

If you live in the neighborhood of oak trees look on the ground among the fallen leaves for the oak galls. Examine them, to see if these insect houses are dry and empty or inhabited.

QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Have the colors of autumn leaves been as brilliant this season as last?

What trees still keep their foliage?

What plants still retain their fruits after the leaves have fallen?

What birds still remain with us?

Some animals begin to turn white this month. Can you think of any reason for this change of color?

Have you noticed the buds on the branches and twigs of trees since the leaves have fallen? When were these formed? Notice how well protected they are for winter.

Have you noticed any late blossoms this month, as the strawberry, dandelion, chickweed, etc.?

The leaves that have fallen from the trees are dry and have lost their green color. What has produced this change?

OUTLINE OF COURSE IN NATURE STUDY.

Animals. Domestic animals, common birds and insects. Either study the animal with the children, or send them to observe, and question them as to what they have seen. Follow a definite order, an outline in study and in questioning. Get a description, made up of short statements, which the teacher writes on the board and children copy. Have forms cut from paper, and drawn (traced). Look on apple and other trees for chrysalises and take them in the house and watch their development later. (See previous numbers of the REVIEW).

Plants. Herbs in spring and fall, trees in winter, fruit-trees in fall. Study by outline; trace leaves, model and draw fruit; make a description, to be written on blackboard by teacher, and copied by children for busy-work. Collect plants as they appear, and teach the children to know as long a list as possible.

THE MONKEY'S POINT OF VIEW.

A Naturalist came upon an Ourang-Outang while the latter was taking his siesta under a banyan tree in a forest. The Naturalist viewed him for a time in silence and then apostrophized him thus:

"Base brute, thou liest there with no thought beyond the gratification of thy instincts. Insensate animal! Thou hast never had the glorious privilege of eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil."

"Pardon me!" said the Ourang-Outang, awakening suddenly, "I've had a few nibbles. Several years ago, a Scientist visited our wood, and he and I became quite chummy. He was always urging me to evolve and contended that it was quite an easy job. All I had to do, he said, was to strike fire with flint, make some stone implements and mud pottery, and haul off my neighbor's wife, thus establishing the sacred institution of the Family; but I have a strain of caution in my blood, and, as you see, I have rather a tidy berth here, so I demurred at the idea of exerting myself so tremendously for the doubtful good of obtaining something he called 'Progress.'"

"Well, the more I hung back, the more the Scientist urged and coaxed; so we finally decided that if he would pay all the expenses, I would take a trip around the world with him, study various phases of civilization, and then, if I thought the game worth the candle, I would evolve for him while he waited.

"I never was so fagged in my life. He hauled me over land and sea and showed me pleasures and palaces, steam yachts and automobiles, libraries and pictures; wine, women and song; in a word, the kingdoms of earth.

"When I had seen them all, I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan. This splendid civilization is a masterpiece, but a masterpiece of fools. Half of the civilized world toils that the other half may play various silly games that they call Society, Power and Fame.'"

"What did he reply to this?" asked the Naturalist.

"He had no time to make reply," answered the Ourang-Outang. "Knowing him as well as I did, I was sure that he would convert the entire Bander-log people to his views and have all the monkeys in the country doing various tricks in their frantic efforts to evolve; so I simply cracked his head open with a cocoanut, and disposed of the question without further argument."—*Mrs. Wilson Woodrow in Life.*

The regular monthly arrivals of the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW are always eagerly watched for, and I am never disappointed,
M. E. M.