

if fearlessly and too forcibly expounded, to render each of them *persona non grata* with the office-giving authority. If President McKinley should go to the custodian of the post-office building in New York and tell him he wished Mike Jones appointed a janitor's helper, it is not probable the custodian would waste much time looking up the "availability" of Mr. Jones for such a position. Of course, Mr. McKinley would not do this, but members of school committees find no office, however humble, unworthy of their personal attention. And it is not a

stretch of imagination to foresee the school-board politician saying to the Board of Supervisors: "You are going to recommend Alf. Wiggle for the mastership of the Charles Sumner School, or I'll know the reason why!" The more refined worker on the board will hint to the supervisors that Mr. Wiggle seems to be a person who would fill the vacant place satisfactorily. In the end the office-seekers, who are invariably the most energetic, would get their candidates in, or the supervisors would get out.—*Educational Review.*

(To be continued.)

SLOUCH.

I WOULD like to see in every school-room of our growing country, in every business office, at the railway stations, and on street corners large placards placed with "Do not slouch" printed thereon in distinct and imposing characters. For if ever there was a tendency that needed nipping in the bud (alas! I fear the bud is fast becoming a full-blown flower), it is this discouraging national failing.

Each year when I return from my spring wanderings among the benighted and effete nations of the Old World, on whom the true American looks down from the height of his superiority, I am struck anew by the contrast between the trim, well-groomed officials I have left behind me on one side of the ocean and the happy-go-lucky slouching individuals I find on the other. As I ride up town this unpleasant impression deepens. In the "little Mother Isle" I have just left, the "bus" drivers have quite a coaching air, with hat and coat of "knowing" form. They sport flowers in their buttonholes and salute other "bus" drivers when they meet with a twist of whip and elbow refreshingly correct, showing by their air that they

take pride in their calling, and have been at some pains to turn themselves out as "smart" in appearance as their finances would allow. Here, on the contrary, the stage and cab drivers I meet seem to be under a blight, and to have lost all interest in life. They lounge on the box, their legs straggling aimlessly, one hand holding the reins, the other hanging dejectedly by the side. Yet there is little doubt that these heartbroken citizens are earning quite double what their London confreres gain. But the shadow of the national peculiarity is over them. When I get to my rooms, the elevator "boy" is reclining in the lift, and hardly raises his eyelids as he languidly manœuvres the rope. I have seen that boy now for months, but never when his cravat was not riding proudly above his collar. On occasions I have even offered him pins, which he took wearily, doubtless because it was less trouble than to refuse. But the next day the cravat again rode triumphant, mocking my efforts to keep it in its place. His hair, too, has been a cause of wonder to me. How does he manage to have it always so long and so unkempt? More than once, when expecting callers, I have bribed