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The Obio Educational Monthly July * 1915

`\	PAGE
The River of Dreams - Poem - HENRY VAN DYKE	293
The Social Motive in Education - F. C. LANDSITTEL	293
Sanitation in its Relation to the Public Schools - MABEL J. BOURQUIN	301
Symposium on School Code	303
School-Room Helps	313
Ships of Yule — Poem	313
A Teacher's Prescription - LILLIAN BEILE SAGE	313
School Report — J. C. Skaggs	314
Now Poem Charles R. Skinner	316
The Hot Lunch in Rural Schools — CHARLES G. BRIDWELL	316
He Was Just a Stray — Poem — W. DAYTON WEGEFARTH	317
"Business is Business" — Poem	318
If We Had the Time - RICHARD BURTON	319
Hubbard Bars These Bromides	319
A Girl's Joy	319
Editorial Department	320
William Hawley Smith on Ohio Examination - W. HAWLEY SMITH	324
Trip to the Exposition - WILLIAM McK. VANCE	324
National Educational Association	325
Life Certificates	326
Educational News	330
Examination Questions	345

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THE

OHIO EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY

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THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

The river of dreams runs silently down By a secret way that no one knows; But the soul lives on while the dream tide flows Through the gardens bright or the forests brown, And I think sometimes that our whole life seems To be more than half made up of dreams; For its changing sights, and its passing shows, And its morning hopes, and its midnight fears, Are left behind with the vanished years. Onward, with ceaseless motion, The life stream flows to the ocean, And we follow the tide, awake or asleep, Till we see the dawn on love's great deep, Then the bar at the harbor mouth is crossed, And the river of dreams in the sea is lost.

-Henry van Dyke.

THE SOCIAL MOTIVE IN EDUCATION.

BY F. C. LANDSITTEL, ATHENS.

The school at "Dee" had been out for recess for scarcely more than five minutes when lusty shouts of "A fight! A fight!" came rolling up the stairways and through the corridor. The clear-eyed, intelligent countenanced principal, stepping to the window and reassuring himself as to the actual situation, went, saying nothing, straight to the bell-rope and called an end to the intermission.

The boys and girls of all ages came marching in, and there was many a vexed and querulous look cast in the direction of the principal. Still more dumfounded were they all when, without so much as a word concerning the thing that was well understood to be the cause of their loss of play-time, the regular work of the school was announced as the order of business.