

freshening to know that while so many masterpieces of painting and so many rare works of art were finding their

way across to America, a plant of such rarity and beauty was acquired for Great Britain."

DEVOTION TO AN IDEAL

There are those who regard a teacher's task as one of comparative ease. "Routine work and a long summer vacation," is the way they sum it up. Such persons entirely miss the self-sacrifice and the real heroism that are attributes of many a teacher's career.

Indeed, one type of this heroism is displayed every summer. It is known that the pedagogic calling tempts its followers to drift when the regular year's work is done. Some give themselves up to the relaxation of the long recess, content with the same old round of teaching year after year. Others—and this group is by no means small—regard each year as a step to higher things. Having spent the winter in instructing others, they devote the summer to instructing themselves.

That is what sends so many teachers to the summer schools. Thus they give up the holiday months of relaxation, the delicious days of well-earned loafing. The tiller, tugging against the wrist like some wild thing; the clean, well-

balanced paddle; the tennis-racket and the golf club; the intrepid plunge into the cool, green base of a towering breaker; the long walks through meadowland and woodland, past nimble brooks and over the flanks of mighty mountain ridges; the whole-souled, outdoor life of the midsummer respite; or best of all, the long-desired days at home with the family—all these are lost to the teacher who has the courage to set his hand to the plow, and go to summer school.

Instead of enjoying the open sky and the open road, he has a seat in some drowsy lecture hall, and spends his evenings indoors under the hot glow of a student lamp, about which a June-bug bumps. On paper such a sacrifice may sound trivial, but it is very real.

By no means is it mere selfish ambition. It is all done by the teacher that he may more perfectly perform the task of educating others. It is only one more bit of evidence of the unselfishness of the true teacher, and of the nobility of true teaching.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC

The effect of music on animals was recently tested with interesting results at the London Zoo. The attendants carried a gramophone from cage to cage, writes a correspondent of *Our Dumb Animals*, and entertained the beasts with band selections, songs by Caruso, Patti and Harry Lauder, and a record of a lion's roar.

At the monkey-house a piccolo solo with some sparkling passages brought the nine monkeys up in a wondering group. They listened with wide-open

eyes. The gramophone was then wheeled to the sea-lion's pond, with the horn almost touching the railings. Harry Lauder's song was the only performance given here, but the effect was very interesting; four sea-lions swam barking to the bank and others came down from the rocks and joined them.

The animals, with bodies half-raised out of the water and eyes riveted on the instrument, listened in astonished silence until the rollicking laughter of the song began; that provoked a loud