. . EDUCATIONAL . .

(CONCLUDED.)

FADS IN EDUCATION.

Scranton isn't anything if not progressive, and the same spirit of restless activity and excitement that characterizes the city in other directions pervades the schools. The days are not half long enough, nor are there half enough of them, to accomplish all that is undertaken, and the result is that the schools—which generally mean the teachers—are criticised unmercifully. To quote from an educational journal, "This is an age of fads in education," therefore it requires a great deal of experience, good, sound judgment and discrimination to decide what to adopt and what to reject from much of the so-called new education. Nowhere is Pope's advice—

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside,"

more applicable than in the schools. What a boon it would be to the perplexed teacher if some enterprising pedagogue would discover or invent a process by which to solve the problem of how much of the new to try and how much of the old to lay aside; and what a blessing to the pupils under our care. Perhaps that may be one of the myriads of mysteries which will be made clear by the X rays.

For the past few years the Scranton schools have presented a most excellent field for the cultivation of "fads." One time

IT IS CALISTHENICS

which has its brief day, to be followed perhaps by language lessons; and the pupils paraphrase poetry and write stories which almost drive those who have to read them into the insane asylum, but which might be recommended as a remedy for a fit of the blues for anyone who was not compelled to read them. But these matters are ancient history. Another time it is writing, and we are exhorted—nay, commanded—to write, write, write, continually. Nothing in education is important outside of writing, therefore we must write every day and all day long. To give the subject all the prominence demanded for it, pencils are tabooed, and pen and ink with all their delightful accompaniments, become the chief objects of interest in the school room.

Then it is drawing, and we are given to understand that we might as well be dead; in fact, are "dead teachers," if we cannot, or do not, for it amounts to the same thing, teach art (?) The sole object and aim of a teacher's life should be to turn out of the schools a generation of artists educated upon the "twelve easy lessons" plan.

We next encounter the music crank—not the kind accompanied by a monkey. But just here we are reminded that in Scranton, where there are so many artists in that line, it is exceedingly unsafe to say anything which may be construed as derogatory to the musical enthusiast, therefore we desist. In this matter we deem discretion to be the better part of valor. We have just settled down to the belief that all the latest improvements in education have been adopted, when we become victims to the geographical epidemic which has been spreading over the country for some time. In our case it assumes

THE STATISTICAL FORM

and we are required to find out a mass of unimportant statistics, which it will be much easier to forget than to acquire. In this matter we cannot conceal our ignorance from the public, so we skirmish about, note book and pencil in hand, invading business places and besieging everybody who we think may be able to give us the desired information. Generally we find that those whom we question do not know any more about such matters than we do. Why should they? Who ever heard that a knowledge of statistics implies either an education or superior intelligence? In addition to this, many of our preconceived notions of the situation of places and the uses of certain phenomena of nature are overthrown, and like the perplexed senator, we are in doubt as to where we are "at." And thus we go on, as some one has very aptly expressed it, "cramming facts into our heads and driving out our brains." While we are striving with all our might, destroying our bodies, and we almost fear our souls, to achieve the impossible, the dear public is criticising us because our pupils cannot spell correctly nor make up a simple account; because they cannot write a letter or note according to the most approved rules or the latest fashion; because they

VIOLATE THE COMMONEST RULES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR

or do not know positively the capital of the state in which they live. Perhaps that same public would have more charity for the long suffering teachers and censure them less, were they to come into our schools and see our books filled with written lessons, some beautifully done and some otherwise; view the drawings tacked on the walls—no matter if they are thick with dust: they must not mind a little thing like that; hear the children sing the scale, for they have never been able to get any farther; and question the little 9-year-olds in regard to the value of real estate in the city and county, and the limits of our congressional district, even though they do not understand the meaning of those terms. And should they remain long enough to listen to the children in the primary schools giving the sounds of the letters and spelling phonetically, they would go away satisfied that the day is not far distant when the language not only of the monkeys, but of all the animal creation may be interpreted by means of a system of phonetics. The uninitiated may inquire, "But do you not teach spelling, grammar, arithmetic and the other essentials, or are they no longer regarded as essentials?" Everybody has heard the story of the Indian, who when the English were taking possession of all the land on one side of the Ohio river, and the French all on the other, asked, "Where is the Indian's land?" Although history does not record the answer we know that the Indian is still en evidence, even though he has been crowded to the wall. So it is with the essentials in our curriculum. But while we deplore the restlessness and craving for change which has taken possession of us, we must in all candor admit that many things which at first appeared to be "fads" have proved to be reforms, and we accord all honor to those who have recognized that fact and have had the courage to adopt them. However, we believe that more encouragement from the public; more individuality on the part of the teacher; more conservatism—not in the sense of old-fogyism—in the administration, and more liberal salaries for experienced and deserving teachers would do our schools a vast amount of good.

WILHELMINA WREN.

SKETCHES OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

My first trip across the ocean was one which I shall never forget. It was a beautiful morning in the month of May. I bade my friends good-bye, on the crowded pier at Liverpool, and got aboard the British Prince. I had often been on an ocean steamship, but only when anchored at the Liverpool docks. It was an entirely different sensation I had when we sailed down the English channel with about two thousand passengers aboard, all nations being represented, all classes and creeds. After a few hours' sailing we reached Queenstown, where we stopped to take on such mails, and passengers, most of whom were rosy-cheeked Irish girls; their sweethearts and families, coming on board to bid them good-bye. These farewells were very sad, as no other nationality thinks so much of its native land as do the Irish. Some women came on board selling fruit to the passengers. They were quaintly dressed in their native costume, which consisted of linsey woolsey dresses, plaid shawls and snowy caps on their heads, one friendly old lady going about, bestowing her blessing on every one she came in contact with. I was very sorry when we left Queenstown, as we very soon took our parting look at land, the last we should see for some time. We had a most beautiful sunset at sea, on our second day on the water, and we saw some very queer looking fishes, the strangest I saw being a jelly fish. About four days after sailing there came a great storm. It lasted three days. We were not allowed on deck during this time, so great was danger of being blown overboard. The scenes were terrible to witness during the storm. some prayed, some blasphemed, some sang. The nights were spent the same as the days, no sleep for any of the passengers, each one with a life preserver, ready at a moment's notice to meet his fate. At the end of three days the wind grew calm, and we found on coming on deck, that we had lost almost all our life boats, only one being left ,our masts were damaged, but not any serious damage was done to the ship or its passengers, with the exception of one of the steerage passengers who became insane during the storm. The physician was obliged to have her placed in a cell under the care of a nurse. I so well remember on the day after the storm I went on deck, and, being worn out for want of rest, I fell asleep in my chair. When I awoke I found it almost time for dinner, I hurried down the gangway to my room, some one I passed, pushed me rather roughly, I thought, but I did not take any notice of the incident, until I had reached my room, I found on putting my hand in my pocket, my purse, containing all the money I possessed, and a railroad ticket to my destination, had been stolen, and an old purse with twenty-five cents in put in its place. Evidently the thief did not want to leave me penniless. I was very much worried about my loss, as I knew it meant to me to be landed on a strange land, a stranger, without money. I told the captain about my loss, but he said he could not do anything until we reached Philadelphia. We reached there after a voyage of thirteen days and fourteen hours. The captain took me to the money exchange office as soon as we arrived, I sat where I could see the passengers exchange their money for American coin, but we could not get any trace of the missing purse or money; we thought perhaps that the thief might exchange or try to use the missing ticket, but he evidently knew that would throw suspicion on him. Through the kindness of the captain I was cared for by his friends until he applied to the railroad company for a pass to take me to my destination, which they very readily gave, and after a twelve hours' ride on the train, I reached my friends, not any the worse, except in pocket, for my experiences in crossing the ocean.

SARAH A. H. BELL.

SOME CURIOUS TYPES.

Since all sorts and conditions of men are necessary to make up a world, and since we are brought up in the belief that what is absolutely useless does not exist, there remains for us no alternative but to acknowledge with a charitable humility, our lack of comprehension of nature's design in fashioning some of her curious specimens, which we may conveniently consider under a common head viz.—bores. We all have our varied experiences with this abundant element whose idiosyncrasies differ as widely as do those of normal mankind.

It thrives behind the magnetic pillars of the law, within the responsible precincts of the rostrum, in the throbbing world of trade, in the realms of arts and letters, in the domains of the drawing room and the club; in brief, wherever there may be sufficient impulse to foster, in any way, a degenerate product of this remarkable and startling nineteenth century civilization.

HE KNOWS IT ALL.

We need not look long nor far for a sample specimen of the class of those who know everything—and more. He will tell you with equal facility the outcome of the next presidential campaign, the price of gloves on the Canadian side of our continent and the population of the Sandwich Islands. He will inform you why the birds sing, and why Joan d'Arc was an utter impossibility. He will discuss matters literary, at his pleasure, not yours. That he may be unfamiliar with the same is the least of his troubles, for you unconsciously furnish him with all necessary information in that direction. Detection here is not always impossible, and instead of the anticipated surrender, you witness only a dignified and well managed retreat with colors flying, and ere the reality dawns, you are drawn slowly but surely away from the scene of the conflict. Do not imagine that your shrewd conqueror is open to conviction; for his mind is fully made up, and you may as well try your strength against the Pillars of Hercules. He has never been heard to utter an "I don't know"—shocking disparagement of that immaculate self.

Another type is not to be overlooked in this connection. I refer to the crushed-by-fate, always misunderstood type: the man who thinks and theorizes and thrives not; the dreamer, who wonders why he is not duly appreciated by the very common mortals, with whom Fate has destined his abode. These very common mortals wisely conclude that the fruit of thought is result. Not so with our dreamer, he lives contented in the belief that the fruit of thought is thought, first, second and always. A word to him: "Wanted: Deeds, not Words."

THE TATTLER.

These have a sister, too, who is a type of alarming proportions. She is what Dryden terms "an ideal tattler." The philosopher, the poet and the wit, ever since there have been philosophers, poets and wits, have justly made her a target for their shafts. Shakespeare, woman's truest friend, charges the noblest of her kind thus: "Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know." Th's condition is not necessarily the accompaniment of a malevolent disposition. The weight becomes so burdensome, the craving for sympathy so strong, the haunting plea of reason so weak—and, lo! it is all over. Our "type" is happy and the three or four confidantes are happy and all is serene until the unlucky moment when the confidantes begin to experience the precise sensations of their informant, and then—. Well, does it pay?

LOOKING AT HOME.

What a simple task to analyze the human failings until one approaches the ego. The eye unfortunately cannot see itself, and it is reasonable to conclude that elevation of self by introspection can be attained only by careful comparison of repeated causes and effects of like natures.

But time passes and we are digressing. It will suffice simply to take a glance at a few of society's trials, viz., the habitual prevaricator, the disagreeably candid man, the inveterate braggart, the hair-brained coxcomb, the tradesman who pleases you with what is in reality a "Hobson's choice," and so we might continue to enumerate the stumbling blocks in the path of human comfort.

But nothing remains to be done, except to hope, and wait, and feel consoled in the reflection of the wise man's assurance that the world is growing better, and to him, as well as to his labors, we owe most secred respect; for he is the great toiler, and alas! so often the least happy of men.

"They who know the most
Must mourn the deepest in the fatal truth.
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life."

NETTIE NYE.

SECURING SUCCESS.

Terpsichorean Fame Not to Be Attained at a Single Bound—Hard Work and Perseverance Necessary, so Says Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, the Well Known Teacher.

From time immemorial, dancing has been, among all nations, and in all grades of society, the most fascinating of indoor diversions, but never has it reached the degree of popularity attained within the past few years. The old-time prejudice against round dances, the idea that the position assumed was unrefined, or the results of the exercise unbeneficial from a hygenic standpoint, has quite passed away, and even the most reluctant unbeliever has been forced to relinquish his cherished sentiments, and to admit that dancing, in moderation, is the calisthenics par excellence for young and old. An innate love for Terpsichore lurks in the hearts of all, and unless one be blase to an alarming extent, he could not fail to enjoy the magic swing of a dreamy waltz or the inspiring exhilaration of the two-step. Sousa, the March King, has been responsible in a measure for the remarkable popularity of the latter dance, and so long as his genius remains, the two-step will be much in evidence.

A fad of the day and a very pretty one, is fancy dancing, not alone for children, but for children of a larger growth as well:—"Men are only boys grown tall, hearts don't change much after all," and there is a certain charm in the graceful curves of a Spanish Cachuca, the jaunty dash of a Hornpipe, the stately dignity of the French Court Minuet, which one cannot, and would not, if one could, resist.

Such dancing is gaining steady hold, as was proven by the crowded houses at the recent Fete Champetre. The intense interest shown by the spectators, the care and undoubted work given by those taking part, were not for sweet charity alone, but were prompted by a growing appreciation for characteristic dancing.

To the unthinking public, such an exhibition is taken for granted; it is freely commented upon, is criticized, often unjustly; the participants are flattered, but the one to whom credit is due, the presiding genius, whose talent and thought, whose hours and days and weeks of mental and physical work have resulted in a marvelous, colossal thing of beauty, which brings rest and amusement to thousands of people, is forgotten, quite too often, by a wofully large majority.

The teaching of dancing has become an art, and has of late been taken up by women to a great extent. A woman of average intelligence, thrown upon her own resources, one who has business tact and an undaunted desire to succeed, can, in casting about for an occupation, do no better than interest herself in dancing.

She must have at least a year's instruction from a thoroughly competent teacher, and must not think that, because she has always been considered a graceful dancer her grace will be of commercial value without the knowledge as to how to impart her ideas to others. She must abjure society, and work conscientiously, unfalteringly, showing interest for all, partiality for none, and above all she must know that, however painstaking she may be, there will always be people to criticize her work.

The discomforts, nevertheless, will be few, and will be more than counterbalanced by the kindly interest of the many people who do appreciate her work; by the knowledge that she has done her best, and has gained for herself a fair income in a pleasant way.

ELIZABETH LEWIS.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

About fourteen months ago the residents of Cuba began a rebellion against the rule of Spain and have been engaged in fighting for their rights ever since. They want to throw off the yoke of oppression which Spain has placed upon their shoulders.

A man in Cuba cannot even have a new window put into his house without first paying some sort of a tax. He dare not invite a party of friends to his home without getting permission of the government.

As far as the daily reports go the Spaniards seem to gain some important battles, but the outlook is that the war will end in a victory for the Cubans.

The Cuban soldiers have found a new weapon of defence which is called a "machette." It is made somewhat like a sword and is used for all purposes, from peeling a stick of sugar cane to felling a tree—a foot and one-half in diameter.

The Cubans have an excellent commander in Captain Maceo. Captain Weyler is also a good commander, but of the two, Maceo is the better.

The authorities of Spain tried to get the United States Congress to urge the Cubans to put an end to the war, but Congress declared that it would not have anything to do for or against Cuba. It is, however, evident that the Cubans had the sympathy of the people of this country before the Spaniards committed such an outrage toward our flag.

When the people of Spain heard the decision of Congress they rushed to the residence of Mr. De Lome (United States minister to Spain), tore down the American flag, and trampled it through the streets until it was torn into shreds.

Our country ought to demand redress for such an insult to our flag; still we hope and believe that at some future day Cuba will be a free and independent nation.

LOUISE M. HELRIEGEL.
Age 15. No. 3 School.

WHAT IS THE B. I. A.

The Boys' Industrial association is not, as its name seems to imply, intended to teach boys to work, but to encourage those already employed.

No boy can be a member who has not some useful vocation. The youthful slate-picker and mine-helper washes off the grime of daily toil, and two evenings in every week joins the newsboy, the bootblack, and 600 other workers, for purposes of mutual advantage. They gather with unflagging interest. Their meeting place is a large room in the top story of the city hall, Wilkes-Barre, given them for this use by the city council.

One of the evenings is devoted to practice in debate, and the discussion of improving topics, aided by their leaders, the other evening to entertainment. It has become a favorite social pursuit among the cultured young people of the town, to give an evening to the B. I. A. A group of them will arrange a programme, and occupy the platform for the occasion, with music, recitation, dialogues, etc., to the great enjoyment of the youthful audience.

To all who understand boys, and know the necessity that seems laid upon them to go somewhere, the value of this scheme will be apparent. To substitute for aimless wandering in the streets at night, something that would build up the working boys' morally and socially was the high ambition of one who had long studied the needs and limitations of their lives. In this, upheld by the generous sympathy of a few of like mind, she has succeeded, counting ease and social pleasure but light, as compared to the joy of this work.

With small beginnings, which had, however, rapid increase, this band was drawn together. The city authorities, impressed by the wisdom of an effort tending so directly to make good citizens, offered the boys a permanent meeting place, much to their gratitude and satisfaction. It is being discovered that the upbuilding of the working element of a community is a more rewarding enterprise than the ordinary outflow of effort upon the tramp and hoodlum. Especially throughout our mining region is this the field of greatest promise.

The B. I. A. is just now celebrating the first anniversary of its home in the city hall. Subjoined is its appreciative song for the occasion:

We are coming city fathers,
A good six hundred strong.
To help you with the voting.
And the time will not be long
For the years are marching on.
Hurrah! Hurrah! six hundred votes
to cast against the rum.
Six hundred votes for righteous rule,
for joy, and peace, and home.
As we go marching on!
We are coming city fathers,
And when you are old and gray
We'll stand beside you in the ranks
and cheer you on the way,
While all go marching on!

WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

The moonbeams kiss the Orient shade,
But stillness lingers o'er the glade,
And purple fruit and springing flower
No longer blush in Eden's bower,
For print of slaughter's foot is there,
And hushed is dying Christian's prayer.

The reddened waters, deep and dark,
No more are graced by sky or barque,
And the low breeze that lifts the leaf
Is like an angel's touch of grief.

But, hark! a cry rings wild and clear,
A cry of anguish and of fear,
Each shaded nook, and mountain plain
Re-echoes loud and shrill again.
Till carried on by wind and tide,
A world has caught it, far and wide.

An aged captive clanks his chain,
The cruel darts are in his brain,
And blood flows from his sightless eyes,
Yet still in faith to Heaven he cries.

He calls on man, but calls in vain,
For Europe's God, is god of gain.
The triple sham has doubled power,
But fools away the sacred hour.
True, Albion's sons would cross the steel
Of Ishmael's sons and make them feel,
The cross is yet the honored name
That still will show a Saviour's fame;
But the low snarl of Russian Bear,
Has made them pause in sad despair.
France flings her lilies at the feet
Of Allah's prince and bows defeat.
While shame on shame the Turk beguiles,
Wipes his red blade and broadly smiles,
Then orders out his friends again
To revel in Armenia's pain.

* * *

Oh, sister woman, some may be
As treacherous as the changing sea.
But if there be of earthly mine,
An alchemy of Christ, divine,
A spark, a jet of Heavenly flame,
'Tis wreathed about that sainted name
Of her, who bears the Red Cross fame.
The knight of old left pride and power
And sometimes heart in lady's bower,
But sheathed in steel, a costly mail,
He did not dream that he could fail.
But she, oh, God! her plain attire
Is proof 'gainst neither steel nor fire.
And she has fears from fiendish clan
That ne'er is known to any man.
God! let the Star and Crescent pale,
Before her strength shall ever fail,
And wrap her in Thy sheen of power
Through every trial of the hour,
Until upon her native shore,
We greet the Peerless One, once more.
A braver heart, a nobler gem,
Than gleams among the ranks of men.
The pride of woman, woman blest,
Our homage be her deathless crest.

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BELTS ARE IN DEMAND.

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Black Satin Duchess,
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Black Silk Grenadines,
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10-pound Pail Best Pure Lard	75c.
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(God bless them)
Show their appreciation of our line of advertising by using the Bill Boards.
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Are the only Steam Dye and Dry Cleaning Works in the city who possess a thorough knowledge of the practical details of Dyeing and Dry Cleaning. Penn Avenue.

This space is very small.
But if you see it,
Let me know it.
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STRIPPED SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO
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