

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Many Disadvantages with Which the Teacher in the Country Has to Contend—What to Do with the School Books—Educational Notes.

The Country Teacher.

What is being done for that teacher out in the country? Not enough. Perhaps by enumerating some of the disadvantages with which she must contend we can better suggest some plans which might make her lot more pleasant and her work more efficient.

The country teacher is obliged to scatter her forces. No specializing here. She must needs understand the human nature of pupils from 5 to 20 years of age. She teaches all the common branches and to all grades from the beginning, primary to the advanced grammar grade. The recitation period must be short, that all classes may be heard. She is limited in time, so that supervision of work at the seats is practically impossible. And what an important part of one's education is the aid one receives while preparing a lesson! How much more could our pupils do if they could only have more assistance in how to study!

If some of the pupils are not supplied with pencils, slates, or necessary books, the teacher must change her plans for a few days until the parents go to town. John and Mary tell the teacher said so and so is needed. Pa says he is going to town in a few days and he will get these things. But when pa does go to town he is so much more interested in the price of hogs or potatoes, or what not, than he is in the progress of the school, that he forgets all about the supplies the children need, and the teacher must needs wait another fortnight for John and Mary to get their books. Some hold that the teacher should furnish pencils and paper for the children of indifferent parents, but she can't afford it until she is paid more; it isn't her business to furnish these things, anyway.

Cold weather draws on apace; the stovepipe needs cleaning, a window light is broken, and there is no wood in the "yard." What is to be done? Send a note to the director? He is busy with his farm work. The wind whistles through the broken window, the stove would smoke if a fire were built; and so the pupils and teacher shiver until the director gets time to fix things. What's his hurry? He gets nothing for his services—the law forbids it. What a law!

The teacher wants to attend a teachers' meeting. She has no way to go. The people with whom she boards think time too valuable to spend in taking her. It is too far to walk; and the poor girl is disappointed in her desire to be progressive.

What about the country teacher's boarding place? Usually not more than one family in the district will take boarders. It is often a place very undesirable in many respects. The teacher must study by the family table in the room where "games" and "racket" and poor light and talk on "household economy" and barnyard lore are common. The teacher cannot retire to her room and study; there is no stove there. The price she can afford to pay for board will not supply such luxuries. She tries to prepare her lessons for the next day; wishes she might study in other lines—do some Reading Circle work—but alas! her environment is against her.

She counts up her net earnings at the close of the term, and finds that more schooling and more books are out of the question—the wages are so low that she has not enough money remaining to pay for these things. She struggles on for two or three terms, and concludes that teaching school is not just the thing she thought it was. Another takes her place, and so the changes are "ring out," and—

"Thus the multitudes go like the flower and the weed,
And wither away to let others succeed;
Thus the multitudes come, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has ever been told."

Those who have never attended a country school may be inclined to doubt some of these statements; but those of us who make it a business to inspect these country schools see conditions as they really exist, and whereof we speak we know. One matter I shall never forget. In one school I took down the stovepipe and cleaned it, and built a fire for the pupils. There is rarely a case similar to this, for directors do much more than the patrons give them credit for, as a rule. They need more glory, less blame, and some pay for what they do.

These conditions exist. What is being done to better them? Not much, except what the county superintendents do by way of arousing interest during their visits to schools and in educational meetings they hold.

What can be done to remove the difficulties? Perhaps the following would help some:

Pay teachers for time spent in educational meetings.

Have free text-books for all public schools.

Raise the standard for certificates so that boards will be justified in paying teachers wages sufficient to enable them to purchase needed books, journals, attend a term of school now and then, and pay enough for board and room to secure needed facilities for comfort and advancement while teaching.

Reduce the supply, reduce the supply, reduce the supply! It means better teachers and better wages. It is the

quickest way to secure better teachers and the surest way to better wages.

Provide each county with an assistant superintendent, thus enabling the county superintendent to devote nearly his whole time to school inspection and educational meetings.

Provide the township system of school districts and no other except for towns and cities, and pay school officers for time necessarily spent in the performance of school work.

Something must be done for "That teacher out in the country." Educational papers can aid her by devoting more space to matter she can use in her school.

The State Teachers' Association can assist her by devoting more time to the consideration of the environment of the country school and country school teacher, and less time to High school courses and State normal schools. That Normal idea is made too prominent. There is creeping in too much machinery, with too little adjustable gearing to suit the circumstances of every school.

The Normal Institute can help her by having for instructors those who have come in actual contact with the country school.

All the day when the country teacher can make as rapid progress with her school and in self-improvement as can her city sister!

That teacher out in the country needs the earnest co-operation of educational leaders—practical leaders; we have too many theorists.

Who will lend a hand?—Supt. F. H. Bloodgood.

What to Do with School Books.

Keep all your school books if you possibly can. Never sell them or dispose of them in any way unless it is very plainly your duty to somebody else to do so. For instance, in a family an older sister may let the younger children have her books when she is done with them. This may save her parents the expense of buying new ones and having the same books duplicated in the household collection. Or there may be in your acquaintance a girl too poor to buy books, who will be very glad and thankful to have yours as a gift. In this case it will be your pleasure, I am sure, to make this friend happy and to relieve her of anxiety, and help her in procuring her education. But as a rule I would advise you to keep your books for yourself. Even when you have finished studying in a particular book you may want to refer to it, and after your school days are over your books will be reminders of the delightful times you had when you used them. School books are valuable because they are written in a clear, plain, straightforward style which it is quite easy to comprehend. They do not wander away from the point, and they give a great deal of information packed up in a small compass. A good school book on any subject is a real treasure.

All books should be treated with respect. No nice person leaves books lying around heedlessly, with the bindings opened wide so that they become loosened, and the pages curling up at the corners. If a girl is neat about her room and her dress, she will surely be so in the care of her books. Never let books gather dust. They are as ornamental as pictures or flowers or vases, and a house in which there are a number of books is already half furnished.

If by any chance books have been used by a patient in illness, such as scarlet fever or any other contagious disease, they must immediately be burned up. This is the only safe way. A child recovering from such an attack may ask for his or her books to play with. Let the books be given, if the mother is willing, but they must be destroyed afterwards. Even if they have remained on shelves in the room and the patient has not so much as touched them, they must be burned, for books have a way of preserving germs of disease, and must be used only by people who are not ill with anything infectious or who are perfectly well.

Do I think books should be covered? To save the bindings, you mean? It depends on how very clean and dainty are the hands which hold them. Smooth, white paper makes a good covering, and is easily renewed, and most publishers in these days provide attractive covers for the beautiful books they sell.—Harper's Round Table.

Better than Loafing.
The Nebraska City Press, speaking about the schools of that city, says:

"In all rooms you will find tables and window sills holding minerals, specimens of soils, plants of all sorts, as molds, fungi, mosses, etc. In nearly all you may see zoology specimens. In the lower grades, it may be a hen in a cage with little people watching her structure and habits and making reading or language lessons from these observations. In another room you may find them studying the habits and structure of minnows swimming round in a fruit jar, or a frog in a similar cage, or perhaps it may be a crayfish. In one of the higher rooms, you may find a list of questions and directions on the board which are to guide pupils in the study of some plant for the week. These are to be made at odd times and outside of school. In each of the large ward schools will be found a compound microscope standing in use all day long. Under this glass will be found some interesting and instructive 'mount.' Outside of school, pupils will be found hunting for specimens of plant, animal, or mineral life. They are seeing the world and it affords them amusement, occupation and information. It is better than loafing on the streets."

May Yoke's husband, Lord Hope, has been discharged from bankruptcy on the payment of 10 shillings on the pound, his debts reaching the very neat figure of over \$3,000,000.

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.

Art and Ethics.

Artist—Your house is lovely, sir. Everything is in keeping.

Skinflint—Yes; that's the secret of my success. First in getting, then in keeping.

Mazie—So Ethel has married her lord, eh?

Daisie—Yes, but he married her under false pretenses.

Mazie—How so?

Daisie—He imitated the consumptive cough right up to the marriage ceremony, and then dropped it, the brute!

New York World.

Didn't Need It.

"Help, help!" cried the man who was being robbed.

"Calm yourself," said the highwayman. "I don't need any assistance."

Town Topics.

To Her Sorrow.

Mrs. Day—Have you had any experience in firing china?

Mrs. Ray—No; but our cook has when she gets angry.

New York World.

At Bath Beach.

Marie—That actress says that she always puts her diamonds on when she takes a bath. Do you suppose she is afraid they will be stolen?

Hills—No; it's force of habit with her. She's so used to putting them in soak, you know.—Toledo Blade.

Not the Same.



Teacher—Well, John, what is the principal product of the Island of Cuba imported to the United States?

Boy—I don't know, ma'am.

Teacher—What? Don't you know where the sugar comes from?

Boy—Yes, ma'am, we borrow it from the woman next door.

A Complete Failure.

Isaacs—Cohen is a complete failure in peezness.

Jacobs—How was dot?

Isaacs—Vy, the fool never fails.—Truth.

Unfortunate.

She—if you had never met me would you have loved me just the same?

He (convincingly)—More—Harlem Life.

All for the Other Man.

Blufkins wrote a very bad hand. He had left a letter lying for half an hour, and on going to address the envelope scarcely a word could be deciphered, but, calmly inclosing it, he said to himself:

"After all, what does it matter? It's Hawkins has to read it, not I."—Boston Budget.

Unqualified.

Hillson—Shall you send your son to college?

Hillson—What's the use? He could not achieve any honors.

Hillson—Hasn't he brains enough?

Hillson—Brains, brains? Nonsense. He has enough for two; but he's fast losing his hair and no football team would have him.—New York World.

A Wife-Beater.

"He beats me!" sobbed the broken-hearted wife.

The court gently pressed her to tell more.

"He empties his pockets before he goes to bed!" she exclaimed, her voice rising almost to a shriek.

And the brute who stood at the bar accused me no denial. He merely glowered defiantly—Detroit Tribune.

She Had Been There, Too.

"I never eat pork," remarked Mr. Squills, "without thinking of the parasites."

"Dear Paris," replied Miss Lakeside,

"but are they really large consumers of our pork, though?"—Cleveland Leader.

A Ring's a Ring.



He—The ring doesn't seem to fit very well. Hadn't I better take it back and have it made smaller?

She—No. An engagement ring is an engagement ring, even if I have to wear it round my neck.—Pick-Me-Up.

BUSINESS.

Bell Boy—Guest down by the shore's got the jin-jams!

Summer Hotel Proprietor—For heaven's sake, call a notary and get an affidavit before he recovers.—Detroit Journal.

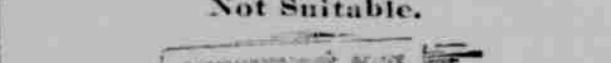
Social Distinction.

"Oh, look, George, our name is mentioned before the Wilkinsons. What fun!"

"Why, of course it is. It's in alphabetical order."

"Oh, but they'll be just as savage all the same!"—Alley Sloper.

Not Suitable.


 Not suitable.



Business.

Superintendent—Your services are no longer required.

Brooklyn Motorman—What have I done?

Superintendent—You've only killed one man this year, and your work doesn't give the line enough free advertising. You'll have to get out.

Quite Customary.

"You seem excited, dear; what has happened?" "Poor Jack Murray, I have just rejected him." "Oh, don't mind a little thing like that. Why, I reject him every six months!"—Halifax Herald.

The Matrimonial Bargain-Counter.

In her impotent rage her grace could only scowl at the duke, her husband. "This," she bitterly exclaimed, "is what a woman gets for buying what she doesn't want just because it's cheap."—Detroit Tribune.

Just What He Wanted.

Peighweakly—I don't see how you can make love to the landlady. I should think you'd get bored by it.

Farback—I do get bored by it.—New York World.

Lightened Grief.

"She has been thrice married? And all three husbands dead? She has had a terrible experience."

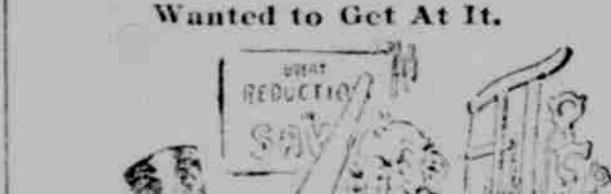
"Yes, but then she has a brother who is an undertaker, and he always gives her a good deal off."—Boston Transcript.

Turn About Fair Play.

"As you have good references I'll offer to you the post of cashier in our house, providing you can deposit 1,200 marks as security."

"And what security can you give me that my 1,200 marks will be secure?"—Fliedende Bluetter.

Wanted to Get At It.



Wanted to get at it.

Hardware Dealer—What do you want with such a heavy saw?

Bilkens—My wife has made a fruit cake.

Feminine Argument.