"I myself am somebody, I am one of you and not of the lowliest!" In a village everyone is known. Strutting is useless. But in a city, the anonymous he or she must hang out some signal to the crowd, some advertisement of native worth. The female signals the male, but not only the male; she informs her betters in taste, in style, in spending money, that she herself has points which they can appreciate.

How strange then that language, and particularly voice, has been so neglected. For there is no worse advertisement than bad speaking. It is like the scent of the fox; the bearer cannot escape from it, all the neighborhood is aware. Character, temperament, personality, are elusive and hard to come at; clothes tell the story quickly, though only a part of it; but the voice, that most characteristic of all human attributes, seems to be the essential person himself, shedding the husk of bought adornments, telling as much of the truth as can be told in a brief contact, saying far more than the words. Let her spend her mornings at the beautifiers, her afternoons at the dressmakers, and still one word will betray her. She may have a good heart, and a sterling character, and a passable mind, and still that rasp and slide over the English vowels, that choke on the consonants, and breath nasally sharpened, will undo all her promises. It takes a more than passable beauty to make up for squawks and shrillings, which is one reason perhaps why so many girls nowadays seem to prefer to do their hugging by daylight.

Indeed, a worldly wise adviser of sensitive youth would certainly urge upon the socially minded more care in speaking and in their choice of books. For if one can tell a little about character and all about looks from the face, it is the book on the table, or the magazine under the arm, or the newspaper being read, that reveals the mental status to a curious observer; it is the voice which denotes, more sharply and on the whole more accurately than anything else, a cultural classification, and distinguishes the golden from the gilded.—*The Saturday Review of Literature.*

AN UP-TO-DATE FAIRY TALE

ONCE upon a time, my dears, far up on the Statistical Mountains, with their beautiful bell-shaped curves, and on those lovely benches which clever people call the Learning Plateaux, there dwelt the queerest race of boys and girls imaginable. They belonged to the fairy people, of course, and had no fathers and mothers, but they were very carefully brought up by wise old men with long gray beards and thick spectacles who were called Scientists.

You will wonder what kind of fairies these boys and girls were. They were neither elves nor gnomes; they were not related to Mother Goose or to Peter Pan; they were neither afraid of Bears nor Spiders. Indeed, they didn't believe in any fairies except themselves, because the wise Scientists had brought them up that way.

They were called Norms, and sometimes Modes or Medians; but I think they liked best to be called Norms, because it is such a dignified name. You see, there had been Norms since the beginning of the world, but until the Scientists began taking care of them, they had wandered about very unhappily, and had always hidden themselves in caves and dark forests. But that was all changed, my dears, when the Scientists found them a comfortable home of their own in the Statistical Mountains.

The Norms were odd in many ways; their bodies were vague and not a bit like those of ordinary boys and girls. Sometimes they were big and beautiful, and sometimes they were small and crooked, because their appearance depended upon which Scientist had been taking care of them last. Every once in a while they vanished altogether,

but you can be quite sure they were still there because they appeared again the very moment that the Scientists stopped arguing about them.

All children love to play, so of course the Norms played too. There were lots of nice animals on the Learning Plateaux and the Norms watched them doing clever tricks. The cats escaped from puzzle-boxes, the rats ran through mazes, the fish bumped their noses against glass plates, the porcupines ate cabbages with one hand and carrots with the other, the monkeys fitted poles together to reach bananas, and the dogs did all sorts of smart things without any brains at all. Everything was nicely arranged, because if the animals behaved well the Scientists turned them into Norms too—and what could be better than that?

But the Norms had toys as well as animals, not silly mechanical trains and talking dolls, because no Norm would play with anything so uninteresting, but wonderful new toys which the Scientists made for them, such as Ergographs and Standard Deviations, and you can be sure they just loved playing with them. Whenever a Scientist made a toy, all the Norms became tremendously excited and begged him to let them have it; because they knew that playing with it would change their appearance again, and having your body changed is a wonderful game. You see, the Norms were exactly like human beings in this way; they got no fun out of staying the same all the time; the big Norms wanted to be small and the crooked ones wanted to be beautiful.

You mustn't think, though, that they did nothing but play—they were too well brought up for that. Every week day, and sometimes even on Sundays, they took Intelligence Tests and had Personality Ratings. They couldn't run out of work, because the Scientists were never quite satisfied, and kept on inventing new things for them to do. You can't begin to imagine how clever the Norms were; they could read Latin and Hindustani, they could solve problems in Mathematics and Chemistry, they could draw and write and play musical instruments. There was no subject in any school or university which they couldn't handle with ease. They were fairies, you see, and fairies can do almost anything.

Sometimes a Scientist, especially a young eager one whose beard was only half-grown and whose spectacles were still thin, would work the Norms terribly hard. He might make them multiply four-place numbers in their heads for five days, to see if he could fatigue them, or he might shut them up in a badly ventilated room to see if it would affect their Silent Reading Rate. You would think that this treatment would worry the Norms, but the quaint little creatures liked it; they jumped about and changed their shapes all the time.

One little group of Norms had the oddest task of all; these were the Alcohol Norms, and for the life of them they couldn't keep steady. In fact, the Scientists almost despaired of them. On one Monday they would drink 50 c.cs. of alcohol and shoot bulls-eyes, while on the next Monday they would drink the same quantity and miss the target altogether. Nobody could tell what they would do next, and they changed their size every time a different person looked at them.

The Tobacco Norms were almost as bad, especially the ones that smoked cigarettes, because the Scientists chiefly smoked pipes. The result was that the poor little Cigarette Norms were terribly pale and shaky, while the Pipe Norms went about all day with a well-fed, contented look and did marvelously well in their dot-hitting and mirror-writing.

But the hardest thing the Norms were made to do was to climb from one Learning Plateau to another. They just hated to leave their friends behind, and to crawl on their hands and knees up the steep, rocky mountain-side. Quite often they fell down

and hurt themselves badly, and, as if this climbing were not dangerous enough in itself, there was an ugly giant called the Physiological Limit, who sometimes hit a struggling Norm over the head with a big club.

Naturally the Scientists tried to help them along, but since each Scientist had a different way of doing it, the Norms made slow progress. The older Scientists drove them up at a tremendous rate with birch-rods and uncomplimentary names, and the younger ones coaxed them up with kind words and striped candy. In the first case the Norms arrived weak and bleeding at the top, and in the second they usually didn't arrive at all.

Ever so often the Scientists had a meeting about building a great highway, to be called the Royal Road, from each Plateau to the next, but they quarreled so much about the best route and the proper paving, that nothing was ever done about it.

So, perhaps, my dears, it's better to be boys and girls after all. When you consider everything, it really isn't much fun being a Norm.—*The B. C. Teacher.*

SCHOLARSHIP AND CULTURE

Acquaintance with the best is scholarship; the fruit of it, ripening into refinement, elevation, sensitiveness, courage, and wisdom, is culture. This acquaintance with the best may be but a speaking acquaintance, able merely to recognize and locate against any future need of expansion, or it may be ultimate and free and happy. It may vary also from field to field, but the scholar may be at home in every province of the intellectual realm, certainly able to read its significance.—WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT.

The character of adult reading may be a matter of far greater importance to a democratic society than the percentage of illiteracy.—DOUGLAS WAPLES AND RALPH TYLER.

ENGLISH COUNCIL MEETING

The National Council of Teachers of English, 211 W. 68th St., Chicago, will hold its annual meeting in Memphis, Tennessee, November 24-26. This is the first time the Council has met in the far South since the meeting in Chattanooga in 1922. The Council has a membership of more than six thousand high school and college teachers, representing every section of the United States. The annual meeting, always held during the Thanksgiving holidays, attracts a large attendance. Educators of national reputation discuss not only classroom topics but the larger aspects of English that interest laymen.

The Council has recently published a program of recreational reading for high school students, the "Home Reading List," which is accomplishing much in improving the reading habits of young people. It is preparing to issue in the immediate future a similar reading list of pleasant books for the use of students in grades VII through IX, and another for grades below the seventh; and in the course of a few months there will be issued the Sterling A. Leonard monographs giving the results of some nation-wide balloting on the subject of disputed matters of usage in grammar.

The officers of the National Council are: President, Dr. Stella S. Center, of Georgia and New York; First Vice-President, Dr. C. J. Campbell, University of Michigan; Second Vice-President, Dr. Frances R. Dearborn, Johns Hopkins University; Secretary-Treasurer, W. Wilbur Hatfield, Chicago Normal College; Auditor, Dr. Ward H. Green, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

To live happily is an inward power of the soul.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

To rule one's self is in reality the greatest triumph.—J. LUBBOCK.