

OUR HOME COMING CELEBRATION.

By S. L. Harliacher.

Our boys are coming home again. Their pockets full of pay. We'll ask them all to come to town. And call it welcome day.

AGAINST TIME AND TIDE.

That there smell wagon of yours'll get you out of a job yet, young man. Here you was, due to go on beach patrol at eight o'clock, and you come puffin' along on that fool thing two hours late.

Captain Jimmy Robbins, keeper of Cossett Reef Coast Guard Station, significantly left the sentence unfinished. There was no mistaking his meaning.

He was certain of the futility of trying to explain his tardiness. What sympathy could the "old man" as they all called Captain Robbins, be expected to have for an amateur motor cyclist and his engine trouble?

"Well, what you lookin' so black about?" the deep booming voice of Number Seven broke in on Ted's dark thoughts.

"Yes," admitted Ted, "an' I guess I'll hand in my notice for the first of the month. I'm sick of this anyway."

"How could I help having two punctures and a sooty spark plug on the way out? You don't think I'd get into all that trouble a-purpose, do you? And then to have the old man talk about rubbin' it in and takin' advantage of him!"

As Ted trudged along the north beach patrol the next morning in a blinding snowstorm from the northwest, that had raged all night, dissatisfaction with his work and a sense of the lonesomeness of it all still obsessed him.

It was dreadfully cold. His hands were numb, despite his heavy woolen mittens and in the cold fury of his gale his face felt stiff and frozen.

The cold blackness all about him turned gradually to gray and then to white. It would be daylight in a few minutes; but the prospect failed to cheer him.

"I've had all I want," he muttered. But he admitted that things might have seemed different if it had not been for Captain Jimmy's attitude toward his motorcycling.

"But I certainly couldn't 'a' stuck it out here nearly all winter; if it hadn't been for the old smell wagon," Ted reflected. His occasional trips to the village, fifteen miles up the beach, to civilization, as the surfman called it, were among his thoughts.

His clock told him that he had already been gone over half an hour and there were still five miles to go. But the going was continually more difficult, as the advancing combers on the rising tide crowded him closer still to the cliff.

And on ahead, a mile this side of the station, were the rocks of Cormorant Point. He knew they were not far off now. The roar of the surf among the outer boulders was brought plainly to him by the gale.

A half hour later Ted reached the station. The doors of the beach house were open wide and the house was empty. But only a short distance off shore Ted could make out the surf boat returning. It had been a quick trip. Another rescue to the credit of Cossett Reef. It meant nothing less; Captain Jimmy never failed to get what he went after. Ted could not prevent the thrill of pride that went over him at the thought.

The surf boat hove in plainer view presently. Big Bill Edwards, Number Seven, was at the helm.

With the skill of long practice he ran the boat in onto the ways. But they were a glut of surfmen who shoved the boat in under cover. In the bottom of the craft were two half-frozen fishermen, who had been taken off the doomed craft; and Captain Jimmy, himself, lying straight and still beneath a pile of oilers and the sweaters of the surfmen.

"It's a case for a doctor and right away," explained Edwards in answer to Ted's question. "He fell in the heave of a big sea and got jammed between the surf boat and the side of 'n a bad way, too."

"No use," announced Edwards a moment later, emerging from the captain's office. "Wire's down. We'll have to run up to the village in the surf boat—that is, if we can get out past the reef."

Ted had disappeared. Presently the pop and roar of his motorcyle reached the ears of the surfmen in the locker room, where they were applying first aid treatment to the injured men.

Edwards ran to the door. "You can't make it on that thing in all this snow," he shouted.

"There's the beach," declared Ted. "No snow there and the tide's out."

"Go to it then, youngster and remember, time counts!" Opening wide the throttle, Ted advanced the spark and the "smell wagon" leaped ahead over the hard packed sand.

On the left rose the steep, clay face of the bluffs and on his right thundered the surf. The tide had begun to rise; there was need for haste if he was to come back the way he was going.

He clutched the handle-bars with all the strength of his numb hands and managed to keep his seat. The cutting spray from the combers froze on the glass of his goggles and in the driving snow he could see but a few feet ahead.

Time again he barely avoided collision with the ice of a weed-grown boulder that protruded their black backs through the sand. But at every opportunity he advanced the spark to the last notch. He realized grimly that time was, indeed, precious. He was racing against time and tide as well. There was not a second to spare.

Eighteen minutes later he was pushing his motorcyle through the drifts to the front door of Dr. Robinson's on Ocean Avenue. No urging was necessary to enlist the young doctor's services when it was Captain Jimmy Robbins who needed him.

"It's kind of cold," apologized Ted. "But we'll be there in less than twenty minutes by the beach. Get up behind, sir," he directed. With a roar that drowned out even the noise of the surf, the "smell wagon" was under way again, the doctor clinging tightly to Ted's waist.

The tide had risen perceptibly during the last twenty minutes, Ted noticed in alarm, and the wash of the advancing combers forced him back toward the softer sand. Progress was necessarily slower.

The tires cut at times deeply into the sand; the wheel wobbled furiously and Ted barely prevented a spill. The strain on his wrists and his half-frozen hands was terrible. They were drenched again and again in the icy spray from the combers and all the time they were forced nearer and nearer to the soft sand at the foot of the bluffs.

Half way to the hubs of the wheels the wash of the breakers raced up the beach. If it reached his carburetor —! Following the back-wash down to the harder sand, Ted opened the throttle wide and shot ahead at terrific speed through the wild storm until another advancing breaker crowded him back again toward the cliff.

It was snowing harder than ever. Ted could see scarcely ten yards ahead. A great boulder loomed up suddenly through the thickly falling flakes. He veered to seaward of it and struck the wash of another comber with a rush that enveloped them in a drenching cloud of icy spray.

But they passed the boulder in safety and Ted opened up once more to full speed. For the moment there was a bare stretch of hard, white sand between them and the reef. Ted made of it, before the next breaker roared in to cover it with three feet and more of water. A moment later another rush of water forced them again to retreat up the beach into the looser sand, and Ted was obliged to slow down again.

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Dr. Robinson was clinging to another boulder near by and the motor half buried in the run of sand that the breaker had carried in. In the water near it Ted noticed the doctor's instrument case. With a leap he seized it before it had been washed out of sight.

The old "smell wagon" had fared poorly. One of the tires was ripped clean off. The front fork was twisted and the carburetor was choked with sand.

"Look out!" warned Ted, as another sea raced, roaring in among the boulders.

"We've got a mile to do yet," he exclaimed a moment later.

Dr. Robinson tried to walk but fell down with a groan. But they were not yet out of danger. Another sea, higher than any that had preceded it, flooded over the doctor, as he lay there, for the moment, helpless. Rushing in, Ted seized him and held him against the pull of the back-wash.

"It's my ankle," exclaimed the doctor, disgustedly. "I'm afraid I won't be able to walk on it for a while, he added shiveringly.

"I'll carry you then," decided Ted. "You see, it's my job to get you to the station."

"And the motorcyle?" queried Dr. Robinson.

"It's a goner now, I guess," replied Ted grimly.

A half hour later Ted, staggered up the snow-covered planks to the station house, the doctor astride his back. Despite his injured ankle and his half-frozen condition, Dr. Robinson, insisted, first of all, in looking over his patients.

"You got me here just in time," he said, turning to Ted. "And it's lucky you saved my instrument case out of the wreck."

Captain Jimmy's injuries consisted of three cracked ribs and a concussion of the brain; but he would pull through, Dr. Robinson declared.

"So you've decided not to quit us, eh?" asked Captain Jimmy a few weeks later, when he had quite recovered from his injuries.

"I was thinking I'd stay on a while longer, if it's agreeable," replied Ted awkwardly.

"Well, you just take a look out in the store-house," continued Captain Jimmy. "There's something out there that the boys brought from the village in the surfboat this morning while you were down the beach. The department got a full report, it seems," he explained with eyes twinkling, "of that beach ride of yours the other day."

In the store-house Ted found, crated with his name on it, a brand new motorcyle, a gift from the station, "to replace the old smell wagon," The Boys' Magazine.

A Teacher Placement Service.

Obtaining suitable teachers for the public schools of the Commonwealth is one of the most important functions of the public school officer, and the degree of wisdom exercised in making a choice of teachers frequently determines the success of a school system.

It has been felt, however, that this function should not be left entirely to private enterprise, but should be one of the services rendered by the State Department of Public Instruction.

Notably in the States of Massachusetts and Minnesota teachers' employment and registration bureaus have been established and have succeeded in materially assisting school authorities in finding suitable persons as teachers in their schools.

It is now the intention of this department to inaugurate a similar service as one of the functions of the Department of Public Instruction.

In order to function effectively, it will be necessary that the largest possible number of actual and prospective teachers register with the Teacher Bureau upon the registration card which has been provided for this purpose, and which may be secured upon application; and for school districts in need of teachers to file with the Bureau a request for candidates, a form for which is also provided and may be secured upon request.

Superintendents and school officers should give the widest possible publicity to this information, bringing it to the attention of boards of school directors, principals of schools, teachers, and all other persons interested in teaching in order that the shortage of teachers which we face at the present time may be met and the public schools of the Commonwealth competently served.

Didn't Interest Him.

A gentleman here from Georgia says the labor situation in the South this year reminds him of this story: "A negro applied to a cotton plantation manager for work."

"All right," said the manager. "Come around in the morning and I'll put you to work and pay what you are worth."

"No sur, I can't do dat," replied the negro. "Ise gittin' mo' dan dat now." —Commerce and Finance.

Practical Girl.

"They say that stolen kisses are the sweetest," he said, as they sat on the piazza, looking at the moon.

"Indeed?" she said. "Yes? What do you think about it?"

"Oh, I have no opinion at all, but it seems to me if I were a young man I wouldn't be long in doubt whether they were or not." —Boston Transcript.

DANGER OF DEIFYING THE COMMONPLACE IN PROPOSED STATE HIGH SCHOOL COURSES.

By Richard M. Gummere, Ph. D., Headmaster William Penn Charter School.

Reform means progress; but novelty sometimes means decline. The best type of reform distinguishes between the elements which make for improvement and the novelties which lead the community astray.

The ideal servants of the government, whether content or stating, must, therefore, not permit the introduction of hobbies and personal preferences. They must not talk exaggeratedly in order to talk effectively. The whole group of the people needs a consistent program, free from cross currents and sweeping in solid consistency.

The little paradoxes which appear so delightful in the drawing room must be forgotten in the council chamber.

One who looks beneath the surface of the present school situation in the State of Pennsylvania will see in the new plans of the educational department at Harrisburg much to admire. He will have nothing but respect for the movement to pay teachers higher salaries, and thus keep up the supply of well-balanced men and women to whom it is safe to intrust the mutual training of his sons and daughters.

Pragmatically, the "teachers' institutes" are usually the height of ineffective talk and a waste of money, he will applaud the new suggestion that the financial supply devoted to these meetings should be turned into summer school training and definite periodic attendance at such classes as those which are conducted at the University of Pennsylvania on weekday afternoons and Saturday mornings.

He will hope that, instead of being content with raising the salaries of teachers, the state authorities will carry out their plans for stricter and more adequate certifications. And as to building facilities—by all means, he would urge, keep your buildings open for rotation of educational community activities throughout the day and evening and see that children are housed without congestion and taught without confusion or neglect.

But the subjects to be taught in the school course itself. Here the thoughtful observer sees reason for alarm. The educators at the head of the state system are being led astray by a hobby and taken out of their proper course by a cross-current. They miss the point of an education which is to benefit the whole community.

They are in danger of adopting a novelty which will mean decline rather than progress. They are overemphasizing the utility of education, in setting down the peril of those mental habits which a good education fosters and develops.

Their plan is all very well for observation and memory, but it leaves out imagination, reason and taste, not to speak of the moral element, which depends on wide knowledge of what the world in its long course has shown to be vital.

Another kind of mistake is now being made at Harrisburg (as it has also been made in other States). Dr. William D. Lewis, deputy superintendent of education, is sitting down to plan a new course for the High School pupils of the Commonwealth as applied to the whole state system ideas which worked very well in a commercial high school. Doctor Lewis can reflect with just satisfaction on his improvements in the domestic arts and business courses at the William Penn High School for Girls.

He saw clearly that household economics make better citizens and that practical life is aided by a knowledge of practical things. But when he allows these essentially practical courses to be the fundamental groundwork of all teaching, he goes astray educationally, just as Matthey Arnold fifty years ago went astray in biblical and political criticism. Doctor Lewis, in his proposal to make a housekeeper out of every girl and a business man out of every boy, gave us some welcome thoughts. But they are not all of education. I say that these things are not the groundwork of all learning; they are simply the shell—a useful part of the building, but still a shell.

He proposes, now that he is in charge of the state high school courses, to, first, eliminate all foreign languages (ancient or modern) as required subjects; second, reduce four years of mathematics—that splendid round of arithmetic, algebra, geometry which trains the thinking and reasoning faculty as nothing else can—to a single year of hashed-up algebra and geometry combined, which will result in knowing neither of these subjects adequately; third, instead of a solid year of physics or chemistry—which college professors tell us is still inadequate to a thorough knowledge of their principles—he would install two years of "general science"; fourth, four years of commercialized English with no Latin, French, German or Spanish to form a basis of comparative study; fifth, the establishment of a four-year course in combined history and civics—which for nearly all the pupils would mean a bare parrot study of officials, districts, products, dates and interests, based upon textbooks made wholesale and totally unconnected with the vital currents of ancient medieval or English history.

In place of all these solid subjects and training (which in past years he rightly emphasized as desirable for at least a part of the children's curriculum) would dominate the whole four years of high school. A thin veneer of handmade English, second-hand history and smattering of science would shut out all visions of mental progress which every pupil has a right to expect. The fourth year of the course would be no more advanced than the first, and would descend to the level of the eighth grade of the grammar school.

What becomes, then, of the boy who expects to work his way through college after a public school course? It makes no difference whether 90 per cent of Pennsylvania pupils do not enter college or whether a scant 10 per cent have college ambitions. The point is that all should be given equal privileges to enter college if they so desire. Such a system would be undemocratic and un-American because it denies the opportunity of leadership. And very few pupils will be

thoughtful enough to elect those solid subjects of their own volition.

People have lost sight of the fact that we are educating leaders and not followers. We are in danger of deifying the commonplace. The lack of mathematics and an exact science would handicap the future engineer; the lack of languages would handicap the business man who hopes to have foreign trade connections and the professional man who needs culture; the lowered English standard would prevent the understanding of masterpieces and cut off many a future writer from adequate familiarity with the best written English.

The business world is now complaining of the lack of men who can take away with these essentials is to helplessness will our representatives abroad be in competition and contrast with a Frenchman who in the most elementary forms of his education could surpass our college Freshmen! The result will be that Dr. Lewis's 10 per cent of college aspirants, who take foreign languages and mathematics as electives (the 90 per cent will avoid them like poison) and the private school graduates, will form an educated caste, set over against those who can work with their hands but not with their minds.

We should in this case be Prussianizing the people—creating two groups, one of which will be handicapped by lack of thought and knowledge and power of expression and the other of which will have a monopoly of higher education. It will be harder and harder for Lincoln to make their way and easier and easier for bureaucrats to get control of affairs. Capital and labor, instead of understanding each other, will be at opposite poles. Is this true democracy?

I hope sincerely that every high-school graduate will have had at least three years of one foreign language. To do this is to set the mind free for advancement; to close the door by doing away with these essentials is to lock the door on progress, to cut down our supply of leaders and to make a man's four years of mathematics and a solid year of either physics or chemistry, or a woman's leisure time a mere matter of "movies" or rocking-chair vacancy.

U. S. SPEAKS BETTER ENGLISH THAN ENGLAND, BRITON SAYS.

London.—Dornford Yates, writing in the Sunday Observer, pays a tribute to the teaching of the English language in American public schools.

"As a rule," he writes, "the vocabularies of the Englishman who has been to a public school and of his sister are almost as poor as those of their American cousins are rich. If English were taught in our schools as it is taught in the United States we should not lie under this reproach. It is a pity that so gootiny a heritage as the English speech should not be without honor save in its own country."

Conceding that the English of the "indigenous American laborer is not so good as that of his fellows in this country," Mr. Yates sets out to prove his charges against the "king's English" as spoken in Britain, as follows:

"The regular use by Americans of the word 'fall' for autumn, and the uncertainty of some Englishmen regarding its ownership, are illuminating. No American having authority would think of claiming the word, but if he were to affirm that in certain American circles there is spoken today a fairer and purer English than that generally used in the corresponding or lighter circles of this country he could not be truthfully contradicted."

For proof of this statement we need not dig very deep.

"Among English words 'get' is a thoroughbred. Pure Anglo-Saxon it is a 'strong' verb and one of the oldest words in our language. It is left to America to preserve in everyday speech its perfect participle, 'gotten,' in its original form.

"No educated American will mispronounce 'towards,' another pure Anglo-Saxon word, over which five out of six educated Englishmen and women come to grief.

"We speak of a 'job' (Latin and Old French) and are hard put to it to find a synonym for a word which has parted with what little dignity it had. Americans speak of a 'chore' which is pure Anglo-Saxon (cierr-char-chore) and means 'a turn of work.'

"An American will never refer to the vessel from which we are accustomed to drink water as a 'tumbler,' because it has been taught correctly that a 'tumbler' is a drinking-glass so called, because from its base ending in a point it could not be set down till completely empty of liquor.

"In the United States a 'jug' becomes a 'pitcher.' There can be no manner of doubt which is the prettier word, and while the etymology of the former is doubtful—in all probability it is a slang term—the pedigree of 'pitcher' is clear enough. The latter is of Greek, Low Latin and Old French descent.

"Elevator' is ugly, formal and aggressively up-to-date, but the contrivance it names is modern, and new wine should be put into new bottles. Our slovenly use of the word 'lift' in this connection is a disgrace.

"Much of the English spoken in the United States is highly artificial. For the American who speaks of a 'clarified intellect' when he means a 'clear head,' I have little regard. But it is not to his school that I am referring."

Marriage Licenses.

Lloyd E. Guiser, Mingoville, and Mary E. Peters, Mill Hall.

William Wyant and Clair Lingafelt, Hollidaysburg.

Lewis L. Crain, Sandy Ridge, and Sarah M. Cowfer, Port Matilda.

John H. Kuhn and Emma K. Rowe, Boalsburg.

Willis W. Stephens and Emily A. Neidigh, State College.

Elmer L. Lingle and Velma E. Weaver, Spring Mills.

Ralph W. Mansfield, Morristown, and Helen I. Morton, State College.

—It's all here and it's all true. Read the "Watchman" and see.

WOMAN'S NEW SPHERE.

At sixty-one Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, of the United States, is the world's undisputed leader in the cause of equal rights for women. After devoting forty years to the cause of woman suffrage, Mrs. Catt was ready to retire and see a younger woman at the head of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, but the Congress in Geneva insisted that she continue to lead the organization. The assemblage of delegates from all over the world re-elected her unanimously, and Mrs. Catt accepted the office, despite her declaration that she felt compelled to retire.

Mrs. Catt founded the International Woman Suffrage Alliance in 1902, and has been its president since that time. Mrs. Catt began her career at the age of fourteen as a school teacher in Iowa. Later she earned her way through Iowa State College. Her first conspicuous entry into the political arena was in 1892, when she addressed the United States Senate committee. In 1900 she was elected president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and was described by Susan B. Anthony, who previously held that office, as "the ideal leader."

During Mrs. Catt's career all the full suffrage States except Wyoming, the pioneer, were won. From 1904 to 1915 Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. In 1915 Mrs. Catt was re-elected to that office and continued to hold it today. The Woman Citizen was founded by Mrs. Catt in 1917.

After the government accepted the services of the organization during the war and formed a woman's committee in connection with the Council of National Defense, Mrs. Catt foresaw full suffrage for the women of the United States as an immediate achievement. She outlined a plan for a national and international League of Women Voters, the former becoming an actuality in St. Louis in the spring of 1919.

Since the organization of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, which Mrs. Catt continues to head, much has been accomplished for the cause of suffrage in Tasmania, Queensland, Finland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Russia, Poland, Great Britain, Victoria, Iceland, Germany, Holland, Canada, Hungary and other countries.

Confidence that enfranchised women will bring fresh and spiritual ideas to aid in the solution of pressing world problems was expressed by Mrs. Josephus Daniels, speaking at the congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance in Geneva. In making that statement she announced she was voicing the sentiment of President Wilson. In outlining a woman suffrage creed Mrs. Daniels said in part:

"What women did in the war has hastened the conferring of the ballot. In our country the day of agitation for enfranchisement has passed. The hour has come when we must prepare by deeds that we accept our new duties with a sense of our obligation to measure up to our new and high mission."

"As we go into the political trenches let us endeavor to be as intrepid, aim as straight and keep our nerve as steady as our brothers in their grim battles. As voters we must find a way to carry help and comfort to those who live in want or peril."

Commissioned rank for women army nurses is about to become a reality. During the war the army nurses learned that rank was indispensable if they were to work with the greatest efficiency. They learned that there is nothing which the enlisted man recognizes and respects more readily than shoulder insignia. Since the signing of the armistice the nurses have fought for rank and they have won.

The nature of their rank is such that the buck private will not be offended to think that he has to obey the commands of a lady lieutenant. In the army reorganization legislation "assimilated rank" ranging from that of lieutenant to major is conferred on members of the army nurse corps. Assimilated rank entails limited authority. It does not really call for a commission nor carry the pay, allowances or emoluments of one. The incidents of rank conferred upon the nurses are:

First. The dignity of the name of the rank.

Second. The right to wear the insignia thereof.

Third. The eligibility to exercise authority within the limits set forth in the law, which are as follows: "As regards medical and sanitary matters and all work in the line of their duties they shall have and be regarded as having authority in and about military hospitals next after the medical officers of the army."

Several Senators discussing that phase of the army reorganization plan confessed ignorance of what assimilated rank really meant, but were satisfied when Senator Wadsworth declared that, whatever it meant, it was what the nurses asked for.

More Apples and Peaches.

Complete estimates on the fruit crop of the State, covering every county and farm, as well as commercial and private orchards, are made by the Department of Agriculture for Pennsylvania, as follows: Apples, 10,543,000 bushels, compared with 7,614,000 bushels a year ago; peaches, 1,444,000 bushels compared with 914,000; pears 489,000 bushels.

The Navy Department has announced the successful completion of a gun that will shoot nearly 110 miles. Work on this gun was begun when word was first received that Germany was shelling Paris 75 miles away. Details of the gun have not been made public and no projectile has been fired for the distance claimed, but the carrying power of the weapon has been estimated from careful tests.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illuminate only the track it has passed.

The "Watchman" office is the place to get the best job work.