

INSTITUTE'S SECOND DAY

Standing Room Was Utilized During the Afternoon Session.

MANY INSTRUCTIVE LECTURES

Greek Statuary Tableau a Feature of the Afternoon Session-Interesting Papers Read by Persons Well Known Locally.

Yesterday morning's session of the teachers' institute in the Young Men's Christian Association hall was opened with prayer by Rev. G. L. Aldrich, of Grace Reformed church.

The first number on the programme was to have been a paper by Professor Twitmyer, of Honesdale, on "Froebel and His Theory of Education," but sudden illness prevented his being present.

Livy S. Richard, editor of The Tribune, read a paper on "Practical Composition," which, by request of the institute, is printed in full in another column.

H. C. Shafer, cashier of the Scranton Savings Bank, read a paper on "Banking Methods." It was a carefully written and concise effort in which superfluous verbiage that might create confusion in the minds of the teachers was omitted, and which contained the practical and common-sense facts of that part of the banking business with which the depositor comes in direct contact.

Have you no globe or atlas of the world? Have you no map on your requisition blank for supplies every quarter until the board of control shall hear you by your repeated calls.

Have you no clay or sand moulding table? The superintendent of repairs will make you one.

Have you ever taken your class for a walk or outing farther than the school grounds? It is a good idea to take them to the mill, to the breaker, to the court house, to the beautiful park.

At last, renew your subscription for your educational journal and then petition the school board for magisterial attention.

Miss M'Mollan's address. Miss A. J. McMollan, of the Bloomsburg State Normal school, gave a blackboard talk on phonetic reading, in which she laid special stress on proper pronunciation of vowels and consonants and the words they composed.

The afternoon session began with a period of singing under the leadership of G. B. Durman. Before the session closed, every seat, in the hall was occupied and many persons were obliged to stand.

"Geography's Dry Bones Removed" was the topic of J. B. Hawker and which was illustrated with the stereopticon by H. L. Burdick, Mr. Hawker said:

The methods of teaching geography adopted in some schools are not calculated to impart much valuable information nor to awaken real interest in pupils. The memory is often rather taxed than disciplined, and the mind burdened with formal answers rather than trained to take comprehensive and intelligent views of subjects. Names are learned and repeated, but no well defined and clear understanding of the localities and rela-

ON PRACTICAL COMPOSITION

How the Public Schools Can Make Better Writers.

PRESENT FAULTS POINTED OUT

Text of a Paper Read by Livy S. Richard Before the City Institute at Y. M. C. A. Hall Yesterday Forenoon.

The purpose of written language, I take it, should be to convey and not, as Talleyrand said, to conceal thought. In certain kinds of composition it is permissible to convey thought with fancy trimmings, as one sometimes garnishes the food that one places on one's table. Thus in poetry, it is proper to put the thought in such a dress of language that it will delight the ear and please the sensibilities as well as appeal to the intellect.

Not every table, however, is able to afford garnishes with its meat and potatoes; and if all were, what would be the value of garnishes? For the most of us, certainly for the great majority of the pupils that come under your tuition in the schools of Scranton, the needed thing is to learn how to employ written words so as to carry the thought straight and true from the thinker to the reader, without any loss in transit.

Speaking theoretically and without experience whatsoever as a teacher of the young, I should say that the bane of most teaching of composition in the schools consists of this: That the thing is gone at as if it were some formidable task requiring special qualification and necessitating special awe.

Dr. J. T. Rothrock, the state forestry commissioner, gave an illustrated address on "Beautiful Pennsylvania," the address delivered by him in this city several weeks ago under the auspices of the board of trade. It was an urgent appeal for the preservation by the state of its woodland and a condemnation of the laws which permit the selling of woodlands for unpaid taxes and which grant charters to sporting clubs whose memberships are usually composed of non-residents of the state.

A series of gracefully executed Greek statuary tableaux was given under the direction of Miss Anna E. Kunkle, of this city, a Shakespearean reciter of no little merit, and a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Oratory. The participants were Misses Eva Short, Grace Ross, Sarah A. Jones, Millie Wormser, Alice Evans, Anna Munson, Claudia Williams, May Monies, Ella Osland, Miss Durkin and Julia Pettigrew. Today's programme is as follows:

WEDNESDAY, 9 A. M. Invocation. Music. A Knowledge of English Implies What? Reading, an Exact Science. Development of Civic Virtues in School. History. WEDNESDAY, 2 P. M. Music.

the windmills of grammar, syntax and rhetorical formula; but for all that sincere, hopeful and impetuous. A writer of this stamp is a likely specimen. There are hopes for him. He needs a friendly curb; a kindly trimming and pruning; a series of gentle but determined introductions to the inestimable guardian angel called common sense.

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For all kinds of pupils at the beginning of the composition work I should recommend the divesting from the exercise of the substantial duties and responsibilities of every-day life. Such a teacher is a jewel, be her method this, that or the other. Such a teacher does not teach composition on the principle that the boy must fit the boot; she tries to get a size of boot that will fit the boy; and she is careful, too, to see that the sharp pegs which the grammatical and rhetorical boot-makers are wont to leave sticking up through the soles are smoothed down so as not to maim the foot and give the lad a wild desire to shake boots altogether and hoof it barefooted.

By this time I trust you will see my point, that when all is said, the idea is this: Never let a pupil begin a composition until he knows what he wants to say. Discourage aimless writing. Do not let the inexperienced pen try to blaze a path as it goes along. There are enough mature cranks in the world to supply all the necessary side cuts to beatitude or perdition. Keep the young literary traveler on familiar ground. Don't let him feel that writing is a different function from talking; that it is not worth while to write down the things that one talks or that one hears; that, somehow, composition is a strange thing, a thing almost unconscious thing, a thing as easy, when there is something to be written, as it is easy to speak when there is something to be said. To be sure, cultivate originality; but I would not do much of that in special connection with composition exercises themselves.

If the pupil be not scared by the formidable formality of the composition exercise, he may possibly be made vain by it. I have known meek boys and girls who, away from pen and paper, are fairly modest and helpful, yet who never reach the writing desk without being seized with great and gorgeous ambitions. Their quill does not suffice. They want to ride the stars. Fearlessly it sets forth, a regular Don Quixote of a quill, charging boldly at phantoms, and mayhap getting sorely worsted, now and then, by

about rules of grammar or of rhetoric. Not that those rules are bad things to know. The knowledge of them is like the knowledge of the railway schedule when one wants to go on a journey. It facilitates matters to know when the right train goes and how to get on the right train instead of the wrong one. But for all that, the train schedule should not be made the chief consideration in traveling. It is, at best, only a useful accessory. The paramount thing is to know where you want to go and what you want to go for.

Applying this homely simile to the writing of English, I would suggest that it is well not to be too severe when the pupil mixes tenes or rhetorical figures; when he sprains the parts of speech or does unconscious violence to the shade of Lindley Murray. This, to be sure, is a bad thing to do; but in the great day, when human accounts are balanced for the last time, it will, I trust, be reckoned a venial sin compared with the writing of structurally proper sentences which have in them only faint suggestions of a meaning, only the pale ghost of a murdered idea.

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maner of expression in a set mold. I repeat, let style alone. It is physically given to two of the billions of human beings upon the face of this wretched globe; and in this same fashion it should be the sovereign privilege of every one to form and cherish his own literary style. Given the thought, the style will come. Whenever you see a writer trying to force his words to fashion themselves on paper in a certain fixed way, or some particular model, classic or otherwise, you see an unfortunate, who deserves to be pitied. What is in a man will come out, not forced, according to formula, but spontaneously, of its own sweet will, and the freer it is in coming the better it will be when it gets out. I have no patience with the teacher who thinks that style is a thing of rote, or that Shakespeares are to be made, or that putting diagrams on the blackboard, if a pupil has a thing to say, let him choose his own manner of saying. However else you may feel in duty bound to bend his plastic mind to the stereotyped forms of the school room, I beg of you allow him that one freedom, untrammeled.

Sorry, indeed, are the samples of style-copying that reach the eye of the editor of literary manuscripts. Like a needle in the haystack is the contribution to the newspaper or the magazine which betokens fresh, honest, unconscious originality in form no less than in substance of expression. Delicately to the wearied taste of the professional reader of manuscripts is the story, the poem, the essay or the descriptive piece which goes to its mark as swift and straight and true and without any little fuss as the arrow that is shot from the bow. When you put that kind of a manuscript before the editorial optic you make the heart glad.

Yet such manuscripts ought not to be scarce. The gift of telling a thing on paper with as much brightness, spice and absence of self-consciousness as one is wont to tell it when speaking chattily with the tongue, ought not to be so rare as it is. Perhaps some of you will remember from London, when Miss Kaiser used to write for The Tribune, they were nothing much to brag of, according to formal standards. They probably took a good many more liberties with Gould Brown and Professor Hart than one would care to take if sending in an essay as an examination paper. But there was a charm about them that carried you along. You didn't stop to apply the measurements of grammar and rhetoric and all that. You just gave yourself over to them and let syntactical propriety go where it listed. Why? Because they were written just like a clever, jolly young woman would rattle them off if talking to a group of friends. That fine gift of being natural, of being easy, of being fluent without affectation or redundancy, in short, of writing English as if to write were no trick at all but simply the most matter-of-course thing in the world, is what we editors find to be scarcer among the graduates of our common schools than teeth in hen's mouths or white diamonds in calm dumps; and to a large degree we charge you with being responsible for the deficit.

There was a time, many years ago, when our chief writers were school bred men. The era of the New England group—of Lowell, the finished scholar, critic and poet; of Emerson the transcendent seer; of Whittier, sweet bard of simple ways, to whom nature revealed her beauties at first hand; of Longfellow, rich in human sympathy and ripe in classic lore; of Hawthorne, of Ripley, of Dana, of Thoreau; his was a time when American letters took their inspiration from the universities; a time when not to have been a son of an old and illustrious name was a forfeiture of one's literary birthright. I am not sure that I can give a sufficient reason for the fact that this condition of things came about, but by a direct exist can be established by a very brief

survey of the field of contemporary letters. Who are the men that today reach and grip the American ear? Are they college bred? As a rule, no. Howells, perhaps the foremost of our American writers of fiction, learned his trade of authorship in a country printing shop, learned it by daily practice with the tools of the writer's craft. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller, Hamlin Garland, Eugene Field—all these reached their level with small or no aid from the higher schools. Frank Stockton, Hopkinson Smith, Marion Crawford, Nelson Page, Robert Barr, and that young realist, Stephen Crane, gained their renown without debt to the pedagogues, most of them by steady work in the literary treadmill. Whitcomb Riley had no schooling at all; Frank Stanton had little, and that promising genius cut off in his bud, Richard Heat, owed the college nothing. Carry on your quest, further than I here have time to, and you will find that the same rule prevails. There are brilliant exceptions, of course, as in the case of Aldrich, Watson Gilder, Clarence Stedman and some others of perhaps less renown; but they prove rather than disprove the rule. There is no hesitancy whatever in expressing the belief that as matters now stand, the pupil who expects to become a practically developed writer, who expects to gain a livelihood with the pen, either in pure literature or in the by-paths of journalism, had better not be a graduate of a college, unless he takes time somewhere between the beginning and the end of his school period—and the nearer to the beginning of it, perhaps the better—to acquire by practice a good working use of the Queen's English, so good that the mechanism of education will not afterward crush it and leave him, at graduation, a helpless pedant in style.

HELPING HIS FATHER-IN-LAW. "Son-in-law," he said, as he called him into the library and locked the door, "you have lived with me now for over two years."

"Yes, sir."

"In all that time I haven't asked you a penny for board."

"No, sir."

"In all your little family quarrels I have always taken your part and decided in your favor."

"I have even paid some of your bills."

"You have, sir."

"And in every way helped you to get along."

"You have been very kind, sir."

"I have tried to be, my boy, and I think you appreciate it."

"I do, sir."

"Then the small favor I am going to ask will no doubt be granted."

"It will, sir."

"Thanks. Kindly tell your mother-in-law that the seat checks for the French ball, which she picked up in my room this morning, were dropped out of your pocket, and we'll call it square!"—Truth.

Views of a Philosopher.

"Thirst is a funny thing," said Dismal Dawson, looking dreamily through the windows of the barn loft at the floating clouds. "Too much of it kills a man, whilst just about the proper amount if it is about that makes life worth living!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"GREAT CASH DEPARTMENT STORES."

THE UNION STORES OF DUNMORE, PA., THE MOST COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORES IN NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

Are now prepared to offer to the consumers of this county, at less than wholesale prices, the largest and most carefully selected stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Furnishing Goods, Notions, Carpets and Draperies, Wall Paper and Window Shades, Ladies' Cloaks, Capes and Skirts, Boys' Clothing in Great Variety, Fresh Meat and Smoked Meats, Stylish Millinery, and every kind of goods required. We herewith give a few prices of staples that you can compare with prices that you are now paying. A complete price list of staples in the various departments will be published each week and mailed to every consumer in the valley. It will pay you to visit our vast establishment, in the meantime, and examine the various lines of goods offered for sale and at prices astonishingly low. Below you will find the prices on a few staple articles, and for balance see our price list, published weekly:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, Meal and Feed, Best 'Sugar Cured' Hams, Best Side Bacon, 8 Bars of Best 5c. Soap, 1 Package, 5 pounds, Fairbank Gold Dust, Strictly Fresh Eggs, TODAY.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Atlantic A Sheeting, Pacific Extra Sheeting, Peccot A Sheeting, Lockwood's Sheetings, Nameless Sheeting, Fruit of the Loom Sheeting, Hill Muslin Sheeting, First Prize Sheeting, Best American Indigo Prints, Best Amoskeag Gingham.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Best Porterhouse Steak, Best Sirloin Steak, Best Round Steak, Best Choice Rib Roast, Best Pork Sausage, Best Kettle Rendered Lard, Best Chuck Roast, Best Home-made Bologna, Best Boiling Meat, Best Leg of Lamb, Best Stew of Lamb, Best Loins of Veal, Best Stew of Veal, Best Pork Chops.

We are offering today the most carefully selected stock of Ladies' Stylishly Made Capes, Silk Waists and Ladies' Sicilian and Silk Skirts. They are Stylish and beautifully made. Call and examine. We will have in place by Friday one of the finest lines of Boys' and Youths' Clothing. You will there find just what you want and at prices to correspond with the low figures that prevail all through this vast establishment. We call especial attention to our Shoe Department. It is vast in its proportions and will astonish you in the low prices. We are busy marking our large incoming invoices from the most popular Eastern Shoe Manufacturers. We wish to call the attention of Builders and all in need of First-Class Hardware that the elegant store rooms, lately vacated by Mr. John C. Swift, No. 314 Chestnut street, is to be occupied by us for Hardware purposes, and will be stocked with a complete line of first-class goods. It is unnecessary to say further than that Mr. Charles F. Cauley, "a member of this firm," who is known as the most competent plumber and experienced tinsmith in this valley, will be in full management of this very important branch of our business. Low estimates will be given to all who contemplate building. Our motto is to lead in low prices and good goods. Take the Suburban Car at Scranton. It passes by our vast stores. All purchasing from us will be allowed street car fare.

Watch for our General Price List. It will be convincing.

P. J. HORAN, Chairman. P. D. MANLEY, Treasurer. JOHN E. SWIFT, Secretary.