

ally vicious. You can "make" animals tame, dogs do tricks; but a man you must *grow*.

So that the maxim of Rosseau, "follow nature," must be supplanted by the psychological maxim, "Grow a nature which follows you." We have had the gospel of molded, shaped, and fashioned minds preached long enough. We need some Peter the Hermit to herald the active side of education: minds molding, shaping, and fashioning themselves; of life itself conforming to purposes and plans which the self, in its educating progress, decrees. Evolution has played havoc in educational lines, and we shall not see the return of better days until we bow out our chests, set our teeth and clinch our fists in assertion of the self-regnancy of every individual consciousness.

"Nature retains her veil despite our clamors,
That which she doth not willingly reveal,
Cannot be wrenched from her by levers, screws and hammers."

The fact is, education is not a mechanical problem. Given a man's parents, himself, and his environment, you cannot predict his character. Each individual approaches life with the personal equation "on board," but not in sight. It constitutes a sort of unknown cargo, marked for some unknown port, but whose contents and destination it is the very task of life and education to decipher. Thus viewed, education is life's adjustment of itself; and life, the growing discovery of self-education. To a full realization of this unity, of education in life, and of life in education, were the words, "All things are yours," spoken.

E. W. RUNKLE.

MORE PHILOSOPHICAL NOTES.

"Now all this excitement and regret about a man like Oliver Wendell Holmes, or any other poet, seems very odd in this *fin de siècle* era of industrial development," said the Technical Student. "What did he ever do for the good of mankind? I don't suppose he could have calibrated an H₂S generator to save his soul."

At this juncture somebody requested the Technical Student to pass the cake, and he gracefully

complied, absent-mindedly selecting the corner piece, with all the chocolate upon it, for himself. The Technical student felt occasional twinges of the megallo-cephalus from boarding at a table where there were two or three professors and a couple of unmarried ladies.

"You made a bad break there, mildly observed the Instructor in Ancient Babylonish Languages, looking over his spectacles," Dr. Holmes was an authority on the subject, and wrote a book on the 'History and Development of Calibration from the Peace of Westphalia to the death of Charlemagne.'

The Technical Student looked surprised. He had made his remark as a joke, trusting to the ignorance of his audience, and the grotesqueness of this reply made him feel seasick in his stomach. So he arose, lighted a cigarette, and remarked that he must hurry down to the post-office, or that Dutchman Grimm would sell his *Press* to one of the "Short Ags" for a nickel.

"Rather a bright young man, that," said the oldest Professor, after his departure. "But needs to have his head reduced. I imagine that after he has graduated and spent a year or two washing type, or shoveling coal in the boiler-room of an electric light plant at four dollars a week, he may develop into a useful member of society."

"Oh professor," exclaimed one of the maiden ladies, "how horrid of you to say that,—and he has such pretty slender hands and plays the guitar so lovely."

"And walks so straight," ejaculated the other maiden lady, "and has such smooth, rosy cheeks."

"Humph," growled the oldest Professor, "industry and determination will be better recommendations for him in after life. A few years, my dear madam, make a vast difference, after you are twenty."

The maiden ladies did not appear pleased at this sentiment and hastily departed upstairs.

But the Philosopher smiled inwardly, and bor-