

Forty hands went up. "Thank you, I'll ask George and Lena, please." (They were the two who had, as she found from the register, caused most of the tardiness the year before.) "Now, how many will help me to keep this sign up all the year? Think before you promise, for it's a serious thing to make a promise. Wait a minute. I'll not ask you to raise your hands, but to bring me in to-morrow a written promise that you will do everything in your power to help me keep this golden banner on our walls. Remember, if I am tardy or any pupil is tardy, down comes the proud emblem."

Miss Weaksnapper reached school at 8:15. She wore a tan cloth dress that cost six times as much as a gingham; she had never liked the dress, it didn't fit well. Brother Jack told her she looked horrid in it, so she was going to wear it to school to try to get rid of the "old thing." Her bangs had some curl left in them from Sunday; but, of course, she couldn't take time to fix her hair specially nice just for school.

As she entered the sixth grade room it looked so bare that she gave a half sigh as she hung up her hat. The janitor had failed to raise more than one window and she didn't think about the difference fresh air would make in a whole day's work. Seeing the fifth grade teacher in the hall she went out to have a talk as to who were the good and who the bad pupils last year. By the time the bell rang she had a decided aversion to Fred Grimes and Lee Jones; indeed, she felt the grade was a hard set, both boys and girls; unconsciously she assumed a defensive attitude. As the pupils entered she stood at the door, her pretty figure drawn up rigidly as a commanding officer, while her face wore a "Don't-try-any-of-your-pranks-on-me" air.

Miss Weaksnapper had read the week before in an educational journal, "Always begin your year's work by a bright interesting talk to your pupils." This was her speech, delivered in the most perfunctory style: "Children, I am glad to see you this morning. I hope we shall have a pleasant year together. [That sounds well, doesn't it? But you just ought to have heard the *tone* in which it was said.] If you are good children I shall love you dearly; I have been told that there are some very bad boys in this grade. [Oh, what a mistake that was, my poor little woman!] I will now read the rules and these boys as well as the rest of you will see what you are expected to do."

Here followed all the rules laid down in the catalogue. Then, "I must also tell you that our superintendent is very particular about the matter of absence and tardiness. He has instructed all the

teachers to be very strict on this point, hence I tell you now, so you may have fair warning, that any pupil who is tardy or absent without an excuse that is perfectly satisfactory must lose his recess for three days. I hope, however, I shall not have to punish any of you."

Then followed an average school day. Lee and Fred felt that they had been pronounced guilty without a trial, and this did not tend to make them feel any more kindly towards the teacher. By the close of the school the air in the room was foul, Miss Weaksnapper had a fearful headache, and the children were as restless as so many Brownies. What a sigh of relief she gave as the gong sounded for dismissal. None of her children waited for her and she was glad they did not, for she longed to be alone, to rest, to wonder why it was that she had so much more work, so much more trouble than any other teacher.

The next day Robbie Blake, a boy disposed to do right but whose mother was proud of her Irish blood, was absent from Grade 6. "Does any one know why this boy is absent?" asked Miss Weaksnapper. "Yes, 'em" cried the bad boy, Fred Grimes; "his Ma kept him at home to chop wood, and she said if you kept Rob in at recess 'cause she kept him at home, there'd be a big fuss in the fourth ward."

The poor teacher was utterly discouraged and wondered what kind of people her patrons must be. For that day she had nothing more to say on the absent or tardy question, but all her working and even her sleeping thoughts were haunted by the question: "What shall I do with Robbie Blake when he comes back? What can I do with Fred Grimes and Lee Jones?"

Don't you feel sorry for her? She might have had those boys for her supporters, and yet on the first day she made them leaders of the opposition, an opposition that gained in strength each day.—*Mrs. Pennybacker, in Texas School Journal.*

Lessons for Color Instruction.

We have been asked to present in the REVIEW a few lessons on teaching color. It is impossible to do this clearly and effectively owing to the difficulty of properly illustrating the subject in these columns. A recent work on the subject, "Color in the School Room," noticed on another page, presents the subject so admirably, that in the hands of an industrious teacher the best results may be obtained in this important subject. A few extracts are here given to show the plan on which the lessons are based:

The teaching of color in the primary grades of our public and private schools has come to be a recognized necessity. This conviction brings the serious question to the minds of