

How many are not ticking?

Slates were collected and the talk proceeded.

You think the little clock pretty. Tell me what there is pretty about it. "The gold and silver." "The cunning little feet."

But there is no gold or silver about it. The feet and ring are brass, and what looks to you like silver is only a nickel plating. However, I think the brass and nickel as pretty, as you do. Tell me what a clock and a little child must always have (taking duster from desk and polishing glass)? "A clean face."

I can set my clock or the wall clock any way I like. "They won't stay, unless they're run down. The clock face stays any way you put it."

Well, who wants to set it at the time he got up this morning? (Two or three succeeded, and others read off the time thus indicated.)

Who wants to tell us at what time his family has dinner? (More were able to do this. Others followed, using the clock-face to show breakfast, supper and lunch time, the time for opening and closing school, bed-time, Sunday-school time, etc. Each indication was read by some pupil, and the brighter children made all necessary corrections.)

We will keep this up from day to day until you all know how to tell time, and then we need have no more late children, because you can watch the clock for yourselves. We are going to have recess at this time (setting to 10.30). Now you may tell me why you think more of the two real clocks than you do of this clock-face? "They're some use." "They tell the time."

But, sometimes this little clock of mine that you think so pretty is a naughty little clock. What do you suppose it does? "It goes fast." "It stops." "It goes slow." "It don't tell the time right." "It tells stories."

It *doesn't* (emphasized to correct the "don't" erroneously used by a pupil) always tell the truth. If I were to let it go on without correcting it every day, it would soon tell me it was three o'clock at four, and if I were to believe it instead of the wall clock you would get home late from school. Tell me, why are clocks like people? "They must tell right or they ain't any good." "They have hands." "They have a face." "That little one has feet."

Their hands, faces and feet are not like ours, but clocks are *just* like us in one thing: *They must tell the truth*, or we can't believe them. How do clocks tell the time? "Their hands point to the numbers."

Sometimes I ask where a certain word is on the blackboard. One boy will point to the word. Another will say, "It's the third word in the second sentence." Which boy is like the clock? "The boy that points." And why is a clock like a deaf and dumb person? "Because it can't hear." "Because it can't talk—it has to point."

What makes the hands go? "The wheels, in the back."

The wheels, behind the face; and this is what they look like. I