Editorial.

We have not yet received enough copies of 91. For copies in good order we will as usual extend the senders subscription one number.

If you are out of employment and have no good prospects, it might be to your advantage to respond to the call for agents by the publishers of the Weekly in last week's issue.

The attention attracted by Dr. Leffingwell's article, in a recent issue, on Myopia in Children, is gratifying. The subject is one to which teachers ought to pay more regard. Prof. Cross, in his letter in this number, gives additional emphasis to some practical points. During exercises in writing and drawing, the eyes of pupils, almost invariably, are too near to the paper. The minute directions as to posture often given by teachers of these specialties would lead a person to believe that the human body is a machine with a very slight power of adjusting itself to circumstances. Such details seem at times quite beyond the sphere of necessity or reason. The point to be attended to is not at what exact angle the pencil shall be inclined, or whether the hand shall be supported upon the tips of two fingers or of one, nor in fact, whether the pen-holder shall invariably "point over the right shoulder." But the object to be desired more than all others is to overcome the almost irresistible tendency of children when using pen or pencil to get their heads too low. For this purpose there is philosophy of value in that seemingly superfluous and arbitrary rule, "Keep the feet flat on the floor in front of the body, instead of drawing them under the seat and resting on the toes." But this is mentioned as only one of the little points among the many which teachers are apt to overlook in this matter of caring for eye-sight.

The Keeley motor seems to have retired to the region of the Great Unknown. The Telephone, Phonograph, and Microphone have become accomplished facts. But new sensations take their place. The Weekly does not feel very deeply impressed with the announcement that Dr. Joseph Tingley, of Asbury University, Ind., has made discoveries that will not only revolutionize several branches of mathematics, but prove the fallacy of the Newtonian theory, by which it is to be presumed he means the accepted laws of gravitation. Such a secret is too big a one to be kept "for a few days longer" by a man who is "big" enough and scientific enough to make the discovery. Think of Sir Isaac Newton waiting until he could secure a copyright upon a book before he would announce his theories! What shall be thought of the rival of Sir Isaac, who awaits a little bit of paper from Washionton before he will tell what are the errors in the Principia which the world's mathematicians have over looked for a century? Doubtless Dr. Tingley may have made an astounding discovery; but if he has, between his discovery and his method of announcing it there is a greater anomaly than has ever occurred in the case of any other illustrious scientific man.

Another startling discovery is announced to us through such a customary and reliable channel, and comes from such an authoritative source, that it deserves attention. Mr. Norman Lockyer is one of the greatest scientific men of the age.

At a recent session of the French Academy of Science he is said to have read a paper which fairly startled that body, and which, if it proves correct, will overthrow all theories of chemistry heretofore taught. In a series of investigations, extending over some years, into the nature of the spectra of the sun, or other celestial bodies, and the artificial spectra of different simple bodies at various degrees of temperature, Mr. Lockyer has arrived at the conviction that all the elementary bodies recognized by chemists are neither more nor less than hydrogen at various degrees of condensation. He promises to sustain his theories, and furnish the proofs.

What a bonanza he might have found himself in possession of if he had only taken the precaution to secure a copyright, as is the Asbury University man!

DOES TEMPERANCE PAY?

IT is not often that an argument in favor of temperance is presented which is as powerful as a few facts stated by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Edwards County, Ill. He says:

"There has not been a licensed saloon in this county for over twenty-five years. During that time our jail has not averaged an occupant. This county never sent but one person to the Penitentiary, and that man was sent up for killing his wife, while drunk, on whisky obtained from a licensed saloon in an adjoining county. We have but very few paupers in our poor-house, sometimes only three or four. Our taxes are 32 per cent lower than they are in adjoining counties, where saloons are licensed. Our people are prosperous, peaceable, and sober, there being very little drinking, except near Grayville, a licensed town of White County, near our border. The different terms of
our Circuit Court occupy three or four days each year and then the dockets are cleared. Our people are so well satisfied with the present state of things, that a very large majority of them would bitterly oppose any effort made in favor of license, under any circumstances."

If there is another county in the Union that can show as good a record, it ought to be known and the cause of its prosperity inquired into. An empty jail, a poor-house almost empty, term of court only three or four days in the year, and taxes $27 per cent less than in adjoining counties, are conditions so exceptional that they must have some distinct antecedent to which they are due; and they are conditions so blessed in the eyes of all tax-paying, prosperity-loving people, that it would seem a sensible move upon the part of some communities we know of to send a commission to inquire into the cause of the happy state of affairs in Edwards county. We have no doubt that such a committee, if they were honest, impartial men, would report that to the absence of saloons the chief credit must be given.

In the matter of intemperance the Weekly believes thoroughly in the accountability of the individual, and that in reform it is of the first importance to appeal to the drinker. But it must not be forgotten that the community, by tolerating the existence of opportunities and temptations to drink, is largely responsible not only for the individual suffering that follows, but also for the severe public burdens from which the model county above referred to is so free. "Local option" in the matter of tolerating saloons ought to be given to every ward, township, and county in the country. It would then be possible to make every community feel that it is directly accountable for its own burdens, and by a proper "crusade" to so educate the sentiment of limited localities as to close many saloons and to compel others to find refuge in neighborhoods favorable to their existence, which would thus exhibit the concentrated effects of intemperance, and become, if not an antidote to themselves, a sort of refuge in neighborhoods favorable to their existence, it would be a subject not altogether appropriate for the columns of an educational journal. But there is no matter in which the teacher rests under a greater degree of responsibility. Here the "line upon line" can be made so emphatic by every-day calamities and sadness, that the future of our school children, so far as concerns their feeling toward intoxicating drink, is largely in the hands of their teachers.

Such facts as given above by the county clerk—and it is a pity they are not more often given—can be made very effective in the school-room. They will bear repeating often. Children can appreciate the force of them, and be made to grow up with the feeling that prosperity and strong drink cannot abide with the same person.

Teacher, do not forget that duty requires of you more than simply a temperate life. You mingle with young, impressionable minds. Your conscience cannot be clear until you have done all in your power, not only by example, but by direct positive effort, to save our rising generation from the terrible gulf of intemperance that is swallowing so many.

THE INFINITIVE.

Prof. H. L. Boltwood, Ottawa, Ill.

A word upon this much perplexed and perplexing subject.

Definition. The infinitive is a substantive form of the verb.

It can never make an assertion, but may be used to imply assertion, in abridged object-clauses.

Although a substantive, the Infinitive does not admit of all noun relations. It cannot, e. g., be used in the possessive, nor in direct address.

To the question, "Does the Infinitive have Case?" I answer, that depends upon the definition of case. If case means *variation of form*, the infinitive, which admits of no variation, has no case. Nor does the noun admit of any case variation, except that names of animate objects admit a possessive form. But if case means *change of relation*, the infinitive does change its relation. It may be subject or object, either direct or indirect, or predicate.

Subject. To err is human.

Object. He tried to learn.

Predicate. To labor is to pray.

I have long since discarded the term case for ordinary sentence analysis, and instead of asking a pupil to give me the case of a substantive, I call for its *construction* or *use in the sentence*. When he answers that a noun is subject of a sentence, a predicate noun, a possessive, an appositive, or gives me the proper one of the ten or eleven relations which a noun may have in a sentence, he tells me the important fact—really tells me all about which there can be no question or doubt; all that bears upon either form or construction.

The whole subject of the declension of the noun is briefly summed up in this:

"The noun admits two forms in each number; one for the possessive, and one for all other relations.

"The Possessive form is only admissible with nouns that denote animate objects."

Now if a pupil has been taught on this plan, he is not troubled about the case of the infinitive; for he attends simply to its relation. He says that it is subject, object, or predicate, without any question of case.

But if we are to follow the common notion of case, I say most emphatically that the infinitive has the nominative and objective cases, just as much as any other noun. No noun in English changes its ending to form the objective, and so we have no inflection to guide us.

Let it be distinctly understood that the word to before the infinitive is an accident; without signification except in a few adverbial uses of the infinitive; and is not to be thought of as forming any essential part of the idea. It is not included in the common definitions of any of the parts of speech. It stands wholly by itself—an anomaly.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JAPAN LETTER, FROM PROF. T. C. MENDENHALL—SOME JAPANESE AND AMERICAN CONTRASTS.

If one were to suddenly find himself among a people who habitually and universally used what we call the left hand as we use the right, and gave that preference to the left boor which we are wont to bestow upon its more lucky companion, he would be tempted to spend some time bewailing the sad lot of men so ignorant as not to know how to use their extremities properly. After a time, however, the question might arise:—after all—why not? An experience akin to this is, I doubt not, common to those who are led by accident or otherwise to observe the many instances in which customs seem to go by contraries.

The limited experience of a few weeks in this country was
sufficient to reveal to the writer many cases of this kind, a few of which will be given in the hope that they may not be without interest to the readers of the WEEKLY. Doubtless a longer residence will not fail to add materially to the length and value of the list.

Many of the most noticeable illustrations are found among workers in wood and metal, and several of them are already widely known.

In America the carpenter’s plane is pushed away from the workman, the edge being set to do its work when moved in that direction. Here it is pulled toward the workman, the direction of the edge being reversed.

The case of the hand-saw is exactly that of the plane, the work being done when it is drawn up instead of when it is pushed down.

In both of these cases there seems to me to be good reason on the part of the Japanese. I have not seen in use here the “work-bench” as we find it in every shop at home. The board or stick to be planed generally rests with one end elevated, frequently against one side of the house. In this position the pulling motion is evidently the most effective. As regards the saw there seems to be very little question but that a thin blade will be much more readily managed as used here than as used in America, where a bending saw-blade is a very common sight. I think this will account for the use of some unusually thin blades which I have observed here.

I have only on one occasion seen a tool in use which corresponds to the American “draw-shave” or “drawing-knife” as it is sometimes called. This tool was pushed instead of pulled as they are at home, and I am told that this is the way in which they are always used.

In favor of this I can only say that the workman here will be much less likely to injure himself in using this tool, an accident of which I have a very vivid recollection dating from my early youth.

In the Japanese cross-cut saw I have noticed a curious reversal of the American usage as to the form of the blade. In the American saw the lower edge in which the teeth are cut is generally straight, or nearly so, and strength is given to the blade by curving the top of it. Here the upper part of the blade is straight and the lower edge is curved to an astonishing extent, presenting the appearance of having been cut, as a segment, from a circular saw.

Mr. Griffls, in his excellent book, “The Mikado’s Empire,” says that Japanese screws are left-handed. As far as I can ascertain this is a mistake. Except, as with us, when the necessities of the case demand it, screws are made right-handed. It is affirmed here that the screw was a device used to the direction of the opening through by the position (If the finger piece on the outside. In America for American conventionalities in the matter of stop-cocks.

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under my notice the stop-cocks are so made that to an American they seem to be closed when they are open, and vice versa. I can find nothing to commend in this, whether it be a product of the genius of the Orient or the Occident.

Many years ago I was informed that the Chinese habitually spoke of the Magnetic needle as pointing to the south as we continually speak of it as pointing to the north. I am told that such is also the custom in Japan and it is probably Chinese in its origin.

In America we beckon by holding the palm of the hand upward and bending the fingers up. In Japan if you wish to bring about the same result you must hold the palm downward and bend the fingers down.

I will venture to suggest a reason for this. Beckoning is a gesture which is most likely to be used by a superior to an inferior. Even at home one would hardly venture to call the President of the United States or the Chairman of the School Board by making this sign. In Japan, where great and many differences in rank have long existed, it is likely that this gesture was used only by the superior. A trial of the two methods seems to me to prove that the Japanese gesture is most in accordance with such a condition of society.

In Japanese writing and printing the reversal is complete. My friend, the editor of the Ohio Educational Monthly, was once deterred from printing a Japanese address by a tremendous uncertainty as to where it began and where it ended. In writing, a Japanese scribe begins at the right-hand upper corner and writes in a vertical line downward. When he has finished that line he begins again at the top slightly to the left of the first line and writes another. If he is writing in a book he must begin at the extreme right-hand page, and thus fill it up, going from top to bottom and from right to left. The first page in a book would be the last to an American. Books are printed in the same way. Japanese write a good deal on long strips of paper, five or six inches wide and rolled up into a compact cylinder. They begin on the upper right-hand corner and continue writing down and toward the left, unrolling as they proceed. A man may get a letter which he unrolls as he reads until it touches the ground. The envelope is made to correspond with this custom, being long and narrow and open at one end. The letter, when rolled up, is inserted in the narrow opening, which is then sealed. When the first stamped envelopes were made by the Government they were made in imitation of those of foreign countries in form and dimensions, but it was discovered that they did not “take” with the Japanese, and the long narrow ones have been substituted in their stead.

In nearly all languages the title of honor or respect precedes the name of the person addressed. In Japanese it follows; instead of Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown, it is Smith-san and Brown-san. In this suffix the a has the same sound as a in palm.

In a Japanese stable the head of the horse is found where you would expect to find his tail. A Japanese horseman mounts from the right side instead of the left.

As regards passing on the street no rule is observed as strictly as that of turning to the right in America. The jinrikisha is a narrow carriage and the streets are not so narrow as to render the observance of any rule absolutely necessary. When the streets are full of these little carriages—dashing along at a rapid rate—one unaccustomed to the skill of the men who pull them is constantly fearing a collision. As a fact, however, one rarely occurs. The only rule known to these men requires them to turn
to the left instead of the right. To an ordinary observer, however, they seem to act upon the principle that every man shall look out for himself. I may be permitted to add to this brief list of Japanese reversals of American customs one or two which do not, perhaps, belong there.

In this city containing a million inhabitants—the capital of the Empire—crows, hawks, and all sorts of birds are very numerous. It is a common sight to see a crow or a hawk perched within a few feet of a boy or man without arousing the slightest exhibition of hostility, never, indeed, attracting any attention whatever. In America a regiment of boys would be at once organized, armed with sticks, stones, and other offensive weapons and the life of that crow would not be worth the attention of a respectable insurance company.

In Japan the social rank of the common school teacher is above that of the wealthy merchant. In America—it isn't.

**IMPORTANCE OF THOROUGH ELEMENTAL TRAINING.**

Prof. D. C. Roberts, State Normal School, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

THE popular idea is push ahead. The parent asks, "In what class is my child?" The teacher is imbued with the same spirit and so hastens the pupil onward by extra recitations—forced marches—until he is finally ready for the eventful day, the day "big with fate." Commencement day!

What will the boy use most in after life, the facts he has learned at school or the habits contracted there? If facts are the important thing, as Mr. Gladstone thought, then our schools are certainly failures, for the few meager things we remember are a poor recompense for the eight or ten years of labor at the public schools.

It is quite doubtful, too, if the boy who spends his time on the streets has not picked up about as many useful facts as the one in school.

We must then look for our harvest in another direction. The difference between the boy in school and the boy out of school is in the bent of their inclinations, their longings and aspirations, their systems of work, their respect for the rights of others, their moral tone, their virtue. However small and trivial these differences may seem, yet they amount to a vast sum in the period of a lifetime. Two straight lines (drawn from the same point) may vary but a hair's breadth from parallel, but if produced far enough, their distance apart is insensible. Here is one of the grandest thoughts in the life of the teacher. His work is not measured by the few crumbs of knowledge which he imparts to pupils. The impress of his nature is stamped eternal on the mind of the child. I say one of the greatest thoughts I grand if the stamp be true—terrible if false, for false or true, it is carried forever.

The advantage the thorough, systematic man has over the untrained is that the army has over the mob, the adroit politician has over the verdant granger. The successful man is he who is able to sift the wheat from the chaff, to weigh it, to test its value. In this age of fast living every man is called upon daily to choose between the right and the wrong, the false and the true, to gather the truth from what he reads, to sift the vast amount of reading matter with which he comes in contact.

It has been thorough systematic work which has led to all our great discoveries and inventions. Perpetual motion has been the thoughtless man's folly. The calm reasoner sees its fallacy in the ridiculous attempts of his neighbor to raise himself from the ground by tugging at the straps of his boots.

Do you suppose the school boy who has been compelled to state the why of every step in his reasoning could be guilty of entertaining such delusions? When the Jew told the visionary youth that he could sell all his clothing below cost because of his enormous trade, it satisfied the young man; but see the twinkle in the average school boy's eye!

Go into whatever vocation of life you may, and you will find the same need of solid thinking persons, calm reasoners, those who can solve the problems of life by the rule of cause and effect.

We want farmers who plant their seeds in the earth and not on the moon; who expect to reap what they sow, and that in due season. Our work, then, is to inculcate the common-sense principles which are embraced in the elements of an education. With these in hand man can build his structure. If through idleness he neglects to use them in after years, then the state is free from blame.

The importance of being a thorough reader cannot be overestimated. I mean by a thorough reader, one who fully digests what he reads. How few do this! How many of us merely glean the most meager outline of the author's thoughts. You frequently find yourself reading, or rather glancing over words, a whole page in advance of where you have the faintest remembrance of the writer's thoughts. If we can help our pupils in forming habits which shall lead them to careful reading, we shall have accomplished a glorious work for the future generations.

The man who daily masters the thought in a carefully written book, who can solve the problems of life by the rule of cause and effect, is the wealthy merchant. In America—"it isn't.

**Educational Weekly.**[Number 94]

—Prof. Madvig, the Latin scholar, has been elected rector magnificus of the University of Copenhagen for the coming twelve months. Prof. Madvig, as stated, was especially elected with a view of the coming festivities on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the foundation of the university in 1479.
A CHRISTMAS CAROL—IN FOUR STAVES.

[As abridged by the Author.]

STAVE TWO—THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

When Scrooge awoke it was so dark, that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely see the people who were drawn aside by a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him a notion of a man, and called out in his slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him behind such a blight desk that, if he had been two inches taller, he must have seemed to be trifled with; people who would dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, or four times, old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig’s calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn’t have predicted, at any given time, what would become of poor Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig, if they had gone all through the dance, advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, cork-screw, thread the needle, and back again to your place. Fezziwig danced with a violent and imperious spirit.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When every foot had retired but the two premises, they did the same to; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

A small matter,” said the Ghost, “to make these silly folks so full of gratitude. He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money—three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?”

“It isn’t that,” said Scrooge, “heating by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter self,”—it isn’t that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in thoughts and in insignificant incidents; in a smile and a nod, and a tears; in the way he walks in the streets; and in the way he walks at home. Spirit! what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.

He felt the Spirit’s glance, and stopped.

“What is the matter?”

“Nothing particular.”

“Something, I think.”

“No, no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That’s all.”

“My time grows short,” observed the Spirit. “Quick!”

“Quick!” Scrooge exclaimed.

“Quick!” the Spirit said. And Scrooge saw it could be seen; it produced an immediate effect. For again he saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a black dress, in whose eyes there were tears.

“It matters little,” she said softly to Scrooge’s former self. “To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me, and if it can comfort you in time to come, as it has comforted me, I have no just cause to grieve.”

“What idol has displaced you?”

“A golden one. You fear the world too much. I and know no consciousness of partners; people who were not to be overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bed-room. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE THREE—THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

Scrooge awoke in his own bed-room. There was no doubt about that. But it and his own adjoining sitting-room, in which he sat and his slips, attracted by a great light there, had undergone a great transformation. The walls and ceilings were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grave. The leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy, reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, that petrifaction of a hearth had never known in Scrooge’s time, or Marley’s, or for many and many a winter season gone. He sat up in his bed, to see a Christmas tree, an elm, green, game, brown, great joints of meat, suckling-pigs, long wraiths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apple-jacks, and a great plenty of punch. In easy state upon this couch there sat a Giant glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty’s horn, and who raised it high to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

“Come in,—come in! and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the Ghost de Coverley.” Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty couples at once; and every couple was required to be tried with; people who would dance, and had no notion of walking.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and here was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold
Belinda sweetened the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob served the chestnuts on the chestnut-stand, and the jug went round and round; at last the dinner was done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and approved:-

"Martha, Martha!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurray! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive my dears, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her. She sat very close to her father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his hand, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him as near as he might. Mrs. Cratchit had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had said it would be better. But now, the plates were set, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to put it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gust of stuffing reached its goal, one murmur of delight was heard all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurray!"

Never was there such a goose. Mrs. Cratchit said she didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was sufficient dinner for the whole family, indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eye-brows! But now the plates being cleared by Mrs. Cratchit, Martha left the room alone,—too nervous to bear company,—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

"Gentlemen, I believe it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose,—a supposition at which the goose became livid! All sorts of horrors were said.

"Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to each, and two young Cratchits' dwellings in a jug with gin and

"We've a deal of work to do, and finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"This year, you'll be happy. As long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were looking around. "Here, Martha, hit!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his good behaviour, for which Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking around.

"Not coming?" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-borne all the way from church, and had come home rambunctious, and exulting upon Christmas day.

"I don't like to think she dispensed it, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made bobses go walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he went on:

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made bobses go walk and blind men see."

"And your brother Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurray! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas day."

"It should be Christmas day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert? Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

"Then all this truckery and talk would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisy. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears, God bless us!"

"As all the family re-echoed.

"Good bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

"He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Scrooge raised his head speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you, Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope I'd have a good appearance before, and how the lord had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; at last the dinner was done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and approved:

"Martha, Martha!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurray! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Oh, bless your heart alive my dears, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her. She sat very close to her father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his hand, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him as near as he might. Mrs. Cratchit had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had said it would be better. But now, the plates were set, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to put it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gust of stuffing reached its goal, one murmur of delight was heard all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurray!"

Never was there such a goose. Mrs. Cratchit said she didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was sufficient dinner for the whole family, indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eye-brows! But now the plates being cleared by Mrs. Cratchit, Martha left the room alone,—too nervous to bear company,—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

"Gentlemen, I believe it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose,—a supposition at which the goose became livid! All sorts of horrors were said.

"Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to each, and two young Cratchits' dwellings in a jug with gin and

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas day."

"It should be Christmas day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert? Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

"The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Batural being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were considering what particular investments he should endeavor when he came into receipt of that bewildering income. Scrooge was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow for a good long rest before the beard a holiday the day before Christmas. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter;" at which Peter pulled his collar so high that he couldn't see over it, and Scrooge had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome fam-
ily; they were not well dressed; their clothes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scantly; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawn-broker’s. But they were happy, merry, grateful, pleased, and they were one of the happiest of all the gay companions that had ever been seen in that street, and it was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, than if he had been made fast the door, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit’s torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially upon Tiny Tim, until the last.

It was a great relief to Scrooge, as this scene vanished, to hear a hearty laugh. They were not a bit behind, and looked happier yet. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, than if he had been made fast the door, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit’s torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially upon Tiny Tim, until the last.

It was a great relief to Scrooge, as this scene vanished, to hear a hearty laugh. They were not a bit behind, and looked happier yet.

Scrooge looked about for the Ghost, but saw it no more. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and his heart was not cold, and his head was not empty, but there was something in it, that made it possible for him to look up to that open sky, and to breathe the atmosphere of earth and heaven with all the senses.

That was the last sight of Scrooge, and the last sound of his voice. The curtain fell with a loud noise, and the audience applauded very loud and long. They applauded because it had been a very fine piece of acting. They applauded because it had been a very fine piece of acting.
E D I T O R S.

Maine—Prof. J. Marshall Hawkes, Principal Jones School, Portmouth, N. H.


Indiana—J. B. Roberts, Principal High School, Indianapolis.

Minnesota—Hon. V. Tosi, Sup't. Public Schools, Minneapolis.


Ohio—R. W. Stevenson, Sup't. Public Schools, Columbus.

New York—Prof. C. W. Palmer, State University, Lincoln, Nebraska.


The East—Prof. Edward Johnson, Lynn, Massachusetts.

The South—Prof. Geo. A. Chase, Principal Female High School, Louisa, Ky.

Orders for subscription may be sent to the above editors, if preferred. Items of educational news are invited from superintendents and teachers.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 12, 1878.

THE EAST.

MAINE.—Mr. J. W. Smith, one of the Bates alumni, has left Toledo, O., to accept a position as principal of the Newark, N. J., high school.

The class of '77 of Edward Little Institute have recently presented that institution with a fine oil painting of the old building of the same name. It was painted by Coombs, and is spoken of as a creditable work.

The present Greenback candidate for Governor, Smith, who may be elected by the next Legislature, believes that the teachers of Maine are receiving too much money, and that the State College of Agriculture should be a useless piece of extravagance. Pass it round.

Hancock county has now a teachers' association and the only marvel is that all the counties have not.

Edmonia Lewis, the colored sculptress is a native of Bath, Maine.

WEST VIRGINIA.—A new wonder appears in Morgantown, which is nothing less than another weekly journal of education. Two issues of the West Virginia Journal of Education have already made their appearance. It is printed on one sheet, in type too large to read, by J. R. Thompson, of the State university, editor. May the venture meet with the success which it merits, as we dare say it will. The first two numbers of the paper contain a large amount of good reading.

EDUCATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE WEST.

WISCONSIN.—The programme of the Holiday meeting of the State Teachers' Association is published in another column of this paper.

We learn that President Albee, Prof. L. W. Briggs, and several other presidents and professors connected with the Normal Schools, have gone East to visit other institutions of a similar nature, including the one at Montreal, Canada.

Prof. A. R. Cornwall, for twenty years past principal of the Albon Academy, has been removed by the board of trustees, and Prof. Edwin P.Marsh appointed in his place. There is considerable displeasure expressed by the citizens at the action of the board.

The teachers in the Whitewater public schools receive one lesson a week in drawing, under Prof. Johnson of the University.

The State Superintendent decides that no county superintendent has a right to renew a certificate given by his predecessor.

The superintendent of Oconto county, on territory exceeding the whole area of Rhode Island, Delaware, and District of Columbia by 1,500 square miles, during the week ending Nov. 23, traveled 150 miles of country roads, which visited 14 schools. One school in the county has been closed on account of scarlet fever.

A telegraphic dispatch from Geneva, N. Y., brought the sad intelligence to the University at Madison, last week, that Prof. H. S. Carpenter, professor of Logic, four years in the English Literature in the University, has been summoned to the drowsing bed of his brother at that place, had been suddenly attacked by the same fatal disease—diphtheria—and had as suddenly fallen a victim to it. His body arrived at Madison on Monday, and funeral ceremonies were held on Tuesday. This is a sad blow to the many friends of Prof. Carpenter, as well as to the University of which he was an honored member. He had been absent from Madison only about a week.

The Ladies' Art Class of Milwaukee College, which numbered more than 100 last year, is larger this term than ever before. This is the fifth annual session. It has now a thoroughly organized connection with the college. Its membership is composed of ladies married and unmarried, regular college students, and art amateurs who come to its weekly sessions, not only from Milwaukee, but from towns and cities far in the interior; several being from Madison, Dubuque, and Galva, and other such centers who are enrolled. The instruction is in art and elements of art criticism, with the help of the valuable art library (one of the finest in this country), constitute the present study of the class.

MINNESOTA.—The Red Wing schools have an enrollment of 88; Pipestone, one of the frontier counties of Minnesota, recently elected Mrs. Francis Whitehead superintendent of schools.

Miss Irwin Shepard, of Winona, reports as follows respecting the public schools under his charge: Number enrolled during September, 1,025; November, 1,306; increase, 101. Average membership during September, 1,131; November, 1,231; increase, 100. Average daily attendance during September, 1,084; November, 1,188; increase, 104. Per cent of regularity during September, 95.8; November, 96.5; increase, 7. Number of cases of tinitis in September, 57; November, 63; increase, 6. No pupil absent nor tardy in September, 641; November, 727; increase, 86. Considering the total present enrollment as a whole, it is surprising that, in the various grades that twelve per cent of all the pupils who enter the public schools of the city graduate from the high schools; twenty-five per cent enter the high school, and fifty-three per cent remain in school until they enter the grammar grades. The "Self-reporting System," after a trial of seven years, is continued. In its stead has been established a system of marks, based, in each case, upon the judgment of the teacher, rather than upon the opinion of the pupil, as under the former system.

ILLINOIS.—The Whiteside County Teachers' Institute will hold a day's session on Tuesday, December 14, 1878.

Read the programme of the State Teachers' Association, under the head of "Teachers' Associations," in another column.

Supt. F. W. Crouch, of Macoupin county, has our thanks for the following information: Teachers of the south part of Macoupin county have received Second Grade certificates. Number of regular teachers, 15; number of females, 82; number of males, 37; number of grades, 5; number of schools, 5. The total expenses for schools in this county for the year ending Sept. 30 was $76,152.51. There are in the county 19,234 persons under 21 years of age.

The university located at Carlinville will soon have added to it a large two story addition to be used as a laboratory, society halls, and library rooms.

A Southern Illinois Normal is a success this autumn—275 scholars almost, and the new departure of normal work seems to have prospered largely.

Another teacher, Miss Eise C. Finley, of Richview, has been employed. The Natural History work under Prof. French is going on finely.

Circuit and Stratton Business College, of Chicago, reports that the meetings of the Cook County Teachers' Association are held, is one of the oldest and best of the business colleges of the country. It is largely attended by a good class of men and women, and is conducted in a most thorough and practical business way, which is sure to win the admiration and confidence of a visitor the first time he passes through the institution. Whatever humbug or sham "college" may have, in an earlier day, been heralded as a thorough institution of learning, there is nothing of that kind about this, and the education obtained here is as genuine and thorough of its kind as can be had in any classical or scientific institution in the land.

Mrs. Mary L. Carpenter completed her fifth year as superintendent of the schools of Winnebago county Dec. 2, during which time she has examined 359 male and 1,115 female applicants for certificates. 35 gentlemen and 28 ladies have received First Grade Certificates; 244 gentlemen and 44 ladies have received Second Grade certificates. 1 gentlemen and 2 ladies have failed to pass examination. It will be seen from the above figures that 9 per cent of male and 9 per cent of female applicants have received First Grade Certificates; 21 per cent of male and 65 per cent of female applicants have received Second Grade certificates.
Certificates: 23 per cent of male and 33 per cent of female applicants have failed. First Grade Certificates expire in two years, and Second Grade in one year from their date. There are at present 258 persons holding legal Certificates — that is, certificates that have not expired. Of these, 87 First Grade and 71 Second Grade are held by gentlemen; 16 First Grade and 150 Second Grade by ladies. The county superintendents have acted in a parsimonious manner, according to the Rockford Daily Register, in furnishing Miss Gates with the necessary papers for her department in the new court house. The time of her service was extended from fifty to one hundred days in a year, which is not yet one half the time which her duties demand for their efficient performance.

We present the following topics used in the Decatur schools in the 3d examination, 7th Grade—Nov. 22, 1878: 1. Write the plural of potato, mouse, fish, sheep, axes, women, and cat. 2. Use the masculine corresponding to maid, actress, nun, wife, and witch. 3. Write the possessive singular of Quackenboss, goose, Charles, Wells, and fly. 4. Write the possessive plural of moose, mouse, ox, dog, and fox. 5. Define the masculine personal pronoun of third person in both numbers. 6. Write two sentences containing that as a relative; two, as an adjectival; and which, as a conjunctive. 8. Give an example of a place where a man is called by his title. 9. In the first sentence of a paragraph, do not use the word and. 10. Answer this question: "What is, certificates that have not yet one half the time which her duties demand for their efficient performance?"

IOWA.—The Central School Journal begins its second year with the December number, which is a decidedly good one. A new name appears in the column, the name of Mr. Gilbert, who has assumed principal of the High School and a graceful and able writer. We are glad to note that the Central bears unmistakable signs of prosperity.

Of course you have made your arrangements to attend the State Teachers' Association, and have notified Supt. Rogers of this fact. The coming session will be one of the grandest in the history of the Association.

The newspapers of the state say that diphtheria is raging among the school children of Des Moines.

Every girl in the junior class of the State Agricultural College, last year, was taught to cook meats and vegetables and to make bread, pastry, etc., and to keep a neat and cheerful home. They are proud of it. "The University folks spent $1,000 for stone walks this season."

Supt. Sabin, of Clinton, contributes a fine article to the Central Journal, entitled, "The Use and Abuse of Memory."

The Scott county teachers held a very interesting and profitable meeting last week.

A correspondent of the Davenport Gazette shows up the Boston Traveler's article concerning the new departure in the teaching of the Greek language in the city. We are rather glad of this, because Iowa papers have been printing this article, and praising that "new departure in schools" about as much as it will bear.

The following extract from the Council Bluffs Newsjet concerning the state University is interesting: "There are 100 scholars in the law school and nearly 100 in the medical school—of which 28 are in the Homeopathic school. The college classes are far better than ever, and the work is quite satisfactory. The impetus of the last year has filled the chemical and natural science laboratories with students. The university library has been located on the main floor of the central building, and is kept open six hours a day, and much more free. In addition to his executive duties, is teaching two hours per day. Everything is moving along successfully, from all that we can learn, and we have taken some pains to memorize these facts. Perhaps the last one is right in the right place."

The last number of the Normal Monthly contains the following interesting summary: Whole number of principals and superintendents reported, 280; number whose place of education is reported, 277; number educated in colleges and universities, 142; number educated at the Central high schools, 19; number educated in high schools, 12; number educated at State University of Iowa, 39; number educated in all other Iowa colleges and universities, 37; number having no previous experience in present schools, 102; number having one year's experience in present schools, 56; number having from five to nine years' experience in present schools, 26; number having ten years' and over experience in present schools, 25; number having twenty years' and over experience in present schools, 1; number whose salaries are reported, 211; number whose salary is $4,000 and over, 17; number whose salary is from $1,000 to $2,000, inclusive, 57; number whose salary is from $600 to $800 inclusive, 100; number whose salary is less than $600, 100; number whose salary is less than $500, 100; number whose salary is less than $250, 2. Mr. William Elden, superintendent of the Independence schools, conducts an educational department in the Buchanan County Bulletin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are 400 colleges in this country, with aggregate of 3,700 professors. The American government has expended for freedmen's schools, $3,711,375. 242,473.

The total number of teachers employed in the United States, Georgia and Idaho excepted, is 249,383.

Statistics of 151 normal schools in the United States show an attendance of 33,921 students, under the instruction of 1,056 teachers. The number of graduates during the past year was 2,688, of which 1,375 have engaged in teaching. The Normal College of New York city received the largest appropriation of $35,000. Next to this was the Normal School at Geneseo, N. Y. The State Normal School at Normal, Ill., ranks third in the list, with an appropriation of $24,700.

Astronomer Lewis Swift, of Rochester, wants to put himself on record as believing that during the recent years the transits of the planets were discovered; and that the two found by Professor Watson are distinct from those discovered by himself. The fact, if it be so, cannot be verified during the lifetime of the discoverer, but he is willing that his belief shall be tested by the observations of future observers.

Several half-day schools are to be opened shortly in Paris for the use of children from ten to twelve years, employed in workshops and manufactories. The "evening instruction for adults; these are prohibited by law from working more than six hours a day until they are enabled to pass certain primary examinations."
The Educational Weekly.

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—Many teachers write to us that they would like to contribute, but that they cannot “pay cash down.” Probably many feel the same way who do not write. We have taken pleasure in granting all such requests, and have concluded to act hereafter up on this general rule: All subscriptions paid within thirty days after they are given will be counted as cash. When longer time is desired, the copy will be acknowledged, and the Weekly furnished at $3.00. This seems an equitable arrangement. The subscriber, for the accommodation he gets, pays fifty cents; and the publishers, for the risk they run and the expense which may be entailed by the collection of the subscription, get partial compensation. So if you wish to subscribe you can do so, and send as the $3.50 any time within thirty days. If you delay longer in remitting, we shall expect $3.00.

—Our genial friend, Mr. O. S. Cook, the Western agent of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Son, has just removed to 244 Wabash Avenue. Calling recently we found him in commodious and pleasant quarters, and learned that he intends to keep constantly on hand of Minerals, Rocks, Fossils, Casts of Invertebrates, Geologi­cal Maps and Models, Skeletons, Stuffed Mammals, Birds, and Reptiles. Batrachian Fishes and fish in alcohol, Cephalopods, Crinoids, Corals, Sponges, Foramenifera, etc., dry and in alcohol. Also most interesting Glass Models of Invertebrates, American and Foreign Bird's Eggs. Send for circular to Prof. H. A. Ward, A. M., Rochester, N. Y.

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