

when he played Hamlet and Othello. Evidently she taught for a living. There was no indication that she cared particularly for the future of the fifty-two. In my conversation with her she was a bright and cheery human being; in the schoolroom she was fulfilling a certain duty and glad when the time came for dismissal.

I recalled my own teachers when I was a little boy; I had one like Miss —; we were afraid of her, though she did not whip any of us. The one that I shall ever remember was Miss Maria Groves. If a pupil was absent he was inquired for when the morning or afternoon roll was called. "Who knows why Peter is not here?" "Where is Jennie today? She will miss the story about the robin." If a pupil was sick he was visited; I well remember a visit she made to me; a pretty little book was sent me to read. How we all mourned when we were told she was to marry and could not teach the school next term!

It is this touch of humanity in the schoolroom that makes "The Story of Patsy" such a wonderful book. How a pupil will remember that his teacher wept when some affecting passage is read in the reader, or in the Bible! Once Miss Groves was told at morning roll-call that Lucy Kingsland was sick. "real sick." She put on her bonnet and went right over to see her, for the house was near. She soon came back with eyes red from weeping. During the morning we saw tears dropping on the book she was holding; we knew it was

about Lucy. "She thinks she will die," we said.

But it may be thought this human element will interfere with carrying out the programme. It seemed to me that if Miss — had employed this the programme would have been easier carried out. She did the school work so mechanically that the interest was small. In the spelling class the word "caught" was missed; it was quickly put to the next, and so on; the fourth pupil spelled it correctly and another word was quickly given out. It seemed to me that it was an imitation of the attempts of the "bat-holder" in baseball without the good results; for there if he fails to hit the ball he has exercised his muscles and eye, and in time will become expert. In another school visited the "missed" words were written down on the blackboard and the teacher said, "There are ten words, let each copy off at your seats the ones you have missed; when you can spell these you will have them all perfect; you only missed a few, you see."

This teacher had each pupil greet her as he entered and she smiled at each one and said, "Good morning, Walter," "Good morning, Sarah," and so on. By this little attention the pupil receives, he feels that he is not penned in with the rest as sheep are; he is individualized. People cannot be loved at wholesale. The substance of these suggestions may be summed up in the words of David P. Page: "School must be a part of the life of the pupil; as it enters into his life it molds him, and he enjoys it and remembers it."

## THE SNOBBERY OF EDUCATION

### The College Girl Who Affects an Air of Superiority

"The practice followed by some girls who have been at college of holding their heads above those who have not, is a foolish proceeding, and smacks of the most repulsive kind of snobbery. It is never safe for us to assume that we know more than the people around us, whether we are college trained or

not. The longer we live in this world the more we become convinced how little we know. The people, most humble in their opinions are generally the best educated. It is an art which only a few of us learn; to be reticent of our own opinion when every one around us is expressing his. Yet this