

A Conservative Superintendent.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who has been appointed superintendent of the Chicago schools at a salary of \$10,000 a year, is a woman of conservative tendencies, and that doubtless had something to do with her election over the six prominent men who were her competitors for the position. In sketching her educational policy, she says:

I believe in the extension of industrial education. I think all children should be taught to do something with their hands. Not that I want to turn the schools of Chicago into factory schools, but I want to see the teacher better equipped in technical education, and I want to see industrial teaching in the public schools get down to a practical basis.

What I want to see is a sort of revision which will let us take up a study and get through with it some time, and not have them, like some of our courses now, go on for ever.

I think it is time to lay more force on the old plain forms known as the three R's. You see, there have been great changes in the educational world in the past ten years. The old methods were inadequate for the modern child. An era of fads began. Much that is good was added to the old log schoolhouse curriculum, but much that was useless was added also. What was at first a movement in the right direction has now become a move in the wrong. For that is the way mankind progresses—in zigzags, ever upward. The time has come to put a check on the fads, and to ask ourselves which of them are really useful. We must not confuse the real purposes of teaching by too many trimmings.

Education Improving in China.

The Chinese educate their children now more after the manner of the West. The change has come quickly. A Chinese editor of San Francisco, in an address at the opening of the new Imperial Chinese school at Victoria, B. C., recently said of the strenuous discipline of his early years:

As a boy, I remember how I started for school at 4.30 a. m., stopping my lessons for breakfast at 9 a. m., and continuing again, morning, afternoon and night. Chinese have been said to possess more vitality than most nationals. The reason is that this old system of education killed off the weaklings. Here was the survival of the fittest. Only the strong ones survived, and this is why the race to-day has vitality.

It should be distinctly understood in the family that the child who is too ill to go to school, and to learn his lessons, is too ill to be out of bed. If a child play truant, the lessons he loses should be made up at home in his playtime, and the mother should take pains to see that this is done, so that he may find truancy unprofitable. He may be put to bed as soon as he returns home on the assumption that he must be ill, because nothing but illness should keep him from going to school.

Teaching and Talking.

The young teacher should learn early that teaching and talking are quite different. Almost any recitation in which the teacher talks half the time is a failure. It seems that the teacher thinks the pouring out of knowledge is the main thing.

I heard a recitation in fractions once in which the teacher went to the board, took the crayon from each child that failed, and did the work herself, with a continuous string of questions which the child was supposed to answer in monosyllables, but half of which he did not answer at all. This teacher had talked the class into such a condition that they did not care whether their work was good or bad.

The school should train for accuracy. The work of every pupil should be done right the first time. The habit of being wrong half the time in arithmetic and spelling is bad. The teacher should know the difference between teaching and talking.
—Exchange.

A mother was talking to her little girl of the love of God to us. She repeated the beautiful verse, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life," and said, "Isn't it wonderful, dear, that God should love us so much as that?" To her surprise the child replied: "No, mama, I don't think it wonderful." The mother said: "Why, daughter, don't you know that God's love is wonderful?" "I think it would be wonderful if it were any one else," said the child, "but it's just like God."—*The Delineator for July.*

The Harvest Moon.

The last tall sheaf hath yielded to the blade,
Soft falls the dusk-cloak of the autumn night;
Along the upland and within the glade
The wheat-stooks shimmer 'neath the waning light.

God's curfew-bell, the bittern's plaintive cry,
Re-echoes: all is still, and Nature sleeps;
While, lo, from out its watch-tow'r in the sky,
A disc of ruddy gold night-vigil keeps.
—Edgar E. Kelley, in the *September Canadian Magazine.*

A school teacher in one of the lower grades once asked her room: "What is wind?" After a thoughtful pause, a small hand was raised. "Well, Robert, what is your answer?" she asked. "Why, wind is the air when it gets in a hurry," answered Robert.—*The Delineator for September.*