

classes, lecture centres, parents' associations, or community centres. Effective as these agencies are, it is the beneficent multiple influence of the day school teacher, exerted throughout the day to furnish ideas and habits to our pupils, that insures the transformation of the alien home and foreign neighborhood. Do all you can to promote the success of this Americanization work among adults, but do not forget that the children in your schools are the treasure bearers to the foreign home of that language equipment, that generous enthusiasm for institutional life, and those habits of orderly living which constitute the essence of American ideals.

Were my message to you one of detail, I would emphasize the necessity of economy of all kinds, whether it be in the use of supplies, the maintenance of equipment, or the honest execution of the daily program. I would expand upon the necessity of close attention to matters of methodology, such as the need of self-checking in arithmetic, the desirability of insuring to every child a fairly rapid, legible type of penmanship and a mastery of the minimum spelling vocabulary proved to be the basis of ordinary business and social correspondence, the distinction to be observed in the reading process between oral rendition and thought getting, the development of clear-cut speech through ample exercise in the class-room, the necessity of treating history and geography as closely related subjects significant in our present day life. But I shall refrain from treating these matters, because I am confident that in the near future it will be possible, through the co-operation of the superintendents, principals, and other supervisors to assure to the teachers a more helpful supervision than has been possible hitherto, and that, therefore, such matters will receive the attention their importance demands.

Let me conclude by again referring to the war in which we are all engaged, whether we stand in the presence of a class in the heart of the ghetto or lie steel-helmeted in the fields of Flanders. To put forth our best efforts as teachers we must identify ourselves with the attempt of our Allies to preserve those rights of manhood, for the establishment of which our own nation was founded, and in the defence of which it is now pouring forth its richest treasure. These rights have been and still are in fearful jeopardy. Were we not a firmly united people, each and every one resolved to give his labor, his wealth, and even his life to guarantee these rights to posterity, the issue would be in doubt, but united as we are in every aspiration and endeavor, the battlefield extends not only to New York City, but to every village throughout the land.

Last July, while attending the convention of the National Education Association at Pittsburg, I sat gazing out of the hotel window in the dusk of the evening. The clouds were lowering, the atmosphere was smoke-

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laden, and in the distance a foundry running a heat was sending a shower of dazzling sparks into the darkness of the night. Across the way, on a neighboring building, I caught the glimpse of "Stars and Stripes." Like a flash, the gloom of the scene vanished, and I followed, as in a vision, that steel to the battle riven western front. Those sable clouds were transformed in the garment of a bereaved but triumphant democracy, and those fiery sparks were a golden crown unto her head. I proceeded to a meeting at which various representatives of our Allies spoke of the war in relation to education, and listened spell-bound to a beautiful story which, to my mind, is prophetic of the part we play in this war for democracy. It was related that France has shown her confidence in our army by giving into its keeping her most treasured possession—Alsace and Lorraine; that some of our boys were billeted near the home of Joan of Arc; that they were told the story of how Joan had been inspired by heavenly voices. Incredulous, they halted a poilu going by, and inquired if such voices were still heard in the land and would lead to the salvation of France. The Frenchman halted, and then said, "Messieurs, listen." In the distance they heard faintly but clearly the silver-throated bugle of the American forces sounding the call to battle and to victory.

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