

a certain city the teachers are cold and heartless toward the children. It seems incredible that an unchristian atmosphere should prevail in the class rooms of an entire city. I confess a little of it gets into my room during history hour. Perhaps the Cincinnati teachers have every subject crowded upon them as I have history. I am beginning to believe that there *may* be a good deal of cramming, and that most of it is the fault of these "business-like" principals, who have the name of being capable organizers, but don't do the teaching.

Speaking of the unchristian spirit that sometimes gets into my class-room and has, in fact, partially estranged me from my boys, I am reminded that it is not only in the history hour that I get out of patience with their dulness. But this involves a little story. Two years ago there came to teach in our school a Mrs. Pinkerton. She is a "shouting teacher." Pass her door when you will, you are sure to hear her hammering away at her pupils, in a scolding tone, and I have even heard her stamp her foot and actually yell at them. The children hate her, but she has the reputation of getting an immense amount of work done. Well, they say "bad examples are infectious," and it has proved so in our school. There are several "shouting teachers" among us now, and I have even caught myself raising my own voice in a very unladylike way during recitations in European capitals and some other such exercises. This growing tendency to irritability on my part has caused me a good deal of pain and mortification.

When I taught the little ones they used to love me. They would meet me on my way to school in the morning, and clasp their little arms about me in a way to impede my walking. I used to enjoy my work in those days, though I fear it wasn't much less "mechanical" than it is now. I believe if I were to go back to that work, I should make it less mechanical than it was then. But I can do nothing where I am. I am simply in the stocks. Alas! my cogitation hasn't made me an honest and able defender of "the system." I see as I never saw before, on the contrary, that our school, for one, is a mere machine for turning out graduates.

—Alexander Graham Bell, the great electrician and inventor of the telephone, is at the Windsor, on his way to Cape Breton, where he usually spends his summer holidays. Mr. Bell is on his way from the World's Fair, and his views on the electrical department of the great show are therefore of timely interest. "What struck me most," said Mr. Bell, "was the contrast between this exhibit and that of the Centennial Exhibition at