

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Great Boyish Achievements in School Recalled by the Middle-Aged Man—Why Some Teachers Don't Succeed—Farm School for Vagrants.

The Spelling Class.

"Our views as to what constitutes great achievements," said the middle-aged man, "vary with our years. I well remember the time when I looked upon the boys who could spell such words as 'immateriality' and 'incompatibility' without mistake with wonder.

"As the words in the spelling book increased in number of syllables there were fewer and fewer words to the lesson. There might be in the two-syllabled words lessons whose columns of words reached half or three-quarters of the way down the page, and with five or six columns across the page. Those seven and eight-syllabled words were in short lessons, only seven or eight words deep, and only two or three columns across the page. But short as they were, these short, compact blocks of words of many syllables presented to the younger boys, who occasionally looked forward in the spelling book at them, difficulties that seemed absolutely insurmountable, and when the youngsters heard the older boys spell these words out on exhibition days at the close of a term, or on days when the trustees paid the school a visit, why it seemed the highest imaginable achievement.

"This highest class, few in number, like the long words in the book, would be ranged in a row in front of the seats, between the seats and the teacher's platform, upon which sat the trustees. This spelling was the culmination of the exercises, and the whole school was interested, and every one was anxious that the class should acquit itself creditably, and the younger pupils, like myself, believed that the trustees must be greatly impressed.

"Immateriality" comes from the teacher, standing book in hand at one end of the platform, to the head of the class, who repeats the word and proceeds to spell it:

"Immateriality. I-m im, m-a ma, im-ma, t-e te, im-ma-te, t-i ri, im-ma-te-ri, a-l al, im-ma-te-ri-al, i, im-ma-te-ri-al-i, t-y ty, immateriality."

"He is prompt and confident and loud from start to finish, but the whole school follows him breathlessly and feels easier when he has finished.

"Indestructibility," says the teacher, looking at the next boy, and he repeats it and goes on with it confidently:

"Indestructibility. I-a in, d-e de, in-de, s-t-r-u-c struc, in-de-struc, t-i ti, in-de-struct, b-i bil, in-de-struc-ti-bil, i, in-de-struc-ti-bil-i, t-y ty, indestructibility."

"And so it rattles along, every one prompt and correct until the teacher gives out one of the long words to a timid, shy little chap who is fairly overcome by the presence of the trustees and the general solemnity and high tension of the whole occasion. He founders and founders over it hopelessly, with a faint and shrinking voice. The teacher repeats the word, enunciating the syllables separately, with an almost painful distinctness, to impress them upon the little chap's mind, but he only founders the more. One of the trustees looks stern, and the other two kind and sympathetic, and presently the stern man comes around, too, but the youngster breaks down utterly, and the teacher gives the word to the next boy. That boy doesn't realize at all the timid terror of the boy who has just failed; he isn't that kind of a boy, and he rattles the word off boldly and glibly. And so it goes round and round, till the words of the lesson are all given out. The little chap who failed the first time comes up valiantly the second time, and spells his word promptly and correctly, whereas all the trustees, the stern one included, smile encouragingly.

"From first to last half a dozen or more words are bungled by one boy or another, but still the school feels that the class has done very well, and as for me, being a small boy and only as far as the two-syllabled words, I go home to tell my folks of the wonderful deeds performed that day by So-and-so of our school in the spelling examination, and of the particularly tremendous feat of Wiggles, the smallest boy in the class, who never missed a word."

—New York Sun.

Dull and Bad Children.

"School is going along so well. I got Willie transferred and Claude had dropped out entirely. Those boys were the worry of my life and I hardly dared dream of being so fortunate as to get rid of both of them." This is a remark of a primary teacher.

If a child does nothing else for the rank and file of teachers other than to make them feel that dull and bad children are problems to be studied and solved, it will do a great work for the common schools. Dull and bad children are looked upon as only desirable in being gotten rid of. They frequently receive little or no attention except in a fault-finding way; there is no sympathy whatever between them and the teacher; they never receive a word of encouragement.

This kind of work needs no printed slips or syllabi; it needs no course at Clark University with Dr. Hall. But it does require a genuine love for children, an open mind, a willingness to take special pains and patience for results.

A certain teacher who had studied a particular bad boy, from every conceivable standpoint, finally found the cause of his apparent wickedness. He had been especially annoying all day, and at the close of the school the teach-

er sat down by him and said, "John, what is the trouble any way? Why is it you find it so hard to behave in school?" Poor John, in a burst of confidence, blurted out, "It's cos I'm so derned hungry." Then the teacher knew that John's reformation must begin in his stomach.—Exchange.

Pictures in Schoolrooms.

Ornamentation in the public schools is strongly recommended in the last annual report of the State Board of Education. "No one," says the report, "is so susceptible to influence as the child, and there is no place where a classical ornament or beautiful picture can have the same power for good as in the schoolroom." All of which is true. But, as a rule, the schoolrooms have bare walls, where they ought to be hung with paintings, etchings and engravings. It is not proposed that these things should be paid out of the money raised by taxes. There are other ways of procuring ornamentation for the schools.

People of means will be found ready to contribute pictures to the schools, if their interest is enlisted in the matter, and money can be raised by the teachers and school children, by entertainments and otherwise. Recently one of the public schools in Newark obtained a highly prized painting by means of a voting contest. Teachers understand the value of aesthetic surroundings in the training of children and would be delighted to have the blank walls of the schoolrooms hidden by suggestive and instructive pictures to appeal to the minds and hearts of their pupils.—Newark Advertiser.

Farm School for Vagrants.

Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell and the committee on vagrancy of the conference of charities of New York, of which she is chairman, intend to use their influence toward the speedy establishment of a farm school for vagrants, where homeless men, detained for one or two years, shall receive a thorough course of industrial training. Mrs. Lowell said: "What is needed is that these men should be educated morally so that they would scorn to live like dumb beasts, with no hope, no affection, no duties. To accomplish this there should be no place provided either by the city or philanthropists for a permanent lodging place. The only place so provided should be to receive persons stranded temporarily, and these persons should be drafted off as soon as possible to the city farm colony or to the salvation colony, or to their own deserted houses, or to some other place where they would be taught. This would prepare them for the duties of life, and then they should be pushed into some place where they could find not only a decent but a complete life."

Why Teachers Don't Succeed.

- They are not firm.
- They have favorites.
- They are not punctual.
- They don't control themselves.
- They teach for the pay alone.
- They are always finding fault.
- They don't read educational papers.
- They don't attend teachers' meetings.
- They don't keep their schoolroom tidy.
- They don't prepare for each recitation.
- They speak disparagingly of their predecessor.
- They know too much to take advice.
- They only like to teach certain subjects.
- They don't ask parents to visit their school.
- They don't keep their schoolroom properly ventilated.
- They are afraid some one will find out what they don't know.
- They say too many good things about the trustees' children.
- They are all of the time quarreling with some of the scholars.
- They "take spells" of trying to thrash everything in school.

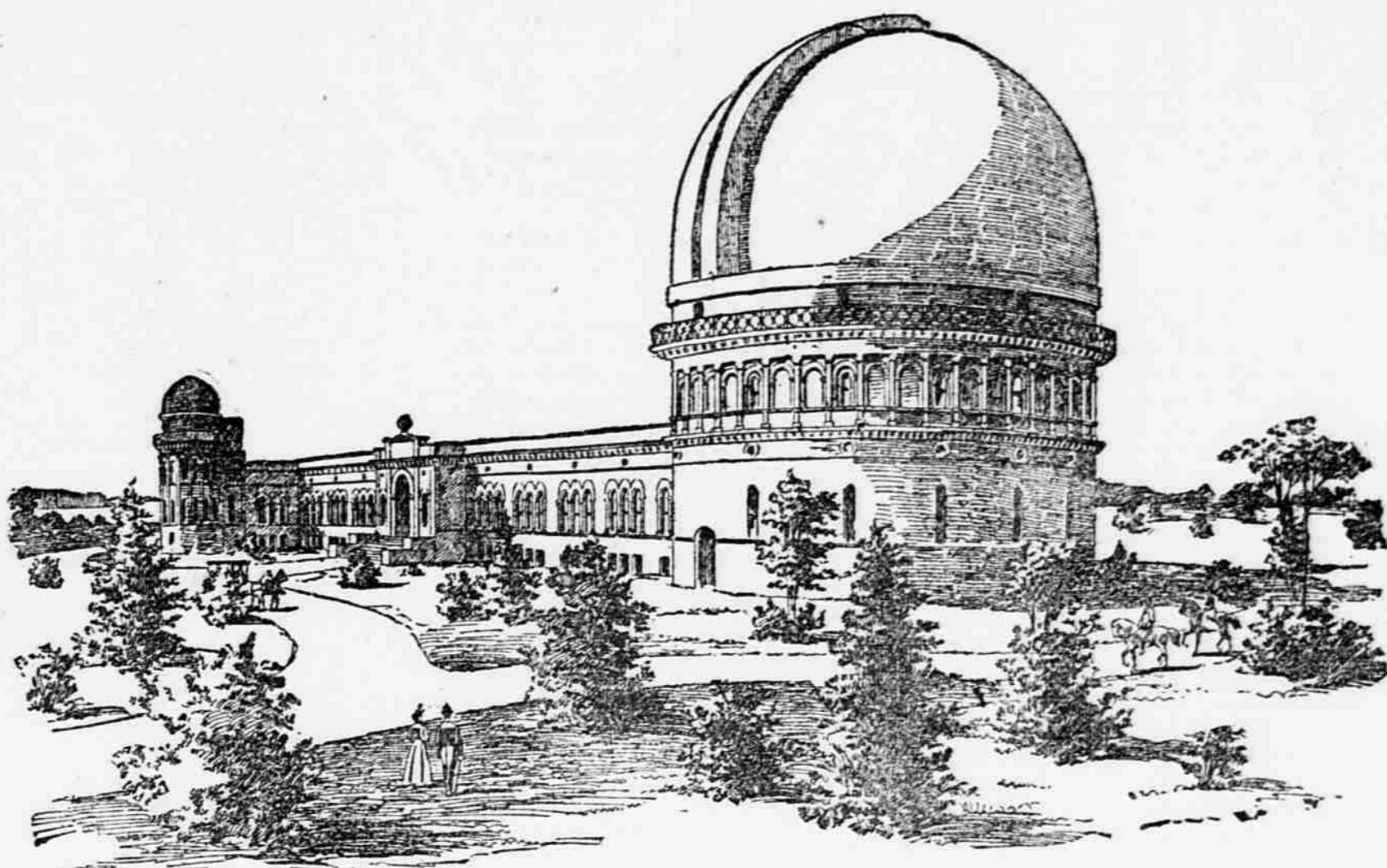
One Man's Bad Luck.

The luck of a Randolph (Mass.) man is something surprising, according to his local paper. On going to the creamery on a recent morning he lost his horse blanket, and on the way home he lost his overcoat. While un hitching his horse one holdback caught on the thill and the horse, struggling to free itself, was thrown down and broke one of the thills, the broken piece injuring the horse in such a way that perhaps it will be of no further use. That same day he was offered \$80 for the horse before starting for the creamery. After all this had transpired he went to his sugar house and in turning the faucets to the evaporator both broke. Later in the day he called on a neighbor, and while relating his experience walked past the neighbor's horse while it was eating grain and was kicked, but fortunately was but little hurt. The horse is a pet and was never known to kick before. He concluded he had better go home, and asked his neighbor to watch him to see that he did not get killed.

Events that Occurred on Friday.

- Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday.
- Washington was born on Friday.
- Queen Victoria was married on Friday.
- Napoleon Bonaparte was born on Friday.
- Battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday.
- America was discovered on Friday.
- Mayflower landed on Friday.
- Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday.
- Battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday.
- Bastille was burned on Friday.
- Battle of Marengo was fought on Friday.
- Julius Caesar was assassinated on Friday.
- Moscow was burned on Friday.
- Shakespeare was born on Friday.
- King Charles I. was beheaded on Friday.

YERKES OBSERVATORY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, NEAR LAKE GENEVA, WIS.



THE great objective lenses of the Yerkes observatory at Lake Geneva have been placed in position and the world's greatest telescope is now a reality. It was five years ago that the two great glass disks of which the lens is made entered the factory of Alvin Clark & Son, at Cambridge, Mass. The glasses were in the rough at the time, and it was not until the following January that work was commenced upon them. Almost the entire work has been done by Mr. Clark and his chief assistant, Mr. Lundin. Two years and ten months of actual working time was spent in changing the disks from the rough into the completed lens. Fifty-four days was occupied in grinding and the remainder of the time was devoted to polishing. The crown lens, the smaller of the two disks, weighed 245 pounds in the rough, but when finished had been reduced to 205 pounds. It is double convex. The flint disk, the larger of the two, is plain concave, and weighed 350½ pounds in the rough. In its present condition it weighs but 310 pounds. The Yerkes lens, which is the largest in the world, has an exposed diameter of 40 inches. The two disks were placed 10 inches apart in the tube of the telescope, which has a focal length of 61 feet.

Alvin G. Clark, the maker of this wonderful lens, is an interesting character. In appearance he resembles somewhat both ex-President Harrison and the late James G. Blaine. He succeeded his father in the telescope business, and is justly proud of his latest accomplishment. Mr. Clark is, however, not satisfied to rest after this, but before he retires it is his wish to complete a yet larger lens, after his own idea. It would be fifty inches in diameter, and Mr. Clark thinks it possible to complete such a lens. If it could be done it would doubtless be sent to Paris where a purchaser could readily be found.

LIVES IN A TOMB.

Strange Vault, and Its Quick and Dead Occupants.

"Let those who seek not knowledge pass by this grave, but those who fain would learn the secret of life in death descend!" This remarkable inscription is engraved on a huge slab of black marble at the entrance to the strangest tomb in the civilized world. It is in the Greek cemetery at Bucharest, and visitors are free to accept the invitation to enter.

At certain hours every day the visitor is sure to encounter the quick as well as the dead inside the tomb. It stands over the remains of Julia Hasden, a gifted young authoress, who died six years ago. Her father, Prof. Hasden, of the University of Bucharest, has spent several hours of each day since by the coffin of his beloved daughter. But he does not mourn her as one lost to him forever. He believes implicitly that he receives frequent communications from her, and often he surprises his fellow professors and friends by repeating some remark, which, in perfect good faith, he says his daughter made to him that day or the day before.

The tomb is not the gruesome place

respecting what they believe to be the old gentleman's delusion, many inscribe the most touching expressions of sympathy. Such are found in every language in Europe.

It must not be supposed that Prof. Hasden has been made insane through grief. He is a man of learning and good judgment, but he could not be convinced that he does not receive daily communications from his daughter. And since in that belief lies his greatest solace, none would try to rob him of it. Most people believe it to be a delusion, but a harmless one. Spiritualists think the communications are really received, and take them as additional proof of their theory.

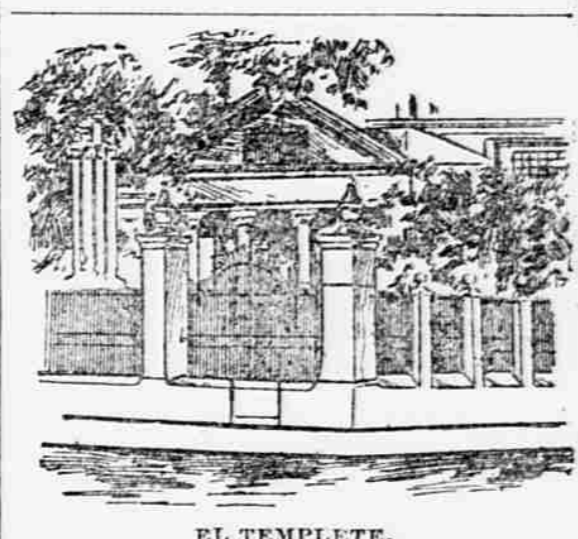
A Black Forest Wedding.

It is a large square room with plastered walls, and unadorned, except by two or three coarse colored prints. It is only furnished with a number of long trestle tables and forms, and round these tables are crowded the wedding guests, stolidly and continuously eating enormous cherry tarts and drinking new wine. There is nothing festive about them, and they are not beautiful to behold. The women are dressed in an ugly fashion; they wear black bod-

A CUBAN RELIC.

El Temple, on the Site Where the First Mass Was Held.

The capital of Cuba is richer in historical material of a certain class, than any other city in America. Its architecture is the Spanish—though it shows Moorish influence—of two or three cen-



EL TEMPLE.

turies ago, and if the student wishes to study "architectural symphonies in stone" he need not cross the ocean; he need only tie himself to Havana. The oldest structure dates back to 1538 or thereabouts, and was built by orders of the great Don Hernando de Soto.

What has led many to state that Columbus landed here and laid the foundation of the city is the little temple, called El Temple, in front of which stands a bust of the navigator, and the building is only opened to visitors on the day of his nativity, November 16, on the occasion of the feast of St. Christopher. This temple, which was constructed after a Grecian model, covers the spot where the first mass was said on the site of Havana, in the year 1519—a date sufficiently remote, but thirteen years after the death of Columbus. In fact, Columbus never visited this portion of the island, and died in the belief that Cuba was part of the continent.

He landed on the north coast, at or near Gibara, far to the east, in the year 1492, and thence coasted easterly to and beyond Baracoa, rounding Cape Maysi, and sailing across the channel to Hayti. On his second voyage he did not return to the north coast of Cuba, but after he had founded the city of Isabella, on the coast of Santo Domingo, he explored the southern shores of Cuba, from Santiago to Cienfuegos. Again, on his last voyage, he was forced by circumstances to visit the south coast, sailing thence to Jamaica, where his vessels were wrecked.

The Temple really commemorates the occasion of the first mass, held beneath the spreading branches of an immense ceiba, or silk-cotton tree. This tree has disappeared, but in its place is another of the same species, though not of large dimensions. The temple, or chapel, is empty, except for two paintings of some merit, one of which depicts the celebration of the mass in 1519, and the other a gathering in honor of this event a little more than 106 years ago.

Found Out.

"I sent a dollar last week," said the Good Thing, "in answer to that advertisement offering a method of saving one-half my gas bills."

"And you got—"

"A printed slip directing me to paste them in a scrap book."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

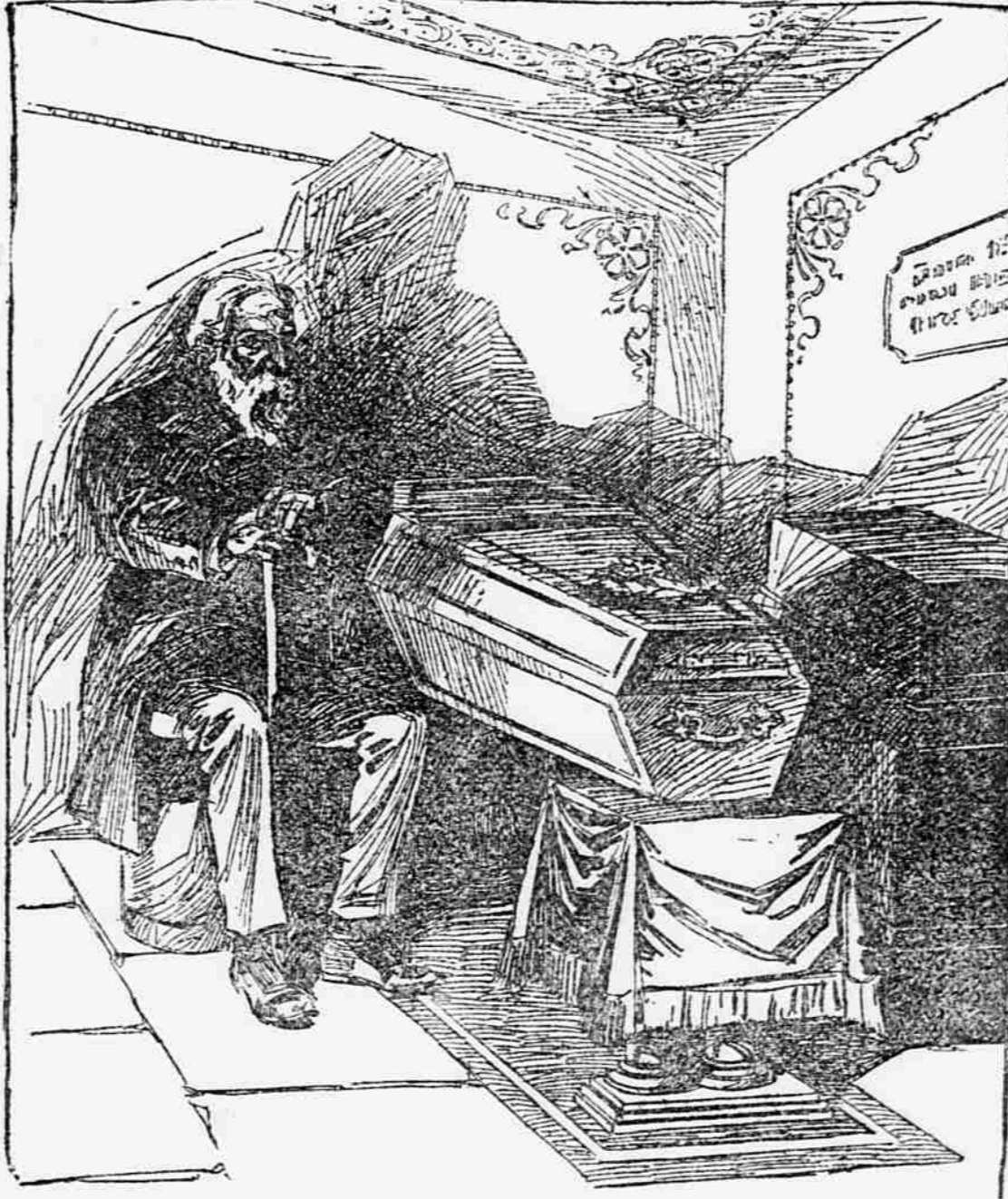
More Facetious.

Would-be Purchaser—What do you sell those fowls for?  
Facetious Poultryer's Boy—We sell 'em for profits, mum.  
Would-be Purchaser—Thank you. I thought they were patriarchs.—London Pick-Me-Up.

Mean Thing.

Cynthia—Do you think Frank will love me when I am old, Maud?  
Maud—Well, there's one thing, dear, you'll soon know.—Pick-Me-Up.

The man who gives advice that he doesn't take himself has a good precedent: The Lord ordained marriage, but He never married.



FOR HOURS IN HIS DAUGHTER'S TOMB.

which the word usually implies. The floor is of black and white marble, and the sides are of the purest white marble, inlaid with inscriptions in letters of gold. The tomb was constructed, the professor declares, in accordance with plans outlined to him by his daughter after her death. Acting on suggestions from her additional inscriptions and decorations have been added from time to time. For instance, on a block of polished black marble some lines of music are inscribed in gold letters, and they are believed by him to constitute a melody composed by the girl in the spirit state.

The airtight casket has a sliding glass head cover, and, pushing it back, the dozing father can sit and look at the face of his child. The fresh air and sunshine stream in through the open doors, and with them come the perfume of sweet flowers, and the glad carols of the song birds. There is no suggestion of gloom, and there the old professor passes his leisure hours, often taking his coffee and smoking his cigarette there while he talks to his dead child. In the afternoon his wife sometimes joins him, and they walk home together. Visitors come and are welcome. A large album is provided for them to register their names in, and

ices and short black skirts, plaited into an astounding thickness at the waist, and some of them have hideous tight-fitting black silk caps, tied closely under their chins with wide black strings. It would take a very pretty woman to stand the effect of this costume, and the requisite amount of beauty is not forthcoming in X. But the bride and her bridesmaids (about fifty in number) are more gorgeously arrayed, inasmuch as they wear crowns—monstrous erections of glass beads, glittering balls, artificial flowers and bits of tinsel, all fixed upon a cardboard foundation that towers a good foot and a half in height, and overshadows the wearer's head and face. It is wonderful how they can bear the weight of them. Some of the men are in peasant costume and some in ordinary dress; there is little of the picturesque mountaineer of our imagination.

Tender Thoughtfulness.  
"My husband is the most considerate man in the world."  
"In what way?"  
"When he gave me my new writing desk he had two keys made, so that if I lost mine he would have one. Few men would be as thoughtful as that."—Tit-Bits.

IN THE TOMBS.

The Poet-Scout Brings Tears to the Eyes of Desperadoes.

The Poet-Scout of the West, Capt. Jack Crawford, visited the Tombs prison in New York the other day to read some of his compositions to the prisoners. He was introduced by the warden on the bridge overlooking four tiers of cells. He said:

"I'm no preacher, boys. I came here to talk to you plain. I suppose it isn't exactly a square deal to level poetry at men who cannot escape, but still, if the rhymes don't always hit and the meter lopes once in a while, don't lay it up agin me. I speak from the heart."

The poet cleared his throat, brushed back his long hair and began to read one of his poems, entitled Sunshine. He stood there in the dim light looking up at the long tiers of cells. White faces peered down upon him from the narrow grated doors. The poet scout's voice as he read was heard in all corners of the old prison. The cynical look faded from many a face and attention and interest took its place.

After reading some pathetic selections the scout told how, through the influence of his mother, he first began to read to prisoners, thinking that he might cheer them and bring brightness into their lives. He told them, too, of the promise he had made to her that he would never drink and how he had kept it. He then read the poem entitled Mother's Prayers. There was a ring in the rugged voice which set all of the prisoners to thinking. The countenances of Murderers' Row lost their hardened look. William J. Koerner, on trial for the murder of his sweetheart, was aroused from his apathy. Patrick Goggin, accused of taking the life of an innocent child, drew his coat sleeve over his eyes. The Italian, who understood but one word "mother," crossed himself and listened to the measured tones of the poet. Here is one of the stanzas:

Mother, who in days of childhood  
Prayed as only mothers pray:  
"Guard his footsteps in the wildwood,  
Let him not me-led astray."  
And when dangers hovered round me,  
And my life was full of cares,  
Then a sweet form passed before me,  
And I thought of mother's prayers.

There was a moment of silence, and then the long corridors rang with cheers. They cheered the poet three times there, and when he went away scores of hands reached forth from the bars and waved goodbye.

Singular Beliefs.

The Greeks and Romans were extremely credulous, and some of their ideas, in matters of natural history, now seem grotesque. Bees were, perhaps, the commonest subject for error; it was quite generally believed that they carried ballast about with them in the shape of small pebbles, and that they did not produce their young themselves, but picked their eggs off flowers. Both these mistakes probably arose from the fact that bees carry pollen on their feet and legs. In the first case, this would be mistaken for grains of sand or tiny pebbles; in the second, for eggs. The belief that the dead bodies of animals gave birth to bees arose, doubtless, from bees building, as they have been known to do in modern times, in the hollow skeleton of animals, when they could not find hollow trees or rocks to answer their purpose. Another strange idea was the one held by the Greeks that storks, cranes, and similar birds were wont to swallow a cargo of stones before starting on a long flight, in order to adjust their balance correctly. These birds were supposed never to die; and the same pleasing characteristic was assigned to stags and eagles—a belief brought about, no doubt, by the extreme old age to which these animals often attain. A curious superstition which is still more or less seen in the Oriental fear of the "evil eye," was that if a wolf saw you before you saw him you were struck dumb! Other superstitions were common. It was generally supposed that bull's blood, if drunk, was rank poison; the raven's croak and the tree struck by lightning portended certain disaster, as did a twitching of the eyelid. The Romans thought that the rainbow drank up the waters from the earth, and dispensed it again in rain; the Greeks, with more poetic feeling, imagined it "the swift-footed messenger of the gods," and named it Iris.

Open Sand Molding.

Iron founders who know the waste of time in preparing beds for open sand molding will appreciate the suggestion of an expert founder that a permanent bed should be made of such dimensions as to take in any work likely to be wasted, and that, if very large, it should be provided with a cylinder bed, which should be low enough—at least fifteen inches from surface—to permit of long dabbers that are often required in loam plates. The straight edges should be made of flat bars of wrought iron with the upper edges planed.

German Technical Schools.

The success of German manufactures, attributable in so great a degree to technical schools, is arousing British manufacturers and artisans to a sense of their needs, and among recent contributions to the Halifax Technical School was a donation of \$500 from the London Cloth Workers' Company for the maintenance of the textile department, and a similar sum toward the supply of looms, etc., for the weaving department.

A Resemblance.

Mrs. Kuddler—Do you know, George, that everybody says the baby is just like me?

Mr. Kuddler—Nonsense, Anne. The baby is now more than six months old and it has never spoken a word.—Boston Transcript.