

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Some of the Advantages and Disadvantages of College Education—How to Teach Spelling—Reasons for Opposing the Pensioning of Teachers.

College Education. I was interested recently in an article in the Forum on this subject. I cannot recall many of the arguments, but will give a few thoughts suggested by the writer.

It is conceded that a college education is desirable in many ways. It gives a man self-confidence, polish, breadth of view, and clearness of perception. But on the other hand it may be claimed that a college education often unfits a man for the hardships of life.

If for instance a hundred college-bred are selected on one side, and a hundred men of equal caliber who have not had a college education are selected on the other hand, and these two separate companies of men are delegated to accomplish certain results, demanding courage, valor, perseverance, industry and grit, and the college-bred men are surpassed by their opponents, this is an argument against college life.

The question is asked. Would Commodore Vanderbilt have achieved his wonderful success as a railroad man had he been college-bred? The intimation is that he would not, that college life would have led him to see more danger in the undertaking than he otherwise would see, and would have caused him to shrink from the danger of the undertaking, and would have led him to lead a life of greater ease and personal comfort.

Surely a man needs, in his battle with adversity and competition, all the vigor and pluck that nature has bestowed upon him. If college life diminishes this store of necessary endowment it is a disadvantage to a certain extent, but the disadvantage is counterbalanced in a degree by the advantages which the college life assuredly gives.

Attention is called to the fact that college-bred men often hold themselves aloof as superior to the average mass of humanity. In so far as this is actually the case, college life is a disadvantage. No snob can be much of a success in any of the departments of life, and if colleges breed "snobbery" they are a disadvantage.

There is no rule which will apply with equal force to all men and all colleges. There are men which no amount of training would develop into a "snob." There are men also whose valor would not be diminished by any amount of study, association, or any amount of culture. There are colleges which are endeavoring to do away with any tendency along the lines mentioned. But I am certain that if the opportunities were offered many college men, to become successful in business, or in a profession, and they were told the amount of hard work, discomfort, and the hundred and one privations endured by a successful man in attaining his business or professional success, the college man would say, I prefer not to be successful rather than to undergo all this discomfort.

On the other hand, the benefits of a college training are not to be overlooked by those who have children, and who are considering the question of their education. I desire that my boy shall have a college training. I shall endeavor to instruct him so that college life will not spoil him, and shall rely somewhat upon his natural supply of common sense to direct him against "snobbery," or indolence. After all, a boy's inherent character will tell along this line, as in almost every other case. But undoubtedly there are many men spoiled by a college life, as there are many men who are ruined by prosperity. College life puffs them up, as prosperity puffs up many people, and the earth has no use for puffed up people.

A watch is built for actual service; service is the principal object. If you place about your watch an extravagant case of highly polished gold in many tints, with expensive carvings, studded with diamonds, you are fearful lest it should be contaminated by everyday wear. You are afraid some one will wail you upon the street and take it from you by force. You are tempted to carry it in a buckskin bag, eager that it may not become scratched. This illustrates one of the dangers of high culture upon a young man who is not evenly balanced, or has a tendency to be affected along the lines indicated.—Exchange.

Teaching Spelling. What about spelling? It is the observance of the arbitrary usage of writers of English as to the arrangement of letters in words. This usage is without reason, so that he who thinks least spells best. Only memory of mechanical symbols is involved in learning to spell. As a separate branch of study and test of culture, spelling has long been an educational fetish. Time was when it occupied a chief place in the programs of all elementary schools, and yet the spelling of the older generation among us is certainly not above criticism. The children of to-day spell better. This fact is undoubtedly due to the very large amount of written work now done in all schools. We must teach spelling. We must teach it systematically and persistently. But it is not taught by putting spelling books into the hands of children and having classes stand in rows and take turns in guessing at the spelling of words in which they are not interested. As a school exercise nothing more senseless could be devised. No one ever did learn to spell in this way. No separate

text-book in this subject is needed, and none can be used below the upper grammar grades without great injury. It is believed that these opinions are in harmony with the thought and experience, but not the patience, of the educational world.

How shall we teach spelling? Children learn to copy all the words they learn to read during the first months in school. Later they learn to copy into script the printed words in their reading lessons. As a third step, they learn to write lists of well-known words and easy sentences from dictation. During the recitation hour, they pronounce over and over the list of words in their readers. With books open, they name the letters in these words. They sound these same words and cultivate accuracy in pronunciation. They write little statements in which they use these familiar words. The teacher calls special attention to difficult, unphonetic words and teaches the children to spell them. As pupils progress, they learn to spell the new words in all lessons. They write much, and learn to consult their dictionaries for the spelling of words. They learn to spell by spelling. The teacher takes little time in examining the pupils, one at a time, in spelling, but much time in actually teaching them to spell.—Midland Schools.

Pensioning Teachers. We have before us a communication urging that there should be incorporated in the proposed city charter a provision for granting pensions to teachers in the public schools who have become superannuated or who are unable to continue their work.

We are very emphatically opposed to the proposed plan. We look upon this pension business as a veritable cancer of government and paternalism. We believe heartily in the early American idea of personal liberty and independent individualism. The pensioning of public servants, no matter in what department they are employed, has a withering effect upon all those sturdy virtues of a strong self-reliant character.

The public service is not more dangerous than other fields of employment. A man or a woman who receives fair wages until no longer fit for service and does not save something for old age would not do so in any other occupation and is certainly not the best servant for the public.

There is no reason why the frugal and industrious should be made to pay taxes to support those who, as a rule, receive proportionately larger sums for their services than they do. Those who choose to become teachers usually do so because they like the work and because they think it furnishes the best opportunity of earning a living.

We believe in the utmost liberality in providing for our public school system. We are in favor of paying good salaries to good teachers, but we are emphatically opposed to the idea of pensioning teachers or any other set of officials. There is no reason why, because a person decides to follow the occupation of teaching, those who are not teachers should be compelled to pay for the support of such teachers as become old or have suffered misfortunes which all mortals are heir to.

Teachers are employed less days in the year than most people and receive proportionately higher salaries. They ought to save money for the rainy day just the same as all of the rest of us must do and if they are wastefully extravagant or if any of them chance to experience heavy misfortunes then they must be content to receive the benefits similar to those available to all other mortals. They should have no special privileges. The Leader is opposed to the idea of pensioning public school teachers and it will never cease to voice its opposition so long as there is any likelihood that a pensioning provision may be incorporated in the new charter.—New Haven Leader.

Trained as Smugglers. The shooting of a big dog by a customs officer in the north of France some time ago gave rise to some queer dog stories in the French papers. The officer shot the dog because he was suspiciously fat.

An examination revealed the fact that the animal wore a leather coat made to look like his own skin, and skillfully fastened at the shoulders and haunches in such a way as to completely conceal the ends in the hair. In this coat the dog carried several hundred cigars and quite a large quantity of tobacco.

On the Spanish frontier smuggling with the aid of trained dogs has long been a flourishing business, and now the same practice has reached Belgium. Cigars, jewelry and lace constitute the trade, the animals receiving a special training for the profession.

The practice consists in traveling from one place in Belgium to another in France, and vice versa, avoiding the high roads and revenue men.

The latter they are taught by bitter experience to avoid, for the smugglers who train them keep a supply of uniforms of revenue officers on hand.

The uniforms are donned by confederates whom the dogs have never seen, and these fellows beat and stone the dogs unmercifully. The result is the dogs run whenever they see a genuine officer.

When a dog is started off on his journey with his load, the smuggler sets out for the same place, but he takes the direct road, or travels boldly by rail, earning, of course, nothing for any inspection of his baggage that may be made.

Iron in the Body. There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

A size in stockings is three-quarters of an inch.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether these nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of this war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that these nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fell have here thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall never have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

Facsimile of Mr. Lincoln's autographic copy of the Gettysburg address made by him for the soldiers and sailors fair at Baltimore, in 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE WAR

Col. Gilbert A. Pierce

"They're talking nowadays right smart about the great Napoleon," said Uncle Dan, "but when 't'other day the boys asked me who I thought the greatest man, I says 'I don't know. There's Washington, an' Alexander, an' Napoleon, an' lots of others, but, my way of thinkin', Old Abe Lincoln is ahead of 'em all."

"Greatness isn't jest a bein' stern and solemn-like. Now, Uncle Abraham could hoe his row with any of 'em argyin', an' yet some way he had the swing of them old prophets. That struck me when the war broke out, an' afore I knew it I caught the fever, carried coal oil lamps around with the rest of the crowd, got howlin' about John Brown's body moldering in the ground, and 'By Jinks,' says I, 'I'll jine!'"

"Of course, Billy must stay at home to plow and sow and make the corn and hay. He'd just turned fifteen, but as I marched away, blest if there wasn't ma cryin' in his arms, an' Billy yellin' like mad, 'I want a chance to strike for liberty! Bless me again! in less than a year if I didn't hear one day that Billy had enlisted, too.'"

"How I watched that boy! Sometimes praying when he kept by my side in battle, sometimes swearing, too, maybe, when he exposed himself too carelessly. At Vicksburg he fell back, crushed and maimed by the parapet fire, and I took him in my arms and bore him back, an' half crazy with fears, dashed at the fort again. Well, he rallied from the wound, but somehow he never seemed so sound as before. There was a wandering strangeness in his manner, like he didn't 'zactly know his mind, and one night, when skirmishes were daily, an' Sherman an' Hood was tryin' to get the chance for a winnin' fight, Billy was placed on picket duty where danger hovered thick. I told him to keep his eyes wide open, but after I'd got into my blanket in camp I couldn't sleep. I took my gun and hurried silently to the outposts, reached a spot close underneath the hill, and my heart stopped, for there was a scuffle, a cry, and I saw the forms of half a hundred men. The good old musket rang out the alarm, the rebels turned and ran. The boy? There he lay, his form stretched out upon the ground, asleep at his post!"

"He turned to me an' put his arm around me lovingly. 'I couldn't help it, dad,' he said, smiling his old boyish smile,

and marched away between the guards. I begged, I plead, I swore that Billy wasn't like himself. No use. The sentence came. I appealed to the generals. I got only one answer: 'The death sentence of the court has been approved.' Then I went to Washington to see the President.

"It was my last hope. They wouldn't let me in. They even pushed me back as a carriage drove up. I saw who got out; I tried to attract his attention. 'Who is this man?' says he. 'Only a soldier after an interview,' says the officer. 'Only a soldier?' says he, musingly. 'Perilling his life! Only a soldier, fighting the battles of this awful war! Thank God! to speak to me you need no other name. Only a soldier? Come in, my man.' And he led me up the stairs, while ministers and generals waited outside.

"I told him, with sobs half choking me, the story of my grief. His face was sad and furrowed, and he bowed his head as he listened. He looked over the papers carefully. Then he turned, and smiling gently, said, 'We'll let the other fellows do the killing. I think the country will get along with this young fellow running 'round alive.' And then he wrote: 'This sentence disapproved. Restored to his company. A. Lincoln.' Just there I lost my grip. I only cried like a baby. 'You tell your boy,' says he, 'I count on him to fight.'"

"In six months Billy stood upon the roll as second corporal. Then he became color bearer of the regiment. We marched cordial interest in the two lovers, and presaged a happy life for them, and all would undoubtedly have gone well if the young girl could have dismissed the haunting memory of her old lover. The possibility that she had wronged him, that he might reappear, that he loved her still, haunted her so persistently that she took to her bed. Her death speedily followed. Lincoln's grief was intense. He was seen walking alone by the river and through the woods, muttering strange things to himself. He seemed to his friends to be in the shadow of madness. They kept a close watch over him; and at last Bowling Green, one of the most devoted friends Lincoln then had, took him home to his little log cabin, half a mile north of New Salem, under the brow of a big bluff. Here, under the loving care of Green and his good wife, Nancy, Lincoln remained until he was once more master of himself.

But though he had regained self-control, his grief was deep and bitter. Ann Rutledge was buried in Concord Cemetery, a country burying ground, seven miles northwest of New Salem. To this lonely spot Lincoln frequently journeyed to weep over her grave. "My heart is buried there," he said to one of his

friends. Strange to say, McNamar proved to be an honest man and a faithful though careless lover.

THE IMMORTAL LINCOLN.

An Apotheosis in His Memorable First Inaugural.

In an epoch of convulsion and cataclysm and chaos Abraham Lincoln was introduced into presidential power. He held to the syllogistic and spurned figurative speech. No fustian found favor in his prejudices.

Coming to the end of his first inaugural, Lincoln reached these words: "In your hands, my fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Lincoln's Trust in God. "What I did I did after a very full deliberation and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility," said Lincoln with reference to the emancipation proclamation. "I can only trust in God I have made no mistake. I shall make no attempt on this occasion to sustain what I have done or said by any comment. It is now for the country and the world to pass judgment, and may be take action upon it."

Looking a difficulty square in the face will often kill it dead.

SAW LINCOLN SHOT.

ONE WHO WITNESSED THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

Story of the Man Who Was the First to Reach the Side of the Wounded President—His Clothing Stained by the Blood of the Martyr.

Our Nation's Darkest Day. There now lives in Philadelphia a gentleman who saw the whole scene of Lincoln's assassination, and was the first to reach the wounded man in the prevailing panic. William Flood is the gentleman's name, and he gave the following graphic account, which is taken down in his exact words:

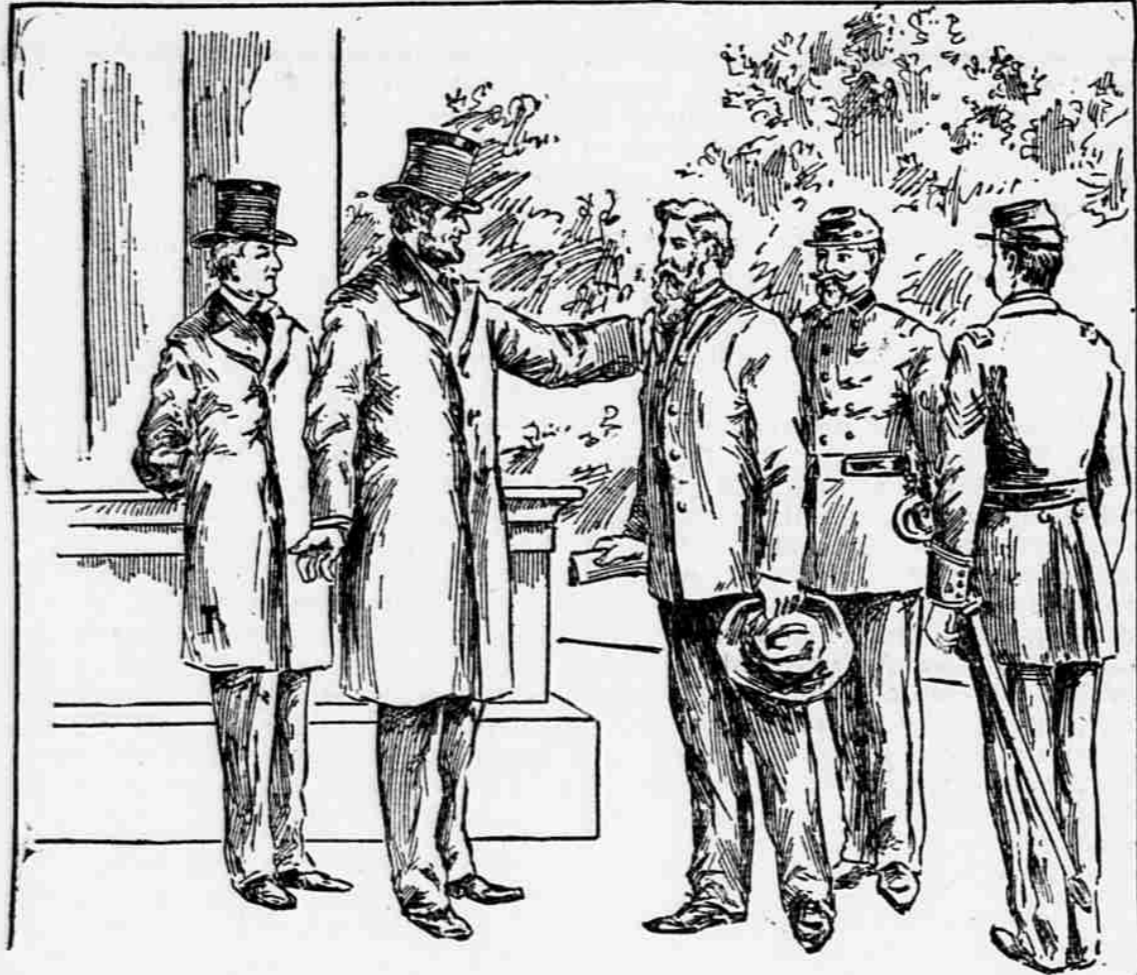
"At the time the President was shot," said he in answer to a query, "I was in the United States navy and was acting ensign and executive officer on board the steamship Teazer. Captain Silas Owen was the commander, and the ship was located at the navy yard on April 14. That evening Captain Owen, who had been over in the city during the day, came to the ship and suggested that we go to the theater that evening, as Laura Keane was to play 'Our American Cousin,' and the President was to be there. We went to the theater and secured seats in the parquet or orchestra chairs. The President occupied the second box up from the orchestra and second from the stage. Just as the curtain fell on the first act I heard a shot and saw a man jump from the President's box to the stage. As he jumped his foot caught in the folds of the flag that draped the box, and he fell sideways on the stage. It was quite a good jump, and he came very near falling back into the orchestra. He got up and limped away across the stage, brandishing a great long knife in his right hand, and shouted, 'Sic semper tyrannis.'"

"In less time than it takes to tell it I was on the stage. How I got there over the heads of the orchestra I really don't remember. Just as I reached the stage Mrs. Lincoln looked out of the box. She was crying and wringing her hands and said: 'They have shot papa; will no one come?' I answered that I would come, and immediately climbed up the side of the boxes to the one the President occupied.

"The President was sitting as if he had fallen asleep. He was breathing, however, and he at once laid him on the floor of the box. I looked for the wound, but at first did not discover it. Miss Keane brought a pitcher of water and I bathed his forehead with that so as to revive him. I then discovered the wound in the back of his head, where the ball had entered, and the blood ran out on my arm and down the side of my coat. Some army officers brought in a stretcher and he was placed on that and carried out. I then went to the front of the box and motioned for the audience to remain quiet. Every one was talking, and there was a general uproar. As soon as it ceased for a minute I told them that the President was still alive, but had been shot, and was no doubt mortally wounded. Captain Owens and I then went out to the front of the building and found a platoon of police in the street. The sidewalks were so crowded with people that we had to get out in the middle of the road to get down the street. We went to the National Hotel, and by the time we got there the mob was so dense we could get no further, so a couple of police took us through the hotel to C street, at the rear, and we got a cab and were driven to the navy yard. I was so bloody from the wound, my right hand and arm being covered, that it is a wonder that I was not hanged by that mob. They were intensely excited at the time, and it would have taken very little to have driven them into a frenzy.

"The next day our ship went down the river to head Booth off, and did not return until after he was killed. I was then sent for to go down and identify him. I recognized him very readily as he jumped from the box as J. Wilkes Booth."

Talleyrand never was in love but once, and that was when he was about 18 years old. When Napoleon ordered him to marry and picked out a wife for him, he pleaded this youthful attachment, which was immediately scoffed at by the great match-maker as a piece of nonsense.



"ONLY A SOLDIER? COME IN, MY MAN."



"I TOOK HIM IN MY ARMS AND BORE HIM BACK."

and marched away between the guards. I begged, I plead, I swore that Billy wasn't like himself. No use. The sentence came. I appealed to the generals. I got only one answer: 'The death sentence of the court has been approved.' Then I went to Washington to see the President.