

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cuddling Children.

From Widdleton to Waddleton. When we set out a-journeying, my baby girl and I.

It really is a wonder how the way goes fleetly by: The course is from the sitting-room, her charger is my knee, And the minstrel music with us is her little laugh of glee.

"Oh, from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles, But from Waddleton to Widdleton it's nineteen miles." (Which is just a freak in distance which my conscience reconciles With the theory that baby songs are full of tricks and wiles.)

"Oh, from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles." Her grandma is so jealous when we set about our trip, She claims to see a tear shade in the quiver of her lip. She says the way is rocky and the steed is roughly shod, But we tell her of another path that's smooth and clear and broad.

We never have arrived at where we set about to go, For always on the journey baby's curly head drops low, And then I draw her closer, closer, closer to my breast, And the steed is turned to pasture and its rider is undressed.

"Still from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles, And from Waddleton to Widdleton it's nineteen miles, And the breezes bring a murmuring from drowsy afternoons, And a little prayer is uttered for a life to know no trials." Oh, from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles.

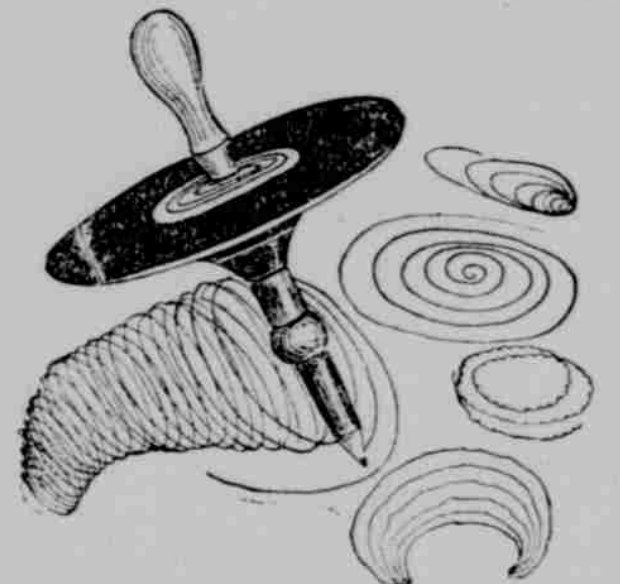
—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Gynograph.

This engraving shows a novelty in tops recently added to the long list of interesting modifications of this old-time toy.

The novelty in the present case consists in making the point upon which the top spins produce a record of its movements.

The top consists of a heavy disk of iron secured to a spindle on which to wind the string. The spindle is bored axially to receive a pencil which forms the point on which the top spins. The handle is swiveled so that the top may be spun while the handle is held in the hand. After the top is set in



THE GYNOGRAPH.

motion, it is placed on a paper in the position shown in the engraving. The pencil point then traces the intricate curves as shown.

If desired, a slate pencil may be substituted for the lead pencil. The manufacturers state that a well centered hard pencil with the lead cut square across gives the most accurate curves, though not necessarily the most beautiful.

Johnny's Stills.

"Just look at that boy!" exclaimed Grandma Peters, with a contemptuous sniff, dropping her knitting in her lap and peering out the window at Johnny, who was painfully stalking about the yard on stilts.

"What's the sense of walking on them things, when it would be a sight easier to walk on the ground? It's perfectly ridiculous!" and her knitting needles flew faster than before to make up for lost time.

Mamma looked out the window, too, and laughed good-naturedly.

"It does look rather useless, doesn't it, grandma? But I guess boys always have a time of walking on stilts, and it's very innocent sort of fun if they don't get hurt."

Grandma gave another little sniff. "Boys are queer," she said.

Johnny kept on practicing every day, till in a short time he could go quite fast, while grandma would look out now and then and say how foolish it was.

One day it rained and rained from morning till night, and Johnny had to stay in the house because his every-day shoes leaked so badly, and mamma said it was too cold to go barefoot.

Just before supper time mamma discovered that the tea caddy was quite empty; and what was to be done, for how could grandma get along without her cup of tea?

"I'll go after it, mamma," said Johnny.

"But you'll get your feet so wet," said mamma.

"Ho, I won't get my feet wet!" Johnny cried; and running out into the shed, he got his stilts and was soon stalking off in the wet grass.

So grandma had her cup of tea the same as ever, and after that she didn't say anything more about the stilts.—Youth's Companion.

How to Tell the Key.

"Amateur musicians often are somewhat embarrassed by the unexpected query as to what key a piece of music

is in when playing in company," remarked a well-known teacher. "They can tell on a little reflection, but an array of five sharps or flats is apt to temporarily confuse the best of them."

"Here is a simple little guide or reminder, which, if rehearsed a few times, will always keep them right and ready to make a quick response to such a question."

"In sharps just dot down this sentence, the capital letter beginning each word representing an additional sharp, from one to six: 'God Deluged All Earth By Flood.'"

In flats the same rule obtains in connection with this amusing line, "Fanny Baker Eats Apple Dumpling Greedily."

Points on Etiquette.

You know that it is not considered polite to ask to be helped twice to any dish when you are at a stranger's table, but did you know that when friends are visiting you it is correct form to say: "May I help you to some of this?" ignoring the fact that the person addressed has been served with it. It is one of those minor points of good breeding which distinguish the lady from the good-hearted but ignorant hostess.

True, Whoever Said It.

A story attributed to various distinguished men is going the rounds. It is a bit of advice given to one who could never find any occupation which suited him and is as follows: "My dear boy, observe the postage stamp; its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."

Papa's Little Man.

The father, having grown tired of the noise made by his little 3-year-old, took him in his arms and said:

"Lie down, my little man, and be quiet."

"I don't want to lie down, papa," said Stuart. "I want to lie up."

Matchmaking Mothers.

Match-making mamma has been the subject for many a newspaper joke-let and much serious condemnation, by no means all of which is deserved. There is a kind of match making which is not only commendable, but a positive duty on the part of the mother of girls, though, of course, it has its strict limits. American girls of 20 or thereabouts, are apt to feel that the earth and the fullness thereof are made for them, and to believe that they can guide themselves a great deal better than their mothers can guide them.

The match-making duty of a mother resolves itself into a simple matter of introducing to her daughter young men of good moral character and who are in a position to marry. No mother has the right to attempt the smallest coercion or even persuasion to bring about the most desirable marriage, but she grievously fails in duty if she does not use every means in her power to prevent an evil one.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Twain Just Wanted to Yell.

Mark Twain, who recently started on a tour around the world, told a recent interviewer how he often felt a desire to "cut loose" from civilization and to get away by himself, where he could run and yell to his heart's content. In this connection there is a story about the humorist and Canon Kingsley. Walking along the street one day, Mark felt the impulse to yell coming on him with irresistible force, and said to Kingsley: "I want to yell; I must yell." The canon said: "All right; yell away; I don't mind." And with that, said Mark, "I stepped back a few steps, and, throwing my arms above my head, let out a war whoop that could be heard for miles, and in less time than you can count Canon Kingsley and myself were surrounded by a multitude of anxious citizens, who wanted to know what was the matter. I told them nothing was the matter; I just wanted to yell, and had yelled."

A Little Girl's Wish.

Speaking of little girls, there was a cabinet officer here a few years ago who had a little girl about 7 years old. The nurse took her one day to find the washwoman. They found her in a little frame shanty of only one room, which seemed a great novelty to the child.

On returning home she was telling her mother about the wonderful house which had just one room. With a sigh and an earnestness born of deep longing, she said:

"Oh, mamma, how I wish we lived in that house."

"Why, my child, why should you wish such a strange thing?"

"Then, don't you see, when I was put to bed at night I could hear everything that was said, because you wouldn't have any other room to sit in."—Washington Star.

What's the Matter with the Empress?

The Dowager Empress of China is said to be very much subdued of late. She was formerly an arrogant, aggressive woman, who believed that she was the center upon which the universe turned. Recent events have had a strong influence upon her and she has aged very rapidly. Her domineering ways have disappeared, and she listens humbly to words of advice from people who used to fear to address her.

Bitten by a Wasp.

George Holbrook's 3-year-old child, while playing near the home of its parents in Lecher County, Missouri, was stung by a yellow jacket. The little one screamed and its mother ran to its assistance. The sting had entered its left leg below the knee. The limb began to swell rapidly, the child went into spasms, and in ten minutes after the insect had stung it the little one died.

An Appropriate Keepsake.

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that pocket of yours?" "Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive!" "Yes, sir; but his hair is all gone."—La Spirito Folletto.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

He Was All Right.

First Yale Student—Have you telegraphed to the old man for money? Second Yale Student—Yes.

"Got an answer?" "Yes. I telegraphed the old man: 'Where is that money I wrote for?' and his answer reads: 'In my inside pocket.'"—Texas Siftings.

A Fiend Incarnate.

Wickwire—That kid across the street must be a perfect fiend. Mrs. Wickwire—Why, he seems to be one of the nicest little boys I ever saw. "No use to tell me what he seems to be. I actually saw his old grandmother giving him a licking the other day."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Hint.



One of those fellows who



cannot take a hint.—Life.

A Little.

"Do you understand French, Jack?" asked an Allegheny young man of his cousin.

"A little." "Then perhaps you can help me. Miss Northside told me last night that I was non persona grata and I would like to know what sort of a compliment she meant to bestow upon me."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

For the Public Safety.

He looked at her earnestly. "You have changed since last we met," he said.

"Yes," she answered. "Those red ones were causing so many runaways that I thought I would adopt a pair of a more somber hue."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rather Mixed.

Mrs. Teetoom—That small engine pounding away in the corner, Toby, is called a donkey engine.

Toby—And yet the engineer says it works with a four horse-power. That's funny, isn't it?—Harper's Round Table.

Her First Thought.

"Just think, Franklin Rosalind, I was dreaming about you last night." "Indeed! What dress did I have on?"—Schwarzwalder Kreiszeitung.

Sure to Be a Success.

Louise—Rose, is that novel which you have written up to date?

Rose—Oh, delightfully so, Louise. In fact, I had to write some parts of it in French.—New York World.

Baffled.

First Poet—Did you get a check for your poem that you read to me awhile ago?

Second Poet—No; my aspirations got a check.—Somerville Journal.

An Accommodating Chap.



"Dear me, is that mustache all your own?"

"Well—a say one word and it will be yours."—St. James Budget.

A Phrenologist.

"Isn't this coat too big for me?" he asked of the tailor. "It is, sir," replied the enterprising clothier. "But I am something of a phrenologist and I can foresee that it will not be long before you are a big man."—Harper's Bazar.

Pinatuty Visible. "Ha," cried the old navigator. "Bring me a glass." He scanned the horizon eagerly. "Another glass. Ha!" After the second glass he had no trouble in discerning the outline of a sea serpent, which was signaling that its steering gear was not under good control.—Detroit Tribune.

Music at Home.



Prospective Lodger—Yes, I think the rooms will do. By the way, I hope no one in the house plays the piano?

Prospective Landlady—My youngest sir, but she's only a beginner.—Sketch.

Woman's Logic.

"I am not of a jealous disposition, but I really object to your kissing your cousin Tom."

"I did nothing of the kind."

"But I saw you."

"Then that shows that you do not love me any more, when you prefer to believe what you see to believing what I tell you."—Judge.

Explained.

"How does your father manage to catch such big fish?"

"Oh, it's easy enough," replied the boy who was with him on the vacation trip.

"Does he have any special tackle?" "No, indeed. He just finds a nice shady spot and throws his line into the water and lies down with his hat over his eyes and just dreams."—Washington Star.

Intuition.

Mrs. Latechurch—John, is— Mr. Latechurch—Yes. No. Yes. Mrs. Latechurch—Merry! What do you mean?

Mr. Latechurch (rapidly)—That your dress looks all right, that it don't dip up in the back and that your hat is on straight. Come on!—Judge.

Also of the Fingers.

"Piano playing," remarked the virtuoso, "is a matter of the head rather than the heart."

And his golden hair looked like a load of hay.—Detroit Tribune.

One Thought of It.

Maud—You are frightfully extravagant! You never seem to think of a rainy day.

Marie—Don't I? I bought a dozen pairs of silk stockings yesterday.—New York World.

Have To.

"I see it is estimated that the Kadars steal \$1,250,000 worth of diamonds a year."

"Yes! I suppose the poor creatures have to wear something."—Washington Capital.

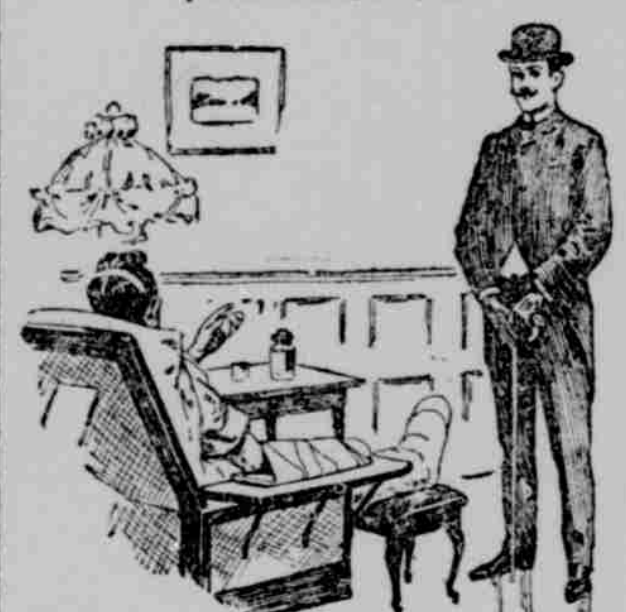
What He Was.

Little Miss Muggs—Your father is in trade. He keeps a peanut stand.

Little Miss Freckles—Huh! what's your father?

Little Miss Muggs—He's a professional bootblack.—Good News.

Spurred Dictation.



"What! Been playing football?" "No. Fell down stairs. You see, I started to go down and my wife said, 'Be careful, John,' and I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman—and so I went."—Collier's Weekly.

Trouble in the Dime Museum.

Manager—What's all this infernal noise about? Factotum—Please, sir, th' two-headed girl is a-a-quarrelin' wid herself.—Judge.

Certain Ruin.

Wife—Shall I put your diamond studs in your shirt, dear?

Husband—What on earth are you thinking of? Do you want to ruin me? I have a meeting with my creditors this morning.—Texas Siftings.

The Bicycle Suit.

"Have you a bicycle suit, Larkin?"

"I have."

"Does it fit?"

"My lawyer fears it will when it comes to trial."—Detroit Free Press.

In Great Luck.

Friend—How are you coming on?

Author—Good. I've got the material on hand for a first-class novel.

"You are a lucky man."

"That's not all. I've got the material for a splendid comedy besides."

"You are fortunate."

"Yes; all I need now is the material for a new pair of trousers."—Pearson's Weekly.

Most Remarkable.

Rialto—Actresses don't have their diamonds stolen any more when they want advertisements.

Kirby—No. They get married and live sweet home lives.—Truth.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Benefits of a System of Individual Instruction—Good Teaching Secures Good Thinking—Advice to Those Who Are Fond of Reading.

Instruction in Algebra.

On the first day of the term the B class of the high school was informed that no lesson would be assigned in algebra. Each pupil was requested to study the subject in his own individual interest, begin at the place dictated by his best judgment, and be prepared, when called upon, to pass examination on any part over which he had gone.

During the recitation period the members of the class were called separately to the teacher's desk, their written work examined, their ability tested, and the page recorded to which each was found proficient. If one lacked knowledge in what may be termed the mechanical part, he was directed to the principles involved in the question and asked to review and apply them. If he did not comprehend the meaning of some statement it was simplified. Many have been able to master the subject thus far with little assistance from the teacher. With such it was necessary simply to test their knowledge and direct their study; with others additional time was required to give the needed explanation. At the close of the first month the pupils were all studying different parts of the subject—fractions, simple equations, involution, evolution, radicals and quadratics.

What are the benefits of this system? First, it compels the pupil to study the text-book more thoroughly and refer to it for assistance, rather than to the teacher or other pupils. In the ordinary recitation many things are explained which the pupil will discover if encouraged to do so.

Second, this brings each pupil under the teacher's special attention, reveals his peculiar difficulties, and permits him to study in harmony with his own development. Some may think that pupils classed together for several years and instructed in a similar manner would meet the same difficulties in pursuing a new subject. Experience contradicts this. Even the grades do not equalize children's ability. There are too many home and outside influences. Each must be taught as an individual. Personal effort is as necessary for successful instruction as for other business.

Third, class instruction is said to engender enthusiasm. It is the judgment of those who see many kinds of classes that enthusiasm emanates from the teacher rather than from class spirit. The truly enthusiastic teacher does not need the element of competition among pupils to arouse an interest and create a desire for well-prepared lessons. A single pupil can be awakened and urged to his utmost by a teacher really interested. By this method the bright pupil's interest is not diminished by being compelled to listen to some simple explanation over and over for the benefit of a few. He is busy mastering new principles and his enthusiasm has no opportunity to wane.

Fourth, do the pupils receive adequate drill? If they have mastered the subject there is no necessity for further drill so essential in the lower grades. Each must drill himself. He is compelled to do this or fail. Does this method allow opportunity for thorough explanation? Can the teacher have the knowledge at his command? This depends upon the teacher and his previous training. He must be familiar with the entire subject. The effort to accomplish this will render him a better instructor. His mind is fresh from constant reference to the various divisions of the subject, and he is better prepared to furnish clear and definite explanations than if he had rendered only a small portion. No ambitious teacher will long find the extra preparation a burden.

This is not a new and untried plan. Fifteen years ago Dr. Harris used it in St. Louis. Supt. Rogers introduced it into the grammar grades of the Marshfield, Ia., schools last year and says his teachers would not return to the former method. In the Pueblo schools this plan is followed in all the grades. Pupils are classified for convenience, but are not obliged to tread in the same grade. It seems calculated to produce good results and is certainly feasible for advanced pupils. By it we shall not expect every pupil to become a scholar, but each may exert all his powers untrammelled by other members of the class. This will produce, in accordance with nature some an hundred fold, some sixty and some thirty.—Iowa Schools.

Correcting Spelling Papers.

The examination of spelling papers is a slow and tedious process and most teachers allow the pupils to exchange papers and correct each other's exercises. A better way, where the sense of honor is strong enough, would be to let the pupils correct their own papers. In most cases, however, this plan is not advisable as it lays a heavy temptation on a boy or girl who stands well in the class but has neglected to study a particular lesson; and we should always carefully avoid giving the children a chance to cheat or deceive. A thoughtless person might say that the teacher could look over the papers afterwards to see if they were correctly marked. This, however, would be a very bad plan, as it would show the children that you suspected them and they would be likely to reason that it was not wrong to cheat if they could do it without detection.

In almost every class there are a few bad spellers; bad spellers not from the constitution of their minds, but because they are careless and do not study their lessons. This is a distinction in poor scholars which should always be borne in mind, and the hard-working, but dull, pupils should not be punished for their failures, but bright, though lazy or thoughtless pupils must be made to see the error of their ways.

Don'ts for Readers. Don't read in railway trains or in vehicles in motion. Don't read lying down or in a constrained position. Don't read by firelight, moonlight or twilight. Don't read by a flickering gaslight or candlelight. Don't read books printed on thin paper. Don't read books which have no space between the lines. Don't read for more than fifty minutes without stopping whether the eyes are tired or not. Don't hold the reading close to the eyes. Don't study at night, not in the morning when you are fresh. Don't select your own glasses at the outset.

It would almost seem as though some of these rules were too obvious to require mention, but practical experience shows that myopes abuse their eyes just in the ways stated. Reading by firelight or by moonlight are favorite sins. Reading lying down tends to increase the strain on the accommodation, and while travelling tires the ciliary muscle because of the too frequent adjustment of focus. In short, anything which tends to increase the quantity of blood in the organ favors the increase of the defect, leading in extreme cases to detachment of the retina and blindness.—The Canada Lancet.

Bloomer Girls Weep. The Professor's Recitation Made Them Cry, and They Had No Handkerchiefs.—Twenty-five girls in the Northwestern University, members of the junior class in oratory, appeared in the class room in bloomers. Without exception they belonged to wealthy families. Many of them were preparing for the stage. Prof. Cummock was in the class room when the girls appeared. Their suits were black or dark blue and were trimmed in yellow. The bloomers were gathered just below the knee and black stockings completed the outfit.

After he had recovered from the shock Prof. Cummock took the stage and proceeded as though bloomer girls in the class room were an every-day affair. After calling the roll he called upon Miss Dewey to take the platform. Miss Dewey was clad in a bloomer costume that came dangerously near being plain knickerbockers. She was embarrassed and finally stammered out an excuse that she was not prepared to recite. He called upon several other bloomerites, but all pleaded the same excuse. The professor said he would occupy the hour himself. He delivered a pathetic recitation, which brought tears to the eyes of the girls, but unfortunately they had no handkerchiefs and were forced to allow the tears to trickle down their faces. The reason given for the bloomer display was that it was the gymnasium hour and the girls did not expect to be called for elocution.

Educational Notes. Normal University at Normal, Ill., will have a new \$40,000 building for physical training and society purposes. There are 40,000 women attending the colleges of the United States. Thirty years ago not a college in the country was open to women. The ladies of Lexington, Ky., have elected four members of the City Board of Education. In Newport and in Covington the women were defeated. Eight thousand, three hundred and forty-three are entitled to lecture privileges at the University of Berlin. The largest attendance of any similar institution in the world.

There are 5,000 students in the normal schools and their attached model schools in Pennsylvania. These schools have had a total of 120,000 students, and nearly 10,000 professional teachers have graduated.

Twenty-four Vassar graduates write for magazines, only six for newspapers, five are professional journalists, four are professional editors, while only four are novelists. Twenty-five have taken the degree of M. D., and are mostly practicing physicians. The Board of Education of Stockton, Cal., has re-elected Jas. A. Barr as superintendent of schools and increased his salary by \$500. The figure itself is not startling, \$2,000 being, if anything, below the average for a city of 20,000 people. The significant fact lies in the voluntary action of the board.

Miss Edith Oakley graduated from the Veterinary College of Toronto, Canada, being the first woman to win a diploma. She has hung out her shingle at Sandoval, Ohio, in the center of a rich grazing country. Diseases of milch cows have been Miss Oakley's special study. She has done well and employs three male assistants, who relieve her of much of the manual labor.

It is a strange commentary that in our ungraded schools throughout the country children attending school from four to six months per year for a period of from six to eight years are better educated and prepared to enter upon the ordinary duties of life than the majority of children after taking the full course of eight years of ten months per year.—President Folkel, Grand Rapids, Mich., School Board.

One of the worst features of our American life is its invasion of privacy. There is frequent complaint that individuals with us have no security, and that the pencil of the reporter and the camera of the photographer may record with impunity the doings of individuals without possibility of redress for those who suffer.—Indianapolis News.