

EDUCATIONAL.

Sensible Training Necessary to Induce the Rising Generation of Boys to go to School.

The Worth of a College Education to a Young Man.—Public Opinion on Educational Topics.

Children at Work.

Children are possessed with a desire to get out of school and go to work. It is not that they are so industriously inclined, neither is it because they are anxious to add to the home exchequer, nor because the parents need or desire their assistance.

teacher of exact scholarship, of large intellectual ambition, and of decided and manly character, will take from him something more than so much grammar, so much geography, so much arithmetic.

Public Opinion.

Children should never doubt that you are in what you say.

Never insist upon an active boy's sitting still for a time.

There is no good order without good teaching, but not good teaching without good order.

From Adams, England. Our public elementary schools of England have always been regarded as admirable.

Supt. A. P. Marble, Ph. D., Worcester, Mass. I think no system of schools ought to be without the study of music.

It is suspicious for a child to recite in the language of the book. It is easier for some children to learn words than to read.

The time was when the authorities thought that any one could teach composition writing, now they question whether they can.

Dr. Thomas Arnold. It is a most touching thing to receive a new pupil when I think of the great influences there may be for good or for evil.

The latest reform, and it is a good one, is the doing away with the calling of the roll. It takes a teacher but a half minute to make a note of those absent.

State Supt. H. A. Russell, Florida. Give me my state full of singing schools and I will have a state full of singing homes, and they are happy, pure homes.

Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston. Excitement, enthusiasm, zeal, these are only force, neither good nor bad, any more than steam is good or bad, or wind is good or bad.

The Atlanta Constitution. The best endowed university in the South, the Vanderbilt, get its money from a Northern man. The endowment fund of Emory is \$2,000,000, of which \$250,000 came from a Northern man.

Supervisor Louisa Parsons Hopkins. Corporal punishment is monstrously unphilosophical and has no relations with our progressive, intellectual methods. It is out of joint with the times.

State Supt. N. A. Luce, Maine. Whenever the district system prevails, frequent changes in teachers, which are always wasteful of time and effort of both teachers and pupils are the rule; under the town system they are the exception.

State Superintendent Rice, South Carolina. I am heartily in favor of music instruction, and I hope that we shall see music taught in every school and to every child in the state. To say nothing of its good effects upon the physical system, it civilizes and refines every school and community where proper training is given.

State Supt. Joseph Estabrook, Michigan. After the foundations of true manhood have been laid by the proper disciplinary exercises of the public schools, then and not till then, let the professional, technical, and industrial schools open their doors and offer to all who desire it, the instruction required for the special business of life.

Supt. E. N. Jones, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Drawing affords a training for the hand and for the eye which cannot be obtained from anything else. On the practical side, it lies at the very basis of all training in the manual arts and industries for both men and women. No person can lay claim to skill in these pursuits who does not know how to draw.

Philadelphia Record. School education is the complement of home education, not its substitute. Should it ever become the latter, our state will be like that of China. The universal dreary dead-level of a prescribed and unalterable method will stifle all individuality. It is to the change and variety, the progress of the actual life, that we must look to cause education to progress.

Killing His Stomach.

"Give me a great double-barreled, center-fire, back-action drink of soda and phosphate," ordered a jolly customer at a Cincinnati drug store.

riyed from phosphorus, and if you use it to excess it will burn out your stomach, just as alcohol would if used to excess. You feel benefited by it now, but if you keep on the time will come when you will wish you had never heard of phosphate.

Progressive Theology.

A certain evangelist in Western Virginia organized a Sunday-school, and by dint of diplomacy obtained a goodly following of youngsters into whose uncombed heads and uncut nails he instilled the rudiments of religion.

The boy thought a moment and ventured the assertion that they were two. "Wrong!" said the teacher.

"How many gods are there?" asked the teacher.

"Three!"

"Oh! you must know better than that! Try again. How many gods are there?"

"Four!" whimpered the boy.

"Wrong again!" shouted the instructor. "I will give you one more chance. If you don't answer right this time I'll tan you. Now for the last time, how many gods are there?"

"Five!" wailed the unhappy tow-head.

"Smack!" The teacher gave him a thorough dressing-down and sent him from the room in disgrace.

"What's the matter, Jack?"

"Teacher licked me."

"Cause I didn't know how many gods there were."

"Huh! that's easy enough."

"D'you know?"

"Course."

"How many are there?"

"One, you stupid."

"One, eh? Well, you just go in there with your little one god, and you'll catch it. I loved there was five, and he nigh killed me."—Washington Post.

Dashing a Dandy.

"It was a good lesson," said a conductor on a Lorain street car to the Cleveland Union, that a charming young lady taught a fashionable fop that came here on Thursday afternoon.

The young lady of whom I speak entered and took a seat near the forward door. No sooner had she become seated than the young dandy gazed about to see where he should lavish his attentions.

Seeing the young lady by herself he took a seat directly opposite her so that he could look directly into her face. He then proceeded to watch her and try to attract her regard.

Finally she was forced to look at him, but she only did so in order that he should see how annoyed she was and how his attentions disgusted her.

Nothing daunted, the dandy kept on staring. Soon the girl took a paper and pencil from a hand-bag and began what I thought was a note, raising her eyes to the young man every now and then. I was a good deal surprised at this action, and when I called around to collect the fare she asked me to hand her note to the young man.

He was smiling in a very conceited and happy way as he opened the note. When he spread out the paper I saw his countenance change like a flash. I looked over his shoulder while collecting the next fare, and what I saw nearly made me burst out laughing.

"On the paper was a drawing of the young man, looking as like him as a photograph, but the head was put on the body of a donkey and the great flaps hung down over his cheeks, making him very foolish even for a donkey. Underneath was written: 'Something I never before met, probably escaped from the museum.' Well, the way that dandy got out of the car was a caution; looked as though he would have liked to insult the girl at first for revenge, but he thought better of it, and walked out, trying to look as still and indifferent as he could. It taught him a lesson, I guess."

Killed a Deer at Thirty Paces.

One of the most curious deer stories of early times occurred about 1854 at White Sulphur Springs, Napa county. A large party of people were there, some of them among the best-known citizens of San Francisco.

WIT AND HUMOR.

There is a good deal of read tape about the ticker basket.—Life.

Words of wait.—Bring that bill around next Saturday.—Terre Haute Express.

Sweet peas ought to be the favorite of a country which never goes to war.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

After all, the principal race troubles occur in paying the bets and walking home.—San Francisco Alta.

An absolute vacuum has never been attained. It can exist only in your mind.—Terre Haute Express.

Don't be too severe on the man who scolds his wife in public. Perhaps that is the only time he can scold.—Terre Haute Express.

The woman who declares that she would rather have her hair cut than have her husband cut her hair.—Terre Haute Express.

Starting on a bicycle excursion with his wife, a man said to his most forcible bicyclist: "The road."—Harper's Bazar.

George.—"Why so sad, Charles? Does not Mildred return your love?" Charles.—"No, she only returns my letters."—Maussey's Weekly.

A fellow was arrested in New York city last week for stealing sheet music. He should have been sent to Sing Sing. Ketchum Enterprise.

First Thief.—"How is your baby getting along?" Second Thief.—"First rate! He has got so he reaches out for things already!"—Boston Herald.

Mrs. Smithington.—"Oh! Mr. Tibkin, you are always so kind in coming to see me off." Little Tibkin.—"Not at all; it is always a pleasure."—Fun.

Kay.—"The way of the transgressor is hard." Jay.—"Yes, he takes the whole sidewalk and crowds the right-ous into it."—Drake's Magazine.

Algernon.—"I went to Long Branch to get the sea air." Augustus (intercepting sadly).—"And I went to get a sea heirus, but I failed."—Drake's Magazine.

Tailor.—"I've stepped around to collect that little bill." Travels.—"Sorry, but I'm short. How would it do for me to order another suit?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

Wickwire.—"Have you noticed that we have had some beautiful surprises during the last week?" Mudge.—"No, I've been going to bed early here lately."—Terre Haute Express.

Doctor (to dying patient).—"Death does not end all, my dear friend." Dying Man.—"Right, doctor. You and the undertaker send in your bills after that."—Drake's Magazine.

The map who keeps an exact cash account of his daily expenses generally earns an expert bookkeeper's salary in trying to remember where the money went.—Somerville Journal.

"I suppose you still dabble in art?" "Dabble! Why, my dear boy, pictures from my brush are on exhibition all over the city." "You don't say! For what firm of billposters do you work?"—Boston Herald.

Friend (to veteran editor).—"Have you ever written a line that you would wish to wipe out?" Veteran (sadly).—"Yes, once." "When was that?" "When I indorsed a friend's note and had to pay it."—Texas Siftings.

"What are you doing now, Gus?" said one young man about town to another. "O, I write for a living." "On the daily press?" "No; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance."—Merchant Traveler.

Candid.—"You have a poor opinion of humanity, I fear. You do not regard the race with that charity and brotherly affection that characterize true philanthropy." Pangloss.—"No; I ride in the street cars."—America.

Mr. Gall.—"I wonder what you were dreaming about last night? You reached out and patted the marble top of the table and smiled." Mrs. Gall.—"O, I remember now. I dreamed I was patting you on the cheek."—Terre Haute Express.

Miss Langham.—"You Americans use the name of George Washington very frequently, do you not?" Mr. de Yank.—"Yes, indeed. Why, George Washington has been on every one's tongue since postage stamps were invented."—N. Y. Sun.

"The office-seekers have been pretty lively during the present administration," said Smythe to Browne. "Every one of them has been going like a race horse." "You refer, no doubt, to the fact that he was trying for a place."—Merchant Traveler.

Professor.—"Mr. Banks, of what use is an unknown quantity?" Young Banks.—"As a means of making money." Professor.—"Explain yourself; I don't understand." Banks.—"Well, ask father; he is in the coal business."—Ketchum Enterprise.

Moneybags.—"Advertising, my dear boy, always." Youngblood.—"It hasn't paid me." "What do you mean?" "Nothing, except that father advertised me in the papers awhile ago, and I haven't been able to get tick anywhere since."—N. Y. Sun.

Dashaway.—"Why this is indeed a surprise, Miss Summit. It must be five years since I saw you last. Indeed, I almost wonder that you recognize me." Miss Summit.—"Ah, Mr. Dashaway, how could one ever forget that coat of yours?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

Mr. Bashful.—"Wonderful things are done nowadays, Miss Clara. The doctor has given Mrs. Smith's boy a new lip from his cheek." Miss Clara.—"O, that's not much; many's the time I have had a pair taken from mine, and

no painful operation either."—N. Y. Herald.

Mrs. Rustler (to her husband).—"I certainly wish, dear, that you would keep up appearances more and dress better. Now look at Mr. Slasher, who moves in our set, how stylish he is." Rustler.—"You forget, dear, that it is but recently that Slasher failed."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Citizen.—"The policeman on our street looks consumptive, and I'm sure he would not be able to cope with an evildoer." Police Captain.—"Don't you fear; he's all right. He belongs to the same class as the thieves and burglars in this city, and not one of 'em would hurt him."—N. Y. Express.

Page 64 of Geology (captioned, at the close of the spring term) asked me to report to me, individually, any kind of extraordinary interest you had in modern geology. The outcrops, you said, you find again. Corbett, of course, Mr. mine had yellow hair, blue eyes, and a tailor-made suit."—Puck.

Winks.—"Hello! Been away?" Minks.—"Only for a day. I ran down to the shore to see how my cottage was faring in the storm. Did you ever see the sea in a storm?" Winks.—"By George! That reminds me. I must hurry into that store before it shuts up. I had nearly forgotten an errand which I promised to do for my wife."—N. Y. Weekly.

Hiroller.—"So Algy is dead?" Tuff-boy.—"Yes, and some of the boys have clubbed together to get a monument for him. All we want is to decide on an appropriate inscription for it." Hiroller.—"Why don't you put that line: 'Can storied urn or animated bust—' Tuffboy.—"Animated bust! The very thing. That will remind everybody of Algy."—America.

He (sitting at the piano).—"What shall I play, Miss De Temps?" She.—"O, I do wish you would play that favorite of yours—the 'Races.' I think it's called." He.—"Edon't understand." She (innocently).—"Why, Mr. Brown told me yesterday, when I asked him where you were, that you were out at the park playing the 'Races, so I supposed you would be willing to play it for me." He (under his breath).—"Wait till I catch Tom Brown."—N. Y. Sun.

WILKIE COLLINS.

He Got Five Thousand Guineas for His Novel "Armada."

The highest price which Wilkie Collins ever received for a novel, says Edward Yates in the New York Tribune, was 5,000 guineas, which was paid to him for "Armada" by George Smith before a line of the story, which originally appeared in the Cornhill Magazine, had been written. "Armada" has never been a favorite with the public, but it is a very powerful book, and a story of the most absorbing interest. Dickens expressed a high opinion of it. Just after the bargain had been concluded between the author and the publisher there was a discussion at the Athenaeum one afternoon about book prices, during which Hayward very acrimoniously maintained that George Smith could not possibly have paid any such sum to Wilkie Collins, and after he had ranted on the subject for some time Dickens turned to a friend and whispered: "Can you tell me now that that man is so generally execrated?" Thackeray, only a short time before his death, congratulated Collins on the transaction and told him that he had never himself made as much as £5,000 by any of his books. The purchase of "Armada" was not a profitable transaction for Mr. Smith, but "Romola" proved a still worse bargain, as £7,000 was paid for it, and of the first expensive edition only some 4,500 copies were sold. The statement that Collins has left copious reminiscences and numerous MS. stories is incorrect. During the last few years he received several proposals on the subject of reminiscences, but declined to entertain them.

"Wilkie Collins, to those who met him on his visit to this country, was a very curious personality," says a veteran theatrical agent in the Philadelphia Inquirer. "I shall never forget the first time that I came into communication with him. It was in December, 1873. I had gone after midnight into the bay of what was then Tommy Ryan's hotel, at the corner of Broadway and Union square, New York, and is now the Morton house. Perched on a high stool before the eating counter, with his knees drawn nearly up to his chin, was a little man in solemn black clothes. The position in which he sat, his small body, his large head, his strong features, his gold spectacles, and his bushy hair and beard, then showing more silver than black threads, would have attracted anybody's attention. He was eating an enormous mess of roast oysters and drinking Dublin porter. Presently Mr. Dolby, who was first known in this country as the man who brought Charles Dickens over here for his reading tour in 1868, came in, and the little, gray man hopped off his stool to join him in a drink at the bar. I knew Dolby, and Dolby's friend was introduced to me as Wilkie Collins.

The Chief Mourners.

At a funeral in Oscoda, Mich., the part of chief mourner was taken by the dead man's wife, who had married another without getting a divorce. Her husband went along to soothe and comfort her.

California, it is said, now manufactures nearly all the iron she needs, though only a few years ago she depended on the east for her supply.