

"This kind of moth cannot eat. They have no long tongue to suck with as other moths. So he will be quite happy to spend his little life in our warm room, and we can get better acquainted."

"Ralph, show me how he moves his wings. Why do you suppose he quivers them so? Yes, to get them unfolded. They were folded in the cocoon like a fan."

"You may all show what he will do when they get firm and strong."

It was only because, at last, all the children went home to lunch that I went too.—*Adapted, from Alice J. Ormes in N. Y. School Journal.*

Color Device.

In a third-year room are four large windows on the south. Every sunshiny morning two prisms are propped on the window-sills and the spectra glow on the opposite wall. So great a return of happiness for such a small outlay I have never before found. Little faces are lifted to the colors with positive thankfulness throughout the morning. Every night the prisms are locked in the case, and if from any cause I neglect to take them out in the morning, I always hear, "Please may I take the prisms?" Every bright day during the year some child remembers them, and reminds me of their absence.

While it is a novelty, draw a line of chalk around the spectrum, and notice in half an hour, or longer, how far it has moved, thereby proving the rate of revolution of the earth on its axis. Move prism rapidly to prove that light travels only in straight lines and with great rapidity. In time, pupils unconsciously learn the invariable position of colors, and the blending of red and yellow into orange, and yellow and blue into green. Have pupils sing the scale from the seven colors. Use the seven names in constructing first sentences containing series. Develop necessity for the use of the adjectives, gorgeous, radiant, glowing, beautiful, and vivid in describing the quality of the colors.

Ask why plants grown in the cellar are pale and white; where the many-colored flowers obtain their dyes; if we can have a spectrum in a dark room or on a cloudy day; if anywhere else in nature may be found similar combinations (rainbow, soap-bubble). Finally give the quotation: Color is the darling child of light."

Teach, in connection with the above, "The Rainbow Fairies," from "A Child's Garden of Song," by Wm. L. Tomlins.—*The School Journal.*

Margaret Fuller speaks of the effect of a certain teacher upon her: "All the dreariness that had hitherto been associated with the schoolroom was gone; the things he taught us were a part of his life; it was no longer drudgery to learn."

Scholastic Wit.

The scholar, said Eli Perkins in a Yale College lecture, gets amusement from all wit, both sensuous and intellectual. He can see the sensuous fun in the circus with his eye just as well as the fool, while the fool cannot enjoy intellectual wit which has to be taken in through the brain.

I asked a bright schoolboy one day why he called his rooster Robinson?

"Why, sir," he said, his eye gleaming with fun, "because he crew so." (Laughter.)

Now, what can a fool boy get out of that?

Dr. Elliot, of Harvard, when a young man ordered a bottle of hock in a Boston restaurant, saying as he did so:

"Here, waiter, bring me a bottle of hock—hie, haec, hoc."

The waiter, who had been to college, smiled, but never stirred.

"What are you standing there for?" exclaimed the professor. Didn't I order some hock?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, "you ordered it, but you afterwards declined it."

They tell a good story on our Wm. M. Evarts, our old Secretary of State. One day he was reading Virgil in Professor Thatcher's class, "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got, professor."

"Well, Mr. Evarts, I think that was quite far enough." (Laughter.)

The wit of the old Greek philosophers, Solon, Socrates and Aristippus, continued the lecturer, consisted in proving a big lie by the sophistry of a syllogism like this:

"Anything whose sun never sets, Cato, is immortal," said Aeschines.

"Yes, that is true, Aeschines."

"A hen's son never sets."

"True, too."

"Then a hen is immortal," said the satirist, laughing. To illustrate the wit and wisdom of the Greeks, I translate a few passages from Aeschines, the satirist:

"What good does education do a man, anyway?" asked the ignorant but proud Clinos.

"An educated man," said Aeschines, "can associate with himself (think, imagine and meditate)."

"Why do you say it is better to be poor than to be ignorant?"

"Because the poorest beggar can beg money and get it, but the fool will beg in vain for brains."

"What will you charge to educate my boy?" continued Clinos.

"Sixty drachma," said Aeschines.

"That is too much. With sixty drachma I can buy a slave."

"Then go and buy one, and you will have a pair," said Aeschines, laughing.