

PRISON PHILOSOPHY.

The following is one of a number of poems written by a convict in an English prison:

I cannot take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key;
And much the public I applaud
For their kind care of me.

The honest pauper in the street

Half naked I behold;
Whilst I am clad from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

Thousands there are who scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
But I've a warm and well-aired cell,
A bath, good books, good bed.

While they are fed on workhouse fare
And grudge their scanty food,
Three times a day my meals I get,
Sufficient, wholesome, good.

Then to the British public health,
Who all our care relieves,
And while they treat us as they do,
They'll never want for thieves!

LITTLE LENA.



LONG the banks of the great Mississippi River, from the head of navigation to the Gulf, the traveler may see a great number of white posts with a diamond shaped board fastened at the top, to which is securely locked a square lantern; a step ladder resting against the post renders the lantern accessible. These are the Government post lights, used by the pilots of the steamers that ply up and down the river, as beacons to mark the steamboat channel.

There are some 1,600 of these lights on the rivers of the United States. Keepers for them are selected from among the people living along the river, many of them being women, who, as a general rule, make better keepers than men. The pay averages about \$10 a month, and often this is the only cash money that some of them receive. As a class they are honest and faithful to their trust, and realize the importance of their charge.

Many queer and interesting characters are met with among them, and many a strange history is locked up in their lives. Innumerable are the acts of heroism, bravery and unselfish devotion that often leak out, and which speak louder than words of the honest hearts of these plain people who serve Uncle Sam in this humble way.

One case in particular stands out now in my mind, that of a little Dutch girl named Lena. Her life was a short but sad one, and we all took great interest in her for she grew up almost under our eyes. I first met her when she was about 6 years of age. We had landed one day to put up a light on the Mississippi River, and while the men were at work I wandered out into the woods to gather some nuts, when I came upon a little flaxen-haired girl singing away, happy as a lark. Near her lay a little dog—part "rat-and-tan" and the other part "just plain dog." He was a faithful friend to her, and no stranger was allowed to come near his little mistress unless she first spoke to him. The dog barked at me, which caused the child to turn quickly, and on seeing me she smiled and asked me if I would like some of the pecans she had



LENA, THE LIGHT-TENDER.

gathered. She seemed not a bit afraid, and chatted with me in her queer little way until we became quite good friends.

I asked her who she was, her age, and where she lived. She told me that she did not have any father, that he had gone away ever so long ago, even before she was born; that she lived with her mother and grandfather in the little log house near by. Her grandfather was blind, and the only support they had was what the mother could earn by working for the neighbors and by the little patch of corn and garden truck they raised in a small clearing back of the cabin.

I walked with the child down to the house and there found the grandfather, an old man, wrinkled with age and exposure and blind. I asked him about himself and the child. He told me that he came from Holland and had been in this country some time, and had suffered great misfortune. His wife had been dead a number of years, and his family had become scattered. His daughter, a fair woman of 22, the mother of the child, had given him a great deal of trouble. She had been very wild, and some years before she ran away with a good-looking young fellow; one of a party that were making a survey of a new railroad near the place where they lived. She was soon deserted by the man, who became tired of her. She returned, sick and forlorn, to the old home in the woods, bringing a little babe with her.

We appointed the old man keeper of

the light, with the understanding that his daughter would do the work.

Three years rolled round, and all during our visits to the light we were always sure of a welcome from little Lena, who, as soon as she heard our boat whistle would run down the bank, ready for the gang plank to be thrown out, when she would run on board and bound up stairs, always with a present for her friend. Sometimes it was a wild flower, nuts or pop-corn, a pair of flying squirrels, or a coon, and once a little white kitten that we named "Lena."

One day, however, in the spring of 1892, we came to the light and whistled, and after landing no little white head came down to meet us. Everything was so still and strange. What could it mean? The faces of the mate and the colored deckhands lengthened, as they saw me run down the stage plank, up through the dead weeds towards the cabin, for they knew something had gone wrong. I knocked at the cabin door, entered and found the old man alone.

"Where is Lena?" I asked.
"Oh, sir, she is gone; lost in the high water."
The old man broke down and wept aloud; and I am afraid that I used my handkerchief a good deal.

"I did not want her to go to the light. It was so stormy, and the river so rough," the old man said. "I must," the child answered. "I promised the boss of the light-house boat that I would put the light up every night; and so I must keep my word."

It seemed that the mother had run away again, some months before, never to return, and the child had attended



LENA'S HOME AT DOOGAN'S SLOUGH.

to the light, which had been moved to an island about half a mile from shore. She had gone in a skiff to light the lamp. The water in the slough which the child had to cross had become swollen to a raging torrent, the wind blowing in a gale, whipping the white caps into a froth, causing the driftwood to circle round in a mighty whirlpool, dragging the frail boat with the brave little girl into its awful mouth, to be swallowed in the yellow, angry waters.

They found her little, bruised body caught in a wire fence at the foot of Haddon's field some miles below, her bright little face torn by the cruel barbs on the wire fence.

Thus did little Lena die, doing what she deemed her duty.
The light still stands in the old man's name, and he receives the pay, but another keeper, who lives some two miles away, does the work, pulling four miles each day in all kinds of weather, so that the old, blind man may not starve.

They laid her to rest at the foot of the bluff back of Doogan's slough, and there on the green hillside, within a stone's throw of the old cabin, the only home she knew, where she had spent her sad little life, lies all that is mortal of poor little Lena.

Sad, indeed, are the thoughts that come up in my mind when I visit the little green mound, with only a stake to mark it, and a few fence rails thrown around to keep the cattle out.

Sleep on, sleep on, my brave little friend; 'tis better thus by far, for now you are away above the overflow, the trials and the evils of this wicked, wicked world.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

He Couldn't Remember.
An old gentleman, who was very absent minded, often had to ring for his servant and say:

"Thomas, I am looking for something, and now I can't remember what it is."

And then Thomas would suggest: "Your purse, sir, or spectacles, or check book?" and so on, until the old gentleman would say at last: "Of course, that's it. Thank you, Thomas."

One night the old gentleman had gone to his room, till were in bed, when Thomas was startled by hearing his master's bedroom bell. He rushed upstairs and threw open the door.

"Thomas," said the old gentleman, "I came up here for something and now I can't remember what it was."

"Wasn't it to go to bed, sir?"
"Of course," said the old gentleman; "so it was. Thank you, Thomas."

Had Famous Friends.
The late Samuel Staples, of Concord, Mass., was famous for his friends, among whom were Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott and Bull, the inventor of the Concord grape. Mr. Staples was at one time the town jailer, and he once had Alcott and Thoreau for prisoners, the former for a few hours, the latter for a night. Alcott's offense was the non-payment of a small tax debt, which he refused on principle. "I never heard a man talk honest," said Mr. Staples. Emerson and Alcott were immediate neighbors of Mr. Staples, and on his first marriage Emerson was the officiating clergyman, while Alcott was present as a witness. It was his pride that he had taken care of the property of more shiftless persons in Concord than any other man.

Big Telescope for Berlin.
For the Berlin exposition in 1896 a monster telescope is now being wrought. The four lenses measure each 110 centimeters (about forty-five inches) in diameter, but the length of the instrument will be but five and one half meters. The lenses, therefore, will be larger, but the telescope shorter, than the Yerkes telescope. Steinhilber, in Munich, will shape the lenses.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

A Majority of the Best Teachers in City Schools Are Country-Bred—Crowded Schoolrooms and Health—The Evils of Overcrowding.

Advice for Country Teachers.
This article is especially intended for the younger class of teachers who are being educated in the country. No doubt, if it were being written by many teachers who have spent all their lives in the city, there would be an interrogation point after the word educated; but as the writer is a genuine country school product, it shall stand unimpeached. Perhaps it might be well to begin in the beginning that the advice is coming from a man still in the hey-day of youth. Many people do not like the term "advice," especially from the young. "The atrocious crime of being a young man, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny," but if the reader cares to substitute "thoughts" for "advice," it will not in any way change the sense of what is to be said.

To the careful observer the fact has been apparent for a long time, that the best teachers, or a majority of them, in the city schools, are country-bred. "I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and judging by the past," the prominent teacher of the future will come from the country. Those of us in city schools who grew up on a farm can tell every time when we get hold of a country boy. He has that something about him that will overcome all difficulties, that is not found in the city boy. I do not intend to say one disparaging thing of the country schools, but the best teachers in the country do not stay there. Just as soon as they begin to make a reputation they are wanted in the towns and cities, and money will take them there every time. Some day the rural school districts of this State will see their mistakes, and a mighty change will come upon us. Now it is to the aforementioned class of teachers I wish to say a word. Of course the poorer class of teachers do not read educational journals, so there is no danger of reaching them.

Suddenly and almost unexpectedly "Nature Study," "Elementary Science," or whatever you may term it, is upon us, and it has come to stay. It matters not what the humanists may say to the contrary, the scientist will be his equal in the years to come. The humanist claims that the "new education" is a farce, and tends to play and careless habits of work. We do not propose to argue the question nor to deny that the humanists have accomplished great things. We do deny their accusation and declare once for all time that "there is no royal road to learning." How profitably you can spend your long hours in the country! I see it all now as it never came to me before. Nature, the great book is wide open before you. Turn its pages carefully and read and read again. Go down to the little brook that meanders through the farm of the man with whom you board. Lie flat down on the bank of that stream and watch the little fish that are there so unconsciously for your benefit alone; not one hour, nor two, nor even three will satisfy you, if you are once interested. I never spent a more profitable hour in my life than in sitting on the porch one warm evening after a hard thunder-storm, watching the toads as they came from an old cellar to catch the earthworms as they came up out of the ground.

An ant hill is a good study room, and it will require many hours to get the whole lesson.

"These enemies, how little they are in our eyes;
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies.

Without any regard or concern;
Yet as wise we are, if sent to their school

There's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn."

I would own a good magnifying glass, a few good natural histories, a text or two on geology and some botany. Morning and evening, early and late, whenever the weather will permit, go to the fields, the woods and the streams. One afternoon in a little country school house, as I stood within at the window, I saw a jay fly several times to a fence post and put his head into a hole made by the blue birds. An investigation after school led me to a discovery. He had carried quite a number of acorns and put them away for winter, making much better preparation for food than had the man from whose farm the acorns came. An hour down on the bank of the creek, watching the muskrat or the woodchuck, will open your eyes and lead you on to conquer other worlds. Do you know anything of the habits of the woodpecker, wren, whippoorwill, sparrow, crow, chipmunk, mole, flying squirrel, grasshopper, butterfly, crayfish, and a thousand living creatures? If not, begin at once to study them and you will be preparing for the work of ten years hence.

Do not neglect the plants and stones. Begin with the early weeks of March to search the woods and you will be surprised at the lessons you will learn and at the help these lessons will give you in the teaching of the day. The study of the stones will depend to a great extent upon the locality in which you find yourself. But it matters not where you are, there is something in nature for you to study. The children should be invited to go with you. There may be in school one who, you have thought, was a dull pupil, whose eyes will be opened and he will be born again.

These trips give you splendid opportunities for studying the children—a subject to which but little attention has been given in the years gone by. It would certainly be a very foolish doctor who would prescribe the same treatment for all diseases, yet that is just

what we have been doing in the schools for years. The public schools of today are over-classified, and originally is crushed out. The teacher in the country school is free to work out the true plan of educating our children. Study rather how you may unclassify than how to classify. Paidology is the ology of the times, and the man or woman who comes nearest to working it out now, will be the pilot into whose hand we shall put the educational wheel by and by. How strongly I am tempted at times to cut loose and go back for a few years to the country school again, where I can plan, study, and work out some of the problems now confronting us. Let me beg of you, good friends, to improve your opportunities. Work out your educational salvation with love and joy.

And now I come to my thirdly. Live much with the poets and statesmen of this and other lands. Make Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, and Holmes your constant companions. Parts of them should be your own. Commit much and in your nature study you will be surprised at the wonderful knowledge these men had of the very subjects under investigation. The speeches of Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln are fountains from which the more you draw, the more you will find they contain. You need not feel one whit ashamed if you are found in some of your evening strolls perched upon a log, or stone, rehearsing some of these matchless gems. It would be hard for some of us to estimate the debt we owe to the pioneer teachers who, time after time, directed our attention to "Pitt's Reply to Sir Robert Walpole," "Marco Bozzaris," "Blind's Address to the Romans," "Massachusetts and South Carolina." Not long since I found myself repeating "Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua." It has been stored away long years, but it comes back more readily to-day than the minister's text of a week ago.

Lastly, but not least by any means, read the Bible. Not that you may be able to discuss theology. Not that you may be a Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist or Catholic, but that you may have constantly with you a store-house from which your pupils may "hear the conclusion of the whole matter." "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." No other such teachers have ever lived as Christ and Paul. If they have been the chiefs of teachers, where can we find better pedagogy?

Do not understand from what has been said that I wish to detract from the reading of magazines, journals of education, or books on education; nor from the study of the branches you are expected to teach. Far from it. These things say I unto you, that you may have life and have it more abundantly. To sum it all up then: First, study nature. Second, study the child. Third, feast largely in the field of literature—and in this I would include history. Fourth, read daily some portion of Scripture. These things do, and in ten years from this time you will be the chosen people.—Ohio Educational Monthly.

Evils of Overcrowding.

The Forum has two articles on "The Criminal Crowding of Public Schools," which show such an alarming state of facts as to raise the question in the minds of parents having children in school age whether the risks incurred in running the gauntlet of public instruction are not so gravely perilous as to outweigh the possible advantages. In Brooklyn, Boston, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Detroit, Buffalo and Richmond the same difficulties exist in greater or less degree. There are not school houses enough to hold the children. There are not teachers enough to teach them. As a rule, the children do not have air space enough, adequate means of ventilation, or proper light. They are packed like sardines in crowded and stuffy rooms, where single teachers are expected to instruct classes often ranging in number from fifty to 100, and even 150 pupils.

Commenting on these alarming conditions the Philadelphia Record says: "Schools where the children are overcrowded for room and fresh air to breathe; where the teachers are overcrowded with work; where light is bad; where the desks and seats are so arranged as to insure physical discomfort, where there is no adequate provision for the care of wraps and where often the playgrounds are restricted, dark and in proximity to closets giving forth foul odors, are, indeed, schools of pestilence as well as of instruction. They are the ready disseminators of contagious diseases. Would it not be a matter of prudence to remedy these evils before we appoint an army of truant hunters to chase children into dangerous and unsanitary confinement? Or, if we must have compulsory education, should not the area of compulsion be limited to the area in which proper provision shall have been made for the physical well being as well as the mental improvement of pupils? There are 8,000 or 10,000 children of school age in Philadelphia for whom there is no place in the school houses. What are the truant drivers to do with them? Until we shall build school houses that would be fit sanitariums for places of assemblage; until we shall provide capable teachers in sufficient number to permit of the successful discharge of their function, and until we shall properly provide for the physical comfort of both teachers and pupils, even if under any circumstances the State might judiciously exercise such a power, will necessarily be cruel or ineffective, or both."

Stay in the Country.
The constant influx of girls from the country into our large cities brings with it portentous dangers and evils. Dreaming of an easy time, good wages, a better wardrobe and more congenial companions; dazzled with the vision of city amusements, and hoping, perhaps, to find a marriageable partner and settle down into a comfortable city home, thousands leave the farm or the village and flock to the metropolis. Here many of them confront a situation far different from that which they imagined in advance of their actual experience of city life. The wages they get are meager; their lodgings are far from comfortable; they have no home life; they face new temptations and trials, and their life becomes one of hardship and trouble. In the store, factory, shop or office they are beset with danger and annoyance, while all about them are pitfalls spread for unwary feet. Some of them, with un-



WOMEN

THE young woman who comes from the schools and colleges, diploma in hand, expects in a majority of cases, to accomplish something in the world, and for the world. What will she do?

Plato wrote ages ago: "All the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women, also," but woman, excepting in individual cases, has been slow in claiming her right to those pursuits, and in demonstrating her ability in them. It is only in recent years that she has learned what Plato said so long ago. But now wherever you find telling men, you will find women working as hard and accomplishing as much as their brothers. The young graduate of 1895, will take her place by the side of her working brothers and sisters, in the school room, the newspaper office, the shop, in the arts, on the farm—everywhere you will find her, and everywhere she will be doing her whole duty and more. And then, some of them will take a place not so important in the public eye, but after all, a dearer place in the heart of every true woman and man—a woman's place in a home, where the greatest work for the world is accomplished, and who will say that the trained mind does not do a better work in the home than the untrained one? Homes do not suffer because our girls are not ignorant.

What will the graduate of '95 do? Everything, and she will do it well! And now while she is happy, and proud, and maybe a little too important, and—is it cruel to say it?—sometimes a little too much in evidence, let us not forget that she is in earnest, very much in earnest, and this is well, for it is only the earnest people who accomplish. The fury of her earnestness will wear off after a time, and the world will not hang with such heavy responsibility upon her individual hands, but when she begins her real work, whether in the home or in public, her broad purposes, her steadfastness, her fidelity, will be the result of her earnestness of to-day.

What will she do? She will be the mother, the teacher, the trainer, the helper, the comforter, the inspiration of men. The sweet girl graduate of 1895 has a lifetime of deeds before her—and she will do them.—Womankind.

One-Piece Garment.

Three "bicycle women" were talking the other day, and, of course, it goes without saying that they were talking of wheels and of the time they had made, and above all they were talking of this season's bicycle gowns. They



AS A WALKING SKIRT. DRAWN UP FOR BICYCLE.

waxed excited over this last topic. Finally one of them said she had a costume in process of construction that met all objections. She said:

"The costume is a one-piece garment, and makes a splendid walking skirt. There are a pair of elastic cords arranged skillfully at the side, and when a body wants to mount all she has to do is to pull at these nice little cords, and behold, the skirt rises in graceful folds on each side, leaving the limbs in the trousers unimpeded while on the wheel. And the costume isn't immodest a bit. It really is pretty. You can wear any kind of waist with it that you wish. I bought a skirt, and I'm going to wear my Norfolk jacket with it. The skirt is light as can be, and is made so that it has a sheer effect in front, and when it is drawn up and back there is but little cloth to blow about. No more muddy skirts and draggled gaiters for me. And the best of it all is that it doesn't appear a bit like dress reform, and you can thus have all the gain of comfort without the fame which you ladies and your husbands seem to find so stringently objectionable."

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ual aptitudes for stenography, typewriting and kindred occupations, or with fine executive gifts, make their way to the top and secure first-class posts; but a great multitude struggle and almost starve on \$5 or \$6 a week. This latter class are not able to save any money; a week's illness brings them into debt, and a month without employment renders them objects of charity. How much better it would be for most of them were they to stay at home, help in the household, or accept such work as might be available on the farm or in the village. Our large cities now contain thousands of girls in a sorry plight, either without employment or struggling for bread—girls who might have remained in comfort at home, or who could have found work of some sort in a country town to support them, with less cost of strength, nerve power and vital force—to say nothing of the dangers which now beset them in the city. What a kindness it would be to thousands who are heedlessly planning to rush cityward "to find something to do," could a persuasive word reach them and say: "Better stay at home."—Philadelphia Times.

Woman Garbage Inspector.
Miss Jane Addams, or "St. Jane," as her friends affectionately call her, has been appointed garbage inspector in the Nineteenth Ward, Chicago, and with a big star on her jacket will patrol the squalid streets and noisome alleys and see that the city contractor does his work and earns his money. She wanted the contract herself, and was prepared to give ten times the amount of bonds required by the city authorities, but some of the male persuasion with a strong political "pull" secured the coveted work.

"I didn't want to make any money out of the contract," Miss Addams says, "but I suppose the present contractor has that idea in mind. He must keep the alleys clean, however, or he will find some one after him who means business." Miss Addams is wealthy and merely accepted the office she holds for philanthropic reasons. She was born in Cedarville, Ill., thirty-five years ago and is the youngest child of John H. Addams, who was for many years a member of the Illinois State Legislature. She was graduated from Rockford College in 1881 and entered the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, but falling health compelled her to abandon her work there. In 1884 and in 1890 she went to London to study the methods of Toynebee Hall and fit herself for a similar work in the slums of Chicago.

Invitations to Church Weddings.
There is a good deal of dispute in regard to the etiquette of acknowledgment of a card for a church wedding. Some high authorities assert that the invitation is so general and means so little particular attention that no notice need be taken of it except in the regular line of future visits to the bride and to the bride's mother. But Mrs. John Sherwood, who is, probably, our American social oracle, declares that a card is obligatory at the hour of the wedding, if one cannot attend, and that if the house address is unknown this card should be sent to the church. If this is necessary most people err woefully, for few non-attendants send the card.

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