Authors.

The truth is—and from time to time the scribbling race had better face it—there is no very deep, no very wide, interest in even the greatest of authors. "About the opening of the flower" there are moments when Shakespeare seems essential to the young life; but he is not really so; and if the elder life will be honest it will own that he is not at all important to it. The proof of this is in the infrequency with which this prince of poets is not merely read but thought of. We single him out, a shining mark, not because we wish to abolish or supersede him—though many will read between these lines the same envious intent that moved us formerly to misbehave toward the fame of Thackeray and Dickens—but because we think it well to recognize the truth of a matter concerning which it is easy and sweet to gammon ourselves. Except the deceitfulness of riches, nothing, perhaps, is so illusory as the supposition of interest in literature and literary men on the part of other men. They are not altogether to blame for this; they are very little to blame for it, in fact, for it is only in the rarest instances that literature has come home to their business and bosoms. It is an amusement, a distraction, a decoration, taken up for a moment, an hour, a day, and then wholly dropped out of sight, out of mind, out of life. This may be inevitable, and forever inevitable; literature is an art like the rest; and we do not ask people to be vitally concerned about a picture, a statue, an opera, a building; but it sometimes seems as if it ought to be unlike the other arts, since if it could it would speak so frankly, so brotherly, so helpfully, to the mass of men. Heaven knows how it gets bewitched between the warm thought in the brain, the heart, and the cold word on the page; but some evil spell seems to befall it and annul it, to make it merely appreciable to the taste, the æsthetic pride, the intellectuality of the reader. These are not his real life, and so it presently perishes out of him again, to be utterly forgotten,

or recalled for the pleasure it gave, or recurred to in the hope of renewing an irrenovable experience. These pessimistic, these corroding reflections are not intended to have any immediate application, not even to Shakespeare, but to strike a wholesome misgiving into the cultivated person, and if possible to wound the tough vanity of the literary tribe, against which it may have been noticed we have a grudge. They are arrows shot into the air in the hope that they will come down somewhere and hurt somebody.—*Harper's Monthly*.

Religion and the Bible in the Schools.

We have no disposition to interfere with public schools, as these are a State institution, chartered and supported by the State and incidentally the tax-payers, of which element the members of our faith are an integrant, said the cardinal. "But we do not wish to have our children to receive an imperfect or partial education. We want one that will develop the whole man, his moral and religious faculties, as well as his intellectual gifts. We are persuaded that a child so instructed makes the best citizen. We maintain that an education that does not include a religious training is almost fatally imperfect. We are only consulting in this matter the good of our children. Public schools are good, but we desire to add to their advantages what we believe to be a vital necessity. The curriculum of the parochial school system includes a specified amount of time for the study of the Bible and researches into Biblical classics. Time will show," continued his eminence, "this theory to be correct. Fifty years from now I predict a general and universal acceptance of the principle that the teachings of religion underlie the successful education of the young and formative mind. In an education comprising the healthiest qualifications of citizenship, religion should be judiciously interspersed."—*Cardinal Gibbons, from Catholic World*.

—The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Mr. G. B. Lewis and Mr. McVay, two promising young men of Prosperity, Pa., will enter school at the beginning of the spring term. We shall be glad to see them back, as they are both good Philos.

Mr. O. S. Chalfant, '86, now a student of law of the firm of Aiken & Duncan, Washington, Pa., visited our society on the 22d. The society was well entertained for a short time by his able remarks on the question, "Is an attorney justifiable in defending a client whom he knows to be in the wrong?" Mr. Chalfant supported the affirmative.

Mr. Crow a few weeks ago was called home to attend the funeral of his grandfather.

Miss Sadie C. Scott, '88, is closing a very successful term's work near her home, Florence, Pa.

Mr. Albert Guffey, a graduate of the class of '87 and a former Philo, was here Feb. 15.

Mr. J. B. Miller, husband of Mrs. Josephine Miller, (*nee* Sheplar), class of '81, died about the 1st of Feb. in Pittsburgh.

Mr. G. W. Snodgrass, '86, is pursuing college preparatory studies at Ada, O.

Mr. J. H. Sutherland, '83, is in the second year of his theological course, at the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny.

Rev. M. A. Rigg, '84, writes, "I see Dr. H. R. Palmer is to be with you this spring. I was in his chorus at Chautauqua last season, and wish it were possible to spend the "ten days" at the Normal. He has rare ability to inspire and instruct. Every thoughtful student will learn a lesson in government and discipline.

In a certain place there are two objections made by the people to anything fresh that is proposed to them. One is—"We never tried that here;" the other—"We tried that once and it didn't work." Either objection is fatal.

Miss Lou Jennings, who was called home by the sickness of her father, Prof. Jos. Jennings of Monongahela City has returned to the Normal.

Is there not some young friend of yours who might be wonderfully helped by spending the spring term at the Normal? That friend will thank you, and we will too, if you induce him to come.

Miss Rebekah E. Browne, '79, of Sheffield, Pa., always finds the Review "newsy, helpful, elevating, and a reminder of the days of auld lang syne." Miss Browne is now teaching her fourth term at Sheffield.

Mr. J. C. Longdon, '84, principal of the public schools of Berlin, Somerset county, will open a summer normal at that place, April 22. His assistants will be Mr. S. D. Erick, a graduate of Iron City College, and Miss Ida R. Plotts, a graduate of Oil City High School.

There will be an exhibit of school work from the Normal at the July meeting of the State Teachers' Association in Altoona.

It would be difficult to secure again such a combination of talent as we have for our Special Methods Course in May and June. Think of it—Col. Parker, Dr. Brooks and Dr. Snyder in general school work, and Dr. H. R. Palmer in vocal music. We hope this rare opportunity will be eagerly seized by every graduate of the Normal who is engaged in teaching and can possibly attend, and by any and all other teachers who wish to have their minds quickened with the best educational thought of the day. Invaluable as this course will be the expense for taking it will be slight.

Since our last issue the following mispronounced words have been added to the Chapel-Blackboard List—never to be *mispronounced* again: February, gibbet, height, discipline, toward, forbade, cambric,

Galileo, genuine, surveillance, apparatus, association, arrows, favorite, and mankind.

The following have been added to the list not to be *misspelled* again: Cells, current, absence, psychology, possible, inaccurate, able, referred, recognize, supersede, occasion, perceptible, experience, resemblance, errand, Jerusalem, crystallize, omnivorous, does, arouse, determined, weaving, labor, riveted, clothing, temperature, whole, misspelled, satellite, equivalent, ninetyeth, aesthetic, taste, gem, spiritual, characteristic, rhetoric, vapor, liquefaction, infinitive, dropping, dictionary, journeys, Great Britain, Monroe, thieves, sense, enough, auxiliary, judgment, mispronounced, supplementary, dollar, woolen (or woollen), expense, stopped, gallon, stomach, dries, appearance, flannel, trimmed, oily, and pores.

Prof. F. R. Hall of the Normal faculty, has an interesting article on "History" in the last number of the *Southwestern Journal of Education*, published at Nashville, Tenn. The closing paragraph is as follows:

"Thus we have given a brief review of how the past may be made the present, how the dead may be called into action, until the imagination carries you to the scenes described, amidst the clash of arms or the roar of cannon. The skeleton has disappeared; in its place is a living man, vivified, illuminated and full of interest. He invites you to come, and while he turns the pages of the written past, bids you read fully, wisely, intelligently."

In the same paper is found another good article on the same subject from the pen of Prof. D. C. Murphy, class of '79, superintendent of schools, Ridgway, Pa. Prof. Murphy strongly recommends the use of pictures in history teaching. The following sentence concludes the article: "Thus by the use of pictures, children get their first ideas of history; of how commerce is carried on; of how industries are multiplied; how men build railroads; how countries are moulded and governed, and how we stand in relation and comparison to other nations in the world."