

## 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 is going to 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 indigent 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 talks on "household economy" and barnyardology 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 "rung 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 gear, 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 hail 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 widely 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 Louing.

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 crawfish. 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 loosing 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.—New York World.

Ethel's Lord a Disappointment.  
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 claims?  
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 it 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 pecuniary.  
Jacobs—How was that?  
Isaacs—Vv, 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.

Bluffkins 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 he decipher, 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?  
Millson—What's the use? He could not achieve any honors.  
Hillson—Hasn't he brains enough?  
Millson—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 made 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 jim-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 Wilkineses. What fun!"  
"Why, of course it is. It's in alphabetical order."

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

##### Not Suitable.



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.

Peighweeky—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.

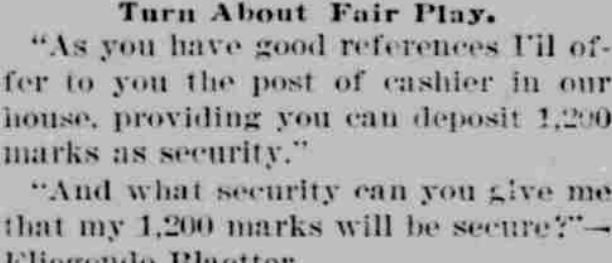
##### Lightened Grief.

"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?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

##### 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.

"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."—Judy.

##### Fatigued Him.

"These hastily snatched kisses," exclaimed the bacillus, irritably, as he struggled to extricate himself from a delicately arched eyebrow, "makes me weary."—Detroit Tribune.

##### Not Afraid of Work.

Mother—I wonder if my little boy is so afraid of work that he does not study his lessons?

Little Boy—May I afraid of work? Not much. Why, mamma, I can fall asleep alongside of it.—Harper's Round Table.

##### Married a Widower.

"How is Miss Strongquind coming on? I don't hear of her advocating woman's rights any more." "She has quit woman's rights business and taken up with woman's lefts. She has married a widower."—Texas Siftings.

##### Nothing to Wear but Diamonds.

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

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

##### A Question of Quality.

Mrs. Twickenham—Don't you think that is better pie than your mother makes, Bobbie?  
Bobbie (dryly)—It ought to be.  
Mrs. Twickenham—Why?  
Bobbie—"Cause there's a good deal less of it."—Brooklyn Life.

## THEY NEVER FIRED A SHOT.

How Fort C. F. Smith Was Relieved When Beleaguered by Indians.

The story told the other day of the fierce battle of Sand Creek, in which White Antelope's village of Indians, man, woman and child, were annihilated by the whites under the leadership of Col. George L. Shoup, now United States Senator from Idaho, brings an inquiry as to what participation in that bloody episode was had by the famous Neil Howie. He took no part in that sanguinary encounter, for the simple reason that he was not there. The mention of his name, however, brings to mind a story unrecorded in American history and of which it should form a part. It requires a preface.

In the pioneer days, to reach Montana from Cheyenne, in Wyoming, required a roundabout journey that involved a double crossing of the Rocky Mountains, with a change of base at Salt Lake City. The United States Government brought about a better condition of travel by constructing a trail through the Gallatin Valley along the course of the Gaspowder River, reaching around the base of the mountains in a curvilinear form, which avoided the heights of the Rockies. To protect this route from marauding Indians three forts were built—Reno, Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith. These were garrisoned by United States troops.

In 1863 the murderous Sioux from the Yellowstone Valley pursued a sanguinary course up through the Gallatin Valley and into Montana. It was marked by rapine and plunder. They besieged Fort Reno and killed many of its garrison, including a brother of A. K. McClure. They envied Fort Phil Kearney and wiped from the face of the earth every human being whose walls it failed to protect. Then they surrounded Fort C. F. Smith, where 200 United States soldiers found themselves surrounded by more than 1,000 death-seeking Indians. Escape seemed impossible. A courier got word of this condition of affairs to Gen. Hancock, who was then stationed at St. Paul, and he sent a message to the Governor of Montana at Bozeman, calling upon him to relieve the besieged garrison. The chief executive of the Territory of Montana at that time was Green Clay Smith, who, by the way, recently died in Washington, a Baptist clergyman. He had been a member of Congress from Kentucky, but President Lincoln made him Territorial Governor of Montana. He was seated on the porch of his residence in Bozeman when Hancock's message was handed to him. To a visitor from the East who was seated by his side, and who is the authority for this narrative, he said:

"What in the name of heaven can I do? Fort C. F. Smith is 250 miles away. The country between here and there is filled with Sioux Indians. Our militia force consists exactly of 427 men. Not a man of them could reach Fort C. F. Smith alive. I am absolutely powerless. However, I will send for Col. Howie."

At that time Col. Neil Howie was United States Marshal for the Territory of Montana. He was a typical frontiersman. He commanded the Montana volunteers and it has been said of him that "Gen. Sherman might have been at Bozeman City with 5,000 troops and the people of the Gallatin could not have escaped the scalping knife of the savage, but Col. Howie, with less than 400 men, protected 100 miles of exposed frontier but a little distance from the hostile tribe."

It was to this man that Gov. Smith addressed himself, handing him Gen. Hancock's dispatch, and saying: "Colonel, we can't do anything for those poor devils in Fort C. F. Smith. We haven't enough men and those we have couldn't get there. Am I right?"  
"No," said Col. Howie, quietly, without any exhibition of excitement and with the gentle voice of a woman. "There is no trouble about that, Governor. We can arrange that matter and still leave the Montana frontier protected. I will need some picked men and a good leader for them. I think Capt. McCabe is best fitted for this undertaking. I will go out and find him."

McCabe was another gentle voiced man with blue eyes. He didn't make much noise. He acted. He said to the Governor: "Oh, yes, it is easy enough. But I'll need forty of the best men I can select. You can keep the rest of your volunteer force here." Gov. Smith looked at him in amazement. So did the visitor from the East. They both thought that he was either insane or a braggart. Gov. Smith said to him: "How in the name of heaven do you expect to raise the siege of Fort C. F. Smith with forty men when you know that it is surrounded by more than 1,000 bloodthirsty Indians and that the country between here and there is covered with thousands more murderous Sioux?"

Said McCabe quietly: "Why, Governor, it is easy enough. The Indians know us and know that we know them better than they know themselves. You folks from the East have an idea that what you call Indian atrocities are simply unmeaning exhibitions of brutality; that scalping, for instance, is simply a form of torture. In that you are mistaken. The Indian believes that no man can go to the happy hunting ground—heaven we call it—who has been deprived of his hair. Their motive in scalping a victim is to carry out fiendish hatred to its utmost by preventing him from having a happy hereafter. Therefore, to deprive an Indian of his scalp is to rob him of his hope of a happy hereafter. My men never kill an Indian without scalping him and the Indians know that. The forty men I will select for this expedition are unerring in their aim with the rifle. They can shoot sixteen shots in sixteen seconds and every dead Indian means a scalp and every dead scalp means a warrior deprived eternally of a chance of ever reaching the happy hunting ground."

My forty men will walk from here to Fort C. F. Smith without firing a shot." "Incredible," said Gov. Smith.

"True," said Capt. McCabe.

What was the result?

Forty men walked 250 miles from Bozeman to Fort C. F. Smith. Indians watched them on every side. By days their progress was signaled by circling columns of smoke and at night by fire from mountain tops. But not a shot was fired. When they got within sight of Fort C. F. Smith the 1,000 whooping Sioux who held the garrison in siege fled, and the forty frontiersmen from Bozeman marched in and escorted the 200 United States soldiers back to the Territorial capital without the loss of a life. Not a shot had been fired. Not a scalp had been lifted.

This is unwritten history.—Philadelphia Times.

##### Gaze in Shop Windows.

It is not generally known that there is a small band of men and women who make a certain, if somewhat small, living by merely gazing in shop windows. Such, however, is the case, as a representative of Tit-Bits found out the other day. By a lucky accident he met the manager of this shop-window-gazing agency, from whom he obtained one or two interesting and curious facts.

"Oh, yes," said the manager, "our agency has been in existence for some little time, and the men and women we employ have had plenty to do, especially during the past season. If you won't give our business away, I will briefly explain our modus operandi. We have about twenty employees, whom we pay from 10 shillings to 20 shillings a week. I am always on the lookout for new shops in and around the west end, and, as soon as one appears, I call upon the shopkeeper and suggest that he might improve his trade very much if he engaged one or two of our shop gazers. The older shopkeeper may ridicule the idea, but smart and enterprising men see that there is something in it."

"More than one shopkeeper has availed himself of our services by having one or two of our people—men and women, who are dressed in the height of fashion—continually stopping to look at the contents of the windows. If the ordinary London passer-by sees a person gazing intently in a shop window, he or she immediately follows suit, and is followed by quite a crowd of other folk. If the shopkeeper has a good and attractive window, the crowd notes the same, and the shopkeeper has secured a good advertisement."—London Tit-Bits.

##### Saved by His Hair.

A local athlete on entering a Turkish bath the other night found a stranger struggling in the swimming pool. The man was evidently unable to swim, and had jumped in without ascertaining whether the water would be above his head. There was no attendant about to warn him or rescue him. The athlete swam to the assistance of the struggling man. Grasping him by the hair he towed him to the side of the tank and assisted him to hang on until he recovered his breath. What were the first words uttered by the rescued one? Did he stammer out thanks to heaven or his human preserver? No. No human mind is a curious affair. As the half-drowned man struggled back to consciousness, memories of an old jest seemed to flit through his brain, for he said: "Gee whiz! It was a lucky thing for me I wasn't bald-headed!"—Buffalo Express.

##### An Eye-Witness.

The desire to tell a good story has been known to tempt an ordinarily truthful narrator to enlarge upon the facts. Mrs. Benson enjoyed startling her hearers, and had acquired the reputation of "ditching" her point effectively. When she returned from the infirmary, where she had undergone a difficult optical operation, she had many things of interest to relate, and in the course of her description she said:

"Why, it was wonderful! They took both my eyeballs out!"  
"O, Mrs. Benson! They couldn't have done that!" came in a chorus of remonstrance.

"But they did," she averred, "they took them out and put them on the table. I saw them!"—Youth's Companion.

##### High-Priced Beef.

The most valuable thoroughbred cow of her day was slaughtered at Hamilton, Ont., and her quarters hung as a Christmas beef exhibit in the Central market stalls. Her name was "Lady Isabella," No. 5156 in the herd book. "Lady Isabella" cost, delivered in Canada, \$7,000. She was bred by J. Outhwaite, Chatterick, Yorkshire, England, and was an unbeaten prize-winner in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, taking first only. When slaughtered she dressed an even 1,200 pounds. Taking into consideration her imported cost, each pound of her beef now represents \$5.35.

##### A Rare Disease.

Diphtheria of the skin, a very rare disease, has been cured by the use of antitoxin in a little 2½-year-old Berlin girl recently. She had been badly scalded with boiling water and, as the skin was healing, was kissed by her mother on the wounded spot. The mother had diphtheria and thus communicated it to the baby's skin; the throat was not affected.

##### An Ancient Bridge.

The triangular bridge at Crowland, in Lincolnshire, which was probably intended as an emblem of the trinity, is the most ancient Gothic structure remaining entire in the kingdom. It was erected about the year of our Lord 860.

##### Young Business Man.

When do you think is the best time to advertise? Old Business Man—All the time, young man.—Somerville Journal.