

ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871.

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1903.

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

IOWA IN THE REGULAR ARMY

Record of Hawkeyes Who Are Serving Their Country at Home and Abroad.

MADE THE ARTS OF WAR THEIR PRIDE

Commissioners They Hold in the Regular Establishment, Length of Service and Promotions.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Special—Iowa has always held a prominent place in all national affairs. It matters not whether it is in political, social, business or military life, Iowa's sons have always been in the front.

During the civil war it supplied its full quota. In the Spanish-American war Iowa again came forward with its allotment promptly. So it is in the regular army. There are to be found men who have made military matters a study. There are men who have made the arts of war their pride and with profit to the country. Away from home most of the time, the man who devotes his life to obtaining and developing a military education is entitled to the thanks of his fellow citizens.

In the briefest space consistent with fair dealing we present herewith a short sketch of the sons of Iowa who are and have recently been serving the United States in the regular army.

The list opens with Colonel Henry C. Dunwoody of the signal corps. He entered West Point as a cadet, September 1, 1862. Received his first commission as second lieutenant in the Fourth artillery, July 28, 1865. He was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in the Eighth infantry, October 12, 1867, and to that of captain, June 17, 1880. He was made major in the signal corps, December 18, 1890. Promoted to be a lieutenant colonel, March 15, 1897.

When the Spanish-American war broke out he entered the volunteer service, and was commissioned as colonel and chief signal officer therein, May 29, 1898. He was then promoted to be colonel in the regular army, July 8, 1898, and he still holds that position in the signal corps.

A Civil War Veteran.

Colonel David J. Cragle of the Eleventh infantry entered the service during the civil war. He was first lieutenant in the Eighth Iowa infantry from September 12, 1862, to July 12, 1864. He was promoted to the rank of captain and made an assistant adjutant general, serving as such until September 10, 1865.

He was appointed second lieutenant in the regular army May 21, 1866, and assigned to the Twelfth infantry. Promoted to be first lieutenant October 17, 1867, and to the rank of captain December 16, 1880. He became major in the Twelfth infantry April 26, 1896. His service during the late war was confined to his regular position. After the war he was again promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel and assigned to the Eighth infantry, April 14, 1902. He was made colonel of the Eleventh infantry and commands that regiment still.

Colonel Charles E. Conpton, retired, late of the Fourth department, entered the service during the civil war, as first sergeant of Company A, and sergeant major of the First Iowa infantry, October 15, 1861. He was commissioned captain in the Eleventh Iowa infantry, May 5, 1862, he was commissioned major in the Forty-seventh United States cavalry, December 9, 1864, he was the lieutenant colonel of the Fifty-third United States cavalry, and then colonel of the Fourth cavalry, October 23, 1867. After service through the Spanish-American war, and having attained the age of 62, he was, on the 9th of June, 1899, placed on the retired list by order of the president.

Lieutenant Colonel William L. Alexander of the Subsistence department, entered the army as first lieutenant in the Thirtieth Iowa infantry September 23, 1862. He was promoted to be its captain October 1, 1863, and served until July 27, 1865.

He was commissioned as captain in the commissary of the Subsistence department, October 4, 1868. He became major in that service June 10, 1896. When the country needed volunteers for the Spanish-American war he was entered that service, and was commissioned lieutenant colonel and colonel, respectively, in 1898.

After that war he was promoted in the regular service to the rank he now holds, December 13, 1900.

Lieutenant Colonel Philip F. Harvey was commissioned as first lieutenant and assistant surgeon, from October 20, November 1, 1865. Promoted to captain in the medical branch November 14, 1871, and to be a surgeon, with the rank of major, February 9, 1880.

During the late war he ranked as lieutenant colonel and chief surgeon in the volunteer service in 1862. After that he was made lieutenant colonel and deputy surgeon general in the regular establishment, February 2, 1861.

Lieutenant Colonel John A. Baldwin was appointed to the rank of second lieutenant in the Thirtieth Iowa infantry, July 27, 1872, and was assigned to the Ninth infantry. Was promoted to be first lieutenant May 19, 1881, and captain November 4, 1890. In June, 1899, he was transferred and made major of the Twenty-second infantry, and again transferred on June 9, 1902, and commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Sixteenth infantry.

Lieutenant Colonel William H. Wheeler was a cadet from Iowa in 1867. He first commission was that of second lieutenant in the Eighth Iowa infantry, June 23, 1871. Was promoted to be first lieutenant February 6, 1882, captain February 26, 1891, to be major September 8, 1899, and to the rank of lieutenant colonel of his original Eighteenth regiment, February 4, 1902.

Major William E. Birkhimer was a private in Company M in the Fourth Iowa cavalry in the civil war, enlisting March 21, 1864. He served until August 8, 1865. He then entered West Point as a cadet from Iowa, September 1, 1866. He received his first commission in the regular service June 15, 1870, as second lieutenant in the Third artillery. Was promoted to first lieutenant April 19, 1879, and to the rank of captain February 10, 1896.

During the late war, having had experience in the civil war, he was selected to be the colonel of the Twenty-eighth United States volunteers, July 5, 1899, and served as such until May 1, 1901. August 1, 1901, he was promoted in the regular army to his present position of major in the artillery corps.

Major Richard L. Hoize was bugler, private and corporal in the F company of the First Iowa cavalry during the civil war, entering the same June 7, 1861, and remaining until June 9, 1864.

July 1, 1864, he sought appointment as

cadet from Iowa to West Point and was selected. His first commission in the regular army was June 15, 1870, when he was made second lieutenant in the Engineer corps. Became first lieutenant September 22, 1870, captain, June 13, 1882, and major, March 21, 1900.

The following were soldiers in Iowa regiments during the civil war, were appointed officers in the regular army after and were severally retired before the late war:

Captain Thomas G. Trowel was private and first sergeant in the Twenty-fifth Iowa infantry and was subsequently captain in the Seventeenth infantry, after his regular promotions from the foot of the ladder in the regular service. He was retired June 22, 1885, for disability.

Captain George K. Spencer was a private in Company B, Second Iowa infantry, in 1861. He was subsequently first lieutenant in the Thirty-fifth Iowa in same war. He then became captain in the regulars and was retired February 20, 1891, for disability.

First Lieutenant Benjamin D. Boswell was a soldier in the volunteers in the civil war, became a first lieutenant in the regular army and was retired June 28, 1878.

Captain Andrew Geddes was a private in Company K, First Iowa infantry, in the civil war, enlisting May 14, 1862. He was captain and lieutenant colonel in the Eighth Iowa infantry in 1865. After his muster-out he was appointed in the regular army and was promoted to the rank of captain and retired January 26, 1901, after about forty years' service.

The two following were soldiers in the regular army during the civil war and were subsequently officers:

Major Frank Taylor of the Fifteenth infantry.

Captain William Black of the Twenty-fourth infantry, Company K.

The following two officers were commissioned officers in volunteers during the civil war and were appointed to and retired from office in the regular army, before the late war:

Major Frank Bridgeman of the paymaster's department in the regular army, and became captain in the regular army and was retired February 15, 1902, after nearly forty years' service.

Captain William R. Graham of the paymaster's department was a soldier in the civil war, in the volunteer service, was battalion and regimental sergeant major in the same. He then entered the service in the late war and was appointed captain in the regular army, February 4, 1901.

West Pointers.

The following officers were West Point cadets. They received their commissions in the regular army before the late war, but, being desirous for a record, entered the volunteer service during that period at ranks above those held by them in the regular establishment, as follows:

Major Albert D. Sharpe of the adjutant general's office, while a captain in the Twenty-second infantry, served as major and assistant adjutant general and inspector general in 1898-9.

Captain Clarence P. Townsley of the quartermaster's department, while first lieutenant in the Fourth artillery, served as major and chief ordnance officer in 1868-9.

Captain Hugh J. Gallagher of the subsistence department, while first lieutenant in the Sixth cavalry, served as major and lieutenant colonel in the subsistence department in 1898.

Captain Harry E. Wilkins of the subsistence department, while first lieutenant in the Second infantry, served as major and chief of commissary in 1898.

Captain Charles L. F. Flagler of the Engineer corps, while first lieutenant in that corps, served as major of same in 1894.

Captain James K. Thompson of Company L, Fifteenth infantry, while first lieutenant in the Twenty-third infantry, served as captain and assistant adjutant general in 1898.

Captain Charles T. Boyd of the Fourth cavalry, while second lieutenant in the Fourth cavalry, served as major in the Thirty-seventh United States volunteers in 1899.

The following were soldiers in the regular army before the Spanish-American war. They received their commissions in the army, and when the late war broke out entered the volunteer service at ranks above their regular:

Major Frank H. Lawton of the subsistence department, who while first lieutenant in the Twenty-ninth infantry served as captain and assistant in the commissary department in 1900.

Captain James M. Arrasmith of Company F, Eighth infantry, while captain in the Thirtieth infantry served as major and chief commissary of subsistence in 1899.

Captain and Assistant Surgeon Paul F. Straub was appointed from civil life as assistant surgeon and while ranking as captain served as major and surgeon in the Thirty-sixth United States volunteers in 1899.

The following were cadets before the late war and were commissioned during that period:

First Lieutenant William D. Connor of the Engineer corps.

First Lieutenant Herton W. Stickle of the Engineer corps.

First Lieutenant Albert E. Waldron of the Engineer corps.

Woes of Exchange Editor

He Has a Few and Tells About Them

The exchange editor is a little bald-headed man, who is armed with a pair of scissors, a pot of paste and an anglicized disposition, relates the Chicago Tribune. He sits on a revolving chair in a little room, entirely surrounded by tables on which every day are heaped up between 300 and 400 daily newspapers, weekly journals and monthly magazines from all parts of the civilized world—it may judge from their contents—the semi-civilized world.

When the exchange editor gets down at 9 o'clock in the morning and crosses his way in his chair, he is about to invade a sacred rampart of printed sheets which he is in duty bound to entirely demolish within the next eight hours. If 200 separate papers come in—which is inside the average—he is obliged to dispose of an average of one in a minute and a half during his working day in order to get through.

To dispose of a paper, under the rules of the exchange editors' union, it is not enough to glance at the first page and toss it carelessly off into the waste paper basket. He is obliged to run his eye down each column of each page and to catch at a glance everything which is or may be of interest to his own individual paper. If a picture is printed of the Hon. James Jones, the prohibition candidate for county treasurer of Douglas county, South Dakota, he will do well to cut it out, for who knows but the Hon. James may at some future date embarrass the county funds or be elected governor. Or if some obscure journal prints a bit of useful information to the effect that the total number of dog licenses issued in Coburn, N. Y., if laid end to end, would reach San Francisco to Dodge City, Kan., it is necessary to cut that out to give a possible suggestion to the Sunday editor of his own sheet.

On Monday morning, when most of the Sunday papers get in, the hollow square out of which the exchange editor must fight his way is multiplied by 100, instead of twelve, or at most sixteen pages. His "exchanges" count up from thirty-two to sixty pages each and his labors are multiplied accordingly.

But all this represents the least of his woes. Regularly at 9:15, just as he has got to work, a tall man, with a full beard and a long overcoat, pushes his way into the room.

"Is this the exchange editor?" asks the stranger.

"Yes," says the bald-headed little man, putting aside his shears and assuming his anglicized disposition, "what can I do for you?"

"Give me the Stillwater Herald of three weeks ago last Thursday," says the caller.

"I'm afraid I can't," says the exchange editor, suppressing a desire to have a fit. "We don't."

"Don't you get it?" interrupted the stranger.

"I'll try," says the bald-headed little man, putting aside his shears and assuming his anglicized disposition, "what can I do for you?"

"I want yesterday's New York Post," declares the man.

"Just outside the door a boy from the postoffice is unloading three mail sacks from a horse-drawn wagon."

"You'll have to wait," says the editor, "until this young man gets it open." Then he rushes downstairs to avoid

anything worse. When he comes back he meets the man who wanted the Post and the latter, who has an overcoat and his pockets are bulging with papers.

"Did you find the Post?" asks the exchange editor, with a homicidal glare at the man.

"Yes," says the stranger, "and while I was at it I thought I'd just take a copy of each of the other New York and Philadelphia papers with me."

"Oh," says the exchange editor, falling in a faint as the stranger hurried to the elevator.

But he was saved at least one encounter. The woman and her children who had been waiting for copies of most of the papers printed in the state of New York had grown tired of the delay and had gone away in disgust. The exchange editor went into his small room and heaved a sigh of relief as he saw that they were among the missing.

But his respite was short. A young person in a nervous coat walked in and blushed as the exchange editor looked up.

"Say," she said, "I want the Post paper that had the man in about Miss Sharp getting married."

"Indiana" asked the exchange editor, who has a soft heart for a fair lady in distress.

"Her name is Louise," said the young woman. "I used to go to school with her."

"Peru (Ind.) paper came in this morning," said the exchange editor. "Is that the one you want?"

"No, Illinois," said the girl. "Ellen Becker told me she saw it. Ellen is a stenographer in the New York Life building, you know."

"When did it happen?" asked the exchange editor.

"Some time last week, I suppose," said the girl. "Ellen told me about it day before yesterday."

"We only keep the papers that come in here long enough to look at them," said the exchange editor.

"Then you haven't got last Tuesday's and Wednesday's papers?" said the girl. "I'm afraid not," said the exchange editor.

"I'm sorry to bother you," said the girl. "I'm afraid I've made a great nuisance of myself. I thought this was the place where they kept them. I hope you'll excuse me from coming up."

The exchange editor gasped for breath as she went out.

"She apologized for taking up my time," he said. "She actually begged my pardon for something. She didn't get angry with me. I don't know what to make of it."

And the exchange editor did not get back to his normal condition until a couple of days later.

en United States cavalry volunteers in 1898-9. He is now in the quartermaster's department.

First Lieutenant George S. Gibbs was second and first lieutenant in the Fifty-first Iowa infantry in 1898-9. He is now with the Signal corps.

First Lieutenant Wilson G. Heaton was captain in the Fifteenth Iowa infantry in 1898. He is now with Troop H, Thirteenth cavalry.

First Lieutenant Frederick Goedecke was captain and adjutant in the Fifteenth Iowa infantry in 1898, captain in the Thirty-fourth United States volunteers in 1899.

First Lieutenant Edward A. Kroger was captain in the Fifty-second Iowa infantry in 1898. He is now in the Twenty-eighth infantry.

The following were soldiers in Iowa regiments during the Spanish-American war and have been appointed officers in the regular service since that time:

Second Lieutenant Eugene J. Ely of the Fifteenth cavalry. He was private and corporal in Company L, Fifty-second Iowa infantry, in 1898.

Second Lieutenant Joseph Matson of the Artillery corps, was sergeant in Company M, Fifteenth Iowa infantry, in 1898, and first lieutenant in the Thirty-fourth United States volunteers in 1899.

Second Lieutenant Francis H. Lincoln of the Artillery corps, was sergeant in Company A, Fifty-first Iowa infantry, in 1898.

Second Lieutenant Carl C. Jones of Company I, Third infantry, was sergeant in Troop I, First cavalry, in 1898.

Second Lieutenant Frank O. Whitlock of Troop I, First cavalry, in 1898.

Second Lieutenant William L. Guthrie of the Engineer corps.

Second Lieutenant Emory J. Pike of the Second cavalry.

Second Lieutenant William F. Morrison of the Artillery corps.

Second Lieutenant Neb B. Bekkop of the Artillery corps.

The following were officers in volunteer regiments during the late war and have been commissioned in the regular army since:

Major John A. Hall of the judge advocate's department.

Captain William R. Grove of the subsistence department.

Captain Charles R. Hepburn of the signal corps.

First Lieutenant Frank E. Lyman of the signal corps.

First Lieutenant George P. Yuner of the Second cavalry.

First Lieutenant George Steuerman of Troop D, Thirteenth cavalry.

First Lieutenant Clyde B. Parker of the Second cavalry.

Second Lieutenant Daniel F. Craig of the Artillery corps.

Second Lieutenant Fred L. Perry of the Artillery corps.

These were soldiers in the volunteer

"And what a bump!" sang the echo. The engagement did not come off.

Mr. Marston, the publisher, who is a disciple of Isaac Walton, tells this story (illustrative of the sympathy existing among fishermen). "An angler fishing in one of the streams was approached by the keeper, who remarked, 'This is private water; have you got a permit?' The fisherman replied in the affirmative, and added: 'Come along, sit down and have a smoke.' The keeper sat down beside the angler, who gave him a smoke and a good pull at his whisky flask. When the time came for the keeper to leave he said: 'By the way, you have not shown me your permit.' 'Oh,' replied the angler, 'you have drunk that! I am told that the keeper was that he went on fishing all day without further molestation.'"

Some eminent wallflower picturesquely described the waits as 'a bug set to music.' The social set of Bellefleur, S. D., affirms the accuracy of the description, and has decided to introduce an innovative design to make the dance less wearying on the limbs without diminishing its charms. The innovation is thus described: "The little informal dancing parties given in the Gaiety from time to time are becoming immensely popular. The real reason for this is the innovation introduced by some of the boys. Dave Bromfield has declared that 'bitting out' a waltz is now more fashionable than dancing, the only difference being, you sit instead of dance. The man's right arm is around the girl's waist, while his left hand holds her right. Her left hand is placed upon his shoulder, while her head rests lovingly on his manly 'bum,' and all they have to do is to sit and listen to the music. Now that is something like it. We have always regarded it a nuisance to have to gallop a mile or two in order to get a good hug. A room full of people, sitting around on sofas, hugging to music, is more gratifying. This will give the old waltz-making brethren another chance to wait. Most men wait, not for the dance, but for the position, and while a man may lose his appetite for dancing, he has got to get mighty old before he loses his appetite for hugging a pretty girl. Bellefleur is always up to date and this new dance is found to be popular here, for we have not found a man who is not willing to blow a dollar on the deal. Yet many people wonder why we don't wait."

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Mayor Des Planches, Italian ambassador to this country, was preparing a response to the city, using the English language, when he struck fast for lack of a set phrase. He consulted nearly everyone in the legation, but could get no help. As a last resource his secretary called up the State department by telephone and got Assistant Secretary Charles S. Smith, who said: "What his excellency wishes to say, is embodied in your phrase running to this effect: 'You must not look at the teeth of the horse that gives.' Will you please help him?" Mr. Pierce smiled broadly and replied: "What you mean to say is that one should not look a gift horse in the mouth."

Senator Tillman of South Carolina was recently plunging along through a driving rainstorm without an umbrella or any other protection from the wet. When he had almost reached his home a negro coachman, mounted up in a rubber coat and a rubber robe, beckoned to him from his seat on a carriage: "Say, boss, will you ring the bell of that house. I don't want to get the water running in a small rivulet off his hat." Senator Tillman said a few things. He did not ring the bell.

To mark the resting place of the late Bret Harte, in Frimley churchyard, Surrey, there has just been erected a massive and costly monument, says the London Chronicle. The author of the "Heavenly Child" and "Luck of Hooping Camp" had resided at Frimley for some time and was buried there. His grave is in the northeastern part of the little churchyard, and round it have been planted a number of young fir trees. The monument consists of a massive slab of white granite, weighing two and a half tons, on which is placed a block of Aberdeen granite, sloping upward into the form of a cross. Simplicity itself is the inscription: "Bret Harte, August 25, 1837—May 5, 1902. Death shall reach the braver heart. At the foot of the monument are the words: 'In faithful remembrance M. S. Van de Veld.' Several beautiful wreaths were placed on the tomb at Christmas, together with a small branch of laurel, to which was attached a card bearing the words: 'For the glory born of goodness never dies.' Bret Harte."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Sunday school teacher—Well, who was sorry at the return of the prodigal son? Little girl—The fattest calf.

"What supports the sun in the heavens?" asked grammar school teacher.

"Why, his beams, of course," replied a precocious youngster.

"Mamma," queried small Edith, who was looking at the picture of an angel, "how do the angels get their gowns on over their wings?"

Edgar, aged 6, was recently sent to school for the first time, and upon his return home he asked: "Papa, who taught Adam the alphabet?"

Little Fred, after attempting to make a picture of a horse on his slate, said: "Mamma, does God see everything?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply.

"Well," continued the embryo artist, "I'll bet he'll laugh when he sees this horse."

Little Tommy—Can I eat another piece of pie? Mamma (witheringly)—I suppose you can. Tommy—Well, may I? Mamma—No, dear, you may not. Tommy—Darn grammar, anyway!

After dinner was over little Margie was observed with her head bowed and her hands clasped. "Why, Margie," said her mother, "don't you know dinner is over?" "Don't interrupt me, mamma," rejoined the little miss. "I'm praying for another dish of that puddin'."

Needless to say, her prayer was answered.

The Sunday school teacher asked a big boy "Sam, who made you?"

Sam replied "I don't know."

Turning to little Johnny, who was 6 years old, the teacher said: "Who made you, Johnny?"

"God made me," he replied.

The teacher then asked Sam why he did not know that as well as little Johnny.

"Well," replied Sam, "Johnny wasn't born long enough to forget it."

REDUCING BABEL TO ORDER

Confusion of Tongues Straightened Into Good Anglo-Saxon Speech.

WORK OF COSMOPOLITAN KINDERGARTEN

Pacific School of Omaha is Doing a Great Deal in Teaching Young Foreigners the Education of America.

It is doubtful if it even occurs to the average person to wonder by what method the hundreds of foreigners who annually come to this city to make their homes are being assimilated with the life of the community or by what medium these foreign speaking people attain a working knowledge of the English language. As a rule one takes it for granted that it is picked up by association with others or that the children pick it up at school. "Pick up," we say, little guessing that as far from this careless method of acquiring it, hours and weeks and months of patient effort are each year being expended upon the children of foreign parents by the teachers of the public schools, and that through them the great majority of these foreigner students become familiar with the language.

Nowhere in the city is there a more interesting institution, nor profitable either from an economic standpoint, than the public schools in the foreign neighborhoods where these foreign American citizens are being Americanized, where representatives of almost every nation are being assimilated to at least a working combination, and all of this, by the way, but incidental to the real function of the school in which the majority of the class, children who have already mastered their native language, must be kept up to a certain standard and a certain average equal to that of the other schools of the city that have in the main comparatively well-mannered and well-trained children to begin with.

Where the Foreigners Swarm.

The best illustration of this process of education is found at Pacific school, at Twelfth and Pacific streets, where a large percentage of the pupils are of foreign birth or of foreign born parents. These pupils enter the school at all ages and all grades from all sorts of conditions.

It is truly a cosmopolitan assembly, for practically every nation is or has been represented in the kindergarten, the first grade and the fair-faced natives of the north countries to the central and southern Europeans, and even natives from the islands of the sea, in picturesque contrast of appearance, action and characteristics. In the kindergarten, the last-year children of different nationalities, while in the third grade, with an enrollment of forty, there are thirteen, including natives of Russia, Roumania, Cuba, Australia, Germany, Norway, Italy, Bohemia, Denmark, Assyria, England, Sicily, Ireland and Turkey. It is not infrequently occurs that children coming from different sections of the same country speak languages entirely different, while in other cases it is impossible to determine their nationality, except through some similarity of race, language by custom, where the parents are able to write even in their own language, they are sometimes familiar with the name of their native province only, and this is indicated on the information card.

A good share of the children are unable to speak or understand English and are frequently so timid and shy that an interpreter is of little use, even if one can be found who speaks their language.

Problems for the Principal.

Fortunately for all concerned, the principal, Miss Margaret McCarthy, speaks several languages fluently and has acquired the rudiments of many others, and knows several others, which greatly facilitates matters when a new pupil arrives. And the arrival of some of these children, particularly the little ones, is sometimes pathetic indeed. One morning last week a little girl came to school with a broken heart, three little Roumanians, themselves speaking little English, but who had served to show her the way. The queer little group was met by the principal, who inquired how the little stranger had come, and her companion, another child of her age, who was directed to the school by the response tendered a much-soiled little note, scratched by a hand evidently unused to the use of the pencil. It read: "Miss Principal—This little girl wants to start to school. Her father is a good man, she can't talk any American. She has received and cordially, too, and her has a place among the other bright-faced kindergartners."

Not less interesting than the children themselves is the method by which they are taught, and as a rule six months after one of these pupils enters the school he has acquired a fair vocabulary and has read through the primer, which, by the way, includes words that are harder than those formerly found in the first readers. He can not only read, but he knows just as familiar with their meaning as well. The first thing is to familiarize them with the words and regardless of age or size the corresponding object is placed before them. First the child is spoken by the teacher and then the object is shown, the child repeating it after her. Then syllables and monosyllables are taken up and gradually he is taught the combination of the various words, finally learning to know what they mean. Of course this inability to read is the main object of the child, but he has almost every study excepting arithmetic, and in this branch he is placed wherever

Capacity of the Children.

In speaking of the progress of these children Miss McCarthy said: "I find there is a wide divergence of intellect, so far as nationality is concerned. The most stupid and the very brightest of a class may be of the same." Truly remarkable progress is made by some of them, there being a boy in the school at present who entered five weeks ago unable to speak, read or