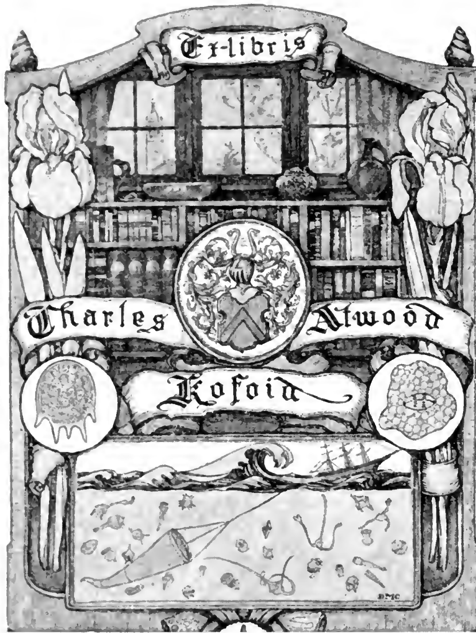
JOHN NAGLE'S PHILOSOPHY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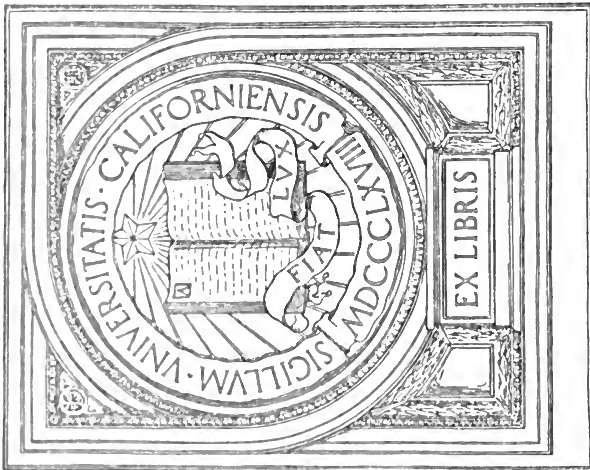
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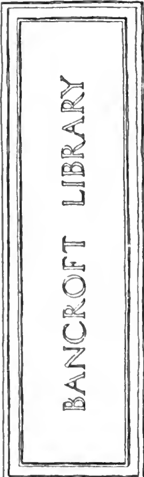
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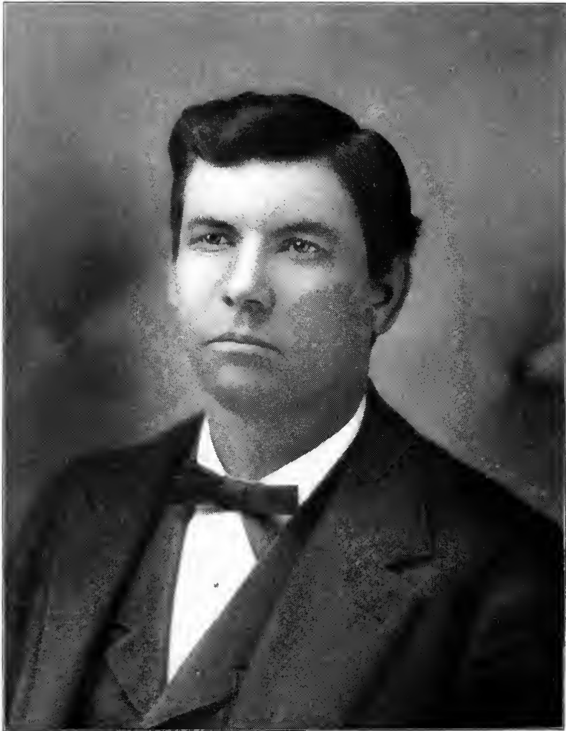

JOHN NAGLE'S PHILOSOPHY

A COMPILATION

MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN
PUBLISHED BY SYDNEY T. PRATT
1902

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Contents

TRAVEL

	PAGE
Compiler's Note	9
As to the Author	11
Foreword	13
California	19
The Chinaman	26
New Mexico and Its Indians	30
Pike's Peak	35
The Grand Cañon	39
A Trip through the Great West	42
Yellowstone Park	48
The Bad Lands	62
Red River Valley	64
Utah and Some Western Cities	66
Memphis	70
New Orleans	74
Jackson, Mississippi	82
Vicksburg	83
Baton Rouge	86
A Trip to Montgomery	88
En Route to Savannah	91
Thomasville, Georgia	95
The Indian Territory	97
Texas	100
"The New South"	109

	PAGE
Mammoth Cave	120
Lone Grave	122
Florida	124
Minnehaha Falls	141
Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin	142
Peshtigo Falls, Wisconsin	144
Mobile	146
Grandeur and Beauty	148

ON EDUCATION

Our Common Schools	151
The Culture Which the Common School Gives	168
Training Schools for Country Teachers	183
The Country School Teacher	190
How Enthusiasm Dies	197
A Fault in Teaching	198
Moral Training	200
Some Needs of the English Language	203
English Composition	205
Our School System	207
Country Schools	210
Function of Education	240
The Practical in Education	244
The Public School	247

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Christmas-Tide	251
Religion is Love	253
Good in Abstention	254

PAGE

Mothering Sunday - - - - 255
An Old-Time Picnic - - - 257
The Frost King - - - - 259
Music that is Eternal - - - 260
Thanksgiving Day - - - - 262
Springtime - - - - 264
New-Year's Day - - - - 265
A Girl's Education - - - 267
Midsummer - - - - - 268
Duties of Parents - - - 269
The Power of Love - - - - 271
The Child Beautiful - - - 272
Autumn - - - - - 274
The Manly Boy - - - - 276
Fountain of Piety - - - - 277
The Genial Germans - - - 278
The Industrious Student - - - 280
Woman's Affection - - - 281
Sanity of Work - - - - 282
Gone - - - - - 284
Dancing - - - - - 285
Slang - - - - - 286
The Violin - - - - - 287
Home is Woman's Sphere - - 288
Knowledge is Power - - - 290
The Book of Nature - - - 292
Preparation for Ease - - - 293
Good Advice - - - - 296
Individual Development - - - 297
A Country Boy's Sunday - - 298
Origin of Some Holidays - - - 299

	PAGE
The Lesson Taught by Christmas	301
Secular Feature of Christmas	303
Falstaff	306
May	308
The Harvest Moon	310
The Highest Pleasure	311
The Farm and the Young Man	312
Mother	313
Arbor and Bird Day	314
Effects of a Cold Day	316
Lake Michigan in September	318
Social Reforms	320
The Farm	323
Hog Island	325
Labor Day	326
Life	328
Woman's Future	329
House-Cleaning Time	331
Self-Restraint	332
"Prof." versus "Mr."	333
Indian Summer	334
City Life versus Country Life	335
The Holiday that Revives Old Friendships	337
Sentiment	339
Abraham Lincoln	340
James G. Blaine	342
Carpenter	345
Henry Ward Beecher	347
Tilden	350
Dickens and Carlyle	352
Gladstone and Home Rule for Ireland	354

Compiler's Note

This enlarged edition of John Nagle's Philosophy was undertaken and has been issued for the purpose of supplying the students in school and out of it with the observations of a philosopher who draped his thoughts in poetic diction. In the work of compilation C. E. Patzer, an old-time friend of Mr. Nagle's, has rendered service of unusual value, and this opportunity is taken to publicly attest the worth of his assistance in the preparation of this volume.

SYDNEY T. PRATT.

As to the Author

John Nagle was born at St. Catharine's, Ontario, Canada, July 4, 1848, and when but a few weeks old was brought to Manitowoc County, his father, Dennis Nagle, settling on a farm in Meeme. In boyhood Mr. Nagle attended the country school, where he gained a rudimentary education, completing his broader culture, however, in the University of Life. It was said of him, "He studied not only the details of education, but its philosophy," hence did he derive the grace and power manifested in his writings, which the subsequent pages prove conclusively. In 1870 be obtained a state teacher's certificate, authorizing him to teach in any school in the state of Wisconsin. He taught at Maple Grove, Two Rivers, and Sauk City. For ten years he was superintendent of schools of Manitowoc County. Later he became editor of the Manitowoc *Pilot*. During his career as a newspaper man he was elected president of the Wisconsin State Press Association. While still an educator he occupied the presidency of the State Teachers' Association. At one time Mr. Nagle studied law. He was a widely traveled man,

whose intelligent observations are preserved in this book as a perpetual attestation of his fine mind, his philosophic insight, his uncorrupted morality, his optimism, and his inspiration. He died March the twenty-first, in the year of nineteen hundred.

Foreword

SEC. MER. How is this man esteemed here in the city?
ANGELO. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
SHAKESPEARE.

Such was John Nagle. A succinct analysis of his character, and withal a keen insight into the motives guiding him, are found in the words of one who knew him intimately:

"It might be difficult to say what was included in Mr. Nagle's conception of character. It would not be difficult to indicate some things that certainly were not included in it. His standard rejected absolutely the man who needlessly wounded the feelings of a child; the man who allowed himself to use indelicate language in the presence of a boy, or girl, or woman; the man who shirked duty or responsibility because to meet it might cause him inconvenience or loss, or subject him to danger; the man who betrayed a trust, or a friend; the man who denied an obligation which rested solely in parole, and to which there was no witness but himself and the person who demanded performance; the man whose word was not his bond in any matter whatever in which it was pledged; the man who extended his hand when you

were prosperous, and who looked the other way when he passed by in your day of adversity. . . . .

"When measured by these tests, which he himself applied to others, or by any test that may reasonably be applied, it is fondly and confidently believed, by those who knew him and loved him and mourn him and will hold him in remembrance while life lasts, that in his own phrase, and in its broadest and fullest meaning, John Nagle was a man of character."

John Nagle early in life evinced a love for literature, making good books his lifelong companions. History, philosophy, science, and poetry had equal fascination for him, and each contributed its moiety to his expanding intellectual vision. Men and women about him afforded him opportunity for observing character, which he quickly seized, and the columns of the old Pilot tell the story of his masterful analysis of human motive. The plummet of his reasoning sank deep into the souls of men, giving him gauge of impulse and action. Below the surface he discovered the passions that sway and the virtues that restrain. His was the school of life, in which he studied until the twilight came. Then when the horizon darkened, he closed his eyes upon a useful career, and fell into a peaceful slumber, out of which no sound of time or place shall wake him.

Mr. Nagle wrote to make life purer and sweeter. He understood the besetting traps laid to snare the young from paths of rectitude, hence, in no uncer-

tain language did he show his solicitude for them. The impress of his personality, example, and writings is evident.

Testimony is frequent: "I consulted John Nagle and am the beneficiary of his counsel." The youth sought his advice and profited by it. The reason Mr. Nagle attained wide influence is found in the application of his own philosophy to his own life. He was a man of strong convictions, and his opposition to social sham and veneer was implacable.

As a writer, beauty characterized his diction. His power of expression was not surpassed by writers whose names adorn the Temple of Fame. The loom of his subtle intellect spun sentences which for grace and lucidity are models of English. Language was an art with him; he knew words, their force and tenderness, and could call them to his service at will. He joined in indissoluble union, poetic expression, and profound thought, bringing about this literary marriage by rigorous adherence to pure Anglo-Saxon. His unvarying rule in writing was the use of simple idioms; no straining after effect is anywhere noticeable, and this fact constitutes his first charm. His sentences flow as easily as a rivulet, one following the other in sequence until the end is reached; then it would be defacement to add or take away a word.

The purpose of this volume is to preserve the literary gems which had their origin and form in the mind of Mr. Nagle. His personality brought him into a unique relationship with the community

where his active life was spent, and the compiler believes that, in thus collating some of the best specimens of his writing, the excerpts will be read and reread by those who knew John Nagle, with kindly remembrance of the man who caused the genial rays of a sunny and optimistic mind to brighten, for many years, their hours of relaxation, when his paper brought to them the doings of restless life. He gave to his readers, however, more than contemporary news, the mere gossip of the drawing-room; he gave them an uplifting philosophy, as noble in conception as it was exquisite in its development. "Make man happy," he wrote, "and his life is a pæan of praise. And what is the source of happiness? Judicious enjoyment of the things that are." Let this principle be universal, and you solve the vexatious and ever-recurring asperities engendered by the unequal distribution of wealth and social position.

His philosophy would make men happy whatever their situation, yet he was not indifferent to material and intellectual progress. He knew, however, that sinister jealousies, aroused by envy, retard advancement, invite gloom, and end in retrogression, and he would obviate such catastrophe, in individual or collective life, by living in the light.

In the pages which follow no word of politics is found. The scheme of the book is to reveal that, in Manitowoc, a master of English phraseology, a poet of no mean order, and a philosopher once moved among the people. The pulse of genius

throbbed within his brain, and the seed of his reflections has been sown with prodigality, bearing fruitage in many lives here and elsewhere.

And now, in yielding the succeeding pages to a more gracious pen, the compiler wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the man who gave felicitous expression to lofty ideals. It is inexpressibly delightful to be brought into touch with a mind so free from dissimulation, intellectual trickery, and ambiguity, and in this inadequate way to perpetuate his memory.

THE COMPILER.

Travel

California

Extended travel is a "weariness to the flesh," and frequent baths in the old Pacific in the month of May are by no means conducive to a state of physical or mental activity. Bathing in the surf and a side trip to Lower California subject to the ocean breeze have proved too much for me at least, and for the last few days I have been luxuriating in aches and other symptoms of bodily distress. California is a paradise, more or less, but it has a variety of climate which is bewildering and quite apt to enforce a lesson of caution.

While crossing the Mohave Desert one cannot help feeling that he has passed beyond the confines of inhabitable territory. Indeed the valley of the Colorado is a fitting introduction to a desert as it is a desert itself, though irrigation has made it tolerably productive. But the Mohave is a lava-field, hemmed in by mountains, rainless, waterless, and devoid of vegetation, excepting the sage-brush and grease-wood, which seem to flourish best where other plants find it most difficult to live. Californians dislike to have the Mohave credited to their state. The fogs which blow over San Francisco are known

as "Oregon fogs." The hot winds are "Arizona winds." Every unpleasant feature of climate or soil or anything else has its paternity outside the state. There never was, and there is not, greater loyalty to any state than that of the Californian to his. And there is reason for it, as it is an empire in itself, both in extent, variety of industry, and enterprise. Southern California is an orange country and a flower-garden. It was originally a desert, and would be so to-day but for irrigation, one of the most important movements of the age. Probably no section of California better illustrates the possibilities of irrigation than Riverside. It is impossible to describe this city, which is what William Penn desired to make Philadelphia—"a greene country towne." It covers an area of fifty-six square miles, and the streets are luxuriant with tropical vegetation. It is an endless drive through orange groves bordered with eucalypti, century plants, and pepper-trees. If the court of the hotel in Coronado Beach appears in the evening like a creation of the Genius of Aladdin's Lamp, Riverside is a glimpse of Paradise itself. The people speak of Magnolia Avenue as ending in heaven, and indeed it seems a fit roadway to eternal joy.

There is an old mission a few miles from San Diego, away among the mountains. The mis-

sion was established in 1769 by an old priest who had the enthusiasm which carried civilization into remote sections under difficulties which nothing but religious fervor could overcome. This mission house was destroyed by the Indians soon after it was built. It was rebuilt, but was afterwards destroyed by an earthquake. The ruins remain. A mission school for the Indians has been built near the old mission. Myself and a friend set out for this historic spot while others were busying themselves with things more modern and more interesting from the tourist's standpoint. The drive over the old road was interesting. Fording the mountain streams was in no sense dangerous, but it was a novel experience. The old place was reached some time before sundown. The school has one hundred and nine pupils, all Indian children. Nothing is taught but English, though Spanish is the language of the playground. The ages of the children range from four to seventeen. The devotion of the children to the sisters in charge is one of the finest examples of the power of moral force I ever witnessed. There never was a time when I did not respect the noble women who have given their lives to charitable and benevolent work, but never did their self-devotion appear more grand than in this isolated mountain valley amid the ruins of early effort, working

in the interests of a race having nothing to give in return, and whose extinction is anticipated with pleasure by those who shape the sentiment which governs the age. The young Indians who attend this school are civilized in the best sense of that term. The large room in which they sleep is cared for by themselves, and is kept scrupulously neat. They are tasty in their dress, very truthful, the sisters assured us, industrious, and obedient. All have Spanish names, which are sweet to the ear. The sisters are well educated, and their conversation has the charm of naturalness which seems in keeping with their surroundings. They stood with us among the ruins of the old mission until the stars came out and the frowning hills seemed to shut in the valley from the outside world. One of them slipped away and soon the children were singing an old Spanish hymn. It was inexpressibly sweet, and as the notes were echoed from the mountains, it seemed as if unseen spirits were joining in the melody. If there is religion worthy of the name it nowhere finds better expression than among those grand old hills, amid which the old Spanish priests worked most faithfully for their Master. Nor can better exponents be found than those sisters, whose good work has in it no element of selfishness and no hope of earthly reward, and who care not whether the

world knows the good they are doing, except in so far as knowledge of it may aid in enlarging the measure of its beneficence.

The ride homeward was enjoyable because of its novelty. The night was moonless, and it was soon found that neither of us had the faintest idea of what course we should take, both believing that we would return before daylight died out. Fortunately the owner of the horse, alarmed somewhat at our long absence, set out to meet us, and before we experienced much difficulty, encountered us and guided us home.

California is divided by mountains and ranges into a series of transverse valleys. Each valley is noted for a particular product, and land varies in price from two hundred dollars to one thousand dollars per acre. The purely agricultural section is in the hands of a comparatively few men, an evil which the people of the state deeply deplore as it has created a landed aristocracy. The valley of San Bernardino, one of the most fruitful in the state, which includes an area of one hundred and twenty thousand acres, was at one time owned wholly by a Spaniard. He made nothing out of it, even when he sold it by piecemeal. The property is now worth from three hundred dollars to five hundred dollars per acre. The industries are so varied and comprehensive that it is really a country in itself. The public

questions which attract the attention of the people are purely local, if the term can be made applicable to environments so broad. Irrigation, Chinese, Nicaraugua canal, and hydraulic mining overshadow all thoughts of tariff, negro question, prohibition, or woman's rights. On the question of hydraulic mining interests are divided. The agricultural classes, whose lands lie below the mines, are opposed to this system, and have secured an injunction against mining by this means. Those interested in mines had arranged an excursion for the editors to a large mining section. The injunction was temporarily removed, and for a few hours the whole thing was in operation. The terrific reports of the dynamite used to loosen the earth were at first startling. The streams of water directed against the hills wear them away, and the detritus went down the current in sluiceways where the gold-dust settled. Nothing was omitted, and the work of an hour yielded a bar of gold worth a couple of hundred dollars, which was presented the association to be put in a gavel. There are thousands of acres among the mountains washed away to a depth of seventy-five feet by this process of mining. It is placer mining on a large scale. The mine owners naturally want to prosecute their work and ask that the government construct some kind of a dam which will catch

the detritus and thus prevent the filling of the river beds and consequent overflow of surrounding territory. A trip to Nevada City brought us to the oldest quartz mining section in California. Here is where the forty-niners started in, and fortunes were made in this section. A large number of mines owned by wealthy capitalists are operated in this section. The process of extracting the precious metal is simple. Even the stamp mill is a simple affair.

The Chinaman

The Chinaman presents a problem no less difficult for the people of the Pacific slope to solve than is the negro for the Southern people. Whoever thinks the Chinaman is patient and long suffering has not studied him on his native heath. He is shrewd, calculating, and persistently, though quietly, aggressive. He has become the laborer of the Pacific slope, and is slowly but certainly driving all other labor out. But the Chinaman is not content with common labor and laundry. There are shrewd business men among them whose check for many thousands would be accepted as readily as that of Jay Gould. The pork market, the garden products, and the poultry interests of the Pacific slope are in the hands of the Chinese. It is asserted by some that the pork interests are being wrested from them, but this is denied.

It is generally believed that San Francisco is the Chinese Mecca, but in proportion to its population it has less Chinese than many other cities in the West. There is no city there that has not its distinctive Chinese quarters. In San Francisco, where the Chinese colony numbers about thirty-five thousand, the territory occupied

covers not much more than four blocks. It is China to all intents and purposes. By a tacit understanding among themselves, in dealing among themselves, in punishment of crime and minor offenses, their own system of jurisprudence prevails. Many a murder is committed there, followed by the punishment prescribed by the laws of China, which the regular authorities know nothing of. These colonies by no means act as though they felt their existence is tolerated simply. They are aggressive, and the people have the insolent taciturnity of conscious superiority of race. On the street the Chinaman is always neat unless on the rare occasions when he adopts the Caucasian dress, and then he is a greasy roustabout. They are wonderfully stoical, but furtively watchful. Scarcely a movement of an interloper escapes them, though to detect this watchfulness it is necessary to feign as complete indifference as your stealthy observer does.

Many of the Chinese live like rats, in the sense that hundreds of them will find accommodations in one small house. The underground houses are not as numerous as formerly, but a sufficient number of them are left to give a full idea of what life was in these holes. The bunks in these places are arranged like berths in a sleeping-car, and are filled with Chinamen. No pro-

vision seems to have been made for ventilation or light, and still the places are not as filthy as the conditions would seem to make imperative. One gets a sort of uncanny feeling while wending his way through the narrow passages leading to these dens which serve as a habitation for so many people. There is no place so small that it will not serve as a home for a Chinaman of the lower class. A few boards nailed together covering a re-entrant angle in a wall excited some curiosity, and on exploring it, it was found to be the sleeping-place of a Chinaman, a cobbler who had a two-by-four shop near by.

At least nine of every ten Chinese smoke opium. The pipes used are peculiar, and the labor necessary to secure a few whiffs is proof either of the fascination the drug has or of the diligence of the heathen. An elevated platform covered with a rug, something resembling a footstool on which to rest the shoulders, a little lamp and a pipe of fine workmanship with the drug itself constitute the complete outfit. The fumes of opium become suffocating in close quarters.

There are comparatively few Chinese women and fewer Chinese children so that the Chinese population is maintained by immigration. Looking at the Chinese matter superficially even on the ground where intelligent observation may be had, the first thought is that the Chinaman is a

not undesirable acquisition. But you cannot fail to become a convert to restrictive measures when you observe more closely. Nor is it a wholly groundless alarm when the prediction is made that the West is likely to be overrun by the Mongolian. It is not a question of which is the superior race and trusting to the survival of the fittest. The couplet

> "Ask of thy mother earth why weeds are made
> Taller and stronger than the flowers they shade."

suits the Chinese question. It is not the persistence of the race as much as it is the force of inertia which threatens to give the Mongolian predominance west of the Rockies.

New Mexico and Its Indians

When New Mexico is reached, either the preconceived notion or the real condition of affairs gives the impression that a country different from any other portion of the United States is reached. There is a flavor of ancient civilization in the air, and even the mountains seem to treasure historic secrets. The climate is simply perfect, but the broken hills resemble ruins, and the hot air shimmering over the arid plains seems to bear messages from the prehistoric dead. The adobe buildings heighten the illusion of being in a foreign country or rather justify it, as New Mexico and Arizona are foreign countries, though the railroads are bringing them into affinity with the United States proper. The villages of adobe houses, low, illy ventilated, in many cases without windows, irresistibly carry the mind back to a period of primitive simplicity. The contrast between the mud hovels, for such they are, and the towering mountains is indescribable and makes the former appear more insignificant than they really are. The adobe house is rarely more than one story in height. The walls are enduring, however, and withstand time and weather. A Catholic church, made of adobe at an Indian

mission near Albuquerque, is three hundred years old, and is still in good condition. It is the material most used here, almost exclusively except where modern ideas have been imported by means of the railway.

The arid plains, on which the sun beats with steady intensity, are made fertile where irrigation prevails. It is a relief to the eye to pass on these patches of dark green, after wearisome contemplation of sterility. New Mexico is largely interested in sheep-raising. The people here claim that fully half the wool raised in the United States is produced in New Mexico. Cattle-raising is also an important industry, and the picturesque cowboy is a feature of the land. Las Vegas is one of the most important shipping-points in the state, and is a town which has a future. Its citizens are enterprising and hopeful because active. The town is divided into two parts, one the progressive, pushing, railroad-built town, the other the old town built by the Mexicans and still occupied by them. The Mexican is lazy, and is not ashamed of being so. There is more of the Indian than there is of the Spanish blood in his veins, and he has the characteristics of both. There are a few who seem to have preserved the Castilian blood uncorrupted. There is not much that is picturesque in the Mexican and very little that is interesting

except his taciturnity, or what Mrs. Follette would call his "exhilarating reserve." I saw a young Mexican at Albuquerque play at faro, betting every time the full limit. He was cool, calculative, and watchful. The presence of a party of strangers in no way disconcerted him or drew his attention from the game. The dealer exhibited no nervousness at the run of luck the young Mexican had. Every once in a while some person, evidently a laborer from his dress and appearance, would plank down a twenty-dollar gold piece only to see it vanish in a minute in the cash box of the bank. These side bets never once drew the attention of the Mexican from the board. His long fingers moved the chips deliberately, and when satisfied with his winnings, he cashed his chips, treated the crowd, and left. Gambling-houses are licensed in many places in New Mexico, and are run as open as the stores.

The Pueblo Indians own a number of cattle ranches, and also cultivate the soil. They are said to be the most industrious Indians in the West. Many of them are Catholics and support churches. A number of the young men go East to be educated. Possibly contact with civilization may elevate a portion of these Indians, but it will be at a fearful cost to the majority. It is hazarding an opinion on a very slight amount of

knowledge, but it seems that for the one Pueblo who has been elevated by contact with civilized ways, hundreds have degenerated. There is no Indian more mean or despicable than the one who has lived in the neighborhood of the white man. He is apt to be a liar, a beggar, and a thief, as well as possessing other vices more reprehensible. The Pueblos may be making progress in some lines, and some of them may be making progress in all, but most of them are making progress in degeneracy. The Walapis are as dirty and hideous a race as the mind can conceive, and they are inveterate beggars. Their cupidity is so great as to be disgusting. They work on the curiosity of people unaccustomed to seeing Indians, and will offer glances at their dirty little papooses for a fee of ten cents. They are painted hideously, and as it seldom rains in Arizona, one can fancy the dearth of cleanliness they exhibit. The Apaches are dirty and improvident, but they are not devoid of spirit. Cruel as they are, treacherous as they have proved to be, they are not as mean as the Indians who are denominated "friendly." There is something in their appearance indicative of dignity; tall, lean, and broad-shouldered, they are more inclined to look at you defiantly than to beg for favors.

All the Indians in New Mexico and Arizona

speak Spanish. A young woman, one of the Pueblos, was being badgered by many of the editors, and finally losing her patience, said to the crowd, "Procedo Inferno." The words had a little classic flavor and their import could easily be gathered by one familiar with the English only. On inquiry I learned that all spoke the Spanish patois, and can understand far more English than they are willing to admit, thus slyly profiting by remarks that may be made within their hearing. The Indian who is good is a bad Indian.

Pike's Peak

Colorado Springs is a health resort mainly because of its proximity to Manitou Springs. It is the home of many millionaires, who are attracted by the salubrity of its climate and its general cleanliness. The mesa road leads to the Garden of the Gods and a drive over it is a sort of introduction to the beauties of which one gets a view in making the ascent of Pike's Peak. The Garden of the Gods is noted more for the fantastic character of its formation than for any special feature of grandeur. It is one of the thresholds of the Rocky Mountains, and one is lost in admiration of beauties which would not receive a passing notice when what lies beyond has burdened the senses with their colossal grandeur and detail of beauty.

One can easily fancy himself among the ruins of titanic architecture. The mind can hardly deal with the present while contemplating what seems to have been the work of prehistoric men, and there comes a weird feeling of being set back to some age of which geology has no knowledge, where man had the power of nature and put intelligence in his work. There is, together with the evidence of creative purpose, an expanse of deso-

lation which is oppressive. The towering battlements which rise abruptly and extend upward with mathematical exactness, inclose a court in which the sculptor seems to have exhausted his ingenuity in statues which are scattered about.

Manitou Springs nestles at the foot of Pike's Peak. Its site is a gorge just as it merges into the valley. The mountain streams have lost their turbulence, but their liquid purling is as enchanting to the ear as their glinting waters are charming to the eye. Manitou Springs is dwarfed by the mountain. One sees no beauty that is not fashioned by nature's hand. A mountain city borrows no beauty from its surroundings. It has no identity distinct from them, and is swallowed up by their overshadowing magnificence. There is no Manitou Springs, as a city, in one's recollection. It is the mountain which the imagination pictures, with this one speck of beauty added, which brings it more in touch with our experience.

A peculiar thing in connection with travel here is that while going up the ascent to the foot of the mountains you cannot get over the illusion that you are descending. The streams appear to flow uphill, and even their rapid current cannot cure the mind of this peculiar hallucination. I found myself stumbling along the road as the

movement of my feet was controlled by what the sense of sight conveyed. No one is free from this illusion, even those who reside there walk down hill, according to the sense, while making the muscular effort required by the ascent.

The ascent of Pike's Peak is made by means of a cog-wheel railway. There are other means, but they are laborious. The ascent requires two hours. The track follows the cañon through which rushes a mountain stream, beautiful of itself, but indescribably so because of its environments. Through this cañon one catches at times glimpses of the valley. It seems a glance at paradise, and when a sudden bend in the road shuts out the view, the majesty of the towering cliffs but poorly compensates for what they by their interposition have taken from us.

The pulse beats fast when the summit is reached. The head swims, and the Eustachian tube is so filled with air that one is tempted to puncture the ear-drum to secure relief. The least physical exertion is wearying. It is an unpleasant sensation to grow weary on this great height, as it seems you are on the verge of a total collapse. The government station appears lonely, though it affords facilities for instant communication with the world below.

The "queer feeling" prevents one from appreciating fully the grand panorama spread out

before him. The magnificent valley which stretches out in the direction of Denver has its inequalities of surface softened by distance. The Garden of the Gods, with its castellated peaks of terra-cotta, lies at the foot as if offering homage to this magnificent creation. Manitou is in the shadow, beautiful in its voluntary subservience. Colorado Springs and Colorado City are toy cities in the distance. Fringes of green mark the river courses, and the mesas appear like gentle undulations. The sunlight on the valleys, viewed from a great height, has an inexpressible charm. In other directions mountains tower as if in rivalry of this scarred monster of the ærial heights, whose summit has never felt the softening touch of verdure. Off in the distance Cripple Creek comes within the line of vision, nothing more than a white speck in this wilderness of stupendous creations. In the descent openings in the cañon reveal the valley bathed in its loveliness. Viewed from the darkened recesses of this mighty fissure, the valley seems suspended in the air, and the overlying atmosphere seems tinted. The sunlight has lost its glare and the shadows of clouds moving on lazily give one the impression of gazing on a dissolving view.

The Grand Cañon

The Denver and Rio Grande is very appropriately called the "Scenic Line of the World." It well deserves the distinction. A narrow gauge road runs from Salida to Grand Junction, a distance of over two hundred and fifty miles.

The scenery of the section traversed by the narrow gauge road is the grandest in the world accessible by rail. The road follows the Gunnison River in its course through the mountains, one of the grandest pathways of which mind can conceive. When the Black Cañon was reached an observation car was put on as these towering cliffs cannot be seen to their full height from the windows of an ordinary coach. One may as well attempt "to paint the lily or gild refined gold" as to give a description of this cañon at all commensurate with its magnificence. The cliffs rise precipitously to a height of two thousand five hundred feet. Their configuration prevents their becoming monotonous, and their munificence of color deprives them of the gloom usually attendant upon creations of indescribable power. One looks upon these mountains of rock with awe, and the imagination runs riot in picturing to itself the fearful convulsions which were

the source of the dynamic power which reared these mighty columns. For miles and miles you are whirled through scenes which defy description until you feel oppressed by their magnificence, and are almost terror stricken by evidences of power so far beyond comprehension that contemplation is almost agonizing. Then comes the climbing of the pass, loop after loop, until the serpentine course brings you to the summit where the rarefied air makes your ear-drums crack as if your head were filled with explosives.

The Rio Grande and Western runs through portions of Utah and Colorado, and has done much to develop the country. It likewise runs through a picturesque section and through the fertile valley in which Salt Lake City is located. Polygamy has created a prejudice throughout the country against Utah, which is groundless. There is not a more promising section of country west of the Rockies, and though it is indisputable that politics of this state will be determined by the Mormons, it is likewise true that they are enterprising, public spirited, and have lost in large measure their hostility toward the Gentiles.

The Rocky Mountain states are young, and are proceeding in a tentative way to test their agricultural resources. The results are more than satisfactory. They are now more noted at home for the products of the soil than of the

mine. Early reputation clings to them, and outside they are known as mining states with that conception of desert waste which attaches to mining regions. The people have pressed their mining interest on the public notice with too much assiduity, and have thereby aided in perpetuating a false impression.

The West should take up irrigation as its battle-cry. Upon that depends largely its agricultural development, and its possibilities in this direction pass the limit of belief when the circumscribed area of arable land is considered. The wealth which the mountains hide in their bowels is incomparable to that which they pour into the valleys, which await but the quickening touch of industry to shower rewards on him who has faith in their productiveness. These lands look arid to one whose eyes are accustomed to the green fields of the Mississippi Valley. But they are made rich with mountain denudation, and they are enduring. The magnificent climate supplements the fertility of the soil. Water is the genius which makes active these potentialities. The white metal is scarcely a circumstance compared with the question of how best and cheapest to make available the torrents which sweep down the mountain sides and combine to form the stately rivers.

A Trip through the Great West

To any one having "the instinct of the soil," northern Illinois is a paradise, rich in soil, in produce, and in that beauty which is the reflection of prosperity. A farmer in this section is a monarch, one to be envied for his independence, respected for his success, and extolled for his wisdom. Nature placed her treasures near the surface and pours out wealth in return for labor. A richer soil the sun does not shine upon, a more prosperous farming community, enjoying all the facilities which give marketable value to productions, is not known. Wealth and content dwell here in harmony and make the tiller of the soil a veritable lord of creation.

As the Father of Waters is approached the soil grows poorer, but the eye, grown wearied by the vast expanse of productive and unbroken lands, finds relief in the greater diversity of surface here presented. The bluffs have not a grandeur in keeping with that of the historic stream whose course they direct. The railroad bridge over which the Milwaukee and St. Paul runs from Savanna to Sabula, claims the atten-

tion of the traveler, a colossal structure representing a fortune in itself.

Iowa is a repetition of Illinois until the water shed between the Missouri and Mississippi breaks the monotony of the seemingly illimitable prairie. The farms are not so highly cultivated as in Illinois, and one is impressed more by the possibilities of the future than the realities of the present. There are larger farms, however, it being no unusual thing to find a farmer owning from ten hundred to fifteen hundred acres, all under cultivation except portions for pasturage. Climb the bluffs north of Coon Rapids, and when the summit is reached, if the prospect then presented to your gaze does not thrill you with indescribable delight, make your home within some walled city, for your soul is made for conventional pleasures.

The grove is an invariable accompaniment of each farm-house in this section. That this has a utilitarian rather than an æsthetic object is clearly indicated by its name, "wind-break." Those vast, treeless prairies must be simply terrible in the storms of winter, and no doubt, a person who has received the favorable impression that a summer visit will not fail to give, will be disenchanted by a winter sojourn. Wagon roads are poor throughout Iowa. The deep, black soil is too yielding for heavy and continuous travel. There are very few gravel pits—the railroad com-

pany through this part have used crushed stone for ballast—and so Iowa must plod on with unimproved roads.

A casual observer would say the soil of Iowa is similar to the black loam of Wisconsin. But it is so only in appearance, having more of the silica and less of the vegetable matter. It is by no means so easily worked, is pulverized with more difficulty, and will not withstand a drouth so well. The river valleys are an exception and particularly the Missouri bottoms and the Sioux valley, two of the richest sections of the state, the soil being a mixture of mold, clay, etc., river deposition.

Council Bluffs is the gate of the Great West. The number of railroads having their western termini here may be appropriately summarized in the oft-used expression—too numerous to mention. Five different trains on five different roads leave Chicago at the same time, and pursuing their different and divergent courses, after twenty-two hours, arrive simultaneously at the Union Pacific transfer depot—a circumstance which presents forcibly to the mind the almost perfect system to which railroading is reduced. Truly, the railroad and the telegraph are marvels, beneficent not only in a commercial sense, but molding into homogeneity what would otherwise be diverse elements. Omaha fronts Council

Bluffs; the former on the threshold of what is the new West, the latter the limit of the old. But the telegraph, the railroad, the newspaper, make intercourse throughout the broad land general, and what would be conflicting interests of discordant sections are the varied ones of a large nation. The Pacific slope had no interests in common with the Atlantic Plain, prior to the building of the Union Pacific. But now these two sections and the Mississippi Valley are one. California and Maine are sister states, and standing at the transfer depot where ends the east and begins the west, one cannot help feeling that here is the great motor nerve which moves the muscle of the whole country and harmonizes feeling.

The Missouri bottoms are devoted largely to grazing. One cannot fail to be impressed with the traditional peacefulness of pastoral life from hurried glimpses of large droves of cattle, the herdman either lounging on the grass or "pricking across the plain," in true frontier equipment. At Sioux City the majestic flow of the Missouri challenges admiration. Perhaps nowhere in its course is it more grand as a river. Broad, deep, and uniform it seems an impersonation of Power.

In running to Canton on the Sioux City division of the M. & St. P., not enough of Dakota is seen "on which to base an intelligent opinion." The interminable prairie stretches out in all direc-

tions, its vastness being the sole feature of sublimity. The full significance of the word "space," impresses itself on the mind. All fear of over-population is instantly banished, and considerations of the Malthusian doctrine is relegated to the ages yet to come. The unpeopled prairie oppresses by its immensity. If divided into farms and cultivated, there is a resting-place, as it were a gradation of the infinite. A brook, a clump of trees, anything that breaks the monotonous reflection that man is an atom, is a relief. So when eastern Minnesota is reached the oak openings are a haven of rest to the mind.

St. Paul, St. Anthony Falls, and "The Laughing Waters" are natural attractions. Do not hasten to mark a solecism in ranking St. Paul as a natural attraction, for natural beauty surpasses architectural elegance to such an extent as to make this city one of nature's most beauteous works. The nervous energy of the West is here found in its highest development, and it is a city of activity, culture, and progress.

No life is long enough to master the cardinal points of the compass in St. Paul. The business part is circular, having the principal street for a periphery. It is a place of uncertainties, and the "older inhabitants" are lop-sided from walking in a circle. You stumble over paradoxes at every step. The sun himself is in a maze, and

skips around in the clear heavens shedding his beams from points supposed to be inaccessible to a well-regulated luminary. A straight line is not the shortest distance between two points, and all other mathematical laws have no application here. Start from the Metropolitan and travel direct, and without deviation from a straight line, your way will lead you back to the starting point. People burdened with years have lived their entire lives in St. Paul because they have been unable to find their way out. Egress from the Happy Valley of Rasselas was not more difficult, and the Abyssinian prince had no more lovely place in which to sigh for the freedom that lies beyond the inclosing hills.

Yellowstone Park

The National Park is 65 by 55 miles in extent, and has an area of 3,575 sq. miles. It is in Wyoming mainly, and includes that portion of the Rocky Mountains whose peaks are the loftiest. It is possible to visit the principal objects of interest with the exception of Mt. Washburn, by carriages. A number of the guides have been cowboys, a class of men rude in appearance, fearless in everything, but as meek of human kindness as true men can be. At least such we found Jim O'Neill to be, an excellent guide and a gentleman whose code of etiquette came from a good heart. Jim was born in Ireland, but spent his life in the Wild West. He hates a railroad as cordially as Ruskin did, and is going to "move on" to get beyond the reach of this modern civilizer. But to return to the park.

The principal objects of interest are the Mammoth Hot Springs, the Norris, the Lower, the Middle, and the Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Lake, the Upper and the Lower Falls, the Cañon, Mt. Washburn, and the Fossil Forest. The roads are constructed by the United States, but the man on horseback can cut off many detours by following mountain trails. The

spouting geysers are to be found in the Lower and Upper Basins. Fully half the tourists are satisfied with visiting the geysers; comparatively few see Mt. Washburn.

Mammoth Hot Springs

Just inside the northern limit of the park is a large hotel near the Mammoth Hot Springs, the first of the boiling springs. In this place were at one time many geysers, but they have now subsided into boiling springs. But they reared terrace upon terrace, mountains of magnesian limestone, sulphur, and silicious rock. The ascent is laborious, but reveals wonders. The water holds so many and so much mineral ingredients in solution that anything placed in it becomes coated in three days with a silicious deposit.

Norris Geyser Basin

A long and tiresome ride brings you to the Norris Geyser Basin. There is nothing of note on the way, because by this time you are wearied of mountains. The clouds of steam as you approach the basin gives the spur to your expectation, and you apply the same instrument to the animal you bestride. The hollow sound which the tramp of the horse's hoof gives out shows the volcanic nature of the ground over which you

travel. The scene presented baffles description, and as this is the first it is also the last of these grand phenomena of which this section is so prolific. The water seethes in about one hundred different basins. The whole area of about eighty acres is a vast sea of volcanic formation, the deposit of the water driven through the rents in the crust. There is a roar from these rents almost deafening, and the escape of steam from the smaller apertures is almost identical with the sound given by a locomotive when the safety valve is open. You can hear the beating of waves of superheated water beneath the crust on which you stand, and in the larger basins the waters boil and toss as if the infernal regions furnished the power. Stand in the middle of the area and you hear a multitude of sounds, like the splashing of paddle-wheels, the roar of the sea, the rumble of thunder, and the sharp hiss of steam escaping from a heavy pressure. The steam is heavily charged with sulphur, and everywhere the water is depositing the minerals held in solution.

The Lower Basin

A number of geysers are found in the Lower Basin, but none active to a sublime extent. A number of large paint-pots are found here. They consist of clay of various colors, which is of the

consistency of oat-meal mush, boiling with the peculiar sound of viscous fluids. Occasionally the large globose ejections of the pasty mass are sent to a height of ten feet. I was fortunate enough to see the largest geyser of this place in action. It is vastly inferior to most of those in the Upper Basin, but being the first I watched it with considerable interest. First the water in the pool became violently agitated; soon it boiled to the height of thirty feet. It was not an ejection but a literal boiling to that height. After this fearful convulsion it fell into such a state of quiescence that not a ripple appeared in the limpid pool.

Middle Geysers

A ride of four miles takes you to the Middle Geysers, one of which, the Excelsior, is said to be the grandest in the world. To only a few is a sight of this in action vouchsafed. Its spoutings can be heard a distance of six miles, and its action is so energetic that it casts out large stones; the ejections are so plentiful that it makes the stream which flows near it overrun its banks. It was simply a boiling pool of limpid purity when I saw it, its surface being some thirty feet below the volcanic deposit which covers this section. To one who loves quiet beauty, exquisite shading, and an almost perfect arrangement

of prismatic colors the lake near this geyser completes his ideal. It lies between the stream and the hills which, as if to be in harmony with the rare loneliness at their feet, rise in majestic contour, clothed with the dark green of the mountain pine. The lake is about four hundred feet long and about half that extent in width. It is on quite an elevation which is terraced with an almost geometric regularity. The material is the peculiar mineral formation of this place. But as the lake is approached the coloring reminds one of Oriental magnificence. Here is a band of red, shading into orange, then to yellow, purple, and gray. Water, tepid in temperature, is trickling over the surface. The silicious deposit near the lake is not indurated, and you feel that the print of your boots is a sacrilege. Advantage of the wind must be taken so as to avoid the steam. The rim of the basin is a most exquisite piece of workmanship, so delicate in structure, so artistic in design, that you at once ascribe it to some one greater than history has known, whose conception of the beautiful was the essence of beauty itself. The coloring of the spongy terraced rocks which inclose the lake is repeated in the waters of the lake sweeping around its circumference in vivid bounds until the blue of the interior of the lake is reached, a placid, heated body of water clear as the ether

whose infinite depths form the azure vault of heaven. Two streams flow down the declivity from the lake to the river in well-defined beds through the rocky deposit. The rock banks are beautifully embossed and gorgeously colored. The water is red, orange, blue, yellow, or purple in different parts of the stream's course, borrowing its color from that of the bed. The banks are laminated in colors, positive and clearly defined. The whole thing is grander than mind can conceive; beautiful beyond description; a realization extending far beyond the realms of fancy.

Upper Geyser Basin

A ride of eleven miles brings you to the Upper Geyser Basin, the Mecca of tourists within the park. It is full of geysers, all intermittently active, and generally at regular intervals, but many are ceasing to be reliable. Old Faithful never disappoints the pilgrim to this wonderland. Every hour its stream ascends with the most remarkable fidelity. Its crater is the least interesting in the basin, and its waters when quiescent are not visible. When the time for eruption approaches, you can hear the rumbling of its waters; a few preliminary splashes are sent up, giving the observers warning to retire to a safe distance. Soon with a roar the waters are

sent up in a volume to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. The noise is deafening; the momentum such that the winds cannot make the water vary in its perpendicular ascent. It descends in a shower of spray, and its silica and carbonate of lime form an addition to the fields of rock in the center of which this geyser of remarkable constancy is located. So clear is the water ejected that when it collects in little pools in the white rocks it is perfectly transparent, and often you thrust your hand into hot water when about to pick up a pebble from what you fancied an empty receptacle.

Most of the geysers have a walled up crater of solid rock, receiving their names in these instances from fancied, and in some cases real, resemblances to architectural or natural objects. Others are quiet pools of most unimaginable purity until lashed into action by the subterranean heat. The crater walls of some rise to a height of fifteen feet, the long diameters ranging from twenty to four feet, the transverse from two to ten feet. Those with elevated crater walls are rarely quiet, although the grand eruptions of most are infrequent. The large geysers are surrounded by smaller ones, called "indicators," their activity being a premonition that those to which they are subsidiary are about to work.

Caution is necessary in walking around, and should you be enveloped in a cloud of steam because of a sudden shifting of the wind, all movement should cease, or you are likely to step into a pool of water and be instantly cooked "to a turn." It is the custom to get Old Faithful to do some laundry work by throwing into the crater soiled garments a short time preceding an eruption. They usually are cast out well cleansed. In my case he construed the act as an indignity, and my wardrobe was lessened to the extent of my confidence in his integrity.

I saw Faithful spout five times, and several smaller ones each once. Just when about to leave the basin one of the largest, "Splendid," began to work. The horses were galloped toward it and we got as near as safety would counsel when it was at its best. It sends up a volume about ten times that of Faithful, equally high, and lasting ten minutes. The roar is deafening, the vibration reaches the ground on which you stand, but spellbound with admiration, you have no thought of fear. When the eruption ceases the crater is empty, and where once was a pool of blue water, is a hollow receptacle lined with ornamented rock. Neighboring pools have also been despoiled of their water, and one cannot help fancying that this is a period of utter exhaustion, following the terrible convulsion which

resulted in the magnificent column of water just beheld.

The springs are of marvelous purity, of a sapphire blue, and many "deeper than ever plummet sounded." The sides of the basin are seen clearly through the transparent water while the refraction gives the whole the appearance of being gorgeously tesselated with shimmering squares. They are of most indescribable beauty, and somehow their limpid depths give you the impression that the water is ice cool. It is not so warm as to be in a state of agitation, and there lie these pools of such complete transparency that they have not the power of reflection while the murmuring rills from them, over the tufaceous deposit reminds one of Milton's "Silva's brook that flows fast by the oracle of God." One peculiarity of this country is when you come to a stream you must touch its waters to determine whether it is hot or cold. I had one foot blistered by the heat while crossing a stream, for neglecting to take this precaution.

One leaves these basins with singular feelings. Here in close proximity are the eternal snows and the fires that quench not. The streams come down the hills cool with the icy breath of the mountains and mingle with the heated waters which seem to be the fevered sweat of a demon in agony. The sun beats down pitilessly on

the sojourner in the valley, but the wanderer on the hill feels the breath of the Ice King. It is a land of contradictions, of wonders, and hardships.

Yellowstone Falls and Cañon

And now for the falls and cañon. You pass the "divide," skirt mountains of sulphur, gallop through beautiful parks inclosed by mountains, and having covered twenty-five miles, you reach the Yellowstone. Though near its source, the lake of like name, it is here a stream of considerable volume. As it nears the Upper Falls the current grows rapid, and is lashed into fury by obstructing rocks. It is not the quiet majestic flow of Niagara. Here is a rush to destruction, a tumult preceding the leap. The waters fall on a submerged rock and rebound. The turbulent character of the stream below the falls reminds one of the rapids below Niagara. But when the Lower Falls are reached you stand spellbound. The water goes over in a steady stream, a shelving rock giving majesty to the leap. Down the waters go a distance of three hundred feet into the cañon. A footpath takes you right to the head of the falls, and a substantial railing quiets what nervousness you might otherwise feel in looking into the terrible abyss. The falls are grand, but the cañon absorbs the attention. The

cliffs rise to a height of eight hundred feet, and display the most varied and gorgeous coloring. Here are minarets of red, there towers of yellow and everywhere a harmonious blending of colors. The great depth mellows the sunlight, and seems to soften the touch of nature's brush. There is a delicious coolness in this mighty gorge, and the immensity of the cliffs does not overpower because of the chastened beauty of their ornamentation. Were these towering sides not softened by color and invested with a mellowed radiance they would oppress by their sublimity. As it is the soul seems to love in this opulence of beauty while quickened by the immensity of the scene. The river is compressed into a rill of blue set in the mighty framework of the stupendous sides. Its onward movement is not apparent from this great height, and it seems held by enchantment. Drop a stone from the top of the falls and so long is it in its descent that you fancy it is resting on the spray.

By following a trail one mile you reach a crag which juts out into the cañon from which you get a front view of the falls looking up the cañon. Soon you will hear the flap of an eagle's wings and its notes of anger. At quite a distance below and nearer the center of the cañon rises a stately shaft of basaltic rock, and on the summit of this is the eagle's nest. The scream of this

king of birds is grand in this lonely place, and you envy him the power of flight as he floats over the mighty chasm.

I visited the falls unaccompanied. On reaching the platform at the head of the falls I became aware of the presence of a young lady, seated on a bench writing a letter. She was clad in mountain costume. Her hair was cut rather close, curled gracefully, and her little silk cap lay beside her. She evidently had been some time in the mountains, as her face was browned by the sun and air. Her manner indicated culture and her face intelligence. Her dress bespoke wealth, for though of strong material, it was costly. She was the picture of health and decidedly handsome. Some lines of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" ran through my mind as I gazed on this mountain nymph, and I became curious to know how she came to these vast solitudes "claiming kindred" with the hills and seeming to have her claim allowed. I found her to be an excellent conversationalist, well informed on the topography of the park, and quite willing to give information. She had come from Philadelphia with her father and the "rest of the family." They had their own outfit, tents, horses, servants, and supply teams. This was the second summer they had spent in the park. The whole family preferred this nomadic life to spending the sum-

mer at the fashionable watering-places, which they had tried and disliked. I afterward found that the young ladies could ride horses at a breakneck speed over mountains and always sat their beasts astride. My conversation was arrested by the arrival of the rest of the party. Soon the lightning began to play on the mountain peaks, and the thunder reverberated in the valleys. The wind blew in gusts, and threatened to sweep us over the falls. The party quit hastily for the camp. I climbed the cliffs to make a short cut, but the mountain maid wrapped her plaid around her, sought the shelter of a cliff, and braved the "god of storms, the lightning, and the gale."

Mt. Washburn

From the falls we crossed the mountains, taking a trail with the intention of visiting Mt. Washburn on the way. We ascended Mt. Washburn with horses until they became an encumbrance, and then myself and a Brooklyn clergyman pushed ahead on foot. Here were immense snow-drifts, and above them in clear patches bloomed the flowers. It was a singular companionship. On little shelves could be seen where animals had rested, and everywhere were evidences of the inhabitancy of the Rocky Mountain sheep. The head swims before the summit

is reached, and well it might, because this peak is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The top is flat, the gale piercing, the flowers many and beautiful, though the frosts are still there, and what a beautiful panorama is spread before you! Clear around in an unbroken circle sweep the mountain peaks, their banks of snow glistening in the sunlight. What were somber pine forests when you rode through them are mellowed into a beautiful dark green, the inequalities being wholly hidden from the eye. The blue waters of Yellowstone Lake rise into view, and the patches of meadows look like well-kept farms. The whole park is beneath you encircled by a chaplet of snow. It is a grand sight, not quickly forgotten, and repays one fully for the weariness of the ascent.

The Bad Lands

Dakota is a broad land, and much of it is fertile. These northern prairies, however, do not impress one by their immensity as do those of Iowa. Their rolling surface brings the horizon too near the beholder. He has not the idea of expanse in its completest sense. The rapidity with which the region near Dawson seems to be settling up is astonishing. There seems to be no one point from which settlement radiates, but everywhere clear up to the Bad Lands the hardy pioneer dots the vast prairies with marks of his industry. But the little home on these vast treeless plains must offer insufficient shelter in the winter when the storm is at its fiercest. The struggle for existence seems more clearly defined and more uncertain of success on the prairie than where the forests hold sway. Man seems the merest atom on the prairie, and his work the labor of pigmies. But he brings these broad lands under subjection, small as the beginning is, and small indeed it appears in the Empire of the Plains.

The Bad Lands lie in the western part of Dakota and the eastern part of Montana. They are now known by the more euphonious name of Pyramid Park, though the first is more appropri-

ate. These hills are a queer formation. Rising abruptly from the plains, barren, bleak, and stupendous, they give the surrounding country the appearance of being blighted by a curse. They are a mass of clay, without life, without vegetation, a corpse of clay with no hope of a future. Their appearance is an explanation of their origin, volcanic eruption; a boiling without an outbreak, as uninviting a piece of work as ever nature fashioned. Some of the scrubby trees common to this section started a sickly growth on the uninviting sides of these hills. But the inhospitable soil did not afford them means of life and they perished. A vigorous tree on the Bad Lands would be the marriage of Death and blooming Life. The eastern ridges of the Rocky Mountains are the Bad Land Hills on a more stupendous plan. Bare, barren, snow-clad, and forbidding, they frown on the valleys at their feet. Distance does not soften their rugged features and their sides and summits are devoid of verdure. Their ragged crests cut the blue sky sharply and the snow glistens in the sunlight. But one turns from the view with anything but a feeling of pleasure. The valleys even are not fertile, and seem a fit complement for the sterile hills. Colonies of prairie dogs sit on their haunches and look unconcernedly at the passing train.

Red River Valley

The Red River Valley is known everywhere for its fertile soil. It is prairie with the exception of a narrow strip of woodland on either side of the river. It is a magnificent valley, and to the summer visitor it has all the features of an earthly paradise. The soil is rich, deep, and easily worked, not readily exhausted as it has a clay subsoil with all the essential elements of productiveness. It is prairie right up to the immediate river valley. The course of the Red River is traced by the rill of green which rises above the level prairie in its tortuous course. Anything which breaks the monotony of the prairie is attractive to the eye, and nothing is more pleasing than woodland. This narrow belt of forest winds off into the far-away prairie, mellowed by distance until it seems a dark green cloud which kisses the horizon.

In a stroll one day I encountered a farme engaged in putting a hoop on a refractory pail. I lent my assistance until the honest granger begged me to desist, as my aid was a hindrance. In return for my courtesy he furnished me facts which detract a great deal from this valley, which to-day might pass for the famed one of Cashmere.

''Friend,'' said the man with the dilapidated pail, ''this is a fine soil and a grand country if we only had climate. Yes, nice enough to-day and yesterday, but a cold wave might sweep down from the north to-night and destroy everything. Nothing certain about vegetables except that they are apt to be killed by early frosts. Wheat and oats are the only crops you may rely upon, and there have been times that frosts killed these in August. Won't average more than twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. Yes, land is high. This,'' pointing to a farm just outside the city limits, ''cost two hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre. This is a big place according to the newspapers, and would be but for the climate.'' Whether my friend was Diogenes with a pail instead of a tub I will not say. Certain it is his statements seemed a libel on the place which gave promise to ''smile in a harvest if tickled with a straw.''

The valley is about forty miles wide at Moorhead, but widens toward the north into the celebrated Manitoba Valley, to which the inhabitants of that place expect sometime to have the pleasure of annexing the United States.

Utah and Some Western Cities

Railroads have brought Salt Lake City into jostling proximity with the Mississippi Valley, and to write of this New Zion seems like dealing with a subject so close to the experience of all that what is said must appear trite.

And yet there is something in this famous valley with its mystic sea which stirs the imagination. It is ancient in suggestion, though not in history, and it seems as if the haze which bathes the mountains has mystery in its depths. The clouds move on as if pregnant with tradition, and the valley slumbers as if wearied with historic lore. Some years ago when I first looked down on this valley from one of the heights which encircle it, prejudice against Mormons dropped from me "as scales from the eyes of Paul." Their history appeared scriptural and ancient, written upon the purple hills and scarcely less modern than they. The flight of Israel from the land of Egypt and the house of bondage has a setting of historic adornment and the interest of antiquity to commend it to our imagination. But how insignificant the flight, how dwarfed

the purpose when compared with that of the Mormons! There was no manna showered down from heaven for these people in their long and weary march over mountains which seemed to be barriers set by nature against man's further progress westward. No evidence of divine guidance was vouchsafed them. No promise of a land rich in earthly blessings.

They planted the seeds of an empire after having conquered the mountains, and did not lapse into degeneracy because of isolation. It is one of the greatest achievements known to our history, and should receive the recognition it merits. Prejudice blinds us to the glory of this hegira of our own age, and of a part of our own people, of this wonderful self-reliance which welcomed separation from the civilized world while not discarding the methods of civilization. They took with them their brains and their hands, and without outside assistance, scorning commercial and social intercourse with the world of which they were a part, but not of it, they built up a state which challenges admiration.

Nature has done much for Utah. It is the repository of the richest gifts of the geologic ages when prodigality was the rule, though discrimination as to locality also governed. Utah has all the precious metals and many of those whose value lies in their contributing directly to the

needs of man. Its valleys are fertile, and irrigation is not difficult. Its agricultural interests are diversified, and all are in a healthy state. Ogden and Salt Lake City are cities of commercial importance. One is apt to imagine the latter, in the light of its origin, as more unique in its features than enterprising in its activity. It is a bustling city, alive to all the interests which give a city pre-eminence. There is nothing suggestive of conservatism in anything pertaining to the city. It has the vim of the West with much of the stateliness of the East, and wears an air of conscious strength which makes one feel it can command the future.

On the trip homeward Glenwood Springs, Leadville, Buena Vista, and Cañon City were visited. Glenwood Springs is a delightful resort. The hotel there is a magnificent one, while its surroundings are beautiful in the extreme. The place is restful and elegant, suggestive of wealth without a feature of pretension. The bathing pool, fountains, vapor caves, flower beds, and the dreamy restfulness of everything, nestle into one's recollections as do the thoughts of woodland paths of early days.

Leadville is a wicked mountain city where neither "the spirit of man" nor anything else is divine. It is a mining city, and its surroundings are honeycombed with shafts. The sulphurous

fumes of smelting works flavor the mountain air disagreeably, and the inconstant weather mingles the seasons confusedly. Leadville is wicked, but begins to feel the mellowing touch of age, and virtue is making inroads on its athletic obduracy.

Cañon City is a promise of the future of Colorado when it turns its attention to the products of the soil. It is one of the most productive fruit sections of the United States. The valley in which Cañon City lies is specially adapted to the growth of apples, pears, and grapes. It is difficult to realize the bearing capacity of fruit in this section. The trees are not only propped up, but have platforms erected to bear their maturing burdens.

The West is an interesting country to us of the plains, because of its surface configuration, and the grand scenery to which this gives rise; but it is bound to us by the ties of common interest, and it is well that we form the acquaintance of its people. We can learn much from them, not the least of which is the cheery welcome and the absence of tiresome conventionality.

Memphis

It is cold to-day (February 24th, 1900), a raw wind blowing, which makes a heavy overcoat pleasant to have when making short excursions from the cars. It was extremely warm in Memphis yesterday, but the change during the night has given the native an opportunity of offering the invariable explanation given in the South of any untoward circumstance calculated to injure the climatic reputation of the place, viz., "the worst in fifty years." The magnolias, with their pulpy leaves of clean, rich green, are pleasant to the eye after long months of divorce from nature's choicest color. The cotton-fields are scraggy with the wasted stems of last season's crop, and give but little promise of the beauty which crowns them when in blossom.

The people of Memphis have the true Southern hospitality. They have the courtesy of refined sentiment and the practicality of thoroughgoing business men. I received my impression of Memphis from the virulent nature of the yellow fever which prevailed there some twenty-two years ago, and credited its sad experience then to obstacles to proper sanitary measures which it would be difficult, if not almost impossible, to

overcome. But it is "a city on a hill," beautifully and healthfully located, and offering a point of view which makes the Father of Waters picturesque as well as being a channel of commerce. Its very immunity from disease because of its natural surface drainage must have resulted in neglect to take the ordinary precautions for cleanliness. It profited by its terrible experience, and there is no city in the United States which now presents an appearance exceeding that of Memphis in the matter of cleanliness. It is said to be one of the best sewered cities in the world, and even Paris engineers have visited the city to study its system and profit by its excellence. The surrounding country is beautiful, and the country roads are well-nigh perfect. They are all macadam.

Memphis is one of the Southern cities which early broke the limitations of local prejudice. It had sufficient conservatism to exclude the boom feature, so that reverses from an overstimulated growth have been avoided, and every bit of growth has developed from a legitimate cultivation of resources. The solidity resulting from this is apparent on every hand. One feels there is permanency in everything and tinsel appears nowhere. This characteristic appears in the bearing of the people. There is soundness of judgment, frankness of expression, and independ-

ence of action which give an added expression of pleasure to the acts of courtesy which is one of the charms of the South.

Memphis, Nashville, and Atlanta are developing on parallel lines, quick to take advantage of conditions without vulgar exhibition of greediness, and not neglecting this cultivation of social graces while progressive in the line of business.

Memphis is a great cotton market, though its lumber interests are being pushed with considerable vigor. Cotton is king again this year. The advance in the price has made the people happy. The advance averages about eighteen dollars per bale, the weight of a bale being from four hundred to five hundred pounds. This advance has made the people jubilant, though the growers of cotton, as a rule, sold a little too early to profit by it. A business man of Memphis informed me that he never before knew of a more perfect feeling of satisfaction among the people. The advance has given them money beyond their expectations, and he says it is not unusual to see people, proverbially hard up, now with a wad of money, and meeting all their obligations promptly.

Granada, Mississippi, was reached early in the morning. It is quite an old city, and had but little "wah" experience. I walked to the depot from where we had breakfast with Tom Cunning-

ham. Tom is always in search of information, and noticing a large building outside the city, of considerable architectural pretension, and occupying a commanding site, he asked a little negro boy what building it was.

"A college," was the reply.

"A college!" Tom said, "what's its name?"

"Pay College," replied the lad, innocently.

"A queer name for a college," replied his interlocutor.

"You see," the lad answered, "dem who goes there must pay."

He didn't mean it as a joke, but the genial ex-secretary thought it one on him.

The lady students were at the depot to bid us good-by. They wore the conventional gown of the olden time, and had a regular college yell.

New Orleans

New Orleans is a union of the old and the new. The old is persistent and almost irreconcilable. It is unyielding and is being replaced, not modified. The French residents of New Orleans never acquiesced in spirit to the sale of Louisiana and the hostility to American customs and American dominance is inherited by their descendants. The crossing of a single street brings you from the new to the old, though the tentacles of the former are penetrating the French quarters. It is invasion, not the hand of welcome, which is responsible. It is said there are many French people who have never crossed Canal Street—the line of separation. It is a sullen rather than an active form of antagonism.

New Orleans has been called the Paris of America. Certain it is that much attention is given to etiquette. The guests at the chief hotel dress in conformity with the dictates of fashion, changing regularly so as to meet social requirements. Intellectually there is no aristocracy.

New Orleans is a great city, a type of itself. The wharves are a busy place, and the river in their immediate neighborhood is crowded with boats almost as much as the East River in New

York. They are the scene of constant bustle and activity. Pandemonium reigns there at times. The shouts of the officers of the boats, the tramp of freight handlers, the rattle of heavy wagons, the screech of whistles and various other noise-producing things make a din almost indescribable, but it is a sound of industry and stirs you with the desire of doing. And yet great, fat negroes sleep on cotton bales throughout this turmoil.

One cannot notice in New Orleans that the surface of the river is above the level of the city as the levees are continued into the streets so that the grade is hardly perceptible.

All the old streets are narrow, and are paved with large blocks of granite about eight inches thick, the surface being not less than four square feet. These frequently become tilted and in places give the street the appearance of a stone pile. The surface has become polished by attrition, a circumstance which adds to the woe of the poor mule, as a heavy load is rarely started without repeated falls on his knees on the rocky pavement, followed by punishment for the religious posture inflicted by the negro driver, who has no more sympathy with "flopping" than Jerry Cruncher had.

Broad boulevards are common in New Orleans. The center of these boulevards is used by the street car lines. They do not greatly mar the

beauty of the "grass plat," as beauty in this respect is lacking. Canal Street is the principal street of the city, and is the line of demarkation between old and modern New Orleans. The transition is abrupt, and the change is apparent in the general appearance and the veriest details. Canal Street is so called because through it at one time ran a canal, which was filled up years ago. It is a unique street as it is the heart of the city. Every street car line in the city starts from this street, there being four tracks on it for its entire length. A track runs from here through every intersecting street, and the car returns after its journey is complete, to set out again after traversing a portion of Canal Street. One can fancy the procession of street cars there is. It is bewildering, and those familiar with city ways, but not with those of New Orleans, cross this street with precipitation or a degree of caution which would by no means ward off danger if the motormen were not skillful and extremely careful.

Asphalt streets are being put in now, and the large and unsightly blocks of granite will soon be a thing of the past. Lake Pontchartrain lies a few miles beyond New Orleans. The intervening land, though heavily timbered, is a swamp. But a beautiful shell road extends all the way. There are mountains of oyster shells piled up near

some of the wharves as material for road building, and they solve the question very satisfactorily.

New Orleans is not a dirty city. The open sewers are flushed thoroughly every morning, and the streets are thereby thoroughly cleansed. The open sewer is giving way to the underground sewer, and the asphalt street will do away with the mud which oozes out through the crevices which separate the granite blocks.

The cemeteries of New Orleans are objects of great interest to the stranger. They are veritable cities of the dead. There are no underground interments, except in the case of poor people, and in the potter's field. The body is placed in a vault or sarcophagus which is sealed up. These houses for the dead are of various styles of architecture, many of them beautiful. The old cemeteries in the French section are not pretentious. Many of the vaults in these cemeteries are made of brick. The first tenants have in many instances had their "claims jumped" by later candidates for burial. The aperture is opened by tearing away the bricks, which are replaced after the body is deposited. Metairi is the name which the finest cemetery in the city bears. Its site was at one time a race-course. The Jockey Club was the most aristocratic in the city. One of the presidents of the Louisiana State Lottery, a man of immense wealth, sought

admission to this club, and was blackballed because of the character of his business. He nursed his revenge, and through some means secured possession of the race-course and presented it to the city for a cemetery.

One has a queer sensation while wandering through this cemetery. The idea of death is not stamped on the place. It seems that you are in a city of shadows—in the midst of a phantasm—that existence has not ceased for those who dwell here. There is a feeling that you are intruding upon the privacy of others. The song of birds seems to be meant for those whose homes are here. The rows of costly but diminutive houses; the evidences of taste; the winding streets clean, and bordered with flowers, increase the illusion.

It is the way to bury the dead. One does not lose the sense of companionship in the death of a relative. Open ground burial is a necessity in New Orleans as the ground is saturated with water. It should be a sentiment where necessity does not govern.

A singular custom among the French Italians and some others is the issuance of placards announcing deaths of relatives and containing an invitation to attend the funeral. One which I secured from a telegraph pole read as follows:

Perrilliat

"Died last night, Monday, February 19, 1900, at 10 o'clock, aged 78 years, Mrs. Widow Victor Perrilliat, née Marie Louise Blanc.

"Her friends and acquaintances, also those of the Perrilliat, Blanc, and Lubalut families and those of her sons, Charles, Emile, and Arsene, are respectfully invited to attend her funeral which will take place this afternoon, at 4 o'clock precisely, from her late residence."

Telegraph poles have large numbers of such notices.

Jeff Davis and Jackson are New Orleans heroes. Chalmette, where Jackson won his great victory, lies a few miles outside the city, down the river. Statues of Jackson are numerous. Davis has no statue, but every public place is filled with mementoes of him, and they are cherished. The finest monument in the city is that of Lee. It is in "Lee Circle," an expansion of St. Charles Street. While gazing at this, the splendid tribute paid this greatest man of his age by G. W. Cable came to mind. He stands with folded arms, and the beholder can easily fancy that he wears the crown of manly dignity and heroic achievement. The great, silent soldier who did not wince at defeat or even utter a syllable of complaint. Great in

action, eloquent in silence, those whom he fought now glory in his fame.

The state and federal courts are on the French side in old but commodious buildings. While court is in session the adjacent streets are not open to traffic, and ropes are strung across them to prevent the passage of teams. This is necessary, as the character of the paving is such that street noises drown everything.

No one visits New Orleans without visiting the French market, the most complete thing of its kind in the United States. Here everything for the table may be purchased. Carts from truck farms arrive every morning. Game of all kinds is temptingly displayed. You may make a purchase and have it cooked right there if you feel disposed. Up to ten o'clock of each forenoon the place is crowded with purchasers. The place is clean notwithstanding the variety of its wares. The same thing cannot be said of the vendors.

New Orleans has good water now. It is Mississippi River water filtered. The water in its natural state is filthy, almost opaque with dirt. It is not "clean dirt" either. One shrinks from washing in it. Its color is a brownish yellow. But it is drunk by people there with relish—those who do not have filtered water. They say agitation has purified it and that it is not unhealthy. I closed my eyes and tried to take a swallow of it

by way of experiment; but my gorge rose at it, and it would not down.

The city has many old buildings solidly built, but decidedly antiquated—narrow halls, low ceilings, and windows with heavy iron shutters. The Hotel New Orleans has a history. It was built one hundred and seventeen years ago, and had many celebrated men as its guests. It was a fine hotel, and is yet in a good state of repair. There are oil paintings of celebrated men and portraits in mosaic on the walls. The rooms are spacious and rich in fine old furniture. Another hotel, the Royal, covers a block, and is of granite. It is no longer in use. In the basement is the room in which slaves were sold. The block is still there on which the negroes and the auctioneer stood. An old bar at the opposite side where "the bargains were found" still stands. The room is dimly lighted, and was no doubt the scene of many tragic events.

Jackson, Miss.

A day spent at Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, has no pleasing reminiscence except it be the recollection of hospitable entertainment—a feature of Southern life which would make reiteration burdensome if acknowledgment was always forthcoming. Jackson is what it was in point of material development at the close of the war. It is beautifully located, but it has interest only for the historian. The capitol is a relic, rapidly falling into decay; indeed it has reached the limit of utility, or lack of it. The narrow stairway leading to the two chambers creaks under your weight, and the steps are almost worn through by the erosion of footsteps. The old building is historical, but it is soon to be torn down, and the new structure which is to supersede it will have another site—that of the present state penitentiary.

Jackson has stood still through the slow process of disuse. There is evident no sign of improvement, and yet there is no indication of hopelessness. Socially, the town is tingling with life, and its citizens insist that a commercial renaissance is near its birth. There exist no reasons why there should not be business rehabilitation as resources are by no means lacking.

Vicksburg

Vicksburg is a city with a history, but it is interesting even without the associations of the past. It, like Memphis, is on a plateau—the term being used relatively and not in its geographical sense. The approach to the river from all points is on an incline so great that those who have attained the conservatism proper to middle age, proceed with cautious footsteps. It is a flourishing city, and though all cities with ambition have a "future," Vicksburg has substantial foundation for its claim.

A city whose capture marked the beginning of fortune's ebb in the affairs of the Confederacy claims attention chiefly because of its war record on a first visit. We visited the National Cemetery on Sunday, which is just outside the city limits on the bluffs which were so strongly fortified, and which disputed the passage of gunboats down the Mississippi in front of Vicksburg. They constitute a natural fortification. Beyond these, on the opposite side of the river, was Grant's army, and it was to make these bluffs ineffective that he sought to change the course of the Mississippi. On these bluffs now over sixteen thou-

sand Union soldiers "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

I chanced to meet General Stephen E. Lee under somewhat amusing circumstances, and he kindly volunteered to show us the points of interest. He was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army at the time of the siege, but mentions his participation (which was highly creditable) only when the course of the narrative requires it. But as to the manner of my meeting him: Tom Cunningham and myself were in conversation while standing on a little terrace within the cemetery, when a splendid looking specimen of physical manhood entered the cemetery. He was apparently about sixty years old, but stood so straight that he "leaned backward." He was dressed in exquisite taste, but this comported so well with his bearing that the harmony was pleasing.

We approached him, and were received with Chesterfieldian grace. But his brogue was so rich there was no mistaking his nationality. After answering several questions, and volunteering considerable information, he pointed out a large man, quite gray, slightly stooped with age, but vigorous, and said, "There is one of the greatest living generals of the Confederacy."

With an Irishman's propensity to take things wrong, Tom said, "And he's buried up there, is

he?" waving his hand in the direction indicated by the Irish Beau Brummel.

"What the divil would they bury him for an' he alive?" said the Irish Adonis. "There he is up there, walking."

We sought out Lee, but had him only for a short time to ourselves, as he was soon surrounded by eager questioners, to all of whom he gave a most patient and courteous hearing.

This cemetery is the most picturesque of any of the national cemeteries I have seen, and I have seen most of them. It overlooks the river, which stretches far away to where Grant and his army spent weary months of soldier's toil. The course of the river has changed, and islands have formed through which the waters glint. The western sun sheds its warmth on the groves which dot the slopes and seems to make it an ideal resting-place for those for whom "life's fitful fever is o'er." The Bermuda grass forms a soft cushion so that no rude footsteps jar upon the ear, and "all the air a solemn stillness holds."

The clay here has a wonderful consistency, and a vertical embankment will not wash away. Sods of Bermuda grass nailed on these slopes will stick and grow. The government is improving the park, and it will soon be a thing of beauty.

Baton Rouge

Baton Rouge was a surprise to me, as are all the cities on the Mississippi, in that it is on an elevation and commands the Mississippi. We spent the night at Baton Rouge, and saw only little of the city, but I was favorably impressed with what I did see. We left at six Monday morning. Just before starting out, and while lying in my berth, the negroes were going to their work on the wharves and on the plantations, and indulged in their matin of song. It was inexpressibly sweet, the individual voices which rose above the chorus seeming to have in them the "ecstacy of woe." I recalled Garfield's remark that slavery had put pathos into the melody of the negro. But slavery has given way to vice, and the notes still bear a burden of sorrow. There is exultation in song as a rule, but there was no note of triumph or of thanksgiving in the voices which stirred my emotions as I lay listlessly susceptible to outward impressions and took on the melancholy of which the song I heard was the impression. What is in the negro to whom the boon of freedom has brought reversion to government by animal instincts that his song should have the potency of prayer through the

appeal it breathes? Is the soul yet clouded by the shadow of slavery which makes "sorrow's memory a sorrow still"? Or has nature, with merciless kindness, implanted a sense of limitations within him which makes his possibilities seem poor when measured with his perception of what is, and what might be, if he did not bear the stamp of a race for whom "servility has been a badge."

There is no finer section of land in the world than lies between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. It is devoted exclusively to the cultivation of sugar-cane. It is the richest soil I ever saw. It is the "ole plantation" improved. Almost every plantation has a sugar mill of its own, and refineries are numerous. The old plantation house has not fallen to ruin. It is modernized, enlarged, and usually nestles in a grove of live oaks and magnolias. The negro quarters form a village on each plantation, consisting of two rows of cottages, separated by a narrow street. The cottages seem to be neatly kept, and pickaninnies are numerous. The negro and the mule are the industrial instruments. There is no other section of the South that I have visited which shows such signs of prosperity as this does. The Mississippi winds through it, the levees rising up on the dead level like large breastworks. The levees are quite high and broad, and their upper surface makes a fine promenade which is in regular use.

A Trip to Montgomery

Breakfast at Manitowoc, supper at St. Louis, shows the rapidity of travel in modern times. Space is practically annihilated by the speed of the iron horse and climatic change, so far as it is affected by latitude, is now under the absolute control of the individual.

Aside from the fertility of the section there is not much of interest to the traveler between Chicago and St. Louis. It is a garden, both in fertility and cultivation. Farm-houses are inferior to those of Wisconsin, and lack of diversity of surface makes the trip monotonous.

St. Louis has ceased to be a rival of Chicago. The Father of Waters has grown to be commonplace and has been shorn of its glory by the railroad. It has become a prosaic stream, hedged in by the rigorous demands of commerce. St. Louis has wealth and taste, but can no longer pretend to compete for anything approximating supremacy. The resident portion of the city, that occupied by the four hundred, is beautiful indeed. In this respect it has its once rival at a positive disadvantage. Nature has saved it from the monotony of dead level, and has given it charming environment. It has the convenience of a union

depot, that is reached by a tunnel which passes through the heart of the city, after the road crosses the famous bridge.

The Louisville and Nashville road gives one access to several states with comparatively little travel. A rush through Illinois, a breath of Hoosierdom, and soon one can "see the sun shine bright on the old Kentucky home." The imagination is quickened by the Kentucky atmosphere. It may be because of the romance in which the past of the state is bathed, and the brilliancy which centers in it. But there is a lightening of the heart and a freer play of the emotions when on Kentucky soil.

The trip across the mountains was made during the night, and Montgomery was reached in the early morning. There is no more winter, and overcoats are a burden. The sun climbs high in this latitude at this season, and we have anticipated its arrival in Wisconsin by several weeks.

Montgomery is a manufacturing city of considerable note. The smoke invests it closely and prevents its being a desirable place for residence. The old state capitol, in which the ordinance of secession was passed, still serves the state. It is a modest structure, antique in its style of architecture, and perched upon a gentle eminence. The capitol square has a monument to the Confederate dead, the offering of affection,

and the result of contributions at a period when the South was prostrate.

Alabama is not unlike Georgia in general characteristics. It is in the line of progress, and its people are intent upon the development of its resources. It seems strange that states so old should have possibilities which have so long awaited the enlivening touch of industry. The New South is a term of much broader significance than attaches to it as we use it, having in mind only the political situation.

En Route to Savannah

The Mississippi Valley is to sections less favored, in an industrial sense, what the life of the industrial, painstaking man is to that of him who does not always respond to the call of duty. There is variety in abundance in the daily life of him who thinks the hard lines of duty should not always be followed, though want be one of its features. Chicago, with all its architectural monstrosities as well as beauties, has not a tithe of the interest to the traveler that is called out by the splendid setting of the Cumberland River as it breaks through the mountains, and the commercial uproar of the metropolis does not speak in such sympathetic tone to our industrial sense as does the beautiful blue grass region of Kentucky. This region is devoted to grazing and every farm is a stock farm. It is the section in which Daniel Boone flourished and Henry Clay's eloquence was nurtured. It is as beautiful to the eye in its gentle undulations and wooded hills as its climate is salubrious. There is but little grain raised, and only sufficient fodder for domestic use. But it is to this place the pure bred horse traces his origin.

East Tennessee

East Tennessee is a country which has made but little progress. It is the moonshiner's paradise—he regards it as his empire, and will not hesitate to fight to the death to maintain his rights. He is a veritable Ishmaelite, and if his fastness is invaded even by the curiosity-seeker, the mountaineer acts upon the hint that dead men tell no tales. It is a picturesque country, and peculiarly well suited to the business of illicit distilling. The mountains have mineral wealth which in time will change conditions and bring under subjection the hardy mountaineer who dares the wrath of the government, and neither asks quarter from, nor gives it to those who are inimical to his business. The manner of disposing of the liquor exhibits some of the old style of primitive honesty which nature and not religion taught: a jug, with fifty cents, is left on a stump, and the party retires. He soon returns, the money is gone, but the jug is filled with "mountain dew."

Perhaps the moonshiner is receiving more than his share of attention in this description, but he deserves it because of the romance attached to him. He is more picturesque than the train robber because his calling is hereditary. He is

more interesting than the smuggler because he is more persistent, and flourishes despite the war made upon him.

Savannah

Savannah has the air of antiquity, not in the sense of being sleepy, but in a sort of dignified way which impresses you with the idea that it has attained growth through historic action. It is not a beautiful city, and still it is an attractive one. There is nothing about it which leads to the belief that it is on exhibition. It is no parvenu, and even that in it which is shabby has not a note of apology in its appearance. The streets are wide and very sandy where they are not paved. The monuments which adorn the public parks are of the Revolutionary period. The climate in December is truly magnificent, being about what ours in Wisconsin is in mid-June. There is just a suggestion of the ocean in the air, which blows here in the afternoon, and its cooling touch is grateful.

I attended a negro church this morning, more from curiosity, I must say, than from piety. It was a surprise to me, and exemplified Goldsmith's words that "those who went to scoff, remained to pray." I had no such sinister purpose in attending, nor was the reformation so

complete that the "bursting heart eased itself in prayer." But the preacher talked good sense, and understood his subject fully. Not only this, he understood what his audience needed, and gave them just that. The full, rich voice of the preacher seemed to appeal more to the emotions of his hearers than his arguments to their reason, but the two were supplemental.

Thomasville, Georgia

For healthfulness and pleasant surroundings Thomasville, Georgia, is without a peer. Had Ponce de Leon, in his search for the Fountain of Youth, trended in his course more to the north and west until Thomasville was reached, he might with propriety have concluded that the search had proved as successful as the limitations of mortality would permit. The resinous breath of the pine "has healing in its wings," and the soft winds are caressing in their tenderness. Many of the old plantations are covered with a second growth of pine, and the woodland roads traverse what were the cotton-fields of the olden time. The inequality of surface gives the drives delightful variety, and the old mansions slumbering in the sunlight seem relics of that past so near in time, so distant in the change wrought in the interval. The present and the past, to the eye, seem to jostle each other over the intervening space; but the "dead past has buried its dead," and no note of the olden time is heard, nor "touch of a vanished hand" felt in the current of the new life. The negro quarters are gone, and the old mansions no longer echo the voices of their hereditary masters, but instead the prattle of piccaninnies

and the deep tones of the musically gifted negro.

Many Northern people have purchased property in Thomasville and its surroundings, and have built houses for residence during the winter. Most of the improvements made are due to these men, and the improvements are such as to merit praise. There is no other place in the South in which the tourists were so hospitably received, and this is saying much, where hospitality is the rule. Nor is there any place of which the recollection is more pleasing.

The Indian Territory

Description gives no adequate idea of the extent of our country and its boundless resources. Number to most of us is largely an abstraction having concrete qualities only in comparison. The hackneyed expression "must be seen to be appreciated" is peculiarly pertinent when applied to the United States in reference to its geographical extent, its varied interests, diversity of soil and climate, scenic features, and social conditions. The word "empire" is too limited in its significance to be aptly expressive of what the country is.

Travel is the only medium through which a comprehensive idea of the greatness of the country can be gathered. Travel impresses one fact most strongly upon the careful observer, which is, that the natural resources of the country are so vast that the possibilities of the future make the progress of the past appear almost insignificant in comparison. In passing through the rich agricultural districts of Illinois, one feels that the industry of man has here turned the fertility of nature into channels conducive to the greatest public good. Missouri pays less tribute to the genius of labor, though it has a soil which is pro-

ductive and enduring. Occupying that borderland between the North and the once mystic South, this state has a peculiar interest to people of the North. There is always a feeling of exaltation in turning the face to the South, as if there remained in our being a shred of the old sun-worship which the children of nature bestowed, and like "Old Shady," the going home is toward that place where the sun woos with greatest fervor.

The development of the Indian Territory is hindered by reservation rights, a species of entail which is as foreign to American polity as it is repugnant to enlightened ideas. There is no class of people in the world whose average individual wealth equals that of the Indians of the territory. A tribal right is worth from seven thousand dollars to eight thousand dollars, and this right every person a member of the tribe enjoys. By no means are all the Indians shiftless. Many of them have fine farms and have added largely to their inherited wealth. A majority of them lease their lands to the whites, and these secure tribal rights for their children by intermarriage with the natives. The towns in the territory along the line of railway are by no means insignificant, though the whites are squatters, interlopers, and subject to expulsion, except such as have "taken unto themselves wives" from among the dusky maidens.

There is no section of the United States the agricultural possibilities of which exceed those of the Indian Territory.

It has also mineral wealth in liberal measure. It furnishes the pleasing variety of woodland and prairie, rugged slopes, and gently undulating valleys. It is well watered and the climate is salubrious. It is not lacking in picturesque features. The gilding of the hills by the slowly sinking sun gives the valleys the charm of dreamy repose which is inexpressibly soothing, and the wooded slopes seem to grasp the shadows as if they were the mantle of the coming darkness.

The Indian Territory will not long remain the anachronism it is now. It is too fertile a section to remain permanently in the hands of people lacking the enterprise and diligence to improve opportunities here offered freely and for which people elsewhere are in constant search. Besides, the banditti who find an asylum here have by their lawlessness given an impulse to the demand which has been steadily growing insistent, that opportunity be given for the settlement of the reservations by those who can and will enforce the laws.

Texas

"Texas has everything," said an enthusiastic citizen of that state; "fertile soil, good climate, enterprising people, deserts, tarantulas, rattlesnakes, and desperadoes." The Wisconsin pilgrim saw nothing of the undesirable features which on the doctrine of compensation, if not on the testimony of its people, must be supposed to have place in that great state. Texas is essentially an agricultural country, but its resources are by no means limited to this species of industry. Its future for a long time will be, as its past has been, best subserved by attention to its agricultural interests. The soil is exceedingly rich, except in the western part. But there are vast tracts favorably located, which are as yet untouched by the plow. A good quality of hay is made from the native grass, but the yield is insignificant compared to what would result from cultivation. When one looks over these vast stretches of country, pleading for the husbandman's prolific touch, he is lost in wonder that the storm-wrenched prairies of the Dakotas should have been peopled while these fertile plains were left untouched by the hand of productive labor.

Cotton is king in Texas, but it asserts its prerogative mildly. And compared with the possibilities it might make active, it is a very unpretentious sovereign. "The state is new," is the explanation offered when surprise is expressed at the vast areas of tillable land with its virgin soil untouched. It is said that four counties in Texas can, with their resources taxed, produce as much cotton as is now produced in the United States. The industries springing up by reason of cotton culture are numerous. There is not a particle of the cotton plant which goes to waste. Cotton-seed oil is now a recognized article of commerce, and is invading the domain of the dairy. The hulls are used for feed, and the seed, after the oil is extracted, makes the oil cake. The stalks are cut up on the land and are used for fertilizing. One gets the impression that the grower of cotton finds it the least profitable of all who handle it. Possibly this explains why there are not more white fields in this broad expanse.

The Texas steer will soon be a thing of the past. Cattle with more beef and less horn are taking his place. Ranges are becoming circumscribed, and cattle are now fed and fattened off the range. The cattle and sheep industry constitutes a great portion of the wealth of Texas. Northern Texas is devoted largely to grain-rais-

ing; in consequence, Dallas is one of the greatest distributing points for farm machinery in the United States. Irrigation is a question of growing importance in this state. There is but a comparatively small portion of the state which is rainless, but wherever agricultural interests are paramount, man wants to control conditions on which he is largely dependent. It is doubtful whether the streams at all places afford a sufficiency of water for this purpose. But artesian wells may be made available.

Texas has no large cities; that is, attaching the significance to the adjective which it bears with us of the North. But it has many medium-sized ones which are growing, enterprising, and prosperous. The growth of many within the last few years has been rapid, but wholly in response to increased facilities, or in harmony with the development of tributary country. Each city has the local coloring of its environments. Here it is wool; there cotton; and again grain. This does not mean isolation, though it might have been so before the advent of railroads. There is among the several cities a community of purpose which speaks well for the future of the state.

Galveston

When Clay, in the rapt attention of prophecy, said with reference to the West, "I hear the footsteps of the coming multitudes," he uttered a prediction which would now be none the less true of Texas. It is to be a great state, and the question soon to attract attention, and possibly provoke rivalry, is what place shall be the emporium of this territory when its fertility shall minister to the wants of commerce? Galveston is now the chief seaport. It is the Manhattan of the state, but it does not enjoy conceded supremacy. Its foreign trade is large, and while nature has done much for it, it has left much undone. The genius of man and the liberality of the national government are elements to be considered in forecasting the future of Galveston. Nature was prodigal in dealing with the city, but it worked too kindly, and the sand plains are projected into the bay, making the service of lighters and barges necessary in unloading and loading ocean vessels. The system of jetties is being tried here, confidently by the government engineers, with doubt by those devoid of technical knowledge who view the wide expanse of water between the piers known as jetties. They do say that these jetties have already deepened the water. If this be true, the hopes

of the people of Galveston will be realized, and it is destined to be one of the great cities of the continent, because the sluiceway of commerce on the Gulf is certain to gather the unearned increment. Galveston has wealth greater than that of Houston. Its enterprise is inferior, and the city at the head of the bayou may yet claim precedence of the island city upon whose borders the surf of that great inland sea beats with the incessant roar of repressed power.

San Antonio

There is a suggestion of aridity in the country surrounding San Antonio. It is a tentacle of the desert which lies beyond. Glimpses of sage-brush, stretches of chaparral, and the unctuous, fleshy leaf of the cactus remind one of the Farther West where civilization made its earlier conquests, but failed to keep up the unequal struggle. There is no more interesting city in Texas than is San Antonio. The ancient is hemmed in by the modern, but it remains true to the antique. The church of the Alamo, which had a baptism of blood which will ever make it an object of historic interest, is now surrounded by business, but it seems to stand alone in the epic grandeur of its associations. The missions lie quite a distance outside. They are always visited by tourists. The rooms in which the

mass was celebrated are the only ones not profaned by being made to supply a home for some shiftless Mexican who asks alms with professional ease. They toil not, neither do they spin, and are far removed from the loveliness of the lily, though their raiment is almost as scant. A wrinkled old woman who stood at the church door and pleaded for alms in speech almost as sweet as the "bastard Latin of the South," told her age by raising her ten fingers seven times and the fingers of one hand once. English was an unknown tongue to her, as it is to most of this vagabond race outside the cities in Texas.

The school fund income of Texas is, per capita, about three times that of Wisconsin. There is some reason to fear that the attention given to private institutions of learning dwarfs the public schools. But of that I am unable to speak confidently. That is a defect which, if it exists, a "bold peasantry" will soon remedy with the means at their disposal. Judging from the appearance of the school buildings, there is no parsimony in the conduct of the people toward their schools.

We of the North are more interested in the politico-social conditions of the South than in any other of its features. I have had opportunities, limited in time, though ample in extent, of studying personal and sectional character-

istics of the South and its social phases. Industrial life is now national in its pulsations, and local environments no longer impress the character to any greater depth than habit, worn loosely. The Southern cities, and those of Texas are no exception, are as cosmopolitan as those of the North. There is greater homogeneity in the South because assimilation is more rapid and perfect. The preponderance of party strength is due largely to this fact; there are no factions either national or religious, and no intolerance because the people are one in national spirit, and there are no questions of origin. The enforcement of local laws is much more strict than in the North. "Pardon me," said a gentleman raising his hat to me as I stood smoking a cigar near a cotton wharf in Galveston, "I see you are a stranger; but smoking is prohibited here and an officer may arrest you any minute."

It must be understood that Texas is no longer a frontier state, and that lawlessness no longer goes unwhipped. The urbanity of the people of the South is proverbial, and of this there is no occasion to speak. Civility here is not devotion to forms; it is inbred, and form is but its expression. Progress in the South radiates from the cities and they are progressive in everything. Life is as safe in Texas as in any state, and

speech as free. They are a warm-hearted, generous people, quick in their sympathies, and prompt in granting favors.

Texas is a state unique in its political evolution. The Texas Rangers won an empire by their prowess, and offered the fruits of their victory to the country in which their cradles were rocked. Strange fatuity of statesmanship! the offer was reluctantly accepted and barely escaped rejection. When one travels over this magnificent state to-day, an empire in extent and in achievement, with a future so full of promise that present prosperity merely serves as an index of what is to be, he cannot help thinking that the United States came nigh "throwing away a pearl richer than all its tribe." And the glorious history which has descended to us by reason of this acquisition—the struggles of the early pioneers; the war of independence, not less glorious than our own; the Alamo, well named "the Thermopylæ of America"; the missions whose battered walls speak of the past, when war was the handmaid of religion, and whose dank rooms bear testimony to the somber character of the religion of the early day.

Texas has been misunderstood by the people of the North. It has within its confines everything essential to a nation's well-being. Its people are not typical Southerners, as they have

a dash of Western breeziness which gives piquancy to the chivalrous courtesy of the South. Texas is as great a state as California, though it has not been as self-assertive in its claim for position, nor has it that comity of political interests which would prompt state pride to challenge comparison with the world. Its resources are without limit, and there is a growing spirit of enterprise which is sure in time to utilize them.

"The New South"

The words made Grady famous, but their full import can be felt only by visiting the section he loved, and which has honored him by a statue in the principal street of the city in which he labored. The New South is a revelation to Northern people who cling to the old tradition, that Mason and Dixon's line fixes the limits of two distinct forms of civilization, antagonistic, almost irreconcilable. Whatever the differences of the past have been, in individual characteristics as well as in political and social ideas, they no longer exist. The railroad of to-day molds all the people of the nation into homogeneity, and the "New South" has no distinctive meaning further than it is a term applicable to a geographic section whose hopes and fears and purpose are identical with those of the other sections which together constitute a solidified nation. The sentiment prevailing in any particular section is truly indexed in the commercial metropolis of that section, as it is there ideas originate, and from there spread to all the tributary surroundings. No Northern city could outdo the city of Atlanta in its display of the starry banner in the decoration preliminary to the opening of its industrial exposition. No

expressions of loyalty could be more numerous or more readily responsive to challenge than were those of representative people of the South in their intercourse with the members of the Wisconsin Press Association on the occasion of their recent journey through a portion of the South.

The route was from Chicago to Louisville over the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad; thence to Nashville over the Louisville and Nashville Railroad; from this point to Chattanooga over the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad; and to Atlanta over the Western and Atlantic. These lines constitute the chief trunk lines of the South, and are known as the "Monon Route." The line takes the traveler through that portion of the South in which the historic and picturesque are blended, making the journey one of unbounded pleasure and absorbing interest. James Barker, the general passenger agent of the road first mentioned, was formerly an official of the Wisconsin Central. He accompanied the party and won the hearts of all by his untiring attention and geniality. He is a cyclopedia of general information, and there seems to be no limit to his good nature. Added to his social qualities he is a thorough master of all things pertaining to transportation.

Louisville

Louisville, though on the threshold of the North, seems less responsive to progressive Northern ideas than any other Southern city visited. There is an air of conservatism pervading the place, which seems to affect even the electric cars, and they move with provoking deliberation at times. Freight wagons are supplied with two teams, and the negro driver rides one of the wheel-horses, as his father did before the "wah." The main streets are wide, the intercepting streets narrow. Business appears to move on with just sufficient momentum to overcome inertia. And still the volume of business is large though lacking in "rush." The inbred courtesy of the people and their hospitality are genuinely Southern.

The Louisville and Nashville road passes through a rich agricultural section. A short distance south of Louisville the country is broken, almost mountainous. Through the valleys Morgan's daring band made many raids. This is the beginning of that fatal borderland which was devastated by the war. From Louisville to Atlanta the beautiful scenery fails to absorb the attention because of the demands made upon it by fruitful historic incident.

Nashville

Nashville is a city of about eighty thousand inhabitants. The people of the South never use a magnifying glass when looking at the census reports. The census figures are given without the percentage of increase which is an invariable appendix "up North." Nashville is something more than a city with a considerable number of people. It is one of the most progressive cities of the Union. It is instinct with fervent life in all the lines of progress. On the basis of population it exceeds any city of the North in the number of its higher educational institutions. Here as well as elsewhere in Kentucky and Tennessee separate schools are provided for the races. All are supported at public expense. There is no commingling of white and black in the schools, and it is evident there never will be. It is not a prejudice; it is a conviction, and as it relates to what the people hold most dear—the implanting of correct moral principles and high ideals in their children—it cannot be overcome. To no question but that as to whether co-education is possible is there a note of indignant defiance in the response which is so emphatic that discussion is deemed inadvisable. Fisk University is an institution for colored people. Its influence is apparent among the negroes of

Nashville. The Maxwell House (a hotel, by the way, which was used during the war as a barrack) has many of the students of this university as waiters. The excellence of the service is a surprise to every one until it is learned that the waiters are students. Vanderbilt College is a splendidly equipped institution. Its grounds cover an area of seventy-five acres, and it is so liberally endowed that it is never pressed by need.

The celebrated Belle Mead farm lies just outside the city. It is the largest stock farm in the United States, and has descended from father to son for three generations. A battle was fought just in front of Nashville. R. H. Johnson, of the Wausau Central, who was one of the party, took part in this battle. He was then a lad of sixteen. He revisited the old place and vainly sought a family who had done him a kindness while he was sick. He had fallen out of the ranks while in retreat, being unable to continue the march. He was tenderly cared for by a Southern mother who had a son in the Rebel army, and through her he was enabled to reach his company, though he was within the Confederate lines.

Everything in Nashville is done with a vim and heartiness which finds a parallel in but few cities of the North. The hospitality of the people

is so profuse that it would be burdensome if it was not offered with a suavity which puts the recipient at his ease. The badge of the Wisconsin Press Association was an open sesame to everything. An inquiry as to the whereabouts of any point of interest was invariably answered by a tender of a conveyance in charge of an escort who could furnish all the information desired. The privileges of club rooms were freely extended. Delegations attended the tourists when they went in a body to any place to forestall any attempt at paying for anything, and to extend such courtesies as strangers might need. Chattanooga and Marietta were likewise prodigal in their hospitality. The prediction of President Heg, in his formal announcement of the outing, that the earth and the fullness thereof were ours if we chose to take it, seemed to be literally verified.

Chattanooga

Chattanooga is beautifully situated in a valley among the mountains of southern Tennessee. The mountains which encircle it bear no frowning aspect, and even the bold front of the point on Lookout is softened by the glory of its surroundings. The Tennessee, with its blue waters, would be to the poet a smile from the valley it enriches, and the glorious Southern sunshine

bathing all presents a paradise to the eye. Just below Lookout Point on a plateau midway on the mountain was the scene of the "Battle above the Clouds." From a good point of observation it seems scarcely more than half a mile from the heart of the city. It is five miles off. What a spectacle it must have been to those who could observe it! Winding about the mountain after having crossed the river under cover of a fog, Hooker suddenly appeared on this plateau, above the clouds which encompassed the valley. The contest was necessarily brief at such close quarters. Mission Ridge shuts in the valley of Chattanooga on the south and east. The whole ridge was the scene of a bloody battle. One can hardly realize while standing on the lofty crest where Bragg had his headquarters that flesh and blood could endure to climb that lofty elevation in a charge upon breastworks from which issued a shower of death. The great generals of the war were here pitted against one another. Chattanooga occupied a commanding position, and the struggle for its possession was determined, protracted, and bloody. The tide of battle surged southward, and almost every gap and mountain peak to Atlanta has a niche in the historic lore of the country. The traces of battle are less obliterated in Kenesaw Mountain than elsewhere. The breastworks here remain unmo-

lested. The mountain was fortified clear to its summit. Kenesaw rises abruptly from the plain and commands the surrounding country. Up this mountain the Union troops charged upon the breastworks behind which were the troops commanded by Cleburne. They were not simply beaten back; they were annihilated. Looking down now from the spot where "Pat" Cleburne, as all the Southern people call him, shouted "Now, boys, fire!" and in those words sealed the doom of over a thousand Federal soldiers, one can hardly realize that the plain over which the shadows are quietly creeping, and the slumberous cotton-fields inviting peace and languor, could be the scene of tumult and bloodshed.

With but few exceptions the tourists were relic hunters. Bullets from the battle-fields were most eagerly sought for. Secretary of State Cunningham bought three Minié bullets from a little negro on Mission Ridge, and then with malice prepense told a number of people he had picked them up "over there." About fifty people proceeded at once to explore "over there," much to Tom's amusement.

At this point an old man, stooping with age, though still vigorous in intellect, was met. On inquiry it was learned that he is the Colonel Sellers made famous by Mark Twain, though he may with justice lay claim to celebrity on

grounds more substantial than being the hero of Mark Twain's narrative. He is a scholarly old gentleman, an excellent civil engineer, and a great collector of curiosities. He is very sensitive regarding the notoriety given him by Twain, and wants no allusion made to the subject. Mr. Barker, who had a kodak with him, surreptitiously secured a picture of the old man while others engaged him in conversation, so that his attention might be directed from the "kodak fiend." The old gentleman is strongly averse to having his "picture taken." He lives on Mission Ridge, in what he calls his "den," which is crammed full of mathematical instruments and curiosities.

Chattanooga is destined to become a large manufacturing city. The surrounding country is simply a mass of iron ore. The soil is iron ore, impure of course, but significant of what may be found in the hills. Lying close and running parallel with the Cumberland Mountains are immense coal deposits. The proximity of these interdependent sources of wealth means prosperity to the cities which will utilize the bounty of nature. The impulse toward industrial activity in the cities of Nashville and Chattanooga is easily interpreted. Neither is content with being a market-place for agricultural products. Both are cultivating the rich field of manufacture under

conditions which insure success. The cotton-field, the corn-field, and the sugar-plantation had reached the limit of their development, and the cities which relied upon them for support sank into the somnolent state ever attendant upon discontinuance of effort. There are other sources of wealth open to Nashville and Chattanooga, but industry and intelligence are needed for their development, and these places are responding with alacrity and hearty enthusiasm to the need. Education comes with this tingling life of activity, and ideas are broadened by commerce with the world. Nashville and Chattanooga have grown cosmopolitan because their industries have ceased to be local. Their battle-fields are but memories, cherished as they should be, but not binding the living to the past. They are in the current of progress, not simply floating, but bending their efforts to the consummation of a purpose to be great American cities.

Georgia is a "dry state." Local option prevails, and the law is enforced. In the cities in which liquor is sold the traffic is hedged in by the strictest regulations. The large negro population makes this a positive necessity. There are very few saloons in Atlanta, most of them being in the negro quarters. The business houses in this quarter are primitive, and during the evening the sidewalks and saloons are a mass of

black humanity. Even without the test of age one can readily distinguish the free-born negro from the former slave. There is a reserve and touch of melancholy in the former slave which offer quite a contrast to the shallow volubility and pertness of the free-born.

Can a man with safety express his political opinions? Nowhere in the United States is political discussion less attended by angry altercation. No people could be more tolerant of the opinion of others or less inclined to resent criticism. Indeed politics is by no means discussed there to the extent it is with us. Other sections of the South may differ from that visited in this respect. The "New South" is an industrial South, but money-making has not yet destroyed the suavity of manner and hospitable nature of the Southern gentleman.

Mammoth Cave

Mammoth Cave is very appropriately classed as one of the wonders of the world. The party visited it during the night, but within the cave all seasons are night. The surrounding country is cavernous and mountainous. The cave is simply a broad underground arch, devoid of any special features of beauty, and awe-inspiring because of its immensity. All its ramifications have never been fully explored. The guides say that two hundred and fifty miles have been explored, but the guides know less about the caves than does the careful reader of magazines. From the main gallery there are chambers leading into other galleries, which descend to a greater depth into the bowels of the earth. At the lowest level there is a river, "unheard, save by its own dashing." The floor of all the galleries is strewn with broken rock which has been removed sufficiently to form a broad path for the convenience of those visiting the caves. Each state has a sort of cairn within the cave built by each visitor depositing a fragment of a rock on a pile bearing the name of that state of which he is a resident. The little huts built by the consumptives who thought the uniform temperature

of the caves would be beneficial, still remain intact. The consumptives are all dead, their death being hastened by withdrawal from the sunlight. In the "long ago" saltpetre was manufactured in the caves, when the exigencies of war made the manufacture of gunpowder in large quantities necessary. The "pits" are still there. The height of the ceiling varies; in some places it is forty feet; it is seldom less than twenty, except in the chambers leading from one gallery to another. The stalactites and stalagmites are such only in name. What are called such are simply portions of the original rock which resisted the erosive power of the current, for no one visiting the caves can doubt that it was worn out by subterranean streams. Thousands of bats congregate in the cave, but they are not found further than a quarter of a mile from the entrance. When about two miles inside the cave, all the torches were quenched, so that the intensity of the darkness might be realized. The feeling is such as to inspire terror. Vision is absolutely cut off, and it requires an effort to suppress an exclamation of horror even though conscious that the darkness is temporary.

Lone Grave

A few miles south of Marietta, Georgia, close to the railroad track is a grave. A soldier's body had been found there and buried by railroad hands. Not only was his name unknown, but it is not known on which side he fought. The grave is cared for by railroad employees. It is marked by a simple slab bearing the inscription, "He Died for the Cause He Thought Was Right." The place is known as "Lone Grave"; it is in sight of Kenesaw Mountain, where thousands died, but not even the National Cemetery at Marietta or at Mission Ridge attracts the attention which this lone grave among the hills of northern Georgia does. The train was stopped and the grave was soon surrounded. Then was shown the sympathetic nature of woman, who shares the sorrows of the distressed, and mingles her tears with those who have cause to weep. As Mr. Barker arranged his kodak to take a time picture of the grave, a lady stepped forward, and tearing her bouquet of flowers from her breast, placed it on the marble slab which marked the soldier's grave. Her example was followed by others, and the grave was covered with flowers. The solitary grave appealed to them as all the

"trappings of woe" could not, and no heartier tributes of respect were ever showered upon the tomb of a monarch than those laid by gentle hands on the grave of the unknown dead who sleeps in a lonely mountain pass in northern Georgia.

Florida

The east coast of Florida is the pleasantest part of the state, and the most productive as well, if the term can with propriety be applied to any section of the state. The railroad skirts the western bank, or shore rather, of the Indian River, a broad stream with frequent openings into the ocean through the narrow tongue of land which prevents it from losing its identity in the broad bosom of the ocean. The Indian River is the paradise of fowl which skim along its surface or wade in its shallow stretches.

The character of the vegetation changes after St. Augustine is passed. It becomes more pronounced in its tropical features. The multi-form palm adds to its varieties. The cocoanut claims precedence over the palmetto, and pineapple plantations dot the slopes. Orange orchards become more frequent. The lemon, the banyan, and pawpaw attract attention, and even the palm known as the traveler's tree may be seen. Though bananas do not grow in abundance, plantations are to be found here. The pineapple needs only sand and protection from frost. Florida provides the first requisite in unstinted measure, and the second with but rare exceptions.

Occasionally frost does almost incalculable damage to the fruit industry in this state. The discouragement to the people is more serious than the loss from a business standpoint. There seems to be no power of immediate recuperation. It is only within a comparatively recent time that the people of eastern Florida relied upon any system of sustained industry for the means of livelihood. They adopted in a large measure the system of the aborigines—fished, hunted, and stretched out their hands for the fruits which nature furnished. Even now "sick Yankees" are relied upon to a much larger extent than honest toil. The cultivation of the pineapple gives promise of prosperity if it be prosecuted with industry, which seems to be asking more than the gods are disposed to grant.

The cultivated spots in Florida are just about sufficient to spare it from the undesirable classification of a waste and barren place. Climate makes up for the deficiencies of the soil. If white sand can be made to yield the luscious pineapple, all that is needed is industry to make Florida what it is in imagination, productive and blooming. There are tongues of land amid the wastes of pine barrens known as hammocks. These are readily recognized by the native growth of live-oak and a jungle of underbrush. They contain marl deposits, and are highly productive.

A few acres of such land make its owners comfortably well off.

The discovery of large deposits of phosphate will do much toward making Florida productive. This fertilizer will do for this state what irrigation is doing for the West.

There is much in the social amenities of the South that we might with profit adopt. It is not formal courtesy as much as it is inherent breeding, and lacking the affectation of mechanical procedure its naturalness is truly enjoyable. But while we may gain from association with the people of the South, it is not to be understood that the advantage is not mutual. To be "graced with polished manners and fine sense" does not complete the fullness of life. The sterner duties of life claim precedence, and in these the people of the South could profitably accept Northern tutelage. Agricultural interests requiring yearly tillage are wholly in the hands of the negroes, and are consequently either in a state of retrogression or at a standstill. The negro's advanced state is, naturally, the Caucasian's primitive condition, and he has not the stimulus of example, even though he had the disposition, to progress. To abdicate in favor of the negro in that line of industry in which are bound the traditions and the past effort of the South is suicidal. It is a surrender, and no new

line of policy can be successful which is prefaced by failure. The fruit industry of Florida is in no way commensurate with its possibilities, nor is any line of business pushed with that degree of energy whose aim is the consummation of large purpose. Capital and enterprise would make Florida a great state. Even ordinary industry coupled with natural resources would transform the state into a garden. The orange groves are so productive, the quality of the fruit so superior, the facilities for transportation are so ample, that surprise is caused by failure of the people to improve opportunities. There is wealth in the South which will come for the bidding; but it will hardly respond to the tickling of the soil by a single mule with a nigger holding the plow. Fine orange groves in Florida are oases, when the country might be one vast stretch of unbroken productiveness. Irrigation, fertilizers, and the sweat of honest toil would make Florida a para dise, and realize the wealth for which the old Spaniards searched with such diligence. It is a paradise in climate, and its sunny skies and soft breezes bring the blush of beauty to its flowers, and luscious maturity to its fruit, while its rivers, lakes, and sub-tropical luxuriance of tangled forest complete the realization of beauty and grandeur. It is the practical rather than the sentimental which this state needs. It is vener-

able in its history, but almost virgin to the virile touch of progress.

Until within a comparatively short period Florida had no railroads. Now it is well supplied. That it feels the pulsation of new life its invitation to the Wisconsin Press Association is proof. The hospitality extended was simply the inbred courtesy of the people, which can no more be checked than the singing of the bird. But the ovations had a significance deeper than courtesy extended to guests. It was a challenge to Northern opinion as to Southern resources under the cover of affability which could not be discarded if desired. There is a promise of much better things in the desire to advance, but a seeming disinclination to make the best use of means native to the place. There is something intangible and evanescent in the prosperity growing out of the interest of temporary visitors. But Florida is building its hope of the future largely upon its winter resorts. It needs immigration, tillers of the soil, the hardy class of foreigners who will not succumb to poverty nor scorn to work. They would teach lessons of thrift and industry, and dignify labor by its success. The vast capital invested in palatial hotels does more to demoralize than to inspire. Intelligent labor is what the South needs, so that industry may become contagious and drive out

shiftlessness and indolent waiting for the gifts which nature bestows through the soil.

Should the Nicaraugua Canal become an accomplished fact there is no other state in the Union in a position to profit by it to the extent that Florida can, through the magnificent port of Tampa. It is much nearer the proposed canal than New Orleans, and is more accessible. The industrial possibilities of Florida are largely dependent upon the energy and enterprise of its people. It can be made to blossom as the rose, but not by the languorous condition supposed to be attendant upon soft breezes and sunny skies.

Silver Springs and the Suwanee

The characteristic feature of Georgia and Florida forests is the Spanish moss. It drapes everything vegetable, and hangs in graceful festoons. The old cemetery outside Savannah has a truly funereal aspect because of this moss. It seems to be a fitting emblem of mourning when in the city of the dead. Its gray, shroud-like outline is seldom swung from its pathetic droop by the gentle breeze, and it presents a picture which is "a very sigh for its sadness." Along the Florida rivers there is a restful suggestion in the appearance of this moss, and it gives the appearance of density to the forests. The mag-

nolia and live-oak must give way to the parasite in challenging the interest of the stranger.

Florida rivers are peculiar. They appear like bayous, though all have a current, and their waters are as clear as crystal. Silver Springs, an affluent of the Ocklawaha, which is a tributary of the St. Johns, is very appropriately named. The river springs into sudden being at its source—if the upper end can with propriety be so called—and has a depth of sixty feet. The water is so clear that the minutest object can be seen at the bottom. Refraction heightens the beauty of everything, and you seem to float over a beautiful picture. It is a dream for its novelty, a poem for its beauty. It is the Fountain of Youth for which De Leon sought. If purity had healing properties, then Silver Springs might well claim the potency which the old Spanish cavalier believed in.

There is no place where song appeals to the heart and stirs it in sympathy with the infinite tenderness of which song is the language that the Suwanee River is not known through the matchless melody which bears that name. The degradation of slavery, and the hardships attendant upon it, appear like trivial evils when under the shadow of the great grief of exile from the "old plantation." The pathos of this song exceeds that of "Home, Sweet Home," while

the burden of its sorrow is sweeter in its simplicity, and more earnest in its tender longing. It is despair finding voice in the universal language which reaches the consciousness through the heart, and which speaks with the fervor of instinct.

There is music in the name, and it was selected for this reason, but the author made no mistake in so far as the poetic inspiration of the place is concerned. The current is rapid, but not turbulent, and moves noiselessly as if it hid a sorrow. The waters are dark, the banks rocky, and the "soft southern sky" seems to meet in tenderness as it smiles on the quiet scene. It might have been wholly the song, though I choose to attribute part of it to the surroundings, which stirred me in presence of this river with some such emotions as pilgrims feel when some historic spot in Holy Land is reached. I felt that many a heart had its impulse of unselfish sympathy enshrined on this spot, and that it was rendered holy by the thoughts which it inspired and the love of the old home which it vivified. The longing for "de ole plantation" is something in which all have a common part, and it is a bond of kinship which makes the world one.

Palm Beach

The route we took to Palm Beach is not far from the eastern limits of the Everglades. The marsh stretches are the tentacles thrown out by this royal swamp. The people say they do not breed malaria. They certainly do not during this delightful season when the sun's rays beat down with the gentle fervor of our most pleasant Indian summer days, while the healing ocean winds have lost their harshness by contact with the Gulf Stream. The odor of vegetation would be heavy if it were not dissipated by the ocean's breath, and thus sweetened by the dilution. One is not annoyed by insects in the winter time. It is otherwise in the summer. One can easily gather this from the reluctant admission of those interested in having it appear that Florida is a paradise. In the interior, what is known as the fresh water lake region, the backbone of the state, I am assured insects are not troublesome, and that summer heat is not excessive. On the coast the summers are not "severe," if one can properly use a qualifying word in this connection, which with us has reference to the opposite condition of temperature. Winter weather is certainly balmy here.

Palm Beach is not far from the southern extremity of Florida. It is located on Lake Worth,

which is really an arm of the sea. The hotel at this place is one of the many palaces built by the multi-millionaire Flageler. It is a beautiful place, the hotel being within a grove of cocoanut trees. Beautiful villas are built along the shores of the lake, and care has resulted in beautiful lawns, upon which are a profusion of tropical plants. No plant known to the torrid zone is missing. In the rear of the villas are orchards, and back of these the native jungles which extend close to the beach upon which the ocean waves break with unceasing roar. Palm Beach is not the only winter resort. There is Ormond, also a lake town, and also the site of a grand hotel. Its surroundings are not devoid of beauty. Daytona is a beautiful place, its trees plentifully festooned with Spanish moss, and its streets made splendid with coatings of sea-shells. These places are on the banks of the Halifax, a stream answering all the conditions of the Indian River. There are Rockledge, New Smyrna, and a host of other places—all supported by Northern capital.

Tampa and Tampa Bay

A delightful summer climate is what this section of Florida has to offer at the height of the winter season. The temperature is about seventy degrees, and though this is ordinarily the rainy season, the skies are cloudless, and the sun beats

down with gentle fervor. The night dews are heavy and cooling, and the drops sparkle in the early morning as if they were scintillations of the sub-tropical foliage. Florida is not a land of beauty aside from its climate, but this gives man his opportunity, and wealth enables him to improve it.

Tampa is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. It is not on the bay which bears the same name. The bay is extended inland in lagoon form, which may be called an estuary, though the rivers of Florida are largely arms of the sea. Tampa is nine miles from the bay proper. It is the metropolis of southern Florida, and being a seaport, has no inconsiderable amount of commerce. Its trade with Cuba is large. The old Spanish town known as Ybor is a part of Tampa, and has a population almost exclusively Cuban. It is celebrated for its cigar factories. One employs five hundred hands—all Cubans. They are a mercurial class, inclined to be suspicious of Americans, and somewhat addicted to gambling. Gambling is a species of industry which flourishes in Tampa, and professionals are by no means rare. Northern people who spend the winter here find amusement in "daring the hazard of the die" and contribute in this way to the prosperity of the city.

The chief attraction of Tampa is the Tampa

Bay Hotel, a palatial structure built by Mr. Plant, who is almost the sole owner of the Plant Railway System. It is evident the intention was to determine what money could do in the way of uniting magnificence and comfort. The hotel is more costly in its equipment than in its architecture. It is Oriental in all its appointments so that the antique might add to the splendor of modern achievement. Besides Egyptian design has voluptuous suggestion, which adds to the pleasure of sensuous gratification. One is not overwhelmed by the magnificence which surrounds one, as the richness has in it an element of repose which like pity makes all the world kin.

Tampa Bay means something more than the port of Tampa. A large pier runs out into the bay for a distance of a mile, at the end of which are large warehouses. Here connection is formed with the steamship lines. The pier has been called the Venice of America, because a city, limited in extent of course, is built upon it. But here all the necessaries of life, and many of the luxuries, can be had. Indeed there is ample opportunity for the indulgence of many of the excesses. The waters are shallow for a long distance, so that bathing is attended with no dangers, not even from sharks. Pelicans and wild ducks haunt the place, and are wholly without fear, as the use of firearms is strictly pro-

hibited. Fishing from the piers is a favorite amusement. The beautiful Spanish mackerel is found in these waters, and it makes the heart of a Northern man glad to draw out one of these beauties.

St. Augustine

The initial sentence in everything descriptive of St. Augustine is, "St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States." There is not much left that has the interest of antiquity, and such as there is, is overshadowed by the magnificence of modern architecture. Some of the old buildings remain intact, but they are not even picturesque in contrast with the magnificence by which they are confronted. The three great hotels, Ponce de Leon, Alcazar, and Cordova, remind one of the "White City," the recollection of whose splendor will ever be a monument to the enterprise of Chicago. These hotels, each of which has a court of its own, inclose a plaza. The streets are narrow, purposely so to create the allusion of antiquity. As grandeur is hardly consonant with republican simplicity, the purple flag of Spain floats with obtrusive suggestion. The Ponce de Leon is the finest hotel of the three. The others appear poor in comparison, though standing by itself each would challenge admiration. And still there is more of show

than comfort in these grand hostelries; that is, the magnificence which appeals to the eye does not extend to the things which minister to creature comforts. The proportion is not maintained, though the man who would find fault must indeed be difficult to please.

The old fort still overlooks the bay. It is more a relic than a coast defense, even if it could withstand modern artillery, as it is not well located to meet the exigencies of modern warfare. It is still in a fair state of preservation, but it does not strike you as an anachronism. The repairs speak too plainly of the present. The dungeons are interesting, but the "hireling" who represents Uncle Sam, and who assumes to dictate what shall be seen, and how it shall be seen, has too much regard for that "little brief authority" to permit one to dream the dreams that Irving did among the ruins of the Alhambra. This military prodigy asserted with that degree of confidence which is a mark of either ignorance or conceded knowledge, that the air of the dungeons would not permit exploration. When a few stealthily crawled through the narrow arched passage and lit matches to dispel the impenetrable darkness, they found the air all right. The dungeons were explored with a paper torch. They were discovered on their return, and the hero of the foul air was becomingly indignant. Then it was frag-

ments of shells from which we had just escaped imminent peril, as a spark from the extemporized torch might have sent us all sky-high. I was the unfortunate torch-bearer, and the heinousness of my offense almost overpowered me. There wasn't powder enough in the dungeons to make a firecracker, but the gallant sergeant, having had his bad air bugaboo exploded, turned deftly in self-defense to another explosion which could not be disproved.

The walls are heavy—over four feet thick, and made of coquino, an artificial conglomerate made of shells, of which there is a heavy deposit in Anastalia Island. The "sea-wall," which extends along the bay on which the fort is built, is of the same material, made into large and regular blocks. What this wall was built for no one knows, though it is the work of the United States government. It protects nothing, contributes to nothing, and is no more a thing of beauty than of utility.

There is some of the old wall left which protected the ancient town. The old streets are very narrow, so much so that two teams cannot drive abreast. The old, old houses are not an object of reverence. Nothing of this kind is unless it has history attached to it. Curio stores are numerous, and the shops opening on the streets without the intervention of a

sidewalk make them curious, particularly to the women, who examine everything and then purchase a paper of pins.

Boating is quite an amusement here, the land-locked bay making it comparatively safe, though often the storm is fierce where it opens into the ocean. I remember having taken a boat ride on this bay in 1893, when it was perfectly calm, though the breakers were heavy on the sea coast. A young man from Dakota was my companion. He persisted, against the remonstrance of the boatman, in getting a little ocean experience. I was assured privately that no danger would be incurred, and relying upon the boatman's advice and discretion, felt comparatively safe. But the other "land lubber" begged, prayed, and moaned. His fears were heightened by the boatman's tale that we were in the midst of sharks. My Dakota companion thought me fearless, not knowing that I was in the confidence of the boatman, and that it was a conspiracy to teach him a lesson. I was as much relieved as he when we returned to quiet water.

The piccaninnies run about barefooted. They haunt the hotels, selling chameleons. The little fellows have caught the spirit of the place, and look upon visitors as lawful prey. There is none of the proverbial Southern courtesy in St. Augustine. The spirit of gain has

driven that out. There is absolutely nothing more vulgar than the desire to make money when it is overmastering. It infects every place where the multitude gathers for recreation and display.

I have my doubts as to the salubrity of the winter climate of Florida. It is too enervating to be conducive to vigorous health. It has not deprived me of my propensity to catch cold on the slightest provocation. Still it seems difficult, with open doors, parties seated on piazzas smoking, and barefooted children romping on the streets, to realize that the rigors of winter are being felt in Wisconsin.

Minnehaha Falls

Minnehaha Falls are not high, nor is there a great volume of water, but they have a quiet beauty which charms one. The brook—it is not much else—sings through its whole course below the falls until it is swallowed up by the river to which it is tributary, a restful melody. The current is swift, but the stream never brawls. The rocky valley through which it plows is in perfect harmony with the rippling stream whose murmurs are gladsome sounds. The hills have no rugged features; they are softened with foliage, and the whole place is pregnant with calm beauty and restfulness. These laughing waters and their surroundings will bring to any one once a country lad the most pleasing recollections of woodland streams and forest paths. I never visited a place more conducive to restfulness, pleasing recollections, or complete vanishment of worldliness. There is nothing approaching sublimity. Everything takes quiet possession of the heart in a gentle way, and you are inextricably in love without having felt the approach of this nature cupid.

Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin

A trip around the bay on a steamer would seem to be devoid of pleasing features to any one who lives within hearing of the lapping waves of the lake. Nothing but the actual experience can remove that false impression. The scenery is unusually fine here, as nature blended gentleness with her stern features, and her powers have caught the impress of a flitting smile. Sturgeon Bay is as beautiful a sheet of water as nature ever fashioned. The setting might be more imposing as there is only a suggestion of grandeur in the hills which envelop it. The bay is a vast rent in the magnificent strata of rocks which form the peninsula and make Death's Door a place to be dreaded by the expert navigator.

You cannot relieve yourself of the impression that it is a mighty river flowing with irresistible force toward the waters of the sea, and claiming tribute from the lands which its beauty graces. The commerce of the bay and canal will surprise any one not familiar with its extent, "As the gallant ships go on" not to the "harbor under the hill," but to the broad bosom of the lake, their number gives some idea of the value to lake

commerce of the ship canal connecting Sturgeon Bay with the lake.

Idlewild is on the east shore of a promontory which makes the mouth of Sturgeon Bay more beautiful than the celebrated Golden Gate of San Francisco harbor. It is an inchoate summer resort offering all the advantages possible, but not having had its beauties advertised. It is a superb camping-place, and the fishing is excellent. Sturgeon Bay is itself an arm of Green Bay. Idlewild is embraced by Green Bay, Sturgeon Bay, and in addition, a little bay of its own, an arm of Sturgeon Bay. The promontory rises boldly out of Green Bay, the rocks having the appearance and regularity of fine masonry. But there are places where one can reach the water's edge by natural stairways, and then you are on bathing grounds which "old Atlantic" himself cannot surpass.

Peshtigo Falls, Wis.

Nature has seldom fashioned a river more beautiful than is the Peshtigo. It has quite a volume of water, and its bed is the archaic rocks. Its current is so rapid that it is never sullen, and it is frequently broken into rapids, cascades, and falls.

The falls are as grand a sight as can be seen anywhere. There is not the volume of Niagara nor the height of the Yellowstone, but for beauty it is not excelled by either. There is a series of three falls. At the head the waters are compressed and attain a fearful velocity. The inequalities of the bed are reproduced on the water's surface, though the flow is unbroken, and thus is presented the rare sight of hummocks of swiftly gliding water uncrested by foam and leaping with cohesive force to the plunge which shatters it into boiling turbulence. Again it gathers momentum and again plunges into seething reaction. Before the third plunge is taken a bend in the river causes the water in the outer arc to pile up and the rare spectacle is presented of water dashing onward with centripetal banks of air. It is a singular sight—water pressing in a wall against the thither shore, its own might

sustaining it on the other side, where there is a backward current of water seemingly disinclined to take part in the mad rush. There is a whirlpool as at Niagara, below the falls, and here the river bends at right angles and then flows with majestic force between hills, which might not inaptly be termed mountains. The roar of these falls can be heard for miles, faint at times, and then suddenly swelling into instant recognition by its insistent thunder.

Mobile

Southern Alabama has many of the features of the Mississippi Valley. The stimulating example of the lumber industry is quite sensibly felt. In no place is this more marked than in Mobile, which is now awakening from the slumber of indolence. It has been a sleepy town with many evidences of slipshod elegance. Surface sewers remind one of the mountain cities of the West, but the waters lack the limpid purity of the mountain streams. Where the streets are not paved they appear to be impassable. One-half the population is negro. About forty per cent of the remainder are Dagoes or the lower order of French. Though Mobile is progressing, it is not yet capable of rising to an emergency. The advantages it has in a commercial sense are attracting Northern and English capital. Its trade with Cuba and Central American states is very large, and it already claims rivalship with New Orleans. Its claim is not unfounded. Mobile is destined to be a large city, but there must first be a cleansing of the Augean stables. Its prosperity will come through its harbor, the proximity of coal-fields, and the lumber industry. It is building large hopes on

the Nicaraguan canal. All the Southern sea-ports are.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad has poured new life into Mobile. It is the exciting cause of activity and purpose. Its officials are active and are intent upon building up the country through which their lines extend. They will succeed without doubt, and Mobile will yet be one of the great cities of the United States.

Grandeur and Beauty

All the lake cities are beautiful. Nature was in a pleasant mood when she blended grandeur with quiet beauty along the shores of these great inland seas. The islands which break the broad expanse of water in northern Lake Michigan are a feast to the eye, with their dark wooded slopes. They seem to absorb the sunshine in their languorous depths, and invite the mind to dreamy drowsiness. But the waters are treacherous, as the scattered wrecks testify. There is no captain who does not breathe a sigh of relief when the labyrinth channel through reefs and shoals is passed on the way out from Escanaba, Michigan, and the undisturbed swell of the great lake is felt.

On Education

Our Common Schools

Popular education has a twofold purpose: (1) To furnish the individual with an instrument whereby he can contribute to his own personal good; (2) That he may act intelligently on public matters, thereby discharging his duty as a citizen and as a member of society.

Education is primarily a parental duty. The incompetency or inability of the parent to properly give technical instruction induces him to employ those who have the necessary qualifications. The desire that education be general, and conducted with due regard to efficiency, has made the state assume it, though not to the exclusion of the parent, who still remains the chief factor, whether for good or bad. The parent and the home are never supplanted, are not even made secondary. The school, used in its restricted sense, is an auxiliary. The teachings of the home are stamped upon the character and have the force of heredity. The home molds; the school only directs.

Together with the purpose to make education general, the state undertakes it, that it may be so conducted as to offer a guaranty of good citizenship. The perpetuation of a government by

the people requires intelligent action on the part of those who have the conduct of government—in a republic, the people.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature with nations as well as with individuals. If the right of the state to exist is conceded, it becomes a duty to employ means to make existence not only possible, but certain. It is, then, the duty of every one to foster popular education, a duty cheerfully recognized by our people in providing means for carrying on this work.

In the evolution of society certain forms of government have become practically extinct. They fell before the spread and growth of intelligence. Emancipation from ignorance was always antecedent to emancipation from despotism. But power vested in a people incapable of properly exercising it, is anarchy, the invariable precurser of despotism, as a strong hand and centralized power are required to deal with elements of disorder and destruction.

The Chicago riots led to a dangerous assumption of power—court despotism, but it was made necessary by a perversion of the idea of the extent of personal rights. The introductory step was treated as an incident: that which naturally followed, as a menace; and yet the danger was in the cause and not in the effect, which had no evil but that of precedent. There

is no patriotism of a higher order than that which comes from the cool reflection of a disciplined mind habituated to recognizing reciprocal rights. The man who reasons, rarely indulges in those excesses which frequently mark and mar the impulsive action of the multitude. Reason is always a safer guide than enthusiasm, which often rises or sinks to frenzy, and is the parent of the mob spirit. Reflection generally prevents hasty and impolitic action; and as education consists of collecting facts, arranging them with system, so that their interdependence and relation may lead to just conclusions, the habit of reflection becomes a necessary part of it.

Intellectual activity engenders moral force because the intellect cannot be properly cultivated without inculcating habits which have a reflex action upon all departments of the mind. Development is always symmetrical because the mind is not composite. Education in its true sense will not admit of a qualifying term except as to its extent. If we conceive its purpose to be to construct a man, the means will harmonize with the end in view and produce it with unerring certainty. The purpose is the first conception; the means should always be subsidiary to it. That purpose should be centered inviolable, unchangeable, general. The technical skill

should be the application of the means so that power is not wasted.

It strikes me that the chief defect in our common-school system is that we reverse the relative importance of these two elements. We have a mass of means without vitality, and purpose weakened by indefiniteness. Purpose should be the center, and means the radius by which the circle of attainment is traced.

Common schools should look toward the realization of completeness in the work they do, no matter how limited the means or circumscribed the field. There should be no attempts at segments of a larger circle than it is possible to trace in its completeness.

Education is not preparation. It is right living, and consequently right thinking. It deals with the duties of the present, and through their proper discharge gives strength and resolution to deal with those of the future. Strength is organic rather than cumulative. It is a growth, not an accumulation. It manifests itself at once in dealing with the affairs of life, and adds to itself by its own exercise. It is this force with which the child is to be endowed, and when properly directed it is education, complete, though not as full as the college gives. It is for this completeness that I plead.

There is no form of education which should

bear the mark of a preface. The child's life should be as sacred from the intrusion of the demands of maturity as his heaven should be guarded against the clouds that come when the spring-time of life has passed. There is no vice in a child more deplorable than that which is beyond his years. There is no virtue he can assume with grace or value that is not fitting for his age. The best promise of a good man is in the boy who cultivates the field in which nature placed him. The best preparation is, doing what the present demands as thoroughly as if it were a final result.

Each school has a work of its own. These rivulets all lead to broader streams, but each rivulet, in the economy of nature, has a higher purpose than that of losing its identity in the larger body. I am aware that to preach that our schools shall not be recruiting stations for volunteers to serve in the higher institutions of learning is regarded as an educational heresy. But I insist that the fruits of labor should go to enrich that soil which gave the harvest. The country school is the college of the masses. It should be conducted solely with reference to those for whose welfare it was instituted. Its influence should have a local flavor, and should be pushed with all the ardor of local pride. To strive to make that which is in hand the best, is

always a wiser course than to long for that which is not within immediate reach. The country school should be conducted as if it was the sole and highest educational agency attainable.

I am not decrying higher education, nor seeking to check those aspirations which lift the country boy out of his narrow environments. But fulfillment should keep pace with ambition until the limit of the proper resource of the country school is reached, so that this activity may be felt locally and give impulse to the stagnant.

I am dealing with education as a matter in which the state or society is interested, rather than as it pertains to the individual; not that the quality is different, but the selfishness which has in mind the improvement of society has the general good in view. It is this consideration of self which actuates the state in educational matters. The more general the diffusion of intelligence, the greater the safeguards the state has erected. Intelligence is the standing army which guards the liberty of the people in a republic. Its loyalty cannot be tampered with; its devotion cannot be shaken; nor its sense of duty impaired.

In whom is this great principle of loyalty to be implanted? Who are ultimately the guardians of the public peace? To whom do we turn as

the arbiters of a nation's fate when a great principle is at stake?

In the answer, learn in whose education the state should take the deepest interest, and the grade of education it should most dearly foster.

The framers of the Constitution gave precedence to the elementary education which the common schools give. That was the "firstling of their heart." One turns with reverence to the incipience of a commonwealth not because of the worldly knowledge exhibited by those who laid the foundation, but for their earnestness, conscience, and disinterested regard for the public weal which seemed to endow them with prophetic vision, as it did with benevolent purpose. The education of the masses was their chief concern, because they had no preference, prejudice, or pet measure which militated against the public good. It was that broad sympathy for mankind, which makes philosophers and philanthropists of men in public life, in which was conceived the purpose to make man better by increasing his intelligence. It was not the elevation of a few that was contemplated, it was the uplifting of all to that higher plane where reason governs and the voice of the dèmagogue is still; where the question of right and wrong is calmly considered, and passion seldom joins in counsel. I frequently have my doubts that there is any

people in the world fitted for popular government to the extent that the personal rights secured compensate for the evils inflicted by ignorance of a citizen's duty. If there be such a people, it is the common school which has raised them to that standard of patriotism. You, my friend, who are planning to give your child college training, should not forget that the backwoods boy carries a "sovereignty under his own hat" which may become a menace or a blessing to you and to others, just as it may be exercised. You have a selfish interest in that backwoods boy, in the ragged urchin whose sum of happiness would not be a moment's pleasure to your darling. There are potentialities in those two which years will make active, and will constitute a force to sustain or destroy.

I again repudiate any feeling of hostility to the higher institutions of learning. I speak of the neglect visited upon the common schools, and the folly of it, viewed from the standpoint of consideration for the public good. I go further, and assert that this craze for what is, in many instances, the veneer of higher education is crushing out the culture of the common branches in all the schools. Give me the boy with a knowledge of the "three R's," secured by honest effort, and in the attainment of which he has formed habits of system and logical procedure, a

perception of the relation of means to the end, and I will show you a boy of more profound education than the college graduate who but "sips of a sweet and then flies to the rest." The most valuable element of education is the proper manner of doing things. Intelligence is the handmaiden, but habit governs. Knowledge is power only as the manner of its acquisition gives discipline, from which comes strength.

It is the general intelligence of the people in which the state is chiefly interested, not the average of extremes. It is the function of the common schools to furnish means for the attainment of this knowledge. Are they fulfilling their mission satisfactorily, and increasing their efficiency in proportion to the increased participation of the humbler citizens in public affairs? It must be understood that to-day the voice of the people reaches the halls of legislation much more easily than it did forty years ago, and that we are approximating, in fact if not in form, a pure democracy—the highest form of government to those prepared for it, the most dangerous to those who are not. Are we preparing for this change which is pushing on with the slow movement of uncertain purpose, but with the pertinacity of awakened and conscious power?

We are not. Our common schools are growing weaker rather than stronger in purpose, and

interest in popular common education is on the decline. I am aware that this statement will be indignantly denied, and improved facilities cited in refutation. The country school has been robbed of the feeling of responsibility, and is assuming the tame spirit of an underling. I admit the better appliances, better system of instruction, better output in the matter of acquirement, better supervision, but must confess to the loss of spirit which is life. Educational sentiment has put on aristocratic features, and blushes at the thought of rusticity. The country tradesman, the blacksmith, shoemaker, tailor, once important country personages, have vanished at the appearance of the large manufacturer. This is in accord with the law of progress. But educational sentiment like moral teachings should know no centralization. Their force and value lie in diffusion. They should obey the law of radiation, and not convergence.

People are apt to ask, "What do you suggest as a means of improving the country schools?" It is impossible to give specific directions. The remedy must be a constitutional one. Normal conditions must be restored. With the proper spirit governing the people, the proper means will be adopted. It is not the means which are to be furnished that deserve attention; it is the willingness to use them which must be culti-

vated—a willingness so hearty that means will be created if not supplied. In pioneer days the country school was as much an object of devotion as the church. With such material conditions to-day, such teachers, such limited conception of education, a school could not be held together a week. But back of all these limitations was that large purpose animating everything—a force which beat down every obstacle, and produced results which to-day would be deemed impossible under such unfavorable circumstances.

That purpose restored, localized, unyielding, is what we need to properly utilize the means with which we are supplied. Country-school sentiment must be vivified. It must be centered at the cross-roads where the little red schoolhouse stands. It must not be diluted with a touch of vagrancy or a suggestion of disloyalty.

The country school is the most difficult to understand because it is not amenable to technical regulation. Our idea of the term "school" is not sufficiently comprehensive when rural conditions are considered. There is no school superior to the good country school. I simply postulate this proposition to save argument. But such a school includes more than the teacher, the pupils, and the customary appliances. There is healthful, local sentiment pervading everything

and giving resultant direction to every educational movement. The school has no creative power. It must use the instruments furnished it and work in subordination to the influences surrounding it. It may strive to modify these, but it cannot, as an independent factor, as an entity distinct from the community it serves. The school is a part of the community, and hence proper educational conditions necessitate consideration of the surroundings.

The country school, then, must not be regarded so much an agency as a part of the community. It should be an intellectual center fixed by a community of purpose. The patron is a part of it, having a sense of personal obligation and the feeling of family loyalty toward it which makes the parent believe his own child is the best. The country school, in pioneer days, was the best thing in sight, and local pride was a stimulus to activity which gave vitality to local sentiment. It is not a bad thing that the horizon has been extended, but accompanying it the circle of local effort should be enlarged, not circumscribed. There should be no abridgement of local opportunity because of opportunity elsewhere, as that is a transfer of allegiance—always a sign of decay in the thing abandoned.

City schools welcome the country pupil who has broken through the narrow environments of

his home life. If he is an inspiration to the city schools, what would not his aspirations and purpose be to the school he deserted? In the early days he forced the school up to his standard. Now by deserting it he attaches to it the standard of mediocrity. This process of segregation is sapping the life blood of the country school. The ambitious and worthy are withdrawing from it before their time, and their influence is lost where it is most needed. The process of elimination is on the increase, and the spoliation is heralded as a sign of progress. The parent who desires to give his child educational advantages beyond the ordinary, rarely seeks to create these advantages at home, but takes those offered elsewhere, and his purpose has in it no contribution of local benefit.

I have looked into the heart of the country school with the eyes of sympathy and affection and can perceive that it feels the neglect which a stepchild experiences. The country school is talked about in a perfunctory way, but there is no ardor in the attention bestowed upon it. It is made to feel the taint of provincialism and the want of fellowship. Its good work has become a subsidy offered to other schools, and it is working without recognition, and receiving no credit for what it does. What it receives is in the character of alms, because the heart does not go with

the offering. We are killing with neglect what we should foster with affection. Our dearest care is no longer the sheet anchor of our political institutions. It is the capsheaf now which absorbs the attention.

You and I are to blame for this condition. Our sympathy has not gone out with that spontaneity which gives it value. It is not material means the country school needs. It is a general recognition of its value and importance which will filter into every home and inspire devotion. I have said the patron is a part of the school. It is true; and while the school will rise above the level of his attainments, it rarely does above the height of his conception of what the school should be. Here, then, is the point for the application of force for uplifting, the point generally overlooked in schemes designed for the improvement of the common schools. It is the atmosphere created by the prevailing sentiment which determines the character of the school. The occupation of country people is not conducive to high educational ideals. They should be aided in forming them. The deprivation the Irish immigrant suffered in matters of education gave him an exaggerated idea of its importance, and he was an enthusiast in its advocacy. It is this enthusiasm which is now the crying need of the country school. It exists now, but in iso-

lated cases, and with reference to individuals merely. It should pervade the community, even though its diffusion should weaken its individual intensity, to the end that community of feeling may tend toward local improvement.

Free trader though I am, I believe in that form of protection which insists that the raw material in every school district should be developed in the home factory to that state of perfection which will warrant the assurance of ability to deal intelligently with the affairs of life and the duties of citizenship. No country school should stop short of affording opportunities for such an education, and no patron should seek it for his child outside of the home school. When the limit is reached, the cradle home may be left without discrediting it, and without detriment to the other nestlings. There is no school which can do better work in the line of practicality than the country school and it should not be robbed of its function. The school should conserve and organize the best impulse and purest motive of the people and lead the way to higher ideals. Good country schools do this. I have, while a boy, felt the responsive thrill of pleasure which stirred the hearts of the people by a victory of our school. Our daily life was made to tingle with the fervor of expectation and the hope of performance felt by the community. The school

was not hedged in by the walls of the rude building. It was everywhere, even in the home of illiteracy, but happily sanctified by a purpose.

There are teachers in the state of Wisconsin earning the miserable salary of nineteen dollars per month. The question is not what they can do, but what is the status of public opinion regarding education in these communities. A good teacher will hardly do better work than those employed unless he has the force to change conditions. The people must first be educated to a perception of duty, not in the selfish sense of investing the child with something whereby he can "make his living easily," but in giving an appetite for good things as the drunkard has for bad, so that the craving cannot be easily appeased. Our policy, unfortunately, has been to superimpose rather than incorporate, and duty is not felt to the extent that its discharge becomes a natural function.

One can perceive the forceful influence of community of purpose in the contiguity of a few strong teachers. By means of their associations and other agencies for mutual advancement they create an atmosphere which envelops the community, and lifts the people from the sluggishness of indifference. That mutuality of interest existing between teacher and patron should be strengthened. It is an important factor in education.

To summarize:

1. The creation of right conditions among the people which make the desire to educate and be educated a purpose approaching second nature.

2. To understand the means whereby education is possible, and in what education consists.

3. Loyalty to the home institution which will make it equal to the demands of a good practical education, and thus preserve for local fertilizing the ambition which had local origin and which should have the fullest development possible amid the surroundings in which its first aspirations found voice.

4. Good teachers and proper appliances will follow as naturally as the flower opens to the sun, and good citizenship will be the harvest.

The Culture Which the Common School Gives

We who are engaged in educational work delight to deal in generalities, and flying from the particular, our philosophy is apt to become tainted with idealism. The child is to be the beneficiary of the clarified product of our discussions, and it is proper he should be a factor in the problem whose result is the manhood of which the child is the promise. But too often the principle is followed and the child forgotten. Ask the artisan what the finished product of his initiated work is to be and he can answer you with precision. Ask the teacher what his work is designed to accomplish, and he will at once take refuge in the haven of generality. The stock answer is "a good citizen." But this is a very indefinite person. The protectionist thinks the free-trader a very bad citizen, and the free-trader repays the debt in the coin of opinion at a liberal rate of interest.

And yet the object of education should be as definite as the purpose the workman has in mind. Nay, more; its accomplishment should be as certain. The means employed should shape the

child to the mold of manhood as certainly as does the artist's chisel produce the outward form. The common schools have no contract to raise good citizens, further than good citizenship is an attribute and incident of good manhood. To forget the child in the search for the citizen is to put beyond our reach the thing sought. You may float the starry banner from every housetop, and let its folds grace the rooms of every home, but its influence is less potent than the knowledge which makes it the emblem of power and justice.

If we deal with the child with reference to his own future in matters which affect him individually, our efforts will be directed by intelligent purpose, because when the object to be attained is definite, the means employed will have pertinence to that end. If we create the material from which society is formed the proper adjustment is inevitable. We have no concern with the state except in so far as it may profit by the quality of the product we furnish. But the interests of the state are best conserved by being wholly subordinated to the claims of the child. We build the child that he may command his own future, trusting to intelligent self-interest to dictate his course with reference to the public affairs in which it is presumed he will take part. We give our attention exclusively to developing the particular thing, man, and thereby best serve the

general thing, society. The child's future is his own property—the kingdom in which he wields the scepter of manhood, the promised land in which his aspirations are to be realized. We must cultivate him for his own needs.

If we can agree on limitations which will bring our work within the realm of practicality without prejudicing those interests which many deem paramount to the individual, we get the benefit of concentrated effort and lose nothing in scope. If the prize is the same, the mark at closest range is the one at which we should direct our shaft. Man in his relation to society is a complex being—too complex for the common school to attempt his evolution unless through the intermediary stage of man with capacities developed for his own good. There is nothing selfish or narrow in this view. Man never rises above human nature except through its aid. Generosity is selfishness purified, and public spirit has its source in personal enterprise. Respect for law, order, purity has its root in self-respect; no one loves his neigbor who does not love himself. The man who knows his own rights and "knowing dare maintain" is least likely to disregard the rights of others. Those who are competent to take care of themselves make the best citizens, and no one may be safely trusted with public interest who neglects his personal affairs.

If we consider the function of the school, then, to be to strengthen the individual for his own good, we have purpose and means in close proximity, and the danger of waste is reduced to a minimum. We teach those subjects which are intrinsically valuable in a business sense, and in such a manner as to enlarge the powers of the person taught. First, knowledge; second, discipline; that is, the purpose is bent toward securing knowledge of present and prospective value, and in doing so discipline is not only a part of the process, but constitutes an important result. If the proper steps are taken to acquire the knowledge, the effort made is discipline, but the object for which the child reaches is knowledge. It is confidence, not chance, which guides the hand when the object sought is near. This may seem like superrogatory reasoning, and so should I myself regard it did I not know that this coordinate quality of knowledge and discipline, the former only being within the child's conception, is not recognized in many of our schools, and it is due to this fact that so many failures are recorded. Let me illustrate:

When the child has learned to recognize words at sight, he has his vocabulary in a new form. The lessons which he reads have in them matter, which, for the purposes of education, may be called knowledge; that is, the child reads to get

the thought through the medium of these words. It is his incentive to the desired intellectual activity. If he does get the thought he is undergoing a regimen of discipline through which he acquires the power of actual knowledge-getting from the printed page. There is no intrinsic value in what he reads, but the interesting story supplies the motive for intellectual effort. Following the facts and connecting them into a continuous whole give the discipline, and the recital of the story in his own words is the proof. But too often the teacher defeats the object of the recitation by failing to realize that discipline comes through the child's effort to get the facts and translate them into his own ideas. The test of questioning to determine whether the substance has been grasped, and thus ascertain whether the mind has been actively recipient, has either not been applied at all, or in such manner as to make the pupil rely upon the teacher to glean the thought from his perfunctory utterance. The trouble in such cases is that the teacher expects some general result and fails to see that discipline comes in reaching for knowledge within the range of the child's capacity.

The substance of what the child in the middle form reads has but little value aside from the labor of getting it. It is a sort of sweetmeat knowledge, the task of which gives him appetite

to trace the relation between words and ideas. There is discipline to the child in collecting the toothsome facts; there is mental dyspepsia in feeding them to him. The evil consequences of his false teaching are sensibly felt when the child reaches that stage of progress in which he is to gather available knowledge from what he reads. The bad recitation in grammar is not always because the pupil "has not studied his lesson." It had its origin in the faulty teaching of the second reader, when the habit to look for thought in words should have originated. And that second reader must be taught in fact, if not in form, before the child will have the ability to study grammar. You can omit nothing in the mental growth of the child without wholly checking his progress. There are no leaps in the path through which the mind travels to maturity. Every inch must be covered with the toiling foot; every deficiency must be made good, or we wander in the jungle of obscurity. It is our past which makes our present and shapes our future.

Our error, in this respect, can be readily traced to ignoring the particular in our anxiety for the general result. Our eyes are fixed on the dim future, when we should be regarding the conditions which beset our present. Let us see whether the final result is not attained with more

certainty by being wholly ignored, apparently, when tributary results are not yet realized.

The common school sends from its portals a boy approaching the threshold of manhood, with knowledge sufficient to meet all ordinary requirements, and with character strengthened by wholesome discipline. There are three stages in the order of his development: First, teaching him the language of sight; second, teaching him how to use that language so as to be able to gather knowledge with it; third, training him to gather knowledge by means of it. Each has a definite end which at once becomes an instrument of use in the higher plane to which the child has raised himself. There is nothing complex in this philosophy of the common school, if we deal with the parts which make up the trinity and unite in one. If the distinctive feature of the method of any one invade the territory of the other, there is confusion. But there is a merging of qualities on the confines which will perplex unless the purpose of each is clearly comprehended. They are not parallel forces, the resultant of which is the educated boy. Each carries its own burden and transfers it to the new. It is a succession of related forces. In teaching the child, each stage must be treated as having within itself "all the promise and potency" of completeness. Having thus by division circumscribed the field of labor,

we are prepared to give attention to matters which are subsidiary, but which yield immediate returns. In solving a problem we obtain the final result by treating the intermediate steps, for the time, as ends in themselves. The temporary end becomes a means toward attaining what is desired. In teaching, the object pursued is that nearest the child, and the relevancy of purpose makes the recitation an end which, when accomplished, is immediately transformed into a means with tendency toward the final result. When we analyze the problem of education, and outline a course of procedure in harmony with the conditions, we find the first step in the operation to be the recitation. It is the thing nearest to the child, and is designed to meet his immediate wants. It is apparent that if it is improperly performed, through misconception of its purpose, or lack of tact in the teacher, the whole solution is seriously thrown out of joint, and there is a patching up of omissions and an expunging of errors which destroy the symmetry of the work and break its continuity. The problem is not difficult of solution if analysis precedes operation. The different stages of development, and the preparatory character of the first two being understood, the attention may be directed mainly to the recitation. Thus we get labor and its results in such close relation that responsibility must be

felt and cannot be avoided without an admission of neglect. When a long time intervenes between the seed-time and the harvest, the weather is made responsible for a great deal of bad husbandry.

Fortunately for the cause of education, that masterpiece of theory and practical vagary, of making the common schools a feeder of the higher institutions of learning, has been abandoned. What I mean is, there is no longer an attempt made to divert the course of training from its legitimate and beneficent purpose of educating the common people, to being a recruiting agency for colleges. The common school works for those who must fight life's battles unaided; it is the college of the poor, and does battle with ignorance in its strongholds. It is the missionary of intelligence seeking converts to the doctrine it preaches even in squalid homes where neglect almost shuts out the light of reason. It is no far-off Mecca toward which the devotee hurries his eager steps. It comes to the unwilling and leads him to the light; to the despondent and gives him hope; to the weak and gives him strength; and to all it gives the courage to meet difficulties, and the discipline to overcome them. It should not be made to bend the knee of homage to any one. In grandeur of unselfish purpose and achievements, it o'ertops

them all, and the proudest may well bow with reverence to the common school.

But in doing its own work the common school best serves the college. I have attempted to show that we must simplify the work and have the object to be attained center in the child's immediate wants to make the teaching effective. Otherwise effort is dissipated through want of fixity of direction. There is no knowledge where there is no understanding, and there can be no discipline gained unless through seeking knowledge. If the ordinary teacher does not keep in mind the concrete thought of ministering to the child's needs as he perceives them in the living entity before him, the law of oppositeness fails to direct, and the work degenerates into groping. What is the higher institution of learning to do with the callow mind untrained to think to any purpose? whose wavering thought has cropped the herbage of facts "with charter broad as the wind"? Let me make a statement, which depends neither upon information nor personal knowledge, and comes to me solely as a conclusion of my premises: The normal schools experience more difficulty with new arrivals in their inability to think closely, connectedly, and determinately, than from their lack of equipment in dormant facts; and if the honest judgment of the teachers was spoken, it would be to the effect

that they would rather accept a student deficient in so-called knowledge, but with a habit inwoven in his character of doing well what he attempts, than one who "remembers a mass of things but nothing distinctly."

If we would educate we cannot omit from our calculations the culture of the common school. It directs the primal steps in systematic knowledge-getting. It brings the desultory thought of the child under the guidance of intelligent purpose, and teaches him that thought is not complete when not productive, and labor without intelligence is largely wasted. It is in the school-room the child is first confronted with the serious aspect of duty under limitation of time and specific performance. His future is largely dependent upon the courage and fidelity with which he obeys her edicts. He forms character through the medium of habit. It is no veneer; it is the woof woven into the warp of nature, and makes "the child the father of the man." What preparation for the future can promise better results than doing the simple duties of the present, particularly in the "morn and liquid dew of youth," when the root of habit strikes deep in the plastic mold? To do well the lesson of to-day in the line of specified activity or forbearance is to direct the energies to the task which conscience assigns, and thereby secure the incre-

ment whose sum is character. In youth there is moral culture in labor or abstention, when a sense of duty goes with the act, and intellectual culture is suiting the means to the end to be attained. The solution of a problem in arithmetic has, in miniature, all the features of the most difficult question with which the most mature mind must grapple in practical life. A certain thing is to be accomplished with certain material at command. The mind maps out the course for the mechanical labor which is to follow. The child who laboriously seeks to bring the separated subject and predicate into sensible contiguity, is not only learning to interpret the involved thought of Milton, but unconsciously acquiring the power of penetrating sophistry, and finding truth though hidden in a well. Even the despised art of penmanship has a value beyond the legible transcription of thought; it trains the hand to do with neatness and precision what the mind conceives. There is not a common school branch which, when taught properly, is not an element of culture.

If we consider moral development, can common sense—well called the genius of humanity—suggest anything better calculated to strengthen moral fiber than doing conscientiously the duties of the present? I do not choose to touch upon forbidden subjects, though the disposition is

strong, under provocation to which the pretentious, self-constituted guardians of "true" morality would yield, to draw comparisons and exhibit contrasts which would be by no means to the disadvantage of the public school as a moral agent. The discipline to which the child is subjected in the common school is rational. He has a motive for activity, a reason for restraint; and his impulse is taught to yield to the bidding of conviction. The searching questions of the recitation put the stamp of meanness upon neglect of duty and make pretended knowledge assume its real shape—an acted lie. The acquiescence in rules demanding self-restraint from a sense of present obligation to the little community—the school—induces the habit in adult life of "rendering to Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's, and to God the things which be God's." There is moral sluggishness where there is intellectual or physical indolence. It is the manner of performing the duties of the present which touches the life of the child whether for good or evil. His moral nature must be strengthened by his own acts, which must be in response to his own volition. Hence he must have motive, and the demands of the present are more likely to arouse this than any beckoning from a misty vision of the future. The school which enforces its rules through the sentiment of its pupils is

educating men and women to honor life and be worthy of heaven. The boy who is held responsible to himself for himself may not be more exemplary in his outside conduct than one who is held accountable to outside authority, but the good he does has its source in himself, and the fountain is deepened and broadened by every bad impulse checked, or good one indulged. I have always thought that the country boy has a decided advantage over his city cousin in the chores which fall to his lot. Through them he learns early in life the necessity of doing the duty of the hour—something of an education in itself.

Though we may picture the ideal school in which the discipline conduces to practical morality and intellectual strength, there may be some doubt as to our ability to realize it. That the common school fails to reach perfection is no reason why we should abandon effort to approximate it. No one argues that Christianity is a failure because it has not yet introduced the millennium. While the common school by no means reaches the limits of its possibilities the measure of its efficiency is constantly on the increase. We must understand its functions and realize its partially latent capacities before we can get it in the path of continuous progress and retain each year the advancement of preceding years. We must have a body of principles in harmony with

a body of facts. Method is of but little value unless it is the manner in which conviction acts. There can be no method where there is no purpose. The course of instruction for country schools does not speak its full meaning to him who has not referred its provisions to the philosophy of mental development, and by this I do not mean the philosophy learned from books, but a sympathetic understanding of the child's wants. There is no teacher greater than our own past; there is no system of pedagogy equal to those backward flights of the mind to the paradise of childhood, whence we were driven by growing years and life's troubles. If we were privileged to return, could we not, with the knowledge which years have brought, give a surer trend toward manhood to the acts of that period? And can we not, in a measure, place ourselves beside this later child, a child with him, and lead him to that higher plane of which true manhood is the summit?

Training Schools for Country Teachers

As preliminary to a discussion of the advisability of organizing training schools for country teachers a few propositions may be offered which will receive general acceptance from those whose interest in common school education enables them to understand the conditions prevailing.

1. The great need of the country schools is a stimulant to public sentiment regarding them, and particularly with reference to patrons, so that their real value as a part of our educational system may be properly appreciated.

2. A proper estimate of their worth would beget a demand for qualifications in teachers commensurate with the results expected.

3. While good results are accepted and often appreciated, the means for securing them are more largely left to chance than to intelligent scrutiny of those employed. Economy is more active as a rule than intelligent discrimination.

4. No instrumentality for the improvement of the country school has been added to those employed when popular education was in its primitive stage. New forces have been added

to those impelling the higher institutions forward in step with the progress in all other lines of human activity, but those in high places seem to think the harvest in rural neighborhoods may still be gathered by means of the antiquated reaping-hook and that cast off clothing is suitable to backwoods' surroundings.

The pride of being the object on which force is directly applied to insure better conditions is a local stimulus to which the country school has long been a stranger, when the force was not of local creation. When it is local, it is isolated and transitory, as all movements are which are wanting in general characteristics.

The country training school is a recognition of the country school, not in the usual way of being a paring from the fruit designed for the more favored institutions. It is for the country school as an entity in itself, and for its own good, without reference to its being subsidiary to other agencies. The title to it is in the patrons of these schools. Its support is dependent upon them. Its output is their property. Its influence is direct and centered. Their duty toward it is direct and almost unshared. It has the steadying influence which responsibility gives. Its existence is a sign that the state takes an interest in the country schools and is willing to second local effort for their improvement.

It is the establishment of these schools, of course, which stimulates sentiment in the manner suggested. Their establishment requires activity, and that is what we need to make interest active and general. It is apathy, or misapprehension of the possibilities of the country schools we want removed as the first step necessary to their improvement. If the state discredit these schools by ignoring them the people will soon lose confidence in them, and will treat them as being designed only for the most elementary form of education. If the state concedes their importance to the extent of providing a special means for their upbuilding, an enhanced idea of their importance will be entertained, and they will be treated with more liberality and receive greater consideration.

The country school has been lost in the almost exclusive attention given to advanced education. The neglect has filtered through until it has reached the country school patron. His thought was turned to the schools which receive the consideration of those whose position made them competent to determine what schools merited attention. The result was, the country school was denied local sustenance because it was undeserving of public recognition.

So much for training schools, with reference to their influence on local sentiment in restrain-

ing it from the vagrant habit into which it was rapidly falling, and restoring that loyalty to the local institution which is as essential to its success as is devotion to the home to domestic happiness.

With an institution whose function it is to train teachers for their work in country schools, a sentiment demanding preparation for the work to be entered upon will be created. The graded and high schools demand not only evidence of scholarship on the part of their teachers, but scarcely without exception some proof of success in teaching or opportunities which are equivalent to successful experience. In the country school it is the exception and not the rule to inspect the record of the applicant.

There are training schools for high school teachers, and this fact as much as any other leads to inquiry as to whether preparation has been made for doing properly the work sought. The existence of a school which gives professional training tends to create a professional spirit, and gives character to the calling in whose interests it exists. No one will say country school teaching is a profession, as it is lacking in the essential of preparation, is without permanency, stability, or promotion. It can be entered upon too easily to have any professional feature.

There are teachers of country schools who, by

individual effort and improving every opportunity offered, are teachers in the true sense, equal if not superior to the best product of these training schools under the most favorable conditions. But they have brought into competition with them the callow youth who has quit the country school form to accept that badge of sovereignty, the country school ferule. The poorer always drives out the better material if the poorer is tolerated, and the country school is no exception to this rule of economics.

The business of teaching is lowered by the entrance of every incompetent or inexperienced person as a teacher. The character of the country school suffers by the work of such a person, and with loss of reputation comes diminution of support, which soon sinks into neglect.

The ease with which the position of teacher can be secured lessens the value of the position both to the teacher and the community. The only obstacle in the way is the certificate, and this is not always a bar to incompetency. It is the only mark of professional fitness rquired in a majority of cases. There is no other test provided unless it comes through the inquiry of a school board having some appreciation of qualifications beyond that of technical scholarship. The influence of the few who make inquiries never extends to others as it is deemed a per-

sonal quality and hence inimitable. But the habit of inquiry would be inculcated by the operation of a school which prepared teachers for their work, and qualifications would receive much more attention than they do now.

Our best country school teachers come from our best country schools. It is not that nature has done more for those sections than for others. Superior opportunities are responsible for the improved output. Increase the opportunity and the product will be improved. The country training school will be professional as well as academic, and will give country school teaching a standing which it sorely needs.

It is almost a crime against intelligence to permit a wholly inexperienced and barely competent person, educationally considered, to take charge of a school and train children how to think—the most important function a man is called upon to perform. This is from the teacher's standpoint, as the average parent perceives no connection between right thought and "book learning." The country teacher is left to his own resources. He receives no assistance except what his own ingenuity provides, and when it serves his purpose it does not remain an aid for others. It dies with the use he has made of it, and the same laborious research must be taken up by those who follow. The young and inex-

perienced teacher cannot create the means for improvement. The successful teacher has not blazed out the path he has traveled in search of professional knowledge. The path to the training school is direct and there is found in its entirety what otherwise would have to be gathered in driblets and with serious waste of time.

The Country School Teacher

The teacher's duties are of a complex nature, and cannot be satisfactorily performed unless thoroughly comprehended. The power to do in season what is proper, as well as the strength to resist inclination or temptation to do wrong, is not imparted through any occult virtue in the subjects taught. The teacher can strengthen the child only by inciting in him activity in doing or resisting. The potentiality is in the child, not in the subject taught, and it is by cultivating his powers, and not in feeding him the husks of knowledge, that he is developed morally and intellectually. There is no soul or power in words unless they are a declaration of a truth which is felt or a purpose which is formed. The value of what the child learns or does lies chiefly in his mental or moral attitude during the process of acquirement or performance. The moral and intellectual forces in the child are to be directed by the teacher who furnishes opportunity for their exercise. The power to do or the willingness to abstain in opposition to the pressure of inclination cannot be bestowed upon the

child; it cannot be taught him; it is the attribute of no form of knowledge; nor is the secret of imparting it, with the passive acquiescence of the person to be invested, known to any philosopher or priest. The skilful teacher directs the activities of the child into channels of development, and the pupil gains strength to overcome the difficulties which the future may bring by meeting bravely and conscientiously those which the present offers.

The first requisite of good teaching is to realize fully that the instruction given is to aid in the mental and moral growth of the pupil. The next, to understand that this growth comes through activity of mind and conscience. To think and act for the child is to train him to be a weakling; to accept hasty or imperfect work is to educate him to be shallow in his thought, indifferent in his investigations, and reluctant to fully discharge any obligation resting upon him. There must be form, substance, and completeness in what the child thinks and does or he becomes a delinquent mentally, and the canker of dishonesty soon reaches his moral nature. Moral teaching as well as mental consists in having the child act and feel, and not in having him repeat. The feeling of accountability can in no other way be so well implanted as by holding the child to strict, thorough, prompt, and

conscientious performance of the task assigned him. The character of the future man and woman is largely fashioned in the school-room. There he is first taught that the indulgence of individual preferences must yield to the higher demands of public good, and there a sense of duty is substituted for the truant feeling of irresponsibility. If this is done wisely and with tact every act will bear the stamp of enlightened conscience, and the growth toward maturity will not be in years alone.

The teachers we want are those whose conception of the work to be done includes something more than imparting a knowledge of the common school branches with reference to their value in a commercial sense. This idea of mere utility is the commonly accepted one by patrons as the object of the school. But to the true teacher it is more an incident than an end. The discipline is what he regards as the valuable product of the work done under his supervision. The word "discipline" in this connection must be divested of its cant significance and all-absorbing generality. What discipline does for the child may be outlined as follows:

1. Teaches him to recognize the claims which duty has on him.

2. Binds the "flighty purpose" to work toward the attainment of a certain end.

3. Teaches him to analyze carefully the nature of that which he intends to perform, and to master in detail the difficulties it presents.

4. Teaches him to study conditions with a view to employing means suitable to their requirements.

5. Teaches him to be methodical and logical in all his operations so that the efforts made will have direction toward the end sought.

6. Inculcates habits of honesty in thought, word, and deed; insures recognition of duty toward society, and aids in withstanding temptation to do anything unmanly or mean.

It is evident that discipline is not secured when the teacher's purpose is limited to dealing out fragments of knowledge simplified to a degree which makes digestion unnecessary, or in such crude form as to make digestion impossible. But the school board often assumes that the backwardness of the school is a measure of the qualifications of the teacher needed, and the trained teacher who can draw out the faculties of the child, and strengthen them by exercise, must give way to the novice who can "teach reading, writing, and a little arithmetic—all that we want in our school." There is nothing stimulating in the work of a teacher whose qualifications are dependent upon the lack of scholarship in the school to be taught. Good teaching consists in

the manner in which instruction is given, the purpose which it is intended to serve, and its adaptation to the ends sought. The ratio of adaptability to the subject is constant in all grades, and the purpose should be no less sensibly felt in the lower than in the higher grades of schools.

There are many teachers in this county who lift their pupils from the level of shallow pretense by insisting upon the full measure of intellectual effort, and who open avenues of truthfulness by pruning the outcroppings of deceit; for the child is guilty of deception when he pretends to know what he has not learned. Let no man say his morals are not fixed by his daily practice, or that the habits of his childhood do not govern his daily life. Much less let him say that any system of education which tolerates dishonesty in mental effort on the part of the child will mold a character which will adorn his adult life. The child is building his character with every conscious act of his. When he learns words which have no meaning to him, he is attaining proficiency in hypocrisy; when he pretends to know what he does not, he lies to himself, to whom only the most depraved are untruthful; when he partially performs a task which is not beyond his strength and time to complete, he is guilty of theft. What moral teaching can mitigate the

evil inevitable in such a course of training? The teacher is innocent of any intentional wrong, but in bestowing a little knowledge he has done incalculable harm. Truly, a little learning is a dangerous thing.

Now turn to the work of the competent teacher: The thought precedes the words, therefore they are truthful. Pretense is at once laid bare, and its exposed deformity disgusts the child. The incomplete task is pronounced a failure, and there is no escaping the obligation. The spoken word is always stamped with truth, and thought becomes honest that the spoken word may be. No morality in this teaching? Let the completed product be the answer.

If the reader may suspect me, as I suspect myself, of having come to the defense of the public school against the charge of immorality, I can only plead in extenuation that the times demand it. The province of the public school is to educate, and education includes morality. Having spent all my life in more or less intimate relations with public schools—a connection now nearing its close—I may be pardoned for assuming to know something of the purpose and spirit of the public school. That the purpose is not fully realized is due to the infirmity from which nothing within our limited realm of knowledge is exempt. But if there is anything of a public

character which the people should hold more sacred, guard more jealously, or defend more determinedly, I have failed to discover it. There is no person to whom the public owes more than to the teacher of the school at the country cross-roads. He is poor; you have kept him so. He is not influential; his duties forbade it. He is anxious to change his occupation; his necessities drive him to it. He is not always equal to the proper discharge of his duties; your parsimony invited him there. He is slightingly referred to; his defenseless condition is responsible. But he has done more for your children than you have done yourselves. Wipe out his work, and notice the vacuum created. Is it right, is it just to traduce him or belittle his work? Give him the credit which is his due, and deal generously with him as he deserves.

How Enthusiasm Dies

How Enthusiasm Dies, is the subject of an article in a late educational journal. That enthusiasm does die out in the educational field the experience of every one who has done work in the field will bear ample testimony. There are many causes, not the least of which is human nature. Enthusiasm is a fire which feeds on vitality, and cannot be sustained; and then it leads to new things, discoveries which require constant battle for their reception. Parents want their children to make improvements that are visible, and the best teachers will not do this. Everything which takes deep root is slow of growth, but when the time for bearing fruit comes the yield compensates for the delay. America is a country given to rush. To climb to the top is the ambition of every one, and not to make preparation so that reaching the top is a certainty. Teaching must conform to this demand, and hence there must be false teaching. There can be no enthusiasm in a lie, and many teachers who know better, teach so as to please the people rather than satisfy their own conscience.

A Fault in Teaching

Many people who look to the future and observe the tendencies of the present have become somewhat alarmed at the drift on the part of young people away from employment which is productive. Not a few look upon this state of affairs as a fault in the mode of education, and particularly that portion of it which the common school gives. But the evil lies mainly in the direction given to the purpose of the child by the parent. The education outside the schoolroom, particularly in cities, gives the child false ideas of the purposes of life and of the dignity of labor.

The boy educated in the country has duties outside the school, and grows into the belief that there is nothing servile in labor, and gains strength in resolution and power to do from the responsibility early thrust upon him. The school training is only supplementary to the more important training he receives in the school of life, and when he reaches man's estate he is not helpless or weighted with the idea that he has a special call to enter one of the professions or win his daily bread without the work of his hands or the labor of his brain. Not one boy in twenty who receives

his education in a city school has any thought that his daily bread is to be won by toil. Not until want prompts him does he rely upon himself to earn a livelihood. And so we find the young man in the city being educated into the belief that it is only the country louts who are to be producers. Manual labor is necessary to the physical, the mental, and the moral development of every one. It inculcates right ideas, good purposes, and is essential to a proper realization of life and the duties it imposes. No man can be symmetrically developed without it. No ordinary man has the fullest control of his powers unless he has "learned to labor." It is the foundation principle of the highest vocation and absolutely essential to the completest success. In the country it is unsystematic, often trifling, but never without its influence on developing character. In the city it is often entirely lacking. It is because this essential element in education is wanting that there is at present such a demand for industrial education. But in assuming control of this the school is usurping the prerogative of the parent. Besides, manual labor to be valuable must be real, and called forth by some necessity, so that the brain and hand work in harmony. When it bears the aspect of play it ceases to operate on character.

Moral Training

Complaint is often made that our modern system of education educates the intellect and totally neglects the will, and the charge is not wholly untrue. The passion for possessing that which is without ourselves has predominated while the cultivation of the inner spiritual man has been almost entirely neglected. The delusive idea that religion and intellectual training can make moral beings has too long prevailed, and its mischievous results are seen in the existing condition of society. Education is threefold, moral, intellectual, and religious. Each is supplementary to the others, but none can take another's place. Were it different, clergymen would commit no crimes, and Macaulay's scathing impeachment of Lord Bacon would never have been written. The great aim in all moral education is to lead the child to self-control. To do this requires the guiding hand of a wise master and the constant controlling influence of a moral being. The trainer of children should be a student of ethics; he should know the principles upon which society is founded, should recognize that principle which knows no distinction of sex

or age, and which regards the rights of children. The treatment hundreds of children receive in every land is vicious in its effects; it regards the trainer, whether teacher or parent, as a king exercising divine right over a subject without a soul. The convenience of the educator is consulted and the moral welfare of the child is neglected. The little disagreeable acts which children sometimes perform are not owing to what is commonly called willfulness, but are due solely to the weakness of their natures, to the automatic action of their organisms, and to the lack of attractiveness in what they refuse to perform. Supply the proper motives and they will be guided aright. Think of their moral needs and ignore your own temporary comfort and you will train a model child. Adhere to the principle of equal rights, to that law which the child can feel, which if adhered to for a few generations would make morality organic. Moral precepts will not do. Precept is obeyed only under the influence of fear. Example is powerful to secure followers in its train. Then the treatment the child receives should be such as to reflect from him those traits we wish to develop in him. It is not enough that he sees its operation between others. He himself must be a partner to its influence; he must receive in order to reciprocate. Then will trainers of children remember that their system

must be humane; that moral suasion must be their force; that their method must be founded on a permanent principle of moral philosophy; and that they themselves should be true mirrors of manhood and womanhood.

Some Needs of the English Language

The English language is somewhat like its alphabet—redundant and defective. There are so many synonyms that a repetition of ideas in most cases does not require a repetition of language, and the English in consequence is a pleasing language to the ear and requires some culture to insure elegance of expression. But a person frequently is at a loss for a word to express an idea, and is driven to circumlocution or ambiguity. A personal pronoun in the singular, common gender, is a crying want, and the English-speaking people are driven through this want to violate the rule of syntax governing the agreement in number of a pronoun with its antecedent or to the abolition of feminine gender—something unsafe in this age of woman's rights.

But there are other wants. For instance we have no word opposite in meaning to "magnify" unless we use the inelegant "minimize." "Belittle" is not a full opposite, and when used in that sense is often misleading. "Minify" is better, but is not sanctioned by authority, although Blaine made use of it in the sense of

"minimize," and it is occasionally encountered. "Minify" would not be a bad word to introduce. It has a pleasing sound and etymologically is well descended. "Emulsify" is another word frequently coined to assert the act of which "emulsion" is the sign of the idea. The English needs a little pruning and a little growth. If slang expressions are sometimes commended for their force, "minify" and "emulsify" should be welcomed for their use.

English Composition

So much has been said of the difficulty of getting pupils unfamiliar with English to do anything with composition work, that a composition written by a pupil whose only knowledge of English is what he picked up in school during the time spent in reaching the second reader, and who has been trained only two months in composition writing is here given. The little boy cannot talk English with any degree of readiness, but his little essay shows originality, and with the effort he makes it is quite certain he will soon overcome the difficulties he now has to contend with. He wrote on the hackneyed subject "Spring" as follows:

"In spring the snow will smalt and the ice will smalt, the roads will be moody; it will be wet from the ice and snow in spring. We can plant corn and patoes and wheat and barley and oats and pase and have ags in spring. The birds come back and the trees get green and the gras get green."

Now, can any teacher suggest more difficulty in the matter of command of English, and can any teacher ask for more in the way of the product of the child's own thought? Many would

postpone composition writing until the child would have a more perfect command of the language, but this teacher, who, by the way, is teaching her first term, is giving this child command of the language by having him use it in expressing his thought. There was no excuse that the little boy could not talk English. He was induced to talk the English that he knew, and not only gained more confidence, but was taught to look for the proper form of words in the only way that a deep impression can be made—by using the words. How many teachers are there who would get such results, which are a promise of better things, from a child with a vocabulary so limited? That child is learning language through his own industry, and grammar from his use of language. The teacher did not despair, but started out to work with the material the child had, and is giving him strength and purpose.

Our School System

It seems singular that a system in which so many interests are bound up, should receive so little attention from eminent writers as does our public school system. It is very seldom the subject of a magazine article, and when it is so it is not treated broadly.

Our school system has outgrown its period of infancy, and should no longer be looked upon as an institution which is to give education sufficient only for the business affairs of life; that is education to the extent of a convenient thing for its possessor. An effort should be made now to implant principle. The dry details of school work have their value, but they have not the power of development, and that is what the times demand. There is no longer much danger that many native born American citizens will not secure mastery of reading and writing. But the school should aim to endow them with moral and physical force.

The school must keep pace with the progress of the times. People are now dealing with social and economic problems themselves. They should have the power of interpreting signs correctly. The schools must give this power, and

it must come through a wider culture and more flexibility in method and programme. Independent thought under competent supervision must take the place of directed thought through narrow channels. When the people deal directly with questions of tremendous import to the public good, they should have the power to deal with them intelligently. A change is needed in our methods of popular education, not a violent one, but one in harmony with existing conditions. It is simply keeping pace with the evolution of society.

The demands made upon the general intelligence of the people by a general movement which can only be interpreted as a desire to bring government closer to the people, are frequently too great for action consonant with the public good. But these demands increase rather than diminish, and though they may result in retrogression for the time being, they are the signs of coming progress. To make them blessings and not evils they must be interpreted properly. The new forces must be properly disciplined, otherwise they will become the tools of the self-seeking—a menace to popular government instead of its sturdiest support.

A demand for a share in government is a laudable one. But those making it should be prepared to deal properly with public questions.

Our schools are the agencies by which this is to be accomplished, and to them public attention should now be directed. It is no longer a question of how best to carry an election, but how best to educate the people so they can share in the affairs of the government.

Country Schools

The school can trace its paternity to that admirable system which, confessing limitations upon human power, recognizes special aptitudes, and is known as division of labor. It has grown into form in response to the needs of progressive society. Neither professional training of the highest degree, nor the supremest sense of responsibility can be deemed even a tolerable substitute for maternal affection, when affection only can guide the child safely in acquiring that early knowledge which through life must bear the stamp of instinct. During that period of childhood there can be, and there is, no delegated trust. The mother is the school, the fountain of knowledge, the world, and with such tender solicitude for the child's future does this first and best teacher impart her instruction that it is never forgotten though it may go unheeded as time wears off the feeling of dependence.

But the mother's cares multiply, and the child's needs grow beyond the province of immediate affection; the school then assumes duties too complicated or too burdensome for the home. It becomes a parent *de facto*, and to meet expectations must perform a parent's duties. Understand

the mother's hopes for her child, and you realize the functions of the public school. Not that patrons should dictate the manner of training, as this presupposes a degree of technical knowledge by the general public of the science of teaching superior to that possessed by the person chosen as instructor because of his special qualifications in this respect. But conception of the end to be attained is fully as important as familiarity with the means to be employed, and the idea of the finished product of good training we obtain in most complete fullness from the parent's hope. Eliminate the natural weakness of parental solicitude and pride, often misleading, obstructive, and sometimes antagonistic to that which is essential, though for the moment harsh, and in the parent's hope and expectation you find the fruit of that labor which is directed by good purpose, sound philosophy, and under discipline so rigid as to find its excuses only in the character it develops and without which it would be cruelty.

The doctrine of compensation is broad as the world, deep as life. It is old as the primeval curse, which is a blessing to those who interpret it aright and who resolve to give life the sweetness which is earned and not bestowed. Every increment of character must be purchased at the expense of effort. There is no royal road to anything worth the having, and every act bears

its legitimate fruit. When this fact is recognized and acted upon it is education. The knowledge comes not easily, but it is indispensable to the teacher. The parent may appreciate the value of severe training but recoils from subjecting his child to the hardships incidental to it. He rejoices when the child overcomes a difficulty: the short-sighted one because of the immediate relief to the child or the intrinsic value of that which incited activity; but the judicious parent sees the value accruing to the child from the sustained effort, and the result is enriched with increased significance.

The first-mentioned parent is constitutionally disqualified to give training. He might furnish the instruments of learning, but not the ability to use them. Parental sensibility too often interposes to smooth the rugged path of discipline or modify the decrees of judgment. So the parent incapacitated largely from infirmity of purpose in acting upon his convictions in the training of his child, and realizing that mental and moral growth can attain to the healthful maturity of well-developed character, enlightened conscience and active faculties, only by that training which has for its object the development of the child into this well-organized, conscionable, intellectual being known as man, surrenders the trust to a person whose qualifications are vouched for largely by

his willingness to assume the responsibility. The teacher is supposed to answer this description.

The child is an animal with potential mental and moral qualities. These are to be made active, cultivated, strengthened, spiritualized by a process which enables the child to grow into the intellectual life. The growth must be from within. There can be no veneering in this early stage. No hiding the primitive animal by the pedant embellishments of the college or the aping proclivities of the high school. The training can be hung on no convenient peg to be donned as apparel when convenience or display may suggest its exhibition to attract admiration or challenge envy. The training which, by a process of differentiation in the laws of human progress, has devolved upon the country school, and others of like grade, enters into character in its formative period. It helps to form the mold in which the child's future life is cast. It dislodges heredity or unites with it and gives force to inherited traits. As easy is it to deny the appetite for opium as to divest the character of habits incorporated with it during the period of development. Tendencies become shoots of character by indulgence. Predisposition may be lopped off by habitual restraint. In later life the severest discipline might weaken, it cannot eradicate well-fixed early habits. And these with a small

installment of formal knowledge are what the country school gives. It does not give to the high school, the college, or to active life the finished product; but no longer the material in plastic mold; not Prometheus bound; not the boy with purpose set, but yet with inclination bent and bearing a stamp which prohibits any one from saying "thou art mine and thus I win thee." The country school, or these agencies which through the weakness of the country school have usurped its functions, have given his path its trend through life. "Use can change the stamp of nature," says the Bard of Avon; but it is use when the mind is impressible. The indurated rocks bear the early footprints though ages have rolled by and added to their mass. But the impress was made when the rocks were forming.

The conceded importance of early training makes proper the securing of the best means which experience can devise for this purpose. The common school is the best agency at present possible. We reverence the institution more from an appreciation of its functions than from admiration of their efficient discharge. Its incompetency is painfully apparent, but this is made endurable for the reason it seems to be irremediable. I speak of the common school without reference to the detailed work of those

who immediately discharge its functions, not of the wisdom which provided—in conception—this estimable means of diffusing intelligence. But the fountain cannot be higher than its source, and the school cannot be far in advance of the sentiment of that community whose intellectual wants it is designed to supply. The word "wants" is to be interpreted as here used with very sweeping limitations, as descriptive of the people of those school districts which maintain school mainly for the purpose of complying with the law. None of the early saints intent upon "mortifying the flesh" were more abstemious in things related to the appetite than are those people in intellectual matters. We whose acquaintance with the country schools makes us familiar with what they are, hear with amusement the laudatory language of those whose sanguine thoughts are never modified by actual knowledge of the existing condition of things, or by the philosophic reflection of Dickens's cherub patriarch that "what might have been is not what is." Here we represent a constituency great in number, moderate in demands, but with wants which invoke not the fulsome periods of gratulation, but the common sense which is never blind to imperfections, and ever willing to apply a cure. We voice the needs which we see, not which they feel, and in the unwonted fashion of formulating

our appeal to meet their sense of justice, but without the insistence of united petition, for the people do not think they have cause of complaint. But you should respond to other things than importuning. "Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves," said some philosopher. Deal generously, intelligently with the common schools and the benefit will be reflected on the higher institutions of learning. Give no thought to elementary instruction, and you can close the high schools and colleges. The common school should be the "firstling of our heart and hand," and treated as a judicious parent treats his child, not pampered with lavish praise, nor "yet checked like a bondsman, all its faults observed, set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote, to cast into its teeth." Not this! And still the truth should be acknowledged, and when necessary a corrective applied, speedily, fearlessly, and intelligently.

The public school is a necessity: (1) because in the present state of society success in the ordinary affairs of life requires a certain amount of formal knowledge, and also that faculties be trained to apprehend quickly and act intelligently; (2) because the heads of the families are unable, from different causes, to give this training or bestow this knowledge. Clearly comprehending the functions of the public school we can

fully estimate the qualifications demanded in the person who assumes the duties of teacher. It should be the aim of every one who, in school matters, speaks as having authority, and of every agency through which it is designed a good influence may be extended upon the schools, to impress upon the teacher an abiding sense of the responsibility resting upon him because of the nature of his duties. The saving fear of unfitness is the beginning of wisdom in the profession of teaching, because it implies a realization of the trust, without which there can be no commensurate effort to meet it. Give the teacher this sense and he will work out methods which will meet the requirements of the most exacting philosophy. Give him method, theory, and education, so-called, but without implanting this sense and you are not doing much more than ornamenting a statue. To what are we to ascribe the sublime confidence with which the young teacher takes charge of his first school? To nothing more than a conviction that the duties of a teacher are a mere bagatelle. He is not filled with an idea of his own importance; he has hardly the shadow of an idea of the importance of the work he undertakes. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Would the same boy show equal audacity in performing a surgical operation? By no means.

He would be deterred by a feeling of responsibility and fear of the consequences. Some of us know, or at least we say we do, that it requires as skilled a practitioner to deal with the mind as with the body. But it has not the force or the universality of a tradition. Sentiment considers the presumption violent and revolutionary, and we will call sentiment a fool, and then supinely yield to it, and make to-day a teacher of the child who yesterday sang "Here we go round the mulberry-bush," but refuse to call the boy from the plow to perform an amputation. If it were not for the fanatics what a conservative old world we would be!

That man of majestic mien, an inhabitant of a planet where death is unknown, who was allowed to visit this earth, but with the condition that he could not return to his native planet, and would be subject to all the infirmities common to us, learned, incidentally, that mortality was a condition of our nature, but that it was in his power to make it a prelude to a degree of happiness theretofore unknown to him. Thereafter life had no duty discharged with more fidelity than preparation for the future; nor had it a mystery more inscrutable than the indifference of the children of earth for that momentous event which ushered in an eternity of happiness or suffering. The celestial visitor might express

scarcely less surprise did he know of the delicacy of the duties incumbent upon the teacher of the common school to perform, and the alacrity with which a callow youth undertakes them, and the ready acceptance of his services by those whose duty it is to secure competent instructors.

Ask our teachers what object they have in view as a result of their labors, and a majority will answer, to teach the children to read, write, and cipher, and it may be a knowledge of such other branches as may be included in the common-school course. Some may have caught the cant of the institutes, and repeat the words, "to make children good citizens." To *teach* these branches is to educate; but probe farther for the idea which is the root of the thought "teach," and we find what a stunted plant it is in the garden of the mind. It offers ready plucked the shriveled fruit, which has no seeds of growth, and each child is to shuffle forward to receive his stated allowance. With this idea of what education is, there is nothing deplorable or reprehensible in the rush for schools by those who feel equal to the task of teaching the a, b, c.

Let us dignify the public school by investing it with its proper attributes. Without these it has no place in the economy of social development. These generally recognized, emphasized at every proper occasion, would give pause to

the invasion of the schools by the army of incompetents. True, many of our schools would go without teachers, but while this might limit the diffusion of the "three R's," the deprivation would be more than compensated for by the immunity from false training. The schools of this state include not a few which would better answer the purpose of their existence by being empty, for it is not true that any kind of training is better than no training at all.

What is there amiss in having the teacher clearly understand that the knowledge which to the pupil is the appreciable result of his labor, is acquired by adherence to a system which inculcates habits of thought, which make the knowledge an active, progressive factor in life? That what is termed discipline is not imposing temporary restraint for a specific and immediate purpose, though it secures that end, but strengthening the virtue of forbearance, implanting the idea of personal accountability, impressing the necessity of making concessions and teaching recognition of the rights of others? Why should not the teacher understand that "preserving order" should develop habits of self-denial which are not cast off when the pressure of authority is removed; habits of order which prevent waste of effort; and habits of work which are persistent and effective without being boister-

ous or obtrusive? Why should not the teacher realize that the conduct which is thought proper for the school-room may be required in such a way that its observance will be persisted in when the child feels that he is only under the censorship of his own consciousness of right and wrong?

An exalted estimate of the school, but the only one which justifies its existence, because the process of knowledge-getting may weaken the force of mind by bad precedent, and discipline may show the facile but dangerous expediency of temporizing.

The training is the supreme consideration; and common sense would suggest, if experience did not make clear, that training can best be secured by teaching properly these things which are directly available in the affairs of life, and that no discipline can have a greater prospective value than that which meets the requirements of the present. To teach the child to do the duties of the present is to receive a bond that those of the future will not be neglected when the time comes for their performance. It should not be "don't do this now, and you will be a good man when you grow up." It is *now* with the boy, and there are certain things which he should do or should not do, because they are right or wrong now. The boy, not the prospective man, should be addressed.

Some years ago G. S. Albee, president of the

Oshkosh State Normal School, in speaking to me of a mutual friend, pronounced him one of the best educated men he had ever met. The person spoken of had never been to any but a common school. While a boy he found it necessary to work hard to keep up with his classes. He acquired the habit of doing to the best of his ability everything he attempted, and never to make a pretense of knowing what he did not. The habit spread its influence to every act, thought, and word of his; and that constitutes his education. Mark the fruits: Wherever he is known his word receives absolute belief. When he accepts a trust it is felt it will be discharged even to its minutest requirements. His opinion on a disputed matter is generally accepted as conclusive, because it is known to be the result of careful examination, and expressed in the spirit of truth. I know not whether Mr. Albee spoke of the habit or divined the education from a perception of its results. Can you conceive of an education higher, nobler, better than that which had its germ in the formation of one good habit in a boy debarred from superior school advantages?

The branches prescribed for the common school have this double adaptation—they furnish a working capital in the affairs of life, and the process of this acquisition gives the training

without which they are lumber. The fundamental fault in our schools is that attention is given to the knowledge as an end and no thought to the mental attitude of the pupil in the process of acquisition. Draughts of knowledge are bitter to the mental taste when they should be sweet. Inquisitiveness leads to acquisitiveness, and prevents labor from becoming wearisome or distasteful. When children are interested in a subject we may be assured it is being taught properly. A child is more pleased to do a thing than to see it done, and will quit the top which hums—a costly Christmas gift—to spin the one he has whittled from a spool. There is education in the sports of children if we who are to give guidance would deign to see it by emerging from the unsympathetic atmosphere of authority by which we are too closely enveloped.

The question is not which is the more valuable, mental discipline or the knowledge which the school imparts. They are inseparable. The acquisition of the one in proper form is through the exercise of the mind, which is discipline.

The common-school curriculum is above criticism. The teacher is what we, the people, make him. It is idle to utter panegyrics upon the teachers who appreciate the nature of their duties and perform them in the true spirit. Our work is with the inefficient, the irresponsible. The

first step in building up is to make them cognizant of their faulty ideas. Without this, instruction in methods is building on quicksand—the treacherous foundation will forever preclude stability. With a proper conception of the nature and purpose of school work every valuable suggestion will be assimilated and become a part of the teaching organism. We all have seen valuable methods which we thought could not be prostituted to machine purposes, assuming that very character in the hands of the unskilled teacher, and we have had the opposite and more pleasing experience of seeing the merest hint made pregnant with life in the practice of the true teacher.

A clear perception of what is to be accomplished should be the first principle in teaching. I may have made this tiresome by reiteration, but I attach so much importance to it that I feel like making it exclude the consideration of all minor things pertaining to the science of teaching. I feel that we justify incompetency by demanding no further special fitness than is requisite to give mastery of the mechanism of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that we invite the girl or the boy who wishes to earn a little money with which to secure admittance to the roller-rink, to seek employment in our schools, when it is easy to meet expectation. I want to

see the common school placed beyond the reach of the groveling and sordid; a sacred temple not to be polluted by profane or unworthy hands; lifted above the aspiration of those who do not see merit in probation and growth in labor. I would willingly drive out one-third of the teachers, close up an equal number of the schools, and let the shut doors attest the high character of the profession, and the exalted purpose which must actuate those who seek to enter it.

A desperate remedy, but only in seeming. For the treadmill work of some of our schools is destructive of mental strength, fatal to powers of concentration, and utterly subversive of the end desired to be obtained. Who that has read Romola will despise the day of little things, or feel that a predisposition to a weakness of character if encouraged will not wreck a life? And who that has inventoried his own powers has not discovered the origin of strength or weakness in the contraction of some early habit? And what habits are more obtrusive than those connate with early duties? And this is why a boy receives better training in chopping wood than in a poor school. Every stroke has due relation to a well-directed purpose, and the completed task is the product of effort in harmony with design. Is not this education? In the poorer school the child learns to read without manifesting a spark

of interest in the acquirement, and without volition except in so far as the will is held in servitude by the authoritative repetition of routine. It is not surprising that he often wonders what it all means and where it is going to end. The child receives no consideration. The ability to call words is forced into him by a process which ignores him as a sentient being. Suffer little children not to come to such a teacher, for they will suffer without good coming to them through it. Is this education?

If not, where is the deprivation to the child in shutting up such a school and giving him employment in manual labor, in which he can see the relation between effort and result? The cord of wood is a definite, tangible result. The value of the solved problem is incomputable to the youthful student, but should not be to the teacher. Would the experienced axeman instruct the novice to put up that cord of wood by gathering limbs which require no labor to fit them for the pile, or teach him how to use the axe so that the labor of shaping the first pile has given him the power to shape a second and a third unaided? Aye, even the power to fell the mighty forest, which would defy the pigmy effort of the gatherer of dried branches. Go to the laborer, thou blind trainer of the youthful mind; consider his ways and be wise.

You who assemble annually at meetings to compare notes on the principles of teaching, realize how limited is the sum of your learning on the subject, and how vast the region still unexplored by you; how far short of the profound depths of the philosophy of teaching the plummet of your best thought can sound; how circumscribed your most earnest effort in the field whose vast expanse your conscience apprehends. But the little girl with a limited certificate has no fears. If she knew of your deliberations she would laugh at your obscurity of vision which prevents you from seeing what to her is so clear; or rather at your magnifying a difficulty which to her is so simple. She could master it with her eyes shut. Poor child, she does not know what teaching is. Her eye can sweep the narrow field whose horizon extends not beyond the hillocks of the three R's. "What are they?" said Mr. Viebahn one day to a simple fisherman in Manitowoc, who was sorting out some pebbles to sink his nets. The inquiry was simply a suggestion to the mineralogical sense which the peculiar appearance of the pebbles attracted. "Them, them is stones," was the reply; and they were nothing more to him. No doubt he was astonished at the philosopher's obtuseness. Can we not quicken the little girl's conscience while extending her field? When we have

cleared away the mists which make a false horizon, can we not inspire a purpose to make the labor worthy the field?

The common school gives elementary instruction; the high school elaborates upon this; and the technical schools give the special training suited to professional life. The common school deals with the child, who must be endowed with a settled purpose. As the training at this time is more important so does it involve more responsibility in that the teacher must aid in creating the purpose as well as directing it when formed. These considerations make it imperative upon us to give chief thought to these elementary schools. The slow gradations by which little faults develop into bad habits require a nicer discrimination of motive and a keener insight of character than does the detection of a bad habit so mature as to leave its unmistakable impression upon acts. The teacher of the elementary schools must deal with the former, of the higher school with the latter. The teacher of the common school must, then, understand child nature. I do not say should be familiar with the principles of psychology, because I would not drive the teacher to the text-book for a knowledge of that which he can get within himself and by observing child life with that degree of interest his calling demands. What I

insist is proper and indispensable is the exercise of good common sense, not the speculations of philosophers. We want no expert testimony on the mind in sentences so involved that the sense is lost in a tangle of words; no waste of thought on these refined distinctions upon which astute philosophers love to dwell; nothing which will divert the mind from the child to the book to learn of the child. I know of no text-book better than the child, read in the light of our own experience. Each of us is a complete volume of psychology without its truths and principles printed in language which we can easily comprehend. To understand what is to be done and to know how to do it constitutes the sum total of science and art. First let the teacher understand what training is, and what it is to develop. Then and not till then is he prepared to take steps to give that training which will attain the end designed. Has ever a man by his own efforts been successful in the accomplishment of anything and remained ignorant of the steps which led to it? The whole world is kin, in that in all of us the same causes produce similar effects. If we are yielding we become irresolute, without exception; if we are firm we become strong, all of us. The child of to-day is in no sense different from the child of the preceding generation, and each one of us is the product of his own

labors. The mature mind and the stable character are not inheritances. When we observe the child with that degree of interest our position enjoins we are children with him. The imagination annihilates the past. The child's hopes and fears are ours. His eager curiosity is shared by us. Things old become new and interesting, and our sympathetic wonderment at his discoveries, old as our lives though they be to us, is not wholly simulated. We have put on childish things and are traveling over the paths of long ago with those who tread them now for the first time, that they may pluck no flower whose petals hide the seeds of evil. The path is familiar to us, and our companionship valuable to him. We know the poison weed and the healthful berry, and our young companion shall be warned in time. When added years bring graver duties to him we are with the boy when he wrestles with new difficulties; we know just how he should manage so as to overcome them and be strengthened by the victory, and we know we could spare him pain and labor, but he would yield to the next when perhaps no one was near to encourage or assist; and as we are intent upon the boy's good we act as our good will towards him suggests, and our knowledge of what is proper, learned from experience; and we do not rob him of a victory. And when the boy quits the

school he parts from his companion teacher who walked with him in the paths of knowledge in the early spring when the buds were bursting, and now bids adieu when the blossoms are scattered and the fruit is forming. This may not be psychology, but is it not philosophy?

Teachers do not need instruction in methods of teaching as much as to understand that method is a means of procedure in conformity with well-organized principles. To illustrate: A teacher should not be instructed to teach primary reading according to the word-method unless she is convinced it is more in consonance with the natural order of development than is teaching the alphabet. The art of teaching is the application of well-known principles which are a part of the teachers' experience. Method is the means of applying these principles so as to produce the result which the teacher's experience and observation lead him to expect will naturally follow. "Know thyself" becomes an essential factor in the professional requirements of the teacher. Know the child follows as a corollary. I ask, is there any theory of teaching in the thoughts suggested?

When we thus place the teacher in the attitude of investigation, a work on theory and art may profitably be read, because he follows the line of thought pursued by the author which

brought him to the enunciation of these principles, and then the methods follow naturally and necessarily. A teacher may have a bad method of applying a good principle. But the advantages of a superior method are instantly recognized when presented because its better adaptation to the purpose is felt. Such a teacher derives great benefit from an institute or teachers' meeting, and no valuable suggestion is lost upon him. But the teacher whose methods are vagaries, entirely disconnected from principles, quits the institute as did Cassio the festal board, "remembering a mass of things but nothing distinctly," promptly falls back into the old rut of machine-teaching, and wonders why people make such an ado over such stupid things as institutes.

Let us be frank. The teacher is not wholly to blame for it; the conductor shares in the responsibility. We would not expect a person unfamiliar with the fundamental rules of arithmetic to give much heed to or be at all benefited by a neat solution of an arithmetical problem. He must first understand what is required to be done and then have the capacity to understand the successive steps of the solution. Then he is struck by the relation the solution bears to the requirements and how every step tends toward the desired end. Does not this hold good in methods of teaching as well as

in processes of solution? We must be satisfied at institutes that the work is continuous and upward from bottom principles. No structures can rest on air.

When the course of instruction for country schools was perfected and sent out on its mission of reformation, every one felt that its excellences would secure its instant adoption by every school in the state. But years have passed, and still it is a sealed book to many of the schools. Every one whose duty it was to urge it feels that he has bent his best efforts in its behalf. One-half the schools which work under it have only made a semblance of its adaptation and utterly ignore its spirit. Still others proceed under it in a tentative, half-hearted way. I assert without fear of successful contradiction that in a comparatively few number of the country schools will the course of instruction be found adopted except in form. I know this not from personal knowledge of the fact, but from personal knowledge of the average country teacher, which precludes all possibility of believing otherwise. I know the average country teacher is not educated up to an appreciation of the course, and I know a perfunctory adoption in deference to authority is a delusion and a snare. I speak not to cast discredit upon reports, "but here I am to speak what I do know," and I say it with all the con-

fidence of conviction. I do not choose to say anything in deprecation of the storm of wrath which it is reasonable to presume will follow the statement that those highly colored reports of superintendents attesting the successful working of the schools under their charge in compliance with the requirements of the course are misleading, and not in accordance with the facts. Not only this, but that in a number of the schools which have ostensibly adopted the course, it has not improved their condition a tittle, and that many of the teachers have not even read it with care.

Pause before making heated answer to these allegations, and let the still small voice of conscience be heard remonstrating against a denial of the truth of the charges here made. Make these questions a cud for reflection to chew on, and then answer with coolness and reason: What was the character of the work before the course of instruction was introduced by these teachers now most successful in dealing with it? Do not the young teachers who have worked with marked success manifest that degree of intelligence which warrants the belief that they appreciate the nature of education? Has the course in any single instance supplied the want of intelligent appreciation of the purpose of school work? Do you honestly feel that a considerable number of

your schools are doing what they should do, or as well as you had reason to expect from the attention you have given this matter as superintendent?

And again I say, the teacher is not to blame, wholly. The fault lies not in the people, whose objections can easily be removed. Lay the blame at the door of the superintendent. And let not the institute conductor wash his hands of all responsibility, they are stained with the sins of omission and commission.

What was the need which called into being this admirable scheme known as the Course? Was it because there seemed to be a lack of class records and reports that the procrustean bed of grading was demanded in the best interests of the country school? Or that formal graduating was needed to keep our schools from languishing? If so, many of our institutes are conducted in the proper spirit, and when particular stress is laid upon keeping records and rigid classifying, the spirit of the course speaks through the lips of the conductor. How lost some of our conductors would be in a country school!

If, on the other hand, the course is designed to fill a want caused by methods of procedure not being in harmony with principles, that effort is dissipated by not being properly applied, that classifying, as thoroughly as circumstances will

permit, and class records are an important *aid* in carrying out this scheme, then, not all who conduct institutes bear true testimony. Under which king, Bezonian?

But admirable as the instruction is at some institutes in elucidating the principles and explaining the methods of the course, it fails to take that root in our schools which the effort to plant it would warrant. Why? The soil is not prepared. The teacher finds no use for it in carrying out his ideas of education. And this difficulty confronts us at every step, and will until we root it out. Of what value can that course be in aiding a teacher to hear a child spell through the first reader? put down a string of figures until in the arithmetic of chance the answer is struck? to listen to the stately line of words which convey the information that a "verb is a word which expresses action, being, or state"? Who of you would care to study up any elaborate system to perform such a simple duty acceptably to your patrons and satisfactorily to yourself? Many a time I have heard it said in the most guileless manner, "There is no use of my teaching according to the course because I have only one form in my school." Certainly if classifying is the determining quality, such a school may well be entered in the category of those having adopted the course.

I well remember the buoyant expectation with which I set out, the first year of my service as superintendent, to introduce the course in every school under my charge. Often since I have wallowed in the "Slough of Despond" and laid my mouth in the dust. I think I know more than I did, at least I know that growth requires time and patience, and that we must not polish error, but apply the axe to the root.

Those whose work this course of instruction is, no doubt assumed that teachers understood what school work is designed to accomplish, and furnished a plan beyond all praise to carry out the purpose which in every true teacher is to go through the routine of tasks from nine until four, mount the tread-power the following morning, and keep up the interminable grind until the contract is filled by the lapse of time. The projectors of the course did not take into their calculations this species of "purpose," because it is not a legitimate one. But it has being, even a habitation and a name. I have found it where petitions and not scholarship appeal for certificates, and where it is well understood how short a school term the state permits. I have found it in schools where pupils in the third reader receive not a thought from the printed page through which they stumbled, and could not express it in English if they had. Why do you

allow this state of affairs? How can I prevent it? I have made district officers go from house to house as mendicants, pleading for funds with which to pay the salary of incompetent teachers when they durst not use the public funds for that purpose. I have refused certificates when every resident of the district petitioned, and still I have teachers able to earn certificates in any county who would earn their salaries better if they never entered the school-room.

The difficulty is they interpret ability to earn a certificate as synonymous with an invitation to go forth and teach the children of the earth, and they find justification of what they do in the certificate they hold. How to disabuse them of the impression? Weeding them out as rapidly as circumstances will permit is the only cure for the desperate cases when the disease has become organic; instruction in the institute less subjective in character, and directed against the grievous faults which cry for correction; intelligent instruction at every teachers' examination on the theory and art of teaching having direct relation to faults observed; and in dealing with the course avoiding the mistake of the heroine in "She Stoops to Conquer," of disposing of the husband before securing the lover; the diploma, the certificate, the classification, the record book, all being postponed until the manner of teaching

based upon a knowledge of what teaching is permeates every fiber. It will no longer then be the "hand of Esau but the voice of Jacob," for seeming and reality will have clasped hands, and the class record will tell the truth.

Function of Education

To one practically engaged in educational work the silence or apathy of the leaders of public opinion, on questions affecting the growth of mind and the building of character, seems strange. Liberal as the public often is in providing schoolhouses and apparatus, it is niggardly in its outlay for the actual work of education, and miserly in yielding the time for pupils to become informed for the work of life. People's notions must be radically false or the leaders in educational circles have been fatally in error since intellectual Athens became the guide and inspiration of the lover of knowledge and culture. Guizot, in his History, tells us that one dominating thought pervaded each of the civilizations of antiquity. It was now military, now monarchical, now theocratic, and each left its impress on the social organism. Our own age seems to have its powerful determining characteristic. It may be called the materialistic age. A scramble to gain wealth and distinction among the perishable products of man's labor seems to be assuming the proportions of a national trait. Selfishness rules the human breast; the desire for gain too often makes people oblivious of their higher interests.

It not only rules the individual, but its baleful influence creeps into every branch and fiber of the social organization. Every element of physical and intellectual power is now made subservient to man's passion for gain and is turned into a producing agent at the earliest possible day. The learned professions are entered now by the merest novices in learning. Persons are classed as lawyers, who scarcely know the functions of government or the elementary facts of history; persons are called physicians, without a smattering of general scientific education; persons are called teachers, to whom psychology is a mystery, and the simplest principles of pedagogy vague or meaningless; persons are often ordained to show the Way and the Truth without an acquaintance with society or a disposition to drop the plummet to sound the depths of human passion; and the vast army of children is withdrawn at an early age to learn trades or earn bread at some form of manual labor.

Public opinion should be educated and directed against this tendency. There should be a more vivifying spiritual atmosphere to breathe. The long recognized function of education is to give man control of his inner forces, to make him cognizant of the laws of the material and spiritual world, and to render him able to comprehend and apply them for his own liberal advancement.

A properly educated person is not a child viewing certain facts and occurrences as aberrations of nature. On the contrary, he learns to reduce all events to a few higher denominations called the laws of the universe, while he still looks with wonder and admiration upon these laws themselves, his soul swelling with emotion and longing for a glimpse at the unexplainable power that produces order where the ignorant mind sees only chaos. This is the theoretical and desirable function of education, no matter what the character of the school, no matter what the subject of instruction may be. If it teach history, it is a failure unless it bring forth the great principles that move and guide the masses of men. If it teach geography, it fails unless the laws of human wants are considered. If it teach mathematics, it fails of the highest purpose unless the sharp distinctions between the true and the false are made to permeate and govern the human soul. And if it teach religion, it misses its grandest aim unless it inculcate into the minds of our youth the sublime principle of the brotherhood of man. Without this conception and this aim education will never extend beyond the three R's, and they will be cultivated not to broaden the horizon of thought, not to purify the intellectual eye, not to give rise to the sublime emotions of a culti-

vated soul, but simply to enable man to avoid the snares set by business competitors while they fail to give him the virtue that would teach him to set no snares for other men.

The Practical in Education

One of the commissioners of the board of education of New York City objects to educating children in "vague theories which will be of no use to them," but demands that they "be filled with a knowledge that will be of use to them in the ordinary employments." The advocates of higher education, and those who demand that education be practical and largely rudimentary, have each some right and some wrong in their views.

Graded schools are not as successful in giving that practical education, or indeed in giving their pupils that mental grasp, which contributes so much to success in life, in proportion to the facilities they enjoy, as country schools are. And why? The graded school as a rule has better teachers, and being able to put in practice division of labor have an advantage which should give their work pre-eminent superiority. But the best disciplined minds come from the common schools where there is little or no apparatus and seemingly not much to stir the child's ambition.

The fault lies largely in a prescribed course of study including some of the higher studies which

can be reached only by slighting the elementary branches and thus forming a vicious habit of doing superficial work. The child is forced to take up studies for which he has no aptitude, and to keep pace with the one whose taste makes the mastery of that particular branch a comparatively easy task. In the country school, the child is made to feel that it is not his prime duty to pass the grade examination, but to understand the subject, and because he is not "graded" he has given him the time which his slower comprehension required. Besides, if he does take up any of the higher studies, it is because his proficiency in the elementary branches makes it proper that he should, and not because it is a part of the regular school work which it is incumbent on him to perform.

To complete the course is the ambition of the "graded" pupil; to learn something that is of value is the purpose of the boy at school near the cross-roads. Each one refers the work he does to the object to be attained to determine how far it goes to the accomplishment of the end sought. Can there be any question as to which gives the better descipline? Besides the country child has duties to perform which give him a feeling of responsibility that must exercise an influence on his school work. He develops independence of character, and not having his course

marked out for him in detail, is compelled to make an inventory of mental stock to determine what he is best qualified to do. The higher education is good if it is sought after the child is well grounded in the elementary branches.

The Public School

The public school, by performing its legitimate work properly, develops character, and by strengthening good purpose and teaching recognition and performance of duty, gives a moral tone to character which cannot be imparted by dabbling in precepts. The trouble with our clergy generally is, that they do not understand child nature. The child is incapable of reasoning, and never directs his conduct by the religious teaching he receives. He is guided largely by the direction of others until habit comes in as second nature to give trend to his actions. The true teacher sees that the child does promptly and in an orderly manner what it is proper he should do. The discipline of the school teaches him that a certain amount of self-denial on his part is made obligatory for the good of the little community in which he lives for a certain number of hours each day. Action is always antecedent to the formulation of the principle which is but an expression of what has been done. The public school teaches the thing by practicing it, both in its moral and intellectual features—one fortifying the other and making it complementary.

Gems of Thought

Christmas-Tide

The holiday season comes when Mother Earth has least warmth in her heart for us, when the winds have lost their voluptuous softness, and heaven's blue its tender depths. The early frosts, that mellowed Nature's loveliness ere destroying it, have deepened in intensity, and clutch with chilling grasp where before they touched with gentlest though blighting caress. The clouds sweep on wings of chilling blasts with sinister motion, while the Alpine piles on the horizon seem like mausoleums of vanished summer. Nature has ceased to smile, and we must turn to the heart of friendship for the warmth which the soul covets and which gives buoyancy and hope to life.

It is winter in the heart which knows not love. Selfishness is a misery at this season, when to live within one's self is to bar out the spirit of good will whose fruitage is the Christmas gift. Those deft fingers which have fashioned the offerings of affection for some loved one have been the active agent of a kind heart centered on a benevolent purpose. That gift is a visible token of regard—pure, unselfish, holy; typifying the divine precept, "It is more blessed to give

than to receive." Evil cannot be joint tenant in the mind that harbors generous thoughts. Regardless of our belief or disbelief in the divinity of the Child whose first draught of life was poverty, as deep as his sympathy for the sorrows of the children of man, that birth has been the beacon-light of charity. The Star of Bethlehem which guided the Chaldean shepherds may no longer direct the faithful to the true God; but the fitful gleam of benevolence shines out with steady light at this time, and leads to a higher plane of humanity—a realization of the favored Utopia. Man, seek not thy brother by the light of creed when good will has made all the world kin. The symphony of love through the lips of laughter and the voice of kindly greeting, the prayer of gratitude which speaks through the kindling eye and the warm hand clasp, have no formulæ of words to provoke contention.

Religion is Love

Religion in its true sense, divorced from malignant persecution of what is deemed error, purified of intolerance, superstition, and pretense of exalted goodness, is love pure and simple. There is no promise of the future that makes it so blessed as the hope that love has an existence which extends beyond the grave. The love of friends is the purest and most exalted element of life, the essence of the soul. It is unshaken by prosperity, it is triumphant over misfortune and makes existence sweet. The mother who mourns a child can have no conception of heaven higher, purer, holier, than a place where she will meet "the loved and lost again."

What in life is worth its survival except it be love? Hope at best is but a wish wedded to faith. But there is solace in the thought that the flower of sweetest fragrance is nourished by the tears which affection sheds, and blooms "where sorrow may not enter." If this life is but a preparation for another, higher and better, then the best and purest attribute of this should be allowed entrance into that realm whose gates of pearl it has opened. Love makes heaven possible and earth pleasant. It is the great

heart of the universe, whose pulsations are charity and good will; the life which is immortal, the hope that endureth.

Good in Abstention

The man who discontinues some expensive and useless habit is benefited, whether he does so in response to the promptings of his moral nature, or because decreased income suggests retrenchment. Man is always in danger when he can satisfy every wish. If things come easily to him he loses diligence and his character is weakened. There is always good in abstention, whether voluntary or forced.

Mothering Sunday

Mothering Sunday, in the times gone by, is said to have been a festival, and the custom to which it was sacred should give perpetuity to the day. Then it was the practice to pay homage and respect to the old mother at the old home, around which clustered the fondest recollections. It must have been a day devoted to feelings more holy and ennobling than Thanksgiving Day brings forth, because in Thanksgiving there is always a feeling of self, which keeps it from being entirely divorced from the bustling, busy, every-day life. Mothering Sunday was designed solely to bring happiness to the mother whose life had been deprived of that fountain of joy, the presence of her children. It offered a guaranty to her that, although the duties of mature life might have put a check upon the affection of her children for her, that affection still glowed with all the old-time warmth.

The adult children turned to the "light of home" on that day, bringing with them some token of love. The mother was the person to whom homage was paid. She was the lodestone who drew the fragments of the family together and made it again "one and indivisible."

She was queen of the day—the old mother antiquated in dress, and perhaps uninformed in, at least heedless of, modern ideas of etiquette, but still the queen of the day, assuming those prerogatives which derive their charter from maternal love, and are guided by the promptings of the heart rather than by the grammar of formal etiquette. It would be a splendid thing to revive Mothering Sunday. It would be a delight to the mother and a blessing to the child, who needs often to recur to the simplicity and unselfish affection of the old time when love taught him duty.

An Old-Time Picnic

The picnic of the olden time has fallen into disuse. It came then at rare intervals, and left no evil in its track. It was marked by innocent jollity and a feast in the green woods. The viands might not of themselves have been tempting, but keen appetites and genial fellowship lent their aid to make of a frugal spread a rare symposium. The boys and girls were just what the words mean, and knew how to appreciate a holiday from the very rarity of the occurrence. The whole crowd could not by pooling their capital get cash enough to purchase one glass of beer. Swings were made of the masts of the basswood, and these took the place of the dance of older gatherings.

The picnic nowadays has a bar as an invariable accompaniment. Yes, and the catgut squeaks, or the brass band brays, and the feet keep time to these measured sounds.

The boys are young men, the girls young ladies, carrying fashion's trappings to the extent of being decorously blasé. The bare-legged, collarless boy is no longer an attendant upon picnics, and yet it seems as if there is getting to be a void up in that adult plane of true manhood

because that bare-legged boy has quit his former haunts. That bare-legged little rascal has quit the country school, and somehow that school has grown weak in real strength, though its tinsel dress has put it more in accord with the times. The girl with coarse cloth dress and heavy shoes has gone, too, and there seems to be but few recruits for the army of womanhood. That happy borderland, where the young life expanded into genuine adult maturity through responsibilities and habits which properly belong to that period, has been given over to the keeping of the stilted formalities of social demands.

The Frost King

Last week was a return of the old-fashioned winter when time was young in this land. The snow came down fast and furious, but remained where it fell, and the country roads were smooth, glassy, and level, a delight to the traveler. There is between Meeme and Schleswig, Manitowoc County, Wisconsin, a forest, the most extensive in the county, the surface broken with deep ravines and rugged hills. A good road runs through this wood, and a ride over it were worth ten years of humdrum life. At a distance, it looked like an immense orchard in blossom, and one could almost fancy the winds were laden with the fragrance of May. Every twig was wreathed with garlands of filmy snow, with a delicate bordering of embroidery gathered from the humid atmosphere by the fairy touch of the Frost King. The evergreens drooped beneath their loads, forming beautiful canopies, fitting bowers for some fair Titania. There was a suggestion of peace in the whole scene, of purity, and an expression of beauty now seldom encountered since "the flowers of the forest" are "a wede away."

Music that is Eternal

There is no person who is not, to some degree, a lover of music, and in all stages of civilization musical instruments of some kind have soothed troubled feelings or aroused passions. But it is a singular fact that those melodies which become most popular have in them something that touches the deeper emotions. A humorous song is short lived. It may amuse, but it leaves none of that indescribable thrill that may properly be called the ecstasy of the soul. A song must have "soul" to be immortal. The plaintive airs of the negroes, as touching in their sadness as they are beautiful in their simplicity, will last as long as melody has the power to please. The words may be, indeed generally are, a meaningless jumble, but the music is of such exquisite beauty, so clearly a product of the heart, that it has the power of touching that organ and making an impression, which, like the memory of the dead, is sweet from its sadness. Men instinctively reverence those airs whose inspiration is from the depth of the soul. Vicious men, and those merry in their cups, will sing humorous songs, but never one of the character under discussion. It would seem sacrilegious, a wanton

effort, to injure feelings peculiarly sensitive to impropriety.

The Irish are a people, though of a mercurial nature, subject to fits of despondency. Their airs are the language of the soul and are impregnated with melancholy. There are none sweeter, none more lasting. Scotch airs have also a suggestion of tears in them, and gain immensely by the touch of sorrow. A patriotic song may stir, a lively one may amuse, but there is none that will sink so deeply in the heart as that which is born in sadness.

Thanksgiving Day

The heart that does not throb with a quickened impulse on Thanksgiving Day must long have beat time to sorrow's measure. It is purely a secular holiday, borrowing no feature of solemnity from "fears of what is to be." It thaws the frost of selfishness from the heart, and quickens sluggish life with the instinct of good will. It crystallizes prayer into good acts, happy thoughts, and generous promptings. The busy, bustling world is shut out from the family group; a truce is called, and the soldier in the battle of life, everywhere, enjoys the brief respite.

Why should not this pleasurable feature be an element of all holidays? At what higher purpose can religion aim than to bring joy to the heart of a child, rest to the troubled soul of the anxious parent, and to all that elevated sentiment of kindly feeling, regard, and charity which always attends pleasant companionship? The prayer which agony wrings, which fear inspires or selfishness dictates, may have an intensity of earnestness, but it does not gladden the heart. Make man happy, and his life is a pæan of praise. And what is the source of happiness? Judicious enjoyment of the things that are. Oh, sad-eyed

parent! look at the merry group which surrounds you to-day, and ask yourself if you have not found a surer way to the confidence and hearts of your children than through gloomy, lifeless precepts, with which you have clogged their minds, shutting out the genial warmth of parental solicitude, and establishing a censorship where should be loving guidance. Man of the world, when acting the devotee of that exaggerated fashion of giving large donations to ostentatious charities, have you at such times felt that expansion of soul which you now experience in being one of a group which numbers no sad hearts? And conscientious church-goer, has the clergyman, as in studied phrase he addressed the throne of the Most High, inspired you with that feeling of "good will to men" that has taken possession of you while you aid in passing around the well-filled plates? The ear that has never been attuned to any but doleful sounds, the eye that has never looked upon any but gloomy pictures, the lips that have never syllabled any but sorrowful words, have naught to do with the melody, the sunshine, and the sweet communion of this world. Their hosannas are choked with sobs; their hearts are fountains of bitterness.

Springtime

There is something in the vigorous march of springtime, sweeping over the meadows in luxuriant depths of living green, flinging out the banner of fragrant blossoms from fruit trees to kiss the wooing breeze, which recalls the springtime of life, when the spirit was buoyant, hope strong, and the future covered with the sheen of bright promise. "The tender grace of a day that is gone" may be brought back by an aimless ramble through the country one of these bright days. Nature is never more amiable. She woos you with a profusion of flowers, and a melody as rich and dulcet as it is varied; the air is sweet with the fragrance of buds and blossoms, and the woods, in the fragile beauty of the tender leaves, are as lovely as a tinted transparency. The bobolink at this season, a trill of joyous song in flight, is everywhere; the robin's note is never still; the catbird's voice is heard at intervals; and the blackbird's whistle sounds sweet in this symposium of song. Go out for a ramble, and come back happy with having tasted some of the sweets of life more worthy of search than the things of ambition.

New-Year's Day

There is something in the sound of these words expressive of that "good will" of which Christ's coming was the promise. There is no mourner so disconsolate that a glint of sunshine does not warm the heart, no feeling of desolation so dreary that it is not irradiated by a touch of that benevolent impulse peculiar to the season. No prayer has greater efficacy than that unsyllabled one to which every heart gives utterance in philanthropic beats. For one brief week God's great church—mankind—is united; no conflicts over creeds; no discordant shouts over rival doctrines. Forms are ignored, and the spirit of harmony and kindly feeling envelops humanity, suppressing what is sordid, and stimulating by genial warmth all that is generous and ennobling.

The old year, which was ushered in with manifestations of joy, has added one more link to the cycle of time. The old, old story, "The king is dead; long live the king," will soon undergo its annual repetition. The stream of time will flow unobstructed over the imaginary border which separates the Old from the New, bearing on its surface chaplets of laurel or wreaths

of cypress, jewels of hope or tears of sorrow. Ambition will seek the "chamber of the gifted boy"; Discouragement will wait upon the footsteps of the timid; Industry and Indolence will claim their votaries; and sighs and laughter will be strangely commingled in that jumble of incongruities known as life. But all those who bore the burden of sorrow, and those who trod the table-land of success, will at the next recurrence of this festival join in hailing the advent of the new year and speeding the departure of the old. This life runs on until infinity is reached. Immensity stretches beyond the blue heavens, but Reason cannot follow Imagination beyond the precincts of this life. We are hedged in as Rasselas was in the Happy Valley, and know not what lies beyond. The canker of discontent may eat into our hearts, but neither hope nor fear can pierce the mystery which circles the horizon of life. We have to do with this world and with this life; what lies beyond is but a corollary of these. Whether pinched by poverty or blessed with wealth, burdened with misfortune or crowned by success, we owe a duty to mankind which, if properly discharged, will add to the pleasurable emotions inseparable from this season.

A Girl's Education

Girls have their future in their own hands. Fathers are too busy with affairs of business, and in planning for the future of their sons, to reflect that girls have a future, which includes something besides marriage or the prim acerbity of old maidenhood. Mothers have too much concern for the requirements of the present to demand anything practical in the education of their children. To dress with taste, appear well at a party, be attractive and properly religious, are the *summum bonum* in the early life of a girl, according to the mother's idea. But there are not a few girls whose eyes rest on the future, and who have a purpose beyond social pleasures and the delights of youthful love-making. They are not striving to cast off all feelings of responsibility, but they are acquiring strength to be able to discharge life's duties as become women. These are the true women, the leaders of a fashion which sinks deep into the current of life and develops the womanhood which has not frivolity as its chief characteristic. The education which dignifies life with a purpose has the elements of real beauty. Culture must reach character. A girl who has learned to sew well has given evi-

dence of a higher conception of life's duties than one who has received a "polish" which precludes all knowledge of domestic accomplishments.

Midsummer

There is rare beauty in the woods in midsummer, which no one can fully appreciate but he whose memory is a storehouse of pleasant recollections gathered in that early period when "life was love." The patches of sky seen through the rents in the green curtain of nature's weaving, flecked with shreds of fleeting clouds, bring to mind the heaven of childhood, which needed not doctrine or philosophy for its revelation. The winds seem to have a softness and fragrance which lull the spirit to rest and thus blot out the harshness of life. Rest, now, has no feature of languor, and the vigorous, happy life with which one is surrounded is inspiriting. There is no prescription that can match the woods for efficacy.

Duties of Parents

Paternity brings duties which it is a crime to ignore. Children may be instructed in doctrinal points of belief, and may have a superficial coat of piety, but they need the affectionate watchfulness of parents until character is fully formed. But that injudicious affection which constantly indulges every wish of a child, which takes pride in curtailing childhood, and making women of girls and men of boys before age or experience fits them for the position, is more fatal than the repression that comes from dislike. It is now the fashion for girls, before the innocence of childhood has ripened into the experience of womanhood, to ape the flirtations of young ladies, in years at least, attend balls, receive the attentions of boys who assume the habits of young men, and enter into paths beset by dangers. The mother will allow her child of fifteen to play the young lady without a thought of the consequences, but would be shocked if the child manifested a disinclination to attend church. The mother exercises no supervision over the literature her child may read, though the country is flooded with the most pernicious kind, but requires constant attendance at Sunday school.

Seemingly, to bring a child up in some religious denomination makes unnecessary any precaution to prevent the formation of bad habits, and relieves the fear of evil associations. It is wise to give religious instruction, but without the much more impressive lesson taught at the fireside, it brings forth but indifferent fruit. The lessons taught in church are, in point of effect, second to those learned from a mother's lips. Home should throw its sacred influences around youth and guard it from evils which appear seductive.

The Power of Love

There is no higher force than love. It has inspired the lovers of humanity in all ages and countries. The love of country has caused the patriot to leave his blood-stained footprints on the sands and snows of a thousand fields. The love of home and family causes the hard hands of the toiler to struggle for the necessaries of life. The love of humanity produced the sacrifices of the Howards. The love of truth sustained the constancy of the martyrs of science and liberty, and causes the privations and sacrifices of the explorer who faces death amid arctic snows and cold and ice. Yes, all the tears that have been shed, all the prayers that have been offered, all the kisses given by the rosy lips of health to the ashen face of death, all the fond hopes expressed amid clouds and mists, have sprung from the great fountain of human affection—love.

The Child Beautiful

A child is beautiful—beautiful for its innocence and confiding trust in the good intentions of all with whom it comes in contact. The parent, the school, the church, can have no higher mission than to guard the beautiful child from the evils the years may bring. The bloom on the cheek will fade. Trouble will trace its indelible lines on the face, but the unstained character will look out through the clear eye with all the loveliness of younger days.

The growing years of children make renewed demands on our care. Now is the time to inculcate habits which will be a safeguard against the attacks of vice. Do not seek to make children men and women by allowing them to indulge in amusements suited to adult age. Many amusements proper for grown persons are vices for children. Let them not be taught to look for pleasure in excitement. The child who lives in an excitable atmosphere is taking poison into his moral system. The little girl who takes part in kissing games or anything of that nature is applying the ax to the root of her virtue, the boy grows up to sneer at propriety in the intercourse of ladies and gentlemen.

There is no better safeguard than reading, and that at home; look to the child who never turns to a book with pleasure. That child will seek amusements in places where character is blasted and the seeds of immorality are sown. Guard your child by giving him good habits as a talisman against vice. When the seeds of vice are sown early they are not easily eradicated, and when the flower of virtue receives early attention it is not readily blighted.

Autumn

There is something in the approach of autumn, the border-land of summer, that is depressing, just as if the shadow of death were brooding over the future. There are dark clouds in the sky which cut off the sunshine; there is gloom in the heart which darkens hope and makes life "scarcely worth living." The wind has a mournful cadence, and the trees sway as if the motion were a sigh of sorrow. Everything seems to harmonize with the prevailing spirit of sadness, and animate nature moans forth a dirge. Dew-drops seem like tears, and the evening breeze is a sigh. The moon itself seems to wear a garb of grief, and flits among the clouds, a tear-stained Diana. It is a season for men to grow mad, for anguish to gnaw at the heart, and for melancholy to usurp the throne of reason. The retina receives only dark impressions, the tympanum transmits none but doleful sounds. One is feasted on dismal thoughts on every hand until it becomes a regular symposium of sorrow. Those imps, the blues, that feed one on dejection, are in their heyday, implacable as a Nemesis, persistent as a devil. They revel in gloom and drag one down to the Slough of Despond. Work is

performed mechanically, and what in its nature is amusement is now a bore. One "sucks melancholy from a song as a weasel sucks eggs," and longs for night that he may seek forgetfulness in sleep—the twin sister of Death. A miserable world this, when the year is falling "into the sear and yellow leaf," and there is a lingering wish that the shadows which come from the west would bring that icy breath that gives forgetfulness and rest.

The Manly Boy

Just as one predominant trait is an index of character, so the upbuilding of character in a school is evidence of the excellent training that is given. Tom Brown's manly boyhood, full of faults, though not grievous ones, the result of an excess of animal life and impulsiveness, is a field for the imagination of the youthful reader. It is the growth of healthy sentiment in a boy, this strengthening of the moral fiber amid perplexities and under conditions which might lead to ruin, that gives inspiration and arouses feelings of hopefulness. Tom Brown at Rugby is a living personage because of the human sympathy which gives life to the story. No boy is good at all times. Tom Brown teaches that a boy may be good and still be a boy of many faults.

Fountain of Piety

The heart which is surcharged with charity to all is the fountain of true piety, and raises man to the uplands of practical religion. Prayer is but the expression of thoughts which fill the soul, and deeds, not words, are its proper exponents. Jesus the son of man is a light to the skeptic no less than Jesus the son of God is the hope of the Christian who relies for salvation on the blood which was shed for man's redemption. Lofty church spires may not invoke piety in one whose heart will melt in ready sympathy in the presence of suffering. Christ ate with Publicans and Pharisees; modern Christians persecute opposite sects; Christ wept over the dead Lazarus; Puritans enjoyed the suffering of tortured witches; but that "peace on earth" which was heralded by Christ's coming is daily gaining strength and tolerance; charity and good will are extending their sway over humanity.

The Genial Germans

No one can appreciate the sturdy character of the Germans, their liberality, good fellowship, and freedom from bigotry, unless he mingles with them. No man, no matter what his nationality or his creed, can ever say that, socially or politically, he suffered at the hands of Germans because of his nationality or creed. But to one on the outside the appeals of the demagogues to the dominant race in this country naturally cause a prejudice which is wholly undeserved so far as the Germans are concerned. Their societies are wholly different from those of other nationalities. Nationality is no bar to admission. In all social relations there is an inborn courtesy which prevents any reflection on any nationality. The "outsider" who mingles with them is not made to feel that he is a trespasser. He is received openly and cordially, and if he does not feel at home it is his fault. These things are not known to those who do not mingle with the Germans. They are not susceptible of flattery, nor supersensitive to criticism, but the demagogues think they are, and employ the one and avoid the other, not for the good of the Germans, but with the mistaken notion that their favor may be

thereby won. The best way to win the respect of any nationality is to be independent and manly, never withholding criticism when the occasion demands it, and never indulging in obsequious adulation.

The Industrious Student

The industrious student rarely has occasion to complain of the hours spent in study. He has educated himself into the habit of giving attention to the matter in hand, and his powers are concentrated on the task. The complaint of over-study comes from the student who wastes time in permitting other subjects to share his attention while engaged in the performance of duty, and dallying with a task, cultivates irresolution by his methods of work. The worry incident to a conscious lack of preparation, the time spent in listless endeavor, the mental disquietude induced by patchwork effort, and the bodily sympathy with mental inertia, are indeed symptoms of overwork. The writer has known parents to attribute every little sign of lassitude in their daughters to over-study, when the real cause was lack of thought and need of work. Physicians cloak their ignorance, and flatter parents by their promptitude in discovering the source of difficulties in the severe exactions of the school, when in a majority of cases the prescription which would bring relief would be to advise the student to work more earnestly and dawdle less.

Woman's Affection

Woman clings to life, not because her fear of death is stronger than that of man, but because she is more affectionate, truer to duty, and less beset by despair. Man's best qualities are revealed by the very activities in which he is engaged, but the depth of a woman's purpose, her strength of feeling and capability for sacrifice, are never revealed until some emergency calls them out. There is much that is noble and good hid behind frivolities which belie woman's nature, and frivolity is readily discarded when a demand is made on those womanly qualities which are much more common than we suppose. A woman's friendship is not easily won, but when it is, its roots find a place in her soul. With capacity for suffering, she has acquired the strength to bear it more uncomplainingly than man.

Sanity of Work

We hear much of the evils of overwork, and "breaking down" is often mistakenly attributed to severe mental or manual labor. Nervous excitability and anxiety, when accompaniments of labor, weaken the body and affect the mind. It is proper to distinguish these from labor, and to avoid their debilitating influence, but it is not wise to suggest cessation of work. The body inured to labor, and the mind accustomed to discipline, can best cast off the evils which beset them. Thought may bring weariness, and bodily labor exhaustion, but these are natural conditions, and nature provides a cure. It is when thought runs in forbidden channels, when imagination occupies itself with unwholesome pictures, when desires run to excess, that the weakness ensues which permanently impairs bodily and mental vigor. Those who fancy they suffer from overwork receive more injury from the character of the rest they take than from the labor they perform. The avenues through which weakness reaches the mind are the emotions. These are quite active in young people, and their abuse invariably results in that unhealthy mental condition which vanity ascribes to a worthier

cause. Can healthy exercise of body and mind be carried to extremes? Rarely; because strength to withstand comes with increase of exercise. Good plain food is seldom—very, very seldom—indulged in to excess. The depraved appetite always longs for that which injures, and grows in weakness with increase in desire. As it is with exercise, so it is with mental activity, and when overwork is complained of, it is wiser to correct the perversion than to discontinue labor. Very few people are injured from this cause which is described as if it were a national epidemic. Many suffer from want of wholesome employment.

Gone

Bob Flosbach is gone. Death, which is a serious thing to most people, is full of a sort of grim kindness in Bob's case. Bob didn't have much volition in the matter, but his death stands out in solitary prominence as the one worthy deed in his career. Bob was on familiar terms with every one. He should have lived in the time of the reign of the *sans culotte* of France. His badness had in it that steady, uninterrupted flow which failed to attract attention. There was no redeeming trait to mar the exquisite harmony of movement. But set down one thing to Bob's credit: he never pretended to be good. Bob was a bad man for boys to associate with; but he never tried to appear otherwise. When he attacked the citadel of virtue, he wore no mask and carried the black flag. He practiced no wiles; but on his face was the ineffaceable inscription written in the deep characters of habit, "I'm bad."

He was bad, but the current of his deeds flowed on to the great ocean of vice within the sight of man. There was no underground current. No flowers to deck the horrid form of sin; no religious coloring to soften the hard front of

vice; no mask to cloak the design of a perverted heart. Bob was bad; bad in purpose; bad in action; bad in the end sought; bad in appearance; bad in everything, in seeming as well as in reality, with the one glorious exception that he never tried to appear otherwise. This is Bob's monument; the one single ray which issues from a life of rare and distinguishing barrenness; the one solitary spark of negative virtue; the merit of not being a hypocrite.

Dancing

Dancing is not wrong in itself. It is a form of amusement which, indulged in properly, has high value as a recreation. But it should not invade the domain of duty. When it does, it is an evil. Any form of amusement which trespasses on duty, or makes duty irksome, has reached the realm of dissipation, and is fraught with danger to the participants. When dancing is sought with such eagerness that duty receives but fugitive attention, it becomes a vice, and the more dangerous if it has parental approval. That is a test which every parent can apply, and the remedy should be quick on the heels of perception.

Slang

The persistent use of slang is an evidence in most cases of mental inertness. When it is the fashion to use a saying only expressive because of its novelty, a great many yield to it as they do tc fashion in clothes, while refusing to express approval. But such persons tire of the silly utterances, and return to rational words to express the ideas for which the slang was a stereotyped form. The slang expression may be used with effect by one who rarely uses it in conversation or public speech, but one cannot help deploring the tendency toward slang. The fact is, our young people are getting to use a sort of gypsy dialect, and have sentences ready framed to express a thought, without the necessity of thinking. Conversation has no charms, for the reason that there is nothing new in it, simply a rearrangement of the patent sentences prepared in the slang factory. And yet society would be shocked with an oath, something less censurable than the addiction to slang, because it does not, in conversation, serve as a subject for thought. The words "chestnut" and "rats" in their brief run were a greater aggravation than

all of the profanity since swearing was invented. The person who uses slang habitually should be made to wear the cap and bells.

The Violin

There is something in the music of a violin when touched by a master hand beyond the power of description. It is more than melody. It has the fervent feeling of spiritual emotion and the deep pathos of human feeling. It is the unsyllabled language of the soul—a vibrant beauty whose touch is exalting. No other instrument has the sympathetic fervor, the capacity for sounding the most profound depths of the human heart, awakening its most delicate susceptibilities. It is a fountain of delicious sounds, playing with the abandon of inexhaustible resource.

Home is Woman's Sphere

The shop-girl's training and her constant surroundings are not such as to elevate her ideal of life, and she is doomed, at best, to a miserable existence while unmarried. When she becomes mistress of her own home, she is a stranger to its duties, and her tastes unfit her to make home pleasant or cheerful. The girls who work as domestic servants receive, as a rule, wages fully up to their demands, and the training they receive is an excellent preparation for the home in which they themselves are to govern in the future. They are laboring in woman's proper sphere—a field that their whole antecedent education should prepare them to improve and beautify by their intellectual acquirements as well as by their discipline in the household. Much of the misery now prevalent among women has been incurred by their seeking to fill the positions of men, and those who preach equality for both sexes in all fields of labor are the authors of the mischief that has been done. Housekeeping is a high art. It will never be usurped by men. It will always remain woman's field. How, then, can it be properly cultivated in all homes, if the heresy that woman should be

allowed to compete with man in all work is to prevail? This pernicious philosophy has been advocated by women whose hopes for a reign in a domestic circle were blasted, and the acerbity of whose tempers has given a wrong direction to their aspirations.

Knowledge is Power

Bulwer, in his "Varieties of English Life," devotes a chapter to the refutation of the maxim, "Knowledge is power." The many inventions of the nineteenth century, all useful, many curious, give to the industrious student a power transcending that of the mightiest potentate. The seemingly idle speculations of profound thinkers often crystallize into that which promotes the cause of civilization to a greater degree than do the labors of a generation of statesmen. The closet has done more toward the advancement of the interests of mankind than have legislative halls. Fast upon the splendid results which came from a knowledge of the properties of steam came the inconceivably quick transmission of messages through the agency of electricity. The telephone with its miraculous reproduction of tones makes the wonders of the telegraph seem commonplace. The phonograph appears next on the scene, with its seemingly incredible capacity of conserving sounds, to give us almost unbounded faith in the omnipotence of science. A membrane, a grooved cylinder, and a stylus are endowed by the intellect of man with a faculty which heretofore has been pecu-

liar to nature's most perfect organism, and makes the fable of Frankenstein seem a reality. With the wonderful achievements of science before us, Tyndall's labors to discover the principles of life should not be prejudged as the fruitless efforts of an enthusiast. The miracles which science performs to-day are great enough to win belief in the divinity of man.

The Book of Nature

How sad to think of a man living threescore years and ten never for one moment considering a simple law governing the world! This in a country that pretends to give people an education. But once open the book of nature, and what an endless source of enjoyment is exposed to the intellectual view. The world would no longer be looked upon as a finished product; the vulgar conception of the few years of its existence would expand into untold millions, and the apparently finished beings would be seen to be the work of hidden forces operating through endless ages that have lapsed.

The study of nature not only gives enjoyment, but furnishes food for thought which never need be dug from a stagnant pool. This is an age of science, and the application of it, and consequently its study, should be made a part of the training of every child.

Preparation for Ease

The tendency of the age is toward higher education, not for the pleasures incident to intellectual culture, nor for that strength of character proceeding from the philosophy which mental acquirements breed. This is because education enlarges opportunities for the acquisition of wealth, enables one to rise above the necessities of manual labor, and brings a certain amount of praise which is at best nothing but flattery with a gloss of refinement. Every motive, hope, and aspiration has in it something of the earth earthy; a base of selfishness, a framework of cupidity with an ornamentation of honorable ambition. Law, medicine, and theology, the three great professions which attract genius, are departments in which that genius glorifies itself; the benefit to mankind, if any accrues, or the fuller exposition of principles, if such is the result, is but an incident of this preoccupying purpose. This is the loftiest purpose which animates people in the honorable professions. The fame which learning brings is the incentive "to scorn delight and live laborious days," and not the purely intellectual pleasure of overcoming those difficulties which obstruct the pathway of

the mind to the uplands of thought, or that benevolent purpose of giving light that man may be happier.

Of the many young men attending school, how very few realize that the education they are receiving is designed to fit them to be better members of society, to enable them to discharge with more efficiency the duties they owe themselves, and to recognize those complex mutual relations which society imposes. The graduate of the high school feels as if the modicum of learning of which he has become the possessor raises him above the level of common humanity, and that his destiny is to be carried out in the battle-field of life where mind, and not muscle, contends. A difference in the means of supplying bodily wants is, to his understanding, the line of demarcation between the aristocracy of intellect and the commonalty of labor. Indigence with uncalloused hands is preferable to plenty without the social distinction of being above manual labor.

With three-fourths of the boys and young men between the ages of four and twenty looking forward to the presidency, a large percentage of the remainder more modestly ambitious, but hoping that their "lines may be cast in pleasant places," where are our producers to come from? With the misconception which obtains of the object of scholastic knowledge, are we not edu-

cating too much? If the inevitable result of schooling beyond the rudiments is to raise a young man above himself and produce a distaste for labor, is not ignorance preferable? It is evident the fault is not in education. There is no labor which intelligence will not dignify. But it is the purpose for which education is sought; the false aspirations which have their birth in the many dissertations on the "advantages of education," which verify the proverb that a "little learning is a dangerous thing."

Good Advice

"Keep your children in at nights." These were the last words addressed to parents by Henry Ward Beecher. They are wise and timely. The conditions that called them forth exist in all cities. There are parents so indulgent and forgetful as to permit their girls, attending school, to enjoy the company of callow youths who put on airs and perambulate the streets with their "girls" by their sides. Young people ape the virtues and adopt the vices of their elders at too early a date, and it may well be questioned which are more destructive of character. If the vices of drinking, smoking, and social dissipation seem unavoidable, they should, if possible, be postponed until the physical organism can better withstand their evil tendencies, and until judgment is so clarified that moderation will not interfere with the recuperative forces of nature or make the person a victim of a slavish habit. Parents should recognize that certain phases of virtue, when too easily acquired, are not one whit less injurious than a vice, for they, too, often lead to a vice.

Individual Development

No reform was ever instituted having prejudice for its corner-stone. To teach that a man who is successful is to be hated is to teach that persistent effort, industry, and frugality are vices, and that personal ambition is to be discouraged. The work of reform, if it is to be successful, must be prosecuted with the instruments at hand. No community was ever made better by sudden revolution, and no man was ever fired by manly resolution to better his circumstances while repining at his lot and giving heed to the teachings that his distress is wholly due to causes outside of himself. When a man rallies his own forces and makes them active in his own behalf, he seldom finds it necessary to demand that the progress of his neighbor be checked so as to preserve equality. He can do more by exercising his own forces than he can by an attempt to hinder others from acquisition, so that in the general distribution of what chance gives his share may be increased. Improvement in society comes through the improvement of the individual. It is a better cause to warn people against their own faults than it is to influence

them against those of others. No man is made better by having his attention constantly called to the harm others are doing.

A Country Boy's Sunday

There is a genuine pleasure in that day-dream which brings up visions of green woods, the cool stream, the joyous crowd of boys with no remembrance of the past, with no thought of the future, nothing to mar the pleasures of the present. There is glory in realized ambition; there is satisfaction in amassed wealth; there is gratified vanity in becoming famous; but for real unadulterated pleasure, the honest, simple-hearted country boy's Sunday, untrammeled by conventionality, has in it a degree of pleasure which wealth and honor cannot give.

Origin of Some Holidays

The origin of holidays, such as New-Year's, Christmas, and Thanksgiving, seems to be very obscure, although one will find any number of persons ready to offer a full and lucid explanation. All-Fools' Day is a quasi-holiday which no one knows what it is intended to commemorate. Thanksgiving is an old feast day, but at what time it came to be observed it is difficult to say. We have an indistinct recollection of having read "long ago" that it was a feast of the December month, and that mince pie was then as prominent a feature of the day as roast turkey now is. But some interdiction was placed upon the use of mince pies at that particular season, and the date of the feast day was changed so that gormandizing might not be interfered with. President Lincoln was the first one to make it a national holiday—a day of thanksgiving and prayer, as well as of feasting. The custom has been observed by all succeeding presidents, and is now as well established as the inaugural address.

Christmas is designed to commemorate the nativity of Christ, but the best authorities agree that the date is far from being correct, and that Christ was born in October and not in December.

In the early days of Christianity, when custom among the heathens was hard to overcome, superstition was made to promote the cause of the cross, and many of the practices prevalent as religious rites were given a sacred character by being made commemorative of some epoch in the life of Christ, or as representative of something sacred. Mysticism was essential to true doctrine in the estimation of those who worshiped the gods of Olympus. The Saturnalia of the Romans was a feast where everything ran to excess and riot, something entirely inconsistent with that spirit of the new religion, which was austerely simple and inculcated sobriety in conduct and temperance in appetite. But habit was strong, and there needed to be an anniversary kept at this season to direct the thoughts of new converts from old and familiar scenes. The substitution of ceremonies which inculcated morality instead of license justified a change in the time when the anniversary of Christ's nativity was to be celebrated, and the old Saturnalia became a thing of the past.

The Lesson Taught by Christmas

The holiday season comes upon us during the blending of the old and new. There is no violent transition. The dying breath of the old year quickens the pulsations of the new. We feel the thrill of new life in the showered blessings of good will which mark the close of the old year. And so we change without deserting, and welcome the new in the words the old has taught us, thus bearing in our hearts what time has consigned to the past. The lessons which the Christmas teaches are priceless. They are not taught, they are impressed—not impressed, but developed from the germ of goodness within us.

There are "tidings of great joy" now as there were when the humble birth at Bethlehem marked an epoch in the progress of the world toward a higher civilization. Man studies himself during the holidays not with a view to his own advantage, but to discover and bring within the scope of present action that element of sympathy within him which must have expression to bring him in kinship with the world at this time. There is no ostracism during this season that is not self-im-

posed by refusal to let the heart expand. The heart has sunshine which no cloud can dim if only the glad spirit of the time be permitted to touch it with enlivening fervor.

It seems strange that a child should be made the cynosure of man's moral nature; that a birth under circumstances which would ordinarily awaken only pity should inspire devotion. Bethlehem is greater than Gethsemane during this season of rejoicing. The child is again enthroned and rules the hearts of men, bringing the gladness of his young life to sweeten the domination he exercises, and spreading happiness by its radiation from himself.

Secular Feature of Christmas

The holidays which mark the close of the old year and the beginning of the new, have to a great extent lost their distinctively religious feature, and now give occasion for the impulse of humanity, rather than the observance of religious ceremony, though the latter is by no means discontinued; nor should it be, as it marks an epoch in civilization. When the old Jewish doctrine of an eye for an eye gave way to the benevolent behest "Love thy enemies," it was the genius of humanity declaring the birth of a new era. There is no such thing as sudden revolution in human development. An idea which had been crystallizing for years found fit expression in the gentle nature and benevolent disposition of the Christ. It was a reaction against the "wild justice of revenge," and the apotheosis of strength. The Messiah was the embodiment of this change, its exemplar and exponent, and thus founded a religion in consonance with principles of justice and mercy. The Christian religion, based upon what seemed a revelation of the duty of men to "love one another," has kept pace with the moral growth of mankind, wedded to form, as it was inevitable it should be, and

claiming for itself the progress it initiated and to which it has always contributed.

The secular feature of the Christmas holiday—such in the sense of being unmindful of, if not divorced from, the divine feature of which the day is commemorative—claims some attention at this time when the phrases "Merry Christmas" or "Happy New Year" are coined in the heart, though they may not bear the stamp of faith. These greetings are not formal though stereotyped. They have the ring of sincerity, and as such are prayers which the recording angel cannot fail to note if there be a place where good will to men reigns in spiritual supremacy.

What is there of good in human nature unless it be active in doing good? The cup of cold water is a prayer, active though unsyllabled. The good predominates in people though it may remain latent until the occasion calls for its exercise. There is more charity in humankind than appears on the surface, and the Christmas time brings it out, perhaps in response to tradition, possibly in harmony with that mystic conception when the essence of divinity assumed the garments of flesh and lived and died as man did, that man might be redeemed.

Whatever the cause, the Christmas time is sacred—made so by generous motive and unselfish impulse. It is a time when the hard front

of business is relaxed, and the smile of hearty greeting beams in every eye. There may not be religious fervor in us all at these times, but there is moral renovation, a closer weaving of the ties which bind us to our fellowmen, and a broader humanity. These things come to us as some compensation for the cherished mysteries with which Christmas was invested in the long ago.

Falstaff

Professor Freeman, of the University of Wisconsin, evidently accords to Shakespeare the full measure of untutored genius with which those not critical students invest him, and as well with that intellectual power of the recluse who studies motive in the abstract. He makes the character of Falstaff too allegorical to suit the impression made on first acquaintance and for which any philosophic creation is a poor substitute. One feels inclined to make the same plea for the retention of the flesh and blood Falstaff he does for himself in the character of the Prince when the latter personates King Henry. One cannot analyze Falstaff without losing the flavor of charming rascality deprived of malice, shrewdness to meet an emergency without ulterior purpose, and confession of error through the medium of mitigating circumstance. To the ordinary reader Falstaff is the incarnation of bad habits wholly disconnected from evil purpose. He levied tribute upon mankind only when his needs necessitated. He never lost his good humor, and never planned for the future except as the future was the immediate outcome of present developments. He had the genius of a great general

which he prostituted to supplying in the readiest way the indulgencies which he never combated. Shakespeare understood human nature, and had learned in the hard school of experience what deprivation was. He saw how men sank to vice without the element of criminality. Shakespeare's marvelous comprehension of human nature typifies vice which is not at war with virtue and which makes one "pity though not embrace." Is it not to this grasp which is beyond our comprehension, which is instinctive rather than philosophic, to which we owe the creation of Falstaff? Shakespeare was not a philanthropist. He created because he felt; he was in sympathy with humanity only to the extent of feeling every impulse by which it was swayed. He evolved no systems by laborious research. He was the creature of completeness, the exponent of nature. He had no good purpose in the creation of Falstaff—perhaps he has served none by it. There is no benevolence in Nature, though purity comes from the associations it offers. The writer formed this conception of Shakespeare at a time when reading had no purpose of profit in it. It was then but an unsyllabled impression. It is an illusion no doubt, but it has served no bad purpose, while emphasizing Herbert Spencer's idea "that there is a spirit of good even in things that are evil."

May

The early and unusually warm spring is one of the olden time when youth made summer of a gleam of sunshine and the heart gave quick response to promise of reviving nature. The present May seems to be a dream of the past, when the wooded hillside, bursting out in early verdure and sweetening the soft winds with the odor of its wild-flowers, made school appear a prison. A country boy is happy in his deprivations when Nature is at her best, because then his soul can lave unstinted in her beauties, and his whole being becomes photographed with her charms—sympathetic with her moods. The song of the bobolink has in it for him more than the pleasure of melody. It quickens the imagination, and awakens every slumbering susceptibility of youth. The blue of heaven is but a screen which hides from mortal vision the abode of the blessed, and the shimmering beams of sunlight are angels' smiles. The delicate blossoms of the wild-plum rise before him as things of beauty, not as a promise of the fruitage it will be later his privilege to despoil, and the bursting buds of elms, fragilely beautiful, are trysting-places for the winds and sunlight in their wooing.

This spring is one of the olden kind, and it has annihilated the intervening years. Have you not noticed that the birds' songs are sweeter, that they are happier as they leap from bough to bough, that they are more numerous and of greater variety than they have been for years? Have you not been tempted to look for birds' nests? And in your day dreams do not the forest paths, the deep dells and babbling streams come before you as a benediction from that Dead Past in which lie buried all that was sweetest in our lives?

The Harvest Moon

Star-gazers may, with pleasure to themselves, turn their attention to the moon these evenings. It is the harvest moon, and nowhere can this be seen as favorably as on the shores of a large lake such as Lake Michigan. The harvest moon may be seen at its best when about on the decline. As it rises from the lake, a glowing ball, it forms but a small angle with the horizon, and seems to skim along the surface of the water which shimmers with ripples of silver. From the bluffs along the shore, the moon can be best observed, and as there is but a comparatively short interval of time between its successive risings, there is no need of late hours to witness this fine sight.

In England the harvest season occurs when the orbits of the earth and moon form the least angle and the days are lengthened by the intervention of the moon. Its presence was welcomed with the song of the reapers in the harvest fields, and it thus received its name. It meant longer hours of labor, but it occurred at a season when long hours were desired. It seems hallowed now with the sentiment of cheerful toil and the song of men gladdened by its cheering beams. Look for the harvest moon when the curtains of

the night are drawn, and look for it on the beach, where the path of shimmering light seems to bring you in touch with its beauties.

The Highest Pleasure

If heaven ever touches earth it is when mortal man finds pleasure in bringing happiness to others; when the spirit of charity is abroad casting out the demon of selfishness from the hearts of men.

The Farm and the Young Man

The fact that agriculture and stock-raising offer inducements of a financial character far in advance of other kinds of business has stopped the tide of departure from the country to the city. Young men are apt to get the notion that any position in a city which does not demand manual labor is far preferable to the life of a farmer. A man in a subordinate position in a city becomes a very cipher, while the young farmer grows in wealth, in independence of character, and in public estimation. If nine-tenths of the young men whose salaries enable them to live and "put on style" suitable to the position which they imagine they fill in society, if that number would discard fashionable frivolities, purchase a piece of wild land, and in time move onto and work it, they would be laying a basis for future respectability and independence. It is a mistaken notion to believe that manual work is the only kind that is tiresome. The weary muscle is far preferable to the tired brain. Physical weariness makes rest enjoyable, but mental exhaustion

makes repose impossible. There is nothing equal to the farm, young man, and well for you if you realize that fully.

Mother

There is no injunction which appeals more strongly to man's affection than that which reads, "Honor thy father and thy mother." When a man thinks of what his mother has endured for him, the affection she has lavished on him, the sacrifices she has made for him, the faith she has in him, he must be worse than a brute if the warm current of his love does not center in her, no matter what her faults.

Arbor and Bird Day

State Superintendent Harvey has issued the Annual for Arbor and Bird Day, the date of which for this year is May 12. There is something suggestive of young life in the month, and the forms of life which the observance of the day is designed to preserve and protect have intimate association with that period of life when care sat lightly on us. The boy who does not love the forest is a boy only in years. All of us can recall a favorite tree, a shady nook in which dreamy reflection took possession of us, when the flitting and the song of birds was the movement and the voice of nature. And we are the better that we can recall these experiences, as they are resting-spots for the mind when oppressed by the shallowness of life.

There is no child who has formed friendship with nature who has not thereby injected some purity into his life. And the fountain is ever fresh with the waters of content when our imagination takes us back to the early time when nature spoke to us in the language of the soul. There is no day set apart for special observance which should appeal to us more strongly than Arbor and Bird Day. It should not be observed

in noisy demonstration or formal ceremony. The heart should guide the conduct, and the thoughts of the past should sanctify the purpose and bring us in touch with nature through her representatives, the birds and trees.

Effects of a Cold Day

Sudden and severe cold weather always adds to the discomfort if it does not actually bring with it suffering to the poor, and for that reason it is not desirable. But a real cold day has the effect of waking up mankind, and naturally forces it to move about lively—imbues it with a snap and energy that is pleasant to see. The most staid citizens pull their caps down to their very noses and step along the pavement with an energy that belies their years. Children going to school never loiter on the way as they do in summer when, under the influence of a warm sun and bright sky, outdoor life seems doubly attractive to them. Even the horses are impatient at delay, and seem to have drawn fresh energy from the frosty air, while the slowest teamster jumps from his sleigh with an alacrity that denotes a desire to get somewhere else at the earliest moment. A biting atmosphere puts new life into everything capable of moving, and the effect seems to follow into the cozy dwelling and the warmed workshop and add more vim to the occupants thereof, accompanied by a desire to accomplish the greatest amount of labor in the shortest possible time. An occasional frost-

nipped ear or nose is one of the undesirable results of an encounter with a Manitoba wave, but it is seldom regarded as a sore affliction, and the unlucky one is quite willing to admit that the "cold snap" has some desirable features.

Lake Michigan in September

The lake offers an occasional reminder of the flitting of summer and the advent of fall. The forests have not yet put on the hue preliminary to the season of the "sear and yellow leaf," though the leaves rustle with a premonition of change. The placid mirror of water in the bay is ruffled occasionally, and the reflected sky is corrugated with frowns, and the dancing ripples of gentle liquidness frequently swell into the ominous roll of the agitated sea. The soft murmur of gently undulating waters, which was like the whispered breath of loved assurance, now thunders in the evening, at times, like blasts of defiance. South Point still juts out in all the serenity of vernal calm, with its crown of foliage untouched by the coming change which man's instinct feels as the bird of passage does. Two Rivers Point stretches its dreary, dreamy, desolate waste lakeward with the abandonment of hazy accompaniment and the enchantment of illusive distance; the waters of the bay, with changeful mood, lie between and smile with fitful placidity or roar with truculent emphasis.

The mobile waters are never irresponsive to change, and roll in unison with the speeding of

the winds or take the mood of lowering or of sunny skies. The finger of change works no sudden transformation in the leaf, and so the umbrageous depths of the forest are still eloquent of the leafy luxuriance of summer, while the beating of the surf seems to chant a requiem. It is the border-land of the past and future, each wooing—one with the clinging grasp of farewell, the other with the tactful touch of welcome.

Social Reforms

The frequent returns of hard times followed by brief periods of industrial prosperity must have a cause not merely local, not merely temporary, but must be due in some way to the organization of society. What is the cause of this poverty and crime which stalks forth and shows its naked front? What is the signification of these various schemes for the regeneration of society? Are the evils which exist to be attributed solely to the ignorance and improvidence of the masses? Are the enlightened free from error, and has their prosperity been the result of a wise adherence to what alone is proper? Or has society as a whole been drifting in the wrong direction? Has the selfish in man's nature kept pace with his intellectual progress, and is his life still a struggle for existence? Is might still right, though wisdom fails to guide? Henry George and his disciples attribute crime and poverty to private ownership of land. Abolish this and you have the panacea at once. Communists and socialists would supplement the theory by discontinuing individual competition. They would reward the leech as well as the honest laborer with an equal share of the fruits. Man is what his environ-

ments have made him, but his desires and passions are too organic to be eradicated by a sweeping reform. Had our visionary theorists been present when differentiation began, they might have given a wise direction to affairs. But civilization so-called has advanced too far to now permit of reversal to any ideal scheme. Yet there is an important element of truth in the theories of social reformers. If man is to live independent of other men he has no claim to a position as a social being. The cave of the anchoret is his fit abode. If he wishes to be a social being he must make a sacrifice of himself for the interests of society. He must enter into the sympathies of men, must let them be sharers of the powers which God has given and nature developed in him. Is he an inventive genius, he should not demand too much for his labor, should not demand pay for all that nature gave him. Is he gifted with great intellectual powers, his strength belongs partly to society. Until the truth of the impeachment made against this sordid, selfish spirit is recognized, until education can reach the heart of men and cause them to look in upon themselves, look out calmly and sympathetically upon their neighbors, and recognize that they are the elements of a great organism, society reform in any other direction is futile. The true scientific spirit which can look impartially at

society must prevail, and reform must begin from within. Without these and with reform men might start anew, but they would be organically unfit for the new situation, and things would soon move on as they did before.

The Farm

A reaction has set in against the tendency toward quitting the farm. The agricultural colleges have done much toward dignifying the business of farming. They are relieving it of the feature of drudgery by imparting intelligence in the conduct of its affairs. Young people are not attracted as much by the money-making possibility of a calling as by the respectability attaching to it. They are forgetful of the fact that character can dignify labor, no matter what its nature, and that intelligence has opportunity for exercise in any department of industrial activity.

The trouble with farming has been that the doctrine of manual labor has overshadowed the opportunities for intellectual activity. But the latter are developing, and agricultural pursuits are growing in dignity. The poetry in rural life is an asset of rare value. The æsthetic feature of farm life has been lost in the prosaic round of mechanical duty. But things are changing under the guidance of intelligent action, and young farmers are beginning to learn that "love lightens labor." Thought robs labor of its servile feature and invests it with the beauty of sentiment. The fields of golden grain yield

not less profit because they give pleasure to the eye as well as appeal to the sense of gain.

There is no small investment which pays better than the farm. The money invested in a farm yields more if industry accompanies than when put to any other use. The chance of great wealth is not involved, but neither is the probability of failure. A little labor will make surroundings pleasant and give all the comforts of city life amid the beauties of the country. A farmer worth fifteen thousand dollars is a man of distinction. A resident of the city worth that sum is not regarded as being "comfortably well off." The average young man who deserts the farm shows as much good sense as the boy who is captivated by the glamour of the circus. The farm is what its owner makes it. If it is solely a workshop it has only material value and appeals only to the sense of acquisition. But it need not be such.

Hog Island

Hog Island is a name applied to a rock-ribbed hill enclosed by a cedar swamp in the western part of Eaton, Wisconsin. It is noted principally for hogs, dogs, rocks, thatched roofs, and a class of people who stare with open-mouthed wonder at the poor wayfarer who dodges stones and lean dogs with teeth ready-whetted for a meal on man's flesh. Hog Island is an anachronism. In its type of life and general appearance it belongs to the early part of the age of mammals, but has not yet fossilized so as to be entitled to geologic classification. The dwelling-houses are of the most primitive kind, and when one crosses the swamp which makes this unique hill an island, the impression that time has rolled backward seizes him with irresistible force. He must run the gauntlet of dogs which bark and bite and refuse to come to any terms of accommodation. The Island was formerly the abode of Yankees, whose coat sleeves reached to the elbow and the pants legs within a few inches of the tops of the boots. As civilization hemmed in the Island these settlers sought more harmonious surroundings, and the Island is now in possession of foreigners.

Labor Day

Labor Day is a legal holiday in this state, and in thirty-four others and the District of Columbia. It was voluntarily observed for some time before it had legal sanction. It had its origin in New York City, in 1882. On September 4th of that year was the first parade of laborers. Its success led to the recognition of the day by the legislature of that state, and its action was followed by similar action in other states. When labor is thoroughly organized the day is observed with a degree of ceremony exceeding that of any other festival.

Its original purpose was to impress the people with some idea of the number of men who toil. When laborers acted without organization each was wholly at the mercy of his employer, and in large concerns the individual was an insignificant particle. Enlargement of concerns through concentration of capital operated to reduce the individual still more as an industrial factor. What wealth had been doing the laborer was compelled to do, and he soon outdid wealth in perfection and efficiency of organization. Labor Day is intended to show this solidarity so as to serve as an object lesson to those not familiar with its power.

Labor organizations have done labor invaluable service. Without them serfdom would be a condition of the men who toil for wages. It is true that labor becomes tyrannical at times, and is not always sufficiently mindful of the rights of employers. But this condition is more incidental than general. It is rarely that an organization does not abuse its power even to the extent of injuring itself. Exercise of power to the extent of being oppressive is becoming more rare. When forces designed to work in harmony are in balance there is less friction and more mutuality. Labor Day is not intended for carousal nor excess of any kind. Its purpose is to show fellowship, discipline and regard for the proprieties. In this view it deserves the heartiest commendation.

The man is to be pitied who does not recognize the dignity of labor. The workman's blouse should always beget respect as it is a mark of character. It is evidence of a willingness to earn a living by the sweat of the brow and not to seek it through chance or the exercise of wit. The honest laborer is no parasite. All he asks is a chance to toil at remunerative wages. The toiler is no lawbreaker. When he feels he is wronged his indignation may lead him to excesses. He does not choose to live on the labor of others. He is averse that others should live on him.

When he does break out in seeming hostility to order, in his mind there is a basis of justice in what prompts him to wrong-doing.

Life

Life is a union of joys and sorrows, of passing clouds and flitting sunshine. Its pathway is sometimes beautified by pleasant flowers and again darkened by somber shadows. The mother who bends with loving solicitude over the cradle of her child has a fountain of joy in her maternal affection. But the love-light in her eyes is often quenched in tears and her affection brings forth a fruitage of sorrow. Grief is a parasitic plant which feeds on love, and the smile of to-day is often but a prelude to the tears of to-morrow.

Woman's Future

The young women of America are demonstrating their ability to live independent lives, and are practically exploding the theory that industry, advancement, and responsibility are masculine prerogatives. There are many women whose nurture, from birth up to maturity, systematically eliminates every germ of womanly worth, and they are molded into creatures of fashion, fit companions for man who loves beauty without a soul, and are "ordained to flutter and to shine and cheer the weary passenger with music." But this is training, and not a development of inherent traits. It is a distorted woman; the growth of false ideas; a misconception of beauty; a flower made neutral to please the eye at the expense of its worth.

Man born to wealth, or reared with the same disregard for future usefulness that characterizes the training girls receive, is as worthless a member of society; of as little consequence in the progressive world as the gay belle who has no thoughts beyond personal adornment and fashionable enjoyment. Every thoughtless, giddy girl can be matched by a brainless, worthless fop. While her virtues are negative, his vices are posi-

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he pays his subscription to the paper, and looks as if there was no happiness this side of the Elysian Fields equal to that of not having a home to which he must go. It is house-cleaning time.

Self-Restraint

In avoiding prudery, people should not run to the opposite extreme of license, and young persons cannot afford to defy decency, or dare the condemnation of people of staid habits and approved judgment. The ordinary rules of politeness should be observed at all times, and being one of a large assemblage in no way justifies that remissness which leads to vulgarity. Society should interpose restraints, not incite laxity. To be boisterous at gatherings is to be ungentlemanly; to chatter incessantly is to be undignified and discourteous.

"Prof." versus "Mr."

Educational men, even people who occupy chairs in colleges, refuse to be dubbed "professors." There is no other word in the English language that has become so degraded on account of the character of the persons who wear it as an appendage to their names. Tramps, cracksmen, gormands, fasters, fools, and cranks are "professors." When a man is unfit for anything else he becomes a "professor" and wears his hair long. Women are not so made as to fit the name so they become partial to "mademoiselle." No one ever saw a man in tights who was not a "professor." If he manages an educated pig he tacks on some French to supplement the "professor." Every organ-grinder is a "professor," no matter whether he is mutilated or not. The crop of professors is simply enormous. They are poor and undeserving young men, old men, monagamous, polygamous, divorced, and in every form in which man appears. If the professor would only organize he would be a power in politics. The plain "Mr." is rapidly coming into favor, and will soon be used in contradistinction to "Prof."

Indian Summer

People often express curiosity regarding the name by which the sunny days of November are known. Why should Indian be used as a qualifying word? Parenthetically, it may be said that what is popularly called Indian summer is not the season. It is not the dreamy days of September or October, nor has it calendar limitation. It is that portion of the fall when pleasant sunshiny days follow a cold and stormy period which is a reminder of winter. It may come in October, most likely in November, sometimes in December, and may not come at all.

It derives its name from Indian sloth. It is well known that the Indian's industry comes from necessity. He does not hunt until hunger prompts him, and never does to-day what can be put off until to-morrow. So it was in gathering his corn. While the weather remained pleasant he postponed the work. When he had a reminder of winter in a few stormy and disagreeable days, he utilized the warm, sunshiny days which generally follow, in gathering his harvest. The white settlers named the period the Indian's summer. It would more appropriately be named the Indian's harvest.

City Life versus Country Life

The people of an adjoining county are going to wrestle with the old, old question: Resolved, that city life is preferable to country life. It is a subject as old as language, and like a child with measles, every debating society must have it. What a false glamour there is to that city life! Politeness is a form, respectability a rut, and good breeding a formula. The honest-hearted country boy, awkward and frank and manly, is a boor, and the mustached, perfumed simpleton who bends his body according to rule, a gentleman. Of course city life is preferable, and the aimless, drifting waifs who "ask their bread of chance and not of toil," and crowd the cities, prove it. The independent, energetic farmer can't dance gracefully, can't bow with just the proper inflection of the body, and can't be taught that propriety and true politeness require that the movements of the hat be adjusted by rule. Yes, let us have picturesque poverty and dependence and city life. We never knew a debating society that didn't settle this question, but like Banquo's ghost it keeps popping up to tangle

the brains of embryo orators. The country with its manners and customs and labor which hardens the hand and destroys the suppleness of the body should be abolished.

The Holiday that Revives Old Friendships

Thanksgiving is a holiday avowedly sensual but incidentally an occasion for the manifestation of the noblest sentiments. It may not "knit new friendships," but it prepares the heart for the revival of old ones. It is not sacred in the sense that it bears the stamp of religion. It is not purely secular as it commemorates no event in profane history. It rears a platform for mankind in whose construction *credo* finds no place. Its birth is not shrouded in antiquity nor the issue of apocryphal goodness. It is a holiday "of the people, for the people," and delves deep to the fountain of thankfulness by opening a way to happiness. Fifty millions of people are called upon to express gratitude for the general prosperity, and what more likely than that the bounteous past will gild the promise of the future, and that the beauteous flower of hope will bloom more sweetly because the atmosphere is one of joy.

To-day the heart may be full, but it may be grief that holds carnival. While the hand of plenty is held forth to some, ashes are strewn on

the heads of others. The past may have nothing but regrets, the future nothing but despair. It mocks distress to be called upon to give thanks for prosperity in which it had no share. To the old, the new life which they are nearing, brighten it as you may with the effulgence of divinity, is a place of exile, whose paths are beaten by the tottering steps of fear. Regrets for vanished youth cloud the visions of future bliss, and gratitude gives place to reminiscences sad as "the memory of buried love." As the years creep on they bring pleasure and pain. The one lights the eye but transiently, while the other leaves scars that time fails to heal.

It is well that custom has superseded proclamation as to the manner in which the day is to be observed. The cross which every life must bear until its Calvary is reached is not laid aside for fasting and praying. From the gospel of love and friendship and quiet content the true philosophy of life is preached. There is much gained if even for one brief day we snatch respite from care, anxiety, and toil. The sybarite is not a whit less wasteful of life than the anchoret, and the revel which to-day marks many a festal board is far more conducive to correct living and to that charity "which thinketh no evil" than is that solemnity of visage and bitterness of heart that come from religious contemplation of the

world's wickedness and one's individual trials. If the present offers pleasures let not their enjoyment to-day be marred by painful memories of the past nor fruitless concern for the future. Let thanks be uttered by the voice of mirth, and prayer be syllabled by the lips of joy.

Sentiment

No one wants to stay the hand of progress; but enterprise should sometimes yield to sentiment. The song of the bird is sweeter to the ear than his morsel of flesh is to the palate. Man has a heart as well as a stomach, and the demand of the latter should not forever crush out the longings of the former.

Abraham Lincoln

The character of Lincoln broadens with the passage of time. Whether it is that people make him a center for attributes of greatness which every one desires to see in concrete form, or whether the perspective of time enables us to view and judge him better than could be done when his qualities were displaying themselves, is of no consequence. He is one of the nation's idols, and a nation without an idol is a nation without ideals.

Men like Lincoln, who are regarded as he is, elevate the standard of humanity—more in contemplation of the virtues they are credited with having possessed than in what they did. And still men who are in popular estimation invested with the attributes of perfection, were great in life. Death has removed all possibilities of exhibition of human weakness and their character is viewed in the light of their greatness and their frailties are eliminated.

No such man as Washington is popularly supposed to have been could be made of flesh and blood, and the great Lincoln, if he appeared in life before us to-day, would soon be divested of

many of the qualities it gives us pleasure to think of having been his.

The creative faculty of imagination is strong in mature people as well as in children. It lifts the race to higher planes of moral susceptibility. There is no intelligent citizen who will not gather inspiration from viewing the grand figure of Lincoln as it appears to him. All that is best in man finds expression in Lincoln, and no matter how faint the desire to emulate, it stirs to some activity the moral forces in us.

If Lincoln did not understand the great heart of the people, he would not be deemed great himself. He could look through selfishness, contention, and jealousy and perceive the good. He could find

> "Books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything";

and this was the foundation of his greatness.

James G. Blaine

The nation lost one of its great men in the death of James G. Blaine. It is not the great party leader whom the people mourned, but the man whose forceful character and intense humanity gave us the highest type of manhood. With all his ambition, with all the strife which he welcomed, and shared in with the confidence of conscious strength, there was an element in his character which won devotion much more deep than that which admiration for brilliant gifts could inspire. Blaine coped with great men for the glory which would attach to his prowess; he fed the partisan flame for the political advantage which might result to him; he was inexorable in passionate denunciation of political opponents, and insensible to mercy in forensic strife; yet the hostility he provoked as a party leader was never directed at him personally. For a time Blaine usurped the place of party as a target for the shafts of the opposition; his personality blotted out all discernment of party, and its traditions gave way to his magnetic leadership. He welcomed the combat, though it was one man against a well-organized, well-disciplined party, and under circumstances which would make the

party, whose functions he had assumed, blench. He did not come out of the contest victorious; neither was he defeated, but his continued supremacy was assured. The point of attack was Blaine, but it was not Blaine whom it was sought to injure. His popularity suffered no diminution either as an individual or a party leader.

Audacity, tenacity, magnetism, intellectuality, persuasiveness, eloquence, and good fellowship were united in him in such a degree that any one, to the same extent, in another individual would give him prominence. Here was a man with something in him which every one could admire, though it might be coupled with something which might meet with disapproval. Such exuberance of strong features could not fail to enchant, and make of Blaine a man destined to be a leader until death had cut him off.

Blaine's statesmanship qualities were allowed development when the conviction was forced upon him that the presidency was beyond his reach, or rather that he had reached beyond it and had not the power to shorten his extent of grasp. He had made too much preparation for the prize he coveted and went beyond it in his efforts to make its possession secure.

This country has produced few men greater

than Blaine. If he erred it was because his mind had too expansive a reach to examine closely what appeared little things to him. He was mourned by the people as a great man should be.

Carpenter

The sorrow felt at the death of Senator Carpenter was something more than regret at the extinguishment of genius. The people of Wisconsin admired their senator for his transcendent ability. They loved him for his manly qualities. When Sumner died a nation mourned for the man of conspicuous ability. The same regret was felt for Carpenter, but it was deepened by the affection which the people had for him.

No public man had a greater hold on the people of his state. It was not the result of shrewd management on his part. He was no demagogue. He never courted popularity, or did aught inconsistent with a manly spirit to win the applause of the people. It was worth which exacted homage from a people who had learned to appreciate it. It was the appreciation of that rare nobility too genuine to attempt to conceal faults. That generosity which was inherent and sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all men without regard to station. These were the elements of Carpenter's popularity, which made him more beloved the better he was known.

In these days of intense partisanship it is difficult to find a public man whose victories in politi-

cal warfare leave no trace of bitterness among rivals or opponents. Carpenter was so immeasurably superior to his competitors for honors among his political associates, that he was never an object of their envy. Pride in his ability and love for the man among his political opponents took the sting from defeat when the chaplet encircled the brow of Carpenter. No man in the senate, elected on party issues, more truly represented his state, in contradistinction to the party of his state. The heartfelt sorrow shown on every hand at the announcement of his death is a monument to his worth and a tribute to his memory.

Henry Ward Beecher

There is no spot in the civilized world where the news of Henry Ward Beecher's death did not bring regret. There never lived a man in whom sympathy for mankind more completely broke down the barriers of prejudice, which in turn won him the regard of all denominations, of all classes, of all peoples. Beecher was bold as the devoted parent is, because his love could dare anything. He broke through forms which fettered the catholicity of his mind and submitted everything to the test of its power to contribute happiness. He did things which would be classed as sensational in other men, but with him they were the natural outgrowth of broad humanity and enlightened liberality. A man of the people in the midst of aristocrats, he preached the gospel of equality, not in the manner of intellectual analysis or to win notoriety by startling prejudice, but naturally as became the color of his thought, and because the doctrine had its roots in his soul.

Beecher's power came through the heart, and he had as warm a one as ever beat in the human breast. He was eloquent because he had feeling; he ignored convention because he was guided

by sympathy too strong for form to govern; and he stood ready to follow the banner of charity though it led forever from the line of precedent. Love was his theology, and to him it seemed as if it was God's chief attribute. With the strength of strong impulse he denied the existence of a hell, because the very thought was a libel upon his God. Every fiber of his being was so repellent that he set his impulse against the authority of the church and felt that humanity was a safer guide than doctrine. And this was Beecher in everything.

He defied everything which ran counter to humanity and justice; not with bravado, not with affrontery, nor with affectation of heroic attitude, but as a man whose very soul is stirred with the conviction that he is right. Whether pleading the cause of the negro or the Irishman, his advocacy was not the less earnest because he had prejudice to contend against, nor did his courage flinch from championing the lowly and oppressed when he met in the lists the powerful and the haughty. His powers did not come from conscious strength, but from impulsive benevolence which never counts the cost or the odds.

Measured by the good he has done in a line in which heroism is scarce, Henry Ward Beecher deserves to rank with the great men of the world. Intellectually he had few superiors, but one loses

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sight of these powers in admiration of the work of which they were the instruments. His emotional nature controlled his intellectual and gave us a philanthropist whose powers were exercised for the good of man. Otherwise he would be a man whose thoughts were intellectual gems, the delight of scholars. As a man he was the friend of man—and as such history will know him.

Tilden

Tilden's name is a synonym for shrewdness, sagacity, and statesmanship. The history of the world does not furnish a parallel for Tilden's silent leadership. It was unquestioned and almost absolute as it was also discreet and unselfish. No man was ever better prepared for political life before assuming its burdens. He seemed invincible because he had made ample provision for every contingency of the future, which he prepared with the glance of a prophet. His mind had that wonderful power of concentration by which he could weld facts together and draw conclusions which were inevitable and the wisdom of which the event always justified. His political papers were read with a kind of superstitious reverence, as if their author had the power of peering into futurity and advertising the decrees of fate.

He was a man of broad statesmanship, and history would have found much to deal with in his administration had he been allowed to serve the people in the high station to which they had called him. Tilden's nature was wholly of intellectual fiber. He was a great man, scarcely second to Alexander Hamilton, but he was not

a man whom the people could love, though they could not but admire him. Had he been allowed the opportunity he would have done them infinite service, but as a statesman, not as a philanthropist.

Dickens and Carlyle

One cannot read a sketch of the lives of Thomas Carlyle or Charles Dickens without a feeling of indignation at the abuse which their wives received. Dickens's was deliberate cruelty, driving out from his heart the woman he had promised to cherish, and making her life a wreck, because her intellect did not keep pace with his. When we read some of his beautiful passages on child-life and woman's love, knowing how unmanly realized ambition made him, we cannot help believing that the divine sympathy, which he painted so eloquently, was nothing more than sentiment cast off in the intercourse of practical life. This discarded wife appears in the background, and in the eloquence of sorrow, hardship, and suffering takes the coloring out of his beautiful words.

Carlyle was cruel, but unconsciously so. His wife was a superior woman, not equal to her husband in intellectual force, but vastly so in all the qualities that give beauty to life. But she lived alone. She was not the confidant of her husband, though worthy of being so by virtue of a well-cultivated mind and a tender solicitude for which its object was unworthy. She admired

rather than loved the intellectual giant with whom her life was linked, and he was more intent in adding to his own literary fame than in contributing to her happiness, and this when she had voluntarily resigned everything for his sake, when every thought was for him, every deed an act of love or kindly ministration. From the fame the man has acquired, we are apt to lose sight of the neglected woman yearning for the society of her husband, and made to feel that a woman's highest duty is to toil for the man she marries. Neither wealth nor fame can compensate for the love of a true, pure woman, and Carlyle, in requiring affection without recognizing or returning it, lays himself justly open to the imputation of cruelty and disregard of man's highest duty. The affection of his wife was worth more to him than the praise of the world, and he would deserve the latter more had he had more consideration for the woman whose life he made unhappy.

Gladstone and Home Rule for Ireland

The fall of Gladstone in the magnanimous effort to lift up an oppressed people is well calculated to put civilization backward. There was grandeur in the attitude of this magnificent statesman who had led a nation from groveling devotion to musty traditions to that high plane where the rights of man are considered. His giant blows were leveled at the last strong fortress in which prejudice had taken refuge. His success was to be the crowning act of a life devoted to the cause of humanity. It required no slight amount of courage to invite the contest. There were wealth and position and years of barbaric prejudice to contend with. In opposition to these, Gladstone had his own magnificent powers, and a public conscience ever quickened by wrongs done Ireland. He went down to defeat, but history will invest him with a halo of glory for the grand purpose, well nigh attained by the supreme effort of a man whose days had passed far beyond the allotted span of life.

But hardly less grand was the little Irish con-

tingent. The defeat of the bill was more than defeat to them. It was brushing away the fruits of a life work. It was a consuming fire sweeping through the fields in which they had labored and turning everything to ashes. But in this supreme moment of agony their thoughts were for the statesman who had espoused their cause, lifted it up to the dignity of ministerial approval and support, and who had gone down with them in crushing defeat before the charge of those who deny that "all men are created free and equal." The little phalanx forgot everything but gratitude, and the cheers which greeted Gladstone's defeat were drowned by the cheers which spoke praise for his devotion to right.

Only one who has Irish blood in his veins can feel the bitterness of this defeat. For centuries, Ireland has been pleading and struggling for justice. Every movement, whether one of force or diplomacy, has ended in disappointment, but never in despair. Misgovernment has left its marks on the race, transmitted as characteristics. Self-depreciation, want of self-assertion, and a weak fear of authority are the hereditary bonds with which every Irish child is handicapped in his struggle with the world; and besides, that unaccountable prejudice which he encounters because he is of an unfortunate race. The Irishman has become improvident through no fault of his.

The sufferings he has endured are a matter of history, but through all he has never abandoned hope. Self-government would bring to activity all the latent powers of the race and this the leaders see. No movement promised more than that directed by Parnell. Step by step it progressed. Determinedly, devotedly the men kept on the way, cheered by the hope that their great labors would be rewarded. But just as the light began to dawn, when these men, worn out with labor and oppressed with care, felt that the fruits of their toil were within reach, a cloud shuts out the dawn, and the fruit turns to ashes. This is what defeat has done.

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