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. . EDUCATION . .

MISS ANNA CHASE, MISS JOSIE D. LEES, } Editors.

SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS.

What Several Teachers and Clever Pupils Have Said.

THE TEACHERS' TRAINING.

Schools—Free Kindergartens—Art teaching—Study of Literature and Other Subjects Discussed by Prominent Teachers and Bright Young Women of Our City.

SALUTATORY.

"True ease in writing comes from art,
not chance,
As those move easiest who have
learned to dance."

In making our initial bow as journalists to our friends the public, allow us, first, to thank most cordially each and every one who has assisted and thus contributed to the success of the educational page of The Woman's Paper. While casting about for interesting and timely material, all institutions of learning were visited and invited to co-operate. In nearly every instance we met with a kind reception and a willing response, and if any are conspicuous by their absence it may be attributed, not to indifference, but to urgent duties in other directions.

For our fair sisters, we bespeak only kindly criticism, generous treatment, and an unbiased judgment where your views do not correspond with theories advanced or sentiments offered, for "Men may, I find, be honest though they differ." (EDITORS.)

REMINISCENCES.

Scranton Schools from the Beginning.

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot buy with gold the old associations."

* * *

So we turn to memory's casket, and, with here a smile and there a tear, draw therefrom treasures of earlier years, of school days past, of old, familiar faces of the long ago.

Many years ago, when you and I were young, there sprang, as if by magic, on the northeast corner of Washington avenue and Vine street, on what was then, perhaps, the most commanding site of our borough, a two-story brick building of four rooms, designed to accommodate the children of this already growing community, who occupied the primary, intermediate, grammar and high school departments.

It was our first public school and was looked upon as a model of beauty and elegance. As the population continued rapidly to increase, from time to time additions were made, until the pressing need of a new building became so great that three years ago the old Central school, as it had always been called, the first graded school in the Scranton district, was torn down, to be replaced by the commodious and imposing structure now in process of completion upon the same site, which is destined to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Up to the time of the erection of this Central school building, there had been various private schools in different parts of the town, in Odd Fellows' hall, in the basement of the old German Methodist church, on Franklin avenue, Wyoming avenue, etc.

Some of our prominent citizens may not wholly have forgotten the interesting dialogues in which they were the prominent participants in those early days, not realizing that they were preparing for a manifestation of their powers at a later day, when the city of Scranton, with its more than 100,000 inhabitants, should do homage to their eloquence.

After all, those were childhood's happy days, still to continue during the years following the entrance into the Central school. Standing as that building did, on the eminence overlooking Hyde Park and Providence, and the everlasting hills beyond, we might say almost alone in its glory, so far as any pretentious buildings were concerned, it welcomed to its halls both rich and poor alike and bade them "feast and be satisfied."

PIONEER PRINCIPALS.

We would pause a moment here to pay tribute to the memory of the three men of those early days who, perhaps, did more than any other persons in helping to mould the destiny of those who were afterwards to figure so largely in the interests of our growing city. A man of lovelier traits of character than he who first presided at the intellectual feast there partaken of each day one rarely meets.

Intensely sympathetic, keenly alive to the needs of all his pupils, his soul reflected in his face, his very presence was a benediction. To know him was to love him, and if he had any fault it was that of over indulgence. Mr. E. D. Rawson was a peer of the realm, and like Arnold of Rugby fame, right royally did he, whose only scepter was love, hold sway over his pupils. His reign over the High School was of necessity brief, for in eleven months, on account of ill health, he was obliged to resign, and, if we mistake not, long since has passed to his reward. May there be many stars in his crown.

His successor, Mr. E. A. Lawrence, was a Christian gentleman of sterling worth of character, in many respects resembling his predecessor, both deserving a far greater tribute than this poor pen can give. After remaining here for several years he, too, resigned to be succeeded by Mr. J. A. Lippincott, whom many will remember not only as a teacher but also as a minister of the gospel. Many of the citizens of this city spent the last days of their public school life under his tutelage.

His strength of character was great, as his whole after life has shown, and he exerted a wonderful influence over his pupils.

After leaving Scranton he held high positions west and east both as minister and teacher. He was for nine years professor of mathematics and astronomy in Dickinson college, and is now eminently successful in the city of brotherly love as pastor of the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal church.

Time and space will not permit us to speak at length of his successor, but we cannot lay aside our pen without a word of tribute to him who, for so many years, was a familiar figure on our streets and in our schools, and with whom a large number had an intimate acquaintance.

Professor Roney's dignified bearing and uniform courtesy of manner marked him as a gentleman of the "old school." It is but a short time since he laid his burdens down, and he is now resting from his labors. May his rest be sweet and his memory be held in loving remembrance.

THEIR CO-WORKERS.

Of the gentle, patient, self-sacrificing co-workers of these noble men what shall we say? If the kind and encouraging words of praise, that are so often kept till our loved ones are laid away, have been withheld, let them be spoken now. Over the grave of her who might rightly be named the "gentle" one the grass has long been waving and she is sweetly sleeping till the morning breaks.

Another, the reticent one, whose sad, sweet face is one of memory's treasures, of her we have lost all trace. She too, doubtless has joined the innumerable throng on the other side.

The last of these co-workers of whom we shall speak is well known to many of our city as a lady of intelligence and great strength of character. For the last few years she has occupied a position in the normal school of a neighboring town.

OLD CLASSMATES.

Where are the old familiar faces of our classmates? The bell has pealed forth its last note, name after name has been called upon the roll, but how few have responded to the call.

We look for their forms and faces in the busy walks of life, but only here and there receive a word of greeting, for the many have passed on before and we must look for their names on the ineffaceable roll over which the Great Teacher presides, to which names each shall respond in that day when "He cometh to make up His jewels."

Of those who stand at the helm of the leading industries of this and other cities many might be mentioned whose Alma Mater was the Scranton high school.

Those stirring speeches of Clay, Webster, Patrick Henry and others even now ring in our ears, as with eloquence, ardor and enthusiasm these same persons tried to outrival those glorious statesmen of old. And the gentlemen did not carry off all the honors in those days of yore, for the ladies edited papers, then as now, and while they might not compare favorably with the woman's page of today, or with this wonderful Woman's Paper, they were an inspiration to the students and were of no mean worth in the estimation of those who contributed to their columns. We sometimes wonder if while we are seeking for the new in methods, devices, concepts, precepts, etc., we are not losing sight of things good and old.

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

What grander monument do we need to our public schools than the children who have come forth therefrom and are holding honorable positions in nearly all the walks of life, some of whom bid fair to rise to the highest in our land.

In the coming days, with greater advantages in the way of heat, light, perfect ventilation and the luxurious surroundings of our model high school, with the Scranton Public library as its next-door neighbor, and the X rays brought to perfection, by which we may be able to peer into the brain of each child to see what is therein contained and how it may be developed, as also into the mind of the teacher to see whether she is fitted to train the child, then may we hope for still greater fruit than Bacon or any other philosopher ever dreamed of.

Then shall we look up and thank our Heavenly Teacher that He hath permitted us to see the fruition of our hopes and forward to the time when, dwelling in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, we may clasp hands with those we have loved long since and lost a while, and with them join in that new song of thanksgiving to Him who sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever.

ELIZA J. CHASE.

SOME UNPEDAGOGICAL NOTES.

Concerning the Responsibilities and Trials of the Teacher.

In the opinion of most people the subject of training the minds and morals of the rising generation is of such solemn importance that I am almost afraid to approach it in anything but a reverential attitude.

The instructors at institutes and the writers in educational journals never fail to try to impress upon the inner consciousness of the teacher the responsibilities of her position. According to them, it all depends upon her whether a boy becomes a preacher or a pirate. Even the parents aren't "in it," so to speak.

I suppose instructors and educational editors are very much like other people when you know them, but as I have never been intimately acquainted even with one, I always look upon them as noble beings of a superior order. Now, when a noble being talks to you about responsibility, you cannot help being impressed. I always am, but in spite of that fact I cannot help agreeing somewhat with Oliver Wendell Holmes when he asserts that if you want to reform a boy you must begin with his grandfather.

I do not wish the board of control to infer from this that I desire them to immediately inaugurate a system of higher education, in which the reformation of grandfathers shall play a leading part, and set the teachers at work in that direction.

We are also being constantly told that our calling is such a noble one we ought to be glad to devote our lives to it. We are promised the reward of virtue in this world and a golden crown in the next. For some time past I have felt so sure that all teachers will go to heaven that I have not been very particular about going to church every Sunday, and have taken to studying works on pedagogy instead of the Bible. Again, we are gently reminded that a teacher should possess every virtuous trait found in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, together with the qualities that help to make the poet, the artist, the philanthropist, the politician, the mother, the sage, the philosopher and the disciplinarian. All to be procured and cheerfully given for about $55 a month.

Away up at the top of the list of virtues, patience is presented, smiling as blandly as though she were perched upon the summit of the traditional monument and we were personifying grief at the bottom. Doubtless the lines, "Patience is a virtue; get it if you can. 'Tis seldom in a woman, but never in a man," first suggested the advisability of always paying men teachers more than their sisters in the profession, for the same amount of labor.

The men have to work so much harder to acquire patience.

Another discouraging thing connected with teaching is that people expect you to know so much. When they can not answer questions themselves, they say, "Go ask her. She is a teacher and she ought to know." Of course you don't know, and then you feel about an inch high.

I do not care so much now as I once did. Not long ago I met a man who had assisted in compiling many learned works, and was then engaged upon the revision of a well-known encyclopaedia. I approached him trembling and with a fluttering heart. I confidently expected him to immediately begin a dissertation upon the fauna and flora of Central Africa, or to insist upon my giving in exact inches the height of the mountains in the moon. Much to my relief, he began the conversation by saying, "Is it hot enough for you?" Since then my ignorance has not seemed so appalling. If a man who knows an encyclopaedia from A to Z descends to asking if it is hot enough, why should I care if an occasional question or two proves too much for my poor intellect.

There are various other matters that distress the soul of the teacher. I shall refer to but one more, and that is the model conversations carried on between the well-conducted pupils in the educational journals and their teachers. They run somewhat as follows:

Teacher—Point to objects in the school room that are north of you, south, east, west.

John—The clock is north of me; the door, south; the teacher's desk, east, and the picture of Bodenhausen's Madonna west of us.

Teacher—In what kind of a country is the little brown baby?

Mary—It is in a warm country.

Teacher—In what direction do we find warm countries?

Freddie—They are found to the south.

Teacher—If one goes north, what kind of a country would one find?

Jennie—One would find a cold country.

Teacher—Do you think the people of that country could live without clothes?

Charles—They could not.

Prearranged conversations with pupils, like those found in the "Guide to Polite Behavior," are all right so long as you receive the answer you plan for, but in real life they have a habit of switching off into unexplored regions.

A teacher of my acquaintance was catechising a class of small boys in mental arithmetic. Said she, "If one apple costs four cents, what will three cost?"

Pupils, in concert, "Twelve cents."

"Well," she continued, encouragingly, "and what will they cost at two cents apiece?"

Pupils, with alacrity, "Six cents."

"That is right," said the teacher, bestowing upon them an approving smile. "And now, what will they be at one cent?"

"Rotten!" yelled a small boy, whose reply evidently came from the depth of his experience.

Upon another occasion, during a reading lesson, reference was made to Pompeii. "Have any of you ever heard anything about that city?" queried the teacher. Up came a hand, and its owner said, "Yes, I have; it was destroyed a long time ago by violent eruptions of saliva."

In another school, there was once an irrepressible young miss, who had a way of amusing herself by sticking hat pins into the boys who sat within arm's reach. The prodded ones naturally objected to this pleasant pastime and made complaint. The teacher kept the delinquent after school and remonstrated with her upon the error of her ways. She ended her discourse by saying severely, "How would you like to have some one stick hat pins into you?"

Said the unregenerate one, tranquilly, "I think that is a case where it is better to give than to receive."

Thus, you see, the best-laid conversations, like the schemes of mice and men, "gang aft a-gley," and the point which the teacher sought so earnestly to make becomes so deflected that its recovery, except in an exceedingly dilapidated condition, is well-nigh hopeless.

WHY I AM STILL A TEACHER.

Having found that my work in the schoolroom was slowly but surely destroying my health, beauty and amiable disposition and unlike the great Pestalozzi, or the persecuted Horace Mann, being unwilling to become a martyr in the sacred cause and be rewarded with a monument one hundred years after my departure from this life, I resolved to change my profession, and seek some work, less irksome and more soothing to my shattered nerves. To make an advantageous change, however, was not an easy matter, as I very soon learned.

A friend, who represents a large publishing house in New York city, had long desired me to join her, the prospect was alluring in many ways, but one awful peril which threatens the book agent's life deterred me,—my morbid fear of dogs. I frequently pictured myself about to ring a doorbell, silently rehearsing my introductory speech, when I am suddenly startled by the appearance of a fierce dog bounding towards me, my screams attracting not only the inmates of the house, but the passersby as well, terror rendering me incapable of stating my mission, flight and safety being my only desire; until the vision became a terrible reality and I decided that I was never intended for the Bohemian life of a book agent.

I was not disheartened, however, for I knew of another field of usefulness for which I felt well adapted, so I eagerly watched the advertisement column of the daily papers and at length my search was rewarded by the following from a distant city:—"Wanted—An intelligent, refined and agreeable young lady as a companion to a demented youth. Must be a good walker. Address with references, etc." Now, although I had taken many long walks accompanied by youths who were more or less demented, yet I was not quite equal to the constant society of such an unsafe creature and the thought of chasing him for miles, perhaps, if he should try to escape from my surveillance, was too much for my poor brain, so I did not apply for the attractive post and was again on the sea of uncertainty realizing that "'Tis better to suffer the ills we know" than fly to those of a book agent or companion. And now at last, after many anxious days, vainly trying to determine my future calling, I have an inspiration: I will write a book, a marvelous book, one which will cause a profound sensation, which will give the authoress sudden and lasting fame, whose advent in the literary world will far outshine the coming of the "Heavenly Twins" and beside which even "Trilby" will sink into oblivion. How shall I begin? Will my story be modeled after one of Rhoda Broughton's exquisite love-tales or will a stately Romola be my heroine? Will she be a weird Elsie Venner, or a lovely Florence Dombey? Perhaps I may have a hero as well, a Van Bibber for instance, or a modern Jack Harkaway contending with the cultured Indians of the East instead of the Western braves. Whether my hero and heroine will meet in the twilight or the moonlight, by the restless sea or on the rugged mountain, whether the story of their love will be a sad requiem or a joyous anthem I do not yet know—But I am really getting too romantic and all this may be considered entirely too frivolous for a dignified teacher, for I was requested to write some of my experiences in the school-room and you see I have not done so, on the contrary, I have told you how I tried to leave the noble army and failed in the attempt, but I have been honest at least, for I might have been a hypocrite and told you that I would not exchange my position for even a titled foreigner, and I can only hope that my honesty may be rewarded by as flattering an encomium as was given by my little pupil who said "George Washington was a very great and noble man, although he never told a lie."

Yet, after all, I know that my quest has not been entirely in vain substantiating as it does the beautiful truth "Palma non sine pulvere."

NELLIE L. MOFFITT.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

The poet has told us that the proper study of mankind is man. That characteristic which is among the purely human faculties distinguishes man from the brute animal in language. "The study of language is the study of thought, and the study of thought is the study of man." To say that language is the instrument of thought is neither complete nor exact; it is rather its embodiment, in which and through which alone thought attains its own life. "Get but the truth once uttered and it is like a star, new-born, trembling in its depths." Language is the wide open portal to that beautiful domain in which are reserved and crystallized in the enduring forms of poetry and prose, whatever the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger. To receive, to enjoy and in turn transmit this precious inheritance is the sphere of Literature, the exceeding great reward of its study.

Grammar and Literature hold a prominent place in the curriculum of our schools, yet our children are not perfect in their mother-tongue and the novel of the day holds undisputed sway over the young minds of the rising generation. Grammar has of necessity its place in our schools, but as the whole means employed in teaching the English language correctly, it is valueless. The study of English Literature is for the most part confined to a cram on the personal biography of the author, or at the best it is a reading about literature, not a reading in literature. Drop by drop the precious life blood of a master's spirit is coined out in endless diagrams and searching analysis. A kind of intellectual gymnastics, excellent in its way, but for a training in real thought it is rather a hindrance and creates a distaste for higher Literature that will be difficult to eradicate.

A child is but the complete, undeveloped human being, and the aim of all education should be, not simply to develop this or the other faculty however indispensable, but to bring about participation in the life of the race so that it shall be quickened and made responsive to the touch of things "seen and unseen." The intellect must not be cultivated at the expense of the heart. The exclusive exercise of the reason has a tendency to dry up all taste for arts and letters and to starve out the spirit of piety and devotion. On the contrary one may refine the organs of sense and cultivate taste and sensibility, but if it is done to the exclusion of right reason and the superior emotions of the soul, it degenerates into sentimentalism and corruption of heart. Human life is faith, knowledge, beauty, conduct, manner. Religion and poetry, hope, love and imagination are as essential to our well being as science. There is one great society alone on earth, "The noble Living and the noble Dead." Our children must know what Saints, Sages and Heroes have loved, thought and done. In this society it is the glorious privilege of instructors to lead the children under their care. Not only is it our duty to lead them to appropriate and assimilate the thoughts of others, but the highest aim of all work should be to lead them to think for themselves, by inducing thought, evoking thought, strengthening thought, and awakening self dependent thought. If this be accomplished the lives of our pupils shall be elevated in their freedom from the woes and worries that before the strong powers of a nobly active mind—

"Shall fold their tent like the Arabs
And silently steal away."

Where shall the study of Literature begin? With the advent of the child in the school, we answer. Literature and Language should go hand in hand throughout the whole of a child's course in school. In the lower grades the kind of readers in use have much to do in fostering a love for good literature, but unfortunately the only excuse that can be made for the most of those now in use is on the score of economy. The copyrights of our classical works have long since elapsed, and the price of world-renowned authors has been reduced to a minimum, so that excuse can no longer hold good. With the readers banished and the complete works of the best authors substituted, a course of reading could be established which would gradually develop the children's minds and imperceptibly instill into them, a taste for the best literature. The parables of our Lord in simple language, Aesop's Fables and Canon Schmid's Short Tales and Parables, we would deem suitable reading for the lower grades. The other grades could be supplied with Robinson Crusoe, Little Lord Fauntleroy, the Vicar of Wakefield, Fabiola, Rasselas, Callista, Life of Ozanam, Dion and the Sybils in prose; Pope's Essay on Man, Bryant's, Scott's and Wordsworth's Poems according as the children advanced in school. Succursal reading could be supplied from the works of Irving, Goldsmith, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Longfellow, Tennyson and Adelaide Proctor.

Read for the children and have them reproduce either orally or in writing the substance of what you have read. Children have retentive memories and it is all important that in early life concrete standards of poetry, especially in the form of passages from the great masters of song be implanted in their minds and feelings, later the poems as a whole might be committed to memory. Only a teacher thoroughly imbued with the taste for good literature and who has herself assimilated all that is beautiful and good in the works of the masters can awaken in her pupils that sympathy which will enable them to appreciate and respond aright to the spiritual appeal that every true literary work makes to the human soul.

"When we think of the thousands of children in our schools today who tomorrow may be the rulers of our land, should we not, we who have the moulding of the yet unfashioned and untrained youth endeavor to stem the torrent of pernicious reading by purifying the fountain head. If we can succeed in teaching our children to love only that which is best in literature we may feel assured that he who in youth loves the songs of Longfellow and Lowell, the graceful tales of Hawthorne, the studies of Thoreau and Burroughs will never be in danger from coarser literature and associations."

ST. CECILIA'S ACADEMY.

A BRIGHT SKETCH FROM A CLEVER TEACHER.

"Write us something from a teacher's standpoint," was the request that reached me through your representative.

In an unguarded moment I consented and now that I'm about to fulfill that rash promise, I'm puzzled to know what subject would be most acceptable to the readers of Our Woman's Paper. I'm determined I shall not speak on the follies and foibles of men, for I've been asked to write only an article and not an encyclopaedia.

Neither will I write on the question of the teacher's salary. I fear that topic will be touched on more or less by the other correspondents. I know I'm yielding precedence which I cannot hope to regain again by discussing any other subject, for that is the only topic on which I can grow divinely eloquent. I could hold those twenty-one directors spell-bound while I enumerated facts and figures—I mean facts, teachers unfortunately having nothing to do with the figures—until in desperation they'd buy up the whole stock of that "tired feeling" which is so extensively advertised, or they'd probably join the Blues.

When one poor lone woman is prepared to talk on gold and silver to twenty-one men, it is sixteen to one she wins.

Prepared, I said. I did not say preferred. I prefer to talk to one man.

AN ASTRONOMICAL DUET.

Of course, in the latter case, we would not discuss the fluctuations in gold and silver. We would be more apt to discourse on the heavenly bodies or some other high and elevated subject.

While I would busy myself in admiring the brightest star in all the firmament, he would busy himself by having me admire the brightest star on earth. And I'd agree to the parallel that would be drawn for me between the most beauteous orb in the celestial vault and its radiant counterpart on this world, and no doubt I'd remark that I could see a closer resemblance to him, not in a single beautiful star, but in a constellation—the Great Bear. Or if I suspected that he belonged to that class of thirsty gentlemen whom the Woman's Christian Temperance Union heartily condemn, I might adroitly tell him he reminded me of the Great Dipper.

But there, there! That is a subject I had agreed to eschew.

Now let me take you in imagination to any one of the many school rooms in our city, and we'll revel in the sight of gladsome hearts and willing hands as the little tots do the bidding of the teacher.

What sweet innocence! What arch looks! What twinkling eyes! What confiding tales of trust and promise!

ADVANTAGES OF A TEACHER.

Surely, you say, the school teacher is a favored one; to be the recipient of so many childish confidences, to be the witness of so much happiness and simplicity, to be the promoter of so much good.

She certainly is in a position to enjoy all that is sweet and good and best in life. Did I hear you ask if it was not a trial on one's patience and a strain on one's nervous system? No doubt it is, but it is not wisest to complain.

Much energy is lost, I believe, in an effort to be continually at variance with one's surroundings. How much better if people spent that energy in trying to be cheerful.

Cheerfulness is the keynote of a teacher's success. I would that every teacher had that last thought so engrained in her nature that she couldn't be otherwise if she would.

THE GOSPEL OF CHEERFULNESS.

Certain it is our school would be vastly improved if hateful drudgery were converted into happy, agreeable work. A thoughtful instructor can successfully tide children over the difficult places and rugged spots on the road to learning without lending them too much assistance. A hint here, a smiling acknowledgment there, now a little encouragement and now an honorable mention, oft times make the scholar when the work, work, work of the unfeeling teacher make the dullard.

The ability to comprehend a child and the tact to be always gracious toward it are attained by experience.

The maxim that experience is a hard teacher is not applicable to the school room. There a more truthful version is, Inexperience is a hard teacher, and many a pupil has borne marks which attest the strength of the statement. Such pupils, no doubt, would regard it as a physical truth.

No teacher can look back to his early teaching days and fail to find the rueful errors due to his inexperience. I can recall just such an incident that occurred in my own school room.

A HEARTFELT REPLY.

I was conducting a lesson in physiology and my talk was directly on the heart. The teachers' text book used an apt illustration when it said the heart forced the blood through the veins like an engine pushed a train of cars. This was told the children and I had them locate the heart, feel the pulsations, etc.

I flattered myself I gave a very successful and interesting lesson and I was very certain that each child understood and would remember all that had been said.

The following day the question was asked the school, "Who can tell me something about the heart?" I expected every hand in the room to be raised and you can imagine my disappointment when one sontary hand went up.

"Well, Gwen, you may tell," I said.

She arose in her place and with the greatest possible naivete announced. "The heart is like a goat."

What folly was this after all my fine teaching but the day preceding! I can easily recall my disappointment at this absurd and outlandish reply. I am very much afraid my face took on a frown of displeasure and that my manner was not as cordial as usual when I turned to the child with:

"Gwen, Gwen, what makes you think the heart is like a goat?"

"Oh, yes, Miss ——, it is; 'cause it jumps."

That was the idea that came to the child when she felt the "beats."

But, teachers, I'm wiser now. I never teach the mysteries of the heart in that way. Lately I have assiduously avoided the heart in every way. It was a waste of time and effort. I discovered that boys and girls can find out all the secrets of the heart without any assistance from the teacher. They regard the study as a pleasant one, and if they do get somewhat stuck, as they are apt to do, they never bother the school teacher about it. They rush to a minister and he helps them over the knot, and if they dislike his solution they rush to a lawyer and he pronounces the union null and void and accordingly each party takes heart again.

TEACHERS AND REFORM.

And in all this proceeding the teacher is ignored. We are becoming a nation of divorcees. This would not be if our boys and girls were allowed to remain with the teacher until they had passed the plastic stage and their characters had become strong and resolute.

Let me make this point here. A lesson should be so simplified that an incongruous idea cannot arise in the child's mind.

We cannot be sure we are teaching well because we know the principles laid down in our methods. Understand the science of education, but keep it in the background and be cheerful and practical with the child.

FANNY SPRITE.

OUR SCHOOLS,

The columns of the educational department of the "Woman's Paper" will doubtless abound in articles full of brilliant ideas and scintillating with wit from the many bright teachers of this city, or else will deal with the profound and abtruse problems which occupy great minds only. Belonging to neither class the writer of this would essay the plain and practical directed to the parents, for "the parents must provide the children for the schools" as the late Prof. Roney once wittingly replied when asked where the children were to come from to supply a new building with pupils.

We often wonder how many of the patrons of the public schools have any idea of what is going on every day in these "hives of industry." How much they know of the routine and the amount of work accomplished? They know where their children go to school, and, generally to whom. They may possibly know the teacher by sight and have even a speaking

ACQUAINTANCE WITH HER,

but it may safely be said there are but few who know more than that. We lay the flattering unction to our souls that this ignorance is not so much the result of indifference as of the utmost confidence in those who have charge of them five hours of the day.

The teachers, however, might be encouraged by a more intimate acquaintance with the parents, and they, we are sure, might be benefited by a knowledge of what is done in the schools, and how it is done. They should know the curriculum of studies of each grade in which they have children, just what, and how much is expected of both teacher and pupil; how the recitations and examinations are conducted; what standard is required, and how the marking is done. They should inquire, examine and sign promptly, the monthly reports, and make frequent inquiries in regard to the advancement of their children. All these things would tend directly to the child's good and stimulate the teacher to a greater faithfulness in the performance of her duty. The apparent lack of interest on the part of the parents is often the chief drawback to the child's progress.

Perhaps this seeming indifference is due to the fact that so seldom are the schools brought to the notice of the public in any way except by means of the newspaper reports of the semi-monthly meetings of the

BOARD OF CONTROL,

by a description of a new building, or a brief programme of an entertainment which has been given.

In very few cities of the size and heterogenous population of ours, do the schools move along with so little friction in the way of discipline and, although there are no cast-iron rules enforcing daily attendance very little truancy is reported. It is evident that the children love to go to school, and we know of no higher compliment that can be paid to a school than that fact. It is further attested by the happy, smiling faces, the willingness with which they do their work and the desire for improvement which they manifest. Modesty forbids us to say how much of this is due to the teacher, but there is a saying current in educational circles to the effect that "as is the teacher so is the school." But we think we may go farther back and put it,

AS IS THE SUPERINTENDENT, SO IS THE TEACHER,

therefore, so is the school. This, of course, is true only in a limited sense, but to him more than anyone else is the excellence of the schools, as a whole, due, for with a weak executive officer at the head of affairs, a weak administration naturally follows.

This city has been singularly fortunate in having at the head of the schools men of progressive spirit, broad culture, liberal ideas, clear convictions of their needs and the courage to carry them out; men who are not merely office superintendents, but who go into the schools frequently and become well acquainted with both teachers and pupils and who give to them their sympathy and hearty approval. L. E. P.

HUMOR FROM THE SCHOOL ROOM.

"Since" was a new word for the children and Miss Jones was explaining its meaning.

"Now, James, give me a sentence with our new word in it."

"Me little brother has no sinse," answered James.

—

Mr. Warren was entertaining a minister and the first evening sent his son, aged five, to dine with his aunt. When the child was brought home, the minister who was acquainted with the aunt, asked if she were not coming over that evening.

Before Mrs. Warren could reply, Jack spoke up quickly. "They said they wasn't coming over tonight, cause you was here."

A few days later his mother was entertaining a visitor with some neighborhood gossip, which she did not wish Jack to understand. He, apparently, was paying no attention to the conversation.

At the conclusion of the story he said impatiently: "Mamma, no one can understand you when you tell a story. You don't tell enough of it."

—

The children were singing a new spring song, which contained this line, "And earth groweth green without bustle or noise." "Miss Smith" asked Amy, "does that mean a bustle like a lady wears?"

—

The teacher was new, and an object of curiosity to the children.

One morning a little girl came to her room, with a pair of mittens, and asked if any one had lost them. They were duly exhibited, but no owner was found.

After the child had gone away, a hand was slowly raised, and a meek little voice said: "Teacher, them was her own mittens. She just came in here so's she could see you." "Why," said the teacher, somewhat surprised, "What did she want to see me for?"

"I don't know," replied the child, in the same subdued tone, "I told her she wouldn't see much."

—

Augustus was four or five years older than the other pupils in his class. He weighed in the neighbborhood of two hundred pounds and had a voice as gruff as a saw-mill in full motion. He used to sit in a corner made by the back seat and the wall, where he towered above the others like Mt. Vesuvius above the Bay of Naples. One day, during a history lesson, a little girl was asked to tell something about Roger Williams. She began by saying, "Roger Williams was a soldier," then, hesitatingly, "No, he wasn't either, he was a minister." "Well," interrupted the hoarse voice of Vesuvius, "It's all the same anyhow—a minister is a soldier—he's a soldier of the Lord."

—

In the arithmetic class, age was being discussed. A little German boy slowly arose, and said he had an uncle who was six hundred and twenty-three years old. The teacher was quietly trying to explain that he must have made a mistake, when another youth just raised himself in his seat and said, "That must have been the number of his house."

—

Q. What is the diaphragm?

A. The diaphragm is something in grammar that you put words in.

Ans. No. 2.—The diaphragm divides the lungs into the upper and lower limbs.

—

Teacher (trying to explain the distinction between the possessive and the plural of nouns)—"Tommie, what is the plural of cat?"

Tommie (with great pride)—"Kittens, ma'am."

—

Some answers to examination questions:

Q. What caused the death of William Henry Harrison?

A. He drank too much hard cider.

—

Q. If you were to go to Boston, what would you like to see?

A. I would like to see the educated people.

—

Q. Name four early explorers?

A. Greenland, Iceland and the Mainland.

Kindergarten and other educational matter will be found in Section 1.

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