

THE GOURIER CLUBS WITH ANY MAGAZINE. WRITE FOR TERMS.

IN THE SCHOOL ROOM. [MARTHA PIERCE.]

Examinations have always been a prolific source of amusing blunders. Some of these arouse in the teacher mixed feelings, not all pleasurable. The teacher of the little girl who asserted in a recent history paper that "a great man of the period following the Mexican war was Wilnot Proviso" is in some doubt as to who is most responsible, the author of the text book, her predecessors who tried to teach the child to read, or her self.

Here is encouragement for those who would have the teacher seek to impart the elusive knowledge, requisite for getting through life gracefully.

A teacher had with care and what she considered ample elucidation, taught the conventional form for declining an invitation on the plea of a previous engagement. Results go to prove that she omitted a very important explanation. Judge her surprise upon reading—"Miss B. regrets that she is forced to decline Mrs. A's kind invitation on account of a previous marriage." (The writer was of the feminine persuasion.)

It may not have occurred to all that physiology is really a very difficult and intricate study. Probably no other furnishes so many ludicrous mistakes made by the immature mind in its attempts to grasp its fundamental facts.

In the examination of a number of papers written by children in the sixth grade, the following extraordinary ideas are discovered to obtain:

"The spinal cord is a sensitive bone which runs from the brane on down. It is the back part of the back."

"The spinal cord is a lump on the

back of the head."

"The spinal cord is a long row of bones that lead down the back."

"The spinal cord is a gristle string to brace up the neck."

A boy opines that "a man thinks with the upper part of the skeleton where the brane is." Another states that in order to keep the brain and nerves healthy "we must not think too hard." Judging from these papers I am forced to conclude that he and some others live up to the theory. I cannot otherwise find the statement that "There are two kinds of senses, the large and the small," and "The principal parts of the skeleton are the brain, heart, ears and legs.

A sixth grade teacher who is careful to teach current events, asked her school "What was the peace protocol?"

Here are some of the statements made by our future historians.

"The peace protocol is a paper that was signed before the war. A French minister named Jules Cambon, came over here to sign it."

"The peace protocol is a paper signed telling what each country gets, and it is signed to stop the war."

"The protocol is a paper that the signing of peace with Spain is put on."

"The peace protocol was held in the White House. It says they will not fight till they find out what they're going to do."

"The protocol is a paper where all peace commissioners sign."

"The protocol: There were some men signing a paper, and when they had signed the paper they would know that the war had stopped."

Monseur Cambon was variously defined. Sometimes he was the "representative" of Spain, sometimes "the man

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Spain hired to take her part," once, "the Frenchman who watched the men sign the peace protocol to see that they did it right," and once, "the French president."

On the whole, the teacher felt that the idea that the peace protocol was a paper, was firmly established in the minds she was moulding.

Teachers who have from the beginning used the suggestive question, will profit by the experience of a primary teacher who was engaged in the occupation of inducing some five year olds "to make statements."

A number of articles were scattered on the desk, and each child held one in his hand for an instant while he made his statement.

"I have a doll," said Susie gayly. "Now Willie," said the person to whom Willie habitually refers as "She," putting a top in his hand.

Willie looked at it doubtfully and remained dumb.

"I have—" she suggested cheerfully, smiling at Willie.

"I have," said Willie obediently.

"I have what?" said She. And the trusting Willie solemnly repeated, "I have a what."