

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

In a country school in northern Ohio, during the winter of '92 and '93, there was no end to the disorder and confusion prevailing. Some gave one reason and some another, but, perhaps, the best explanation of the state of affairs could be given in the teacher's own words, written at random by one of the boys, who "took notes" for his own amusement.

The notes were not taken for publication, of course, but they are given here *verbatim*, hoping that they may help some young teacher to steer clear of such shoals.

"We have too much whispering, and it is among the larger scholars; whisper a little more softly."

"Girls, you are too noisy!"

"Stand up in the class, Jenny."

"Turn around that way, Mary."

"Karl, get your slate out."

"Johnny, that is enough of that now."

"Have it quiet at the board."

"Too much loud whispering. *We must have it quiet!*"

"Turn around there and get your lesson."

"Now, *we must have it quiet*; it is useless to have all this noise in the schoolroom."

"*Sit down there, George.*"

"Let's have the attention of the class."

"*See here, boys!* we have enough whispering now."

"Jake and Andy, *let's have it quiet.*"

"Now, *let's have it quiet*, it's getting too noisy."

"Let's *have it quiet, boys.*"

"We have too much noise, let's *have it quiet.*"

"Karl, make those letters."

"James, *let's have it quiet.*"

"We have too much whispering; each one get to your own lessons."

"If you have no respect for me, have a little for yourselves."

All the above corrections took place inside of a few hours, and that was the last term that teacher tried to teach.

We will let the reader draw his own moral.—C. K. Hostetter, in *N. Y. School Journal*.

SPRING CLEANING.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbank from yer heart.
Jes' w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake your foggy notions down,
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' ideas out with the dust,
An' dress the soul in newer style,
Scrape from yer min' its worn-out crust
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the dates that burn an' smart,
Bring in new loves serene an' pure,
Aroun' the hearthstone of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer moril cubby holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the slum!
'Tis cleanin' time for healthy souls;
Get up and dust! The spring hez come!
Clean out the corners of the brain,
Bear down with scrubbin' brush and soap,
An' dump ol' fear into the rain,
An' dust a cozy chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak every cranny, great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul
Hang pootier pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the winders of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring begin;
Swing open wide the dusty blind,
An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soul, once froze an' hard,
Sprout crocuses of new ideas.
Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.

—Yankee Blade.

HOPE LONG DEFERRED.

Year by year, and day by day,
She lived in hope of brighter day;
She saw the city prosperous grow,
She saw the schoolhouse overflow
With hosts of children, large and small—
And patiently she taught them all.
And as the seasons swiftly flew,
She sometimes taught their children too!
Through weary months of busy days,
raise!

The schoolma'am hoped

She did all that a woman could;
Her arguments were sound and good.
She drew petitions up so fine
That all the people ran to sign.
The common council all agreed
That she should have it, yes, indeed.
The board of education made
Long, smiling promises of aid,
While out of all the tangled maze
raise!

The schoolma'am hoped

At last, it seemed the way was cleared;
At last, the needed funds appeared,
But still the board could not decide
Just how these funds should be applied.
Raise by experience? Or by grade?
So, still they wavered and delayed.
They weeded out a girl or two
Who didn't have enough to do,
These, surely, were the halcyon days
raise!

The schoolma'am hoped

But weary decades came and went,
Until her faithful life was spent;
And now across her lonely grave
The long green grasses gently wave.
Her tombstone, in its ancient place,
Stands up, yet lies upon its face,
For though it says she has gone higher,
I know her soul must still aspire,
And, lingering, long for Gabriel's days,
raise!

When every schoolma'am

—Florence May Alt.

THRILLING STORY OF HEROISM.

The account of how a German sailor rescued another in peril, and found the man he had saved to be his own brother, whom he had thought drowned years before, comes from Schleswig-Holstein. A cable dispatch to the *New York Sun* tells the story:

One stormy morning during that stormy first week in February, a fishing village was awakened by a gun-shot off the coast. Hastening to the beach, the people saw a ship wrecked on a reef a mile away. The crew were in the rigging. A lifeboat was run out, but Harro, the leader of the crew, was absent.

Eight men, however, rowed out to the wreck. The crew were got into the lifeboat, with the exception of one who was lashed high up on a mast. He was half frozen, and as the storm was increasing, and the lifeboat overloaded, it was decided that he could not be taken off. When the lifeboat returned to the shore Harro had arrived. He asked whether every one had been saved, and was told that one remained.

"I will fetch him," said Harro; "will you go with me?"

The man refused, saying that it was impossible. "Then I will go alone," and sprang into the lifeboat. At this moment his mother came running down and begged him not to venture out, reminding him that both his father and his brother

Uwe had been drowned. Uwe was his youngest brother, and, as he had not been heard from for years, he was supposed to be dead.

"For love of me," Harro's mother begged, "don't go."

"But the man on the mast!" exclaimed Harro. "Are you sure he has no mother to mourn his death?"

Harro's mother said no more, and her son and four other men set out for the wreck, which was now quite under water. The waves were so furious that it was difficult to approach. At last the lifeboat reached it, and Harro climbed the mast and fetched the half-frozen man down. He was laid in the bottom of the lifeboat, and Harro bent over him and remained so until the boat was so near shore that his voice could be heard. Then he waved his cap and shouted:

"Tell my mother we have saved Uwe!"

A BOY'S BELIEF.

It isn't much fun a-living
If grandpa says what's true,
That this is the jolliest time o' life
That I'm a passing through.
I'm afraid he can't remember,
It's been so awful long,
I'm sure if he *could* recollect
He'd *know* that he was wrong.

Did *he* ever have, I wonder,
A sister just like mine,
Who'd take his skates, or break his kite,
Or tangle up his twine?
Did *he* ever chop the kindling,
Or fetch in coal and wood,
Or offer to turn the wringer?
If he did, he was awful good.

In summer, it's "weed the garden";
In winter, it's "shovel the snow,"
For there isn't a single season
But has it's work, you know.
And then, when a fellow's tired,
And hopes he may just sit still,
It's "bring me a pail of water, son,
From the spring at the foot of the hill."

How *can* grandpa remember
A fellow's grief or joy?
'Tween you and me, I don't believe
He ever *was* a boy.
Is this the jolliest time o' life?
Believe it I never can;
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy
As a really grown-up man.

—Harper's Young People.

Parent—Why do you advise against my boy Willie using a slate and pencil in school? Dabster in Science—Because they are covered with deadly microbes that would undoubtedly kill your boy if he lived long enough. Parent (much impressed)—Then I suppose I had better get him a paper pad to do his sums on? Dabster in Science—My dear sir, do you want to commit deliberate murder? There are millions of bacilli in every page of paper made. Parent (anxiously)—Well, how will he do his sums, then—in his mind? Dabster in Science—Worse yet. It has been found that abstract introspective thought over imaginary problems stimulates the growth of lethal bacteria in the brain cells. If you want your Willie to live, you had better keep him in a room sprayed with antiseptic vapor.—*New York Tribune*.

AN OBEDIENT BOY.—"Mamma, may I speak?"

"You know that you must not talk at the table."

"May I not say just one thing?"

"No, my boy; when papa has read his paper you may speak."

Papa reads through his paper and says kindly,

"Now, child, what is it?"

"I only wanted to say that the water-pipe in the bathroom has burst."—*Chicago Paper*.

The school exists for the child, and superintendents and teachers are not employed to use, but to serve the child.—*Dr. J. M. Rice*.