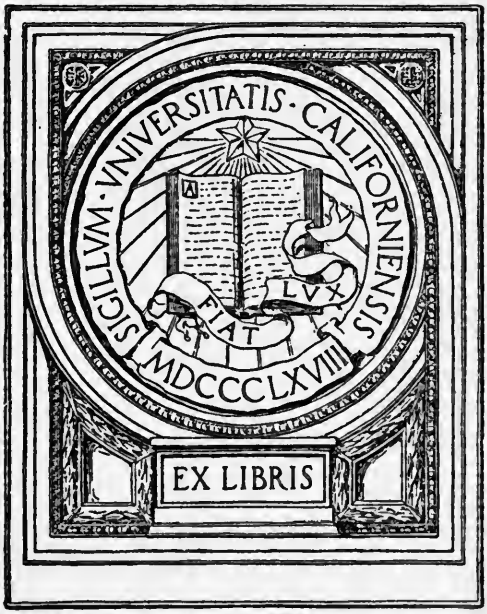

SCHOOL, COLLEGE AND CHARACTER

By LeBaron Russell Briggs

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TO HARVARD COLLEGE

O thou whose chastening love hath taught
Our country's chosen youth,
Thou who hast led a nation's thought
In freedom and in truth,
Mother of learning and of grace,
We long to look upon thy face,
To gather all that now we deem
Thine own, into one face supreme —
The nobly living, nobly dead,
The glorious sons that thou hast bred.

Where, leaping to the trumpet's call,
Men charge, to conquer or to fall,
And count not death a loss;
Where youth, renouncing wealth and fame,
Follows, through pestilence and flame,
The Hero of the Cross,
Or renders, faithful to his trust,
The silent service of the just,
We know thy sons and thee.

Thine is the burning heart of youth;
Thine is the steadfast flame of years;
Thine is the wisdom of the truth,
That falters not nor fears;
Thine is the strong and solemn glow,
Thine is the sweet transcendent grace,
Of her whose love, through weal or woe,
Lights her transfigured face.
Where hope is high and thought is free,
Where life is brave and death is true,
Where duty unrelenting leads
To tasks of pain forever new
The heart that triumphs while it bleeds,
Mother, thy face we see.

PREFACE

Of the essays collected in this volume, four have been printed in the "Atlantic Monthly" and one has appeared in the Proceedings of two educational associations. The dedicatory verses have been printed in the "Harvard Monthly."

The book does not profess unity or completeness. It is not a full orchestra, but a harp with two strings, which the harper twangs as long as he thinks the audience will put up with him. Whatever is in it comes out of human experience; and this is its justification, if it has one. That it is not the work of an "educator" may be inferred from the inquiry of a distinguished superintend-

ent of schools who, after, reading "Some Old-Fashioned Doubts about New-Fashioned Education," asked with warmth *who* the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" was and *how* he came to print such nonsense. One thing is certain: he who writes nonsense about education is in excellent company.

L. B. R. BRIGGS.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
November, 1901.

CONTENTS

SCHOOL, COLLEGE, AND CHARACTER

I

FATHERS, MOTHERS, AND FRESHMEN

BY virtue of the authority committed to me," says President Eliot on Commencement Day, "I confer on you the first degree in Arts; and to each of you I give a diploma which admits you, as youth of promise, to the fellowship of educated men." The college sends her alumni into the world with nothing more than a warrant that they are presentable intellectually. Yet her unwritten and unspoken purpose is not so much intellectual as moral; and her strongest hope is to stamp her graduates with an abiding character. A college stands for learning, for culture, and for power; in particular, it stands for the

recognition of an aim higher than money-getting. It is a place where our young men shall see visions; where even the idlest and lowest man of all must catch glimpses of ideals which, if he could see them steadily, would transfigure life. The Bachelor of Arts is seldom, on his Commencement Day, a scholar either polished or profound; but he may be in the full sense of the word a man.

Though the responsibility of the Alma Mater for the manhood of her sons gets little formal recognition, whoever loves her feels it none the less, and knows that her good name depends not so much on her children's contributions to learning as on their courtesy, their efficiency, their integrity, and their courage. The college herself, as represented by her governing bodies, feels this deeply, in a general way, but does not know and cannot find out how far her responsibility reaches into details. Intellectual discipline she professes and must provide, — subjects of

study old and new; instructors that know their subjects and can teach them: and she is happy if she has money enough to make these things sure. Thus beyond what is spent for the chapel and for the maintenance of decent order in the premises there can be little visible outlay for the protection and the development of a student's character. Nor can the formation of character, except as affected by courses in ethics, be measured out and paid for by the hour or by the job; and thus the college can do little more than trust in the awakening of intellectual interests to drive out the trivial and the base, in the often unconscious influence of men of character among its Faculty, and in the habits and standards of conduct already acquired at school and at home. Now and then a college teacher rejects all responsibility outside of the classroom. "My business," he says, "is to teach *men:* if the students are not men, I don't want them in my classes;

if they don't care to learn, let them go their own way. What becomes of them is no business of mine; and if they have to leave college, so much the better for the college and for them. The first, last, and only duty of a teacher in a university is to advance the knowledge of his subject; he is false to his trust, if he spends time and strength in patching up worthless boys who have no place in an institution of learning."

This doctrine, seldom enunciated by men that have sons and happily never lived down to, is the natural refuge of professors who see the opposition between the advancement of learning and concern for their pupils' character, and who, with the enthusiasm of the investigator and the teacher, have time and strength for nothing more. Nor is the professor the only interested person that would shift the responsibility. Those parents who have turned their children over successively to the governess, the little boys'

school, and the big boys' school, turn them over in time to the college. The college, they admit, has its dangers; yet it is the only thing for a gentleman's sons at a certain time in their lives, and the risk must be taken. The business of the college they patronize is, like the business of the schools they have patronized, to develop, cultivate, and protect their sons, whom, to put it in their own language, they "confide" to the college for that purpose. "I sent my boy to college," writes the mother of a lazy little Freshman that has come to grief, "and I supposed he would be looked out for." "Write me a good long letter about my Darling," says another. "I want my boy to be up *and washed* at eight," says a careful father. "Please send me every week an exact record of my son's absences," a suspicious father writes to the dean, — and the dean wonders what would become of himself, his stenographer, and his ostensible duties

if all parents should ask for consideration on this same scale.

"Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache;"

and often such appeals as I have cited, though superficially amusing, belong to the sad phenomena of the college world; for they imply parental distrust at the very time when a youth, just entering the larger life and the fiercer temptations of early manhood, needs, beyond all other human helps, a relation with father and mother of long-tried and perfect trust. They imply, also, parents' ignorance of children's character.

To the dean of a large college, who has most to do with students and their parents in all academic sorrows, it soon becomes clear that parents are accountable for more undergraduate shortcomings than they or their sons suspect, — and this after liberal allowance for faults in the college and its officers. "I have

spent an hour to-day with Jones's father," said a college president in a formidable case of discipline. "I have conceived a better opinion of the son after meeting the father," — and the experience is repeated year by year. Five minutes, or two minutes, with a father or a mother may reveal the chief secret of a young man's failure or misconduct, and may fill the heart of an administrative officer with infinite compassion. "You say he gambles," says a loud, swaggering father. "Well, what of it? Gentlemen always play cards." "I told my boy," says a father of a different stamp, "that I did not myself believe in [what is commonly called "vice"]; but that if he went into that sort of thing, he must not go off with the crowd, but must do it quietly in a gentlemanly way."

Hereditary and home influence less palpable, but quite as pervasive and nearly as demoralizing, is that of the trivially biographic mother, who, while a dozen

men are waiting at the dean's office door, assures the dean that her son, now on trial for his academic life, "was a lovely baby," and who, so to speak, grows up with him then and there, tracking him step by step, with frequent countermarches, to his present station; or of the mother who insinuates that the father (whose ambassador she is) has been less competent and wise than she, and that her son gets from the father's family offensive traits which she hopes will be kept under by the sterling merits that he gets from her own; or of the father who is tickled by the reminiscences of his own youth that are evoked when his son is caught stealing a poor shopkeeper's sign; or of the father who suggests that the college should employ at his expense a detective against his son; or of the father who, when his son is suspended from the university, keeps him in a neighboring city, at any cost and with any risk and with any amount of

prevarication, rather than take him home and let the neighbors suspect the truth; or of the father who at a crucial moment in the life of a wayward son goes to Europe for pleasure (though, to do him justice, he has been of little use at home); or of the father who argues that his son's love of drink cannot be hereditary, since he himself had straightened out before his son was born.

The best safeguard of a young man in college — better even than being in love with the right kind of girl — is a perfectly open and affectionate relation to both parents, or to the one parent or guardian that represents both. In saying this, I presuppose parents and guardians of decent character, and capable of open and affectionate relations. One of the surprises in administrative life at college is the underhand dealing of parents, not merely with college officers, but with their own sons. "Your son's case is just where I cannot tell whether or no it will

be wise to put him on probation," says the dean to a well-educated and agreeable father. "It will do him good," says the father emphatically. "Then," says the dean, "we will put him on;" and the father, as he takes his leave, observes, "I shall give him to understand that it was inevitable, — that *I* did all *I* could to prevent it." Now and then a father writes to the dean for an opinion of a son's work and character. The dean would like to tell the son of the inquiry and to show him the answer before sending it, so that everything, favorable or unfavorable, may be aboveboard; but he has, or thinks he has, the father's confidence to keep. Accordingly he says nothing to the student concerned, answers the father straightforwardly, and learns later that his letter, if unfavorable, has passed from the father to the son without comment, as if it had been a gratuitous emanation from the dean's office. The letter may be garbled. In answer to the

inquiry of a distinguished man about his ward, the dean of a college made clear, first, that the young man had been in danger of losing his degree, and next that the danger was probably over. The distinguished man had the unfavorable part of the letter copied, omitted the favorable, and sent the partial copy to the student. He omitted the dean's signature: but the letter itself showed whence it came; and it appeared to have been written just after the dean had assured the student of his belief that the degree was safe. The young man was frank enough and sensible enough in his perplexity to go straight to the dean; but the false position of the distinguished man and the false position in which (to some degree unwittingly) he would have left the dean before the student are clear. It is absolutely essential to successful college government that executive officers should be square rather than "politic," and should be outspoken, so far as

they can be without breaking anybody's confidence. At best, it is scarcely possible to make the younger students see that the main purpose of a disciplinary officer is not the detection of wrongdoers, by fair means or by foul; and it is quite impossible for such an officer to be above suspicion in the eyes of students while parents assume that he is either a partner or a rival in disingenuous dealing.

Sometimes father and son combine to keep a mother in ignorance; and frequently that great principle of parental relation — that father or mother will forgive all and will love in spite of all, but will be most deeply wounded unless trusted — is not recognized by one parent toward another, or by the son toward either. In cases of almost total want of previous acquaintance, cases of parents who complain of vacation at boarding-school because it leaves their children on their hands, this is not to be wondered at; but in the everyday father, willing

to give his children the best of all he has, a profound ignorance of his son's acts, motives, and character must be rooted in some deep mistake, not of heart, but of judgment. That such ignorance exists is plain: it attributes truth to the tricky, sobriety to the vinous, and chastity to the wanton. Its existence is further confirmed by the attitude of these misapprehended sons when no argument can persuade them to be the first messengers, to father or mother, of their own transgression. "Your father must know this from me; but he has a right to know it first from you. You say you cannot give him pain; but nothing will help him so much in bearing the pain that must be his as the knowledge that you yourself can tell him all. Before I write to him or see him, I will give you time; and I beg you to tell him: you cannot help him more now than by going to him, or hurt him more than by avoiding him. This I know if I know anything: it is

not mere theory; it is based on what I have seen of many fathers and of many sons." Yet often the student, especially the young student, still keeps clear of his father as long as he can.

This want of filial courage at critical moments must be accounted for by a false reticence in those early years in which affectionate freedom between father or mother and son must begin. Unhappily it is fostered by literature. Even Thackeray, whose total influence is honest and clean, seems, when he writes of college life, to have in mind such general propositions as that young men always run into debt and seldom make all their debts known at home; that all normal young men live more or less wantonly; that only girls (whose intellects are seldom strong) are pure in heart and life, and that their purity is a kind of innocence born of blindness and of shelter from the world; that no mother knows the morbid unrest which

is stirring in her sweet-faced little boy. Pendennis, Philip, the Poems — all furnish marked instances of Thackeray's attitude toward the exuberant folly and sin of young men; and his notion of a man's standard in things moral is revealed by his remark that "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man," since the author of Tom Jones.

Thackeray is only too near the truth. The earliest important cause of reticence between parent and child, the longest continued, the fiercest, and the most morbidly silent temptation, the temptation most likely to scorch and blight a whole life and the lives of those who come after, the temptation most likely to lead through passion to reckless selfishness, and through shame to reckless lying, is the manifold temptation in the mysterious relation of sex to sex. No subject needs, for the health of our sons and for the protection of our daughters,

to be brought earlier out of the region of alluring and forbidden exploration into the light of wholesome truth — out of the category of the unspeakable into the category of things which, though talked of seldom, may be talked of freely between father or mother and son. Temptation, passion, will exist always; but temptation and passion which must be nursed or suppressed in secret are far more insidious, far less conquerable. Moreover, temptation and passion, when confided to a father or a mother by a son who is struggling to do right, lose half their danger: the strength of those nearest and dearest buoys up our own; and the fear of confessing a sin — a false fear when once the sin is committed — may be wholesome as a safeguard. No parent can begin to be in a frank relation to his son if he has left that son to pick up in the street and in the newspaper all his knowledge of the laws to which he owes his life; yet, as things stand, this

most vital of all subjects is often the one subject about which a young man shrinks from talking with any but contemporaries as ignorant as himself, a subject kept in the dark, except for coarse jokes at the theatre or at convivial gatherings of boys and men.

Almost equally important with an understanding between parent and son is an understanding between every student and at least one college officer. There must be some one on the spot to whom the student may talk freely and fully about such perplexities as beset every young man in a new life away from home. Even a college-bred father is college-bred in another generation, and cannot know those local and temporal characteristics of a college on the mastery of which depends so large a measure of the student's happiness. Besides, a father may not be promptly accessible, whereas every good college has at hand many officers whose best satisfaction lies

in giving freely of their time and strength to less experienced men that trust them. Some confidences, no doubt, a college officer cannot accept; but even in a case of grave wrongdoing, if the relation between him and the student is on both sides clearly understood, a full confession, the only honorable course, is usually, in the long run, the only prudent course also. At Harvard College the relation between a Freshman and his "adviser" is much what the Freshman makes it; for the adviser feels an older man's diffidence about forcing his friendship on defenceless youth: but it may be made of high and permanent value. So may the relation between a student and any worthy college teacher whom the student, because he has seen in him something to inspire confidence, has chosen for a counsellor. Here, too, a father intimate with his son may help him to overcome shyness, and to make use of that disinterested friendship of older men

which is one of the best opportunities of college life and is often thrown away.

By fostering these friendships and influences, by interesting himself in every detail of a son's career, a father may do much. A mother may often do more, by establishing her son in the friendship of good women. This is partly a matter of social influence, no doubt; a poor and ignorant woman a thousand miles away may not see how she can effect it; may shrink from an appeal to the unknown wives of unknown professors for friendly greetings to her boy: but many women whose sons are sent to a college town know, or have friends that know, or have friends who have friends that know, good women there. The friendship of good women is, as everybody knows, the sweetest and most wholesome corrective of loneliness and of wandering desires. A boy of seventeen or eighteen, far from home for the first time, fresh from the society of mother

and sisters and girl friends, may be terribly lonely. Near any college he will find a number of foolish girls, easy of acquaintance, proud to know a student, and not fastidious about conventionalities; girls not vicious as yet, but on the unseen road to vice; girls whom he could not comfortably introduce to his mother and sisters, but who, *merely as girls*, are of interest to him in the absence of social and intellectual equals. The peril of such friendships is as commonplace as truth and as undying: reckless giddiness on one side, reckless selfishness half disguised by better names on the other, the excitement of things known to be not quite proper but not clearly recognized as wrong, have led to one kind of misery or another, so long as men have been men and women women. Yet these sorrows, toward which men move at first with no semblance of passion, but with mere lonely curiosity, may be forestalled. Counsel of parents, too seldom given in

such matters, will do much; access to home life, to the friendship of motherly mothers and of modest, sensible daughters, will do more. Shy and awkward a Freshman may be, and ridiculously afraid of speaking with women: yet the shyer and the more awkward he is, the lonelier he is — the more in need of seeing the inside of a house and of a home; the more likely to remember, as what made his first college year supportable, some few days in which a good woman who used to know his mother has opened her doors to him as to a human being and a friend.

After all, the most searching test of a parent's relation to his son in college is the son's own view of the purpose of his college life. As I have said elsewhere, "Many parents regard college as far less serious in its demands than school or business, as a place of delightful irresponsibility, a sort of four years' breathing-space wherein a youth may at once cul-

tivate and disport himself before he is condemned for life to hard labor." They "like to see young people have a good time;" a little evasion, a little law-breaking, and a handful of wild oats mark in their minds the youth of spirit. They distinguish between outwitting the authorities, whom they still regard as impersonal or hostile, and outwitting other less disinterested friends. "Boys will be boys" is a cover, not merely for the thoughtless exuberance of lively young animals, but for selfishness, trickiness, cruelty, and even vice. I wonder at the rashness with which respectable men talk of wild oats as a normal and on the whole an attractive attribute of youth; for the wild oats theory of a young man's life, when seen without its glamour, may mean awful physical peril, disingenuous relations with father and mother, dishonor to some girl, as yet perhaps unknown, who is going to be his wife. Yet parents, whether by precept or by

example or by mere personal ineffectiveness or by dulness and neglect, encourage that very disingenuousness which is exercised against themselves. Those who have seen the unhappiness that such disingenuousness brings can never forget it. I have been begged by undergraduates to keep students out of a great Boston gambling-house, long since closed. In that gambling-house as Freshmen they had become bankrupt; and for months — almost for years — they had shifted and lied to keep their bankruptcy unknown at home. The crash of discovery had come, as it always comes; the air had cleared; and as Seniors they were unwilling to leave college without at least an attempt to save other Freshmen from doing and from suffering what they had done and suffered. I have seen sons before the crash, and I have seen parents after it.

How much that is objectionable in college life is the result of injudicious

money allowances (whether princely or niggardly), I have never determined. Some students use large incomes as wisely as their elders and more generously; some pay the entire college expenses of fellow students in need: others, no doubt, have more money than is good for them; but it is hard to pick out that part of their moral and academic disaster for which wealth is responsible.

I may mention here that two-edged argument so often urged by a father when his son is to be dismissed from college: "If you don't keep him here, what *shall* I do with him? He is n't fit for anything else; he would do nothing in a profession or in business." I cannot say with some that it is no concern of the college what is done with him; for a college, as I conceive it, has some interest in the future of every boy that has darkened its doors: but I can say that a youth confessedly fit for nothing else is not often good timber for an alumnus.

A college is not a home for incurables or a limbo for the dull and inefficient. Moreover, as a Western father observed, "It does not pay to spend two thousand dollars on a two-dollar boy." Though a firm believer in college training as the supreme intellectual privilege of youth, I am convinced that the salvation of some young men (for the practical purposes of this present world) is in taking them out of college and giving them long and inevitable hours in some office or factory. I do not mean that all success in college belongs to the good scholars; for many a youth who stands low in his classes gets incalculable benefit from his college course. He may miss that important part of training which consists in his doing the thing for which he is booked; but he does something for which — through a natural mistake, if it is a mistake — he thinks he is booked: he leads an active life, of subordination here, of leadership there, of responsibility

everywhere; and he leads it in a community where learning and culture abound, where ideals are noble, and where courage and truth are rated high. Such a young man, if he barely scrapes through (provided he scrapes through honestly), has wasted neither his father's money nor his own time. Even the desultory reader who contracts, at the expense of his studies, what has been called "the library habit," may become the glory of his Alma Mater. It is the weak-kneed dawdler who ought to go, the youth whose body and mind are wasting away in bad hours and bad company, and whose sense of truth grows dimmer and dimmer in the smoke of his cigarettes; yet it is precisely this youth who, through mere inertia, is hardest to move, who seems glued to the university, whose father is helpless before his future, and whose relatives contend that, since he is no man's enemy but his own, he should be allowed to stay in college so long as

his father will pay his tuition fee, — as if a college were a public conveyance wherein anybody that pays his fare may abide "unless personally obnoxious," or a hotel where anybody that pays enough may lie in bed and have all the good things sent up to him. No college — certainly no college with an elective system, which presupposes a youth's interest in his own intellectual welfare — can afford to keep such as he. Nor can he afford to be kept. One of the first aims of college life is increase of power: be he scholar or athlete, the sound undergraduate learns to meet difficulties; "stumbling-blocks," in the words of an admirable preacher, "become stepping-stones." It is a short-sighted kindness that keeps in college (with its priceless opportunities for growth and its corresponding opportunities for degeneration) a youth who lies down in front of his stumbling-blocks in the vague hope that by and by the authorities will have them carted away.

The only substitute for the power that surmounts obstacles is the enthusiasm before which obstacles disappear; and sometimes a student who has never got hold of his work finds on a sudden that it has got hold of him. Here, I admit, is the loafer's argument (or, rather, the loafer's father's argument) for the loafer's continuance at a seat of learning. In any loafer may lurk the latent enthusiast: no man's offering is so hopelessly non-combustible that it never can be touched by the fire from heaven; and few places are more exposed to the sparks than our best colleges. Some new study (chosen, it may be, as a "snap"), some magnetic teacher, some classmate's sister, may, in the twinkling of an eye, create and establish an object in a hitherto aimless life, and an enthusiasm which makes light of work,—just as the call to arms has transmuted many an idler into a man. Some idlers whose regeneration is less sudden are idlers at college chiefly be-

cause they have yet to adjust themselves to an elective system, have yet to find their niche in the intellectual life. Talking with a famous professor some years ago about his wish to lower the requirements for admission to college, I expressed the fear that, with lowered requirements, would come a throng of idlers. "That," said he, with a paradoxical wisdom for which I am not yet ripe, but which I have at last begun to understand, "That is precisely what I should like to see. I should like to see an increase in the number of these idle persons; for here are set before them higher ideals than are set before them elsewhere." "People talk of evil in college," says a graduate with business experience in New York. "I tell you, college is a place of white purity when compared with the New York business world." In the withdrawal of the veriest idler from the hope of the vision lies a chance of injury; and this chance, small

as it is, may fill the horizon of father or mother. "Dismissal from college means certain ruin." Hence these tears of strong men, these "fits of the asterisks" in undisciplined women. Hence those variations in the father who first proclaims that his son must stand near the head of his class or go; next, when that son has fallen short of the least that the college demands, drags out every argument good or bad for keeping him till the end,—and at last almost leaps for joy if he is warranted auction-sound on Commencement Day. Recognition of the possible disaster in withdrawal may be blended, in a parent's mind, with desire to avoid personal mortification; but it is a strong motive for all that, and a worthy one. It makes an administrative officer cautious in action, and enables him to listen with sympathy to pleading for which a careless outsider might find no excuse.

Yet the chance is too small, and the risk is too great. The shock of adversity when the doors of the college close, the

immediate need of hard, low-paid work in a cold world where there is no success without industry, may be the one saving thing after the failure of the academic invitation to duty with no palpable relation of industry to success. Compulsory labor with a definite object may at length bring voluntary labor and that enjoyment of work without which nobody who is so fortunate as to work for his living through most of his waking hours can be efficient or happy; and exclusion from college is sometimes the awakening from dull and selfish immaturity into responsible manhood. No one is entitled to a college education who does not earn the right from day to day by strenuous or by enthusiastic life; college is for the ablest and the best: yet, as some fathers send their least efficient sons into the ministry, as some men who have failed in divers walks of life seek a refuge as teachers of literature, so, and with results almost as deplorable, some people send their boys to college because nobody

can see in those boys a single sign of usefulness.

Wise fathers and mothers, when they visit a college officer, are commonly concerned with their sons' courses of study; their mission is rarely sorrowful. The parents of troublesome students are not, as a rule, wise. Yet some fathers and mothers whose sons have gone wrong stand out clearly in my mind as almost everything that a parent should be, — asking no favors, seeing clearly and promptly the distinction between the honorable and the dishonorable, and the distinction between the honorable and the half honorable, holding the standard high for their sons and for themselves in every relation of life: women struggling in silent loyalty to free their children from the iniquity of the fathers, and men as tender as women and as true as truth itself. What they are to their sons we can only guess; to an administrative officer, they are "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

II

SOME OLD-FASHIONED DOUBTS ABOUT NEW-FASHIONED EDUCATION

"DOUBTS" is my title, not "Views;" and, as this title indicates, my paper is the expression of a mood rather than of a conviction. An observer of educational methods is often bothered by doubts as to the relative value of the old educational product and of the new. The new product, the educated man of to-day, is in some measure the necessity of the time. The demands of a special calling require preparation so early and so long that the all-round man — that invaluable species which has leavened and civilized all society — bids fair to be soon as extinct as the dodo. No one denies that the rare being who, in spite of the elective principle, persists in get-

ting a general education first and a special one later, is a man of more power than if he had been driven through a general education by some other will than his own; yet with the kindergarten at one end of our education and with the elective system at the other, we see, or seem to see, a falling off in the vigor with which men attack distasteful but useful things, — a shrinking from the old, resolute education.

The new education has made three discoveries: —

1. Education should always recognize the fitness of different minds for different work.

2. The process of education need not be, and should not be, forbidding.

3. In earlier systems of education, natural science had not a fair place.

No wonder that the new education seems to some men a proclamation of freedom. The elective system, with its branches and connections, is the natural

reaction from the unintelligently rigid ignoring of mental difference in individuals. Its fundamental idea is practical, and at times inspiring. When there are so many more things worth knowing than anybody can master, to force everybody through a limited number of definite tasks before calling him educated, to make him give years to studies in which he may be a dunce, without a glimpse (except stolen glimpses) of other studies for which he may have peculiar aptitude, seems flying in the face of Providence. A classmate of mine earned (so he says) three hundred dollars in teaching a boy, who is now a distinguished physician, to spell "biscuit;" and another classmate taught a boy Greek for three months, at the end of which time the boy's knowledge of that language was summed up in the words "iota scrubscript." In the first of these cases, not much may be said for forcing spelling on the pupil; in the second,

not much for forcing Greek. Again, people are more interesting for being different, — for not being put through the same mill. Uneducated country people, for example, are far more interesting, far more individual, than meagrely educated city people (such as most of the salesmen in a large shop), or than semi-educated school-teachers who are graduates of some one inferior normal school. We do not want men to be alike. We cannot make them alike; why do we try? If we wish to raise cranberries and beans, and own a peat swamp and a sand hill, we give up the swamp to the berries and the hill to the beans, and make no effort to raise both things in both kinds of soil. Why not let each man do what nature says he was made for? Why beat his head on a stone wall, — a process that cannot be good for his mind? The old plan of learning the whole Latin grammar by heart was to some minds torture. Why

should the early exercise of our powers and the training of those powers to higher service be repellent or even austere? Life is hard enough without our wantonly making it harder; let us suffer our boys and girls to *enjoy* education. Again, here is the earth we live on; here are the birds and the flowers: why shut out the study of these for Greek, Latin, and mathematics? Are the humanities human? Is mathematics either so agreeable or so useful as botany or zoölogy?

Every one of these questions is emancipatory; but the emancipation may be carried too far. Look, for example, at the elective system. No persons lay themselves open more recklessly to *reductio ad absurdum* than advocates of the elective system. Everybody believes in the elective system at some stage of education; the question is where to begin: yet extension after extension is advocated on general grounds of liberty

(such liberty, by the way, as nobody has in active life); and propositions are brought forward which, if we accept them, give the elective system no logical end. Down it goes, through college, high school, and grammar school, till not even the alphabet can stop it.

Doubt I. Are we sure that we do not begin the elective system too early, or that we shall not soon begin it too early?

The attempt to make education less forbidding has called forth various devices, among them the method of teaching children to read without teaching them to spell; and the kindergarten is responsible for various attempts to make children believe they are playing games when they are, or should be, studying. Here, for example, is an extract from a book designed to teach children harmony, but entitled The Story of Major C. and his Relatives: —

"We will stop a moment and play

a game or two of scale with these flat Majors, and then go on to the other families waiting for us. Major F and his children play in just the same way as his next-door neighbor, Major G, and he also has one sign or mark; but instead of its being a sharp, it is a flat, and he too has one dark-haired child, which he calls B Flat. You see how easy it really is to play a scale, if you only remember this rule about No. Four and No. Eight, which is always the same in all the Major families.

"All the other Majors excepting Major C Flat live on the second floor, and all call themselves flats; so you may begin anywhere on any of these black keys and play a scale. Before you leave these Majors, you must notice that Major C Flat and Major B have to enter by the same door, but when they are once inside, each has a home and a family of his own.

"There is a reason for this, and some

day, when you are a little older, I hope that I may explain it to you.

"If you will go to the piano, and play a game of scale with Major F and his children, you will probably find them jumping and frisking about like little kittens, but at a word from the Major they take their places in the same way as the other children, — all Major seconds apart, except this cuddling little No. Four and No. Eight, who are always minors, whether in a Sharp or a Flat family."

A modern text-book on the study of language remarks that in walking out we see various kinds of birds, — sparrows, robins, hens, and what not; and that just as there are various kinds of birds, so there are various kinds of words, — nouns, verbs, adjectives. I see signs of a reaction from these debilitated methods, — in particular from the method which teaches children reading without spelling; but the effect of these methods is with us still.

Doubt II. Are we sure that the enjoyment which we wish to put into education is sufficiently robust?

I may teach a boy to saw wood by suggesting that we play "Education in Cuba." We may imagine ourselves a committee for supplying the island with as many teachers as possible, both men and women. Oak sticks will furnish men, and pine sticks women (the softer sex); every sawing will make one more teacher, and every sawing through a knot a superintendent. This clever scheme has at least the merit of an undisguised attempt to make a hard job less disagreeable, and does not interfere with the clear understanding on the boy's part that he is sawing wood to help the family; just as Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, when they called the four hems Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and talked about each continent as they went along, knew perfectly well that they were work-

ing. No imaginative device, however feeble, will take away the manliness of a boy who knows that work is work, and makes play of it when he honestly can; but nothing debilitates a boy more effectively than the notion that teachers exist for his amusement, and that if education does not allure him so much the worse for education.

As to natural science, I admit that it had not in the old-fashioned programmes a dignified place,—such a place as would be given to it by the Committee of Ten; yet natural science may not even now have proved its equality with classics and mathematics as a disciplinary subject for boys and girls. The Committee of Ten maintained the proposition that all studies are born free and equal,—possibly with an inkling that the new studies are, so to speak, freer and more equal than the old. Any one who clings to the old studies as a better foundation for training is told that his doctrine con-

tradicts the principles of the Committee of Ten: but even this does not satisfy him, since he may not be sure of the basis for the committee's conclusions. If the earth rests on an elephant, and the elephant rests on a tortoise, the tortoise is a good tortoise, but still we need to know what the tortoise rests on.

Again, we are told — and if I am not mistaken, we are told by enthusiastic advocates of new methods — that the object of education is not knowledge so much as power; in Greek, for example, we no longer ask a boy to know three books of the Iliad, "omitting the Catalogue of the Ships," — we ask him to translate Homer at sight: yet modern doctrine fails to see, except in glimpses, that no better way of gaining power has yet been discovered than the overcoming of difficulties. The fear old-fashioned people have about new-fashioned education is that too much depends on whim, and that whim may be born of indolence.

Take the old system in its most monstrous form, — take learning the Latin grammar by heart before translating any Latin author; nobody now defends a practice so stupid: yet that wonderful feat of memory strengthened many a memory for other wonderful feats. The boy who had mastered Andrews and Stoddard knew the power of patient effort, the strength of drudgery well done. Through a natural reaction, memory is underrated now. Education at the time when memory is trained easiest and best must be saved from the barrenness of memory work and must be "enriched." Even the multiplication table is threatened with banishment. We leave the strait and narrow way, and wobble all over the flowery meadows. We are held down to accuracy so little that it is next to impossible to find a youth who can copy a list of printed names without misspelling. We have boys who cannot spell, men who cannot spell, teachers

who cannot spell, teachers of English who cannot spell, college professors who cannot spell and who have a mean opinion of spelling.

If there is one set of phrases more threadbare than another, it is "along the lines," "broader lines," "developing along these lines," and the like; and in education I seem to hear, with wearisome iteration, that children should be taught "along the lines of least resistance." The theory is taking at first sight, and looks eminently practical. In dealing with lifeless things, such as machinery, it is the only sensible theory, — more work done by the machine, more obstacles overcome by the contriver; but it is an extraordinarily inadequate theory for the education of man. We see parents (possibly we *are* parents) who bring up children "along the lines of least resistance;" and we know what the children are. Is it illogical to infer that children taught at school "along

the lines of least resistance" are intellectually spoiled children, flabby of mind and will? For any responsible work we want men of character, — not men who from childhood up have been personally conducted and have had their education warped to the indolence of their minds. It is necessary to treat people as individuals; but it does them a world of good sometimes to treat a great many of them together, and to let them get used to it as best they may. The first lesson of life, as Lowell reminds us, is to burn our own smoke; that is, not to inflict on outsiders our personal sorrows and petty morbidnesses, not to keep thinking of ourselves as "exceptional cases." The sons of our wealthiest citizens may be educated in either of two ways: they may be sent to school, or they may be turned over to governesses and private tutors. Any one who has observed them in college knows how much better educated those are who have gone to school, — how the very

wealth which enables a parent to treat his son as in all ways exceptional and to give him the most costly and carefully adjusted education which he can devise, defeats its own end. With due allowance for the occasional boy who is so backward and so eccentric that he can do nothing in a class, I believe that nine out of ten of these pampered youths would do better at a good school than under a private tutor. The reason why they would do better, the reason why their playmates who have gone to school do better, lies largely in the ignoring of individual peculiarities, — in the very thing to prevent which they are kept out of school. If it is true that God made no two men alike, it is equally true that He sends his rain on the just and on the unjust, and rules His universe with inexorable laws. The world cannot be our intimate friend, patient with our eccentricities, smoothing our paths. We must learn this just as we learn not to pick up a live wire and not

to fool with the buzz-saw. The world is full of buzz-saws; and whether we like them or not, they keep right on. Here I may cite Mr. W. S. Gilbert: —

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!
What, though I 'm in a sorry case?
What, though I cannot meet my bills?
What, though I suffer toothache's ills?
What, though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It 's true I 've got no shirts to wear;
It 's true my butcher's bill is due;
It 's true my prospects all look blue —
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

[It rolls on.

In practical life the job has to be done, and the man must adapt himself to it or lose it; and in practical life everybody but the trained man, the man who has gained power through training, is going to have a hard time. Education should first and foremost train; and training has for its very substance the overcoming of obstacles: furthermore, every specialty is better mastered, better understood in its relation to human life and achievement, by the man who has worked hard in other subjects. I believe that the ἔργον, or job, is the better for the πάρεργον, or side-job. Even now, one difference between a college and a polytechnic school is that the college provides a basis of general culture for the specialist to build on, whereas the polytechnic school aims rather to put a man into a self-supporting specialty with no "frills." There is something the same difference between a man of science and a mechanic.

"In his own early youth," says Dr.

Martineau, as cited by the Boston Herald, "education was thought of use more to correct the weak side of one's nature than to develop its strong side, and so he gave double time to the studies he disliked. This he admits to have been too ascetic a rule, and yet preferable, on the whole, to the emasculate extreme of doing nothing but what one likes to do, so prevalent to-day. Power to drudge at distasteful tasks he considers the test of faculty, the price of knowledge, and the matter of duty, and that without this the stuff is in no man that will make him either the true scholar or the true Christian. At present the tendency is largely the other way. To choose none but studies agreeable and attractive from the start is what young people are more and more disposed to insist on. Virtually, the student comes to the professor with a bill of rights in his hands, and says, 'Mind, you must not be dull, or I will go to sleep; you must attract me, or I

shall not get on an inch; you must rivet my attention, or my thoughts will wander.' Very well, then, if such be your mood, go to sleep, do not get on an inch, and let your attention wander, is Dr. Martineau's justly contemptuous feeling at such sort of inanity. 'I warn you,' he says, 'that this enervated mood is the canker of manly thought and action.' Now there is something tonic and bracing in this attitude of rebuff to the half-weakly, half-insolent tone of so many of the young people of to-day. If you want us to be virtuous, heroic, learned, and accomplished, they practically say to the church, the school, the college, to their parents, you will have to exert yourselves. We want to gratify you, but will tolerate nothing dry, nothing hard, nothing ascetic. The duty of the preacher or of the professor is to waft us to Heaven or Parnassus on gentle zephyrs; otherwise each must endure the pain of seeing us conclude to go somewhere else."

So far what I have said is chiefly theory; but the *a priori* reasoning is supported by painful signs, — by crude specialists that one shudders to think of as educated men (learned men doubtless, but not educated men); by hundreds of students who lack the very underpinning of education, who are so far from knowing the first lesson of training — namely, that to be happy and successful they must get interested in what they have to do, and that doing it regularly and earnestly means getting interested — so far from knowing this, that they sit in front of a book helpless to effect any useful transfer of the author's mind to theirs. Brought up to feel that the teacher must interest them, they have become so reduced that they would like, as it were, to lie in bed and have their studies sent up to them. Unwittingly the new-fashioned education encourages their indolence. I remember talking some years ago with a student who was fond of

chemistry, but whose habits of work, as I saw them in another subject, were shiftless and slack. I tried to show him the necessity, even for his chemistry, of habitual accuracy in thought and expression; and at last I told him that, though the position he took might do for a genius, it would not do for ordinary men like himself and me. He replied that he had rather be anything than an ordinary man. What he is now, I do not know. Another student refused to take pains with his English because, as he said, he had been brought up among people who spoke English well "by intuition." This intuitive English is often picturesque and winning; but it is seldom capable of difficult work.

How many boys know what will best develop their minds? How many parents, even if themselves educated, can resist the combined pressure of boys and plausible new-fashioned educators? Even the youth who wants the old pre-

scribed curriculum cannot get it; he may choose the old studies, but not the old instruction. Instruction under an elective system is aimed at the specialist. In elective mathematics, for example, the non-mathematical student who takes the study for self-discipline finds the instruction too high for him; indeed, he finds no encouragement for electing mathematics at all. The new system holds that the study should follow the bent of the mind rather than that the mind should bend itself to follow the study. As a result, prescribed work, so far as it exists under an elective system, is regarded by many students as folly, and if difficult, as persecution. When the writing of forensics — argumentative work which involved hard thinking — was prescribed in Harvard College, no work in the college was done less honestly. Students would often defend themselves for cheating in this study because it was "really too hard for a prescribed

subject." I know I am using a two-edged argument: does it show how the new system weakens mental fibre, or how the old system encourages dishonesty? Different men will give different answers. As to forensics, we may contrast with the spirit of the students the spirit of the man who did most for the study. A trained instructor, whose peculiar interest lay elsewhere, was asked to undertake the difficult and repellent task of teaching prescribed argumentative composition. What resulted is what always results when a trained man makes up his mind to do a piece of work as well as he can, — genuine enthusiasm for the subject; and the instructor who expected to feel only a forced interest in argumentative composition has become an authority in it.

I know that often the idler bestirs himself, fired by enthusiasm in his chosen subject; and that then he sees the meaning, and even the beauty, of drudgery: but

the drudgery is less easy, because he has never before learned to drudge with enthusiasm, or even with the fidelity which may in time beget enthusiasm; because he never trained his memory in childhood, when memory is trained best; because he has always, from kindergarten to college, been treated deferentially; because he has transferred the elective system from studies to life. "I see in the new system," said a father the other day, "nothing to establish the habit of application — the most valuable habit of all." "There is nothing," said the teacher with whom he was talking, "unless the student gets interested in some study." "Yes," said the father, "he may strike something that interests him; but it seems dreadfully unscientific to leave it all to chance."

Doubt III, related to Doubt I. Do we not see in the men educated according to modern methods such a weakness in attacking difficulties as may indicate

that we should be slow to let the secondary school march in the path of the college and the grammar school follow close behind?

Another doubt about new-fashioned education I have been glad to see expressed in recent numbers of The Nation. It concerns what is expected of teachers; it concerns the abnormal value set on text-books, and, I may add, the abnormal value set by some institutions on the higher degrees. We frequently hear it said of a teacher that he has taught for many years, but has "produced" nothing; and this often means that he has never written a text-book. I would not undervalue text-books as a practical result of experience in teaching: but the teacher's first business is to teach, — writing is a secondary affair; and, as a rule, the best part of a teacher's production is what he produces in the minds and in the characters of his pupils. Few

of the great teachers, whether of schools or of colleges, are remembered through their text-books. It was not text-books that gave Dr. Arnold of Rugby his hold on English boys. The late Dr. Henry Coit had, we hear, marvellous insight into a boy's character, and marvellous power over every boy who was near him; but we never hear of his text-books, — if, indeed, he wrote any. Nor is it through text-books that we know Mr. Amen of Exeter and Mr. Peabody of Groton. The new education lays so much stress on writing and on investigation, and on theses as the result of investigation, and on originality in these theses, that it seems sometimes to encourage a young man in maintaining a proposition of which the sole value lies in its novelty (no one having been unwise enough to maintain it before), and in defending that proposition by a Germanized thesis, —

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

Such theses, I suspect, have more than once been accepted for higher degrees; yet higher degrees won through them leave the winner farther from the best qualities of a teacher, remote from men and still more remote from boys. It was a relief the other day to hear a head-master say, "I am looking for an under-teacher. I want first a *man*, and next a man to teach." It is a relief, also, to see the marked success of several school-masters whose preparation for teaching consists first in manliness, and secondly in only a moderate amount of learning. That a teacher should know his subject is obvious: nothing, not even new-fashioned instruction in methods of teaching, will make up for ignorance of the subject itself: but the man of intelligence and self-sacrifice who bends his energy to teaching boys will soon get enough scholarship for the purpose; whereas no amount of scholarship can make up for the want of intelligence and self-sacrifice.

Doubt IV. While fitting the study to the boy, have we been unfitting the teacher for him?

Obviously the new education throws a tremendous responsibility on teachers. We see why it should; and all of us who are familiar with the inner working of a modern school or a modern college know that it does. How is it training the new generation for this responsibility? In some ways admirably. It tries to show that teaching is not a haphazard affair, but a subject for investigation and study; it tries to show how libraries should be used, and how original investigation should be conducted: but old-fashioned people doubt whether it gives due weight to the maxim that Professor Bowen used to repeat so often, "The foundation must be stronger than the superstructure." They doubt whether teachers, themselves educated "along the lines of least resistance," can stand

the strain of modern teaching. As a relief from wooden teaching and wooden learning, the new education deserves all gratitude. No one is so conservative as to prefer a dull teacher to an interesting one because the dull teacher offers more obstacles to learning. In this matter, as in all other matters of education, the question is not whether we should be altogether old-fashioned or altogether new-fashioned (we may be "alike fantastic if too new or old"): the question is where the old should stop and the new begin.

Doubt V. In emancipation from the evils of the old system, may we not be rushing into another servitude almost or quite as dangerous as the first?

I have often used the word "training." Now what is training, and what is the peculiar characteristic of the trained mind? Training is the discipline that teaches a man to set labor above whim;

to develop the less promising parts of his mind as well as the more promising; to make five talents ten and two five; to see that in his specialty he shall work better and enjoy more for knowing something outside of his specialty; to recognize the connection between present toil and future attainment, so that the hope of future attainment creates pleasure in present toil; to understand that nothing can be mastered without drudgery, and that drudgery in preparation for service is not only respectable but beautiful; to be interested in every study, no matter how forbidding; to work steadily and resolutely until, through long practice, — and, it may be, after many failures, — he is trusted to do the right thing, or something near it, mechanically, just as the trained pianist instinctively touches the right note. Training is all this and more. Why should we be content to let so many of our boys get their best discipline not from study but from athletics?

"But the new education," you say, "is in some ways more general than the old. From the start it opens to eager eyes all the beautiful world of science; little children get glimpses into subjects of which old-fashioned little children never heard." This is too true. Old-fashioned people have old-fashioned doubts about what seems to them a showy, all-round substitute for education, — a sort of bluff at general culture, such as we see when children, at great expense to their schools (the new education is almost ruinously expensive), dissipate their minds by studying a little of everything. I was delighted to hear Professor Grandgent say not long ago, "The curse of modern education is multiplication of subjects and painless methods." I suspect that in another generation we may even overdo the "enriching" of the grammar school. I do not undervalue the pleasure and the profit of what is called "a bowing acquaintance" with a variety of subjects: the

mistake is to accept such an acquaintance as education.

The early specialization as to which I have expressed doubt is made almost necessary by the advance of learning, the shortness of life, and the leanness of pocketbooks. The false general education is never necessary. People call it broad; but there is a big fallacy in the word "broad." A horizontal line is no broader than a perpendicular one. Just so the line of study may stretch across many subjects, and be quite as narrow as if it really penetrated one. I still doubt whether we can do better for our children than, first, to drill them in a few subjects, mostly old ones; then to give them a modest general education in college, or in all but the last year or two of college; then to let them specialize as energetically as they can (but not exclusively), — and throughout to keep in their minds, not pleasure only, but the stern Lawgiver who wears the Godhead's most benignant grace.

III

COLLEGE HONOR

TO an American college the word of all words is "truth." "Veritas" is the motto of Harvard; "Lux et Veritas" the motto of Yale. On one of the new Harvard gates is inscribed the command from the song in Isaiah, "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in;" and no better text can be found for the sons of our universities than "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." To guard the truth and to proclaim the truth are duties which the better colleges have, on the whole, honestly performed. Now and then, in the fancied opposition of religion and science, a college has preferred to guard what it believes to be one kind of truth rather

than to proclaim another. "This is not a comfortable place to teach science in," said a young geologist who had gone from Harvard to a university in the West. "The President says, 'If anybody asks questions about the antiquity of the earth, send him to me.'" Yet, in our older and stronger colleges at any rate, fearless investigation and free and fearless speech are the rule, even at the sacrifice of popularity and of money.

Now, whether truth be truth of religion, or of science, or of commerce, or of intercourse among fellow men, a college to stand for it must believe in it. As an institution of learning, a college must be an institution of truth; as a school of character, it must be a school of integrity. It can have no other justification. Yet, outside of politicians and horse-traders, no men are more commonly charged with disingenuousness than college presidents; and in no respectable community are certain kinds of dishon-

esty more readily condoned than among college students. The relation of college to college, whether in a conference of professors or in a contest of athletes, is too often a relation of suspicion, if not of charge and countercharge. Intercollegiate discussion of admission requirements may have an atmosphere, not of common interest in education, but of rivalry in intercollegiate politics; and, as everybody knows, a discussion of athletics at one college frequently shows an almost complete want of confidence in the honesty of athletics at another. Yet every college would maintain steadily, and nearly every college would maintain honestly, that it stands for the truth.

When I speak of a college as believing in the truth, I mean first that its President and Faculty must be honest and fearless; but I mean more than this. I mean also that a high standard of honor must be maintained by its undergraduates; for, far beyond the belief of most

men, the standing of a college in the community and the effect of a college in the country depend on the personal character of the undergraduates. This personal character depends in a measure on the straightforwardness and the human quality of the college teachers; but what Cardinal Newman says of intellectual development in the university is equally true of moral development: —

"When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn one from another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting day by day.

. . . . . .

"I am but saying that that youthful community will constitute a whole, it

will embody a specific idea, it will represent a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish principles of thought and action. It will give birth to a living teaching, which in the course of time will take the shape of a self-perpetuating tradition, or a *genius loci*, as it is sometimes called; which haunts the home where it has been born, and which imbues and forms, more or less, and one by one, every individual who is successively brought under its shadow. Thus it is that, independent of direct instruction on the part of superiors, there is a sort of self-education in the academic institutions of Protestant England; a characteristic tone of thought, a recognized standard of judgment, is found in them, which, as developed in the individual who is submitted to it, becomes a twofold source of strength to him, both from the distinct stamp it impresses on his mind, and from the bond of union which it creates be-

tween him and others, — effects which are shared by the authorities of the place, for they themselves have been educated in it, and at all times are exposed to the influence of its ethical atmosphere."

In any community the students of a college make a tremendous power for good or evil; and by them in college, and by them after they have left college, their college shall be judged. If, as Cardinal Newman puts it, the practical end of a university course is "training good members of society" (and, I may add, training leaders of men), nothing can be of more importance in a university, and scarcely anything can be of more importance in a community, than the attitude of undergraduates in questions of truth and falsehood.

Those who constantly inspect this attitude find much to encourage them. The undergraduate standard of honor for college officers is so sensitively high that no one need despair of the students'

ethical intelligence. No doubt, disingenuousness is sometimes believed of the wrong man; the upright professor with a reserved or forbidding manner may get a name for untrustworthiness, while the honor of his less responsible but more genial colleague is unquestioned: yet the blindness here is the blindness of youthful prejudice. The nature of disingenuousness is seen clearly enough; and the recognition of it in an instructor condemns him for all time. There is indeed but one way in which a man without extraordinary personal charm may gain and keep the confidence of students: by scrupulous openness in all his dealings with them, great or small. A moment's forgetfulness, a moment's evasiveness, — even a moment's appearance of evasiveness, — may crack the thin ice on which every college officer is skating as best he can; and the necessity of keeping the secrets of less scrupulous persons may break it through. In some

ways all this is healthy. A young fellow who sees a high standard of truth for anybody's conduct may in time see it for his own. All he needs is to discover that the world was not made for him only; and a year or two out of college should teach him that. What he lacks is not principle, but experience and readjustment. This is the lack in the average undergraduate. It is only a highly exceptional student who speaks frankly to all (college officers included) of the lies he has told in tight places, and who seems never to question an implied premise that in tight places all men lie.

Another healthy sign is the high standard of honor in athletic training. This standard, indeed, may be cruelly high. The slightest breach of training condemns a student in the eyes of a whole college, and is almost impossible to live down. Still another healthy sign is the character of the men whom, in our best

colleges, the undergraduates instinctively choose as class presidents, as athletic captains, and in general as leaders. Grown men, electing a President of the United States for four years, are not always so fortunate as Harvard Freshmen, who after eight or ten weeks of college experience choose one of their own number for an office which he is practically sure to hold throughout the four college years.[1] With few exceptions, our undergraduate leaders are straightforward, manly fellows, who will join college officers in any honest partnership for the good of one student or of all, and who shrink from any kind of meanness.

Want of a fine sense of honor appears chiefly in athletic contests, in the authorship of written work, in excuses for neglect of study, in the relation of students to the rights of persons who are not stu-

[1] Class presidents are usually football players; and, as a student once observed, "When a feller plays football, it does n't take long to find out what kind of a feller he is."

dents, and in questions of duty to all who are, or who are to be, nearest and dearest. Here are the discouraging signs; but even these are a part of that lopsided immaturity which characterizes privileged youth. It is natural, as has been said, for boys to grow like colts, one end at a time. The pity is that the boy, who determines in a measure his own growth, should be so late in developing the power to put himself into another's place; that the best education which the country can proffer is so slow in teaching to the chosen youth of the nation the Golden Rule, or even that part of the Golden Rule which results in common honesty; that the average college boy, frank and manly as he is, is honest in spots, and shows in his honesty little sense of proportion.

Take, for instance, that part of college life into which the average boy throws himself with most enthusiasm, — athletic sport, — and see how far our students

have fallen below the ideal of honesty, how far they still remain from a clear sense of proportion. I recognize the place of strategy in athletics; and I by no means agree with the gentleman who stigmatized a college catcher as "up to all the professional tricks" because "he made a feint of throwing the ball in one direction, and then threw it in another:" yet the necessity of trusting a game to what the umpire sees is deplorable. A whole-souled and straightforward young athlete told me once, with smiling good humor, that a football player in his own college (who had everybody's respect) owed his success in the game to a knack of holding his opponent in such a manner as made his opponent seem to hold him. Few college catchers, I suspect, systematically resist the temptation of pulling down a "ball" to make it look like a "strike;" and many cultivate skill in this sleight of hand as a cardinal point in the game. Even players who

trip others, though in public they may be hissed, and in private talked about as "muckers," are likely to remain in the team, and in some colleges may become captains (whereas a Freshman who breaks training by smoking a single cigarette may be "queered" for his whole college course). Many ball players use their tongues to confound or excite their adversaries; and whole armies of students, supported by a well-meaning college press, make a business of "rattling" a rival team by what ought to be an inspiration, and not a weapon, defensive or offensive, — organized cheering. The youth who plays a clean game is admired, but not always followed; and the doctrine of Mr. Henry L. Higginson and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, that a clean game comes first, and winning comes second, though it strikes undergraduates as faultless in theory and as endearing in the men who preach it, is not always suffered, in a hard game, to

interfere with "practical baseball" or "practical football," — expressions used among undergraduates much as "practical politics" is used among men of the world.

College dishonesty in written work is hard to eradicate, because rooted in impalpable tradition, — that damaging tradition which exempts students from the ordinary rules of right living, and regards as venial, or even as humorous, acts intrinsically allied to those of the impostor, the forger, and the thief. It is incredible that a youth of eighteen should not see the dishonesty of handing in as his own work, for his own credit, a piece of writing which he has copied from a newspaper or from a book, or from the writing of a fellow student, or which he has paid another man to write for him. Nobody who can get into college is so stupid that he cannot see the lie involved. Everybody sees it clearly if the writing is for a

prize, and if the fraud deprives a fellow student of his fair chance; but if a youth has spent all his available time in athletics, or in billiards, or at clubs, or at dances, or at the theatre, and if a thesis is due the next day, what is he to do? "A man must live," is a common cry of dishonest persons out of college; and "A man must get through," is a sufficient excuse for the dishonesty of students. In talking with these dishonest students, I have been struck by two things: first, by their apparent inability to see that nobody ever *has* to hand in anything, and that handing in nothing is infinitely better than handing in a dishonest thing; next, by their feeling that their own cases are exceptional, since the wrong was done "under pressure," — as if pressure did not account for the offences of all amateur liars and forgers. In many students, also, there remains a trace of the old feeling that to cheat is one thing, and to cheat a teacher is

another. Here is where generations of tricky schoolboys have established a practice as hard to overthrow by logic as love of country or love of liquor, — or anything else, good or bad, which depends on custom and feeling rather than on reason. We may prove that it is not honest to call a man we hate "Dear Sir," or to call ourselves his "very truly;" but custom sanctions it, and he expects nothing better (or worse). We know that killing harmless animals beyond what can be used as food is wanton destruction of life precious to its possessors; but good people go on fishing and shooting. Just so, if there is a tradition that teachers are fair game, and if the leaders among boys so regard them, there is no social ostracism for dishonesty in written work. Dishonest boys admit that an instructor who should print as his own what his pupils afterwards discovered in an earlier publication by another author would be de-

spised forever. Here, as elsewhere, the students' standard for the Faculty is faultlessly high; here, as elsewhere, what they need is to open their eyes to their own relative position among men, — to see that, if people who cheat them are liars, they themselves, whatever their social self-complacency, are liars also if they cheat other people. I would not give the impression that most students cheat or fail to condemn cheating, or that colleges are not making steady progress toward a higher sense of honor in this matter which would be clear to a right-minded child of ten. I mean merely that, whereas outside of college (and the custom house) the act of obvious dishonesty commonly puts the man into bad repute, among undergraduates the man often brings the act into better repute by elevating it socially; and that this is a disgrace to an institution which counts as its members the chosen youth of an enlightened country. In this mat-

ter, it is encouraging to note the feeling of the better students in Mr. Flandrau's clever Diary of a Freshman; yet even there the offence carries with it little or nothing of social condemnation. It is encouraging, also, to note the success of the so-called "honor system" in schools and colleges which have adopted it, and the ostracism of those students who have proved false to it. For myself, I cannot see why a proctor in the examination room is more than a reasonable safeguard, or why his presence there should be more offensive than that of a policeman in the street, — to a student honest and mature. It is only boys (whatever their age) who take umbrage when a man counts their change, or verifies their assertions, or audits their accounts, or refuses without security to cash their checks, or refuses to please them by testifying to what he does not know. You may believe in a boy through and through, and by showing your belief in

him you may help him to be honest; but your belief in him does not warrant your official testimony that he has successfully completed a certain work, if you have no evidence but his own declaration and the silence of his fellows. Moreover, so far as my experience goes, the hotbeds of college cheating are not the important examinations superintended by proctors; they are written "quizzes" in the crowded classroom, or themes, theses, forensics, compositions in foreign languages, mathematical problems, — any kind of written work done out of the classroom; and in all these latter cases the students, whether they know it or not, are "put on their honor." Theoretically, though in a doubtful case I should always accept the word of a suspected student, I object to the honor system as nursing a false sensitiveness that resents a kind of supervision which everybody must sooner or later accept, and as taking from the degree some part

of its sanction. If a student vouches for his own examinations, why, it has been asked, should he not sign his own diploma, and stand on his honor before the world as he has stood on it before the Faculty? Yet, practically, I am told, the honor system bids fair, where it has been adopted, "to revolutionize the whole spirit of undergraduate intercourse with the Faculty." It is, at any rate, as one of my correspondents says, a "systematic endeavor by undergraduates themselves to establish a much better moral code in relation to written work," and is therefore "an immense moral gain in itself." Besides, I have yet to meet a single man who has lived under the honor system (as I have not) who does not give it, in spite, perhaps, of *a priori* scepticism, his absolute faith. Sound or unsound, the honor system has in it signs of hope.

The notion that makeshifts and excuses in place of attendance and work

are different at college from what they are elsewhere is another aspect of the tradition to which I have referred. Able-bodied youths are afflicted with diseases that admit all pleasures and forbid all duties, and if questioned closely are offended because their word is not accepted promptly and in full, even when it is obviously of little worth. The dissipation of a night brings the headache of a morning; and the student excuses himself as too sick for college work. On the day before a ball and on the day after it, a severe cold prevents a student from attendance at college exercises; but he goes to the ball. Many undergraduates treat their academic engagements in a way that would lose them positions at any business house inside of a week; yet no remorse affects their appetites or their sleep. In this world, by the way, it is not the just who sleep; it is the irresponsible.

The openness with which these worth-

less excuses are offered is a sign that the trouble is perverted vision rather than radical moral obliquity. An ingenuous youth, prevented by a cold from going to college exercises, stood on a windy ball field one raw day in the spring, and, unabashed, coached his men before the eyes of the officer whose business it was to call him to account. Another insisted to the same officer that a mark of absence against him in a large lecture course was a mistake; and when told that it was not, exclaimed with honest warmth, "Then the fellow who promised to sit in my seat did n't do it!" Both of these boys were blinded by the tradition which nearly all college literature has fostered, and which nothing but eternal vigilance and constant and prolonged care can destroy. It is this tradition which led a professor to say, "Students who won't lie to an individual will lie to the college office; it is a soulless, impersonal thing."

Another aspect of this same compre-

hensive tradition is the enthusiasm of some Freshmen for stealing signs. There was, indeed, a time when timid Freshmen *bought* signs, to have the reputation of "ragging" them. The word "rag," as I have said elsewhere, is more local, more specific, and, when applied to our own acts or to those of our friends, less embarrassing than the word "steal." No doubt the college stealer of signs, whether youth or maiden, steals for fun, and has not the same motive as the common thief; yet the motive, as I see it, is no higher. The implied general proposition at the root of the act is the proposition that students' privileges include the privilege of disregarding the rights of others; the assumption that the world, of which so much is bestowed on them, is theirs, — to disport themselves in. Sometimes the stealing takes the form of destroying property (breaking glass, for instance); sometimes of robbing the very mother who shelters the robber. "Do you re-

member what fun we had burning that pile of lumber in front of Matthews Hall?" said a middle-aged clergyman to a classmate. Yet Matthews Hall was a generous gift to the University; and the students who destroyed the lumber were picking the pocket of a benefactor or of the Alma Mater herself. Destruction of property is often an attempt to celebrate athletic success; it is, if the phrase is pardonable, an ebullition of misfit loyalty to the college whose property is sacrificed, as if the son of a successful candidate for the presidency of the United States should celebrate his father's victory by burning down his father's house. Sometimes undergraduates "pinch" bits of college property as trophies, just as modern pilgrims have shown their respect for the Pilgrim Fathers by chipping off pieces of Plymouth Rock. These kinds of college dishonesty are happily lessening, and are regarded as pardonable in Freshmen only,

— as evidence of "freshness" pure and simple. That they exist at all is not merely a scandal to the good name of the college, but a menace to its prosperity. The few foolish boys who are guilty of them stand in the unthinking public mind for the noble universities which they misrepresent, until irritated tradesmen and city governments forget what the college does for the community, and view it merely as a rich corporation that escapes taxes and fills the city with insolent and dishonest youth. The irresponsibility of some students in money matters, their high-minded indignation if a tradesman to whom they have owed money for years demands it in a manner that does not meet their fancy, increases the irritation; and incalculable damage is done.

After all, the most serious aspect of college dishonesty is the dishonesty of vice. Many persons who condemn vice believe nevertheless that it belongs with

a character which, though its strength is perverted, is open and hearty; and now and then this belief seems justified: but those who see at close range the effects of vice remember that bound up with most of it is, and must be, faithlessness to father and mother, and to the wife and children who are soon to be. College sentiment condemns habitual vice. Like the sentiment of the world at large, it is lenient (to men only) in occasional lapses from virtue, — unless a lapse involves a breach of athletic training. Here too we mark that want of proportion which characterizes undergraduate judgments of college honor. The youth who squanders in vice the money which his father, at a sacrifice, has sent him for his term bill may be a good fellow yet; the youth who breaks training is a disgrace to his Alma Mater.

In dwelling on certain kinds of college dishonesty, I have not forgotten that in some respects the college sense of

honor is the keenest in the community, and that no higher ideal can be found on earth than in the best thought of our best universities. What I have pointed out must be taken as stray survivals of an intensely vital tradition, — survivals which in a democracy like our own have no right to be. The public sentiment of our colleges is becoming, year by year, cleaner and clearer-sighted. We move forward, and not slowly. What makes some persons impatient is the need of teaching to the picked young men of America that a lie is a lie, whoever tells it, and a theft a theft, whoever commits it; and that a college student, though he gains more blessings than his neighbor, does not gain thereby the right to appropriate his neighbor's goods. In our impatience, we forget that to teach an axiom takes years and generations if the axiom contradicts tradition; and we forget that, when all is said, our undergraduates themselves are constantly purifying and uplifting college honor.

IV

SOME ASPECTS OF GRAMMAR-SCHOOL TRAINING[1]

WHOEVER looks into systems of education is almost sure to see something that needs reform, and is inclined to believe that the methods of his own day are all wrong. Thus it has come to pass that every year or every month, according to the degree of progressiveness in the community, new theories of education are sprung on us, and, it may be, tried on our children. Now, as everybody knows, it is ten times as easy to destroy as to reconstruct, and a hundred times as easy to find fault as to suggest practicable and wise and durable

[1] A paper read before the Department of Superintendence (National Educational Association) at Chicago, February, 1901.

improvement. The history of education, like the history of the world, is a history of countless mistakes, with much noble effort and many noble results. There is no reason why education should not admit new light as other sciences admit it, — as medicine, for example, admits it; but reform in education has been, and still is, alloyed with religious prejudice, with politics, and with personal power and whim, till in our less hopeful moments the education of boys and girls seems the stamping-ground of experiment and fad. In these experiments for the enlightenment of colleges and schools we sometimes forget the oldest and the best truths of education itself.

From Milton, though parts of his one pamphlet on education are an astounding example of the reformer's lack of practical sense, we may get as good a definition as has ever been devised. "I call a complete and generous education," says Milton, "that which fits a man to

perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." Accepting this definition, I come with an old story, a story which I have told before, and must tell the worse when I try to put it into new language; a story, therefore, which here and there I shall let other people tell for me.

At the start, I must disclaim any inside knowledge of school systems; and for this reason it may seem that I ought not to speak of school systems at all. My excuse is twofold, — the *a priori* principle in the relation of hard work to solid success, and the unmistakable signs that in modern theories of education this principle is often slighted or ignored. In a certain sense I speak as an outsider, yet as an outsider who has, and who feels his right to have, a conviction, — a conviction that the end of the American public school is to insure the intellectual discipline which is itself a moral

force, and which may point for its result to an educated nation.

The first lesson of education is the lesson of getting down to hard work, and doing the work thoroughly. It may be learned by a boy or girl who never goes to school, learned in a mill or on a farm; but the highest work in this part of the world must commonly be done by people who for a greater or less number of years have spent the best part of at least five days out of seven for some forty weeks a year in what we call education. The first business of a school is to teach concentration, application, power of tackling intellectual work, — qualities which sooner or later a man must have if he is to succeed in life, and which he got in his boyhood if he had the right kind of parents, was the right kind of boy, and went to the right kind of school. (I speak of boys. I bid good-by to the girls here and now, leaving them to be "understood" throughout most of what I have to say.)

Some of us, now in middle life, recall the days when, as one of my old neighbors puts it, "we were on earth the first time;" and we recall the grammar schools of those days, — the bare walls, the single dictionary as the library of each room, and the curriculum, which nobody had dreamt of "enriching;" reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic (quite enough arithmetic), English grammar, and Quackenbos's History of the United States; nothing to attract the eye, no festivity except at recess, no music, no intellectual food outside of the curriculum except an occasional address of five minutes by a more or less illiterate mayor and an occasional question from a rather bashful superintendent (those were early days). For discipline, besides a flogging now and then, the boy who turned his head round to the boy behind him had to stand on the platform with a spring clothespin on his nose till he saw another boy turn his head and transferred the clothespin to him.

Such education had its drawbacks, moral, intellectual, and above all æsthetic: yet some of us may well look back to it as the surest and truest discipline of our lives; for we were taught to work. Sometimes, if you are to turn a college loafer into a man, you send him to a factory, with long and early hours, and immediate responsibility to an officer. You do this because his salvation is work, and because, blind as he now is to the beauty of the intellectual work that he may do, he needs to be educated by manual labor that he must do. You give him work as education. All education is work. This obvious but endangered doctrine is what I am here to preach.

"Work," says Bushnell, "is activity *for* an end; play activity *as* an end. One prepares the fund or resources of enjoyment; the other is enjoyment itself. When a man goes into agriculture, trade, or the shop, he consents to under-

take a certain expenditure of care and labor, which is only a form of painstaking (rightly named), in order to obtain some ulterior good which is to be his reward; but when a child goes to his play, it is no painstaking, no means to an end: it is itself, rather, both end and joy."

Now the tendency of education in this country is to turn work into play, just as the tendency of outdoor games in this country is to turn play into work. For early education we have the kindergarten; for football we have relentless training. Have you ever thought of one reason why athletics in American colleges mean so much? It is athletics in which many a youth, pampered at home and at school, gets his only taste of the stern discipline without which he cannot be a man. His studies he evades, and his friends pardon the evasion; his football he cannot evade, or he is branded as a "quitter," as "soft," or "sandless." From his studies he gets more or less

culture, but no backbone; from his football he gets the stuff and substance of his education. The business man often prefers in his office a successful college athlete to a successful college scholar; for the athlete, as the business man says, "has done something."

The public school should have at least as much educational power as football. Setting aside the question of manual training, a question of great importance to many boys, and speaking of a grammar school, I believe that the business of the grammar school is to teach a few subjects, essential or of prime importance, and, in teaching them, to give the training which enables people "to do things." The grammar school is for the greatest good of the greatest number. If we are inclined to condemn it for ignoring the individual, we should remember that strength may come to the individual from being ignored, from being treated as one among many who are

treated and trained alike. Individual education is the right of a man; to a less degree it is the right of a youth; to some degree it is the right of everybody: but everybody has also that other right of education in common with his equals, his superiors, and even with his inferiors, education in which he may see the effect of teaching on a variety of minds, each different from his own, and may learn from his fellows as they may learn from him.

Again and again I have seen, in college, students who have become almost hopelessly debilitated from excessive attention to their individual needs, — or, rather, to what their parents have believed to be their individual needs; who have never known the stimulus of competition; whose sharp corners have been carefully sharpened more and more, and never rounded off; the bent of whose minds has been followed till their minds have lost all power of attention and con-

centration, — unless something new has come to fascinate them, so that their very attention has seemed a weakness rather than a strength, a yielding of the mind rather than a conquering by the mind. The business of the grammar school is not to follow the mind, but to lead it; nor is it to entertain or amuse, though a good teacher will entertain and amuse incidentally; nor is it to teach so many things that none can be taught well. It is to drill and drill and drill; to teach accuracy, concentration, self-command, so that he who has been faithful in a few things may be fit, with increasing years and ripening powers, to be ruler over many things. In the grammar school few subjects are essential. Chief among these is the use of the English language. If enough sensible trainers of the voice could be found, I should be tempted to add elocution. Who does not know the strained, high voice of a reciting child or of a chiding schoolmistress? Who

that has to use his voice in a large room does not know the weariness of not using it well? A little mathematics, a little geography and history, possibly a little physics, and a great deal of reading, writing, and speaking in the English tongue, — these things well taught make a foundation on which any structure of intellectual education may safely rest. Narrow, if you will, but about as wide as a child's foundation can be laid and laid firmly. A few fundamental studies with the habit of mastering the work in hand are an infinitely better basis for the child than a heterogeneous collection of half-learned, cultivating diversions, over which he may sprawl, but on which he can never stand. A few studies rightly taught are the first intellectual step toward "that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." Sometimes people complain of drill as benumbing the mind of a child;

and the complaint, if the child is young and the drill severe, has foundation. Yet these same persons fail to see how demoralizing to the mind of a child an excessive number of studies may be. Children, as everybody knows, love repetition in their amusements, and can stand much more of it in their instruction than their elders can. By multiplying the subjects which we set before them, we run the risk, not merely of dissipating their minds, but of overstimulating them. I do not mean that even a grammar school should ignore the value of variety; and I am glad that music is now taught in our public schools. I mean much what a correspondent of mine meant when he wrote: "I would have a boy use the English language decently, even if he loses the opportunity to study German in the grammar school." What threatens our early education nowadays is the amusement and variety theory. Working up-

ward from the kindergarten, it bids fair to weaken the intellect and to sap the will.' A well-known teacher in Boston had no difficulty in picking out the members of his school who had begun their education in the kindergarten; and he picked them out because of a weakness in their intellectual processes. There are exceptions and notable ones; and there is, as everybody knows, a lovely side to the kindergarten: but the danger of the kindergarten principle is felt by many a teacher who hardly dares hint at it. An elective system in college gives a noble liberty to the man who has been so trained that he can use his liberty wisely; but when an elective system goes lower and lower into our schools till it meets children who have been amused through the years in which they should have been educated, what chance have these children for the best thing in education?

"On a huge hill
Cragged and steep, Truth stands; and he that will
Reach her about must, and about it go,
And what th' hill's suddenness resists, win so."

That I am not fighting shadows or knocking down men of straw, the testimony of a hundred teachers and parents makes clear. The amusement theory, starting in an honest and benignant desire to show children the beauty of the world about them and to rouse their interest in study, especially in the study of nature, may end with the sacrifice of strength in the pupil and of truth in the teacher; may become a sweetmeat theory, giving the children food which debilitates and deranges the organs that crave it.

Certainly the education of boys should not be a bore and a bugbear, nor should it ignore culture. Yet the culture should not crowd out training; it should rather be atmospheric: it should come to the boy from the finer, maturer, and more sensitive character of his teacher; it

should take little visible or tangible part in the school programme; it should pervade the whole. In the best teacher, also, is a personal force that inspires some boys with the desire to work and compels others to work, till working becomes a precious, even a priceless, habit of their lives. He is not full of devices and patent appliances for interesting his pupils; he is not full of theories and fads: he does his own work, even the drudgery of it, with enthusiasm for it and for his calling. He corrects, chastens, guides, kindles the love of learning; and constantly he gives to eager eyes some glimpses of that high enjoyment to which learning and discipline may lead: but he never sacrifices the discipline to any royal road of pleasure.

This is another way of saying that the good teacher does not sacrifice truth "to make things interesting." I have lately read an admirable paper by Miss Soule, of Brookline, Mass., on the foolish un-

truthfulness of some books designed to interest children in nature. Miss Soule cites a well-known superintendent of public schools who maintains that plants, if they are to interest children, "must be instinct with human attributes;" and to illustrate his theory (about animals as well as plants) she has collected from books for children a good many specimens of biological mendacity. Children, she says, are taught that "the kind cow" gives them her milk; that "a plant does not like to send its young, delicate leaves and flowers into the cold world without wrapping them up, any more than your mother would like to send your baby brother out for the first time without a great deal of such bundling up;" that the queen bee "is very generous to the young queen, who of course is her own daughter, and leaves all the furniture and silver spoons and everything of that sort behind." "What," says Miss Soule, "is gained by this?" She tells the effect

of it on two children. One, who was literal, said: "Why, she could n't leave furniture and silver spoons, because she did n't have any to leave. That is not a very true book, is it?" Another, and brighter, child exclaimed: "How silly that is! It is so stupid to pretend things like that when they could not ever be." "Yet," says Miss Soule, "this child is very imaginative, delights in fairy tales, and lived Alice in Wonderland for weeks." Imaginative literature may do what it likes with plants and animals. Alice in Wonderland, though she may not teach children respectful manners, cannot teach them biological untruth. Mr. Kipling's Rikki Tikki Tavi is one of the best stories in the English language for old or young; and his Toomai of the Elephants has a poetic beauty which it is a distinction for a child to feel. Imaginative literature is one thing, and books for instruction are quite another. Yet one teacher cited to Miss Soule that

dismal joke about the queen bee and the silver spoons as "so taking, so cute!" "This method of awakening interest," says Miss Soule, "puts child and animals into false relations, and nothing is gained by it except possibly an added interest on the part of the child. Since this interest is based upon conditions which do not exist, the child has no right to it. The animals are not interesting *in that way*." In the same paper Miss Soule compares "soft pedagogics" with peptonized food.

After reading Miss Soule's paper, one of the best graduates of one of the best kindergarten schools wrote to the author that she (the teacher) "was circulating that paper among all the teachers she knew, because it had shown her that she and the other kindergarten teachers were doing dishonest work for the sake of ease and arousing interest, and that the modern schoolbooks all tended to increase this dishonesty." "It is better," said an American humorist, "not to

know so much than to know so many things that ain't so."

An able teacher in Boston, struggling against what she believes to be debilitating methods in the education of to-day, writes of her own work as "an uphill, out-of-date attempt to keep a simple, healthy school;" and adds that in the attempt she is "constantly losing her grip on the Back Bay." From another teacher of long experience, who writes about modern methods of teaching languages, I quote at some length: —

"Since the attack on the old system of teaching languages, English as well as Latin and Greek, became effective in an iconoclastic sense, and ineffective in the way of suggesting a better system, the teacher in the secondary schools has been swamped in what I, remembering my friends' experiences with Dr. Sauveur many years ago, have been inclined to call Sauveurism. Sauveurism in teaching, you will remember, spread rapidly,

attacked many college centres, and infected violently the opponents of the classical system. It was for a time hailed as the true scientific treatment of all language study, and it really had in it one element of true scientific method, the cumulative gathering of facts on which to theorize; but the gathering of facts proved in the main to be desultory and the theories nebulous and valueless. This Sauveur rage, while it had its good side in practical training for the spoken language, struck at the root of all sound scientific method in language study. The good in it was as old as the hills, and was already as effectively used in good schools of the classical order as it ever was by Sauveur. The evil in it was its claim that a no-system was better than a system. It threw out what was known and classified. Where true science teaches by rule and tests by experiment, this held that cumulative laboratory work was all in all. The Sauveur

method was the first wild attempt to replace with a working system the old grammatical training of the schools. It failed and is forgotten. Taking what was good in it, — not from Sauveur, but from the old methods, as old as the hills, — a few practical teachers, like Daniell and Collar, themselves trained in the old schools, have reintroduced good grammatical work in Latin and Greek instruction. This is elementary training only, but it serves to shorten the period of drudgery and open up early the rich stores of Latin and Greek literature, — stores to be best enjoyed without the excess of annotation and cross-reference which some of the literature specialists are attaching to our English classics intended for schools. English grammar also has its method and should, I believe, be taught early and thoroughly, — the dry details not shunned. In getting these the memory may receive as exact a training as it used to get in the old [Bos-

ton] Latin School under Gardner. Once bedded in the mind, the grammatical details should be allowed to repose there, as well forgotten as the flower seed is forgotten when the blossom is sweet in the winds. If they are stirred again, as the young college specialists (not the best of them) are stirring them, I believe the mind will never acquire that fine sense of literary charm that used to be acquired under Channing and Child. I have recalled Sauveur, only because he stands in my memory as the *bête noire* of some years of my life spent in teaching English and the classics. But he has passed and is forgotten. Other fads have taken the place of his in language and other studies."

This teacher expresses "doubt as to the robustness of vigor acquired by rolling downhill along the lines of least resistance," "as if," he says, "mental vigor were to be got in the malarial tracts and not on the windy and difficult heights."

"Some years ago," he adds, "when I asked my boy what he should like to do for a living, his answer was: 'I should like to loaf on salary.' As he has had no such soft elective open to him, he is now doing very honest work."

The windy and difficult heights! Can any healthy man or woman compare the pleasure of "loafing on salary" to the pleasure of scaling "the windy and difficult heights"? Indeed, the cry of those who scale these heights is: "Give a boy liberty, and he too will scale them. He will use liberty wisely, because in the wise use of it he will find the keenest enjoyment of the intellectual life." But a boy, *while he is a boy*, does not see all this. A student from a famous preparatory school, the head master of which is a vigorous and cultivated man, knew almost nothing of the English language. "With the methods of teaching they have now," said his father, "I do not see how a boy *learns* anything.

I really believe," he added, "that the reason my boy does poorly in his mathematics is because he does not know the language in which it is taught. It would never occur to him to look up a word in the dictionary." This is the kind of boy who expects in college that form of education which Mr. Dooley describes when he says: "Th' prisidint takes him into a Turkish room, gives him a cigareet, an' says: 'Me dear boy, what special branch iv larnin' wud ye like to *have studied f'r ye* be our compitint professors?'"[1] — the kind of boy that leads the same philosopher not to care what the children study so long as it is disagreeable to them.

Now and then a man born of the best stock, trained with the best training of an earlier generation, filled with high purpose and noble enthusiasm, fails to see that the average child of to-day may be swamped by a liberty which to him

[1] The italics are mine.

would be buoyant life. He has learned the triumphant happiness of difficult work well done, and forgets the time when even he, in a school of to-day, might not have learned it. Let us thank every teacher who has helped us to see that, if we do anything as well as we can and keep on doing it, it must become interesting. I too believe that boys and girls should enjoy education, should love the *work* of it. By and by they must spend the greater part of their waking hours in work; and if they cannot enjoy work, *the* work that lies before them, they will lead unhappy lives. The late Professor Dunbar assigned as one cause of President Eliot's extraordinary success his keen enjoyment of work. Some men live on "the windy and difficult heights," mountain-climbers by instinct and by training; but will the youth of vulgar heritage and custom-made education grapple with the cliffs, or will he light a cigarette and lie down?

I am not attacking the elective system in colleges. I believe with President Tucker that "a considerable amount of unawakened, uninterested mind in our colleges has been recovered by this system;" that "it represents the final appeal to the indifferent student;" and that "it gives responsibility and stimulus to the diligent." Yet its representing the final intellectual appeal is a confession of weakness in some early processes. Besides, if the elective system gets into the grammar school, it will in some measure defeat its own end in the college. It will cut off many a boy from the liberty in whose name it was created, by sending him to college unfit for a number of the elective courses which would otherwise be open to him. Then, if roused at last to an interest in work, he will "feel the weight" of the "chance desires" which led him blindly away from what was to be his goal. Suppose he loves literature, but not language, and in

the complacency of youth sets out to be a specialist in literature, with "no use," as he says, for the ancient classics: the higher he rises in his specialty, the more keenly he will feel the want of the Greek and Latin which he might have mastered once so much more readily than he can master them now. Or, not to mention Greek and Latin, suppose he loves to write, but not to study grammar: he may be clever and may acquire skill in writing; but the greater his success, the deeper will be his regret, if he comes to write of difficult subjects, that he threw away the opportunity of early grammatical training.

The early studies, I repeat, should be the studies that are at the root of all. These are the right studies for boys whose book-learning stops with the grammar school: they are equally right for boys who will in time be doctors of philosophy. In the hands of a good teacher they are interesting, with no strain on

truth: first, because to an awakened mind every study has its charm; and, next, because through them a good teacher may train a boy to the enjoyment of vigorous work.

I am talking of intellectual work. Sewing for girls and carving for boys are first-rate things and may well be taught in public institutions; but they should not in an American grammar school crowd out intellectual opportunity. As to the hundred pretty and interesting things with which we are tempted to decorate school programmes, let us remember that "the foundation must be stronger than the superstructure." "Fine stockings, fine shoes, fine yellow hair," and a "double ruffle round her neck" did not make up in Ducky Dilver's lamented wife for the want of a petticoat; and it is even so with frills in education. Without the essential garments of the mind, the frills may become a mockery.

"I will tell you, gentlemen," says

Cardinal Newman, "what has been the practical error of the last twenty years [we must add many more years now]. Not to load the memory of the student with a mass of undigested knowledge; but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not; of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons, and the possession of clever duodecimos, and attendance on eloquent lecturers, and membership with scientific institutions, and the sight of the experiments of a platform, and the specimens of a museum, — that all this was not dissipation of mind, but progress. All things now are to be learned at once; not first one thing and then another; not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be

without exertion, without attention, without toil, without grounding, without advance, without finish."

"There are youths," says the same great writer, ". . . who certainly have a taste for reading, but in whom it is little more than the result of mental restlessness and curiosity. Such minds cannot fix their gaze on one object for two seconds together; the very impulse that leads them to read at all leads them to read on, and never to stay or hang over any one idea. The pleasurable excitement of reading what is new is their motive principle, and the imagination that they are doing something, and the boyish vanity that accompanies it, are their reward. Such youths often profess to like poetry, or to like history or biography; they are fond of lectures on certain of the physical sciences; or they may possibly have a real and true taste for natural history or other cognate subjects; and so far they may be regarded

with satisfaction; but, on the other hand, they profess that they do not like logic, they do not like algebra, they have no taste for mathematics; which only means that they do not like application, they do not like attention, they shrink from the effort and labor of thinking, and the process of true intellectual gymnastics. The consequence will be that, when they grow up, they may, if it so happen, be agreeable in conversation; they may be well informed in this or that department of knowledge; they may be what is called literary; but they will have no consistency, steadiness, or perseverance; they will not be able to make a telling speech, or to write a good letter, or to fling in debate a smart antagonist, unless so far as, now and then, mother-wit supplies a sudden capacity, which cannot be ordinarily counted on. They cannot state an argument or a question, or take a clear survey of a whole transaction, or give sensible and appropriate advice under

difficulties, or do any of those things which inspire confidence and gain influence, which raise a man in life, and make him useful to his religion or his country."

Elsewhere Cardinal Newman says:—

"The displays of eloquence, or the interesting matter contained in their lectures, the variety of useful or entertaining knowledge contained in their libraries, though admirable in themselves, and advantageous to the student at a later stage of his course, never can serve as a substitute for methodical and laborious teaching. A young man of sharp and active intellect, who has had no other training, has little to show for it besides a litter of ideas heaped up into his mind anyhow. He can utter a number of truths or sophisms, as the case may be; and one is as good to him as another. He is up with a number of doctrines and a number of facts; but they are all loose and straggling, for he has no principles set up in his mind round

which to aggregate and locate them. He can say a word or two on half a dozen sciences, but not a dozen words on any one. He says one thing now, and another thing presently; and when he attempts to write down distinctly what he holds upon a point in dispute, or what he understands by its terms, he breaks down and is surprised at his failure. He sees objections more clearly than truths, and can ask a thousand questions which the wisest of men cannot answer; and withal he has a very good opinion of himself, and is well satisfied with his attainments, and he declares against others, as opposed to the spread of knowledge altogether, who do not happen to adopt his ways of furthering it, or the opinions in which he considers it to result."

Still again: —

"But the intellect which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows,

which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another."

Men look at any system of education, and are dissatisfied, because no system does for everybody what education should do. They would gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. They forget that even the best seed may fall on stony ground or be eaten by the fowls of the air. They forget that no schoolmaster and no school system can make over a boy's ancestors, or banish his temptations, or give eyes to the blind; and they have their visions, their

theories, their panaceas; and people rush after their panaceas as people rush after other panaceas, to find that the panacea comes and goes, while the disease abides; and the steadfast old teacher almost loses heart, like the steadfast old physician who sees people stake their money and their lives on a new patent medicine, on irrational healers of all sorts, on persons who prescribe from examining locks of hair or from looking at the stars; but by and by he says to himself: "'This, too, shall pass.' Of the new teachers the dishonest will soon reveal themselves; and from the honestly mistaken some good may come. I will stand by a few things that I know. I know that it is better to concentrate the mind than to dissipate it, to train it than to pamper it. I know that there is no courage and no intellectual joy like the courage and the joy of that effort which ends in mastery. New systems may come and go. I will take with

gratitude whatever in any one of them adds beauty, interest, helpful variety, cultivating influence, any kind of strength or glory, to a task as perplexing as it is noble: yet not for one moment shall I forget that sound training comes before varied accomplishment; that there is no strength and no glory like that of duty steadily and bravely done."

V

THE TRANSITION FROM SCHOOL TO COLLEGE

COLLEGE life is the supreme privilege of youth. Rich men's sons from private schools may take it carelessly, as something to enjoy unearned, like their own daily bread; yet the true title to it is the title earned in college day by day. The privilege of entering college admits to the privilege of deserving college; college life belongs to the great things, at once joyous and solemn, that are not to be entered into lightly.

Now the things that are not to be entered into lightly (such as marriage and the ministry) are often the things that men enter prepared viciously or not prepared at all; and college life is no exception. "There had always lain a

pleasant notion at the back of his head," says Mr. Kipling of Harvey Cheyne's father, who had left the boy to the care of a useless wife, "that some day, when he had rounded off everything and the boy had left college, he would take his son to his heart and lead him into his possessions. Then that boy, he argued, as busy fathers do, would instantly become his companion, partner, and ally; and there would follow splendid years of great works carried out together, — the old head backing the young fire." Such fatal gaps in calculation, common with preoccupied fathers, are not uncommon with teachers, — the very men whose lifework is fitting boys for life.

To prepare a boy for examinations that admit to college requires skill, but is easy; to prepare a boy for college is a problem that no teacher and no school has ever solved. In the widest sense, the transition from school to college is almost coincident with the transition from youth

to manhood, — often a time when the physical being is excitable and ill controlled, when the mind suffers from the lassitude of rapid bodily growth, and when the youth's whole conception of his relation to other people is distorted by conceit. Sensitive to his own importance, just beginning to know his power for good or evil, he is shot into new and exciting surroundings, — out of a discipline that drove and held him with whip and rein into a discipline that trusts him to see the road and to travel in it. If we add to this the new and alluring arguments for vice as an expression of fully developed manhood, we have some notion of the struggle in which a boy — away from home, it may be, for the first time — is expected to conquer. The best school is the school that best prepares him for this struggle; not the school that guards him most sternly or most tenderly, nor the school that guards him not at all, but the school that stead-

ily increases his responsibility, and as steadily strengthens him to meet it. The best college is the college that makes him a man.

The first feeling of a Freshman is confusion; the next is often a strange elation at the discovery that now at last his elders have given him his head. "I never shall forget," says a noted preacher, "how I felt when I found myself a Freshman, — a feeling that all restraint was gone, and that I might go to the Devil just as fast as I pleased." This is the transition from school to college.

In a man's life there must be, as everybody knows, a perilous time of going out into the world: to many it comes at the beginning of a college course; to many — possibly to most who go to college at all — it has already come at school. The larger and less protected boarding school or academy is constantly threatened with every vice known to a college; the cloistered private school affords, from its lack

of opportunity for some vices, peculiar temptation to others; the day school, if in or near a large city, contains boys for whose bad habits, not yet revealed, their parents by and by will hold the college responsible. I remember a group of boys going daily from cultivated homes to an excellent school, each of whom, in college, came to one grief or another, and each of whom, I am convinced, had made straight at home and at school the way to that grief. The transition from school to college was merely the continuation in a larger world of what they had begun in a smaller.

A continuation is what the transition ought to be: the problem is how to make it a continuation of the right sort. "What is the matter with your college?" says a teacher who cares beyond all else for the moral and religious welfare of his pupils. "I keep my boys for years: I send them to you in September, and by Christmas half of them

have degenerated. They have lost punctuality; they have lost application; they have no responsibility; and some of them are gone to the bad." "What is the matter with your school," the college retorts, "that in half a dozen years it cannot teach a boy to stand up three months? College is the world; fitting for college is fitting for life: what is the matter with your school?" He who loses his ideals loses the very bloom of life. To see a young man's ideals rapidly slipping away, while his face grows coarser and coarser, is one of the saddest sights in college or out of it. What is his training good for, if it has not taught him the folly, the misery, and the wrong of dabbling in evil? If he must believe that no man is wise till he has come to know the resorts of gamblers and harlots, and has indulged himself for experience' sake in a little gentlemanly vice, can he not put off the acquaintance four years more, by the end

of which time he may have learned some wiser way of getting wisdom? Besides, in the course of those four years (and the chance is better than even) he may meet some girl for whose sake he will be glad that his record has been clean. Cannot a school which closely watches its boys while their characters are moulding teach them to keep their heads level and their hearts true, save them from the wrong that never can be righted, send them to college and through college, faulty it must be, but at least unstained?

The main object of school and college is the same, — to establish character, and to make that character more efficient through knowledge; to make moral character more efficient through mental discipline. In the transition from school to college, continuity of the best influence, mental and moral, is the thing most needful. Oddly enough, the only continuity worthy of the name is often

(in its outward aspect) neither mental nor moral, but athletic. An athlete is watched at school as an athlete, enters college as an athlete; and if he is a good athlete, and if he takes decent care of his body, he continues his college course as an athlete, — with new experiences, it is true, but always with the thread of continuity fairly visible, and with the relation of training to success clearly in view. Palpably bad as the management of college athletics has been and is, misleading as the predominance of athletics in an institution of learning may be, the fact remains that in athletics lies a saving power, and that for many a boy no better bridge of the gap between school and college has yet been found. The Freshman athlete, left to himself, is likely to fall behind in his studies; but unless he is singularly unreasonable or vicious, he is where an older student of clear head and strong will can keep him straight, — can at

least save him from those deplorable falls that, to a greater or less degree, bruise and taint a whole life. "The trouble will begin," said a wise man, talking to sub-Freshmen, "in the first fortnight. Some evening you will be with a lot of friends in somebody's room, when something is proposed that you know is n't just right. Stop it if you can; if not, go home and go to bed, and in the morning you will be glad you did n't stay." The first danger in the transition from boyhood to manhood is the danger in what is called "knowing life." It is so easy to let mere vulgar curiosity pose as the search for truth. A Senior who had been in a fight at a public dance said in defence of himself: "I think I have led a pretty clean life in these four years; but I believe that going among all sorts of people and knowing them is the best thing college life can give us." The old poet knew better: —

"Let no man say there, 'Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me; I 'll do none but know all.'
Men are sponges, which, to pour out, receive;
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive;
For in best understandings sin began;
Angels sinned first, then devils, and then man."

Here comes in to advantage the ambition of the athlete. Football begins with or before the college year. Training for football means early hours, clean life, constant occupation for body and mind. Breach of training means ostracism. That this game tides many a Freshman over a great danger, by keeping him healthily occupied, I have come firmly to believe. It supplies what President Eliot calls a "new and effective motive for resisting all sins which weaken or corrupt the body;" it appeals to ambition and to self-restraint; it gives to crude youth a task in which crude youth can attain finish and skill, can feel the power that comes of surmounting tremendous obstacles and of recog-

nition for surmounting them; moreover, like war, it affords an outlet for the reckless courage of young manhood, — the same reckless courage that in idle days drives young men headlong into vice.

Has not hard study, also, a saving power? Yes, for some boys; but for a boy full of animal spirits, and not spurred to intellectual effort by poverty, the pressure is often too gentle, the reward too remote. Such a youth may be, in the first place, too well pleased with himself to understand his relation to his fellow men and the respectability of labor. He may fail to see that college life does not of itself make a man distinguished; in a vague way, he feels that the university is gratefully ornamented by his presence. No human creature can be more complacent than a Freshman, unless it is a Sophomore: yet the Freshman may be simply a being who, with no particular merit of his own, has received a great opportunity; and the Sophomore may

be simply a being who has abused that opportunity for a year.

Now the Freshman meets, in a large modern college, a new theory of intellectual discipline. As Professor Peabody has beautifully expressed it, he passes "from the sense of study as an obligation to the sense of study as an opportunity." Too often he regards study as an inferior opportunity; and having an option between study and loafing, he takes loafing. "In the Medical School," said a first-year medical student, "they give you a lot to do; and nobody cares in the least whether you do it." In other words, the Medical School may rely on the combined stimulus of intellectual ambition and bread and butter: its Faculty need not prod or cosset; it is a place of Devil take the hindmost. Yet the change in the attitude of teacher to pupil is not more sharply marked between college and medical school than between preparatory school and college. "There are

only two ways of getting work out of a *boy*," said a young college graduate. "One is through emulation; the other is to stand behind and kick him.[1] Mr. X [a well-known schoolmaster] says, 'Jones, will you please do this or that;' Mr. Y stands behind Jones and kicks him into college." I do not accept the young graduate's alternative; but I have to admit that many boys are kicked, or whipped, or cosseted, or otherwise personally conducted into college, and, once there, are as hopelessly lost as a baby turned loose in London. "It took me about two years in college to get my bearings," said an earnest man, now a superintendent of schools. "I did n't loaf; I simply did n't know how to get at things. In those days there was nobody to go to for advice; and I had never *read* anything, — had never been inside of a public library. I did n't know where or how to take hold."

[1] Both ways are known in football, besides what is called "cursing up."

This is the story of a man who longed to take hold; and we must remember that many of our college boys do not at first care whether they take hold or not. It is only in football, not in study, that they have learned to tackle, and to tackle low. "A bolstered boy," says a wise mother, "is an unfortunate man." Many of these boys have been bolstered; many are mothers' boys; many have crammed day and night through the hot season to get into college, and, once in, draw a long breath and lie down. The main object of life is attained; and for any secondary object they are too tired to work. The old time-table of morning school gives place to a confusing arrangement which spreads recitations and lectures unevenly over the different days. They walk to a large lecture room, where a man who is not going to question them that day talks for an hour, more or less audibly. He is a long way off;[1] and

[1] A student whose name begins with Y told me once that he had never had a good seat in his life.

though he is talking to somebody, he seems not to be talking to them. It is hard to listen; and if they take notes (a highly educational process) the notes will be poor: besides, if they need notes, they can buy them later. Why not let the lecture go, and sleep, or carve the furniture, or think about something else (girls, for instance)? These boys are in a poor frame of mind for new methods of instruction; yet new methods of instruction they must have. They must learn to depend upon themselves, to become men; and they must learn that hardest lesson of all, — that a man's freedom consists in binding himself: still again, they must learn these things at an age when the average boy has an ill-seasoned body, a half-trained mind, jarred nerves, his first large sum of money, all manner of diverting temptations, and a profound sense of his own importance. How can they be taken down, and not taken down too much, — thrown, and not thrown too

hard? How can they be taught the responsibility of freedom? They face, it may be, an elective system which, at first sight, seems to make elective, not this or that study merely, but the habit of studying at all. Already they have been weakened by the failure of the modern parent and the modern educator to see steadily the power that is born of overcoming difficulties. What the mind indolently shrinks from is readily mistaken, by fond mothers, mercenary tutors, and some better people, as not suited to the genius of the boy in question. "It is too much for Jamie to learn those stupid rules of syntax, when he has a passion for natural history;" or, "George never could learn geometry, — and after all, we none of us use geometry in later life. He expects to be a lawyer, like his father; and I can't think of any good geometry can do him."

The change "from the sense of study as an obligation to the sense of study as

an opportunity" is a noble change for persons mature enough to turn opportunity into obligation: it is not a noble change for those who choose such studies only as they think they can pass with bought notes. Knowledge that does not overcome difficulties, knowledge that merely absorbs what it can without disagreeable effort, is not power; it is not even manly receptivity. Milton, to be sure, patient toiler and conqueror though he was, cried in his pain, "God loves not to plough out the heart of our endeavors with overhard and sad tasks:" but an overhard and sad task may be a plain duty; and even Milton, when he said this, was trying to get rid of what some people would call a plain duty, — his wife. When we consider the mass and the variety of the Freshmen's temptations, and what some one has called the "strain on their higher motives," we wonder more and more at the strength of the temptation to knowledge, whereby so

many stand steady, and work their way out into clear-headed and trustworthy manhood.

One way to deal with these strange, excited, inexperienced, and intensely human things called Freshmen is to let them flounder till they drown or swim; and this way has been advocated by men who have no boys of their own. It is delightfully simple, if we can only shut eye and ear and heart and conscience; and it has a kind of plausibility in the examples of men who through rough usage have achieved strong character. "The objection," as the master of a great school said the other day, "is the waste; and," he added, "it is such an awful thing to waste human life!" This method is a cruel method, ignoring all the sensibilities of that delicate, high-strung instrument which we call the soul. If none but the fittest survived, the cruelty might be defended; but some, who unhappily cannot drown, become cramped swim-

mers for all their days. Busy and worn as a college teacher usually is, thirsty for the advancement of learning as he is assumed always to be, he cannot let hundreds of young men pass before him, unheeded and unfriended. At Harvard College, the Faculty, through its system of advisers for Freshmen, has made a beginning: and though there are hardly enough advisers to go round, the system has proved its usefulness. At Harvard College, also, a large committee of Seniors and Juniors has assumed some responsibility for all the Freshmen. Each undertakes to see at the beginning of the year the Freshmen assigned to him, and to give every one of them, besides kindly greeting and good advice, the feeling that an experienced undergraduate may be counted on as a friend in need.

Whether colleges should guard their students more closely than they do — whether, for example, they should with

gates and bars protect their dormitories against the inroads of bad women — is an open question. For the deliberately vicious such safeguards would amount to nothing; but for the weak they might lessen the danger of sudden temptation. Of what schools should do I can say little; for with schools I have little experience: but this I know, that some system of gradually increased responsibility is best in theory, and has proved good in practice. The scheme of making the older and more influential boys "prefects" has worked well in at least one large preparatory school, and shows its excellence in the attitude of the prefects when they come to college. This scheme makes a confident appeal to the maturity of some boys and the reasonableness of all, trusting all to see that the best hopes of teacher and scholar are one and the same.

The system of gradually increased

responsibility at school must be met halfway by the system of friendly supervision at college, — supervision in which the older undergraduates are quite as important as the Faculty. The Sophomore who enjoys hazing (like the dean who employs spies) is an enemy to civilization. The true state of mind, whether for professor or for student, was expressed by a college teacher long ago. "I hold it," he said, "a part of my business to do what I can for any wight that comes to this place." When all students of all colleges, and all boys of all schools, believe, and have the right to believe, that their teachers are their friends; when the educated public recognizes the truth that school and college should help each other in lifting our youth to the high ground of character, — the school never forgetting that boys are to be men, and the college never forgetting that men have been boys, — we shall come to the

ideal of education. Toward this ideal we are moving, slowly but steadily. When we reach it, or even come so near it as to see it always, we shall cease to dread the transition from school to college.

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