

where, a strait in South America, an isthmus between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, a rock off the coast of Italy, a fort in South Africa. The Klondike was in Holland, while Prague was in Norway, Nebraska, Australia, Uruguay, Egypt, Holland, Belgium, etc. The newspaper is not surprised to note that out of 247 High School graduates who attempted the examinations only 35 were successful.

The paper finds in these answers and figures the text for a discourse upon inefficient High Schools and unscholarly teachers and teaching.

But are there not other inferences? Judged by the sample question the *examining* may have been inefficient. How many Ontario teachers will commend the *question* whose answers were disconcerting? Judged by the percentage of failures the examinations as a whole must have been unfair. Is an examination properly adjusted to an organized course of instruction if it "plucks" more than 85% of the candidates? Are schools and teachers to be attacked and the examiners and examinations to go scot free?

The self-made man was in a caustic mood. "These schools, ye know," he said, "they're no good. Don't give a boy no practical knowledge. See what I mean? Now, my son, he's supposed to be learning Greek, an' Latin, an' algebra. An' the other day I asked 'im to tell me the algebra for fried potatoes, an' 'e couldn't".

Teacher—"What is a fort?"

Pupil—"A place for soldiers to live in."

Teacher—"What is a fortress?"

Pupil—"A place for soldiers' wives to live in."

Johnny—Say, paw, I can't get these 'rithmetic 'zamples. Teacher said somethin' 'bout we'd have to find the greatest common divisor.

Pa (in disgust)—Great scot! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were hunting for it when I was a boy.—*New York Times*.

The teacher had worked that morning explaining the injustices done by Nero, and believed he had made an impression on the boys. Then he asked questions:

"Now, boys, what do you think of Nero? Do you think he was a good man?"

No one answered. Then the teacher singled out a boy.

"Chancy, what do you think? Do you think he was straight?"

"Well," returned the boy, after a long wait, "he never done nuthin' to me."