

ally reached a plane more in keeping with its relative importance; still greater achievement is necessary. Let there be no retrogression in the present crisis; let there be no lowering of standards!

Why Hurry?

At this time of year a panicky atmosphere pervades some schools. Examinations are so near; there is so much work to be done, and there remains so little time in which to do it! What is left of the course of study is covered in frantic haste; the teacher hurries to dictate copious notes; the students hurry to write them and then to "cram" them; the nervous tension gains momentum daily. But this is the time of year when there should be opportunity for quiet and careful reflection on what has been learned, for deliberate review of difficult topics, for the acquirement of confidence and power!

Why hurry? With each year's experience the successful teacher covers the required work more slowly and more thoroughly, and yet has, at the end of the year, more time for careful review. The tendency of the inexperienced teacher is to hurry at the beginning of the term, only to find as the months pass that the foundations of the year's work are insecure and must be rebuilt.

Why hurry? Energy, so necessary to good teaching, does not consist in "fussiness," in numerous unnecessary movements. Energy is a disposition—a correct attitude towards work. The yard engine makes more "fuss" than the mogul but it does less work. Methodical, punctual placidity is not laziness; it is the result of the right kind of enthusiasm and energy, and it accomplishes work that endures.

Teaching must be so carefully and so thoroughly done that neither time nor energy are wasted, that nothing needs to be undone, that everything is properly "nailed down" as the work proceeds. Done in this way, results are sure, "nerves" are unknown, regrets are few. Then, why hurry?

Two small boys were having an argument, and the subject of the discussion was ethics of truth-telling. Said the first: "A fib is the same as a story, and a story's the same as a lie, and———" "No, it's not," broke in the second boy, in quite as determined a manner. "Yes, it is," asserted the first. "An' I know it is, because my father's a professor at the university, and———" "I don't care if he is," was the other's cool reply. "My father's a newspaper reporter, and he knows more about lying than your father."

Teacher—"Who can tell me the meaning of a 'round robin'?"

Bright Boy—"Please, miss, it's what that burglar was doin' last night when they nabbed him.—Buffalo Courier.