

Bird Protection League.

The birds are being so rapidly and surely exterminated—and it is beyond human power to replace them—that it has become imperative that this summer every individual, whether child or adult, put forth an effort in their behalf.

The children must put away the air guns or at least turn them away from the birds. We want every child to watch his or her *pet cat* and keep it shut in at night *when the young birds are nesting*. There is so much destruction of birds by cats that the children can do in this way unmeasured good by keeping kitty away from the nests, the bird haunts and the young birds. Will the teachers speak of this and form a league among the pupils asking them to report in the fall?—*Popular Educator*.

Ten Fallacies of Teachers.

1. That mind always develops by regular steps.
2. That intellect is everything.
3. That children should be perfect in one study before taking up another.
4. That dull boys are hopeless cases.
5. That "pin-drop order" is the best.
6. That progress is estimated by pages.
7. That talk is teaching.
8. That there is no time for work outside of the text-book.
9. That the same kind of treatment is suited to all children.
10. That the teacher's work is to hear recitations all the time.—*Exchange*.

Superintendent Emerson of Buffalo says that the school session must be lengthened one hour, one-half of that time to be given to reading and the other half to silent work. In view of the fact that little work is done out of school this extension of school hours seems reasonable. Another speaker at the Syracuse meeting said that an eight-hour programme is being crowded into a five hour day. Evidently the day will have to be lengthened or the programme shortened, or both. The pressure from without and the necessities within will force some kind of a readjustment of school work in the near future.—*Exchange*.

Weather Song.

(TUNE: "This is the Way We Wash Our Clothes.")

This is the way the wind does blow, (1)

The wind does blow,

The wind does blow,

This is the way the wind does blow

All on a stormy morning.

This is the way the lightnings flash (2), etc.

This is the way the thunder roars (3), etc.

This is the way the rain comes (4) down, etc.

This is the way the snow comes (5) down, etc.

This is the way the sun shines (6) out,

The sun shines out,

The sun shines out,

This is the way the sun shines out

When all the storm is over.

(1) Children wave arms and sway like trees in the wind.

(2) Clap hands once.

(3) Roll clenched hands on desk.

(4) Imitate rain with fingers on desk.

(5) Fingers over heads, imitate snowflakes.

(6) Make circle with arms over heads.

—*Selected*.

The Laughing Brook.

Why do you laugh, little brook, little brook,

And why so dimpled and gay?

What did you hear as you came through the wood,

And what did you see on the way?

"Such fun as I've had! I saw in the wood

The violets opening their eyes,

The little ferns straightening out their curls,

And Jack-in-the-pulpit rise.

"The sunbeams, in passing, threw me a kiss;

The breezes whispered to me;

And the tiny pebbles tickled me so

I couldn't help laughing, you see."

—*Teachers' Magazine*.

My Neighbor.]

I have a new neighbor just over the way,

She was moving in on the first of May.

When she took in her household goods I saw

They were nothing but rubbish and sticks and straw;

But when I made her a call just now

I found she had furnished her house somehow

All trim and tidy and nice and neat,

The prettiest cottage in all the street.

Of thistledown silk was her carpet fine,

A thousand times better and softer than mine;

Her curtains, to shut out the heat and light,

Were woven of blossoms pink and white;

And the dainty roof of her tiny home

Was a broad green leaf like an emerald dome.

'Tis the cosiest nook that you ever did see,

Mother Yellowbird's house in the apple tree.

—*Youth's Companion*.