

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Memory, Like Muscle, Can Be Cultivated—Self-Control Should Be Taught—Don't Nag Pupil—Discourage the Habit of Tiptoeing.

Cultivating Memory.

You can cultivate your memory just as you can cultivate your muscle, and it will improve steadily up to a certain point. The science of memories, as it is called, has recently been studied anew in Europe, where some surprising results have been achieved in the experiments that were tried. It has been found, for instance, that a man who had a poor memory from youth was enabled to so strengthen his mind by assiduous cultivation that he could, without the slightest apparent trouble, recall minute facts, giving dates and names. He could recite whole passages, word for word, after reading a book.

A French scientist, however, has pointed out that this is done at the expense of the other intellectual powers and that the whole of the man's mental energy had been diverted to a single channel. He was so busy remembering facts and names in history that he forgot his dinner. It has also been claimed that a memory for minute facts is cultivated at the expense of the judgment and that a due sense of proportion of large events rarely accompanies the recollection of names and dates.

Here are four fundamental facts to be borne in mind by those who would improve a bad memory:

- First—That our remembrance of anything depends principally on the force, duration or iteration of attention we devote to it.

- Second—That the idea of attention increases with acts of attention.

- Third—That ideas are recalled by ideas which by likeness, contrast or otherwise are adapted to suggest them.

- Fourth—That the faculty of remembering is strengthened by efforts of remembering.

Some men have a remarkable memory for names. Others can not readily recall names nor dates, but who never forget a face.—*New York Journal.*

Tiptoeing.

There are many teachers, particularly those engaged in primary work, who experience great difficulty in breaking up the bad habit children have of tiptoeing. Many pupils persist in entering and leaving rooms with a squeaking, awkward gait acquired in many cases through being allowed to walk on toes. If trained and encouraged to walk properly, with weight on the balls of the feet, there would be less disturbance and annoyance resulting from the entrance of late-comers to church services, entertainments, etc.

It is possible to train children to walk quietly and yet walk as nature intended. Awkwardness and clumsiness are the outcome of self-consciousness. We can supplant self-consciousness with self-possession. In a great degree, by selecting from among our pupils those who are noticeably in that condition, to work examples, etc., at the blackboard, by sending them on errands to other rooms in the building, by keeping them on their feet for a certain length of time every day, and by making them forget self as much as possible. Too much attention can not be paid to correct posture and carriage.

Call children's attention to some well-known and respected citizen, who is a nearly perfect type of physical manhood. Ask them if they ever saw him walking down the principal streets on tiptoes, and I assure you they will readily see in imagination the ludicrous picture you present.

The tiptoeing exercise could very appropriately be taken at a period set apart especially for physical development, in some school rooms, or in a gymnasium, as a means of securing muscular freedom and invigoration, but as an exercise to be taken jointly with other classroom work it does not seem suitable.—*Primary Education.*

Teach Self-Control.

One of the most valuable lessons the school can teach is self-control, a command of the temper. No teacher can hope for success without the control of temper that will enable him to keep his head under the numerous provocations of school life. We know a teacher, who when an angry pupil comes before him for reproof, says: "You are not fit to talk to now about this matter, you are angry, and an angry pupil has not his usual sense. Go out, sit down, get your temper back, and then come to me, and we can adjust this difficulty in a little while." This advice applies to the teacher with as much force as to the pupil. An angry teacher is not in condition to pass just judgment upon a case, and if he acts while in a passion, he is almost sure to have cause to regret his haste. An exhibition of passion on the part of the teacher injures him in the estimation of the school, and weakens his authority. Punishment administered in a fit of anger is subversive of the ends for which it is given, and fails to carry with it the moral support of the school. The pupil feels that if he can only avoid the teacher until his anger is gone, he will escape punishment. Under no circumstances should a teacher allow himself to fly into a passion in the school room, and in case he finds his temper rising to an unseasonably high point, he should dismiss the matter in hand until he is again master of himself.—*Central School Journal.*

Spelling.

The only way to learn to spell is to spell. He not deceived by those who tell you that spelling can be taught as well incidentally. Do not fear that your pupils may learn to spell many words of which they do not know the meaning. Middle-aged men, who under the

old regime learned to spell every word in "Methuselah," at a time when they memorized easily, but did not know the meaning of one-tenth of the words, know to-day that those who teach the false doctrine of "incidental" spelling teach in disguised nonsense. You may safely challenge them to point out the educational principle violated by teaching children to spell words of which they do not know the meaning, but which they shall need to use by and by. Do not go to extremes in either oral or written spelling. Use both methods. But spell, spell, spell. Your teacher did you good service if she enabled you to memorize your spelling book so thoroughly that you can recall whole columns from that book. You might have "memorized something better," but the probability is that you would have memorized something much less serviceable if you had not been so employed. Our pupils will be provided with good spelling-books, and teachers will see that they are used.—*Manual of Information, Cedar Falls Public Schools.*

The School Was Not in It.

I had the occasion the other day to send one of my lower grade boys to a store with a dollar. On his return he said: "They cost fifty-eight cents," laying down his purchases, "and here is your change," handing me a quarter, a dime, a nickel and two pennies.

"But how do you know it is right?" I asked, expecting him to call for a paper and pencil, subtract fifty-eight cents from a dollar and then see if the result tallied with the change received; or go at it by some other round-about school method. He didn't.

Taking the change in his hand he said: "Fifty-eight, sixty" (laying down the two pennies, "seventy" (depositing the dime), "seventy-five" (placing the nickel), "a dollar" (putting down the quarter).

It was a proud moment for me. I felt proud of the boy, proud of his teacher and proud to be their principal, proud that in my school common sense methods prevailed.

"Where did you learn that?" I asked, patting his head.

"Oh, I learned that at home!"—*The Western Teacher.*

Hoosier Rules for Health.

Something like a sensation has been created by the set of rules issued by the Indiana State Board of Health to govern the public and private schools of the State. Under these rules, the state and state pencil will go, to be replaced by paper pads and lead pencils. Pencils and pens and desks must be disinfected every day. The floors, windows and woodwork of the schools must be scrubbed with disinfectants each day. Banisters and tops of tables must be treated with a disinfectant once a week. No unwashed boy or girl must be admitted. Open water buckets for drinking are forbidden. The water must be drawn from a faucet and a small cup used. A general anthemia is pronounced against all children who "whoop" or otherwise cough, who have sore mouths or who exhibit evidence of cutaneous disease.—*Ex.*

Don't Nag.

Don't nag pupils; nagging always does a lot of harm. Yes, we know all about the difference between theory and practice. This is practice were talking about now. It's easy to get into the nagging habit, and it's the nagging habit that writes the name schoolmaster or schoolman in every line of your face, and makes it appear in every movement of your body. The highest art is to conceal art; the best schoolmaster is the one in whom the man conceals the master.—*Aaron Gove.*

Losing the Power to Chew?

It has been argued that, owing chiefly to the introduction of knives and forks, and the consequent partial disuse of the teeth, the jaw bones of civilized peoples are gradually undergoing atrophy. A dentist claims the honor of being the first to endeavor to determine the exact amount of muscular strength of the modern human jaw. To this end he has constructed a special dynamometer of his own invention, with which he has carried out a series of experiments on no fewer than 500 persons of both sexes and various ages. It seems that the owners of the 500 jaws were able to exercise on an average a pressure equivalent to about 100 pounds, but the maximum and minimum, owing to age and other causes, were widely different. A little girl, aged 7, for instance, could raise the index of the dynamometer to the thirty-pound mark with her incisors alone, and to that of sixty-five pounds with her molars, while an elderly medical gentleman succeeded, without apparent effort, in exhausting the resources of the indicator with a pressure equal to 270 pounds.—*Tit-Bits.*

Interlocking Brick.

The new brick, whether used in an outside wall or an inside partition, are designed to tie themselves together in such a way that the wall cannot be sprung outward nor cracked. Upon both the upper and lower faces of the brick are recesses and projections or nipples, the nipples being ordinarily made to extend a slight distance above the plane of the margin of the brick. In breaking joints the nipples on the one end of the under face of the upper brick come between the nipples on the end of the upper face of the lower brick, but there is sufficient space between the nipples to permit the bricks to be moved endwise or sidewise. The cement or mortar in which the bricks are laid may be as deep or as shallow as desired, for when the margins of the brick are brought in contact there is a sufficient quantity of the cementing material to form a tie.—*Scientific American.*

Women Waitresses in the Commons.
Waitresses are to take the place of waiters in the restaurant of the House of Commons.

THE ADMIRAL'S PLAYERS.

A Scene in Coventry During the Days of Good Queen Bess.

The ancient city of Coventry stands upon a little hill, with old St. Michael's steeple and the spire of Holy Trinity Church rising above it against the sky; and, as the master-player and the boy came climbing upward from the south, walls, towers, chimneys and red-tiled roofs were turned to gold by the glow of the setting sun.

To Nick it seemed as if a halo overhung the town—a ruddy glory and a wonder bright, for here the Grey Friars of the great monastery had played their holy mysteries and miracle-plays for over a hundred years; here the trade-guilds had held their pageants when the friar's day was done; here were all the wonders that old men told by winter fires.

People were coming and going through the gates like bees about a hive; and in the distance Nick could hear the sound of many voices, the rush of feet, wheels and hoofs, and the shrill pipe of music. Here and there were little knots of country folk making holiday—a father and mother with a group of rosy children; a lad and his lass, spruce in new finery, and gay with bits of ribbon—merry groups that were ever changing. Gay banners flapped on tall ash staves. The suburb fields were filled with booths and tents and stalls and butts for archery. The very air seemed eager with the eve of holiday.

But what to Nick was breathless wonder was to Carew only a twice-told tale; so he pushed through the crowded thoroughfares, amid a throng that made Nick's head spin round, and came quickly to the Blue Boar Inn.

The court was crowded to the gates with horses, travelers, and serving-men; and here and there and everywhere rustled the busy innkeeper, with a linen napkin fluttering on his arm, his cap half off, and in his hot hand a pewee razor, from which the brown ale dripped in spatters on his fat legs as he flew.

"They're here!" said Carew, looking shrewdly about. "For there is Gregory Goble, my groom, and Stephen Magell, the fire-man. In with these, Nicholas." He put Nick before him with a little air of patronage, and pushed him into the room.

It was a large, low chamber, with heavy beams overhead, hung with leather jackets and pewter tankards. Around the walls stood rough tables, at which a medley of guests sat eating, drinking, dicing, playing at cards, and talking loudly, all at once, while the tapster and the cook's knife sped wildly about.

At a great table in the midst of the riot sat the Lord High Admiral's players—a score or more of loud-swearing gallants, richly clad in ruffs and bands, embroidered shirts, Italian doublets slashed and laced, Venetian hose, gay velvet caps with jeweled bands, and every man a pistol or a rapier at his hip. Nick felt very much like a little brown sparrow in a flock of gaudy Indian birds.

Carew was loaded down with mead and drink, and some of the players were eating with forks, a new trick from the London court, which Nick had never seen before. But all the diners looked up when Carew's face was recognized, and welcomed him with a deafening cheer.

"Thanks for these kind plaudits, gentle friends," said he, with a mocking air, "I have returned."

"Yes, we see that ye have, Gaston," they all shouted, and laughed again.

"Ay," said he, thrusting his hand into his pouch, "ye fled, and left me to be spoiled by the spoiler, but ye see I have left the spoiler spoiled."

Lifting his hand triumphantly, he shook in their faces the golden chain that the burgesses of Stratford had given him, and then, laying his hand upon Nick's shoulder, bowed to them all, and to him with courteous grace, and said: "Ye know, ye know all! Gentlemen, my Lord Admiral's players, Master Nicholas Skylark, the sweetest singer in all the kingdom of England!"

Nick's cheeks flushed hotly, and his eyes fell; for they all stared curiously, first at him, and then at Carew standing up behind him, and several grinned mockingly, and winked in a knowing way. He stole a look at Carew; but the master-player's face was frank and quite unmoved, so that Nick felt reassured.—"Master Skylark," by John Bennett, in *St. Nicholas.*

How a Dwarf Escaped Hanging.

The Queen finally appealed to the King, and he, in order to keep the domestic peace and escape her importunities, forgot all his fine promises, and consented to have the poor little man hanged to a tree.

The ready wit of the dwarf did not desert him, even in this extremity. He besought the King to take care of the Bertholde family, and to allow him the choice of the tree on which to die. Albeit readily agreed to the request and ordered a guard to accompany the executioner to see that Bertholde made his own choice. The trees of every wood for miles around were carefully examined, but our wise little friend objected to all that were proposed. The executioner and the guards became so weary of the fruitless search, that a message for relief was sent to the King.

By this time another question of importance had come before the throne, and the envoy found the great chief lamenting the loss of his able little counsellor. Albeit was so delighted when he heard that Bertholde was still alive that he earnestly inquired the place of his retreat, and went in person to persuade him to return to court. Back in triumph came the dwarf amid the shouts of the populace. His brusque humor and good sense had made him popular with the people of Verona. He soon became the King's confidential ad-

visor, and finally was raised to the position of prime minister.—*Historic Dwarfs,* in *St. Nicholas.*

Swallows Dropping from the Sky.
It is well known in these days that many birds, large and small, take their longer migratory flights at a great elevation. A very striking incident of such a journey through the upper air is narrated by a correspondent of the *London Times*. Flocks of swallows equally innumerable are to be seen in late summer and early autumn along the Atlantic coast of the United States; but it is a fortunate observer who catches them in the act of dropping from the sky.

It was a dark, dripping evening, and the thick etherial on Chiswick Eyot was covered with wet leaf. Between 5 and 6 o'clock immense flights of swallows and martins suddenly appeared above the island, arriving, not in hundreds, but in thousands and tens of thousands.

The air was thick with them, and their numbers increased from minute to minute. Part drifted above, in clouds, twisting round like soot in a smoke-wreath. Thousands kept sweeping just over the tops of the willows, skimming so thickly that the sky-line was almost blotted out for the height of from three to four feet. The quarter from which these armies of swallows came was at first undiscoverable. They might have been hatched, like gnats, from the river.

In time I discovered whence they came. They were literally "dropping from the sky." The flocks were traveling at a height at which they were quite invisible in the cloudy air, and from minute to minute they kept dropping down into sight, and so perpendicularly to the very surface of the river or of the eyot.

One of the flocks dropped to the lawn on the river-bank on which I stood. Without exaggeration I may say that I saw them fall from the sky, for I was looking upward, and saw them when first visible as descending specks. The plunge was perpendicular till within ten yards of the ground.

Soon the high-flying crowds of birds drew down and swept for a few minutes low over the willows, from end to the island upon the osiers. The bushes in the center of the eyot were black with swallows—like the black blight on beans.

Next morning, at half-past 6 o'clock, every swallow was gone. In half an hour's watching not a bird was seen. Whether they went on during the night, or started at dawn, I know not. Probably the latter, for Gilbert White once found a heath covered with such a flock of migrating swallows, which did not leave till the sun dispelled the mists. The whole army are now, I hope, catching gnats in the Nile Valley or beyond the Atlas Mountains.

A Mine Full of Poppies.

The extraordinary resuscitating power of light received a curious illustration a few years since in the silver-mines of Laurium. The mines were abandoned more than two thousand years ago as unworkable, and were filled for the most part with the "slag" from the workings of the miners.

It was discovered that this slag contained plenty of silver, which could be easily rendered available by modern appliances. Accordingly it was removed to the furnace, and when next the mine was visited, a wonderful transformation was found to have taken place.

Instead of a heap of rubbish, the mine had become a gorgeous flower-garden. The entire space was covered with a brilliant show of poppies. This profuse vegetable life, says *Popular Science News*, belonged to the same age in which the mines were worked. Twenty centuries old were those poppy-seeds, yet when the removal of the slag allowed the light to fall upon them, they sprang into life and bloom under its influence.

With a Human Face.

One of the most singular-looking creatures that ever walked the earth or swam the "waters under the earth," is the world-famed man-faced crab of Japan, yet the head is fitted with a face which is an exact counterpart of that of a Chinese coolie—a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the face, is provided with two legs, which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the sides of the face. Besides these legs, two feelers, each about an inch in length, grow from the chin of the animal, looking like a forked beard. These man-faced crabs swarm in the inland seas of Japan.

Throwing Rice.

It is said that the custom of throwing rice at brides and bride-grooms upon their departure for their honeymoon is going out of fashion. Bows filled with rose-leaves and orange blossoms have at several weddings recently been handed to the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and the various happy pairs at whose weddings the innovation has taken place have gone to their carriage under a shower of fragrant pellets. The idea is certainly a pretty one, and much kinder in its effects than the bliting rice, which frequently finds its way, quite unintentionally on the part of the throwers, into the eyes of the wedded couple.

Luminous Inks.

Luminous inks may now be used to print signs to be visible in the dark. Zinc salts and calcium are the mediums generally used.

There is at Oxford a portrait of Charles I. composed of minute letters. The head and ruff contain the book of Psalms, the apostles' creed and the Lord's prayer.



WOMEN AT HOME.

THE FIREMEN'S MASCOT.
MISS LILLIAN BROWN, of Greensboro, N. C., has been officially adopted by the North Carolina State Firemen's Association.

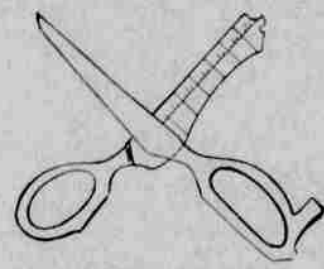


MISS BROWN.

She was born in Fairfield, N. C. Her first appearance in Greensboro was about three and one-half years ago, when she entered the female college there. It so happened that she was assigned to play the leading role in the drama, "The Fireman's Heart," at the college students' annual performance. As Hyacinth Bradley, the pet and "mascot" of the firemen, Miss Brown captured every heart in the audience, and especially those of the fire boys. Soon after this, at the regular monthly meeting of the Eagle Hose Company, Miss Brown was formally adopted as the firemen's daughter, and her name placed upon the honorary roll of the company's membership. Already the "daughter of the company" boasts two medals for bravery displayed at fires, and several resolutions have been passed and sent to her by different bodies of citizens who owe to her plucky work many thousands of dollars.

Pair of Convenient Scissors.

The adaptability of a hairpin is proverbial, but the New England designer of the combination device here shown evidently wishes the tool to out-rank the hairpin. Devised for industrial use, it combines on one handle, as a screw, a small hammer head and a screw-driver. One of the blades is pointed and provided with a shoulder



A WHOLE TOOL OUTFIT.

for use as an awl. A convenient scale is also handy, and a right angle triangle, or square, is added, formed by the two blades when opened to their fullest extent. Then of course, the regular scissor construction is there, so that there is a complete workbox, a hammer, screw-driver, awl, measure, square, and scissors, each and all of which uses the ordinary scissors is often forced to do duty.

Seating Guests at Dinner.

English society has adopted an ingenious plan for seating guests at a large dinner or luncheon. The idea has been adopted in Canada and has never failed to give satisfaction. In the ladies' dressing room, conspicuously placed, is a leather tablet, made on the extension plan, so that it can be large or small, to suit the number of guests. Surrounding each imaginary table—for often several tables are used—are small openings made to hold a card bearing each guest's name, which can slip in and out like a photograph case, so making it usable for any number of dinners. A duplicate one is also placed in the men's dressing room, near the dinner cards, which are inclosed in a tiny envelope, assigning to each man the woman whom his hostess desires he shall take to dinner. Each guest is expected by this means to study out his and her seat at table, much as one familiarizes one's self with the plan of the theater when choosing seats. When dinner is announced and the guests enter the dining room to take their seats they are not obliged to wander ignorantly around the room in search of their places, but are able intelligently to find their particular table and place at once, without the least solicitude on the part of the hostess.

Dangers in Cold Creams.

Many women are sorely troubled at observing that, no matter how carefully they guard against the appearance of blemishes, their complexions are constantly becoming coarse and disfigured by ugly lines and spots that detract much from their comeliness. There is no doubt that too frequent use of poorly made cold cream is the prime cause of many troubles, causing especially blackheads. Not that it is not excellent in its place and should be on every toilet table, but the ignorant use of it, or of any other oily substance, clogs the pores and retards the natural circulation. Cold cream should never be allowed to remain on the skin over night. It does no good and lots of injury. Wash the face with it before retiring, by rubbing it gently in with a flannel or soft towel, and then as carefully removing every trace of it with a perfectly clean one, keeping up a gentle massage until there is no oiliness on the skin at all. This mode of treatment will be found a certain aid and there will be no damaging results afterward. So many people decry the use of soap upon the face, which is all a gross mistake, provided a good, reliable quality is used, white castile, very delicately perfumed. Soap, with hot water, effectually cleans the pores, but, of course, it must be thoroughly washed off and a brisk rubbing

given the skin to promote circulation. To sum it all up, there are, after all, only a few simple rules to follow if one wishes to improve her complexion or to keep what she already has. The general health must be good, the diet looked to, plenty of outdoor exercise taken, a fondness for the bathtub cultivated and one's temper kept unruffled at all costs.

Dress for School Children.

The principal of the Mount Vernon school for girls, Miss Leila Lockwood, in discussing the matter of dress for school girls, expresses gratification at the interest parents are manifesting in the subject. "I find now," she says, "that there are few corsets, few high-heeled shoes and a large proportion of sensible gowns worn by the girls. If I were to make suggestions for school dress, I should say that it would be advisable to have light materials. Light garments of serge or cashmere should be worn, and clothes of extra warmth for outdoors. Children dressed too warmly complain of the heat of the school room and ask to have windows opened, which is impossible. White aprons for little girls keep them always fresh and dainty. If it is inculcated that a soiled apron or hair ribbon shows a lack of refinement, they soon acquire habits of neatness in the care of their clothes. One thing I should like to emphasize is that it is unfortunate that children are obliged to wear out clothes which were made for 'best' in the school room. It would seem to be much better to give them a way to poorer relatives and keep always simple gowns for everyday wear."

Corsets to Reduce Flesh.

A French physician who has made a study of obesity in women and its remedy comes to the front with the statement, based upon his professional experience, that the constant contact of elastic has an excellent effect on what is politely called "adipose tissue." It checks its development and reduces it when developed. The elastic further tends to produce a long slim waist, without in any way hindering an easy respiration and a healthful digestion. It is peculiarly good at forming a "Louis XV. waist." It is interesting to learn that there are periods in waisists. Autocracy, we have noted, produces a long waist, and democracy—as seen in the days of the Thermidor—an uncommunally short one. Early Victorian waisists substantial; but later Victorian waisists seem inclined to model themselves on those of the golden days of the French Louis.

Grievance at the Capital.

The freedom with which the residents and tourists in Washington attend social functions at which they are not expected will soon make it necessary to demand admission tickets at the door. There has always been a great deal of scandal about such matters, but this year the imposition is worse than ever. At her reception a few days ago of Washington hostess invited 300 people, whose names appear upon her visiting lists, and, supposing that as usual many of them would like to bring friends, provided supper for 500. Nearly 1,200 people were admitted, of whom 900 received no invitation. At the Chinese minister's the other day the crowd was so great that it was almost impossible for people to enter the house or to get out again without tearing their garments off, and at the last diplomatic reception at the White House the ushers claim that there must have been over 500 people who were not invited.

One of the Newest Sleeves.



Tasteful Odds and Ends.

Very dainty 5 o'clock aprons are of the purest white, ruffled with lace and finished off with satin ribbon bows.

The gold chain purse, which the swell girl carries, has a semi-precious stone set in the top. It is "the latest thing."

The new photograph frames are of iron, china, emboldered linen and dark wood. The oval and diamond shapes are the best.

For a comfortable dressing room tiny Dutch clocks are beautiful and useful. The prettiest are of delft china in various odd shades of blue.

One of the latest and most beautiful Haviland dinner sets is in white with a decoration of irregular gold edges and four-leaved clover in natural colorings.

Slippers of bright quilted satin lined and trimmed with fur are luxurious for the afternoon nap. Bright yellow satin booties trimmed with golden mink are lovely.