

mixed with caustic soda and thoroughly boiled, they form a kind of spongy paste, full of a glutinous substance. This paste was then placed in a hydraulic press so as to separate the gluten from the fibre; a compact mass of fibre was then obtained which is worked in various ways.—*Young Men's Era*.

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SOAPSTONE, or steatite, can be made into anything. Very beautiful stoves are made of it, and stationary washtubs and sinks are important products. Not an ounce need be wasted, for the dust is used to adulterate rubber goods, giving so-called gum rubbers their dull finish, and in paper, too, it is used to give weight, while all waste can be ground up into a flour which can be made into a fireproof paint for the interior of mills or the roofs of buildings.—*Scientific American*.

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TWO TEACHERS.—If we enter successively a number of schoolrooms we shall probably discover a contrast like this. In one we shall see a presiding presence which it would puzzle us at first sight to analyze or to explain. Looking at the master's movements—I use the masculine term only for convenience—the first quality that strikes us is the absence of all effort. Everything seems to be done with an ease which gives an impression of spontaneous and natural energy; for, after all, it is energy. The repose is totally unlike indolence. The ease of manner has no shuffling and no lounging in it. There is all the vitality and vigour of inward determination. The dignity is at the farthest possible remove from indifference or carelessness. It is told of Hercules, god of real force, that “whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did, he conquered.” This teacher accomplishes his ends with singular

precision. He speaks less than is common, and with less pretension when he does speak; yet his idea is conveyed and caught, and his will is promptly done. When he arrives order begins. When he addresses an individual or a class attention comes, and not as if it were extorted by fear, or even paid by conscience as a duty, but cordially. Nobody seems to be looking at him particularly, yet he is felt to be there through the whole place. He does not seem to be attempting anything elaborately with anybody, yet the business is done, and done remarkably well. The three-fold office of school-keeping, even according to the popular standard, is achieved without friction and without failure. Authority is secured, intellectual activity is stimulated, knowledge is got with a hearty zeal.

Over against this style of teacher we find another. He is the incarnation of painful and laborious striving. He is a conscious perturbation, a principled paroxysm, an embodied flutter, an honest human hurlyburly. In his present intention he is just as sincere as the other. Indeed he tries so hard that by one of the common perversions of human nature his pupils appear to have made up their minds to see to it that he shall try harder yet, and not succeed after all. So he talks much, and the multiplication of words only hinders the multiplication of integers and fractions, enfeebles his government, and beclouds the recitation. His expostulations roll over the boys' consciences like obliquely shot bullets over the ice; and his gestures illustrate nothing but personal impotency and despair.

How shall we account for this contrast? Obviously there is some cause at work in each case other than the direct purpose, the conscious endeavour, the mental attainments, or the spoken sentiments. Ask the calm