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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### WOMAN'S INVASION OF EDUCATION.

The invasion of the higher institutions of learning in this country by the gentler sex is one of the most significant events in these days of extraordinary occurrences. Throughout the land a note of warning has recently been sounded to the effect that, if not resisted, women will overrun the colleges. It is predicted that the men will take to the trees or the deep sea if the number of girls who attend colleges continues to increase. Lamentations are heard on all sides over the usurpation of the teaching profession by women. So great, indeed, is the alarm felt in some quarters that President Hall has come out in advocacy of "men's rights." He thinks the vital question now in education is whether man will be able to survive in view of woman's aggression. It is evident from the great furore in the world that American women at least have an immense amount of gumption; and wherever they find an opening they rush in and take possession of everything in sight, so that poor man must fight for mere existence.

The remarkable readiness with which women have taken advantage of educational opportunities in this country is, so far as we know, unparalleled in the history of the sex. Whether this means, as some people think, the overturning of civilization, or whether it insures the sound moral and intellectual development of the race, is not proper to be discussed at this time, though for ourselves we lean decidedly in the direction of the latter view. A study of European life will probably convince any one that the method of educating women in the old world has not proven a success. We can hardly go farther astray here than they have gone in some places, at any rate, across the sea. As for ourselves, we say: Let the women come on; it won't hurt the men any to

feel the stimulus of lively competition. If the women can beat the men, in the name of justice let them do it. Also, if they get control of everything and exterminate man, let them occupy the earth by themselves in peace and prosperity. Let there be fair play on all sides; and may the best man win!

### CO-EDUCATION.

We have it in mind to express our opinion at some length presently—when we can muster enough courage for the task—respecting the great subject of the education of boys and girls in the same institution and in the same manner. Without anticipating what may be said later, it may be proper to point out at this time that there is a rising tide of criticism in this country against our system of co-education. The critics are found on every side, and they are representative of every sort of educational group. Physicians quite generally agree that the girl should not be subjected to precisely the same education as the boy, at least after the high-school period is reached. Sociologists and educators think the spheres of men and women are different in some fundamental respects, which should require somewhat different educational training. Teachers beyond the elementary school are beginning to feel that they might succeed better with their classes if there were not a mixture of sexes in them. As a result of this developing feeling in different parts of the country attempts are being made, very cautiously it should be said, to segregate boys and girls to some extent in the high school, the college, and the university. There is also a growing tendency among the colleges to limit the number of women which may be admitted to them, the aim being to keep the attendance below that of the men. Within the next few years there is bound to be a struggle over the question of segregation and the

Pilgrims?" Is the bombardment of Ft. McHenry a more important fact than the creation of our "Star-Spangled Banner?" Was the song, "A Hot Time in the Old Town" a factor in the battle of San Juan Hill? Remember the young major in a Confederate uniform who said, "Boys, if we'd had your songs, we'd have licked you out of your boots. Who could'nt have marched and fought with such songs?" Soldiers have never been inspired to go to certain death in defense of their flag by reciting dates and facts in history.

What has been said of history applies as well to biography. It is certainly as legitimate to study the life of a Händel, a Mozart, or a Bach, as of a Rembrandt, a Millet, a Longfellow or a Tennyson.

As to the correlation of music and literature, the poetry learned in song should be as beautiful and artistic as can be found. We cannot afford to put before a child a single unpoetical utterance. The poems in the songs of a music course should be by such authors as, Eugene Field, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lucy Larcom, Francis Ridley Havergal, Whittier, Longfellow, and others like them, so that nothing but excellent literary material should pass, embodied in music, into the child's receptive mind.

#### AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT.

A taxidermist once made a most attractive exhibit at the Fond du Lac County Fair. It was always surrounded by a crowd. Young and old returned time and time again to see this one display. The birds and animals exhibited were interesting and instructive in and of themselves, but the ingenuity and skill of the taxidermist in arranging them so as to illustrate the story of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" made the collection even more interesting. The animals were mounted so as to answer each question in that diverting poem.

The taxidermist has his way of illustrating this story. The children in school may not have birds for such illustrations, but they can get pictures of birds and illustrate the story in almost as interesting a manner as did the taxidermist. While they are doing the work, they will get thoroughly familiar with the looks of each bird in the story.

#### APRIL.

April cold with dropping rain  
Willows and lilacs brings again;  
The whistle of returning birds,  
And trumpet-lowing of the herds.  
*R. W. Emerson.*

Come up, April, through the valley,  
In your robes of beauty dressed,  
Come and wake your flowery children  
From their wintry beds of rest;  
Come and over-blow them softly  
With the sweet breath of the south;  
Drop upon them, warm and loving,  
Tenderest kisses of your mouth.  
*Phoebe Cary.*

Now fades the last long streak of snow;  
Now bourgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And, drowned in yonder living blue,  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea.  
*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

#### BIRTHDAYS.

BY E. R. MC C.

Birthday anniversaries are important events in the lives of most children and how they appreciate any notice given them in school!

When children enter, we secure from the parents the date of each child's birth. These dates we enter in our register. Each month we look over the list and select the names of those whose birth-days occur therein. When a child's birthday arrives, instead of the usual morning greeting, we sing the "Good Bye Song" in the Patti Hill song book, changing the words to, "Glad birthday to you! Glad birthday to you! Glad birthday dear ———. Glad birthday to you!" The child is permitted to choose the songs and games

for the day, and to go on the errands about the building, which is at all times considered a privilege.

We mount, on prettily tinted cover paper, little pictures taken from magazines, or secured from the penny picture companies. On the back of each we write, "A happy birthday to \_\_\_\_\_ from the Primary Room."

At the end of the birthday, teacher and pupils say once more "A happy birthday to \_\_\_\_\_," and present him with the card described above. He accepts his little remembrance with beaming eyes that indicate his pleasure. He often looks as if he wonders how teacher knew it was his birthday. It is a *little* thing but the child is made happy by the recognition of his individuality. It has been my experience that the more time a teacher spends in the consideration of the individuality of children the less time she finds it necessary to spend in solving problems of discipline.

#### DRAMA FOR ARBOR DAY;

#### PROSERPINA

(From the Greek Story.)

BY LAURA ROUNTREE SMITH, PLATTEVILLE, WIS.

#### Scene 1.

(Enter many children wearing white aprons; they skip to and fro in search of flowers.)

1st: Oh, see the pretty violets! I will pick a large bunch of them!

2nd: See the buttercups and daisies! I will make a daisy chain!

3rd: I will fill my apron with flowers.

4th: See! Proserpina has her apron full of flowers already.

Proserpina: See the pretty daffodil! Let us see who can get there first and pick it!

(They all run; Proserpina gets there first, picks the flower and vanishes by means of a screen placed in front.)

1st: Proserpina has gone!

All: Proserpina has gone!

Echo: Proserpina has gone!

1st: How we shall miss Proserpina!

2nd: Who will go and tell her mother?

3rd: We will all go.

(Exit all.)

#### Scene 2.

(Ceres sits on a throne; enter Mercury.)

Mercury: Good-morning, Queen Ceres! As I

came thro the woods just now, I did not hear a single bird singing.

Ceres: What can be the matter with the birds? They were all singing a few hours ago.

Mercury: I thought I would bring you a bunch of wild flowers but I could not find any.

Ceres: Could the children have picked all the wild flowers?

(Enter Children.)

All: Proserpina has gone!

Echo: Proserpina has gone!

Ceres (Weeping) Children, where has my daughter Proserpina gone?

All: She went to pick a wild flower, and she vanished.

Mercury: Perhaps she rode away in a chariot.

(Ceres comes down from her throne.)

Ceres: We will all search for Proserpina.

All: Proserpina has gone!

Echo: Proserpina has gone!

(Exit all.)

#### Scene 3.

(Ceres wanders in the land of King Celeus and meets Iris.)

Iris: How glad I am to meet you, Queen Ceres! We need rain. Won't you please give rain to the suffering people?

Ceres: No rain shall fall until Proserpina comes home.

Iris: Oh dear, what shall we do without rain?

Ceres: No flowers shall bloom and no birds shall sing until Proserpina returns.

(The Queen passes by a fountain weeping and meets a sprite.)

Sprite: Why do you weep, O Queen?

Ceres: I cannot find my daughter Proserpina.

Sprite: Proserpina is not on the earth; she is in the earth.

Ceres: Oh, tell me where she is!

Sprite: She went to pick flowers one day—

Ceres: Yes, yes!

Sprite: She picked some flowers and the earth opened, and there was King Pluto with his chariot. He caught Proserpina and she rode away with him.

Ceres: Where is Proserpina now?

Sprite: She is in King Pluto's palace. She wants to come home.

Ceres: I will go and see Jupiter. I will ask him to bring my daughter home.

(Exit Queen.)