

the mother's activity too often is simply in voicing complaint, or interfering, to the detriment of the child's education, with the system which the teacher, who is naturally supposed to be an expert, has devised. How can any woman claim that she is a good mother who allows her child to attend a school where she is in doubt about the physical conditions—whether the air, light, and furniture are adapted to the needs of the child? How can she consider herself a good mother if the teacher of her child is to her a comparative stranger? The teacher should be a co-worker in her club, the busy friend to whom she must go because she has more leisure, her friend because she is the co-educator with the mother.

Education in this country will never be what it should be until a higher money valuation is placed upon the services of a teacher, until her professional rights are recognized, until her social position is that accorded to the other professions, until the opinion of the teacher is treated in the presence of the child with the same respect accorded to the opinion of the doctor or of the minister of the church the child attends. We have yet to learn in this country that the teaching profession is just what the public sentiment of the community makes it; its requirements are just what the public demands—no more and no less; its compensation represents the value placed upon those services by the community. This is especially true of the Public School teachers, by whom the mass of the children of this country are educated. This system suffers because at one extreme our taxpayers have no personal interest in the schools, merely because their children do not attend them; and at the other extreme are a mass of voters who have no educational standards, who delegate without any sense of responsibility the entire question of the education of their children to the

State, rebelling only, too many of them, against the law which compels them to patronize the schools when they would have the child become a wage-earner.—*The Outlook.*

What are the boys reading? There are so many good books for them that it seems a pity any should read trash; but they get, not only trash, but real harm—a harm they never get rid of. There are publishers who issue nothing else but books of cheap stories about hunting, sea life, Indian warfare, mail-robbing, highwaymen, torturing snakes, animal fighting, vagabondage, life in saloons, mining camps, among desperadoes, pirates, and savages. Let it not be supposed these books are read by adults; they are read by the boys, the future citizens of the noble Republic.

There are reasons why this reading is specially injurious. Very many of these books treat of school life. They give a succession of practical jokes, mischief, outrages, impossible feats, fighting, and horrors, and lay the scene in a school-house. The teacher is made out to be a sneak and a black-guard; he gets drunk; he is a villain, and the boys are only doing right in playing all sorts of mean tricks. This is the type of the teacher in these books; the boy feels he ought to stay away from school; that no good can be got by being in the company of such a person. According to this type, he constructs an ideal of all teachers.

The hero that figures largely in these stories is a vagabond boy, who roves about, gaining a precarious living, and sleeping in barns and under haystacks. If he is hungry, he finds a pantry window open, and takes out provisions; it is not called stealing, mark. He does not work, for the farmer is "close fisted"; he will not give him more than twenty-five cents per day. He can sing a negro song and dance, and the generous saloon-keeper