It is occasionally made a charge against lady teachers that they do not have their heart in their work, but are on the alert to be married, making teaching a mere makeshift in the meantime. This is all very true.

"Hope springs eternal in the maiden's breast, She never is, but always to be blest." And she is a very uncomfortable customer unless such is the case. A beau is a positive addition to the teaching-power of a woman, and in the absence of a beau the next best thing is the hope of one. If the jumping-off place could be more accurately pointed out it would be a decided advantage to the teachers and the schools. The thought of marriage is distracting, some say, and a woman’s heart can not be in her work if it is “another’s.” Can’t it? That is just when it can be in her work and just when it is. If the long lane of pedagogy has no matrimonial turn in it visible in the dim future it presents a rather blue prospect to the human part of a woman, whatever it may hold out to the pedagogical part of her. One of the worst things that can happen to a bright man in his early days is to succeed as a school teacher, and one of the most unfortunate things that can happen to a lively, attractive woman is to succeed too well as a school ma’m. But there is one greater misfortune that may overtake her—marrying a schoolmaster.

The readers of the Weekly will notice an increasing proportion of reading matter in its columns not strictly pedagogical. This is found to be in accordance with the wishes of a majority of our subscribers, as far as we have been able to judge, and especially at this time of the year. The press is teeming with articles of great interest and useful information, and it is quite as appropriate that a pedagogue should be told something about how to select and read books as how to extract the cube root of fractions; what are his duties and responsibilities as a citizen and member of society as how he can not be in her work if it is “another’s.”

And she is a very uncomfortable customer unless such is the case. A beau is a positive addition to the teaching-power of a woman, and in the absence of a beau the next best thing is the hope of one. If the jumping-off place could be more accurately pointed out it would be a decided advantage to the teachers and the schools. The thought of marriage is distracting, some say, and a woman’s heart can not be in her work if it is “another’s.” Can’t it? That is just when it can be in her work and just when it is. If the long lane of pedagogy has no matrimonial turn in it visible in the dim future it presents a rather blue prospect to the human part of a woman, whatever it may hold out to the pedagogical part of her. One of the worst things that can happen to a bright man in his early days is to succeed as a school teacher, and one of the most unfortunate things that can happen to a lively, attractive woman is to succeed too well as a school ma’m. But there is one greater misfortune that may overtake her—marrying a schoolmaster.

The regular monthly meeting of the teachers of the city schools was held in the high school building last Saturday, and was one of the most profitable of the year. Superintendent—a spoke of the influence of example, stating as a central thought that a stream will not rise above its fountain. Pupils copy from teachers largely, therefore it is important for the good order and advancement of all schools, that the teachers set examples worthy of imitation, and which when imitated, will promote the best interests of their schools.—Exchange.

It is well that we have the stream fountain and the angel in the block of marble to fall back on. What would teachers at institutes do for metaphors and similes but for this old reliable pair? But it would not do to hazard any novel or startling doctrines before an audience. Familiar phrases are the most likely to meet with echo and applause, and it is all right that it should be so. We listen to the new opera with critical pain and mystification, but “Home, Sweet Home,” calls out the handkerchiefs, and “Yankee Doodle” brings down the house. Let the institute orators then grind away upon their uncared for and their stream and its source, It pleases them and does not hurt us; but in the line of interesting an audience theirs is not a good example to follow.

We learn from an exchange that there is a manual of primary instruction just issued for the use of the teachers of Philadelphia, in which hints in teaching morals and manners are given. Is it possible? How wonderfully they do progress down East.
of their pay and duties as compared with other wage workers of the female persuasion. It cites particularly the case of shop-girls, their hardships, long hours, small pay, and all the annoyances they are subject to at the hands of the public by way of contrast with the heavenly times that teachers enjoy, their high emoluments, long resting spells, and delightful employment.

In the matter of mere physical fatigue, we submit that it is no more wearing for a woman to stand ten hours behind a counter than it is for a teacher to govern for five hours sixty little imps trying to dance tight rope on her nerves. If she makes easy work of it, if she is so master of the situation that the labor moves on without friction, it is all the more to her credit and should not be quoted against her to justify a reduction of salary any more than the skill of the handy workman should be made an argument for keeping him low in the rank of his craft or pinched in his purse.

But all such argument is neither here nor there. There is no more proper comparison between the teacher and the shop girl than there is between the teacher and the coal heaver, or the teacher and the ballet dancer. The argument of quantity of labor regardless of quality would keep the fees of the lawyer, physician, and clergyman at a very low figure. An old farmer in Tazewell county hearing that the village minister received the sum of $500 a year, exclaimed, “Five hundred dollars a year! Why, he don’t do nothin.”

When the case of the shop girl is cited it would be well to ask, Did the shop girl like the teacher spend twelve years in general preparation for her work? Did she spend two years in special preparation for it? Did she pass such an examination as the teacher had to pass? Could she pass such an examination? If so, why does she not do it and become a teacher? Let us alone with the shop girl; if you can produce a good cook and housemaid we will talk to you.

NORMAL PROBLEMS AGAIN.

The Manitowoc Tribune, in replying to our remarks upon the normal schools of Wisconsin, exhibits such proof of our assertion that their severest critics are men of “snap judgment, half information, and misinformation,” that we have taken time to make a little inquiry with reference to our assertion, for the public good.

The Tribune says—“they should not be maintained at public expense, for the reason that but few can take advantage of them, and only those whose circumstances in life are such that they can afford to be at considerable expense for board, clothing, and other incidentals necessary, (sic) whilst in attendance; in a word, it creates an aristocratic educational line, and is a discrimination in favor of the rich against the poor.”

Our inquiry has developed the following facts: viz: 33 per cent of the students are wholly self-supporting; 27 per cent “ partly self-supporting; 81 per cent “ expect to wholly take care of themselves after leaving school.

16 per cent are going in debt for some, or all of their normal schooling.

These figures are made from the data taken for us in the schools at Oshkosh, River Falls, and Whitewater, and are to be trusted.

What do they signify? Certainly not that they are schools for the rich, when 60 per cent of the students are wholly or partly working their own way, and 81 per cent have nothing to look forward to after leaving school for support but their own efforts.

And the evidence becomes still more convincing when we eliminate from the 19 per cent who look forward to some income not of their own earning, all those whose expectations cannot be classed as ‘large’ or ‘great.’

The Tribune is welcome to whatever comfort it can draw from this showing. We trust that this silly charge will never be again made against the Wisconsin normal schools.

Another reason given for abolishing the normal schools is that large numbers of their “graduates are engaged in other professions.” From the last reports of the schools at Oshkosh, Platteville, and Whitewater, we find that of the 373 graduates in both courses, 26 have gone into other work than teaching, or almost exactly 7 per cent, most of them becoming lawyers. As the figures stand there is no case against the schools worthy of notice, and when we reflect that most of the 26 taught more or less before changing their labor, there is only left the mere shadow of a case, and The Tribune is welcome to the ghost.

Of the 373 graduates, 217 are reported as teaching, 21 of whom are out of the state, and 6 are County Superintendents. Of the rest, 42 are married and have given up teaching, 38 are pursuing their studies still farther, and from 28 there is no report as to their work, but many were known at the time of publication to be waiting for employment. The remainder is variously accounted for in the catalogs. Now the oldest of these three schools is 14 years old and the youngest 9 years, and this is the summary concerning their graduates. If it were possible, we would add to this a statement of the amount of teaching done yearly by the undergraduates, and submit the case for public judgment.

As to the call for the number of teachers from these schools “who have yet made any particular mark in educational circles,” it is enough to say that one has for years been Principal of the Lemoyne Normal School at Memphis, Tenn., three are successful professors of natural science, thirty-five are Principals of graded and high schools, and while ten of the girls are now teachers in various normal schools, many others hold first assistants' positions all over the state.

Now when we consider that the “Higher Course” in these schools is only four years, and the grade of the work necessarily done in the first year, there is, in our opinion, no reason why the people of Wisconsin should be goaded into opposition to these schools.

WHAT IS A PEDAGOGUE?

What rank in society does the teacher hold? What recommendation to a young man would it be to say: “I have been a school teacher?” How do the people regard a professional pedagogue? Is not the clerk, who stands behind the counter measuring out calico, or the barber, who dresses your hair and brushes your clothes, held in higher favor than the public guardian of the intellectual growth of your youth? If answered in the affirmative, who is to blame for it, and why should it be thus? That teaching may receive the energies of the young and the strong, and deserve the esteem of society, the qualifications to teach must be made greater and therefore better pay he insured to stimulate and sustain strenuous activity.—Exchange.

The teacher in a small village is a man of some importance, but in a large city the teacher has virtually no social standing. What consideration he receives is not on account of his being a teacher, but in spite of it. It is because he is a mason, or a singer, or a reader, or a poet, or a politician, or a church-member, or a good chess-player. But nobody in a large city has any respect for a mere pedagogue. This he does not know, however, until he is out of the business. He is treated with a pitying consideration by men of the world, which he mistakes for deference; he is smiled at, to his face, and smiled at, to his back.
There are some good reasons for this. A teacher is apt to be but poorly informed upon matters outside his profession. He comes in contact very little with men, or even with women on a footing of equality. When he is not wrangling with some angry mother, he is sure to be listening to the flattery of a score of assistants, which puts him in a false position whether he is worthy or unworthy. The clergyman’s relations with women are more ennobling. He sounds the depths of their souls, and sad, half-affectionate consideration which they would bestow on him or treat him as an equal. But the school-master’s relations with women have no such glamour of ideality. He is in a petty business, and if he does not become petty in reality he does in reputation, and that, as far as the estimation he is held in is concerned, is just the same.

He must be a coward and can scarcely be said to retain his self-respect. To be qualified to teach he must originally have education or gifts superior to his official masters; yet he must cringe to them and the more contemptible they are, the more he must cringe. This habit of cringing is the progressive atrophy of manhood. He was buried a man, but after ten years he is dug up a school-master. This the men of the world observe and when they come in contact with him they treat him with the half-sad, half-affectionate consideration which they would bestow on the fossil remains of their ancestors. He may interest, amuse, even instruct them, but they can never feel towards him or think of him or treat him as an equal.

The want of prospect, outcome, development in the character or affairs of a school-master is a death-blow to his standing among men. There is hope of something to happen, some ten-strike to be made in the case of every employment but that of school-teaching. Over the entrance to that road should be written No Thoroughfare. It is a blind alley—cælul de sac. A bankrupt may arise; a beaten man may have his turn of the wheel of fortune; a ruined gambler has hope of a new deal and better luck next time; the sinner can repent, the repugnate reform, and from the strength of high determination accomplish great ends; but there is no hope for the confirmed school-master in a worldly sense; it is in prospects and possibilities that he is bankrupt. He has merely a servile and meager living with the dignity and importance of his profession to keep him up—dignity, respectability, and importance which are principally in his eye. No one respects him very much; no one fears him at all, not even his own pupils. He is a mask of dignity and a hummer of importance in the large cities, since whipping was done away with, teaching is not a man’s job. It is peculiarly the work of women and enunciates.

The notice given in these columns two weeks ago of Prof. Hailman’s *Four Lectures on Early Child Culture* has been itself criticised, as too severe in its censure, and not just to the author of the book. We have therefore re-examined the book with a purpose to find something in it besides trash. And we do find much that is commonplace; much that is old and familiar, dressed up anew, and trying to pass for profound philosophy. On page 8 Froebel is said to have earned “the proud title, ‘Discoverer of Childhood,’” and to be the principal exponent of the “new education,” the leading principle of which is “unification.” After that “unification” is presented as a “first principle,” “the fundamental law,” by which parents and teachers can test their work; or, as this book puts it, “can determine in the ratio of their insight and conscientiousness to what extent their educational measures may prove injurious or beneficial.” An when the author, in a sudden burst of confidential communication, tells us in plain English what “unification” is, he lets us know that “unification in and with themselves” is, “in other words,” “to harmonize their thoughts, feelings, and their will, and to give clear expression to these!” Now nothing that is offered us on page 9 as unification is anything new, or anything different from what has been sought by all good teachers from Socrates to the last good girl that has begun to teach. The principles and aims of education do not change; the methods do change. There is nothing in this “new education” that was not familiar in the aims and principles of teachers half a century ago, except the suggestion of a few methods, and the affectation of a superior wisdom. The criticism of the “school of to-day” as pronounced lately from the author’s lips in our city, and as it is epitomized on page 13, has been earnestly urged for half a century, so far as it is just and true. But how much help can any one get, for practical work, in such a direction as this (p. 15): “Seek, strengthen, create, with equal scrupulousness and conscientiousness, all that will unify the child in every direction of his evolution?” That may be Orphic, but it is not sensible or useful.

In connection with what is said in another place about the rank and character of the ordinary school teacher, we quote the following from a letter received a few days ago from one who has long experience in educational work. In speaking of the lack of adequate support given to an exclusively educational journal the writer says: “If you dilute to suit the palate and constitution of the thousands of average teachers, you produce something which teachers of the higher order do not read, and can not take the time to study; and most of all you do not even then get your journal into the hands of the ‘lower ten thousand’ to whom you cater. It is a sad fact that they will not read. It is a sadder fact that they possess insufficient means from the niggardly salaries paid to enable them to purchase much reading matter—though the salary is generally worth the teacher and the teacher is adjusted to the salary. If you raise your standard to suit the taste and needs of the higher class of teachers, you rise above the lower ten thousand, and do not secure in the upper ranks a clientele large enough to support the journal. If our republican institutions were not in the way, we might demand such examinations and qualifications of teachers as would secure a class of intelligent readers for a journal, but they would also require increased wages. As the great mass of teachers will remain a vast horde of milk and watery misses struggling to earn a new dress or a spring bonnet, the only chance of success is in a mixed journal which will attract the attention of the misses, and also bait the representatives of higher teaching.”

Such letters are not the most consoling to the editors and publishers of the *Weekly*, and yet the statements quoted seem to us to express the bald truth. But it has been the purpose of the *Weekly* to create more of a professional spirit among teachers, and thus to increase the amount of professional reading done by the rank and file of the profession. We believe very much has been accomplished in that direction already. But there remains yet a great deal more to be done. It can not all be done by the educational journal, however; there is a positive duty, too generally neglected, which principals and superintendents who read educational journals owe to their profession and to the teachers associated with them—to urge upon all teachers the importance of reading the current discussions of educational questions as they appear in the teachers’ journals. No teacher can long hold
an honorable place in the schools who does not regularly read one or more of these papers.

HINTS FOR HOME READING.

How To Read.

By Touseh Cook.

What sort of literature should be given to boys and girls who are naturally inclined to read, but who are devouring trashy story books? How can such minds be led to higher literature? And how should dull boys who have not naturally a taste for reading be gradually induced to acquire it?

The problem is different in country and city. The country presents by far the more difficult side of the theme. In the first place, the pulpit ought to be so used as to do the duty of directing the reading of the young. The pastor in his visits may try to show to the parents the advantages of family libraries, and to a little attention to family libraries ought, I think, to be a part of pastoral activity. It is to me a very interesting memory that a venerable preacher in my native town, the brother of Treasurer Herrick, of Yale College—Henry Herrick, who was lately living in Connecticut—came into my father's house when I was, perhaps, ten years old, and looked at my library. His commendation of certain books interested me. Although he was not officious he was efficient in directing my reading. Two districts had been united near my father's residence and a library was to be sold at auction. My father furnished me with money enough to buy nearly the whole of this collection, and I thus came into possession of many of the books issued by the Harpers for school libraries. The selection was made by Chancellors Walworth, assisted by such men as Edward Everett and Jared Sparks, and was a really good one; containing such volumes as 'The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties,' Paley's 'Natural Theology,' and Benjamin Franklin's autobiography. It fascinated me at the time, and I shall never forget how proudly I was of my first library, which was hardly more than three feet square.

But to incite a dull boy to read you must not rely on clerical influence as much as on parental; and, therefore, attention must be given to the reading of the older members of the community. If the heads of the family have a love for reading, the taste almost invariably descends to the children. The formation of town libraries in places with populations of three to five thousand inhabitants ought to be encouraged. The school-teacher in every Union school or academy should be furnished with the means of inciting a taste for reading in his pupils by the aid of a library belonging to the institution. The sluggish circulation of books in our rural districts should be quickened in all ways, and especially through cheap editions of great authors. It appears to me one of the hopeful signs of the times that scientific primers are now being widely put into circulation. Of course there is no royal road to knowledge, but it is better that elementary instruction, prepared in primers by experts, should be sunk into the minds of the population than that the common people should go back even to the reverence which they had in early New England days of scholars speaking ex cathedra. We are a nation of smatterers, but hope to be something better in time. The fear of superficial learning through the distribution of science in an elementary form is not unnatural on the part of some, yet it should be remembered that these primers are usually written by experts, and that the names of several of the foremost men in science have been placed upon the title-pages of elementary works for the people. Let a boy have these and he will be incited by them to the study of greater works, which ought to be classics even in libraries intended for young people.

Make a dull boy feel that the dime novel is vulgar. I remember, that in "Telemachus," Ulysses tried to convince a man who had become one of a herd of swine that it was shameful to be a pig; but he did not succeed. The flooding of the land with dime novels and with infamous periodicals of the cheaper and coarser kind acts like Circe's enchantment on wide circles of youth. No doubt it is a frequent incitement to crime, and, on the whole, is one of the most monstrous of the undisguised evils in the modern days of cheap printing. Let a boy learn that some publications are not fit to be handled with the tongs. Let parents exclude from the family mansion the frogs and vipers that swarm forth from the oozy marshes of the Satanic press. Let the dull boy make the acquaintance of Cooper, Scott, Defoe and "Pilgrim's Progress"—a book by no means outgrown. Personally I must confess my great indebtedness to the "Rollo" books, the "Tom saw" books, and "The Young Christian," by the late reverend father of the editor of the Christian Union, Richter, in his "Titan," represents one of his characters at the age of twenty-five as making a collection of all the books he had read while young, including the volumes he had studied at school as well as the fiction which had interested him in early days. Let a dull boy be incited by his parents, his teachers, his Sunday-school instructors, and especially by his pastor, to dip deeply into the classics for youth. After the best works of historical fiction become fascinating to him, history will interest and biography will attract him. When a boy has once acquired a keen interest in biographical and historical reading he cannot thereafter be wholly vulgar in his taste for literature.

As to the bright boy in the country little need be said; for he will take care of himself. He will have the best books, or a few of them at least, and they will be his chief treasures. My impression is that such a boy ought not to think the city necessary for a thorough acquaintance with the masters of literature. There are only about a thousand really first-class books in the English language—certainly not over a thousand that deserve reading three times through. Of the greatest books there are not over a hundred in the mother-tongue in which any man is born. If teacher and parent will help the boy to select these, and make up a library for them out of the volumes that deserve to be absorbed, the taste of a bright boy will very soon guide itself. He cannot go amiss in the list of books which time has approved. My opinion is that the taste of youth should be formed by literature of standard reputation far more than by ephemeral novelties, however brilliant. We should early become thoroughly familiar with the hundred best books in our language, for these will be with us through life and be the chief solace of our declining years. I can put into a bookcase five feet square the volumes which, in my opinion, contain the chief weight of English literature. We are to weigh books, not measure them, and I would do this even for youth.

As to both dull boys and bright boys in cities, their opportunities of information are so abundant that only two pieces of advice need be given: Carlyle's exclamation, "Here are books; fall to!" and Wellington's at Waterloo, "Up and at 'em!"

The chief difficulty of bright boys in the city will be in the abundance of books; and I think it important to insist rigorously, especially for the keenest, that their literary shelves should not be collections but selections. They will have the family library, the city library, and perhaps three or four other libraries within reach, besides the bookstores; which are by no means to be neglected, for reading a book with the fingers at a bookseller's stall is an art that should be taught early to youth.

The dull city boy is in the midst of more temptation than the dull country boy, and nothing but the most earnest training on the part of his parents or instructors will prevent him from forming a taste for coarse amusements, and so neglecting the huge opportunity about him. The dull city boy is in a position to be envied by the dull country boy, for probably of all circumstances that tempt the youth of a somewhat torpid intellect those of the great city are the worst sorceries and likely to cause him to become the most degraded. The dull boy in the city, therefore, should be brought into clubs of young people and made ashamed of himself if he neglects the opportunities for reading afforded by such societies as bring out social ambition in connection with literary taste.

I have at no time forgotten the efforts making in the United States for the promotion of home reading, and they apply to the country as well as to the city, but afford particular advantages to the populations of large villages. The Boston Society for the Promotion of Home Reading furnishes a list of volumes on special topics, carries on correspondence as to authorities in science, prints circulars, and has an annual reunion of such readers as choose to participate in it. I believe also that essays are sent to some readers at a distance. The celebrated Chautauqua plan for the promotion of home reading has application both to the city and the country, but especially to the latter, and appears to me to deserve the weighty commendation it received from William Cullen Bryant. Some fifteen thousand persons have paid a small fee to secure the assistance of the Central Secretary, Dr. Vincent of Plainfield, New Jersey, who executes the Chautauqua plan. The text-books are many of them written by experts expressly for preparatory courses, and are strongly to be recommended for popular reading. A close over-sight of the work of the readers is kept by the secretary; certain reunions occur— or will take place—but the plan is yet in its infancy. The object of the enterprise is to give the average citizen a college student's outlook. Let boys be brought into such plans as the Boston and Chautauqua reading enterprises exemplify; and let the dull youth be harnessed with the bright one and so keep himself out of places of temptation in cities.

Over every library case should stand the words; "Avoid rubbish." A sec-
THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The following letter of Prof. Barnabas C. Hobbs, former state superintendent of schools in Indiana, to the Indianapolis Journal is worthy of preservation as being a brief but very clearly worded account of the English system of schools. Prof. Hobbs has given the matter a good deal of very close attention:

Having visited a large number of the schools of England and Scotland, and studied with some care their educational systems, I apprehend a few items concerning them may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Journal.

There are three systems in operation in England. The first is conducted by the Established Church, the second by the British and Foreign School Society, and the third is termed the Board Schools.

The first has long been in operation. It embraces the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as well as the educational interests of the poorer classes, or the common schools. My object at present is to treat of the latter work.

While the church, as a state endowed institution, had the entire control of this subject, the education of the poorer classes was shamefully neglected. Intelligent Christian men, discovering the need of some adequate relief to this class, succeeded in getting the passage of a bill providing for the education of teachers for common schools and for the endowment of training colleges. Their work has been greatly blessed. Two institutions of this kind are established in London, one for young men and one for young women, who come from all parts of the kingdom. Their admission is dependent on their proficiency, on their success as apprentices in teaching, and on their good moral character. Good health is also an essential, and a pledge that they will, after leaving, continue in the common schools as teachers for two years. They then go into the board colleges.

These institutions, however, are but a few of the successful results of the exertions of the religious bodies. A very large number of private schools have been established, and are filled with a well selected body of teachers. They are all supported by the subscriptions of the friends of education. As a rule, these schools are conducted on a religious plan, and have a selection of well chosen masters and mistresses for their superintendence.

The teachers are well paid, and have a regular allowance for room, board, and fuel. In London, a teacher for a single room, where there are no scholars not reciting, study loud as well, and talk among themselves is not generally forbidden. In all this noisy display all appears to be in good working order. They have, I think, rather a dread of the famous silent schools of the United States. I have often, in visiting them, been reminded of the pioneer Scotch teacher of Cincinnati—Alexander Kimmont—who never would have a silent school. He said he wanted to educate his boys so that they could do business on a steamboat wharf.

Under the subordinate for the room are girls and boys from twelve to fifteen years old who have been selected, and are chosen by merit for their positions. When they have, by success in teaching and continued study, become ready to enter the training schools, they are sent there to complete a two years' course, and fitted for the full common school work. There are forty-one of these:

In England and Wales: In Scotland: In England and Wales: In Scotland:

- number of the Normal schools-
- number of the Normal schools-

The government allowance in each case is at the rate of £1,159,068, or $479,000 per year. The government contributes to payment of this amount £90,642, or $498,000, or more than one-half.

In Scotland, the allowance of the government is at the same rate, but a weekly allowance is made to such as lodge out of the institution.

The course of Normal school instruction comprises the following subjects:

- Males—Reading and repetition from memory, penmanship, school management, grammar and composition, geography, history, arithmetic, algebra and mensuration, geometry, economy, vocal music, drawing, languages— including Latin, French and German—and sciences.

- Females—Reading and repetition from memory, etc., as specified above, and, in addition, sewing and cutting out—domestic economy.

Under the head of "domestic economy" may be considered the attention that may be given to general housekeeping and preparing food at their boarding-in house, while in Normal training, which I consider important elements of instruction. Practical physiology, health, ventilation, etc., have a practical place in their training.

The average number of students attending the Normal schools is about 5,000 per year. The government contributes to payment of this amount £90,642, or $498,000, or more than one-half. This admission of about 5,000 per year is sufficient to keep up the normal school work.

HOW MANAGED.

Each school has a head master who has under him subordinates for each room. The general order of the room is under the control of this subordinate. The rooms are large, and usually four or five classes recite in the same room simultaneously. They all speak loud, that they can be well heard. The scholars not reciting, study loud as well, and talk among themselves is not generally forbidden. In all this noisy display all appears to be in good working order. They have, I think, rather a dread of the famous silent schools of the United States. I have often, in visiting them, been reminded of the pioneer Scotch teacher of Cincinnati—Alexander Kimmont—who never would have a silent school. He said he wanted to educate his boys so that they could do business on a steamboat wharf.

Under the subordinate for the room are girls and boys from twelve to fifteen years old called apprentices, who hear the small classes. They have passed certain elementary examinations successfully, and are chosen by merit for their positions. When they have, by success in teaching and continued study, become ready to enter the training schools, they are sent there to complete a two years' course, and fitted for the full common school work. There are forty-one of these:

- number of the Normal schools-
- number of the Normal schools-
you pass through one of these institutions—a marked difference between them and American institutions of like character.

The English educated are surprised that we can in America adopt our schools to the wants of both rich and poor, and fit them for all grades of society. He thinks of little brass of bare feet and naked, red, cold arms in winter, and unwashed clothes and faces sitting beside the neat little girl and boy from a home of plenty. I often think of the comforts and blessings of American society and of the mission of our common schools. May their work never be undervalued by the law maker or the tax-payer.

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**CANT PHRASES.**

**A PRACTICAL SKETCH.**

**By Dr. J. H. Robinson.**

It is a fact that cannot be disputed, that cant phrases have become the order of the day. The English language literally groans beneath these expletives, which have grown out of the vulgar taste. They may be called moral excrecences, which should be excised by the hand of propriety. The mania for cant terms of expression has spread far and wide, and infected old and young, until there are but very few persons who can relate the most simple event, without interlarding the language with phrases that must shock every truly refined mind.

This evil seems to be steadily on the increase, and one cannot walk the streets without hearing the most juvenile portion of the community employing terms but ill adapted to their childish lips. It is the duty of the press, and of parents, to endeavor to check this growing appetite for what is monstrous and unbecoming. Elegance of language, as well as elegance of manners, is necessary to entitle any person to the distinction of "lady," or "gentleman."

We admit that many persons of good sense, and of very good taste in many respects, have been betrayed into the habit; but that furnishes no excuse for the continuance, and does not go to prove that cant phrases are necessary or proper.

So far from assisting to express an idea, and facilitate the process of narration, or conversation, they actually have a contrary effect, and render the process more slow and difficult. They are like extra weight placed upon a horse intended for speed, which weighs down and wearies the animal. The human speech should be noble and dignified, and worthy to express the thoughts of immortal beings. Low ideas are always attached to cant phrases which must inevitably exercise a degrading influence upon the mind. Low conceptions are as detrimental to improvement, as wet and heavy plumage to a bird that would take a lofty flight.

Those who would be really refined, fashionable, and elegant, would do well to remember that in all works of fiction truly valuable, it is only the coarse and vulgar who make use of low and inlegant phrases. The really good, learned, and polished are made to employ chaste, simple, and elevated language, in order that the contrast between the high and the low may be made strikingly apparent. It is intended by the author of such productions, that we should imitate the first, and shun the glaring defects of the second.

To illustrate the cant phraseology of the day, we will take the liberty to introduce our readers to the Stout family, which comprises four persons—Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Stout, Josephine and Napoleon Stout. Josephine is old enough to excite some attention among the beaux, and Napoleon has reached that period in his existence, when he thinks himself entitled to a "stand up" dickey of the most lofty pretensions, bear's grease and cigars; and when his heart beats fast at hearing the footsteps of some young miss, just emancipated from short clothes.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stout had been reared in an atmosphere of cant phrases; and they had inhaled it until they were fully and hopelessly impregnated with the malaria. Their courtship, even, was conducted on cant principles; for, when Mr. Stout asked his bride elect if she would "hook on for life," she promptly answered that "she'd be blest if she didn't!" When Josephine made her advent to bless the connubial state of the couple, Mr. Timothy pronounced her a "trump," and Mrs. Timothy declared, with equal earnestness, that she "beat all creation." When Napoleon made his début upon the stage of life, his male progenitor called him a "roarer," and his maternal parent averred that he was a "tearer." When both were old enough to play about the house, one was "up to snuff," the other was a "brick."

In their juvenile disputes, Josephine branded Napoleon with the infamous epithet of "small potatoes;" the latter retorted smartly, and with equal severity, that she "didn't know beans." When Napoleon was obstinate and obstreperous, his mother warned him that he "would catch it;" to which he finally learned to reply, as his intellect expanded, with a significant gesture well understood by fast young men, "over the left, old woman;" which unparalleled precocity pleased his father to such a degree, that, in the exuberance of admiration, he was impelled to make the impressive remark that Napoleon "was hard to beat;" this encouraged the lad so much that he instantly assumed an attitude à la Napoleon, and mildly recommended the senior Stout to "go it, boots!"

We feel that we cannot better illustrate the subject before us, than by subjoining the following conversation which transpired a few days since in the Stout family.

"I declare to goodness! I really think Mr. Rustle is making up to our Josephine!" said Mrs. Stout, after the gentleman referred to had passed the previous evening at their house, staying to a later hour than usual.

"You'd better believe it," rejoined the young lady, playfully.

"You may bet high on that!" added Napoleon, who was in the act of lighting a real Havana.

"How do you like the 'cut of his jib,' Timothy?" resumed Mr. Stout, turning to her husband.

"I don't greatly like his 'rig,' but Josephine thinks he's 'some,'" was the reply.

"Whether you like him or not, it's my opinion he'll make a 'tip top' husband," continued the mother.

"'Put her through,' mother," said Josephine, blushing.

"Go in, lemons!" suggested Napoleon, smoking through his nose—a remark, by the way, so ambiguous that it certainly must have puzzled other parties to guess at his meaning; but in the present case, it seemed to be invested with perfect lucidity.

"Napoleon, I advise you to 'shut your hoppin'!" elegantly retorted the young lady.

Mr. Stout proceeded to inquire if Mr. Rustle was a man of property, and was assured by his better-half that he had a "pocket full of rocks." The husband and father then remarked to the effect that he had been more favorably impressed with Mr. Goodwin, a young farmer in the neighborhood, than with the gentleman under consideration; whereupon Miss Stout manifested a different opinion on the subject, emphatically declaring that he "couldn't come in."

"He's over that way," said his brother, making a gesture over his shoulder, with his thumb.
We will not extend this conversation farther, for fear that we may weary the reader's patience by the repetition of phrases so common. Suffice it to say that such expressions were dragged into almost every conversation in the Stout family. Their cant vocabulary appeared to be so extensive, that it comprised all the folly and stupidity of the past and present; and, indeed, they seemed to entertain the idea, that to use such phrases skilfully and liberally, was an accomplishment. But this bliss of ignorance, or thoughtlessness, was finally interrupted by the visit of an old friend of Mrs. Stout, whom she had not seen for many years.

Mr. Thompson was a man of strong good sense, and had the rare faculty of expressing himself in an appropriate and elegant manner. A gentleman so accomplished could not remain long in the family without being shocked; and he was perfectly astonished at hearing, every hour, such an avalanche of coarse and unrefined forms of expression, which obviously originated among the lowest classes of people.

Taking the liberty of an old acquaintance, he ventured to remonstrate with Mr. and Mrs. Stout in regard to the impropriety of such language.

"You wrong both yourselves and your children," he remarked; "the latter are already imbued with ideas that associate them with the profane and the vile, and which will forever prevent them from expressing themselves correctly."

"Mercy on me, if I don't believe the gentleman is right!" exclaimed Mrs. Stout, "but I never thought of that subject in that light!"

"The habit has been of such long standing, that it will be a terrible 'muss' to get off," observed Mr. Stout, thoughtfully unconscious that he had employed a cant word, even when he meant to have spoken sincerely and to the point.

"But do your children use no such words?" asked Mrs. Stout, earnestly.

"Never," resumed Mr. Thompson. "Having been properly taught the English language, they do not feel the need of such phrases; they regard them with as much repugnance as I do."

"It beats the dickens!" added the lady, sentimentally. "How strong the force of habit is. Now, I could easily leave off such things, but it would be different with husband and the children. As true as I'm alive, I don't think they ever could mend in that respect!"

"My eye! you're 'cutting it fat,' mother!" exclaimed Napoleon. "You've used two of 'em since you began to speak!"

Mr. Thompson smiled and said:

"Yes, yes, the force of habit is strong, Mrs. Stout."

"There's no getting round that," suggested the senior Stout.

"My conscience, Mr. Thompson," cried Miss Josephine, "I hope you don't think I'm addicted to language that I cannot leave off just as easy as nothing."

"That's high," vociferated Napoleon, exultingly. "The more you try the worse you make it! Jerusalem pancakes! your highfalutin stuff, common among the snobs, ain't worth a copper!"

"Bless me, Napoleon how you do run on. I never heard the boat of you!"

"I thank heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, emphatically, "that my children are not infected with this moral leprosy which disfigures human language, and detracts from the dignity of the human character. My friend, I hope you will make a strong and long-continued effort to repair the mischief which your example has wrought. Be never weary in this work of reform, and ever bear it constantly in mind, that your children never can appear to good advantage in elegant and refined society, until they can speak correctly; or, at least, in a manner not to offend ordinary good taste. There are circles to which the slaves to such habits cannot by any means gain admission; because their influence would be deemed pernicious. I trust you will not be offended at my plain dealing, for I speak from the most disinterested of motives. Let Josephine and Napoleon visit me at the city, and I will do all I can to eradicate ideas so degrading, and to instil others of so much more value, that they shall never regret the exchange."

In justice to the stout family, we will say that they did make some faint efforts to profit by the suggestions of Mr. Thompson; but without any particular results. Mr. Stout resolutely declared, after a few trials, that he "couldn't come it;" Mrs. Stout endorsed this opinion, by adding that it was a "hard case," and Miss Josephine rendered the idea still stronger, by rejoining that it "wasn't nothing else;" while the bold Napoleon concluded, finally, to "let her slide;" so that no perceptible change took place in the Stout family.

**SKULLS, BRAINS, AND SOULS.**

The weight of the brain has often been held to be the criterion of the mind, though, apart from the want of confirmation obtained by investigation, there are serious theoretical difficulties.

The brain, whatever other functions it may have, is undoubtedly a source of power supplied to the muscles, and we are ignorant to what extent the activity of the muscular system or the size of the body may influence that of the brain. We know that a muscle grows by judicious exercise; why, then, should not the brain, supplying it with the nerve force necessary for its increased duties, enlarge pari passu? It may be doubtful whether we can prove that this is so. It is, I think, certain that we cannot prove that it is not so. Dr. LeBon, in a work to which I shall refer again, has decided that the height of a person has an effect, though a very slight one, on the size of the brain. He found that the influence of the weight of the body is greater, but by no means sufficient to account for the variations of the brain. Another disturbing element is age. It has been estimated that after a rather uncertain date, say forty-five years, the brain gradually dwindles. Again, may not some wasting diseases preceding death cause a shrinking of the organ; and may not other pathological changes increase its density? All these sources of error must make us skeptical as to individual results, though, at the same time, we cannot free ourselves from some share in the general belief that the weight of the brain is an index of the mind.

The weight of the brains of numbers of known men, distinguished and otherwise, has been cited for and against this theory. Cuvier is usually found heading the list, with a brain weight of 64-33 ounces. (The average for the male is between 49 and 50.) One is struck with the apparent propriety that this vast intellect should have worked through a heavy brain. Within the last ten years, however, a laborer has died in England, whose brain weighed 67 ounces. Of his history and habits little is known. Though intelligent for his rank in life, he apparently gave no signs of fitness for a higher one. His most intellectual trait, if I remember rightly, was his fondness for reading newspapers, probably the only literature he could easily obtain. "Chill penury" may have "repressed his noble rage," if he had any. He may have been a "mute, inglorious Milton." But who
knows whether the sublime imaginations of the poet betoken remarkable cerebral development? The late James Fiske, Jr., had a brain weighing 58 ounces, surpassing Daniel Webster, Chauncy Wright, Dupaytre, and a mathematician of the first rank. Indeed, all these, except Fiske, come after a man who from his second year was reckoned an idiot. A celebrated philologist is below the average, and a distinguished mineralogist much below it. In spite of many exceptions, however, we find distinguished men most numerous near the top of the list, and laborers, criminals, and idiots at the other end of it.—Thomas Dwight in International Review for May.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

WHEN I'M A MAN.

(For very Little Boys.)

[These recitations should be accompanied by appropriate actions.]

1st Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a farmer, if I can,—and I can!
I'll plough the ground, and the seed I'll sow;
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow;
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll make the hay,
And pitch it up on the mow away.—
When I'm a man!

2nd Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a carpenter, if I can,—and I can!
I'll plane like this, and I'll hammer so,
And this is the way the saw shall go,
I'll make bird-houses, and sleds, and boats,
And a ship that shall race every craft that floats,—
When I'm a sailor!

3rd Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
A blacksmith I'll be, if I can,—and I can!
Cling clang! cling! shall be my anvill ring;
And this is the way the blows I'll swing,
I'll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight,
Then I'll trot round the square to see if it's right,
When I'm a blacksmith!

4th Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
A mason I'll be, if I can,—and I can!
I'll lay a brick, and lay one that,
Then take my trowel and smooth them flat.
Great chimneys I'll make. I think I'll be able
To build one as high as the tower of Babel!
When I'm a mason!

5th Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a shoemaker, if I can, and I can!
I'll sit on a bench, with my last held so!
And in and out shall my needles go,
I'll sew so strong that my work shall wear
Till nothing is left but my stitches there!
When I'm a shoemaker!

6th Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
A printer I'll be, if I can,—and I can!
I'll make fine books, and perhaps you'll see
Some of my work in the "The Nursery.
I'll have the first reading! Oh, won't it be fun
To read all the stories before they are done!
When I'm a printer!

7th Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
A doctor I'll be, if I can,—and I can!
My powders and pills shall be nice and sweet,
And you shall have just what you like to eat.
I'll prescribe for you riding, and sailing, and such;
And, 'bove all things, you never must study too much!
When I'm a doctor!

8th Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a minister, if I can,—and I can!
And once in a while a sermon I'll make
That can keep little boys and girls awake.
For, oh, dear me! if the ministers knew
How glad we are when they do get through!
When I'm a man!

9th Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
A teacher I'll be, if I can,—and I can!
I'll sing to my scholars, fine stories I'll tell,
I'll show them pictures, and,—well, ah, well,
They shall have some lessons,—I've pose they ought;
But, oh, I shall make them so very short!
When I'm a man!

10th Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be on the School Committee, if I can,—and I can!
About once a week I'll go into school
And say, "Miss Teacher, I've made a rule
That boys and girls needs a great deal of play.
You may give these children a holiday!"—
When I'm a man!

11th Boy. When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be President if I can, and I can!
My uncles and aunts are a jolly set,
And I'll have them all in my cabinet!
I shall live in the White House. I hope you all,
When you hear I'm selected, will give me a call,
When I'm a man!

All in concert.

When we are men, are men,
I hope we shall do great things,—and then,
Whatever we do, this thing we say,
We'll do our work in the very best way,
And you shall see, if you know us then,
We'll be good, and honest, and useful men.
When we are men!—

M. B. C. Stalet.

A PROTEST.

PLAIN TRUTHS FROM A SCHOOLGIRL.

I am a schoolgirl. Of course you think you know all about me now; and I don't wonder, for it seems to me as if everybody who had brains enough to write was scribblin' about us, and they all begin, "Everyone knows that the schoolgirl."—I think it's horrid, especially as the very personas who write with such a pretense of wisdom plainly show when they begin to talk to us that they don't understand us at all, and don't in the least comprehend our needs. Miss Pencille buys all their books, and puts them in the library, and she marks all the nooospaper paragraphs and leaves them lyin' about for us to read, and sometimes when the lessons are too really awful we do get discouraged, and read them. That's where Miss Pencille has the advantage of a public school teacher, for if we were only in the house long enough to recite and study, the nooospapers would be lost on us, but being boarders in the school, we read them. And such silly things! You never! Jest hear this:

It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of the ill-health among schoolgirls may safely be ascribed to late hours and careless dressing. Balls, parties, thin shoes and tight dresses injure far more than long lessons.

There! What do you think of that? Per cent, indeed! That's a horrid term that they use in the public schools, and they say that it narrows the minds of the scholars dreadfully, and hinders them from taking broad views. That's what Miss Pencille says about dates, and it's lucky for her that she does. I guess she would have to discharge her old history teacher if she expected us to learn dates! Isn't it a great deal more to remember all about poor Louis XVI, and how he learned to be a locksmith and wear lead images of saints around his hat, and was almost assassinated by a man, and tore him to pieces with wild horses, poor thing! and had a mayor of the palace, Hugh Capet, and how his father was called Louis, and how he was beheaded, than just to know when he was born and when he died? It's comprehensive views that we need.

Then, as for late hours, I'd just like to see the man that wrote that paragraph. I haven't been up later than one, more than half a dozennights this season, and I would like to know what he expects. Of course when there's anything goin' on at home my mother sends for me, for although I'm boarding here for the susciety of some of the girls, there's no reason why I should cut myself off from the fun at home, and so about three times a week Robert comes down with a nooosnote to Miss Pencille, and I'm off. Sometimes it's the theatre and sometimes it's a little dance, but I never know about it beforehand, for my mother says that she won't have my attention taken from my studies.

As for careless dressing, I wonder if that nooospaper man had a wife or a sister or anything. Perhaps if he had, she wasn't in susciety, and he doesn't know anything about dress at all. Why we're jest as careful! Sometimes when I'm having a new dress made, I go to Mrs. Gilson's an' as many as ten times, and if it's one bit wrinkled she has to alter it. And mother takes all the fashion magazines and papers herself, although, of course, in the dress-
The Educational Weekly.

**NO BOARDING SCHOOLS**

To the Editors of the Weekly:

While I heartily endorse your views upon the evils of cramming for examinations, and thank you for the timely warnings you give against the "forcing process" in school, I must by the privilege of protesting against one "practical" conclusion that you announce in your leader for April 22, viz., "No boarding schools where they can possibly be avoided." You intimate that pupils in such schools are "rushed through" a multiplicity of studies to justify the high tuition that is charged. This is the only reason assigned for your objection to them, in this connection.

I respectfully submit that your conclusion is not well founded. For many years I have been engaged in teaching and conducting schools of this kind, and have been intimately acquainted with boarding schools of various names and grades. So far as my knowledge and experience extend such schools are preferred by those who are able to pay the "high tuition," not because the pupils have been hourly hunted through a pretentious course, but because special attention is given to their health and habits. In such schools, as a rule, every possible provision is made to guard against the very evil which you condemn. The strength and condition of each pupil are considered, and the work is adapted to the individual. Competent supervision is provided, not only for the studies, but also for the sanitary treatment of each. There are regulations not only for recreation but also for exercise. Regular hours of rest, regular diet, regular recreation, are all secured, as well as regular study. Every manager of a boarding school soon learns that his patrons are far more concerned for the health of their children than for their "standing" and graduation. To secure the latter at the expense of the former would be a speedy ruin to any enterprise that depends upon "high tuition" to pay expenses. This class of the community is not likely to pay an executioner for the deep damnation of the taking off to which you refer.

But how is it with the "graded schools?" What reference can be had, in them, to the individual? What responsibility has the teacher for the health of the pupils? None, of course. The iron mechanism of the grade must be maintained. The pupil must be made to fit the course, and the week ones must fall back or go under. They live at home, and the home is responsible for the health. The conditions of the home may be never so unfavorable to health, the teacher cannot control them. He cannot make any allowance for them. His simple duty is to insist upon the standard of his "grade." He is at a tremendous disadvantage, and though he work faithfully and wisely, he must often be forced to wish that he had all his pupils in a "boarding school," where he could control their time, and their habits.

These, Mr. Editor, I believe to be facts. I will not trespass upon your time and space to make an exhaustive argument in favor of boarding schools, but leave it to you and your readers to say, which, in the nature of the case, is most likely to result in a sound body,—the system that gives the teacher full control of the time and habits of the pupil, or that which imposes upon him the securing of a certain amount of mental work, regardless of the capacity of the pupil and of the conditions of his home life?

I do not mean to disparage the work and usefulness of the public schools. They are a necessity. I protest only against the "practical" conclusion which you have announced, that we should have "no boarding schools when they can possibly be avoided." My advice would be, "Let us have them when we can afford them."

The boy stood on the back yard fence and all but him had fled, the flames that lit his father's barn shone just above the shed. One bunch of crackers in his hands, two others in his hat, with piteous accents loud he cried, "I never thought of that!" A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog he'd tied; the dog in anguish sought the barn and mid its ruins died. The sparks flew wide and red and not, they lit upon that bran; they fired the crackers in his hand and eke those in his hat. Then came a burst of rattling sound—the boy! Where was he gone? Ask of the winds that far around strewn bits of meat and bone, and scraps of clothes and balls and tops and nails and hooks and yarn, the relics of the dreadful boy that burned his father's barn.—Springfield Union.
THE STATES.

MICHIGAN.—Dr. J. B. Angell's paper, "Reflex Action of Teacher's Work," as delivered in Toledo, is spoken of as a masterly effort, and a feast of good things to those who heard. Prof. Avery's discussion is said to have been unique.

The Lansing Republican of April 28 has this item: "The Michigan news items appearing in the Chicago Educational Weekly, which are not copied from the Republican, usually are in reference to matters round and about the vicinity of Cedar Springs." Mr. Geoghey deserves the thanks of every teacher in Michigan for the interest he has taken in educational matters. Neither he nor any other true man can afford to make discourteous flings, or state a seeming truth to the detriment of any honest worker.

The teachers generally, and all the friends of education, will sympathize deeply with Prof. Kedzie in the death of his son, W. D. Kedzie, late Professor of chemistry in Oberlin College. He was twenty-eight years of age, and gave promise of rare attainments in his line.

Miss Lydia Brooks, a recent graduate of Miss Ross' Kindergarten Normal, Columbus, Ohio, has been employed at Ionia and gives promise of making a fine success in her work.

Miss Stella A. Morehouse, Portland, is a graduate of the same school, possesses rare attainments as a teacher, and has given Michigan teachers some true ideas concerning the child life, and how to educate it. Miss Morehouse is only resting at a short time, when she expects to resume the work again. The Weekly bids her a God-speed and a deserved success.

Ionia County is wide awake in an educational line and will hold an Association May 7 and 8.

Timothy F. Sweeney, of Deerfield, Livingston County, Superintendent of schools, has an article in the Livingston County Republican which has the right ring. He had been accused of malfeasance in office, by the school inspector, and defends himself right royally, claiming all positions with the law and the testimony in a Pauline manner.

Will the Pontiac Bill Poster give us some educational items concerning the very excellent schools of that city and county?

President Angell has not yet been notified as to when he will be expected to start for China. He contemplates remaining in California for a few days to familiarize himself with the views of people there on the Chinese question. He has been invited to give the commencement address at California University on June 2d.

Sheehan & Co. have just published a "Syllabus of the courses of lectures and instruction in general geology, (with 6,000 references to sources of information)," by Prof. Alex. Winchell. The syllabus is a pamphlet of 115 pages and was printed at the Register office.

ILLINOIS.—Educational matters at Springfield are moving along finely. The board of education is entirely out of debt. Some of the worst schools are overcrowded, and two new school-houses are talked of; they will probably be erected this term, with an average attendance of about 450. The students of Denmark academy will repeat the Shakespearean anniversary this year, to accept a position with headquarters at Chicago as State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Supt. Krape of Stephenson county will hold a four weeks institute beginning about the middle of July. He will be assisted in teaching by Geo. E. Kuepper of Peoria and C. O. Kuepper of Tiffin, Ohio.

Mrs. A. E. Sanford, formerly of Bloomington, is the only teacher now employed in Tolono township high school. Her work closes with April.

B. F. Sippy, the energetic and efficient Supt. of Madison county, has been quite busy for some time visiting the various schools under his charge. He reports that, with few exceptions, he finds the teachers earnestly engaged in their work and endeavoring to bring the schools up to the higher standard.

Breau county will have a two weeks' institute this summer. Particular in the future.

Mr. C. C. Crawl, a graduate of Peoria Normal, has closed his year's work as principal of Milton Junction, Wis., and returns for the summer to the sucker state.

The high schools at Kankakee, Oak Park, Rochelle, Marengo, and Chicago have been placed on the accredited list at the State University.

Prin. F. Y. Hamilton sends the Weekly a Catalog of Books in the Sheridan School Library, numbering 302 volumes. The Library was opened in April, 1879. Most of the books have been procured by private donations and entertainments given by the school. The average circulation per week since the opening of the Library has been fifty. Any person living within the district may draw books. The Library is open for the exchange of books only at a certain hour on Friday afternoons.

IOWA.—The Mason City public schools, A. C. Hart, Principal, opened finely this term, with an average attendance of about 450. Next year a new school building will probably be needed to accommodate the increased population on the south side.

The graduating exercises of the Indianola high school took place last Friday evening. Eleven students received diplomas. Prin. E. L. Parks, of Simpson College, addressed the class. Supt. Cotton and the high school teachers have reason to be proud of this class.

The Washington public schools enrolled 607 pupils last month. The average attendance was 569, and 441 were neither absent nor tardy. There were only 17 cases of tardiness in all the rooms. That is a record of punctuality that speaks for itself.

The Iowa City Press says that only a rule of the association prevented what would have been a genuine sensation at the recent high school contest. Robert Ross, a negro lad, outranked the Des Moines school and would have been sent as its representative but the rule spoken of requires a contestant to be carrying three high school studies. Robert carries but two. His subject was Wendell Phillips' stirring eulogy on Toussaint L'Ouverture, the negro general and liberator of Haiti.

Montezuma, Danlap, Belle Plaine, Pomeroy, Albia, Carroll, and Oceola will build new school houses this season.

C. R. Millington is his name, and Independence is his post office address. He wants some one to take the affirmative in a public debate on this question: "Resolved. That in the course of study for the public schools of Independence, Iowa, and in the public schools of like cities, Latin should be included as an essential branch, and should be taught at the expense of the public.

The Independence Bulletin gives the anxious candidate for forensic honors the following roasting introduction:

"Millington is not a pronounced success as a writer, for in that field he is hefty in a forensic effort—we infer this from the legal airs he puts on, and not from the testimony of anybody who has discovered it—and probably hopes thus to win back the laurels lost by the pen."

The West Hill Des Moines public schools gave two entertainments in December, recitations, and dialogues last week. The proceeds will be applied to the purchase of an encyclopedia for the use of the school.

Prof. C. P. Rogers will be the conductor of the Marshall County Normal Institute. That appointment means a first-class institute.

The students of Denmark academy will repeat the Shakespearean anniversary entertainment this week.

The pupils of the State Centre school, assisted by that excellent teacher, Miss Lucy Curtis, organized and maintained a splendid literary society last winter.

Miss Menza Rosecrans, of Sigourney, read a paper before the district superintendents' convention at Mt. Pleasant on "The Coming American." The Mt. Pleasant Journal, which prints the article, says: "It is the clearest-headed production we have ever read from the pen of any woman."
Prof. Robert Graham, of Oshkosh, Wis., a gentleman who is at the head of educational interests in his own state, and who is well known in Iowa, will conduct the Cedar County Institute. Miss Lucy Curtis and Mr. O. C. Scott, teachers of varied experience and ripe scholarship will assist in the work.

Sterling old Cedar, under the wise supervision of Miss Frink, county Supt., is taking a foremost place among Iowa counties in all that pertains to good school work.

Mr. A. P. Hargrave has accepted the principalship of the schools of Columbus Junction.

The Keosauqua Training and Select school has an attendance of 140 students. Classes have been formed in all the common school branches, and in many of the high school studies.

John N. Rogers, president of the Davenport school board, delivered a course of lectures to the University law class last week. Mr. R. is accomplished in legal literature.

State Normal Items—Pres Gilchrist has been planting shade trees and improving the grounds generally.—Prof. Wright's Botany class is energetic in pursuit of specimens.—Prof. Hull is instructing his classes in regard to the process of nominating presidents.—The boys of the Normal are rapidly becoming skillful base-ballists.—The Board of Trustees visited the Normal a short time ago, and found everything in excellent condition.—The attendance is large this term.

WISCONSIN.—By the marriage of Miss Alice Meadows, a vacancy was created in the Janesville high school, which Miss Nettie Noyes, of Whitewater, has consented to fill. Her place in the Whitewater school is taken by Miss Ma'ther, and Miss Anna Hempel fills the vacancy occasioned on the east side.

MINNESOTA.—Prof. Searing, who has been tendered the appointment of Principal of the Mankato Normal school, is in the meridian of his manhood, and is a gentleman of such culture and ripe scholarship, and so distinctlyive an educationalist by profession and ambition, that his qualifications for the call cannot be doubted. He was twice elected Superintendent of the public schools of Wisconsin, solely upon the ground of merit and apart from all political considerations whatever. He has long been Professor of Greek and Latin at the College of Milton, Wisconsin, and is the author of several classical text-books.

AMONG THE BOOK AGENTS, NO 1.

ROBERT S. DAVIS & CO., BOSTON.

The book agents are a tribe whose friendship is worth procuring. They are of a roving disposition—predatory, and dangerous as enemies. As friends they can do more for a "finder" than any one living. The WEEKLY appreciates these facts and is going to write the gentlemen up. As a rule it will probably be inclined to praise. It is more like business. Besides, it is always better and safer to praise than to censure. But the WEEKLY will of course tell the truth. It knows the whole tribe. It has felt the warm breath of every one of them as circumstances have brought them in close contact. But it never trembled with fear. It loves them all, and they know it; and yet it has been disappointed in some of them. The fondest hopes have been built upon what were regarded as the best foundations, but said hopes have not yet been fully realized. There is no certainty that they ever will be. It is not necessary to state what those hopes are.

But there is no need of further preliminaries. We intend to approach this business cautiously, touching the outskirts first; and therefore have decided to introduce to our readers the enterprising house of R. S. Davis & Co., of Boston. Their agency is at Dubuque, Iowa. They came west about two years ago, but every indication assures us that they have come to stay. Mr. S. J. Beede, who has charge of their agency since its establishment, is a gentleman and a scholar. We know this from personal acquaintance, and because we find his name in the list of those who hold State Certificates from Illinois. Mr. Beede's headquarters have been at Keokuk until recently, where he was previously principal of one of the public schools for several years. He knows Iowa by heart and is a welcome guest in the school of every principal. His books are Greenleaf's new mathematical series—the New Primary, Elementary, and Practical Arithmetic, Elementary Algebra, Higher Algebra, Shorter Course in Geometry, Elements of Geometry, and Elements of Trigonometry—Wells' Logarithms with practical applications to accompany Greenleaf's Mathematical series, Greenleaf's Manual of Intellectual Arithmetic with appendix for written work, Parker's Exercises in English Composition, by James H. Hamilton, M. D., and Gilbert's Introductory and Graded Spellers.

Of Greenleaf's Arithmetics not much need be said. Everybody who knows mathematics knows that for nearly half a century they have held a prominent and enviable place among school text-books, and are to-day regarded as second to none by the best teachers. Greenleaf's National Arithmetic was first published forty-six years ago. The Elementary and Practical Arithmetic are works of a more recent date, and are written on the most approved plan of the times—they are inductive, analytical, and thorough. The Practical Arithmetic is particularly strong and satisfactory as a school text-book. It is comprehensive, thorough, practical, and scientific. Its treatment of business arithmetic is particularly full and satisfactory. It will pay any teacher to send forty cents to Mr. Beede for a copy—the book is furnished at this price for examination.

The New University Algebra is highly endorsed by the mathematical departments of Amherst Agricultural College, Tuft's College, Lawrence University, Mass Institute of Technology, Rutgers College, St. Mary's College, Marietta College, Iowa College, Illinois Wesleyan University, Knox College, Lombard University, and by prominent school principals in all parts of the country.

Parker's Exercise in English Composition is another school book which has been in use for many years, but the revised edition by Dr. Hamilton is substantially a new work on the same general plan. It is remarkably well graded, and unusually interesting to the student, a consideration of no slight importance in connection with that subject.

But this sketch must not be extended any farther; there are other houses, which have a larger list of books, and it will be impossible to refer to them all in detail. We believe in encouraging and courting the younger and growing agencies, and we are informed that the success of R. S. Davis & Co. in the West is much greater than they had anticipated. When western teachers once get sight of Greenleaf's Mathematics they will be sure to remember them, and get the books at the first opportunity.

THE RECESS.

—Hood called the slamming of a door by a person in a passion "a wooden oath;"

—"Too much of a girl" was what the timid Chinaman said, as he dined the other day at Mt. Holyoke seminary.

—When you find the larks-pur in the country it may be safe to judge the cat-ti ego to the fields.

—When you get in stocks for the winter, remember you cannot wear the hose you dug the potatoes with.

—Your wife must bake the chicken, but you will have to sow the crop yourself.

—"If I hit yer," said one small boy to another, "you'll be us'in' yerself fer snuff ter mourn."—Worcester Gazette.

—"The sentiment of cheese is astronomical, for when forced to express it gives the milky whey.

—Counsel occasionally are a little unintelligible, as when one asked, "Mr. Witness, where were you when you saw the whistle sound?" And another: "How did he seem to get out of that wagon—of his own accord, or jumped out, or voluntarily, or how?"

—UNWHOLESOKE AIDS.—An exchange, in protesting against the habit of unduly aiding children, says, 'A girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her when she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her.'

—The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than no mistakes, because when a child makes mistakes and has to correct them, it is on the way towards knowing something.

—"A child that is waked up every morning, and never wakes himself up; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing himself; and is washed, and never makes mistakes about being clean; and is fed, and has nothing to do with its food; and is watched, and never watches himself; and is cared for, and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle, perfectly straight, and solid, and comely, and unrivalled, and good for nothing but to be burned up."
—It was noticed recently that a lady who lost her husband and two children scarcely shed a tear. When she saw Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle she cried in all the pathetic parts. Turning to a friend she remarked: “And still they say I have no heart.”

—“I wish I was worth a million of dollars,” said a gentleman. “What good would it do you, for you don't spend your present income?” inquired a friend. “Oh, I could be economical on a larger scale.”

—A philosopher, like all philosophers, was poor. At times he was hungry, at all times he was enraged. He offered to a Pasha to teach his donkey to read in five years. But during the difficult task he was to be clothed in purple and fine linen, fed on the best and lodged in a palace. If he failed the penalty was death. One day an old friend met him leading forth the donkey to the grove where lessons were supposed to be given, and he said, “surely you do not expect that ass to read?” The philosopher, putting his thumb to his nose, winked one of his learned eyes and said nothing. “But,” continued the friend, “if you fail at the end of five years, you will surely be strangled.” “My friend,” responded the philosopher, “you forget that in that time the ass may die.

THE HOME.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank, Here will we sit and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night, Become the touches of sweet harmony. Sit, Jessica; Look, how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold; There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still chaunting to the young-eyed cherubims: Such harmony is in immortal souls; But whilst this muddy vesture of decay, Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.

We are never merry when we hear sweet music. The reason is, our spirits are attentive: For do but note a wild and wanton herd, Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, Fetching mad bounds, belowing, and neighing loud, Which is the hot condition of their blood— If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound, Or any air of music touch their ears, You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, floods; Since naught so stocketh, hard, and full of rage, But music for the time doth change his nature. The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils. The motions of his spirit are as dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebus; Let no such man be trusted.

Shakespeare.

(Written for the Educational Weekly.)

MRS. A—HEM’S! CARRIAGE.

By TARPLEY STARR, Virginia.

(Probably this is the proverbial Mrs. —‘s carriage that so often “stops the way.”)

Madam Pride and Good Sense met together one day, Not often they met face to face; Be sure when they did, it was just in this way— Both aloof and in a low place.

They talked of the commonplace things, one or two— But of nothing with gusto or glee, For few were the subjects, alas,—very few On which these two Dames could agree.

After a while Madam Pride remarked with more zest “By the way,—do you like my new bonnet?” “I think,” said Good Sense, “it’s a poor hat at best That thinks most of what is upon it!” Yet Pride, unrebuked, vaunted clothes not the less, (And when subjects ran low ’twas her rule.) “If a woman can talk of nothing but dress, I think,” said Good Sense, “She's a fool.”

Madam Pride on the clothesline felt always at ease, Her wit held this joke fair enough. "Well! let me have all the fine clothes if you please, "Then be sure you may have all the laugh!” "And then, I’ve a house,” Mrs. Pride remarked next,— "It’s elegant!—furnished all through. “Better furnished, My Dear—if you would not feel vexed, And allow me to say,—without you!”

Thus they kept up their battledore game in this way, Twas hard to say which was the catch. At last they came to the theme of the day— Which should beat at their great Waiting Match? A prize had been offered by Mrs. A—hem! Who had a palatial fine place. A prize to these two. But who got there the last Would find the door shut in her face.

Now Pride and this Mrs. A—hem! as was shown Had been cronies this many a day. Ah! could honest Good Sense but only have known The cute trick they meant now to play!

’Twas just at this moment—they squared themselves square, Foot to foot, hand to hand—even claim; (For who got there first was to live, mind! for aye, At this fine home of Mrs. A—hem!) “One—two—” Here a GRAND CARRIAGE full on them flashed— Pride knew who was seeking to find her! So she whipped herself in—and away they both dashed, Each leaving Good Sense far behind her.

MANAGING HUSBANDS.

“How do you manage him?” This is the question that we heard asked of one of the “dearest and best” of wives, who was conspicuously happy in her domestic relations. “Ah!” she said, with a merry twinkle in her soft eyes, “the best way to manage a husband is not to manage him.” We were struck with the subtle wisdom of the seeming paradox. The average man, high or low, is a good deal of a pig in one particular; the way to make him go north is to try to drive him to the south. He is also like the horse. You can coax him to you with corn in the measure; but if you leave out the corn too many times he is the dearest, blindest, and most absolutely independent of animals. He may let you get very near to him, but it is only for his own diversion. Just as you are going to slip the halter on, up fly his heels and away he goes! There should be but one will with a married couple who are truly mated, and that should be the will of—both. To those who know the sweet authority of love, this will not seem like another paradox. We have known couples—not so many as we could wish!—both of whom could truthfully say, after a dozen or twenty years’ walking of the long path together, that they had had their own way; because the necessary mutual yielding had been done so cheerfully and so wholly that but the one way remained. There is a certain sort of strong-headed, blundering, self-willed fellow—good enough at heart, but with mingle queer ways of showing it sometimes—who undoubtedly needs “managing” in the feminine sense. The recipe for this—as old as Eve—we should be presumptuous to attempt to tell any woman possessed of the slightest knowledge of men. But for those who have not, we will repeat that it is simply cajoling them into the belief that they are having their own way, when it is your way all the time. (Husbands are requested not to analyze and apply this too closely). The operation is a really necessary one at times and it leaves everybody happy,—a sort of matrimonial ether, producing a blessed unconsciousness, in which the pain of “giving up” is not felt! Some of the more direct methods of managing husbands may be mentioned, if it can be done without getting preachy. “Keep him in love with you” is the first injunction to a wife who asks such a question. When that can be done, all the rest follows. How it can be done we do not know;
Tommy put on his hat and was off in a trice. Tommy went into the barn, and following Billy around into the lean-to, saw, in a barrel of hay, six little black-and-tan puppies, nestling about their mother. Trip. 

As Tommy was passing the barn, Mr. Blake's youngest son, Billy Blake, put his freckled face out at the door. Billy hurried off and Tommy came out of the barn. 

"Halloa, Tommy! Come in here a minute; I want to show you the newest invitation you ever saw." Tommy went in, and following Billy around into the lean-to, saw, in a barrel of hay, six little black-and-tan puppies, nestling about their mother, Trip.

"There, ain't they neat?" asked Billy.

"Boss!" replied Tommy. "What are you going to do with them all?"

"Well, we shall keep two, one for me and one for Tot, and I've promised one to cousin Dick, and one to cousin Ben; the other two I shall sell.

"What's your price?"

"Only a quarter; that's cheap enough, isn't it?"

"Dirt cheap. See here! I've got a silver quarter, and I'm going to have one of those puppies."

"Will your father let you?"

"He won't care."

"Well, you may have your pick. Here's the smallest one. Will you have him?"

"I reckon so," replied Tommy, and just then Mr. Blake's voice was heard at the door.

"You in here, Billy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you go with James, and help him get the sheep into the north lot. Hurry right off—he's started already."

Billy hurried off and Tommy came out of the barn. Before he went far toward the house he heard the barn-door open and shut. Looking up he saw Mr. Blake with a basket on his arm, and Trip close at his heels.

"Good morning, Tommy. Guess what I've got here?"

"Dunno," said Tommy.

"The prettiest sight you ever saw," and Mr. Blake showed him the little puppies. "I'm going to put 'em in the shed. It's a better place for 'em. Wouldn't you like one when they are old enough?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can have one as well as not. They'll all have to be killed unless somebody wants 'em. Here's the biggest one; you may have him."

"Thank you," said Tommy.

When he went into the house, Mrs. Blake was just going down cellar. Tommy made known his errand.

"Are you in any hurry?"

"Oh, no, ma'am."

"Well, then, you just sit down and wait a little. My hands are in the butter, but as soon as I get through I'll copy off the receipt for your mother."

"Tommy sat there for a few minutes, when the shed door opened a little way, and Tot thrust in her head."

"Why Tommy Shepherd! who knew you was here? Just come out here, and I'll show you the nicest sight you ever saw."

He followed her out into the shed, and there Tot had those six grunting, squirming, little puppies in her pink apron.

"Billy and I have named 'em all," laughed Tot. "Do you want to hear their names?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, their mother is Trip, you know, so we named 'em Snip, Skip, Jip, Flip, Chip, and Pip. I'm going to let you have one,—this one with the shortest tail; he's just cunning; he's Snip."

"Oh, thank you!" said Tommy; he is pretty."

"I must put you away now, you little dear," said Tot, at length, "and go and feed my biddy-hens." And Tot kissed each one square on his little pug nose, and put them down carefully in a box of shavings.

Tommy went into the house again. Mrs. Blake had just come up out of the cellar and was washing her hands. She wrote off the receipt and gave it to Tommy, and he started for home.

"Come back here a minute, Tommy," she called from the shed door, just as he was fairly in the road. Tommy come back.

"See here!" she said. "Look into this box, and you'll see the queerest sight you ever saw."

Tommy thought that since he had come back, he wouldn't tell her he had already seen those puppies three times that morning.

"Aren't they queer?" You ought to have one when they are large enough. Here's one with dreadful small ears; he'll look pert enough. Wouldn't you like him?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy.

"You shall have him and welcome."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tommy, and started off again. Half-way home he met James, the hired man.

"Halloa, Tommy! Tell you what, you'd better turn around and come back with me. I'd show you the funniest sight you ever saw."

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

"Six little pups, just as round and fat.

"You don't say so? Well, I'll come and see 'em when I have time," said Tommy, as he went on.

"Say!" cried James after him, "I presume you could have one if you should want?"

"I'll see about it," and Tommy went on, laughing to himself.

"Guess how many puppies I've seen, mother, he said, when he got home.

"I don't know. Four?"

"Oh, my! Billy had six in the barn, and his father had six in a basket, and Tot six in her apron, and Mrs. Blake six in the shed."

"Twenty-four puppies?"
"Yes; and James wanted me to come back and see six, but I couldn't stop."

"Tommy Shepard!"

"Fact, mother, and Billy sold me one, and Tot and her father and mother each gave me one, and James thought I might have one."

"What do you want of five puppies, you crazy boy?"

"Oh, I haven't got them yet. Here's your receipt, and I think doing errands for you pretty good fun.—Youth's Companion.

TIME FOR READING.

Many busy people declare they have no time for reading; but they are mistaken. They have all the time there is, and some of the world's busiest men have found that enough to make themselves accomplished in one or more departments of knowledge.

The trouble is, no lack of time, but wasteful habits in regard to it. Many persons entertain the notion that one must have regular and definite hours of the day or week set apart for reading in order to accomplish anything valuable. There never was a greater mistake. The busiest life has margins of time which may serve, like the borders of the old missals, to enrich and exalt the commonplaces written between. Fifteen minutes in the morning and as many in the evening, devoted faithfully to reading, will add appreciably in the course of a few months in one's store of knowledge. Always have a book at hand, and whether the opportunity brings you two hours or ten minutes, use it to the full. An English scientist learned a language in the time his wife kept him waiting for the completion of her evening toilette; and at the dinner given to Mr. Froude in this city, some years ago, Mr. Beecher said that he had read through that author's brilliant but somewhat lengthy history in the intervals of dinner. Every life has pauses between its activities. The time spent in local travel in street cars and ferries is a golden opportunity, if one will only resolutely make the most of it. It is not long spaces of time, but the single purpose that turns every moment to account, that makes great and fruitful acquisitions possible to men and women who have other work in life.—Christian Union.

THE VALUE OF NOVELS.

But the greatest use of novels is that least easy to describe: they idealize life; they cultivate in us the good habit of looking upon the things that are unseen. Imagination is faith looking upon the world; faith is imagination looking into the heavens;—stupid men who have neither imagination nor faith suppose that nothing is seen, but who are better endowed know that what they see is true and real. We live in a phantasmasiagoria; the things that we see are shadows; the realities that cast the shadows are unseen. It is the work of art, poetry, and fiction to take us into this invisible world and show us this unseen; and this is—God. Fiction, art, poetry are kindred muses; and they may perhaps be named in that order. Lowest and least is fiction; and the lowest and least form of fiction is the drama, which uses every sense to arouse the imagination in sensuous souls. Above fiction come the arts—painting, sculpture, architecture—which appeal to the imagination through the eye. Above these is music, which, in its noblest forms, utters what words can never utter, arousing echoes in the soul which repeat themselves endlessly;—unlike those of Tennyson's bugle, never dying. Yet above music is poetry, which appeals to the highest sense by word symbols that interpret the inward truth and reality of things. But whether it be fiction, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, or poetry, if it arouses the invisible sense and gives a reality to the intangible, it prepares man to exercise the highest of all his faculties, that which gives him a knowledge of the insensuous and a fellowship with the invisible. It is for this reason that the great Master taught so much in fiction; it is for this reason that the church has instinctively used in all ages painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and poetry in its worship. The modern rage for novels is not unreasonable; it is not altogether unhealthy. It is the protest of many minds against materialism; the demand of an appetite not to be denied for some better teacher than Mr. Gradgrind, and some better teaching than "facts, facts, facts."—Christian Union.

THE WORLD.

—Prof. J. H. Chamberlain, with his family, sailed for Europe last week.—Orr Schurts, has been made principal of the Danville schools, Michigan.

—Mr. Joseph Harker has been re-engaged as principal of the Meredith III., public schools.

—Senator Edwards' daughter will soon publish a book. She is an artist as well as a writer.

—Yung Kwai, a Chinese youth, has been graduated second in the senior class of the high school of Springfield, Mass.

—Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson sees but few people nowadays, and is engaged in revising his papers for publication after death.

—Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish this spring a complete edition of the poems of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard.

—Senators Anthony and Burnside walk from their houses to the Capitol every morning, at least two miles, and back again in the afternoon.

—Prof. Edward Searing has accepted the appointment as principal of the normal school at Mankato, Minn.

—Supt. John Cooper, of Richmond, Ind., will appear before the Republican convention in Indiana as a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

—Dr. G. W. Hoss retires at the close of the current year from the chair of English and Eloquence at Indiana University, and returns to editorial work as proprietor of the Kansas Educational Journal. Dr. Hoss had control of the Indiana School Journal for ten years, served two years as Superintendent of Public Instruction in Indiana, and has been ten years in the English Chair at Bloomington.

—The number of different kinds of postage stamps which have hitherto been issued all over the world is estimated, in round numbers, at 6,000. Among them are to be found the effigies of five emperors, 15 kings, three Queens, one Grand Duke, six Princes, one Princess, and a great number of Presidents, etc. Some of the stamps bear coats of arms and other emblems, as crowns, the papal keys and tiara, anchors, eagles, lions, horses, stars, serpents, railway trains, horsesmen, messengers, etc. The collection preserved in the museum of the Berlin Post Offices included, on July 1, 1879, 4,498 specimens of different postage stamps. Of these, 2462 were from Europe, 441 from Asia, 251 from Africa, 1143 from America, and 201 from Australia.

—Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. will publish immediately a very important and interesting educational number of the Atlas Series of Essays, entitled "New Departures in Collegiate Control and Culture," by the late Rev. Caleb Mills, Emeritus Professor of Greek, Wabash College, Indiana.

A copy of the work will be sent to any address on receipt of thirty cents, by the publishers.

—A little girl in a Boston primary school lately begged off from reading in the new collection of fairy stories, just introduced as a supplement to the Readers, on the plea that "the dreadful pictures kept her awake o' nights." Possibly Superintendent Elliot can inform us whether pictures of headless trunks and dead heads severed from their bodies, are introduced as "supplementary" to the moral and religious instruction of the children?—N. E. Journal of Education.

I cannot do without the Weekly as long as it does the kind of work it is doing at present.—J. R. Payne, Martinsburgh, W. Va.

The Weekly is a grand success.—Prin. L. J. Whitney, Chaumont, N. Y.
THE MICHIGAN SCHOOL LIBRARY.

At the recent meeting of the Michigan State Teachers' Association a committee (Prof. W. H. (Syne, I. N. Demmon, and J. L. Stone) was appointed with lists of 100 and 200 volumes for school libraries. They were governed by two considerations: (1) what books will be read and (2) what books are worth reading? They report as follows: The total shows 70 volumes of history and biography, 37 of travels, 30 of fiction, 22 of poetry, 41 miscellaneous.

I. LIBRARY OF 100 VOLUMES.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

   2. Harper's, $0.25 a vol.
3. Higginson's Young Folks' History of the U. S. Lee & Shepard.
5. The Boys' Professors (Lancier). Scribners.

TRAVELS.


FICTION.

21. Scott's Ivanhoe, Old Mortality. 2 vols. Osgood, $0.75. or Little & Brown, $0.75.

II. SECOND 100 VOLUMES.

(Will be published next week.)

The publishers of the WEEKLY intend to make a specialty of furnishing school and teachers' libraries. They are now in correspondence with prominent educators with a view to the selection of a choice Teachers' Library, which they hope to offer the public at an early day.

Correspondence is invited with reference to the purchase of either or both of the above libraries, or any other books which may be desired.

A little boy four year old, living in Marion, Ill., has been encouraged to say his prayers at night before going to bed; and this is one of his latest: "0 Lord, take care of papa and mamma and make me a good boy, and keep me from being Dutch. Amen." It expresses his feelings on the Dutch very emphatically.

I used Wedgwood's Topical Analyser in my school last summer and am using it this summer in the same school. We like it.—A. E. Hari, South Bath, Ind.
THOMPSON, BROWN & Co.,
23 Hawley St., Boston.

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