

der at this when we consider the superior educational advantages of these counties over the others; the facilities for self-improvement tend not only to keep at home those who live there, but also cause others to go there. We observe further that in most of the out-lying counties there are more schools than resident teachers; unsuccessful city applicants find positions there with much larger salaries.

It is evident that more than the number of teachers actually called for is needed, so that there may be a chance to select the best. How would city or country trustees like to be obliged to hire the first and only person that applied for a place? San Francisco has a substitute list from which to select in case of absence. As every army has its reserve troops, so the State must have its reserve force of teachers.

The number of teachers, though constantly increasing, is not greater than the need. The average yearly increase from examinations is not more than from five to fifteen in each county; a small number come from the East, and the Normal schools graduate annually from one hundred to one hundred and fifty, about three teachers to a county. On the other hand, as the population of the State increases, old districts are divided and new schools formed.

But do all these recruits really swell the ranks? No, after a few years of experience, many teachers change their occupations. Young men start in some business, or begin the study of law or of medicine, with commendable ambition to do something more than earn a salary through ten months of the year. When a young lady enters the profession, she avows her intention of teaching during the remainder of her life. Of course no one doubts her intentions. But she sometimes discontinues her teaching when "the right person comes." Will anyone dare to claim that the fact of being able to teach well makes one less competent for other work?

Occasionally, we meet an elderly person who insists that girls should be kept at home and taught to bake bread and darn stockings, as they did in the old-fashioned days of our grandmothers. Such a person will say, "Girls don't have the experience to take charge of a house now that they had when I was a boy. Our Yankee friend would meet this argument by inquiring, 'Do you know of any lawyer or physician who had experience when he began business?' If modern graduates are not well versed in the

art of housekeeping, they have the energy to learn when the time comes.

When we hear someone say that it is a waste of time to train girls for teachers, because they may marry, we may conclude that he does not think very deeply. Teachers are not an indolent class of people, and their time has not been spent, as it is in some of our boarding schools, in attaining mere accomplishments. Society women seldom give brilliant sons or daughters to the world, while energetic women seldom rear worthless children.

Whatever may be the case in the future, the fact at the present time, on the authority of those who know, is that the demand is greater than the supply. If in the future, this condition of things should be reversed, and the supply become greater than the demand, there will be some way to counteract the evil. Poor teachers will drop out of the profession; wages will be reduced; and fewer will undertake a laborious three years' course to fit themselves for their work. For the present, we may go on in our chosen profession, undisturbed by the thought that we shall be a needless element in the busy population of California.

H. P. S.

LITERARY.

CLASS SONG.

The parting hour is come,
 Sad, sad we turn away,
 Far from our shelt'ring home
 O'er the broad world to stray.
 Unwilling we depart,
 Fain would we linger here
 In the sunshine of thy smiles
 Our fainting hearts to cheer.

We know stern duties wait,
 Dread trials, vain regret;
 To-night we're still thy children
 Do thou protect us yet.
 We would be firm and true,
 Loyal to thee our home,
 Thy dear name we'd exalt
 Wherever we may roam.

Our hearts and thoughts to thee
 O Mater, e'er shall turn,
 And ever on Love's altar
 A flame for thee shall burn.
 But now, farewell, farewell,
 Loud, loud doth Duty call,
 Teachers and friends, farewell,
 A fond farewell to all.

MIRA ABBOTT.