

terms of cost; and a wholly false view of life." Out of it all came, in short, manual, moral and intellectual in efficiency.

Convinced of the inefficiency, the schools set about reform. They added bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic, commercial geography and shorthand to the courses of study but at once enveloped these subjects in the literary atmosphere of the other subjects. The schools remained as detached from the commercial world as ever. Then they added drawing and design. Taught by

men whose competency was doubtful, drawing and design lost their industrial significance and became culture subjects. Recently they have added manual training and household science, and have justified these additions by the plea that they are culture and disciplinary subjects. And so the regular schools remain to-day in spirit scarcely more utilitarian than were those of fifty years ago. They cannot solve the problem of technical education. Here rises the demand of the special school for industrial instruction.

O SUMMER DAYS.

O Summer Days, how shall we part?
 To you I gave my inmost heart.
 Swift to your call have been my feet,
 I loved your raptures and your heat;
 Your sunsets and your evening star
 Have beckoned from their deeps afar.
 Your winds have taught me to forget—
 O Summer Days, not yet, not yet!
 Your veery's oft-repeated note
 And oriole's song I've learned by rote.
 Your nights have filled me with content,
 Your dawns were as a sacrament.
 The silence of your forest ways
 Has given peace to troubled days,
 And all your lovely, leafy things
 Have brought the joy a comrade brings.
 Beneath your dome of tender blue
 I've learned to measure life anew;
 The absent hope, the lost desire
 Urge me again to something higher,
 And beauty with her mystic gleam
 Has waked again the old-time dream
 And charmed away the vain regret—
 O Summer Days, not yet, not yet!

—Helena Coleman.