

**The Normal School  
at Manila, P. I.**

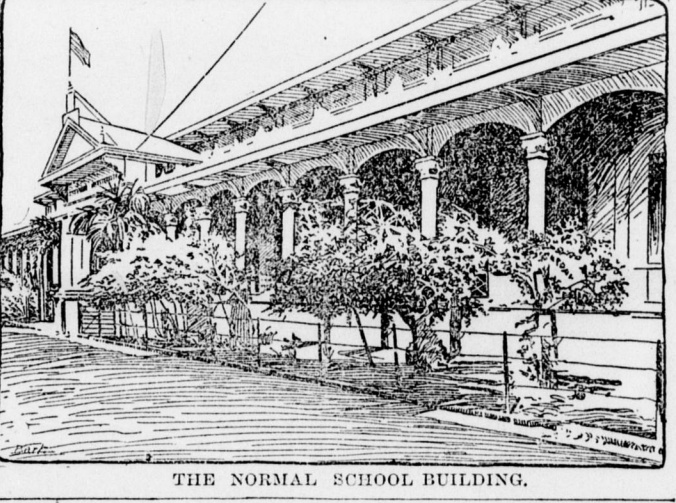
**N**O event that has occurred since the occupation of the Philippine Islands by the Americans can be more far reaching and beneficial in its effect than the recent inauguration and establishment of a normal school at Manila for the training of native teachers. By a recent act of the Civil Commission the sum of \$25,000 was appropriated for the organization and



**DR. DAVID P. BARROWS, CITY SUPERINTENDENT AND ACTING PRINCIPAL MANILA NORMAL SCHOOL, WITH OFFICE ASSISTANTS.**

maintenance of a normal school in Manila for the year 1901. Closely following upon this act, City Superintendent of Schools, Dr. David P. Barrows, late of San Diego, California, was duly appointed, and authorized to act as principal of the school during a preliminary term beginning April 10, and ending May 10.

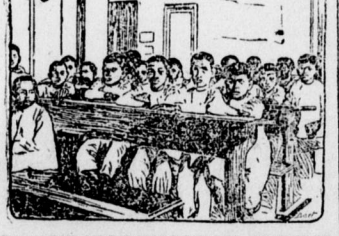
Dr. Barrows immediately called to his assistance some forty-five of the brightest American resident teachers, and opened the office for matriculation on April 1. A pamphlet outlining the course intended to be followed was duly printed and sent to all American teachers situated throughout the archipelago, and letters were written to them asking their co-operation in urging the native teachers to attend. At first it was estimated that possibly 350 might be matriculated, but by the middle of the first week of school over 600 (mostly all men and women of mature age) had entered the school, and in order to accommodate them, a



**THE NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING.**

hundred or more were sent to another school building, 340 Calle Palacio, where several American teachers were placed in charge, and the work progressed. As, under Spanish rule, only antiquated methods of questions and answers had been pursued, the object of the normal school was not so much to impart knowledge of the subjects in hand as it was to introduce new methods, and to show native teachers, who are, without exception, over-anxious to prepare themselves for the work of educating their people, how to make the best use of materials at hand, and thus encourage them to further research and preparation. The students that attended the school were representatives of the highest intelligence throughout the archipelago. Hardly an island or province occupied by American forces but was represented.

As an example of the interest taken by those in charge in extending the benefits of free public schools to the natives, none is more worthy of emulation than the action of Captain J. P. O'Neill, commanding officer at San Felipe, Zambales Province, Island of Luzon, who, when he found that the twenty odd teachers from his district



**INTERIOR OF FILIPINO SCHOOL, PRESIDED OVER BY AN AMERICAN TEACHER.**

could not reach Manila to attend the normal school on account of lack of funds, generously donated the sum necessary himself. Thirty-three classes in English, Geography, Arithmetic, Physiology, Manual Training, Art, Nature Study, Kindergarten, and Music were organized, and successfully conducted throughout the entire term. The main object of most of the studies was to familiarize the native teachers, through observation of work principally, with the various forms and methods which will be introduced later on in all the schools.

The most marked interest was taken

in the work as is shown by the high average daily attendance.

Following is a part of the statistical report of the school: Number matriculated, 620; average number attending 570; percentage of attendance, ninety-eight; number of male students, 450, number of female students, 170; average of students, twenty-five; number of islands and provinces represented, thirty-one.

The school closed its session on May 10, and the students returned to their respective provinces imbued with a determination to labor earnestly for the advancement of their people. As a result of the summer session of the normal school, several normal classes are to be organized in many of the interior provinces.

As outlined, it is the present intention of the Department of Education to assign at least one American teacher to each school, and during an hour of each day's session this teacher will be obliged to instruct the native teachers. All instruction is to be given in the English language.

The Civil Commission, backed by the military Government, have been exceedingly generous in their appropriations to the public-school system, and under the able management of General Superintendent, Professor Fred. W. Atkinson, the next twelve months will see great advancement made in the march of education and the uplifting and enlightenment of the Filipinos. These people are ready to labor early and late to secure a good education.—H. G. Squier, in Harper's Weekly.

**Famous and Didn't** It is not often that a becomes famous in his lifetime but his knowing it himself, but as the case of the poet Arthur Rimbaud, to whose memory a monument has just been erected at Charleville, his birthplace, writes a Paris correspondent.

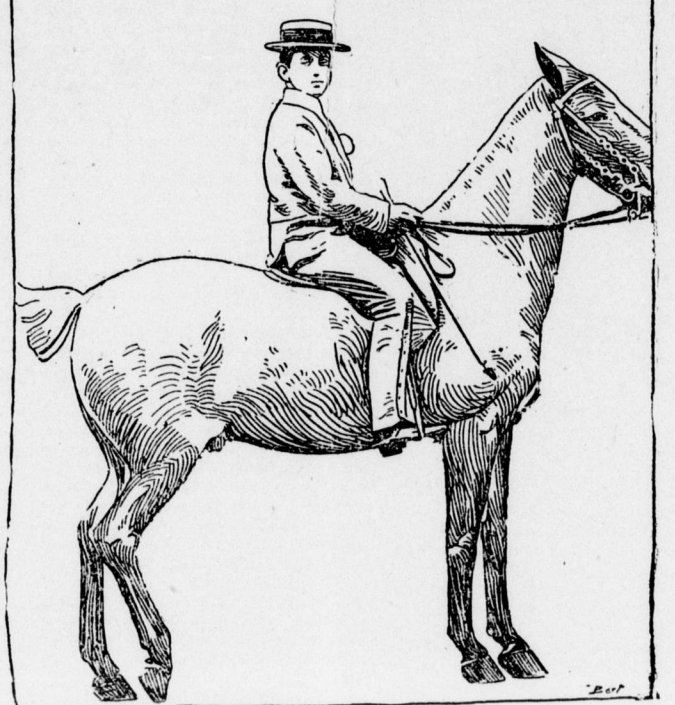
Rimbaud, who was born in 1857, and died at Marseilles in 1891, had been an obscure verse-maker when his unpublished works were discovered by Paul Verlaine, who was enchanted by the rare quality of Rimbaud's poetry, and bringing it to the notice of the Paris literary world, instantly created an enthusiastic cult for the young genius.

Rimbaud, however, knew nothing

**When Spain's King Comes of Age.**

**T**HE young King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., comes of age next spring, and will have the nominal ruling of his country. He will have good advisers, however, including his mother, the present Queen Regent, Senor Sagasta, and the Duke of Tetuan. Alfonso XIII. will be sixteen years of age on May 17. It is believed that the coronation will be practically a private event, and in the light of present political conditions in the country, it will probably be a wise precaution.

The political atmosphere has cleared somewhat. Things are not so bad as they might be: there is a surplus, even



**LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG SPANISH KING.**

though not a large one, in the treasury, and there is no lack of activity in the more important trading circles.

Senor Sagasta, one of the notable figures in the political history of the day, has a tremendous task before him. He stands for Spanish Liberalism, and there is no one in the country that is so well versed in its peculiar conditions. Worn by long service to his country, absolutely faithful to it in every sense, of unimpeachable integrity, Sagasta has earned the title of the Grand Old Man of Spanish Liberalism, and it is a deserved recognition.

Sagasta's cabinet includes General Weyler, as Minister of War; Senor Moret, as Minister of the Interior; the Duke of Almodovar del Rio, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Duke of Veragua, as Minister of the Navy. The first and last named gentlemen are not known in the United States, but it can hardly be said that they are regarded with favor.

The American people remember Weyler through his Cuban administration, the story of which, all things considered, does not improve with the telling. The Duke of Almodovar del Rio is said to be somewhat in sympathy with the British; Senor Moret is perhaps the best known of all the cabinet, and has an excellent record. General Weyler's influence was in evidence in connection with the marriage of the Princess of Asturias, the Queen's eldest child. The Princess's choice—Don Carlos de Bourbon—is the second son of the Count Caserta, who is a pronounced Carlist. The Queen Regent approved of the match because it was based entirely on mutual esteem and love, but Senor Sagasta strongly opposed the marriage, even refusing to be in office when it took place. General Weyler's friendship for the young man meant so much, however, that notwithstanding Sagasta's disapproval, which was warmly seconded by both Liberals and Republicans, the marriage was consummated. Don Carlos—now Prince of the Asturias by the royal decree—studied in the Artillery School at Segovia, and served in Cuba under Weyler.—Harper's Weekly.

**Cuba's Salvation.** The pest of yellow fever has been combated with such vigor in Cuba that not a single death has been reported as resulting from it this year, according to good authority. Reports received by Surgeon-General Wyman from members of the medical staff scattered all over the Island of Cuba show that it is practically free from yellow fever. This is probably the first time this statement could be made for centuries. The reason that yellow fever has been so successfully overcome is because of the efficient sanitary methods employed by the United States health officers. Havana itself has been revolutionized as regards its sanitary conditions. Recent experiments having proved that yellow fever was to a great extent transmitted by mosquitoes bred in the tropical swamps and the cesspools, drastic means were employed to kill these insects. The streets and sewers in Havana and other cities of the island were sprinkled with kerosene, with most satisfactory results.

**The Unruly Member.** By examining the tongue of a patient a doctor finds out the diseases of the body and philosophers the disease of the mind.—Sunny South.

**COMING FUR FASHIONS.**

**Tails Galore Form Neck Pieces — Fur-lined Paletots.** The nimble fingers of a fashionable furrier's employes are already busy carrying out the clever designs from London and Paris in mink and sable neck pieces. Sable, you know, is imported in the pelt shape without duty, so it is really sane to buy these fine natural furs here where one knows and has confidence in the furrier. To judge by these fine novelties our furry fellows have taken to growing a great number of tails. Of yore, when we complained that there were too few tails on a neck piece we were informed that animals seldom had more than one each.

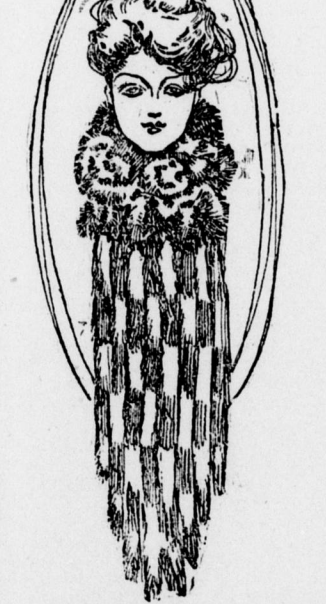
Evidently we've changed all that, for these advance beauties are composed entirely of tails.

In mink tails these pieces cost from \$50 to \$75. The one shown in the illus-

tration is perhaps the most graceful and fetching. Round the satin neckband is a double row of tails, the top row looped down, the bottom row looped up, until both rows meet. At each end of the ruche-like neck piece there are four ends in chenille effect, each of these strands being composed of four tails.

Among the variations on this picturesque arrangement is one which has twenty tails hooped around the foundation band. The ends are either like the one pictured or consist of simple bunches of tails.

Though fur-lined coats now seem



**A FORE LOOK AT FUR FASHIONS.**

synonymous with torture garments—never mind, there are cold days coming. Paletots are to lead in style, black broadcloth being the favored fabric. The all-gray Siberian squirrel is the choice for linings.

As to the details, the sleeves will bell a bit at the wrist, and though the coat is perfectly loose the seam down the middle back will be slightly curved and open about half the way up.

Women who are to indulge in a mid-season as well as a cold-weather paletot are choosing black Louise, and white is still the favorite lining.

**Coal in Indian Territory.** Some idea of the value of the coal deposits in Indian Territory can be gained when it is known the average thickness of the vein is four feet, which will produce 4000 tons an acre. These lands are leased in lots of 960 acres each, which means that 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 tons can be produced by those leasing the land. On this output the lessees pay a royalty of 8 cents a ton. The output during the last year was 1,900,127, as against 1,400,442 tons the previous year. The interests of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians are protected.—Chicago Journal.

**DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON**

**SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.**

**Subject: Nothing is Insignificant—Instances of on What a Slender Thread Great Results Hang—A Little Thing May Decide Your Fate—The Importance of Trifles.** (Copyright 1901.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A Bible incident not often noticed is here used by Dr. Talmage to set forth practical and beautiful truth; text, II. Corinthians xi, 33, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

Sermons on Paul in jail, Paul on Mars Hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the sanhedrin, Paul before Felix, are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket. Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material called Damascus blades and upholstery of richest fabric called damask. A horseman of the name of Saul riding toward this city had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and I think so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is, "Kill him, kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets over these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another.

He is no coward, as in other incidents in his life demonstrate, but he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. So the Cilician preacher street incognito he passes through a crowd of clinched fists, and sometimes he secretes himself on the house top. At last the infuriate populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that gospeler and hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Provisionally there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds the rope with both hands his friends lower away carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, farther down and farther down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

I observe first on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemakers who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend upon the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Capadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written.

But I observe also on how slender a thread our lives hang. The man who carried that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on slender circumstances. Did ever ship of many thousand tons cruising the sea have such an important passenger as had once a boat or leaves from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it?

Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the portholes, ready to open battle. But the tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombard Sinai, and when the lawgiver, on how fragile a craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one awakes and, finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley.

If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding canals and squalls the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The book was read on all sides until the rough and uncivilized population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon that small circumstance depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificant things in life. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals; great things are aggregations of small things. Bethlehem manger palling on a star in the Eastern sky, the book in a drenched sailor's mouth, the evangelization of a multitude, one boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, what you do, if you make a rope, make it strong and true,

for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat, let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be remembered in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the boat he carries in his teeth or the Bible in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach.

The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The causes were accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the church in the storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded service. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in their agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say, "Paul must take care of himself and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope and in doing so did more for the Christian church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made record of their undertaking. And they know.

How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, and when they heard how he walked out of prison, with the earthquake unloosing the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn who were in the city, and were nearly scared to death and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat! I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of our cyclone and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when years after I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews, but it occurred to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He worked away down in the darkness amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer, who worked out of heaven, as for the captain, who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on the circle of heavenly thrones. Surely they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter of an humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaint all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for twenty years." Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for thirty-five years a Christian invalid and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in awhile I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God, and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had many a prayer for my soul." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath-school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival." But who art thou, mighty one of heaven, on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking into my house and I could no longer harbor him safely, I advised him to flee for his dear life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said, "Is that all?" And he answered, "That was all." And while I was in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said, "Not many mighty nor many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, but that the flesh should glory in His presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and, lo, it was the very one who had said, "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall!"

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship 200 miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho!" and the ship was halted on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him.

A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect called the candle fly is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog.

Had the wind blown one way on a certain day the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England, but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accused institutions overboard, save tons of shipping, to the bottom of the sea or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three naughts placed on the right side of the figure make a thousand, and six naughts on the right side of the figure one million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.