

public schools were overcrowded, assigning as reasons for this the rapid growth of the city, the lack of sufficient funds by the Board, and the failure of local schools, officers and principals, anxious to have their schools well-filled, to properly exercise their authority in this respect. The committee proposed the following amendments to the by-laws: "It shall be the duty of every principal to reject all applications for the admission of pupils into any school or class whenever the room occupied by the same is filled to the sitting capacity. In fitting the sitting capacity of rooms the following shall be a minimum allowance of floor surface and air space per pupil. In the three lower grades of primary schools and departments, five square feet and seventy cubic feet; in the three higher grades, six square feet and eighty cubic feet; in the four lower grades of grammar schools, seven square feet and ninety cubic feet; in the four higher grades, nine square feet and one hundred cubic feet. In the admission of pupils those residing the nearest to any school shall in all cases have the preference. All rejected applicants shall be sent to the nearest school having accommodation for them.

Boys.—The charming sisters of the household are come into the parlor to enjoy the sweet companionship of the young gentlemen of their acquaintance. These queens of youth and beauty have just taken their places upon the divan-thrones of their dominion. A willing slave is theoretically kneeling at the feet of each, is actually sitting by the side of each. Quite a distance separates the little groups, and the courteous modulation of the voice prevents that any ear shall hear the offered homage save that of the queen. A charming time, a lovely evening composed of *tele-a-tele* pure and simple, is in beautiful prospect, when behold! the ladies are frightened by the sound of a hurried boyish tramp along the hall, which to their offended hearts is like that of "the specter in Don Giovanni." In a moment more the dreaded specter puts in a material appearance in the person of a small brother. He has finished his lessons for the morrow, or has been alone long enough to justify his asserting that he has done so. He is weary of teasing the cat, or by good luck she has escaped from his hands. He will come into the parlor and

see who is there. He will entertain his sisters' guests with accounts of his own prowess in destroying the feline race, or in climbing to rob the birds' nests. Oh! were this the extent of his impertinent intrusion! But he will ask all manner of questions to which reply can hardly with propriety be given in the presence of the strangers, or will seek to educe from the full-dressed Adonis opinion or experience of matters hardly fit for the parlor or the company of the ladies.

"Mr. Williamson, did you know that my sister Helen wears a wig?" He asks the question with innocent seriousness of tone and manner, while the fair Helen blushes up to the very resting-place of the artificial head-gear which the youngster has thus described with more of truth than of poetry. "Sister Helen, what makes you look so white when you come down stairs to breakfast in the morning, and then turn so very red all over your cheeks before you come down in your new dress to see company or to go out walking?"

An embarrassing silence succeeds, for who can bandy to and fro the shuttlecock of chit-chat with such startling interrogatories constantly claiming attention and response? The interview is broken up, the engagement which had been joined and whose issue might have been a conquered peace, an alliance offensive and for a lifetime, is thus rudely postponed, perhaps indefinitely.

The young man goes his way, it may be smiling at the pertness of the boy which has so discomfited the sister, and it may be uttering phrases more emphatic than polite in reference to the great advantages of boarding-schools, and the impropriety of ten-year-olds ever being visible in a parlor. And Miss Helen mounts straightway to the presence-chamber of the queen of the household to lodge complaint of the wrong-doer. The flaming red is certainly not now confined to any one little spot, and each individual hair, of her own and the other woman's, seems to stand on end, as she tells of Harry's "outrageous conduct." The mother-queen listens in silence while the ferocious prosecutor proceeds with her indictment, but in a little while, at some mention of the details of the dereliction, a smile creeps stealthily over the features; the oddity of the rascal's performance has