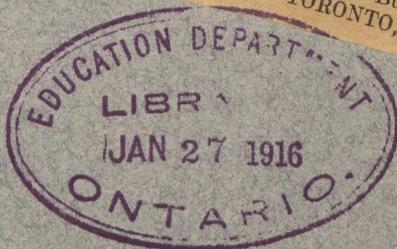


The Western School Journal

Librarian,
Educational Library,
Normal School Building
TORONTO, Ont.



To open up to the farm population the cultural value of their work is the first object of the country school; and this can be done only by giving rural education a new direction and altering its ideals. The same subjects may be taught, but they will be taught in terms of the country. The grammar grades should most emphatically not attempt to give training in general farming methods or in agricultural theory. Children are interested in concrete vital phenomena, not in laws, and nature study should be used to excite the intelligent interest of the pupils in the life about them. But the manual training for these elementary grades might have a local and practical bearing. In place of the purely formal exercises so common in school rooms, the class might draw subject matter from practical problems of the farm, and build fences, drains and roadways instead of constructing useless wood, paper or metal objects. The school garden is an infinite resource; and could be made practicable by selecting for successive years the different crops suitable to the locality.

MISS WEEKS.

Winnipeg
January, 1916

Vol. XI
No. 1

24330

THE WESTERN SCHOOL JOURNAL

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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Parents (or guardians) are requested to inspect the monthly reports carefully, sign and have them returned at once.

Superintendent

MONTHLY REPORT

Of School
 Date:
 For the Month of

REMARKS	READING	WRITING	ARITHMETIC	ENGLISH
Reading	Writing	Arithmetic	English	
Literature	Handwriting	Spelling	History	
Composition	Map	Spelling	Geography	
Spelling	Hygiene	Spelling	History Study and Application	
Geography	Place Names	Spelling	Arithmetic	
History Study and Application	Place Names	Spelling	Spelling to dictation	
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English	Spelling	Spelling	English	

REMARKS

Parent or Guardian

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SHOEING THE BAY MARE—Landseer

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DISCONTINUANCES—We find that a large majority of our subscribers prefer to have the Journal continued at the expiration of their subscription, so that their files may not be broken. Like other school publications, the Journal is continued until notice to stop is received and arrearages are paid.

Articles, exchanges, books for review, and all editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor of The Western School Journal, Normal School, Winnipeg.

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WINNIPEG - CANADA

The Western School Journal

(AUTHORIZED BY POSTMASTER GENERAL, OTTAWA, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL)

VOL. XI

WINNIPEG, JANUARY, 1916

No. 1

Editorial

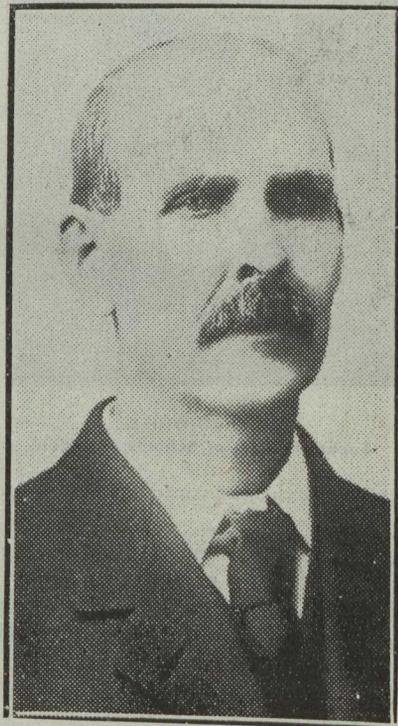
A Forward Move

Beginning with this issue the Western School Journal will be sent to every school district in the province. In it will be found the bulletin of the Department of Education. The advantages of this arrangement are apparent to all, and it is not the fault of the Department if teachers do not make much of the Journal and if they do not benefit from it. In order that it may reach its highest usefulness it must become in a real sense the organ of the profession. Towards this end every teacher must feel bound to write for it, to make suggestions, to offer criticisms. During the last month several very fine articles have come to the editor's desk, quite unsolicited. This is just the thing. Can it not be continued? There were also sent in two excellent suggestions, both of which will be acted upon. Teachers will have every opportunity in future to reach one another through the columns of the Journal. They should take advantage of it. The Department will rightly feel disappointed unless the Journal is the means of helping every teacher in a definite way. The teachers of Manitoba will surely be the first to live up to the motto: "Each for all, and all for each."

Ruralizing the Rural Schools

It is the intention of the Journal during the year to give serious attention to the problem of "Ruralizing the Rural Schools." It has been repeatedly stated that while there have been improvements in farm buildings, farm machinery, farming methods, and farming con-

ditions generally, there has been no corresponding improvement in rural schools. It is stated further that rural schools as they ordinarily exist are a complete misfit, that they do not pre-



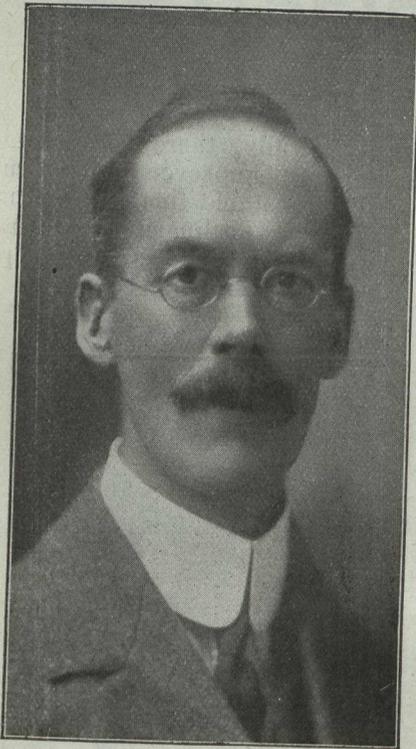
DANIEL McINTYRE
Superintendent of Schools, Winnipeg

pare for life in the country, that they educate away from the farm, that they are devoid of life. All this, and a thousand other things are said, and it is

only fair that the charges should be seriously considered.

It is gratifying to know that a number of thoughtful, earnest men and women have been at work on this problem for many years. Such names as Bailey,

Education in Canada and the United States, the Russell Sage Foundation, the U.S. Farmers' Bulletins, the Educational Reviews, and other reliable publications. It is well that people should be guided by patient thinkers and doers, by those who know farm life and appreciate farm needs.



ALFRED WHITE
Superintendent of Schools, Brandon

The Provincial Associations

On the twenty-ninth of February the Trustees' Association will meet in Winnipeg. The meeting will be the most important ever held by the association, since it will be more representative than any previous gathering. There are over seventy local associations and each will be represented. Indeed, every part of the province will have its quota of delegates. The programme prepared is full of interest, and those who attend may expect to receive both inspiration and information.

On Easter week the Teachers' Association meets. An unusually interesting programme has been prepared, of which notice will be given in next issue of the Journal. One of the chief features will be the school exhibit. There are diplomas and prizes for rural schools, and graded schools of not more than four rooms, and diplomas for all other schools making satisfactory displays of work. It is expected that four cities will make unique exhibits of work in that each city will select eight rooms—one for each grade—and confine the exhibit to the work of these rooms. One of the interesting features of the association, apart from exhibits of work will be demonstration classes. Actual teaching will be done in every department of the elementary section. Let teachers get into communication with Mr. P. D. Harris, the secretary.

Butterfield, McKeever, Carr, Carney, Culter, Gillette, Weeks, Kern, Perry, are familiar to school workers, and what these writers have said is emphasized and made explicit in the bulletins of the N.E.A., the various Departments of

Britain's myriad voices call,
"Sons, be welded each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul;
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne,
Britons, hold your own."—Tennyson.

Children of the Year

January, worn and gray,
Like an old pilgrim by the way,
Watching the snow, and shivering, sighs,
As the wild curlew round him flies;
Or, huddled underneath a thorn,
Sits praying for the lingering morn.
February, bluff and bold,
O'er furrows striding, scorns the cold;
And with horses, two abreast,
Makes the keen plow do its best.
Rough March comes blustering down the road,
In his wrath-hand the oxen's goad;
Or, with a rough and angry haste,
Scatters the seed o'er the dark waste.
April, a child, half tears, half smiles,
Trips full of little playful wiles;
And, laughing 'neath her rainbow hood,
Seeks the wild violet in the wood.
May, the bright maiden, singing goes,
Each day from early morn to evening's close.
Watching the lambs leap in the dell,
List'ning to the simple village bell.
June, with the mower's scarlet face,
Moves over the clover field apace,
And fast his crescent scythe sweeps on
O'er spots from whence the lark has flown.
July, the farmer, happy fellow,
Laughs to see the corn grow yellow;
The heavy grain he tosses up
From his right hand as from a cup.
August, the reaper, cleaves his way
Through golden waves at break of day;
Or, on his wagon piled with corn,
At sunset, home is proudly borne.
September, with his baying hound,
Leaps fence and pale at every bound,
And casts into the wind in scorn
All cares and danger from his horn.
October comes, a woodman old,
Fenced with tough leather from the cold;
Round swings his sturdy axe, and lo!
A fir-branch falls at every blow.
November cowers before the flame,
Bléared crone, forgetting her own name;
Watches the blue smoke curling rise,
And broods upon old memories.
December, fat and rosy, strides,
His old heart warm, well clothed his sides,
With kindly word for young and old,
The cheerier for the bracing cold;
Laughing a welcome, open flings
His doors, and as he does it sings. —Selected.

Department of Education

PATRIOTIC FUND

This Letter Speaks for Itself

Nee-pawa, Oct. 22, 1915

To the Teachers—

At the annual convention of the North-Central Teachers' Association a resolution was unanimously adopted that the teachers of this association (this includes the teachers in the divisions of Inspectors Herriott and Fallis) contribute at least One Dollar per month to the Manitoba Patriotic Fund.

Although these contributions are to be entirely voluntary, it is hoped that all teachers in these inspectorates will avail themselves of this means of systematically supporting a cause which

deserves and requires our utmost help. If you can see your way clear to cooperate in this matter kindly fill in the enclosed form and return it with the first month's contribution to any one of the following: Mrs. V. Cochran, Nee-pawa; Miss Olive Hall, Minnedosa; or Miss M. McManus, Gladstone.

The executive trust that this appeal will meet with a generous response and that the returns will be sent in promptly, about the 15th of each month.

Sincerely yours,

A. A. Herriott,
A. B. Fallis.

FARM MANUAL TRAINING

An educational display of the above will be arranged at the coming Easter convention.

Teachers are asked to prepare such models specially adapted to farm use in wood, iron, willows, grasses, or any other suitable medium easily obtainable. Something for the house, the garden, the dairy, piggeries, etc.

It is desirable that only one of each

particular object be sent, as the aim is to illustrate what can be accomplished with available materials rather than to collect a large number of similar models. Communicate with W. J. Warters, director of Summer School of Handicrafts, School Board Offices, William avenue, Winnipeg, and help to make this valuable to the individual teacher.

HOT LUNCH IDEA IS SPREADING

Miss Jean Whitelaw of Rosser School is still serving a hot noon-day lunch, and reports that her efforts along this line have been very successful. During the month of August the enrolment in Rosser was 38 with an average attendance of 34.4. In September the average was 32.8, and in October 31.6. The lower attendance for October is accounted for by the fact that two children moved from the district during that month, and another was sick. On October 31st, the day of the inspector's visit, thirty-six pupils were present.

Miss Whitelaw believes that the lunch

is a factor in the excellent attendance. When one considers that this is a purely rural district, the attendance for the harvest months is remarkable.

Miss Estelle McManus, of Headingly, writes this: "This is the third winter that we have been having the hot lunch, and I consider that it has been a great success. I am quite sure that the pupils enjoy it, especially those who cannot go home to lunch, and on stormy days many who live quite near the school remain."

"We have a two-burner oil stove which was given us by a lady in the dis-

trict who, by the way, provides half the oil required. I provide the other half, and the total cost is about 50c a month. Each family takes its turn in providing whatever kind of food we are to prepare, and the cost is about 10c each day. Occasionally we have a real dinner, for which each family brings an

article of food decided upon the previous day.

"I find that the parents have been very much interested and are only too glad to send whatever is needed."

Why not try to work up something along this line in your school?

SUGGESTED OUTLINES IN DRAWING FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1916, IN RURAL SCHOOLS

Grade I.—Washes. Design and Construction. Practise making washes on $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch by 6 inch paper, which can be used for various purposes, freehand, cutting, weaving, valentines, etc. This requires much practice, as the children are inclined to work with their brushes too dry, or not have sufficient paint mixed at the commencement.

Lantern.—Color a sheet of 6 inch by 9 inch paper with the three primary colors in rainbow effect. At the next lesson make a fold lengthwise along the paper and cut (commencing at the folded edge) $\frac{1}{2}$ inch stripes to within $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch of the bottom edge. Open and paste at edge and make a handle.

Make borders by folding a strip of 2 inch by 6 inch paper into 4 or 8 sections. Put a simple unit in each section and band at top and bottom suggested units, dots, strokes, oblongs, etc., which should be practised at the blackboard and on paper before commencing the borders.

Grade II.—Practise making washes and apply to a place card as illustrated on page 26 of Drawing Book, small flags could be used instead of candles. Make borders and surface patterns on 2 inch by 6 inch and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch by 6 inch paper, fold into sections before applying the unit, see page 30 of Drawing Book I. Practise making the units on the blackboard and upon paper before applying to the final work.

Grade III.—Design and booklet. With ruler and pencil practise making simple borders and surface patterns upon 3 inch by 6 inch and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch by 6 inch paper similar to those shown on page 38 of Drawing Book II, using vertical and horizontal lines only. Let the final

work be upon previously tinted paper. Apply any of the ideas to a booklet upon $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch by 6 inch paper (tinted). Make an all-round pattern or bands. Insert leaves, see page 11, No. 2 Drawing Book.

Grade IV.—Surface patterns and borders.—Make patterns similar to those in No. 3 Drawing Book, pages 20, 32, 34 and 39. Use for borders 3 inch by 6 inch or 3 inch by 9 inch paper. For surfaces, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch by 6 inch, previously tinted. A ruler may be used for spacing only.

Grade V.—Border and tile. Practise making borders upon 3 inch by 9 inch Manilla paper, using only vertical and horizontal lines. Do not use a ruler except for space measuring. Copy the whole upon previously tinted Manilla paper, using tints and shades for the color scheme.

Tile.—Make a design for a tile square, oblong or diamond shaped, measuring about 4 inch by 4 inch. Use only horizontal and vertical lines as far as possible. See units on page 9 of Drawing Book A for ideas. The design should be worked out first, then transferred to the final paper.

Grade VI.—Tile and border. Upon Manilla paper practise filling spaces (about 4 inch by 4 inch) with geometric forms, using, chiefly, vertical, horizontal and oblique lines. See pages 20 and 38 of Drawing Book 5. The final work to be transferred to colored paper and worked in greyed tones of any primary or secondary color with its complementary greyed.

School Journal—Galley Twenty-five

Make a border upon $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch by 9 inch paper, using a similar pattern and coloring.

Grade VII.—Motto and surface pattern. Practise lettering upon squared paper if possible. (This may not be procurable, if so, let the class rule their own quarter-inch squares). See Drawing Book 6, page 34.

Select a short quotation or motto and print it in a rectangular shape upon tinted paper. (Plan the whole upon Manilla and trace to a fresh sheet.) Color according to the schemes made during November. Make a surface pattern, using a unit made from any flower or insect. See pages 9 and 11 of Drawing Book 6. Use 6 inch by 9 inch or 9 inch by 12 inch Manilla paper. Color according to schemes.

Grade VIII.—Space filling and bor-

der or pattern. Design a border for a square, circle or oblong, using ideas similar to those given on pages 7 and 39 of Drawing Book 7, the whole to measure not less than 5 inch by 5 inch, or larger, and to be colored according to color schemes worked during November. Practise, plan and color the unit before working it on the final paper. Make a border or surface pattern with similar units upon $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch by 12 inch or 6 inch by 9 inch paper previously tinted.

Further inquiries regarding the work should be addressed to:

Miss Hewitt, Supervisor of Drawing, School Board Offices, Winnipeg.

Kindly send stamps for postage.

WINTER SPORTS

By INSPECTOR D. S. WOODS, Miami

The problem of disorderly halls and class-rooms causes the teachers of graded schools much anxiety during the winter season. There are pupils who prefer to loiter inside, and though at times inclement weather prevents any going out this is not generally true. If the problem is present to any extent, it is so because facilities have not been provided or direction given to outside recreation during this period of the year.

For another reason outside recreation should receive more attention than it does. The tendency is to over-heat and not properly ventilate the class-rooms whether the weather be excessively cold or not. The physical and mental result is evident and the need of open air recreation apparent.

Some Suggestions

1. Organize from the inside, retaining the control and leadership.
2. Insist on the loiterer going out.
3. Make provision for competition.
4. Games ought to be of a strenuous nature and such that all would be kept busy most of the time.
5. We should be careful not to do injury to pupils who are unfit physically for strenuous play and those who may not be properly clad.

6. On cold days the juniors might be accommodated in the basement or a vacant room if such places are available and not too dusty.

Games

1. Football for senior and intermediate boys.

Basket ball for senior boys or girls.

Dodge ball (snow ring) for intermediate boys or girls.

Pomp-pomp-pull-away, tag, chasing the hare, etc., etc.

Athletics—running events for boys.

Slide for juniors.—On many of the grounds there is a slight incline which if iced for a width of 3 or 4 feet and a distance of 25 to 100 feet, would provide a splendid sheet for sliding or bob-sleighs. Very little water is required in the beginning and to keep it free from snow would not entail a great amount of labor.

If there is a small hill near by, following the suggestion given above, prepare a toboggan slide.

Where there is no incline a slide might easily be erected, using 2 inch plank. A fall of three feet in fifty feet would be sufficient.

The school rink.—The majority of our boys and girls skate, and those who do

not would like to. Many cannot afford season tickets to the rink. I know of nothing which brightens the play life of the school more than the school rink.

I feel that I cannot do better in dealing with some of the difficulties that confront one in undertaking this than by giving my own experience.

1. The expense of the enclosure. One 12-inch ridge board is all that is required. The cost of this last winter around a rink 70 feet by 200 feet was \$15.00.

2. Getting the foundation ice. This is a simple matter if the town has water works. If the school has a well which will yield 2 or 3 barrels of water at one time it can be done if one utilizes the early snow falls.

3. Keeping the rink in condition. Organize the boys into team groups and place them in charge on alternate days

or weeks. A healthy rivalry will develop. I found that many of the boys would turn out from 8 to 8.30 a.m. that they might be up with the work.

If there is a stream or pond near by use it.

In Dauphin last season we had skating almost every day and hockey three times a week after four. The rink was open for boys' hockey from 1 to 4 Saturdays and two evenings a week from 7 to 8 o'clock. It was open to the junior public for skating from 7 to 9 four evenings, and from 8 to 9 two evenings per week. The total cost for lumber and electric light amounted to \$53.50. We had 7 boys', 3 girls', and two lady teachers' hockey teams. Life at that school was worth living. So successful was the experiment that this season they have opened a rink on each school ground.

NOTICE

The attention of teachers is called to the periodical "Conservation," which is now being sent out to all the Collegiates, High, Intermediate and Consolidated

schools. It is suggested that there is a great deal of material in this pamphlet which may be made use of from day to day.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

After a few weeks at boarding school Alice wrote home as follows:

"Dear Father:—Tho I was homesick at first, now that I am getting acquainted I like the school very much. Last evening Grayce and Kathryn (my room-mates) and I had a nice little chafing dish party, and we invited three other girls, Mayme and Carrye Miller and Edyth Kent. I hope you are all well at home. I can't write any more now, for I have a lot of studying to do.' With lots of love to all. Your affectionate daughter, Alyss."

To which she received the following reply:

"My dear Daughter Alyss: I was glad to receive your letter and to know that you are enjoying yourself. Uncle Jaymes came the other day, bringing Charls and Albyrt with him. Your brother Henrie was delighted, for he has been lonely without you. I have bought a new grey horse whose name is Byllye. He matches nicely with old Freddie. With much love from us all. I am your affectionate father, Wyllyam Smythe."

The next letter from the absent daughter was signed "Alice."

Special Articles

WOOD CARVING IN GRADED SCHOOLS

By MISS E. FARROW

It is an easy thing for a skilled craftsman with cultivated taste to do good wood carving, but to carve well when one is only beginning to learn how to use the tools is a very different matter. It requires so much thought and perseverance to guide the tools aright, to prevent them from slipping or spoiling the work, that one cannot wonder the boy is very often disappointed with the results of his efforts.

Wood is something like human nature, delightfully helpful when working with the grain, but the novice has such a fight against and across it, that it almost kills the idea that he is seeking to express. Every mistake, every thoughtless, careless cut is there before his eyes. One of the things I have not ceased to marvel at is this: A boy is a remarkably good judge of his own hand-work and he is not often satisfied with his first attempts at woodcarving. He does not bother his head with the things surrounding him in the way of furniture, pictures, china, etc., that in many cases keep his taste unspoiled, but—the moment he begins to make something, it is quite another story then (unless, of course, he is obsessed with the idea of furnishing the home, then it is sometimes a case of quantity not quality). Otherwise, here he is confronted with something he has made and tried to decorate, and the decoration is a failure in his eyes—in his eyes, not in mine. I can see that lack of technique is hindering him, and here is where the need of encouragement comes in. In some cases it is only when I tell a boy that it took him long years to learn how to write and that he comes for woodcarving for only one hour or one hour and a half in the week, that I succeed in getting him to try again with any enthusiasm. One despairing youngster said to me the other day, "Why, I can't

write well even now," but he tried again at his carving, finding out, as the majority of them do, that it was no use using his hands with all his might, unless there was a very thoughtful head working with them. I am sure you will pardon me quoting from a Manual Training magazine. A writer there in a few lines expresses so much better than I could, what I feel. He says: "Impressions made by failure produce deeper thoughts, inspire new resolutions and energize will power. mere words have no such lasting effect; by his failures he gains a mastery over himself and thus unconsciously lays a foundation of sound judgment upon which he can build the superstructure of his life's work." It seems to me that here is the educational value of woodcarving in the public schools. In no other hand-work that I know of does wrong doing show so plainly. The boy is destroying in order to create. It is something definite he has to do and it must be done with care, or the results are disastrous. He has not yet acquired much skill, only concentrated effort and the will to achieve will help him at this stage.

The boy who most needs this work is the clumsy, shiftless lad, who does nothing well, or the boy who wants to take a model home every few weeks. Their work is so hopeless at first that one look at it is calculated to take away any conceit a teacher may possess regarding her ability to teach. But later, when one sees these boys beginning to work thoughtfully and carefully it seems to me that something has been achieved. They must be thorough, patient, persevering and just a little eager about the work of their hands before there can be any result worth looking at. I quoted a few moments ago something about the boy building the superstructure of his

life's work. His life's work. Work always rises to the level of the worker, never higher, that is well known. But to train a boy to give thought, that he may do common things uncommonly well, to help him reach a higher level of work, that is an important step in character building. The other morning, a few minutes before nine, I was trying to finish a much-needed model in soft wood. The tools were very sharp and slipped easily over ground work and design. Some few boys were in the room getting out work. Conscious that they had gathered around me and grown very quiet, I looked up and met the bright eyes of the most restless boy in the class. "I would give a hundred dollars to carve like that," he said, and added—"if I had it," and he was very much in earnest. I tell this because at present he is not doing very good work. How to make him and many others of his kind is my problem, how to seize on that newly awakened impulse and develop it into right action. Along lines of *continuous effort* is the ideal I have ever before me.

I can teach the craft of woodcarving to anyone who chooses to learn (and to some few who don't), but to teach the art of it is another thing. To cut across and with the grain, to V tool and trench can be taught, to make the surface of the work concave and convex can be taught also, but that something which makes the finished work (or unfinished for that matter) very good to look upon, comes from within. It seems to me that the art of a thing is that part of ourselves which we give to anything we do, or create. For instance, take two maids in a kitchen to whom the mistress has taught all she knows in the way of cooking. The one will dish up a dinner fit for a prince to eat, the other will use the same materials and send up something that makes one think life hardly worth living for the time being. Or one player will set one's teeth on edge with his interpretation of a favorite master, another will give deep delight. Two men will tell a

story of hidden treasure, on the one hand you have the dime novelist, on the other Robert Louis Stevenson. The dime novelist may be writing grammatically, but—the difference. I think this is what John Ruskin means when he says "Drawing may be taught by tutors, but design only by Heaven." We may be taught to observe a thing and then draw, model, or carve it as the case may be, but to interpret another person's idea successfully or sympathetically (if only in a piece of woodcarving) is a very different thing. When art assumes carving as its garb it is appealing to the sense of sight and touch in particular. It becomes a matter of feeling in more senses than one, forcible in its appeal because it is alien to nature, it is creation. I am speaking now of the artist who expresses his own thought in wood. Indeed, the Art and Craft of Woodcarving should run concurrently with a strong leaning to the Art, if one is to get the full delight of creative work. To go on carving other people's thoughts, may eventually kill all interest and no matter how feeble the effort at first to express oneself it is infinitely better than to continue copying.

It seems to me one of the best ways to study design is to learn some craft or other thoroughly. To find out the limitations of the material, to adapt one's ideas to the fixed conditions of the tools and materials. In short, to become master of them. But you will say "What if one has no ideas?" Well, one's efforts at designing may be feeble and crude at first, yet ideas will undoubtedly come if one is interested, but I do not think they are inspired during the pleasant interval following dinner, they are more likely to be built up by the unremitting concentration of all our faculties. A thing to be noticed in historic study is that expression through all time has moved consistently from simple to elaborate, followed by reaction; and that has been during the period when simplicity was the keynote. How can we hope to appreciate thoroughly other peo-

ple's ideas if we cannot express our own. Good taste, sound judgment and ideas will come much quicker with tools in the hand. In any case they will not come without work and experiment.

"To design," said a master to me, once, "is to give definite expression to an idea." He did not approve of my designs when they wandered across the sheet of paper without rhyme or reason. The things we treasure so carefully in our museums and galleries today were designed and executed by men with *tools* in their hands. Art lived in the workshop in those days; there were no designers *as such* then, nothing but craftsmen. In other words the craftsman was the designer. He learned design through his craft. Concerning this the great sculptor, Auguste Rodin, has something to say. He says: "My principles are the laws of experience." The combination of these principles embodies his greatest precept, namely, that of thinking and executing a thing simultaneously. He extols the workshop methods. Speaking of them he says: "The apprentice passed successfully through all the stages of the workshop and became acquainted with all the secrets of his handicraft. He began by sweeping the studio and that already taught him care and patience, which are the essential virtues of a workman. The master in his turn worked before him among his students. He heard his companions discuss their art. What have we today in place of those splendid institutions which developed character and intelli-

gence simultaneously?" He continues, "The workshop method that is the method which I preach today, as emphatically as I can, calling at thus, "*I am an artisan.*" The school children go out into the world. We teach them reading, and later on all tention to the numerous benefits and advantages of taking up a variety of handicrafts. Aside from sculpture and drawing, I have worked at all sorts of things, ornamentation, ceramics, jewellery; I have learned my lesson from matter itself," and he, before whose glorious work men bare their heads in reverence, finishes simply the great minds of past and present are theirs to revel in, if they choose. We teach them writing that some day power of expression may come to them; mathematics to develop their reasoning powers, geography that they may know something of the greatness of the world in which they live. We teach them something of the past that they may learn to view the present in the long light of history. One could go on indefinitely, and have not we of the Manual Training rooms a high ideal, also? To keep ever before the boys as they go through our rooms the idea of thinking of and executing a thing simultaneously. It is something tangible that is given us to do, something most boys are deeply interested in, to teach them how to *work* intelligently, to teach them to desire perfection, never forgetting as we look on at their work that unskilled fingers are trying to execute, that mind in the making is trying to express itself.

SIGNS OF GOOD DISCIPLINE

1. Order and system reign supreme.
2. Obedience has become a fixed habit.
3. Good habits are inculcated and practised.
4. Neatness, cleanliness, tidiness are manifest.
5. Absence of fuss, noise, uneasiness.
6. Proper language and deportment.
7. Self-control has become a law.
8. Respect for school property and honest labor.
9. Pupils are happy because industrious.
10. A congenial, friendly atmosphere.

—W. Van Dusen, I.P.S.

HISTORY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

By A. WHITE, Brandon

Are we getting anything like the results that we desire in our history work in the Elementary Schools? We have four years of history teaching according to the program of studies. This would seem to provide an opportunity for a good range of work in this line. We have definite work from text books, indicating precisely how much history is expected to be covered in each grade, yet, judging from results, as revealed in say the Entrance examination, our children fail to get any intelligent grasp of even the outstanding events of our English and Canadian history.

In a measure I am inclined to lay blame on the Entrance examination itself. By far too prominent a place has, in my opinion, been given to what is really Constitutional History and to wars, their causes and results. If one may judge from the actual power of grade eight pupils to intelligently grasp the complex principles involved in changes of government, treaties and events leading up to and following wars, we must, perhaps regretfully, come to the conclusion that the time spent on the study of such historical events is very largely a waste of time. This phase of historical study belongs to the High School and the upper grades even there.

Possibly, too, the precise mechanical assignment of so many pages per grade from a text book is not without its detrimental influence. Teachers are often profoundly impressed with the necessity of covering the work assigned. This may or may not be meritorious, it depends upon the method of interpreting that purpose in actual teaching. The program provides no clue as to what portions of the history are of most value to pupils in the Elementary schools, and probably teachers forget much that they learnt in the Normal School regarding this, so they usually follow the text very closely.

This in itself might be all right if all teachers had a sense of proportion. In actual performance it works out too

often that all events, whether important or unimportant, whether suitable to pupils of the age taught or not, are taken up systematically with the same degree of emphasis. Pupils follow their teachers in their lack of perspective. All events are of like importance or unimportance, the same dull level throughout.

The supreme moral value that comes from a real study of the simple primitive life of the pioneer days, and from the life stories of the great men and women who have made our country and Britain what it is, is almost entirely lost in the present method of teaching history. As McMurray says, "For moral educative purposes there is no history so valuable as the biographies of our sturdy pioneers."

I fear that history as taught in too many of our schools is almost profitless.

Personally, I am satisfied that the histories of Canada and England provide abundance of the best kind of material for elementary schools. All that is needed is proper selection and sane treatment. In view of the inexperience of many of our teachers I am convinced that it would be a step in the right direction to have topics, largely biographical, selected for study in each grade. These could be based substantially on the present texts with references to other supplementary books. There are so many very excellent history readers now published that abundance of supplementary material would be available even to a rural teacher.

In grade eight this plan of assignment of topics rather than pages of text books would lead, I am convinced, to a much more intelligent grasp of the material studied. Some really intensive study of suitable historical material would be possible. If studied with a reasonable wealth of detail it would be possible, nay even probable, that pupils might come to love history and to admire the heroic men and women who have contributed to the upbuilding of our nation. The study of such history

tends to the highest form of patriotism, that finds expression in worthy service and surely there can be no question as to the need of developing within our boys and girls a sense of social and political responsibility that will lead them to serve willingly their own day and generation.

—A. W.

THE SPELLING BUGBEAR

By JOHN HENRY LEGGOTT

It would indeed be most regrettable if many teachers were found to agree with the writer of the article under the caption "The Curse of the School Life." One might be pardoned for thinking there must be some special reason for an antagonistic attitude so strong against the spelling of English words. No one can deny the existence of the spelling evil. The results of examinations at school and college, where so many students are conditioned in spelling indicate a very serious trouble which should long ago have received the attention of educationists. The system at present in vogue is undoubtedly producing bad spellers galore. Not only is the defect found in the words that are not phonetically spelled but frequently words in common use are mis-spelt. W. S. L. finds the bugbear in the words themselves and fails to give consideration to the possibility of the source of the mischief being found elsewhere.

It seems to the present writer there is far more justification for swearing at the spelling-book—an antiquated institution that should be put on the scrap heap without further delay—rather than at the spelling of the words; or finding fault with the teaching rather than the taught. A more unprofitable system than that of asking children to commit to memory lists of unconnected and unassociated words could scarcely be devised. It approaches as near to cruelty as anything in school life that has come within the experience of the writer and conflicts entirely with all the best canons of teaching.

With the adoption of a rational system of dealing with this subject a diligent teacher would have little difficulty in making at least ninety per cent. of

the pupils correct spellers of the words they would commonly use, and, in the making, will not have disgusted their young charges with language and all its allied subjects.

The first object to aim at in any change of system is to remove the element of uncertainty from the minds of both teachers and taught. The teacher should know for certain the extent of the vocabulary which it is expected the pupils should be acquainted with at the end of the successive years, and the pupils, too, should know definitely what is required of them. For this purpose it is suggested that the grade readers should be taken as a basis. The first reader, for instance, will contain quite a number of words which to the young student will be altogether unfamiliar at the beginning of the year. If throughout the year that reader be carefully and skilfully used by the teacher, each day the pupil will become acquainted with an increasing vocabulary. The children, knowing that the words in their reader, and those words alone, will be used in their spelling examination, they will endeavor to make sure of them. Any teacher who is up to the mark will be able to use the vocabulary between the covers of the book in such a manner as to interest the pupil in the study of words, the use of which to them would become a real joy.

Passing on to the next grade an additional number of words will be included in the text book, but still the definiteness of the requirements leaves the child in no doubt and removes from the mind the element of surprise. By using only the limited vocabulary of the grade—and the preceding grades of course—in composition exercises,

conversational lessons and written work, the eye, the ear, the voice, the hand, each contribute their share towards making the words familiar and the mental association of the words with things and sights agreeable, causes them so frequently to recur that they gradually become part of the furnishings of the child's mind. The vocabulary of the supplementary readers should not enter into the examination in spelling, but might be used by the teacher for the helping of the more advanced students. Under no circumstances should catch words be introduced. Devices for the purpose of securing the constant recurrence of the same word in correct form but in varied associations are familiar to all good teachers.

Pupils who have passed through the primary and secondary schools under a system of this kind, should they go to the college and university, will not be found disgracing themselves or their teachers, by their inability to write or speak their mother tongue correctly. They will have acquired such facility in the use of words that they will be inclined to smile at the tirades of spelling reformers like W. S. L., who so intem-

perately denounces the "Monster" of English Spelling. A bad-spelling teacher cannot make a good-spelling pupil, and no greater injustice can be inflicted on a school of children than to place in charge of it a teacher who cannot spell correctly and who has so neglected the education of the eye that dozens of mistakes can escape attention when looking over the work of the several classes.

In order that such a suggested plan may be adopted it would be necessary for the teachers of the Western Provinces to induce the Provincial legislatures to so alter their school and college curricula in respect to spelling as to bring into range a rational system as above described. Could this be accomplished, what heart aches would be spared! What anxiety and turmoil would be taken from the teacher's life!

Teachers should bear in mind that a complete education predicates the correct use of the hand, the eye, the ear, the voice. To write badly, to spell badly, to speak badly, to read badly, indicates a defective education. Endeavour, therefore, to approach as near as possible to the character of a well-rounded, well-grounded and complete man or woman.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE EVENING

Every town should have a community centre that is meeting the social needs of the people and directing the thought of the community. As such work is acknowledged to be an "extension of public education," why should not the building where public education is begun be utilized to continue educational growth among those who have long since graduated from a public school?

The schoolhouse is as much a public institution in the evening as it is in the daytime, and in every community a wider use of the equipment of the school plant is desirable if it has an auditorium with comfortable seating capacity or a social room. To anticipate social needs many committees on the furnishing of new schools are installing now only movable furniture.

Where controlling boards have been hospitably inclined toward outside organizations the latter have been glad to make use of the school building. In rural communities, villages, towns and cities where the use of the schoolhouse is obtainable its hospitality has been accepted by farmers' institutes and granges, mothers' clubs and parent-teacher associations, taxpayers' and town improvement associations, women's civic clubs, housewives' leagues, orchestra, choral and oratorio societies, art clubs, natural history societies, Chautauqua circles, historical societies, Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, and other organized bodies.

While all of these organizations have held their meetings mainly for their own members, many of them have co-

operated with school authorities in providing entertaining activities for the enjoyment of persons who are not members. A good illustration of this co-operation was given in a city in New York State where the Federation for Social Service worked with the Board of Education and started neighborhood associations at three of the public schools. At the meetings of these associations they discussed such subjects as tuberculosis, sex hygiene, bird life, and travel, and had also musical numbers and recitations, closing the evening by serving refreshments and having social chats.

The arrangement of public lectures of an educational character is facilitated in several states through the circulation of lantern slides from the State Departments of Education. The extension division of one state university not only loans lantern slides, but is providing motion picture films.

The school as a centre for the community opens the way for the development of latent talents, and there is a wide field for the development of music, art, debating, literary, scientific and domestic clubs. A girl will willingly spend her time to learn to sew if she can make a stylish albeit simple dress for herself, and she will gladly join an embroidery club if it means that she will be taught to embroider a pretty collar or a cover for her dresser.

The value of a centre where all the people of a community can meet on a friendly basis and either play together or learn to do work that to them is pastime cannot be estimated in money. An amateur orchestra learning the latest popular airs, a boys' club studying the mysteries of wireless telegraphy, and a group of adults listening to a well-informed speaker on "Citizenship," gathered in a schoolhouse under tactful leadership, will result in a force for the betterment of the community in ability and in happiness.

In a New England town of six thousand population it was discovered that,

left to themselves, in spite of a goodly amount of play space in back yards, open lots and playgrounds, the sixteen-year-old boys and girls, especially the girls, were found in greatest numbers idly sauntering the streets of the town. That the schoolhouse could, and should be made an attractive "Evening Centre," as it is called in one locality, is not hard to see.

It may be a new thought to social workers that boys and girls get into ruts in their play, but the larger part of the boys and girls in this particular town know best only four games: the boys, football and baseball; the girls, hide and seek and tag. The games liked best by boys and girls are those requiring running and throwing, games that call for physical strength and quickness of thought. There are scores of excellent games that could be made popular and could be played in the schoolhouse in the evening. If a new interest in games could be thus established not so many children would spend the early evening in the streets.

In deciding what form this evening-centre work or play shall take it must be remembered that the nature of social life is such that it cannot be thrust upon people from the outside. It must be the life of the people themselves or it is not social life. The United States Bureau of Education, through Mr. Clarence Arthur Perry, has advanced some fundamental principles that will be helpful in studying a community's needs and planning for its social life. He says that as a rule all group life whose inner workings will bear wide publicity meets wholesome human needs.

The activity which any company of people heartily, publicly and unashamedly seeks affords the precise kind of expression which, more than any other, it needs at that time and at the particular stage of development its members have reached.

Is *your* schoolhouse used in the evening? If not, is your community getting the full benefit of its investment?

TALKS ON PRACTICAL GEOGRAPHY

Geography is one of the studies on the programme that requires a great amount of preparation on the part of the teacher. The old method of "Take your text books, read sections 9, 10, 11, page 41," has passed away. The teacher as well as the pupil studies geography. When I hear a child say he dislikes geography, I examine my text book, subject, and myself. I ask myself: "Am I making this subject of vital interest to the child?"

In my room I have the first five grades. We have grouped grades four and five for geography. At present we are studying the Dominion of Canada. When we studied the Drainage I read them stories about the explorers in Canada. Each child hunted magazines and papers and read articles, too.

Then I drew a map of Canada on cheesecloth. This is for the natural re-

sources. The children take great delight in bringing the articles to school and gluing them on the cloth.

In co-relation with composition, we writes says on the various resources. Grade III. join in for the written work, Grades I. to V. for the oral. In connection with study of coal, the children ask their parents, they go to the merchants and find out where the coal was bought, also the price paid for it. They are very much interested. We are studying gold next. One of the rate-payers who lived near Dawson City very kindly offered to give us a talk on "Gold Mining."

I am making a series of autobiography sketches of minerals. These I place on file and use in Grades II. and III. as supplementary reading.

Lilian E. C. Irvine,
Chinook, Alberta.

HE WAS NOT READING

The principal had just been appointed and on the third day left the room where he was teaching the high school pupils to see what was going on in the primary room. Miss C. had fifty-six pupils, about half of them in the First Reader and the other half in the Second. This, the advanced class, were on their feet reading—at least Miss C. meant it to be reading.

Supt. G. sat down and took up a book so as to appear not to be watching the teacher; he became intensely interested, however, in the attempts of George Cody to interpret the hieroglyphics before him. Champollion never worked harder over the Egyptian monuments. The story was in substance that a Mr. Brooks had bought a house and had moved into it; there was a parlor, etc., a barn and a garden. Charley Brooks was delighted, etc.

George was ten years old and had a good face, could evidently run, eat, sleep, and understand matters in general equal to most boys; but, in spite of all that, he made no headway in interpreting the symbols before him. Supt.

G. asked in vain: Who is Mr. Brooks? What had he bought? Who is Charley Brooks?

The boy had uttered the words, "Mr. Brooks had lately bought the house under the elm trees at the corner of the street," just as he might have repeated a sentence in Latin.

Other pupils in turn took up portions of the story about Mr. Brooks and his house, and though some did better than others, yet there was no interest evinced in the various matters detailed; and yet these were interesting to Supt. G., in fact he began to think Mr. Brooks was a pretty happy fellow.

"I know you think they are pretty poor readers," said Miss C.

"I do not think they read at all—I don't think George Cody reads; and I think all the time he and the class spend in that way is wasted."

"They will learn after a while I suppose."

"I don't think they will learn by doing what they have done this morning; I hope they will waste no more of their time in that way. That is not reading,

nor is it the way they learn to read."

"That is the way it is usually done."

"It is the way time is wasted. Suppose now, George had been down the street and told that Mr. Brooks had bought a house and that he had come back and told you; you would call that talking. Now instead of going down street he turns to a book and gets the information and then tells you, that is reading. There is very little difference; in both cases there is an expression of what is in the mind; the difference is

in the way the knowledge is gained. Did George say to you out of the book about Mr. Brooks what he would if he had gained the fact down street?"

"Certainly not. I see what you mean."

"Then I will go up stairs again." This was the beginning of new movements in the "First Primary" of M—. Miss C. now began to *think* about teaching; she had up to this time very patiently and industriously and conscientiously been following a routine.

WAR SKETCHES FOR THE CHILDREN

Bulgaria

There is a range of mountains in south-eastern Europe known as the Balkans. Here or close at hand you will find a group of little nations—Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania, Macedonia, Greece, Montenegro, Turkey. Look this up on the map. The story of Bulgaria is full of interest. It should be known by all Canadian children.

Anyone who has travelled in Bulgaria will have noticed three things—the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, the great English leader, in the cottages of the peasants; the monument to the Czar of Russia in the market places; the hate of the people for the Turks. And yet Bulgaria has taken arms against England and Russia and is now co-operating with the Turks under the direction of Germany, and all because King Ferdinand has turned traitor.

Long ago there were in Bulgaria fine palaces, and the rulers sat on ivory thrones decked with pearls and gold and diamonds. Then came the Turk and overran the land. Bulgaria and the other little nations were crushed. Their greatness passed away.

Then slowly one of the five began to grow again. It was Bulgaria. She set up schools and churches, and at last became so strong that Turkey began to take notice. She did what Turks have always done in such cases. She ordered a massacre. No paper would dare to print all that could be said about this massacre. The road-sides of Bul-

garia were heaped with human skulls and skeletons, babies were bayoneted, homes destroyed. The news reached England. Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his power. The Turk must go, he said. The butcher of Constantinople must find a home beyond the Bosphorus. So the powers of Europe met at last. Russia went to war with Turkey to save Bulgaria. She shed the blood of 50,000 men at Plevna. In 1878 she signed a peace at Stephano, which left Bulgaria free. This was the happy ending to one of the world's saddest stories. This is why Bulgaria wrote these words to England:

"If ever the Bulgarians breathe again, if ever they succeed in throwing off the yoke of slavery which has weighed on them for five centuries, if ever they acquire the right to live, not as a nation of slaves, but as a free people governing themselves, the honour of the achievement will be due in the greatest measure to the noble English people."

This is the story of Bulgaria, and the present action of King Ferdinand in calling his army to overrun little Servia is the action of a traitor. The other day five Bulgarian farmers waited on the king and told him what the end of it all would be, but he is a German at heart and would not listen. Nevertheless, the end will come just as these five men said. King Ferdinand will lose his throne; his country will lose its place among the nations, for in this war right will triumph.

RANDOM SHOTS

It has often been said, and it is pretty generally true, that a school teacher can be "spotted" on sight. Teachers, individually and in the bulk, seem to carry about them a sort of mental or spiritual musk by which they may be at once distinguished from ordinary people. This seems to be much more potent in the female of the profession than in the male. As a rule he rubs elbows, his own and others, more than she, and thus accumulates from various sources, many influences that tend to counteract the piquant class-mark of the teacher. Let this be as it may, it is safe to say that all teachers have this mark in greater or lesser potency. So it shall now be named; and for want of a better name let us call it the Aroma of Erudition.

Let us now consider this Aroma. This appears to be difficult for the reason that we are not definitely certain of just what we are trying to consider. But when we recollect the many conventions and other teachers' gatherings we have attended this will recall to our minds just what the Aroma of Erudition is. The next step is to set forth how it is, and why. To understand how it came into being we must turn our thoughts to a consideration of a few theories (any will do); then to a few practical things. We must do this in order to see exactly how easy it is for us to consider theories; and how hard to understand the practical. As a broad indication of why this is thus we may take another (the first for many years, no doubt) look into that eminent Philosophy of Education by that eminent Johann Karl Friedrich Rozenkranz. On page 26 we find as a form of education, this sublime theory, "The mind must estrange itself from itself, so that it may place itself over against itself as a special object of attention." This is delicious. The Normal School professors, and no doubt many public school teachers could explain this passage to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. Of course no one would then be any wiser, but that is not even expected. On the other hand, when Bill Jones

asks a teacher "What's the matter with my boy. He's not learning at school?" the teacher can not answer him—that is, not without pawing the air for a few theories. And Bill never does know what is wrong with his boy.

Teachers are reared on too many theories that lack practical sense. Just imagine an office manager ordering his stenographer to isolate herself from herself so that she might place herself over against herself (or him it might be) as a special object of consideration. Of course, there is just a chance that she might have once been a teacher; in which case she would understand him exactly and proceed to obey. Otherwise, if wise, she would call for protection.

What reason there is in requesting that teachers, any more than grain buyers, or bartenders, or any other class of people, estrange themselves from themselves and place themselves over against themselves, is rather more than the mind of man can fathom. Still, being teachers, we are ready to listen to anything so long as it sounds complicated, theoretical, and not too practical. If our trustees once got "wise" to this penchant of ours we should all be more nearly ruined than we are. They would only need to speak to us thus: "You are requested to separate the salary you ask for from itself, and place it over against itself (for subtraction) as a special object of our consideration; we unanimously and maliciously, and vice-versa, having intentions to curtail same progressively and continuously," and we would reply heroically thusly: "Kismet! Kiss me."

The Aroma of Erudition is made up, in varying proportions, of the following things:—

A. A calf-like veneration of the Teat of Theory.

Explanation—"And behold! they set up false gods, and worship them."

B. A badly focussed Idea of Self.

After having been spoon-fed on theory for some years in school, we passed our theoretical exams. There was a time early in our school career when

we condemned some of our studies as "no use." Our teacher being horrified, we "stuck to it," and finally succeeded in memorizing sufficient words on the "no use" subjects to successfully delude ourselves and others. During these school days, lasting till we were very wise and mature (say 16 years of age) we probably did not meet one real fact of life; but we passed all our exams. In this way the all-importance of the school room became part of us. Upon going to Normal School we were further assured that as teachers we were Divinely Called; that the teaching profession was the noblest of all callings. It was so noble in fact that we were not to think of salary—a mere vulgarity—but to let our minds dwell on our Glorious Privileges as teachers. So we then knew that we really were noble, grand, lofty, and everything of the sort. We had only suspected it before. The plain truth, of course, is that teaching is no more noble, etc., than washing dishes, or cutting a cord of wood. Seeing that practically all our pupils after leaving school are going to engage in such occupations as rocking cradles, running engines, killing pigs and chopping wood, what do you think we ought to do about it?

C. A totally unfocussed idea of Things as They are.

Teachers having of necessity isolated themselves, mind and body, from the world of men, women, and things, and buried themselves, mentally and spiritually, between the covers of books, naturally can not know Life as it actually is. In this they are like preachers. But they know their lack of worldly wisdom, and teacher-like they proceed to "read-up." Simply more theories—as they speedily discover when they try to "mix" with men of the world:—commercial travellers, bartenders, barbers, conductors, etc. These "ordinary" men can give "them cards and spades," and "beat them to it" every time. So teachers are getting "wise" to this condition of affairs. There are some who are making it their duty to "mix" in all kinds of company in order to get out of that terrible place, the

teacher's rut. One eminent teacher in this province said not long ago that he thought a good game of poker broadened a man. So he "sat in" occasionally.

D. A God-like disdain of Dirt (on person of blacksmiths, farmers, grave-diggers, hangmen, etc.)

For a somewhat extended treatment of this, read "Book of Snobs," by Mr. W. P. Thackeray; also Genesis, ch. I. II. III., and the rest.

E. An "awfully sweet" appreciation (so called) of the Beautiful—"in the Child," "in Nature," "in Literature," "in Music, Drama, Painting, Sculpture, Raffia, Plasticene, and Prang's Drawing Books"

This refers to the "culture" side of the attainments of the teacher. The Beautiful! What a fund of a—of the—what you may call it, the word contains. The Beautiful—a Love of the Beautiful. "in the child," "in Nature," in—and so on in all things including even wash-tubs, and tobacco (men only). How the farmer should love the beautiful in the moss-grown, iron-bound bucket with which he draws water for six mules at 5 a.m. How the scrub-woman must appreciate the beautiful mud on the floor she scrubs by lamplight. Such effects of light and shade. And so on.

The fact is that no person, living, well and sane is without a love of the beautiful. But "beautiful" is not standard, but is relative and comparative. So because you like to talk about sunsets romantically, do not despise your neighbor because she likes to talk about her beautiful butter prosaically. Unless you are a Ruskin or a Harry Lauder you will fail to put the "Beautiful" into words; so why rave about it.

Then, as we are engaged at a very practical job it behoves us to pay more attention to those things belonging to commonplace affairs of commonplace people. The school room can neither make nor unmake a genius; but it can make or retard the making of a practical person. Is there or is there not some plan whereby the school can teach only things that really matter? The need for men and women who can do things was never so great as it is today.

THE CAVALIER PAINTER

By Art Lover

Most of us are familiar with the portraits of the children of King George V., and that may help us to become interested in the picture of two little princes and a princess who lived nearly three hundred years ago, and in the famous artist who painted it. We refer to the splendid picture of the children of Charles I., and to Anthony Van Dyck, the great Flemish painter.

Let us imagine that we are standing before the original painting in the Royal Gallery at Dresden, where we

standing at the right of the picture, gowned in white with a miniature court train of blue velvet, and with some red roses in her hair. Between his brother and sister we find the youngest, James, who was born on October 15, 1633, and became the Duke of York, and afterwards James II. of England. James is clad in a dress of soft rose color with a white overdress which permits only the sleeves of the undergarment to be seen. He wears the little white cap that is so familiar in another portrait of him, com-



can see the beautiful coloring of the costumes and the life-like expressions on the little faces. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., who was born on May 29, 1630, is portrayed as a manly little lad of about seven years of age, dressed in a golden brown suit, with wide collar and cuffs of white lace. The Princess Mary was born on November 4, 1631, and became the wife of William II. of Orange, and the mother of William III. of England. She is seen

monly known as "Baby Stuart," which is a detail from that other group of the Children of Charles I., also painted by Van Dyck, and now in the gallery at Turin. Two dogs, the pets of the royal children, are sitting at their feet and look as if they understood as well as the children that they were posed for a picture.

It is a delightful group, and serves as a good illustration of the work of Anthony Van Dyck, who was essentially

a painter of royalty. None knew better than he how to portray the refinement of face, figure, and dress, that seemed to characterize the Flemish, French, Spanish, and English nobility whose portraits he painted.

Van Dyck was born in Antwerp in 1599, and studied under Rubens, who was the greatest Flemish artist of his time. The young Van Dyck soon bid fair to rival his great master, and in 1621 he set out for Italy to study the beautiful paintings of that country. He travelled four years, and when he returned to Antwerp in 1625 he left behind him more than a hundred pictures to immortalize his name, although his most important works were painted just after his return to his native land. He then made several trips to London, and finally was appointed painter to the court of Charles I., for which he received the honor of knighthood and two hundred pounds a year. He worked in England seven years, and there are said to be over three hundred and fifty of his pictures in the private galleries of Britain, besides the masterpieces in the National Gallery. He painted

thirty-eight portraits of Charles I. and thirty-five of Queen Henrietta alone. Van Dyck lived in a princely establishment at Blackfriars, and found life at the English court quite in harmony with his tastes and talents. Like many of the Old Masters he painted a marvelous number of pictures during his short life of forty-two years.

He died in London in 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. His monument may be found near to the grave of Turner, the famous English artist. But the greatest monuments to his name are the hundreds of beautiful pictures of rulers, princes, statesmen, and the lovely women and children of King Charles' court, that are to be found in every great art gallery in the world. In the refinement of the faces, the nobility of the carriage, the shimmering of the exquisitely colored satins, the dainty fineness of the laces, the softness of the velvets, the gleam of the pearls and golden chains, which are seen in his portraits of royalty, as well as in the sincerity of his religious subjects, we learn to know and admire the finished art of The Cavalier Painter.

A Little Bit of England

There's a little bit of England in my keeping, do you know—
 A little bit to toil for, and to love, come weal or woe;
 There's a leaf of England's story handed down through ages hard,
 And a bit of England's glory that I'd give ~~by~~ life to guard.

There's a little bit of England in my keeping, do you know—
 Wrapped about with wondrous legend of the times of long ago,
 When the cloud of battle darkened 'gainst the flag that flies today,
 And the knights to war-notes hearkened massing splendid for the fray.

There's a little bit of England in my keeping, do you know—
 A little bit of Homeland that God gives us here below;
 There's a little bit of England 'gainst the wide world that we'd hold
 Till it knew that men of England have the hearts of knights of old.

—From the "Pall Mall Gazette."

The Children's Page

The New Year

The New Year comes in the midnight hour
 When the beautiful world is still,
 And the moonlight falls in a silver stream
 Over meadow and wood and hill.

We cannot hear the tread of his feet,
 For so silently comes he;
 But the ringing bells the good news tell
 As they sound over land and sea.

Where'er he steps new joys upspring,
 And hopes that were lost, or dim,
 Grow sweet and strong in the golden hours,
 That he everywhere bears with him.

He brings us snow from the fleecy clouds;
 He sends us the springtime showers;
 He gladdens our world with the light of love
 And fills its lap with flowers.

Some day, as softly as he came,
 He will pass through the open door,
 And we who sing at his coming now
 Will never see him more.

—Zetterberg.

EDITOR'S CHAT

A Happy New Year to you all, Boys and Girls, Old Friends and New, and let us hope that many of you who are now new friends will be old ones by next New Year's.

Here we have turned over a new page again. The old one with all its blots and scratches, all its scribbles and its fine writing is turned back and done, and across it all Father Time has written "Finis," and here is our fair new page with nothing on it but "January, 1916." What are we going to write on this clean, white page? Are we going to make it neat and tidy, are we going to dot our i's and cross our t's and keep our margins clear and straight? Are we going to make this year a record of a happy life lived unselfishly? of kind things done for others; of unkind things left undone?

Are we going to avoid the blots of temper, meanness, untruth and laziness, that perhaps disfigured the page of 1915? Let us try, everyone, and if by accident a blot is made let us make the best we can of it. If it is possible let us clean it up by saying we are sorry and working hard to show that we are, and if at the end of the year our 1916 page is better than our 1915 page our trouble will have been well worth while.

We hope your Christmas was a very happy one, and that Santa Claus was more than kind to you and filled your stocking to the top. What did you find in the toe? Was there a little parcel, or an orange, or a bag of candy? We always were in such a hurry to get to the parcel in the toe that we hurried through all the others and had to go back over them again. Are you enjoy-

ing that new sleigh you got, or those fine skates? Are you getting rosy cheeks and hearty appetites snowballing and sliding out doors where the sun shines on the heaped-up, beautiful snow that is the envy of all other countries? What would our Christmas be without snow? Would the evergreens look so green, or the holly so red with any other setting? Even the beauties of California pale beside the beauty of Manitoba fields and forests in the winter. Play outside whenever you can and feel the blood leap through you as you run and

play and enjoy it all, so when you are older and have to spend long hours at a desk or in a store, you can look back on all those beautiful winter days of sun and snow. Cut the wood and carry the water, feed the cows and chickens, and run errands with joy in your heart and a whistle on your lips, and even if you haven't much time for play you will have just as much fun and will get just as much fresh lovely air as if you were an idle boy or girl. Once again, Happy New Year to you, one and all!

PRIZE STORY

Were you all too busy with Christmas to write us any stories? Well, we must just forgive you, that's all, and ask you to write on another subject this month, and it's a great big one, too, "What are the Canadians doing to help the Returned Soldiers?" Tell us all

you know of this great, big subject, and tell us what you think they should do for our brave soldiers who have been disabled fighting for their country.

We are publishing a story this week written a couple of months ago on "The Prairie Chicken."

The Prairie Chicken

It was dimming twilight—just the time at dusk when all is silent as though to take breath after the busy day. As I entered by the footpath into the shadowy woods, a squirrel sprang lightly from tree to tree, scolding indignantly, as though to warn all the shy wood folk that a stranger was intruding, and to be "cautious! cautious!" he warned in his shrill little voice. An owl glared down out of an old oak at me, and inquired "Who are you? Who? Who?" An oriole trilled anxiously in the distance, and was answered reassuringly by its mate. Wandering down a winding path, a sheet of glimmering water unfolded before me, showing little silver ripples where it caught the beam of the rising crescent. A twig snapped, and the dark form of a wolf dropped from the water's edge, fading into the dusk. A kilddeer's weird cry floated across the water, and a prairie chicken's "Hm! Hm! Hm!" came from the distance, and leaning against a tall pine I began to wonder how is it that all

these wild creatures and birds are being hunted to death? The prairie bird called again, then gave a startled cry and whurr, only to light nearer me, seeming but a shadow among shadows.

Oh, there is full need of its cunning, for are there not enemies on every side, waiting to eat the eggs, destroy the young, and, too, the cruel shot that brings it down out of the cool air, leaving it a quivering heap of dishevelled golden and white and brown. It is heart-breaking to see the noisy pleasure-seekers break into the calm and quiet of wood and plain, returning with the car loaded with their feathered spoil, leaving terror, fright and disorder behind. What can be expected but that soon the last will be gone?

Late in June, carefully hidden beneath the entangled foliage of shrub, may be seen to the keen observer the prairie bird's nest, with its thirteen or fourteen white-brown speckled eggs. Everything seems to go well with them, except for an occasional happening; and why is it that more often the

craftily hidden nest is not nosed out by some of the four-footed folk? I imagine it must be, as in the case of the duck, that the sitting bird loses her scent.

It does not seem long until the proud mother brings her little family forth, and then new troubles and worries, or could we call them pleasures, begin. She teaches them all her craft, and so thoroughly that even the sly fox or cunning weasel is foiled when she gives the alarmed call. They are misled and quickly follow her, for she suddenly has a broken wing and is flopping helplessly, but when she has drawn them from the little ones, gives a relieved, mocking call and skims away, circling back to her chicks. If you should have passed by not a one would you have seen, for they were all hidden in the bewildering grasses and leaves, of which they seemed a part.

All this they gradually learn—of

where the best oat stacks are found, which pools are deepest, who are friends and who foes, what buds in winter are sweetest, and how to make a safe, warm hiding place amongst the snow.

But soon our winter bleakness will not be broken by its one large bird, the prairie chicken, and soon it will no longer dot our winter sky or the white monotony with the criss-crosses of its snowshoes.

And leaning against the trunk of the tall pine, with a heart full of wonder at the beauty and provisions made for the protection of the wild things, I looked to the calm sailing moon and with a sigh turned to the now darkened pathway, the soft murmurings falling faintly around me, the sweet perfume of the early flowers about me, and I walked home with deep thought in my heart.

Ellen Fraser, Franklin School

SOMETHING TO PLAY

GEORGE E. JOHNSON

Some Good Indoor Stunts

As the evenings grow longer, much fun may be had in trying some of the many little trick games that have amused children and grown-ups for many generations. Some of these you may know already, but there is fun in trying them again, and almost always there will be one or more in a group to whom the games are new.

One of the most puzzling of these games is that of telling who raised a hand behind your back. Ask three or four of your playmates to stand in a row facing you and hold up their hands, elbows at sides, fingers up, and palms towards their faces. Now ask all to put their hands down by their sides.

Then turn your back to them and ask one to raise one hand and hold it up. Meantime you appear to be busied about something until a minute or more has passed. Then you tell the one whose hand is raised to lower it like the others. Now you turn towards them and tell them to raise their hands as in the first place, elbows at sides, fingers up, and back of hands towards you. You will be able readily to pick out the hand that was raised behind your back for it will be paler than the others. The reason is that while the blood gathered in the hands that were held down, it flowed out of the hand that was raised and left it whiter than the others. This is quite a puzzling game to those who do not think of their physiology lessons.

WHO'S WHO?

An amusing trick game may be played to puzzle one of number who is not familiar with it. This game may be called "Who's Who?" The one who

does not know the game leaves the room. The rest arrange themselves in a circle and agree to describe each his right hand neighbor. The one who left the

room is recalled and instructed to ask a question of each player in turn around the circle and from the answer guess "Who's Who." Since "Who's Who" changes in the mind of each player questioned, the answers become very puzzling until the one asking the questions begins to suspect the joke in the game.

There are a good many "mind-reading" games that are quite puzzling for a while. One of them is to tell a number selected by the company. In this game the leader has a helper. The leader leaves the room. The rest arrange themselves in a circle and select some number less than one hundred. The

leader is recalled. He goes from one person to another placing his hands on their temples and bidding all to think hard of the number chosen. When he comes to the accomplice, the accomplice makes a slight biting movement of the jaw. This movement can be felt by the hands of the leader on the temples. Slowly the accomplice "bites" out the number. If the number is over ten, he "bites" first the number in tens place, pauses, and then "bites" the number in units place. Thus if the number chosen is 34, he bites three times, pauses, and bites four times. In this game the company need not know there is an accomplice.

School News

Winnipeg

The school management committee reported, recommending:

1. That the resignations of Miss M. J. Gray, Mrs. I. A. Hoole, Miss Clara L. Groff, Miss E. A. Irvine, Miss M. McKeague, Miss Helen Rutledge and Miss S. Lyone be accepted, to take effect on the dates specified in their letters of withdrawal.
2. That leave of absence without salary be granted to Miss S. Gordon until March 31st, 1916, and to Miss J. Cameron, Miss M. Bastin, Miss Jessie Ellis and Mr. A. Dickson until June 30th, 1916.
3. That the application of Mr. F. Adams for leave of absence for active service be granted.
4. That the following teachers be appointed to positions on the elementary staff at schedule salary, under Agreement Form A: Miss Mabel Eyres, Miss Rose Magnusson, Miss Christina Gunn, Miss Mary Winram, Miss Marjorie Douglas, Miss Katherine S. John, Miss Jean H. Wilkie, Miss Ada Spearman, Miss Jennie McCullough, Miss Nellie H. George and Miss Nellie B. Scarth, appointment in all cases to date from time of assignment to classes.

Winnipeg Teacher's Retirement Fund

Your trustees are pleased to be able to report that the financial statement for the year 1914, which has been duly audited and certified by the official auditors of the Winnipeg Public School Board, shows that there has been a very satisfactory increase in the surplus funds, the amount to the credit of the fund at the close of that year being \$54,382.27, or an increase of \$14,077.92 over the previous year. The funds are in excellent shape, the interest earned on investments being more than sufficient to meet payment on all retirement annuities, thus allowing the full amount contributed by the teachers and by the Winnipeg Public School Board to be transferred to permanent account for investment.

As in previous years, the surplus funds have been invested in first mortgages on improved properties, the rate of interest earned being 8 per cent. Interest payments have been met promptly, the interest on very few loans being in arrears.

The Northern Trusts Company, who make the investments, charge a commission of 1 per cent, so that the net earnings are 7 per cent. on investment.

At the close of the present year, it is expected that the fund will show an investment in the neighborhood of \$68,000.00.

The number of teachers contributing to the fund during the current year and the basis on which they contributed is as follows:

199 teachers on a basis of \$5.00 per annum; 276 teachers on a basis of \$10.00 per annum; 110 teachers on a basis of \$20.00 per annum.

Twenty-six teachers have withdrawn from the fund during the current year through their retirement from the profession, and one through death.

Thirteen teachers have withdrawn temporarily on leave of absence.

Five hundred and forty teachers contribute at the present time as compared with five hundred and twenty-eight at the close of 1914.

Five annuitants received the retiring allowance of \$400 per annum, while Miss E. A. Holiday, who, after service of 25 years, has been incapacitated for teaching and retired from further service, has been granted an allowance of \$200 per annum under Section Thirteen of the By-laws governing the fund.

The rate at which the fund continues to grow and the promise that it gives of still greater benefit to teachers who have spent their lives in the school service, is a matter of gratification to your trustees. The motto, however, should still be "Make Haste Slowly." Let the foundation be secure. Respectfully submitted,

Thos. Laidlaw,
A. C. Campbell,

Teachers' representatives on the Board of Trustees, Winnipeg Teachers' Retirement Fund.

Northern Teachers' Convention (and School Fair)

The annual Teachers' Convention was held in Whitmore School, Dauphin, on Thursday and Friday, November 4th and 5th. The convention from first to last proved a successful and instructive one. A noticeable feature was the large attendance of parents, especially at the Thursday afternoon session.

Thursday forenoon was spent in judging the exhibits of the fair and examining the contestants in reading and singing. The reading and singing was exceptionally good, the medal in reading, Urban schools, was awarded to Sadie Riddell; Rural schools, Emeile Larson, while the medal for singing was awarded to Verna Stelek.

In the afternoon the convention was formally opened by Mayor Macdonald with his address of welcome to the teachers. The speakers for the session were Mr. Bell, the president, Mr. Watson, director of school gardening, and Mr. Newcombe, superintendent of education. Mr. Watson spoke on "The Ideal Rural School," while Mr. Newcombe took as his subject "Recent Educational Progress." Variety was given to the programme by having selections from the Normal Orchestra, choruses and folk dances from the public school pupils.

Thursday evening, the teachers were "At Home" to their visitors in Whitmore Assembly Hall. The McMurray Orchestra was in attendance, and in addition to these selections an interesting programme was given, followed by refreshments. Altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.

Friday forenoon two sessions were held, one Grades I. to IV., the other Grades V. to VIII. In the junior section interesting papers were given by Mr. Walton, of Glenlyon, on "Number Work." Mr. Gutske, of Deer Park, on "Primary Writing" and Mr. Beattie, of Dauphin Plains, on "Nature Study." In the senior section excellent papers were given by Miss Fraser, of Gilbert Plains, on "Music." Inspector Herriott, of Gladstone, on "History," and Mr. Harding, of Dauphin Collegiate Institute, on "Co-operation of Our Elementary and Secondary Schools." In both sections very pointed discussions took place.

Friday afternoon Assistant Scout Commissioner McIntosh gave an interesting talk on "Boy Scout Work." This was followed by an excellent paper on "Composition" by Mr. A. W. Hooper, of Winnipeg.

The routine of business was then attended to, and these officers elected: Hon. Pres., Mr. Newcombe; Pres., Mr. Bell; Vice-Pres., Miss B. Gunne; Sec-Treas. Miss Shaver.

A resolution was unanimously carried that each teacher in the district contribute \$1.00 a month to the Patriotic Fund.

It was decided to hold the convention of 1916 at Gilbert Plains.

The singing of the national anthem brought the convention to a close.

Box Social at Bidford School

The scholars of Bidford S.D. No. 456 held a very successful Box Social on the evening of Friday, November 12th. The sum of \$102.75 was realized, \$60.00 of which was donated to the Canadian Red Cross Fund, and the balance used to purchase the "Book of Knowledge" for the school library.

The Bidford scholars send in a budget of news of the district each week for publication in the Deloraine Times. We

have found this to be of benefit to the scholars, and the news is appreciated by the residents of the district.

W. M. Pecoover, Teacher.

Notes

Miss Vera Ruddell, primary teacher at Snowflake, has accepted a similar position on the Russell School staff for 1916.

R. Cameron Mulligan, principal, has accepted the principalship of the Rossburn Consolidated School.

Hermann G. Harris, B.A., is principal of the Glenboro School.

The staff for the present term in the Hamiota Consolidated School is as follows:

Public School Department.—Miss F. M. Cochrane, Primary Grades I., II.; Miss E. Cowan, Grade III.; Mr. K. M. Lewis, Grades IV., V.; Miss S. Sproatt, Grades VI., VII., VIII.

High School Department.—Miss B. Coates, B.A., Assistant; T. A. Neelia, M.A., Principal.

A Nation's Strength

Nat gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong—
Men, who for truth and honour's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare when others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.

—Emerson

Land of My Fathers

Land of my fathers! wheresoe'r I roam,
Land of my birth! to me thou still art home,
Peace and prosperity on thy sons attend
Down to posterity their influence descend.

Though other climes may brighter hopes fulfil,
Land of my birth! I ever love thee still!
Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile band,
Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land.

—Welsh National Anthem.

Obituary

Miss A. Rintoul

All Gladstone heard with a shock of the sudden death of Miss A. Rintoul at her boardinghouse in town, last Friday evening at about 8 o'clock. Deceased

this she taught for nine years in a Glasgow Board school.

In 1887 she and her sister joined their parents, who had emigrated to Canada a few years previously and settled near Orangeville, Ont.

In 1889 she accepted an invitation to teach in the Gladstone school, and arrived here in February of that year. Since that time she has been steadily engaged in her profession in the Gladstone school, only having missed a half term in her 28 years of service. She arrived in town when the school was one of one-room, and although she was offered the principalship on one occasion, she has preferred the primary work, for which she had marked ability. In her long term of service she has been a steady influence for good in the community, and the esteem in which she has always been held by her pupils is perhaps best shown by the many sobbing little pupils who seem heartbroken over their loss.

On Sunday morning a memorial service was conducted in the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a life long member. The morning service in the Methodist Church was withdrawn out of deference, and the many friends of the deceased lady met to pay their last respects.

The body was embalmed and prepared for the long journey to the family home near Orangeville, Ontario, where burial will take place.

On Tuesday, at 1.30, a short service was held in the church over the casket, which was later shipped east on the C. P. R. 2.40 train.

Very prominent in the large crowd which gathered at the station was the assembled mass of school children, who marched to the train captained by their teachers, the primary tots in the lead.

The deceased is survived by her mo-



MISS A. RINTOUL

had only been ill for a few days, and many of her friends did not even know she was sick until hearing of her death.

Annabella Rintoul was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1860. She received her early education in the Glasgow public schools and graduated from the Free Church normal college in 1878. After

ther and father and one brother, residing in Ontario, and one sister, who lives at Grand Forks, Minn.

The bereaved relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of a host of friends in their bereavement.

The School Board is considering the establishment of some Rintoul Memorial in the school here.

—G. W. B.

Mrs. Geo. W. Bartlett

Mrs. G. W. Bartlett, wife of the principal of Gladstone High School, died at her home in Gladstone on Tuesday, December 21st. Before her marriage, deceased, who was a graduate of the Manitoba Normal, 1895, taught school with marked success at Dugald, Ravenswood, Barnsley, Ridgewood, Clear Springs and Oak Bluff. She was well known throughout the Province, very popular as a singer of Scotch songs, and beloved for her bright, unselfish disposition. She never lost her interest in the boys and girls, and made her own home a centre of influence among the young people. She was an enthusiastic Sunday School worker.

Mrs. Bartlett was born at Lucan, Ont.,

in 1876. She came to Manitoba in the "boom days," a daughter of the Manse on a lonely mission field. Throughout



MRS. GEO. W. BARTLETT

her life she remained a sympathetic supporter and advocate of home missions.

The funeral took place at Clear Springs on Friday, December 24th.

Book Reviews

"**Commercial Correspondence and Business Training**," H. J. Russell, St. John's Technical School, Winnipeg (Macmillan Co.). This is a good, practical text-book for high school pupils, probably as good as there is to be found today. And yet on looking it over carefully, one carries away the impression that there is a lot of the matter that should have been put in the appendix instead of in the body of the text; for instance, the foreign phrases and titles, and information as to forms of address in ceremonious forms of communication. Students should know something of this, and they should be taught to use books to find out other things. It

is a mistake to put the contents of a reference library into a text-book. This book is, however, quite clearly expressed, and very suitable for a text.

Education Through Play

Two books have just been issued by the Macmillan Co., that are a mine of information and inspiration to teachers. These are "Education Through Play," by Joseph Lee, and "Education Through Play," by Curtis. Mr. Lee's book gives the philosophy of play, its educational significance, and it is the most satisfying book of its kind that has yet appeared. Mr. Curtis's book

deals with practical issues, showing what has been done in the playground movement and in the modification of plays at school, and ends with a description of the most popular and instructive games now in use in the playgrounds of America. Any one having these two books would be in a fair way to direct successfully the play of children, and, as Mr. Lee says, "play is the natural educational activity of little children."

R. L. Stevenson

There has just appeared a little book on the life of R. L. Stevenson, by Amy Cruse, published by Geo. Harrap & Co., London. It is the kind of book that

all teachers of little children should have. Every teacher nowadays delights in teaching Stevenson's stories and verses, and naturally there is a desire on the part of the children to know something about the man whose books they know. This little volume would cost about thirty or forty cents.

Queen Victoria

From the same publishers comes an equally interesting little book on the life of Queen Victoria. Now is the time when the great Queen's life should be studied and patriotism instilled. There is no small book on this subject that is better than this one, which is edited by Gordon Brown.

Selected

FORMS OF WATER

I.

The first question is:

"Where does the water come from that falls when it rains?"

I want you to think, and not reply haphazard. We are to be philosophers this morning; they are in no hurry and never speak until they have come to a conclusion.

Forms of Snow Crystals

1. "The water is in the clouds."

2. "The water rises from the ocean and lakes and makes clouds; then it comes down in rain." That answer seems to suit most of you. Well, Mary?

3. "I want to know how it is that the water rises. What makes it rise?"

A good question. Does the water rise? Who has seen it rise? What proof is there that it rises?

4. "Why the pond on Mr. Bradford's farm is all dry; there used to be a foot of water in that?"

Who else has a proof?

5. "I put some water in a saucer and in an hour it was all gone."

6. "If you put some in your hand it will evaporate in a few minutes."

7. "Water put in a kettle on a stove will turn into steam."

All these are proofs of something. Of what, John?

8. "That water goes into vapor."

Does that seem to be the thing. You seem satisfied. How many have seen water go into vapor? How many believe that the water in Mr. Bradford's pond went into vapor? How many think the water of the ocean goes into vapor?

But that is all for today. To-morrow you will have more to say about water.

II.

9. Now here is the question from the box:

"What puts the water into vapor and keeps it in vapor?" William?

10. "I think it is heat."

Why?

11. "Because the teakettle boils with heat and makes steam; you have to apply heat to make water go into vapor."

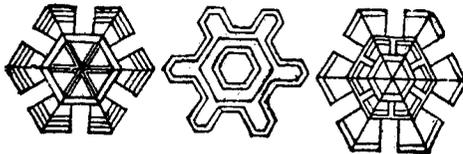
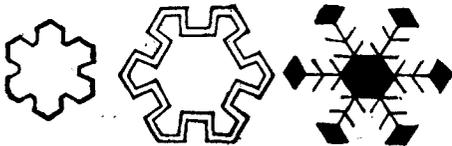
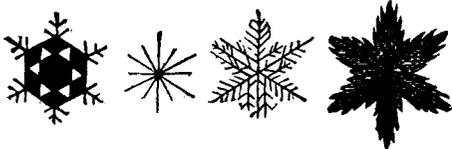
Where does the heat come from?

12. "From the sun. Now we have got from the water to the sun. The sun has a good deal to do with the earth."

13. "The sun keeps the water as vapor in the air."

How do you know? Give us proof?

14. "If you have a pitcher of cold wa-



ter it 'sweats.' My father says it is the vapor in the air that makes the 'sweat.'"

It is the air that sweats and not the pitcher? Is that it? Give more examples that show the air has water in it.

15. "The dew."

Who have seen dew? Why does it fall? Tell us some uses coming from the holding of vapor by the air.

III.

The question today is:

"What turns the vapor into rain?"

16. "The vapor becomes clouds and

the clouds cannot hold all the water and so it falls."

17. "I have seen a cloud disappear." What caused it?

18. "My father says a warm current of air does that."

19. "A cold current makes the vapor become a cloud."

20. "Rain is caused by a cold current of air rushing into a warm cloud."

Could we make an experiment like that?

21. "On washing days if a cold current of air comes in at the window it will make a sort of fog in the room."

IV.

There are fifteen questions left in the box. I will let you copy them:

1. How is it we see our breath?
2. Do clothes dry faster on a windy or still day?
3. Where is the dew before it falls, say at noon?
4. What is meant by "the sun drawing water?"
5. Why should we never sit in a draught when heated?
6. In what direction will a cloud travel?
7. How fast will a cloud move?
8. How can clouds be moving in two directions at the same time?
9. Why do we see most clouds in the evening?
10. Are all rain drops of the same size?
11. Why does it rain harder after a heavy clap of thunder?
12. What are the signs of rainy and fair weather?
13. Where is the sun on a cloudy day?
14. How high are the clouds?
15. Why is rain water fresh when it comes from the ocean?

YOUR SON'S EDUCATION

By ARTHUR D. DEAN

Right at the start let us understand one another. We are discussing your boy's education and not his schooling.

We say that we are going to give our boy the best education that the world can provide and then in the next breath

we state that he is to go through the high school and on to college. We meant to say that we are going to send him to the best schools. Let us see if there is a difference.

The ordinary public school courses leading to college extend over twelve years and have, on an average, 190 days a year of five hours a day, while the average college course has twenty-five recitations per week for thirty-six weeks for four years—a total schooling of 15,000 hours. There are left, therefore, outside of school 177,720 hours. This is where you and the rest of the educative process have a word to say. Perhaps the street, the playground, picture show, the church, do their part in giving him an education.

Perhaps you have never thought of it this way, and in your innocence you have had the impression that you paid taxes to have your son educated—that while he was waving the green and pink college flag he was getting educated. Meanwhile your university may have been a farm with the college colors of black and blue. You might as well see first as last that education and schooling are two different things and that every hour out of the twenty-four is a step forward in his educative process, whether it be within his bedroom or the four brick walls of the schoolhouse or whether it be at the table or desk, with his chores or with his books.

Let us start with the boy of fourteen. This is an interesting and important age; later on we can work forward and backward. Obviously you don't expect a cherub, a little old man, or a sneak. You expect just plain, unadulterated boy. You want him to stand well on his feet, look you in the eye, tell you the truth. Not that he is always to tell the truth, that might be unnatural; but when you say to him, "John, honest now, John, is that straight goods?" you expect him to say, "Yes, dad." You have been on the square and it hits rather hard if he does not respond.

You want him to sleep when he

sleeps, work when he works, play when he plays. You like an active boy—one that rushes into the game with his whole soul. Of course he is a bit boisterous at times and very impulsive, but just the same you are proud of him, and a smile of satisfaction comes over your face even if he interrupts an afternoon caller as he races back to the cellar to make that water wheel or to the field to play ball or into the yard to gather the fruit. But remember that there are but few parents who can give liberty and realize that their children are only loaned to them.

It is taken for granted that he swims like a duck, runs like a deer, and sees everything as an eagle. He will have more use for swimming than for partial payments; he will draw upon his physical prowess more times than he will use cube root. He will need to avail himself more of his powers of observation gained through purposeful organic education than his knowledge of the location of Kaynechatki. He has developed his sensory organs. The summer tan, imitative of the Indian color, is more than skin deep, for beneath we find a sturdy boy, a deep chest, a strong heart, firm well-knit muscles. You offer no apologies for his appearance. You do not have to say, "Well, you know his grandfather was always a sickly man," or that he "resembles his uncle who had consumption which has always been on one side of our family."

You hope that he likes a dog, delights in woods and fields and believes in comrades. A normal dog and a normal boy always get along together. Who ever heard of a boy liking cats except when he had the mumps? Your boy of fourteen is only semi-civilized. He likes to build camps, sleep out of doors, fish and hunt. He is too old to play Indian, he is ready to be Indian. He is past the stage of mock battles, of wearing buckskin and feathers. He has taken up the serious duties of home-building and providing—that's why he likes camping. You may not know it, but he has been repeating in his short life the history of the development of

the human race; and his interest in nature has race significance. Let us hope that he admires real men, stands by his heroes and looks up to his mother.

Yesterday it was Theodore Roosevelt whom he admired; today it is Ernest Thompson-Seton; tomorrow it will be Wright in his aeroplane. He is a changeable lad, but the men who do things are the ones who appeal to him. Later he will be doing things himself. You expect that he stands up for these fellows, for, after all, a friend is but the lengthened shadow of one's own self. Most strenuously he will defend these people and you may be a bit piqued by his loyalty, but you may well smile and be content, for exuberance doesn't last any too long in the world, and a boy can be only once a child of nature. Somehow we all want him to like his mother and look up to her. I know he does, for long ago when he was in short trousers she had his confidence.

Of course your boy plays fair. He will play fair at the game on the field anyhow. Can he not be encouraged to play just as fair at school and in the home? Oftentimes a boy has a better sense of justice than many of his elders. His conscience is more reliable. I once knew a boy who was discredited in Sunday School because he said that conscience was the best guide to right living. Well, it was a boy's answer, and he spoke from a boy's viewpoint. The fact was, the boy had at that time a conscience. For myself, I had rather stand up before the Court of Appeals with a sharp lawyer to defend me, than to have my case tried before the conscience of a fourteen-year-old boy. Who ever heard of a boy who was called upon to "peach" on another boy expecting immunity from punishment? The boy takes his cue of law-making from the Indian, not from his state code of laws.

It's to be hoped that the boy has a father as well as a mother, a few brothers and sisters, a wise teacher or two. His father must remember that he was once a boy. You know parents

have such short memories. Anyone would think they were born gray-headed. I hope that his mother tempers her all-abiding love with justice. I have taught school enough to know that mothers are very blind to the faults of their boys; often a girl is at fault, but a boy—never. One father of my acquaintance always gave his boy a licking at home for every one received at school. Another always blustered about what he would do to the teacher for punishing his boy. The first boy now takes his medicine in the marketplace like a man. The second is a mollycoddie even at forty.

The boy ought to have a few brothers and sisters. They will teach him to give and take, and it's a good lesson to learn young. I trust that his home is something more than the pantry and a bed. It should be more than a cooky jar or a place to stay when everything else is shut up.

May his school be more than a recitation period. It should be the place in which to learn things, not a place merely to recite them. Grant that his teacher sees something beyond percentage marks on a report card. To infinite patience may the master add a little wisdom diluted with the milk of human kindness and seasoned with the salt of common sense. May he believe in his work and look beyond the pay roll. May he have as many molds as he has boys in his class and not attempt to jam all of this human clay into the same form.

We have been thinking of what you wanted and what I expect, but I rather suspect that the boy expects a few things himself. He expects that his parents are sturdy, responsible and clean. If he were a mere dog, we would examine his pedigree and value him accordingly. If he were a cow, we would put him down as a scrub, or beef, or dairy type, and pierce his ear with a registered tag. If he were the seed of a weed, we would not expect him to grow into a rose. How can we expect something of this boy when perhaps we have nothing with which to

start? I suppose that all parents should look in the mirror a minute before they pass judgment on their own boy. We purchase cows and hens on their pedigree, but when it comes to boys, we have an idea that some special dispensation will be granted and that neither blood nor home environment count. But this is against nature.

Our boy expects fresh air to be his in sleep, at play and in school. He does not need any felt protector around his windows, for he is building up a pair of lungs that will not require in his latter days sojourn in Asheville or Colorado Springs.

He expects to be fed as sanely as horses, cows and hens. We do not want the animals on our model farms to get more attention than the boys. You can write to the Department of Agriculture at Washington for a bulletin on a balanced ration for a hog. Animal feeding is a popular subject for discussion. Our boy is worth at least as much as a hog. I confess that we are advancing, for only the other day I saw a state fair announcement of a prize of \$50 for the best baby, while only \$25 was offered for the best pig. Our greatest resource is our boys and girls; and some day you and I will see it.

The boy asks that his natural instincts for activity be turned from deviltry into useful knowledge, productive labor, wholesome play. The best pedagogical query is that asked by a boy: "Teacher, what is this for?" He must be given an answer within his comprehension, one that contains an element of frankness and that will digest better than the stereotyped, "It is in the course of study." Our boy likes to do things which seem worth while. Ask him to dig holes, plant trees, care for them, pick the fruit and sell in the open market for his own profit, he is with you. Ask him to dig holes and then fill them up, he is against you; he expects to see his work amount to something. In play he expects a chance to play wholesome games. This he cannot do in a two-

by-four back alley, or in a six-by-nine flat.

I spoke of his deviltry. It is not a pretty word, but I use it advisedly, for the devil always finds work for idle hands. Your boy of fourteen ought to have a set of tools or a garden; better have both. He will find a vent for his pent-up activity in making and growing things. He cannot always work at learning about things.

He expects that his capacity, interest and native ability will be studied and wisely directed. He is different from other boys; he has tastes and capacities of his own. If Frederick Remington had been tied to the clerk's stool, we should never have had those canvas pictures of Western life. If Thomas, the elder brother of Joseph Wedgewood, had had his way, the younger son would have made brown jugs by the thousands at the old potter's wheel instead of blue plates covered with vines and roses. Parents buy their boys tickets to one place, but fate puts them off at another station. The father of Stevenson intended that Robert Louis should be a designer of lighthouses, but mathematics was shelved for Dumas and Scott. Cobden started his boy out to be a business man of the old school, but the son ended as an educator, agitator against child labor and creator of model communities.

But beyond what you expect of your boy, or what he expects of you, there is that which he expects of us—you and me, everybody. He is literally our boy. He is not yours alone. Neither does he belong to himself alone. He belongs to human society, and is to go into the making of our human wealth. Perhaps he is to be our Thomas Edison, our Michael Angelo, our Abraham Lincoln, our first citizen and always our great, good man. Now he cannot be great, nor good, nor Godlike alone. Neither can you as a parent do it all. The city in which he lives, the street on which he plays, the school to which he goes will do its share in making him an educated man. What will it make him?

Take a look about you. Look at your

billboards, your cheap Sunday supplements, your corner saloons, your dives and your five-cent shows. They will contribute toward giving your boy an education. They will appeal to his ears and to his eyes. They have color and display and make their appeal to the senses. They arouse the emotions, while your school merely appeals to the intellect.

You are appalled, possibly discouraged, by the problem. You had an idea that your boy's education was simply a question of schoolhouse, teacher, desk and books; that you could throw off the responsibility and put it up to the schoolmaster, and if you were not satisfied you could telephone to the superintendent of schools. Schools are fine things, and you are proud of the one in your town. I wonder if it runs like a shoe factory? Very likely it has a superintendent, foreman, workmen, machines, time-clock and card indexes. It differs in but one respect from a shoe shop, in that it works upon human material. The shoe factory takes the leather, cuts it, trims it, sews it and shapes it. It uses forty-five machines and over one hundred processes. It pulls the leather into shape and it stays put. Likewise the school factory has its departments. It thinks that it makes accuracy by the algebraic machine, reasoning power by the geometry hopper, morals by the ethical pump, promptness by the tardy-mark system, study by report-card indexes, stick-to-it-iveness by the punishment process, expression by the grammar trimmer and citizenship by the civics labels.

You and I send our boy as raw material to its doors, expecting a finished product done up in a prize package delivered at the shipping room. We forget that teachers cannot be machines; that you cannot pull all boys over the same last as you can leather in a shoe factory; that report cards don't work as well as factory time cards; that all boys will not pack as well as shoes into nice little boxes, all of the same size and designated for the same market.

Let me say a word about schools: Forgive me if I refer often to the home and the street. I cannot help it, for they concern your boy's education. He goes to school at the age of five; he likes to go, and it is a novel proceeding. In fact, you cannot keep him at home. But do not worry, later on you may have no difficulty in this direction. His teacher gives him a pair of scissors, some pieces of paper, blocks of wood and a lot of free space in which to move. You call all this plain nonsense. You want him to learn the alphabet, and add and sit at a desk all the morning. It is just as well that you are not a teacher, for he is learning form and dimensions through his paper cutting. He is learning number work with his blocks, and he will learn to read without knowing his letters. The pictures in the book and the objects in the room are teaching him. In his games he is learning to follow directions and to get along with others. His teacher tells him stories illustrated with actual objects from nature.

Of course you give him a nourishing breakfast before he starts. You dress him in clothing suited to the season and watch him with loving eyes as he goes down the street. You bathe him every day, as Woods Hutchinson says, "externally, internally and eternally." You take him upon your knee at evening to listen to those bits of confidence which he is only too glad to give to those whom he loves, and you read or tell him a story. You see to it that he has plenty of sleep. In short, you have it fixed in your mind that the ratio of school life to educational development outside of school, is that of fifteen to one hundred and seventy-seven. You are remembering that the schooling gained at the expense of nerves and digestion is of small avail; that your boy learns only in times of pleasurable animation, by doing, through expression, through music and the manifold influences of beauty and harmony. Furthermore, you also will be getting education. Froebel always insisted that

the education of a child and his mother should go hand in hand.

He will ask you many questions. "Does the trolley wheel make the car go?" "Who made God?" "Where does the snow come from?"

Don't say "shut up," for he may return the remark to you when he is ten, and then you will wonder where he has heard it. He is vivacious, inquisitive and active. It's a happy condition, so don't spoil it.

A bit later in school, he will have elementary manual training, drawing, music, geography and reading. He will have marching and games. His school-room will be equipped with chairs and tables, and not cells of desks. He reads well and knows something of the world of nature. He can use his hands and eyes and ears. He has a well developed sense of touch and taste. He may read a bit better than you did at his age. He certainly knows more about birds and bugs. He can amuse himself by the hour drawing pictures which illustrate the little stories outcropping from his imagination. You see now what the school is trying to do—that it is getting at the brain through the avenues of the five senses. The school day is longer than formerly, because one-half of the day is given over to book work and the other half to activity work. He comes home without books and is free to play and to help you about the house; ready to go to bed early in that well-ventilated room; ready in the morning to begin again that educative process which runs over twenty-four periods.

He is now about twelve. He is sturdy, observant, healthy. He knows the four operations in arithmetic. He can read and write, work and play. His day is divided into schooling, working, playing, eating and sleeping. You are the schoolmaster in charge of the last four activities. Probably your boy about this time begins to change a bit. He is absent-minded, listless, even "odd." His complexion is not quite clear. He grows too fast, you say. It is easy to explain; the period of adolescence has

come. It is a trying one, and are you going to leave him to face it alone? The old saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," does not apply here. Ignorance and innocence are not synonymous terms. Ideas gained from the exercise of the boy's imagination and words heard in undertone through older boys, are no substitute for knowledge taught in all reverence and sweet-mindedness by his parents.

Your boy is ready for the high-school; he is strong and well, clear-eyed and accomplished, full of promise and power. It is time for more formal work in language, mathematics, science, history and advanced English, drawing and shop work; the latter to illustrate scientific and mathematical principles. You are impatient for him to be President of the United States. If he stays in Ohio or New York, perhaps he may fill the office. If he is to live in Delaware, there is probably no chance. It is one chance in a million that he will be our chief magistrate. It is a million to one that he will have to work for a living. Within a few years the world will look him in the face and ask this clean-cut question: "What can you do, and how well can you do, it?" His answer will determine his position in society, his opportunities and fullness of life. It is about time that you and your son began to chart the boy's life course. You do not want him to be a misfit, nor an under-done. Some of the latter seek situations with emphasis on the "sit."

There are various types of high-school courses from which he may choose. The school issue is squarely before you. You will have to think of Education making the Man and Education making the Job—not two separate and opposing factors, but rather two complementary components which go into the making of intelligent and useful citizenship. The measure of a man is what he does with what he knows, as well as knowing what he does.

The job of life is getting very complicated. Science and technology are entering into it. Great economic and

social questions are coming to the front. The farmer, even with improved machinery and fertilizers, is up against the middleman. The trained machinist is turned out of work by the automatic machine. The business man is faced with strong competition.

You must not let the schoolmaster confuse you. Some would separate, in their educational theory, brain work and hand work, culture and vocation. But all training is for use and for service. It may make for better health and increased happiness, for more contentment, for better homes, for finer citizenship, and even for larger pay envelopes. It must find its expression in a better man and a better job.

Don't be confused by the terms "cultured" and "practical." Your boy may think that English and history are useless, and that shop mathematics, drawing and mechanics are useful. He may get a good job because of efficiency in the latter group, but if he rises in the world of business he will need to know how to write contracts, to size up men and situations, even to appear before the congressional investigating committees, and shop figuring and shop working will not be sufficient. A man from his collar button down is worth two dollars a day as horsepower. All he earns in addition is based upon his intelligence.

This question of what line of vocation your boy is to follow is more than interesting—it is vital. There are at least two great events in a boy's life—when he has his parents picked for him, and when he picks his job. Perhaps the school will furnish reliable information through vocational bureaus as to the various vocations open to the boy, the conditions prevailing in each and what the rewards of success may be. Boston, New York and Buffalo employ experts who make investigations of conditions in the trades and different lines of business of the locality, and prepare for the use of pupils and parents material that will furnish the best available information about the job. Today some boys and girls are looking

for "anything," and "anything" is a hard position to find.

I hope you do not want your son to have merely a clean-handed job, or to be president of the New York Central the minute he gets out of college. He will arrive at the terminal only as he has already travelled on the road. He will succeed because he can do things. If all his school work has consisted of memorizing and reciting what others have done, he has no foundation on which to accomplish, for he knows nothing of the art of doing. I trust that you are not going to send him to school in order that he may get an education so that he will not have to work for a living, for I am afraid this attitude towards life will start him towards the scrap heap. Do not walk around the house on tiptoe for fear that you will disturb John's studying and excuse him from duty at the ash sifter, the coal bin and the lawn mower because he is getting an education.

You better not order your boy's education by telephone as you do your groceries. Do more than merely sign the report card. See the place that is doing some of this "educating." You will find the teacher a good sort of person, probably a college graduate and capable and willing; but she needs a bit of encouragement, and possibly a word of explanation of your boy's peculiarities. Ask her advice, remembering that people should ask it because they want it, and not because they wish to be backed up in the thing they desire to do. Forget that first word of criticism offered by your boy against his teacher until you have seen the school. I have often thought there should be a school started for parents, for then we would all learn a bit of what the schools are trying to do—trying with all their might and main in the face of social and industrial conditions which change by leaps and bounds.

Your boy is to go to college. The school has prepared him for the entrance examination. It may not have prepared him for the college. The transition from the home and the school

to the dormitory and the college is coincident with the transition from youth to manhood. You have shot him into new and exciting surroundings, out of a discipline of a public school that may have driven with the whip and held with the rein into a discipline that trusts him to see the road without blinders and to travel in it without a curb bit.

The best education is that which has best prepared him for this struggle. If he goes to the bad in six months, it is because his previous training of eighteen years has prepared him for it. Do not regard college as far less serious in its demands than the public school or business. It is not a place in which to sow wild oats, or to disport one's

self before being, as some youths think, condemned for life to hard labor.

If you have a three dollar boy, do not spend a \$3,000 education on him. If you have to skimp and save and practice self-denial for four years in order that Johnny may go to college; see to it that he delivers the goods. He is a sneak if he would spend your hard-earned money for nonsense. Mere attendance at the college will not make him educated. Learning does not penetrate like a cold storage chill.

The time has come for graduation. Your son is now "educated." In the larger life of the workaday world he is to take one long competitive examination. He will stand at the head of the class if he is master of himself and of his job.

JAPANESE HOLIDAYS

By A. L.

The Japanese have many holidays, and they spend a great deal of money to make their children happy.

The first festival that appears is the Japanese New Year's day, which is the ninth of February.

The streets are all perfectly cleaned before this holiday, and the houses are decorated with evergreens and bamboo branches. The wealthy and well-to-do families prepare a feast, and also provide food for their poor neighbors.

One good custom prevails in Japan that might well be introduced into Canada. All debts must be paid at the beginning of the year. Until this is done, no one enjoys the holiday.

The second is the "Festival of the Dolls," and the special holiday of little girls. Just before this holiday the shop-windows are gay with dolls of all kinds. Every family has a number of dolls of all sizes. When a little girl is born, a pair of dolls is purchased with which she plays till she is a grown woman. When she marries and has little girls of her own, she gives her dolls to her daughters. This "Festival of Dolls" is celebrated by making offerings of

saki (a kind of beer made of rice) to the effigies of the Empress and Emperor, and the whole day is spent in acting the whole of Japanese life. The dolls are, in turn, children, young ladies, mothers, and grandmothers. This festival takes place on the third of May.

The boys' festival comes on the fifth of July, and is called the "Feast of Banners." Flags, banners, toy soldiers, etc., are purchased for every member of the family. The boys march through the streets gaily dressed, wearing toy swords and waving flags.

The fourth festival, "The Feast of Lanterns," is held on the eleventh of September. This is observed by a solemn procession to the tombs at midnight.

The next festival is the "Feast of the Chrysanthemums," held on the ninth of November. On this occasion flowers are given to everyone, as we give gifts on Christmas Day.

The Japanese are a very polite people. They are noted for their charming hospitality, and their good nature. Perhaps no people enjoy life more than the Japanese.

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