

constraint, for mere love of excitement and from mechanical force of habit are so common that these exceptions cover much ground. But the ground lying within these excepted fields is the ground where an educative process is *not* going on.

The whole problem of education is finally thus summed up:

Interest is obtained not by thinking about it and consciously aiming at it, but by considering and aiming at the conditions that lie back of it, and compel it. If we can discover a child's urgent needs and powers, and if we can supply an environment of materials, appliances, and resources—physical, social, and intellectual—to direct their adequate operation, we shall not have to think about interest. It will take care of itself. For mind will have met with what it needs in order to be mind. The problem of educators, teachers, parents, the state, is to provide the environment that induces educative or developing activities, and where these are found the one thing needful in education is secured.

The entire essay is so compactly written, its paragraphs are so interwoven, that extracts are most unsatisfactory. But one feels as one reads through the book that a crystal glass has let one spy into the workings of the human mind, and one returns to one's old world with new sight. There has been given a standard of judgment of what is and what is not *educative* in our children's—all children's—schooling and home-life, too. Old problems and phrases, such as "disciplinary versus cultural studies," "academic versus technical courses," "vocational versus non-vocational schools" lose all their separate terrors and are seen only to represent one great unity of knowledge and power.

A. L. G.

PERIODICALS

Chautauqua.

William Jennings Bryan writes in *The Independent* of July 6, a Chautauqua number, an appreciation of the Chautauqua movement which many Americans would be better educated for reading. "Whoever is unacquainted with Chautauqua," he writes, "has ignored one of the greatest agencies at work upon American national character. . . . One talks freely here about politics; but not generally as a politician. He has been invited to speak as a citizen about matters that concern all alike, Democrat, Republican, Progressive, Socialist, Prohibitionist, or whatever, he finds eager hearing as long as he keeps to views in which he may invite all good Americans to share. When he violates that implicit or explicit understanding—sometimes it is explicit—he makes of himself an ungracious and unwelcome person so far as that Chautauqua is concerned; when his engagement is finished it will have no more of him. . . . Those who are pessimistic about the newspapers—about the magazines, too, now and then—about the working of our legislative bodies, about our privately endowed and very precisely and decorously regulated colleges, ask from time to time

why certain interests or the propagandists of certain special theories should not get hold of the Chautauqua and warp it to their own designs. Especially why not, they ask, when we have come to see a hundred and more Chautauquas controlled by one management? The matter would appear to be simple. The answer is equally simple—the manifest fact is that nothing of the sort has happened. Inclined perhaps a little more to the radical than to the ultra-conservative, on the principle of "trying all things" and seeing that the ultra-conservative have already had their hearing, nevertheless the most striking characteristic of the Chautauqua platform has always been a sane catholicity. Whoever has any message that everybody has not heard to weariness and whoever can deliver it well finds audience awaiting him. . . . The privilege and the opportunity of addressing from one to seven or eight thousand of his fellow Americans, in the Chautauqua frame of mind, in the mood which almost as clearly asserts itself under the tent or amphitheater as does reverence under "dim religious light"—this privilege and this opportunity is one of the greatest that any patriotic American could ask. To the man on a Chautauqua circuit it is multiplied by as many as there are days in his engagement. This privilege and this opportunity carry with them a peculiar responsibility of which no American with a conscience could remain insensible. It makes of him, if he knows it and can rise to its full requirements, a potent human factor in molding the mind of the nation."

A. L. G.



Thirty Years for Democracy.

The (San Francisco) *Star* commemorates its thirtieth birthday in its issue of July 4 with a very brief and modest statement by Mr. Barry of his editorial policy and the reforms his journal has helped toward victory since 1884—an honorable roll of triumphant democracy of which any editor and State should be proud.

A. L. G.



Bishop Olmstead was talking about boy nature. "I once said to a little boy: 'Do you know the parables, my child?'"

"'Yes, sir,' he replied.

"'And which of the parables,' said I, 'do you like best?'"

"'I like the one,' he answered, after a moment's thought, 'where somebody loafes and fishes.'"—*San Francisco Star*.



Mrs. Beat: Tell the gentleman I'm not receiving today, Nora.

New Maid: But he ain't deliverin', mum; he's collectin'.—Puck.



The keenest student it would FAAAA
To know the habits of the JJJJJJJJ
While any one can learn with EEEEE
The simple secrets of the BBBBBBBB

—Columbia Jester.