

# The Normal Review.

VOL. V. No. 3.

CALIFORNIA, Pa., NOVEMBER, 1889.

50c a Year.

Entered as second-class matter.

Forty-eight Seniors.

Enrollment in the Normal this term, 180.

The sound of the saw and the file is now heard in the manual-training shop.

The Seniors are hard at work on their chapel recitations. Several have already been delivered.

All are anxiously awaiting the introduction of natural gas in the building—none more so than the cook and janitor.

Dr. Noss, at last accounts, was in Florence, Italy. He is now, probably, in Germany, where he will spend some time, and then proceed homeward by way of Paris and London, arriving in December.

The *N. E. Journal of Education* says of Prof. Jackman: "One of the foremost young men in his department; a man of ideas, of ideas, of logical cast, of persistent purpose; who knows what to do and when to do it."

This term Coal Centre sends us ten students, Webster, seven, McKeesport, six, Elizabeth, three, Brownsville, three, Lock No. 4, two, Fayette City, two, Roscoe, two, Monongahela City, two. After California and Coal Centre, Webster is evidently the largest place in the Monongahela valley.

After Washington, Fayette is the banner county, sending us twenty-two students. Allegheny furnishes nineteen, and Westmoreland fifteen.

The *Webster Journal*, of Grove City, one of the best of our college exchanges appreciates a good thing when it sees it. It says of the *NORMAL REVIEW*, "The paper is a credit to its publishers and a model of its kind."

Mr. J. C. Hockenberry, '86, has been elected principal of the high school of Tyrone, Pa. A well-deserved promotion.

Mr. H. T. Bailey, of Amity, one of the State Trustees, paid the school a visit a few days since.

Miss Fannie B. Goodman, a Junior of '88, is the latest accession to the Senior class.

Mr. P. T. Gamble, '80, is book-keeper and shipping clerk for John A. McConnell & Co., Pittsburgh.

Miss Emma Krise, a student of last term, is teaching at Portage, Columbia county.

Rev. W. T. Silvens, pastor of the C. P. church, and Rev. Mr. Steffey, pastor of the M. E. church of Coal Centre, were visitors at evening chapel recently. Their words of counsel and encouragement were greeted with hearty applause by the students.

Miss Hattie Geho, '88, and Miss Ida Hugg, '89, belong to the Belle Vernon corps of teachers.

Among our recent visitors was Mrs. Miller, of Allegheny, mother, of one of our Juniors.

Miss Annie V. Bell, of Oroville, Cal., writes for the *NORMAL REVIEW*. A student as far away as that from the Normal is sure to want the *REVIEW*.

Mr. Phillips, of Carthage, Mo., and brother of a former lady member of the faculty of that name, visited us a few days ago at evening chapel. Mr. Phillips was a student of the school in the year 1866, immediately after the school was chartered as a State Normal. He spoke of the vast improvements made during the past twenty years, and expressed the opinion that the twenty years to come would see changes as great.

Last month we gave, on good authority, the name of Miss Cora Weaver as one of the students of last year whose death had recently occurred. We are glad to be able to say that the report was untrue, and that Miss Weaver still lives, but sorry to add that her health is still very poor.

We are sorry to have to chronicle the death of Mr. W. S. Brashear, a Junior of this year's class. He died on the night of September 23d, at his home near Brownsville. The funeral services were conducted by Prof. Hertzog.

Another untrue report, which has had rather wide currency in the local newspapers, is that of the marriage of Miss Belle Day. While it is true that a Miss Belle Day of Washington, Pa., was recently married, the lady in question is not the one of that name so well known to many of our readers, who still remains single.

The boys of the Model School have been thinned out a little by the starting of the glass factory, which is now in full operation.

The California State Normal now has 365 graduates—one for each day in the year. Of these, 202 are ladies; 163, gentlemen. Fifteen classes have graduated; the smallest numbered two, the largest forty-seven. In five classes, the ladies were in the majority, in nine, the gentlemen; one class was evenly divided. Fifty-three of the ladies have married. Four ladies and eight gentlemen are dead. Among the gentlemen are fourteen physicians, nine lawyers and six ministers. During the four years in which Junior examinations have been held, 174 have passed their test; of these, eighty-two have graduated, and forty-eight are now in the Senior class.

The Senior class this year consists of twenty-seven ladies and twenty-one gentlemen. The Junior class has thirty-one ladies and fifteen gentlemen. Several Seniors and a large number of Juniors are expected to enter next term.

Miss Hattie Harmony, of Fayette City, a former student, was married on Wednesday evening, October 16th, to Mr. Geo. W. Spatter.

## California.

FRUIT FARMING IN THE GOLDEN STATE.

The raising of Ostriches in the South-west, in California has been undertaken, during the past few years, with varying degrees of success. These large birds are easily domesticated and are taught to become no less tame than other varieties of wild birds when habituated to the peaceful presence of man. The illustrations here given present a flock of young Ostriches gathered about a keeper, who is preparing their feed. The large picture shows

When the twilight gathers they fold their long legs under them, and lie down on their breasts to sleep. But if any noise disturbs them, or an unfamiliar step approaches they will often rise up suddenly, like a band of sentinels, stretching their long necks to the uttermost, and flapping their short wings angrily. Their cry is hoarse and booming in its sound, more like the bellow of a deep-mouthed bull or the roar of a lion, only not so prolonged, and when they grow very angry they will turn and hiss like geese. An ostrich's voice is rarely heard, so when one does cry out, its owner knows there is something the matter.

and tail. It is the feathers that make him so valuable. Just as a farmer shears his sheep for the wool on their backs, so a farmer cuts off the ostrich's feathers at certain times in the year, and sells them for so much a pound. The white feathers on the male bird's wing are the best of all; the plumage of the female is a mingled white and gray.

The birds require a great deal of care for fear they should spoil their feathers. For the male birds will sometimes fight, or dirty themselves stalking through the pond; and the gentle mothers will neglect their own appearance whilst they are watching over their darling chicks, who look like good-sized balls of yellow brown down as they lie in a heap in the sunshine, keeping one another warm, for they are very tender little things, and soon die without proper care. The mother likes best to feed them with her own eggs, for if she has any spoiled she carefully saves them for the babies' first breakfast. The farmer usually supplies them with chopped lucerne and carrots and bruised barley. In about a fortnight they begin to feed themselves, and strut about after their father and mother, who devote themselves unweariedly to their education and fight vigorously in their defence.

One blow from the foot of an ostrich may kill a man, and the claw of the front toe will tear the flesh from his bones in a moment; but they never attack anything unless they are first interfered with.

The young ones soon grow tame, and will look up in your face with their large, speaking, human-like eyes; and when they grow very fond, will leap upon your shoulders to show their affection, just as a tame sparrow-hawk loves to do. But the caresses of these young giants, are rather overwhelming.

Ostriches are naturally so mild and shy that they require great gentleness in managing them. They always take to the women on the farm, and run with delight at the flutter of a dress.

Even when they are angry, and in the very act of attacking some intruder with beak and claw, a maid with a bowl of barley in her hand could call them off in a minute. These birds become so docile with kind treatment that the little children of the family are often indulged with a ride on their backs.

A full grown ostrich can carry two



FEEDING THE YOUNG OSTRICHES.

love of mature birds on a California farm.

Ostriches flourish on natural pasturage. They are not at all particular as to what they eat, although they will eat bread and barley, scraps of meat, and nice bone or two, and have no objection to lettuce. When they are once fed they may be allowed to run about as they like, for they will not stray far. Some of the farmers keep small flocks of them—two or three together, perhaps; while others will keep a single brood in with the other animals.

There is one reason why a few tame ostriches are always welcome about a homestead. They are as good a guard as a pack of dogs, and as quick to detect the presence of a stranger.

The ostrich does not fly; its short wings only help it to balance its tall and graceful figure when running. It is, in fact, the fleetest runner in the world; the fastest horse can not overtake it, try as it may. This singular bird does not run in a straight line, as most other creatures do, but constantly circles round. The ostrich does not make a nest; she only scoops a hole in the sand with her bill, and when she is in her wild state will often leave her eggs in the hot sunshine to go in quest of food; but when she is regularly fed she never leaves them, unless her mate comes to take her place, which he is sure to do at set times, so that she may walk about and stretch herself. The male ostrich has a glossy black back, and beautiful white feathers in wings

men on its shoulders at once; but it runs at such a rate that its riders are in danger of losing their breath.

As I said before the ostrich is not at all particular about its food; although it eats grass like a sheep, and loves to browse on the wild rosemary and aromatic herbs which grow on the sandy downs, it will swallow almost anything it meets with, animal or mineral, as if it had neither taste or smell. It must be confessed it is a bit of a gourmandizer, gobbling up chips, stones, nails and even money, if any come in its way, and it has been known to poison itself by devouring quick lime or bits of copper. The chickenhood of

It is claimed that the rearing of these birds in California, has been a fairly profitable venture, but reports from Australia, where larger investments have been made, are not so encouraging. Results turn upon a great many contingencies, as in the case of every special undertaking, and the revenues thus far derived do not justify one in advising novices to go into the business.

#### Rewards and Punishments.

It is a nice question to consider how far a system of rewards and punishments is useful in the administration of the affairs of a family

duced wholly either by fear or by cupidity, is of very little moral force or value. Where it is possible to have it so, the punishment or the reward should flow naturally from the behavior without reference to prior threats or promises. In thus dealing with the young it should also be remembered in their favor, as mitigating their offenses, that, not being of mature minds, they can not reasonably be expected to be as thoughtful, considerate, and attentive to duties as their elders. It is these very qualities that are to be developed by training. It is



SCENE ON A CALIFORNIA OSTRICH RANCH.

the ostrich lasts about five years. During that time the farmer lets the young birds run about in flocks; but as they grow older, the male birds are often shut up in separate paddocks, to keep them from hunting one another. They are very much afraid of horses and dogs. In a regular ostrich camp, as the farm is called, where only ostriches are kept, the owner often chooses to ride round and look at his hens and collect their eggs, because the sight of his horse makes them so quiet. The egg of the ostrich is dirty white in color, marbled over with yellow. It is very large, and weighs between two and three pounds.

circle—that is, in the training of children. That punishment may be needed as a matter of discipline may be admitted without going to the extreme views of former generations as expressed in proverbs of the people. That rewards may be properly given for good behavior may also be admitted, and yet caution is needed in making the awards, and especially in the making of promises. The general principle that should guide one in attempting to train a child by means of rewards and punishments should be the consideration that good behavior, in-

necessary, therefore, to be merciful and to overlook some faults that, however annoying they may be, do not indicate a vicious disposition, but, on the contrary, qualities that are worth developing and bringing under control. Thus a boy fond of reading, with a curious mind, may loiter on his way home from school to look into the workshops and read the papers displayed in store windows. He can not appreciate the concern his mother feels at his unexplained delay; if he did, being an honest and loving boy, he would hasten home to apprise her of his

welfare. Yet he should not be permitted to develop unchecked this habit of loitering, but should be taught by admonition the duty of showing consideration for others. Without previous mention of a reward for a correction of his bad habit, he should nevertheless be given some equivalent for the sacrifice he has made when he hurries past the bookstore that he may reach home at the appointed or proper time. If he should find there some of the papers or books that he would have liked to have read surreptitiously he would be encouraged in the good part of his habit—studious curiosity—and be taught not to exercise it so as to give pain or solicitude to others. The playful boy, whose high animal spirits and thoughtless zeal draw him into games when he should be at home, needs the same kind of treatment. Punishment would be in the nature of cruelty to the high spirited youth not yet old enough to appreciate the concern his parents feel when he is absent and his whereabouts are unknown. He also needs to be taught consideration for others, and may properly be rewarded with opportunities for the fun he desires after he reaches home, having avoided temptations to play upon the way. The tastes of children should be consulted and a fair substitute at home or under parental supervision should be provided for that which, if unprovided, they would naturally seek outside. As to punishments, deprivation of that pleasure or enjoyment which they might have had if they had behaved well usually suffices as a lesson on the consequences of disobedience or other fault. Threats and promises should alike be avoided and the child allowed to learn by experience that pleasure on the one hand or pain or disappointment on the other follow upon good or evil conduct. Threats of punishment are particularly injurious, for, if thoughtlessly made, they may be forgotten by the parent, but not by the child, and the latter does not fail to take the impression that threats are meaningless and may be avoided. There is the further objection that they may destroy the natural frankness of the child and

lead him into small deceits to conceal his shortcomings. Promises of rewards for good behavior are almost equally objectionable. If regarded at all, they lack moral force, inducing a more or less deceitful appearance of good behavior for the sake of reward and developing cupidity rather than the moral quality—the desire to do right. Perfection is not to be looked for in children: one must be lenient with their faults, at the same time striving to direct them in the right way by moral suasion rather than by threats of punishment or offers of reward. If their affections are developed and they are trained to show consideration for others, which is by no means an easy task, especially with the very young, there will be no difficulty in getting them to behave well, to be prompt, obedient, thoughtful, and kindly.—  
*Baltimore Sun.*

#### Beyond the Mountains.

I am so glad, so glad to know  
That just beyond the mountains,  
Lies the land of pure delight—  
The land of crystal fountains—  
The land of youth, of love sublime;  
The land where friends ne'er sever,  
But walk and talk, yes, on and on,  
Forever and forever.

I know it's only just beyond  
The rough and rugged hills,  
Where we will meet those gone before—  
Where there's no pains nor ills;  
And we will take them by the hand,  
Forget death's chilling river,  
And in the sunshine of His love  
We'll live and love forever.

Beyond the mountains' snow crest peaks,  
Beyond the sunset's glory,  
We'll find a land where all is love—  
The land of ancient story;  
The land of peace, of milk and wine,  
Where is no fitful fever;  
Where crystal streams we've seen in dreams  
Flow on and on forever.

Beyond the mountain high and blue,  
Beyond the stars above it;  
Beyond the sun with dazzling glow,  
Beyond all we can covet—  
Is a sweet home for you and me  
Beside the golden river,  
Where friends will meet and loved ones greet,  
And live and love forever.

It is not far beyond the hills,  
Beyond the sunset's splendor,  
To where we'll meet on Eden's shore  
In sunshine calm and tender—  
Where hearts will no more be bowed down,  
Nor hands with cold will shiver,  
But whispers whisper sweet and low,  
Forever and forever.

In that fair land are many eyes  
Watching for my coming;

And in the shade of sylvan boughs  
A true love-song are humming.  
I know they'll take me by the hand  
To help me o'er the river,  
Where I can view elysian fields  
Forever and forever.

I love to think of that bright land  
Where angry storms can't gather;  
Where wintry winds with chilling wail  
Are not allowed to enter;  
Where all is gay, as blithe as May,  
And all is summer weather,  
And sunlight pure will light our way  
Forever and forever.

#### What do they Think?

Oh, what do the hungry people think,  
As they walk in the streets of the town at night,  
And the hearth-fires glimmer, and gleam, and  
blink

Through many a window, warm and bright?  
For they drift in the dark like the flocks of foam  
On the tossing waves of the turbulent sea,  
With never a haven, and never a home—  
These luckless waifs of humanity.

And many a mansion, tall and fair,  
Is lifting its head to the wintry skies,  
A-blossom with all that is rich and rare,  
That wealth can purchase or art devise;  
And out through the portals comes burst of light,  
And murmurs of music and laughter sweet—  
Ah, what do they say to the homeless wight  
Who is wandering past with his weary feet?

Does he ever think, when the winds are cold,  
And the hunger causes a ceaseless pain,  
And the storm is beating his garments old,  
And chilling his heart with its dull refrain—  
Does he ask how it is that in many a life  
The roses are always in sweetest bloom,  
While his are the longings, the endless strife,  
The days of sorrow, the nights of gloom?

You say they are idle, and weak, and bad,  
That pity is wasted on such as they?  
Ah, many a vagrant, worn and sad,  
Could tell you a tale if he would, to-day—  
A story of failure, of hopes that fled,  
Of toil, and hardship, and boundless woe,  
Of wrongs that embittered, of wounds that bled,  
And dreams that were lost in the long ago.

#### A Tryst.

Alone she sits and waits for me,  
Oh, heart, be still!  
Only the fields to cross,  
And then the hill,  
And then her eyes' soft charm  
My eyes will meet  
With welcome glad and warm,  
And chiding sweet.

Across the sunny road  
Long shadows lie;  
The birds sing overhead,  
The breeze goes by  
Laden with clover breath,  
With summer dreams!  
Sweetheart how far and far  
The distance seems.

I mount the hill at last;  
There in the shade  
Near where the cross-roads meet  
Our tryst was made.  
I see her robe of white,  
Her waving glove;  
Alone she waits for me,  
My own true love.

**An Orchard at Avignon.**

The hill are white, but not with snow;  
 They are as pale in summer time,  
 For herb and grass may never grow  
 Upon their slopes of lime.  
 Within the circle of the hills  
 A ring all flowering in a round,  
 An orchard ring of Almond fills  
 The plot of stony ground,  
 More fair than happier trees, I think,  
 Grown in well watered pasture land,  
 These parched and stunted branches, pink  
 Above the stones and sand.  
 O white, austere, ideal place,  
 Where very few will care to come.  
 Where spring hath lost the waving grace  
 She wears for us at home.  
 Fain would I sit and watch for hours,  
 The holy witness of thy hills,  
 That wreath of pale auroral flowers,  
 Their peace the silence fills.  
 A place of secret peace thou art,  
 Such peace as in an hour of pain  
 One moment fills the amazed heart,  
 And never comes again.

**The Eiffel Tower.**

Those who sanctioned and paid for the building can have been influenced only by the desire of putting up the tallest structure ever designed, and how is it that such a fancy pleases them? Their vanity is gratified! In what way? M. Eiffel gains a repute of that sort as an audacious builder in iron, and a quite wonderful organizer of labor, but neither the government nor Paris gains any credit except for wasteful eccentricity. The money would have secured many beautiful works of art, or founded a perpetual charity, and it has been expended on a senseless though striking putting together of iron beams, girders, and rafters in unusual repetition. The single charm is bigness, and wherein lies the attraction of bigness? There must be one, for at intervals in all ages, and under all circumstances, man has yielded to it. Just after the highest age of Greek art, Lysippos, the sculptor, proposed to carve Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander; and in our own day the New Yorkers have constructed a Goddess of Liberty in their harbor colossal enough to serve as an electric light-house. In Asia, at all times, bigness has been held to be the equivalent of greatness, and while the highest in the Hindoo trinity vindicates his supremacy in the universe by an infinite protraction of his length, the spade with which a god digs to the center of the earth

is billions of cubits long. The Rabbinical legends, too, are full of Og and his wondrous magnitude—he once carried on his head a rock broader than the camp of all the children of Israel—and if we may trust some translations which once appeared in *Blackwood's*, their authors endeavored to increase the respect of the race for their great deliverer, by attributing to Moses more than mortal size. The Jin of Mohammedan legend always, when in wrath, towers to the sky; and though the actual architecture of the later Arabs was distinguished for delicate beauty, their imaginary architecture is usually marked, when they mean to make an impression of grandeur, by an Eiffel-like immoderateness of mere size. Nimrod probably built the Tower of Belus for the sake of its surpassing bigness, as well as in the hope of reaching to the vault above; and the Chinese Emperor, we fancy, thought his great wall a work of lofty imagination, as well as of rather cowardly defense. But then the Asiatics are the children of the world, with childhood's lust for wonder; and the Parisians are the world's old men, satiated with sights, worn out with sensations, blases with the marvels and "miracles" of material civilization. They have not only intellect, but artistic sense and a keen perception of the ridiculous; and why do they think that if they put up the tallest tower ever seen, a tower, too, made, as it were, of filagree, all the world will throng to Paris to gaze and to admire? We can not but think that the Eiffel Tower is but one more mark among many of a certain decadence, it may be only a temporary decadence, in Parisian thought. The children of the great city, all of whom receive from her so strangely separate a stamp—how the spirit of her founder, Julian the Apostate, must exult as he witnesses the intellectual "progress" of his city—worn out with work, with events, with pleasure, and with excitement, are showing many of the signs of satiety; and this tower, in its unapproachable altitude and perfect inutilty, is one of them. Like Nero, who must have closely resembled intel-

rectually an overdeveloped Parisian, they have begun the search for the impossible which marks the decay of intellectual health. There is no youthfulness left in Parisians. They are displaying in art the passion for cruelty as Nero displayed it in act; they use science as a mere means of gratification; and they exult even in bigness—suppressing in that their more natural instinct in art—if only it is unusual, bizarre, even monstrous, so that it will give them a new sensation. They are so jaded, so weary, so hopeless of sufficient excitement even from the collection they are trying to make of all beautiful things from all the countries of earth, that they are grateful to M. Eiffel, even when they condemn his work, because it is unequalled of its kind, and therefore gives them something fresh to imitate, to talk of, and to gaze at with stretched-out necks. They are less tired for a moment of time, just as Roman patricians were less tired in the arena; and therefore they are content with their tower. They would be more content still if, when the exhibition is over, and the guests have departed and the gains have been counted, and *ennui* has settled down again, the tower would suddenly fall. The Parisians are not exactly cruel—at least, they do not avow the Roman indifference about human life and suffering—but we wonder, if the tower could be made to fall at an advertised point of time, how many Parisians would for any consideration whatever miss that crowning sensation of their festival. Not many, we fear; and in the temper of the great city, even though it be the temper of a single generation which in boyhood was over excited by disaster, we read a somber omen for the immediate future. Paris is no "province covered with houses;" Paris is a living and conscious entity; and Paris has reached the stage in the hunt for excitement when exaggeration is for itself a source of delight. The omen is the worse, not the better, because Paris, unlike Rome, retains the artistic sense; and before it can delight in the Eiffel Tower must be suppressing much.—*The London Spectator.*

### A Needed Reform in District Schools.

In a recent letter written by a district-school girl from one of the thrifty, old-settled counties of Ohio, there occurs this sentence: "I have ten studies." Then follows a long enumeration of the "studies" which included two kinds of arithmetic.

What a fruitless attempt at an education! The teacher of the school where this monstrous course of "study" was being carried on, is an experienced district-school teacher and yet, apparently, she had no idea that good work was not being done.

Ten studies in such an ungraded school probably means little or no real study. This by no means uncommon but vain endeavor to obtain an education by daily reciting several meaningless sentences on a variety of subjects, suggests a few thoughts on the wretched way in which one subject, namely arithmetic, is mangled in too many district schools in the west. I say in the west because I do not know intimately the condition of the country schools in other portions of the United States, though I am told that similar faults exist everywhere, I speak of arithmetic because it occupies an undue portion of the time of both pupils and teachers in the ungraded schools. Despite the many good words that have been said both in lectures at teachers' institutes and conventions, and in print in our various educational journals, to urge the introduction of objective, practical methods, it is still far too common to find district-school children struggling along in the study of this most practical science with no more tangible motive or object than to "go through the book." Very often pupils have no idea of what arithmetic means. They have not been led to give it a place among the exact sciences, but rather think of it as a series of inspired books of ingenious puzzles or enigmas, the "answers" to which it is their business to guess or work out by aid of a "rule," and of this rule they also speak as of some most potent incantation.

The big boys and girls come into

school at the beginning of the winter term equipped above all things with a copy of whatever arithmetic happens to be a local favorite; and no matter what topics were studied in previous terms, they expect to turn back to the beginning, and their loftiest ambition is to go through the book by the end of the term.

Some dozen years ago, I had the good fortune to teach a winter school in Central Ohio. I say good fortune, because I believe that the earnest teacher, whatever her grade of work is eventually to be, can learn many things in one such term's experience, for which the best normal-school drill offers no equivalent. This particular district had, for several years previous, been blessed, or cursed, with teachers not below the average county school teacher in Ohio and Indiana, hence a few recollections of this especial school may fairly serve as illustrations of some of the common faults to which I would call attention.

One curious observation which I made interested me exceedingly. It seemed that there were certain dread bugbears that the pupils expected to encounter, the fame of which had been transmitted from generation to generation. The most formidable of these were, division of fractions, compound proportion (the famous "double rule of three" of our fathers and grandfathers), "analysis" and bank discount. Prejudice forced the pupils to make hard work of these topics. Could books have been banished for a time and practical instruction been given orally, omitting terror-striking names, I think the bridges might have been crossed unawares, but to go through Ray's "Third Part" was the required object of pupils, parents and committee.

When I announced the first lesson in square root, without having said anything of the rule, an overgrown boy of seventeen raised his hand and asked: "You want us to learn the rule?"

"I don't care about that, I want you to be able to make a rule for yourselves in a day or two," I replied.

"If you wish to commit some lines to memory, better take a bit

of poetry from Scott or Longfellow."

The helpless look of surprise of the whole class will never be forgotten. It had been the custom to memorize the rule the first thing and many pupils who would have been utterly unable to find one edge of a cubical box whose capacity was given, could rattle off the rule as glibly as they could repeat the "counting out" rhyme of "eny meny, mony mike," etc., and with just about as definite a meaning. Soon after we took up the subject of evolution, I heard some of the pupils wondering "if the teacher would get out the blocks." From the tone, I inferred that this "explanation with the blocks" was looked upon as rather a neat conjuring trick, which certain teachers were able to perform, while others were not. I also learned, by further conversation at recess, that now and then in times past there had been some pupil who was bright enough to manage this performance with "the blocks" and up to the point of being able to go through with it in the public examination!

It is needless to multiply illustrations to show the unintelligent and therefore useless way in which farmers' boys and girls so often are kept month after month and term after term learning rules and working examples. I can not hope, in this little paper, to make general suggestions regarding methods, but I wish to make a strong plea for better teaching, in our country schools. Better teaching means better teachers, you say? Yes, that is it.

Our hard-worked farmers and their wives can not, as yet, expect their children to leave the district school able to read the Bucolics of Virgil in the original, but they have a right to demand that Mary should be able, quickly, and with a smooth brow to compute how much paper will be required for the sitting-room walls and how many yards of carpet for the floor, or to weigh the butter for market, or that Joe shall be able to calculate how many bushels of grain any bin in the granary will hold, or how many feet of lumber can be gotten out of a saw-log. And either Mary or Joe



should be well able to keep the family accounts or to reckon interest for their father. And we can not obtain these practical results of the study of arithmetic, until teachers lead children to think of fractions as definite parts of real things, of the various computations under interest as so many simple applications of the principles of fractions or of percentage, instead of misty abstractions.

They must not be allowed to imagine that their object is to obtain answers corresponding to those in the book, but rather to learn how intelligently to perform the various operations needful to solve such arithmetical problems as occur in the affairs of every-day life.

In short, the arithmetic teaching should be so conducted as to train the logical powers of the pupils and to cultivate the judgment rather than the memory.—*Mrs. Fanny D. Burgen, Peabody, Mass.*

#### School Government.

G. P. B.

The first requisite of the best government of a school is that the teacher have a clear notion of what it is for. Its immediate purpose is to maintain the organization of the school by holding every individual member to the proper performance of his duty as a member of it. In this view the teacher is as much subject to its laws as the pupils. It is a vicious doctrine that the teacher's will determines the law of the school. On the contrary the teacher's will must be subject to the law of the school. The law must be enforced in order that the work of the school can be properly done. The teacher is there to enforce it against his own and the pupils' impulses to violate it. Hence the necessity that the teacher shall have attained to the power and habit of self-control.

But while the immediate purpose of school government is to secure the necessary conditions for the mastery of the branches taught, the chief end of it is the moral education of the child. This point needs to be put strongly. It is through the proper administration

of school government that the child forms the habit of self control and matures a disposition to obey law.

What have been called the "cardinal school virtues" of *regularity* and *punctuality* in the discharge of all school duties, of *industry*, of *silence*, of giving to every one his *due*, of treating all with *kindness* and *courtesy*, are the great moral influences of the school and do even more than the knowledge of the branches to fit the pupil for citizenship. The teacher who sees all this will see that school government is not a matter of his own caprice, the laws of which are his own making, but is something infinitely above that, effecting the future well being of the child. By this view the kindhearted teacher who loves her pupils, and would avoid giving them pain, is strengthened to maintain a proper discipline even at the expense of some pain, for the ultimate good of the child.

Having formed an adequate estimate of what the government of the school should do for the child, the next important question is how to enforce it. Our first important injunction is, be kindly in earnest, and avoid an apologetic attitude toward the children. Never apologize for doing anything right. Show to them that the requirement is reasonable and ought to be obeyed. The child is more than half conquered when his own conviction is on your side. But it is wholesome for children to know that obedience is expected and must be given. But don't be in too much of a hurry in important cases. Promptness in matters well understood is necessary. But cases often arise in which time is an important element in securing obedience. An obedience that is not in accord with conviction is of little educational worth.

The next injunction is, Do not attempt to "treat all children alike." There was never a greater misconception than that a company of children are to be thrown into one hopper and ground out by the same process. In the matter of government it is especially important that each pupil be made an object of special study, and treated in the light of his disposition, his home

training, his intelligence, and his age.

#### Principles of the Kindergarten.

The fundamental idea of the kindergarten is unity. Therefore we present each object alone because the idea of unity should always precede that of variety, and unity should be conceived as the basis from which variety is evolved, and by presenting it alone the attention of the children will be concentrated upon that one object. By showing the object at rest before presenting it in motion the mind of the child is not confused by two rapidly succeeding impressions. We have the child view the objects from many standpoints that it may accustom him to judge carefully and choose accordingly. We emphasize the salient characteristics that the child may learn to distinguish the salient and permanent from accidental and transitory qualities. We repeat the exercises given with gifts with other objects, that the typical significance of the gifts may be brought out.

Objects should be presented in a regular sequence in order to bring out the principle of continuity and to establish the habit of viewing the individual in its connection, and we let this sequence move from the known to the unknown, from the simple to the complex, from the concrete to the abstract, from the definite to the indefinite, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and from the general to the particular and from the particular to the general, because this corresponds to the law of progression which governs the development of mind.

Every object used in the kindergarten must be considered as a key to the outer and an awakener of the inner, or must interpret the outer world and arouse all of the dormant faculties in the child.

We develop the three-fold nature of the child by appealing to his thought by suggesting and explaining to his feelings by music and the associating of each object with his affections and to his will by requiring him to handle, divide, reconstruct, transform, combine and create.—*Estelle Husted.*

# Clioian Review.

MOTTO—PEDETENTIM ET GRADATIM ORIAMUR.

Editor, LIZZIE B. HIGBEE.

Our new president, Mr. Charles Graves, took his seat on the 11th inst. Clios, all join with him to make it a prosperous reign.

Our weekly experience meetings, conducted by Miss Eve C. Downer, are very pleasant and profitable to the "model teacher;" a good aid to the study of the character of children.

Miss Carrie Snyder, a former member, is now attending the Pittsburgh Female Seminary.

Miss Olive Hank and Miss Mary Murray, former students, will join the Senior class the coming term.

Mrs. Dode Stockdale McKean, of Uniontown, visited her mother, at the Normal, last week.

Mr. Lee Smith, '89, visited his sister Clara, of the class of '90, on the 11th. Clios were glad to see him well again.

Mr. H. V. Philips, now editor of the *Carthage Banner*, Missouri, was welcomed back at the Normal on the 16th, and after a short address, in which he pictured the school twenty years ago, the school gave him their usual salute.

Miss Fannie Goodman, a former Clio, is again with us as a Senior.

Miss Retta Morrison, a firm Clio '87, is teaching in the advanced room at Finleyville.

Mr. O. S. Chalfant, '86, visited us a few evenings since.

A debating society, to be held in the chapel hall, on each Saturday afternoon, is talked of at present. May it not result in talk alone but be pushed to success.

Dr. G. W. Gallagher, of New Haven, a graduate of '84, and an ardent worker for Clio, while in school, was married Oct. 17, in the First Presbyterian church, Connelville, to Miss Sadie Johnston. Clio extends to them the hand of congratulation.

Manual Training is a grand success this term. All enjoy it.

## Imperishable.

"The cruel and the bitter word  
That wounded as it fell,  
The chilling want of sympathy,  
We feel, but never tell.

"The hard repulse that chills the heart  
Whose hopes are bounding high,  
In an unfading record kept,—  
These things shall never die.

"Let nothing pass; for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Loose not a chance to waken love;  
Be firm and just and true.

"So shall a light that can not fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee,  
'These things shall never die.'"

## A Decalogue.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened!
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

The school is treated to two select orations a week by members of the Senior class.

Teacher to Senior class—You all have music in your hearts?

Class—Yes.

Teacher—Then of course you can sing.

Senior—That is the trouble; the music is in there, and we can't get it out.

"Rome" has been the subject of much study and thought for the Seniors for the past week.

Mr. Archie Powell, of Dravosburg, favored us with an extemporaneous talk on the night of the 18th.

Dr. Noss has sent several letters to us from Europe. When last heard from the Dr. and Mrs. Noss were sojourning in Italy and enjoying excellent health.

Mrs. Noss also writes very interesting letters which are read to the school by some member of the faculty and are enjoyed by all.

A neat, substantial sidewalk has been put down outside the enclosure surrounding the campus, which adds much to the appearance of the property and makes a pleasant promenade.

Prof. Bell, while out driving a few evenings since, received some painful though not serious injuries; his horse took fright on Third-st. and ran, throwing him out, with the results stated.

Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

Miss Annie Andrew, a former student, is attending school at Waynesburgh College.

The base ball season is over. The college boys have made a good record this year. Messrs. Smith and McCullough say that they will retire for the season.

Mr. Fazenbaker, an old Philo, will be with us at the opening of the spring term.

Oration and classics are the chief objects of attention for the Seniors at present. They enter into this work in the whole-souled way that seems to characterize all of their efforts.

The boarding students of the college have organized a debating club to meet at chapel hall, on Saturday afternoons. Its object is to develop the powers of expression and public argument.



# Philomathean Galaxy.

MOTTO—NON PALMA SINE PULVERE.

Editor, GEORGIE MCKOWN.

Eight weeks of our school term have passed. Busy weeks they have been—filled with hard, earnest work; and it has not been in vain, for rarely has so much of the year's work been completed at so early a date.

But for all this, society work has not been neglected; nor should it be. True it is that the knowledge acquired in school is of maximum importance in the preparation for life work; but equally true is it that there is no more potent factor in success in that work than the training given by the society. Then let us put our whole souls into the work; let each member do his utmost toward making this the brightest and best year in Philo's history, and in the end we shall be profited and Philo honored.

With the deepest of interest we listen to the letters of Dr. and Mrs. Noss as they come to us from across the the waters. None have been more interesting than those from Italy where they are at present. So vividly do they describe that one almost fancies himself transported to her sunny shores. Many relics have been secured by them, each of which will constitute a theme for an instructive and entertaining talk. Although we have in Prof. Smith an ideal principal, yet we long for the day when Dr. Noss shall again be with us to cheer, counsel and encourage.

Death has once more entered our ranks, and taken away one whom we cannot fail to miss from among the most earnest workers and ardent lovers of education—Mr. W. S. Brashear. We have good reason to believe that he has left the cares of earth, only to join in the glories of heaven.

Miss MacPherson spent last Sabbath with friends in Monongahela City.

A course of lectures will be given at the Normal during the com-

ing winter. It is possible that Dr. Gunsaulus, of the Plymouth Church, Chicago, may be one of the lecturers. Those who have heard Dr. Gunsaulus know what a rare intellectual treat is in store for us if the Normal be so fortunate as to secure him.

We are glad to learn that Messrs. T. C. Conklin and T. R. Bell, students of last year, expect to return to school at the opening of the spring term. Much success to them in their good work of teaching.

Mr. G. B. Lewis, a good Philo worker, is teaching near Prosperity this winter. Philo extends her best wishes for his success.

Mr. R. M. Day, an earnest Philo, now teaching near Washington, Pa., will enter school next spring. We hear encouraging reports of his work as teacher.

These lectures promise to be more than ordinarily good, and we hope to see many former students on these occasions. The course will begin with an entertainment to be given Wednesday, November 27th.

With pleasure we learn that Miss Hattie Westbay will return after the holidays. Miss Westbay is an ardent worker and will be warmly welcomed by Philo.

Mr. Lee Smith, '89, who has been ill for some time, had sufficiently recovered to pay the Normal a flying visit a few days since.

Miss Minnie Coursin, '89, who is teaching in McKeesport, this year, paid her friends at the Normal a welcome visit. Philo wishes her success.

Misses Minnie McMunn and Nettie Crawford, two of Philo's bright lights of '89, intend visiting the Normal after Dr. Noss' return.

We hear that Miss Nettie Crawford, '89, is doing admirable work in the sixth ward, Allegheny. Philo extends congratulations.

Miss Mable Mountsier, '88, has entered school at Oswego, New York.

A petition signed by a number of students was sent to the faculty asking that school be dismissed for a day that those who wished might go to the exposition. The number of signers not being sufficiently large, the request was not granted, but quite a number obtained leave of absence and attended Friday, October 11th.

The Seniors have finished their first classic. Its subject, "An Inveective against Rome."

At last the material for manual training work has arrived, and under Miss Esselins' efficient instruction many are becoming expert in the use of the plane and the saw. This year not only the Seniors but the Model School pupils will take this work. Next term the practice teachers will be required to teach this in addition to the regular Model School work.

There are many manual training schools in the United States, but only six or seven of the famous Sloyd schools. We are proud to be numbered with the pioneers in this work.

The Misses Sterling were very agreeably surprised by a visit from their parents and sister, Miss Mary, a former student.

Philo was fortunate in securing Miss Cora Davis as a member. Miss Davis, who comes from Colorado, is quite a singer and will, we trust, tell us much that will be interesting concerning her western home.

Mr. Shupe, principal of the Brownsville schools, paid a flying visit to the Normal, Saturday, Oct. 19th.

Mr. Archie Powell, a Junior of '89, was with us from Friday till Monday. Both societies gave him a cordial reception.

## A Dakota Wheat Field.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,  
A marvel of yellow and russet and green,  
That ripples and runs and floats and flies,  
With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen  
That plays in the golden hair of a girl—  
A ripple of amber—a flare  
Of light sweeping after—a curl  
In the hollows like swirling feet  
Of fairy waltzers, the colors run  
To the western sun  
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

Broad as the fleckless, soaring sky,  
Mysterious fair as the moon-lit sea,  
The vast plain flames on the dazzled eye  
Under the fierce sun's alchemy.  
The slow hawk stoops  
To his prey in the deeps;  
The sunflower droops  
To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps.  
Then all in dazzling links and loops,  
A riot of shadow and shine,  
A glory of olive and amber and wine,  
To the western sun the colors run  
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

O, glorious land! My western land,  
Outspread beneath the setting sun!  
Once more amid your swells I stand,  
And cross your sod-lands dry and dun.  
I hear the calls of jocund men  
Who sweep amid the ripening grain  
With swift, stern reapers, once again.

The evening splendor floods the plain  
The crickets' chime  
Makes pauseless rhyme,  
And toward the sun  
The splendid colors ramp and run  
Before the wind's feet  
In the wheat!—*Youth's Companion.*

### Watching Pupils.

In many graded schools teachers are required to stand in halls, on stairs and on the school grounds during mornings, noon intermissions and recesses, to watch the pupils as they pass into the building. Aside from the loss of valuable time used in this police duty, the practice is open to serious objections. It tends to suggest the Spartan idea of honesty; all right to steal, but wrong to be caught at it. If pupils are watched at every turn they are inclined to take advantage when they are not watched. It is the business of the school to so train the pupil that he will govern himself. This habitual watching will not so train him. It may be necessary to do this police duty for awhile, but it ought to result in something better. It ought to be a means of reformation. If children are forced to be orderly it ought to fix in them the habit of

orderly conduct, so that eventually it would become so strong that they would behave properly whether watched or not.

If they are *always* watched they are never thrown upon their own responsibility, and of course their power to resist temptation is weak. They are like a tree that has grown in the middle of a great forest. When the forest is cut away and it is left on account of its beauty, the first storm blows it down because it had been protected by the others and had not been strengthened by resisting storm after storm. Our pupils should be like a tree that has grown in an open field where from the first it was subjected to storms and was given strength from mother earth to resist them, and by so doing grew strong. Let us watch enough to know what temptations there are to resist, and then let us talk with the pupils about them in such a way as to get them to determine (will) to resist them, then give them an opportunity to test their power. If a pupil can not succeed help him. This help may be to watch him, or deprive him of the privilege, or it may be corporal punishment—but whatever it is, it should be of such a character as to make the pupil determine to act properly, and then he must have an opportunity to carry out his determination.

Reform must come from within. A whipping can not reform a boy. It possibly may call his attention to his sins and so stimulate his will power that he will reform. Too much is done for the pupils of many graded schools in one direction and not enough in another. Too many rules or regulations are to be obeyed just because they are regulations. While there is a moral training in this, there is a higher moral training growing out of their being made to see the justice of these requirements. They obey them because it is right. They grow to need no *regulation*. They act upon principle.

### Discipline in Higher Education.

A number of circumstances have served to arouse in the educated part of our American people an

interest in the discipline of its colleges and universities. In England questions of this kind do not find much place in the public mind. Parents are content to leave their sons to the discretion of the school authorities. The moral and disciplinary condition of the universities is not often heard of in public debates. On the continent of Europe there is even less interest in the social quality of the higher educational establishments. The reason for this difference between the state of mind in the Old World and that in the New is probably in some measure attributable to the more active moral sense of our people; but it is doubtless in some part due to the fact that our institutions of learning are generally in the control of trustees chosen in one way or another from men who are engaged in other work than teaching. European universities, with rare exceptions, have no relations to the public which will permit their graduates, much less those who have no relations with the schools, to influence the conduct of their authorities. It cannot be denied that there is much reason for fear as to the effect of the influences which await a young man when he goes from the home to a great school. Whatever be the organization of the life in such an establishment, the youth is necessarily parted from all those circumstances which serve to mold his character and control his conduct beneath the family roof. In place of those conditions he finds himself in a large and more or less free society, composed of his teachers and of the young men of his time. The ideals of his class-mates are naturally somewhat peculiar. College society retains the average motives derived from a long past. These motives are unqualified by the experience of active life, and so remain archaic. However much the teaching body of the school may endeavor to affect the tone of the student life, it always abides singularly by itself, a creature of youth; not alone of the youth of our own day, for the traditions of other generations dwell there. It is indeed to this isolation of student life from the influences of the moment, to its separation

from the active world, that we owe much of the good which it affords to those who partake of it. In it as in a stream a youth's intellectual frame is purified and strengthened by the motives of his kind. If he be strong enough to keep afloat, the effect is wonderfully bettering. Though the influence of academic life is on the whole extremely advantageous, acting in a myriad ways to widen and deepen the better motives of youth, it brings dangers with it. At the age when young men generally resort to these schools their propensities toward ill as well as toward good are strong, and are uncontrolled by habit. In all such assemblages of youth, like minds tend to form small societies, in which there may be moral gain or moral loss. No school, however small or however well watched, is free from the possible evils of such association. At most the system of government can only diminish the dangers. In no case can they be entirely avoided.—*Prof. N. S. Shaler, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

#### A Method of Conducting a Reading Class.

Preparation to come out. Rise and stand in the aisles. March to recitation seats and stand—books aside. Exercises—position of body, feet, head, eyes, book, hands; breathing and vocal gymnastics, pronunciation of words, phrases, clauses; pronounce the words of the lesson in reverse order. Practice pitch, rate, inflections, force qualities of voice, etc. Sit. Call on individual members of the class promiscuously to rise and read. Drill, drill, drill.

Blackboard exercise. After each pupil has read let him step to the blackboard without the book, and write, on previously prepared line, the sentence that the teacher may dictate from the lesson. He writes this while the next reads, and does not pass down until the next one has done reading. They then exchange places. The last five minutes are spent in criticising the written work.

Advantages of the blackboard exercise. 1. It secures a careful study of the lesson; 2. It improves the spelling, writing, punctuation and use of capital letters; 3. It

teaches neatness, accuracy, care; 4. It strengthens the memory; 5. It cultivates close observation and criticism; 6. It creates a healthful rivalry; 7. It consumes no more time, and those pupils who have read and know they will not be called on again are generally inattentive, restless, or mischievous. This exercise keeps them profitably employed.

#### The Scope of Object Teaching.

JOHN H. TEAR, CHICAGO.

The figure of mind development is a triangle. One side of this triangle is an object; another, the abstract idea; and the third, the mind. The first stage of mind growth is the recognition of the objective side—the object must be examined, known; the next stage, a little later, is the recognition of the abstract idea as something related to but distinct from the object; the third stage, which comes last of all, is the recognition of the mind itself, distinct from but exercised upon the other two. The development is not complete until the mind circumscribes the triangle and recognizes the unity of culture in the triangle of phases.

The objective side forms the base of this triangle, which rests upon the earth. The other two sides meet in an apex pointing toward heaven.

This figure of the triangle may suggest the province of objects in teaching. They seem to be necessary subjects of study, and therefore, of instruction, until the ideas which they furnish can be thought with the objects out of sight and out of mind. In number the child is first taught to distinguish between groups of objects and to perform operations with them; a little later, to perform these operations with the objects not in sight but thought of—"in mind." The last step is to use the abstract numbers. The child's mind has gone from four counters, or four marbles to four of anything. But by the continued use of objects the child would never get beyond the first step. He would be limited to simple separations and combinations would never reach the science of number.

The home seems to be the place to begin geography, not because of its importance as fact, but because the child must obtain within his horizon the elements with which to construct in his imagination that part of the earth which he does not see. The correctness of his mental picture of the earth will depend upon the fidelity with which he observes and studies the objects within his horizon. These home objects must be studied, they must be returned to again and again to correct and re-inforce the ideas; but they must be left behind when the mind travels to other countries. The ultimate end is ideas; as soon as these are fixed, the objects must be put out of the way.

Important as objects are in furnishing the elements of knowledge, they must yield to the mind's decree. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Thought deals with the abstract. Objects are but stepping-stones, which lead to something higher and better. Mind is not matter; something that we are prone to forget in our enthusiasm for Manual Training.

Forever studying the individual peculiarities of plants may fill a head with ideas, but it will never make a botanist. The mind never weaves these ideas into the web of thought. Accurate observation and a definite study of things must be the means of clear ideas, but if the mind is forever kept upon material things, it will never get beyond the base of the triangle; it will be of the earth earthy.

TEACHER, is not a large amount of the labor you perform in the school room lost, because you do not wait? You make a fine speech to your pupils on the subject of good order, and then commence work with a noisy school. You have performed the labor necessary to secure good order but you have not waited for it. You explain a principle, and instead of waiting for the pupil to apply it, make the application yourself, and thus lose the fruits of your labor.

"How poor are they who have not patience, What wound did ever heal but by degrees!"  
"Patience and resignation are the pillars Of human peace on earth."

### Fifty Years Apart.

They sit in the winter gloaming,  
And the fire burns bright between;  
One has passed seventy summers,  
The other just seventeen.

They rest in a happy silence,  
As the shadows deepen fast;  
One lives in the coming future,  
And one in the long, long past.

Each dreams of a rush of music,  
And a question whispered low;  
One will hear it this evening  
One heard it long ago.

Each dreams of a loving husband,  
Whose brave heart is hers alone;  
For one the joy is coming,  
For one the joy has flown.

Each dreams of a life of gladness  
Spent under the sunny skies,  
And both the hope and the memory  
Shining in the happy eyes.

Who knows which dream is the brightest,  
And who knows which is the best?  
The sorrow and joy are mingled,  
But only the end is rest.

### The Uses of Examinations.

PROF. W. H. PAYNE.

Examinations may serve three legitimate and well defined purposes. They are a *test*, a *discipline*, and a *motive*. In this paper I will speak briefly of each of these uses.

1. *An examination is a test.* This subject will be greatly simplified by recollecting that an ordinary recitation is an examination, one purpose of which is to test the pupil's knowledge of the subject which he has been studying. Without such a test it can not be known whether the pupil is making real gains in knowledge, what helps he needs in the way of instruction, and whether the teacher's methods of instruction are successful. It is quite as important that the teacher should test his own work as that he should test the pupils' work. A teacher must have a "guiding sensation," and this can come only from knowing what effect his instruction has produced upon his pupils.

Now an examination differs from a recitation only in these particulars; it covers more ground; it is more rigorous; more depends upon it. Usually the ground covered by an examination is an entire subject, or an entire book—the pupil is held responsible for the entire field traversed in a month, a term or a year;

it is not a single question occurring on a subject that is fresh in the memory, but a series of questions, making demands on the understanding of a general topic, and failure in the examination means loss of standing in the class or in the school.

No one will deny that such tests are legitimate and necessary, but it is thought to be unjust that so much is sometimes made to depend on the issue of such an examination. For example, suppose the standard set up for passing into the high school is 75, and that the result of the examination is 74.9. Is it just that the pupil should miss promotion by this poor one-tenth? It is to be said in reply, that no reputable superintendent bases fitness for promotion solely on the result of a final examination, but on the average quality of the recitation work during the year, combined with the result of the examination; that in such an extreme case a second trial may be granted; that if the final result is still 74.9, there may be an appeal to the court of equity; the superintendent weighing all the facts in the case, such as the pupil's history as a student, his industry, his age, his health, etc., etc.; and that experience has shown that promotions made on such an exact system are very much safer than when made on the basis of "general impression" or sagacious guessing.

2. *An examination as a discipline.* As the recitation is an indispensable teaching instrument, the examination is also a teaching instrument, but of higher power and broader scope. The second half of the knowing process, perhaps the better half, is the reproductive effort of the mind, the effort to restate under some change of form what has been taken up from the book or from the lips of the teacher. This effort involves memory, concentration, discrimination, judgment and skill in expression. In an examination the mind is engaged in its characteristic work, *thinking*, and is working its very best, under a powerful but normal stimulus. Perhaps the most striking mental phenomenon displayed in an examination is *concentration*,

and the teacher may resort to actual *experiment* in proof of this. Without previous warning, let pupils be required to write down their thoughts on some topic which they may be presumed to know something about, but on which they have never seriously reflected. These may serve as topics: "Express the distinctive signification of the words *pupil*, *scholar*, *student*, *disciple*;" "write out a definition of *slang*." A demand for the payment of a bill requires us to take stock of our assets. A question is a demand which requires us to take stock of our mental resources.

3. *An examination as a motive.* The ideal adjustment of motive is a combination of the attractive and the propulsive—the pupil is attracted by the hope of gaining something, and at the same time is urged forward (*vis a tergo*) by the fear of losing something; there is a pull and a push. An examination presents this ideal adjustment of motive; it holds out the hope of approval or promotion, and also excites a fear of disapproval or loss of standing. This double stimulus, when wisely applied, is invigorating and wholesome, and is one of the choicest instruments in the armory of the teacher. The best of students will work more faithfully if they know that a final account is to be taken of their mental possessions; while sluggish students will do no good quality of work under any other condition.

It is as difficult to make a pen picture of an ideal school, as it would be to depict in words the difference between an actor like Booth and the nondescript who struts and rants upon the rural stage.

In art, a picture by Turner may contain nearly all of the points that go to make up a master-piece, and still have few things in common with a painting of a similar scene by Claude, of equal merit and equal power.

The variable elements in a good school are numerous. The one consistent element, without which no school can be above mediocrity, is the free self-activity of the pupil. By which I mean the steady, un-

remitting conscious application to his task of each and every pupil in the school. No rhythm, no system, no beauty, no one of the many variable elements may be present, and yet the school be incomparably above those having these evanescent features strongly developed.

Undoubtedly in the first stages of primary teaching, the acquisition of knowledge should be pleasurable—this is the stage where what may be termed indirect attention is to be relied upon. But in the development of character, in the creation of power by inculcating the principles of self-denial, self-renunciation and duty, we must approach the question from a different standpoint.

To do this properly, the quality or faculty of direct, conscious, attention must be brought out. Instead of following Froebel and the kindergarten, we must follow Kant and Rosenkranz—instead of endeavoring to remove all temptation from the path of our pupil, we must develop a power that will enable him to resist that temptation.

To do otherwise is to base the theory of life upon the vanities and glories of superficiality. George Eliot, in her great novel *Romola*, shows how Tito, merely from a desire to do what is pleasant, and a disinclination to be disagreeable, ultimately becomes utterly unable to grasp the significance of duty, and ends his career with infamy.

It is this tendency of mankind to push himself along the line of least resistance that we ought to aim to frustrate, by developing what we have termed the constant element in a good school. In our next number we hope to be able to carry this inquiry out in another direction, and show which of the so-called variable elements are of most value.

#### There Are No Equinoctial Storms.

It will be interesting to persons who attribute the violence of the elements at certain periods to equinoctial storms to learn from so good an authority as General Greeley,

the head of the Weather Bureau at Washington, that there are no equinoctial storms. The popular belief in the occurrence of storms on the 21st of March and the 21st of September rests largely, it appears, on the assumption that they ought to occur at such dates. The 21st of March marks the exchange of the long nights and short days of the winter for the short nights and long days of the summer, while the 21st of September marks the time when the long days and short nights of the summer are exchanged for the short days and long nights of the winter. It seems but reasonable to the amateur meteorologist that at the time of these changes there should be a dislocation of the weather arrangements of the one season, so to speak, and the substitution of other entirely different arrangements, the movement being attended with manifestations of a violence proportioned to the greatness of the difference between summer and winter. Such may be said to be the popular view. To General Greeley the equinoxes present themselves in an entirely different aspect. "The equinoxes," he observes, "are imaginary points at the intersection of the circle described by the earth about the sun with the plane of the earth's equator extended till it strikes the imaginary dome of the sky," and they are nothing more than this. Hence "it is very evident," he says "that they can have absolutely no influence on storms.

It might be thought that somehow the lengthening of the day at the spring equinox might affect the weather, but, as this lengthening amounts to only about two and one-half minutes daily, and is a continuous action, lasting for weeks before and after the equinox, the effect is absolutely nothing." Observations made in England over a period of fourteen years and in this country over a period of sixteen years show that storms do not occur uniformly on March 21st or September 21st. The English records chronicle forty five storms in

March, but none on the 21st. Of eighteen storms in September but one occurred on the 21st. If the figures prove anything, they prove that the 21st is not the charmed date, but that storms are "much more abundant just before and after the equinoxes than near them." The American statistics include the storm centers observed between the 102d meridian and the Atlantic on each day from the 16th to the 26th of March and September in each year from 1873 to 1888. "They show," says General Greeley, "an increase on the 21st of March and a diminution on September 21st." As respects the present year, the Chief Signal Officer observes that the Atlantic coast alone had any rain or high wind on March 20th, 21st, or 22d, the rest of the country having had unusually calm and clear weather on those days. Assuming that the equinox brings a storm for one part of the country, it could not well do the same for the whole area of the United States. Changes of the weather are brought to us by movements of the atmosphere across the country from west to east at intervals of three or four days. If the East has one kind of weather on a given day the far West almost invariably has a different kind. "The evidence preponderates largely," General Greeley concludes, "in favor of the view that there is no storm period occurring each 21st of March and September. The popular belief is almost entirely based on the fact that our storms during March occur at an average interval of about four days. If a storm occurs two or three days before or after the 21st it is regarded as the 'equinoctial,' and no thought is given to the fact that in the regular order of things a storm is bound to occur on one of those days." We may continue, therefore, it appears, to call storms occurring on or near the 21st of March and September "equinoctial," provided only we understand clearly that the equinox does not produce them. They are mere coincidences, which, like our 4th of July storms and the St. Patrick's drizzle, can not be assumed to have any causal connection with particular dates.—*Baltimore Sun*.

### How to Keep Up an Interest in Language Throughout the Course.

I. J. WOODS.

I would begin teaching language in the PRIMARY grade.

"What!" says one. "Teach language to the Primary grade!" Certainly, and I would begin teaching it the first day the child enters school. A prominent educator tells us "Expression is the index and measure of thought and the world seldom gives a man credit for more knowledge than he knows how to use. Given a mind well stored with facts and the ability to express those facts, and the result is mental power. Speech without thought and thought without speech are equally powerless."

It becomes us, as teachers, to consider how we can give to the children under our care such training as will enable them to use their mother-tongue correctly and with facility. Much of our language-training is unconscious. It begins at our mother's knee and continues while memory lasts. Whatever tends to clear expression is language training. Clear thought or clear seeing is the first condition of a clear and beautiful speech.

I would begin training that thought and the ability to express it as soon as the child was under my control. Before the child could write I would tell him little stories and ask him to repeat them to me or the class. Get pictures for the children to look at—children are always pleased with pictures—and tell stories about what they see in the pictures. Have them describe all about their homes; or, should you find out that the child has been to town or visited some place of interest, ask him questions about what he saw. Get him to tell it in his own words and lead him to think you are interested in what he is telling you. As soon as possible ascertain in what channel the little fellow's mind is most interested and lead him to talk about the subject. Tell the children to notice everything on the way to school and then tell you about it. This, in addition to getting them to talk and tell what they see, teaches observation. As soon as the child can

write, if it be but a mere scrawl, have him copy little sketches of poetry or anecdotes from books, or as you tell it to him. Then tell him a pleasing story—not too long at first—and ask him to write it from once hearing it told. Then I would read him a story to-day, and to-morrow or next week call it up and see how nearly he could produce it. I have tried, after following this course for awhile, the plan of telling only half of the story and then having the child finish it in whatever way he liked. It is really amusing to see in how many ways a class of a dozen little fellows will terminate a story after hearing the teacher read or tell the first half. After they are written, examine them and, no matter how poor they are, find something to praise in each one. Little fellows like flattery as well as older ones. They should be criticised, but not too severely. Compare them with each other. This will stimulate the poorer ones to do better and the others to do still better next time.

But, teachers, never be guilty of giving a Second or Third Reader grade an abstract subject, like "Happiness," "Hope," "Cheerfulness," "Gratitude," and the like, to write about. Such subjects are far too deep for the average teacher to write upon. How, then, can we expect a child of immature mind to write about them?

Then do not ask them to put their thoughts upon paper until they can express themselves with reasonable clearness in conversation. I remember a little incident of my earlier school-KEEPING. (It was not TEACHING). I had a class in the Fourth Reader which I wanted to begin the subject of language. I stepped to the board and wrote, "My School." This, I supposed, was a subject upon which all could write. "Now, children," said I, "You may write all you can about your school. Tell where it is, how many pupils there are, what you study; describe the room, tell what the house is built of, and everything else about it that you please." In due time I collected the papers and sat down afterwards to read them. Here is a fair specimen:

"My school is on a hill and is made of wood and of boards and brick and plaster and there is a stove in my room and some pictures and a motto and I am first in my class and there haint no fence round it and there is a picture of George Washington and a wastebasket and the teacher wont let us put apple-cores in it and I study riting and rithmetic and reading and geography and language and there are two chimneys painted red and I like my teacher." [Children always do like their teacher on such papers.]

Now what shall a teacher do with such a paper? Correct it? No; rather burn it, as I did, and sit down and reflect. Something like this may arise in the teacher's mind. "Does the child know how to write a better exercise? Has he ever been taught? Did we teach him anything about it?" To all such questions there can be but one answer. No; he does not know how, he has never been taught, he was given an exercise far beyond his ability. He was asked to make "bricks without straw."

It is the first duty of the teacher to aid the pupil in the collection of implements and material for future work. First determine where to begin. The sentence is the unit of expression. If they can write but one correctly, begin with that. There is a great difference in children, and most of this difference you will find in the home-training. Those children whose parents furnish good books for them to read and encourage them to talk by talking with them, usually express themselves clearly. Those who have their ears boxed whenever they ask a question that their parents cannot answer are naturally sparing of words.

After bringing the pupil to that point in which he reproduces stories and then enlarges them, I would have him invent stories of his own. Story writing, invention in a simple and concrete form, descriptive letters, paraphrasing, which consists in transposing poetry into prose or prose into some other way of saying the same thing,—this work may be continued almost indefinitely with good results. This