

# The High School.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL AND OMAHA AMATEURS.

*Liberator a defectione solum, qui non nititur.*

Vol. II.

Omaha, Nebraska, June, 1875.

No. 4.

## WILD FLOWERS.

Shall I tell you the stories they told me,  
The wild flowers you sent me to-day,  
All the wonderful pictures they painted,  
Of the hills and the meadows in May—  
How some brought the breath of the woodlands,  
And some like the voice of a dream,  
Sang the slumberous songs of the summer,  
Or mimicked the tink of the stream?

The roses; oh, always the roses,  
To them my first praises belong;  
The roses; oh, always the roses,  
Be they first in my heart and my song;  
For each leaf has some romance imprinted,  
Each breath brings some song to the ear,  
Some dream from the home of the summer,  
The far away vale of Cashmere.

But these, the wild blossoms you sent me,  
Yet shining with crystals of dew,  
Tell tales of a land that is fairer,  
In God's garden, the waysides, they grew.  
They strayed from the flower fields of heaven,  
But wander o'er earth as they will,  
Their perfume, the memory of Eden,  
They bear in their folded leaves still.

And this one little violet, nestled  
In under the broad leaves of green,  
I know that it grew in the woodland,  
I know that it grew by a stream.  
I know that the sunbeams came sometimes  
To dance in the shadow below,  
And the leaves overhead made soft music  
In time to the dancing. I know

That the birds sang and twittered around it,  
And the blue sky looked down at it, too,  
When the wind nodded all the long grasses,  
Round the oak's gnarled roots where it grew.

These daisies, they grew on the hillside,  
And tossed in the breezes all day;  
But they folded their leaves at the sunset,  
Like children their white hands to pray.

Down in the cool heart of a meadow,  
Where little pools shine through the grass,  
Where the mists hang so heavy at even,  
That the clouds seem to trail as they pass.  
Where the frogs chant their chorus at night fall,  
And glow-worms shine all the night through,  
Where the water and shade dwell together,  
I know that these butter-cups grew.

These strawberry leaves, and this blossom,  
What hopes and what memories they bring;  
They herald the sweets of the summer,  
And whisper good bye to the spring.  
And then, you remember the story?  
The robins can tell it I know,  
Of the strawberry leaves, and the children  
Who died in the woods, long ago.

You sent me these flowers, they bring with them  
More than color and form and perfume,  
They bring me the whole of the country,  
Here into my own little room.  
So thanks for this smile of the summer,  
To brighten the city's dull days;  
This prayer from the hills and the meadows,  
Where nature has painted her praise.

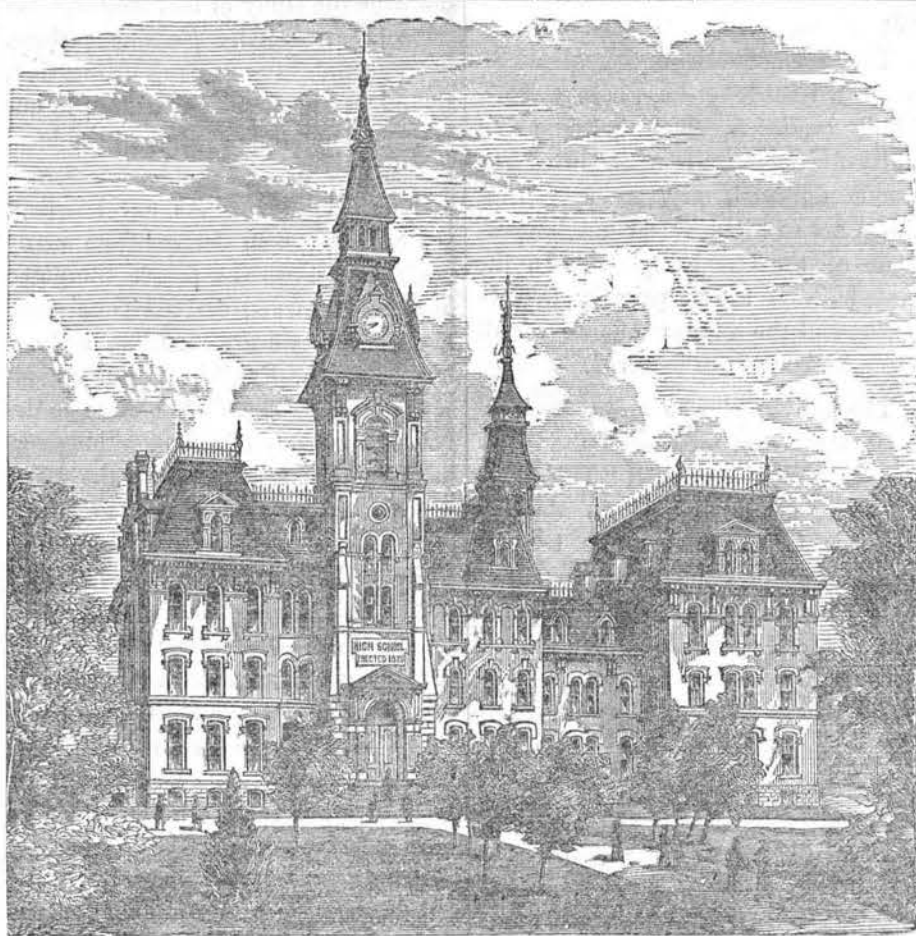
s. c.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

History has been defined as the "Biography of Nations," and nations, like individuals, are little more than the creatures of circumstance. The slightest thing may plunge a people, otherwise full of the sunshine of peace and plenty, into all the horrors of war, famine and disaster; and likewise in the mental world, its literature actuated, and created almost, by the aspect of passing events, may, as circumstances dictate, be either radiant with the lyrics and phantasies of a golden age of prosperity, or it may tremble with the epics of diversity and gloom. Since then, such is the effect of circumstance on our lives and literature, into what mold should we expect that of America to have run.

A country nursed, as this has been, in the cradle of war, would naturally, in the earlier periods of its existence, be devoid of a literature of any originality or permanent value, and it was not until later in the day, when freedom became such an assured thing as to permeate and influence the national character, that it assumed any distinctive form, although some of the earlier productions evince the spirit of progress, and serve valuably as landmarks on the highway of development. The fact of so many people coming here from different places, and of different opinions, would naturally give rise to much discussion, chiefly of a religious

character, the differences in faith being the basis of much debate. This, coupled with the fact that their ministers were the best educated men, formed the early literature chiefly of a theological, not always of a sound nature, but some of which stands to-day as monuments of simplicity and logic. From the year 1700 to the breaking out of the Revolution, it was the custom of many of the colonists to send their children to England to be educated. At this time, however, Yale, and other institutions of learning, were established at home from which many distinguished scholars graduated, and it is from this period that the intellectual world marked its transition from the theological to the purely literary era of American authorship. This period was adorned by the writings of Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin and others, whose superiors have not since appeared. Franklin's letters and essays evince all the eloquence and wit of the old English school and remain unsurpassed by the productions of a more enlightened period. The spirit of independence became more evident in the literature of the day, as the auspicious dawning of the Revolution drew near, and the feeling of oppression was breathed through the country, first with trembling, but gradually with more and more courage, until it seemed that the very air was impregnated with its spirit, and the presence of a coming freedom rested on the land like a benediction. It might be readily imagined that the American literature would resemble the English in a great many respects, and this we find to be in a great degree true. Although the events of the Revolution, and the class of literature incident to it, being of a character antagonistic to the Mother Country, severed in a measure that mental reliance on the old world, and created that class of original American thought which is ripening to such satisfaction at the present day. The public documents of that period were declared by Lord Chatham to equal the finest efforts of Greek or Roman wisdom, and the speeches, delivered by the orators of the day, are described as "flames of fire," and the eloquence of Otis, and the passionate appeals of Patrick Henry are still in the ears of all true lovers of liberty. The times were such, however, as not to admit the devotion of much time to literature. The speeches, poems and pamphlets were the offspring of the occasion, and the unpremeditated eloquence of the trials of the day, and it was not until the year 1820 that American literature may be said to have been launched on its national career. Bancroft was one of the first to reduce the chaotic condition of history to anything like order. Prescott, Motley and others were equally successful in this field of labor, and though not, perhaps, possessing either the eloquence or prolixity of Macaulay, or the thorough analytical powers of Hume, still evinced a high degree of scholarship. The oratory of America we think its crowning literary triumph, for, although in fiction they are certainly surpassed by Dickens, or Hugo, and though in poetry they be transcended by Milton, Shakespeare or Byron, in history by Macaulay, yet who will deny them the laurel to place upon the head of Webster. The speeches of Calhoun, Everett, Clay and others are remarkable for pure, forcible eloquence, and masterly logic. Fiction here claims many fine representatives, although much of the trashy, sensational literature of the day is of American origin, and it is difficult, in tracing the wild barbaric life of Cooper's American Indian, the almost fairy like fancy displayed in Irving's Spanish sketches, or the deep insight into hu-



VIEW OF THE OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

man nature as displayed by Hawthorne, to know in what department of fiction America excels. Among the writers of sketches, narratives, descriptions and poetry we must accord the most illustrious place to Edgar A. Poe. This man, neglected by his nation, slandered and villified by biographers of his own nationality, only to be righted by those of another land, is the boldest and most original writer this country has produced. America has as yet produced no great epic poet. In the rich and elevated philosophy of Bryant, there is displayed the perfection of the poetic art, which is to please. Longfellow is the master of a smooth, melodious kind of verse which is often full of significant truths, but he displays very little of that fire of poetry which finds its home in Byron, or that exquisite fancy or power of description which Tennyson gives to the world in *Locksley Hall* or *The Princess*. The philosophic and humorous poems of J. A. Lowell are perfection. He unites all of Longfellow's genius to a more polished mode of expression, and a dignity and originality which makes his sayings the household maxims of the nation. The latter day poets are not wanting for originality, as for instance, Bret Harte, who is a most remarkable combination of the humorous and pathetic, and any one who reads the inimitable "Heathen Chinee" will hardly conceive that it was the same author who

"With Nell, on English meadows,  
Wandered and lost his way."

Among the prominent men and women necessarily excluded in a limited article, are such names as N. P. Willis, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, and many others. This country has now arrived at the age and strength when it can in security turn its attention from the results of national and international strife, to the cultivation of literature and the fine arts. Thousands are pouring in yearly from countries which have attained the perfection of civilization and cultivation. The soft, beautiful scenery of our Eastern lakes and rivers, and the bold, magnificent mountain gorges and cataracts of the West, are teeming with inspiration for the poet and the artist. America has already, in many individual cases, proved itself the possessor of a rich fund of humor and pathos which is destined to become a national characteristic. The past augurs well for the future. Its literature stood firm amid the heat of contention and strife, and will, doubtless, in the palace of art raised on the ruins of war, gloom and illiteracy, bear its part in the mental progress of a peace, which—let us hope—will remain unbroken.

J. M. R.

## THE KEY OF THE TEMPLE.

There were three youths of one country, and they started together to journey to the Temple of Fame; but first they sought the home of a wise and aged man, that he might point out to them the direction they should take, and give some advice for their conduct on the road. The first was fleet of foot, and the second was fair of face; but the third was neither fleet nor fair, and his companions were fain to make merry and to ask him by which he hoped to win laurels, his beauty or his wit? When they came to the dwelling place of the wise man he greeted them kindly, and said in answer to their questioning: "Behold, my children, yonder you see shining the towers of the Temple of Fame. The road that will lead you thither is long and full of toil, and each must make the best haste he can to reach the shining portals; for he who stands first at the journey's end shall be given the key of the temple." Then they started once more on their way, but this time they were soon far apart. He who was fleetest girded his cloak more closely about him, and fixing his eyes on the spires shining in the far distance, flew forward seeming scarcely to touch the earth with his feet. Neither hill or valley caused him to pause; he heeded nothing but that he might gain his goal. There were beautiful sights and rare sounds and tempting pleasures calling him to stay; still he flew on, on, with tireless feet. But the way was long and the hours were woven into years, ere the youth, now grown a man, stood at the crystal doors that lead to fame. Outside the doors a dragon lay on guard; his heads were numberless and each held twenty tongues. He is called Opinion—Public Opinion. He lifted up a voice from every tongue and said to him seeking admittance, "Your key; where is your key?" The swift runner paused and looked around him, but he saw no key; so he answered: "We were three and started together to seek out the Temple of Fame. The wise man said that he of us who stood first at the door should find here a key, so I pray you tell me where it is. I am in haste." The dragon growled, his many voices sounding like distant thunder, "What have you brought with you from your journey to help you find the key?" "I brought nothing with me," answered the traveler. "I had no time to wait; I came straight on with my eyes on the towers of the temple, that I might be first at the doors." The dragon growled still more fiercely; "The first in

time is not always the first in place. You cannot enter here," and he laughed a mocking, discordant laugh, while the wretched man beat the doors with his naked hands, and rent the air with unavailing cries.

In the mean time the second wayfarer, first paused outside the hermit's cell to admire his face pictured in a fountain of clear water, and then, having rearranged his cloak, he tossed back his flowing locks and ran forward with great speed. But after a time he came to a place in a field where some maidens were dancing around a May pole, and he paused that he might be a sharer in their mirth. He danced on, heedless of the flight of time, and not until the May feasts were over did he again start on his way. Next he paused where some youths were making merry with wine and play. In this place he spent not days, but years, and when he again started forward his eyes had grown dimmer and his steps slower. Again he turned aside to a bower, wherein dwelled a beautiful lady, wearing smiles and jewels, and surrounded with lights and flowers. Here he hung a lute about his neck, and sinking down among the roses at her feet, he sang sweet songs through many long, bright summers. But he grew weary of the too great light, and the perfume of the flowers was sweet no longer; so he wandered forth again, and at last came, old and weary to the Temple gates; where the dragon, lifting up his many heads and voices, demanded the key, or what he had brought with him from his journey. I brought nothing but this lute which I found in the Bower of Beauty," he answered, and striking the chords, he sang a song, such as he had sung to the beautiful lady in the bower. But the doors stood fast and the dragon only growled contemptuously.

When he who was neither witty nor clever started forth on his journey he walked, for a time, straight forward; but seeing a strange plant growing by the roadside, he paused to examine it. He saw something strangely interesting in that little bunch of weeds, for he lingered there day after day watching, first the blossom and then the seed mature, and, better yet, he found something in the leaves, or roots, or blossoms, that he knew would be of great value and benefit to his fellow men; so forgetting all about the journey he had started on, he gathered the seeds of the plant, and went from one country to another, teaching the inhabitants of each the great secret he had learned from nature. In every land there were new wonders and not one of them escaped his eye. At last, when he had grown very old, and he knew that few days on earth remained to him, he turned his steps to the long unsought for Temple. When he came to the gates he saw there before him those with whom he had started, both, like himself, grown old. He who had been fleet-footed was still beating the doors with bleeding hands, while he who had been comely of face, was now coarse and vile in face and manners, and sat with many gay companions in a mock temple, whose inmates are continually jostling one another in and out. It is called the place of notoriety. The dragon, angry at being disturbed, cried out savagely, "Where is your key, old man?" He only answered sadly, "Alas, I have none." The dragon, mollified by his modesty, asked more mildly, "Have you brought anything with you from your journey? What is that you carry in your hand?" "It is only the seed of a plant I found growing by the wayside," and holding it up in view he forgot the dragon and his many heads, while he told in a voice eloquent with sincerity, the won-

ders and the worth held in and springing from that little seed. The dragon lifted all of his heads and listened intently; and, when the aged traveler had ceased speaking, gave forth from his many tongues a noise so long and loud that the whole world echoed. Behold, at that shout the crystal gates fly open, and as if by the very strength of the sound the old man is lifted up and borne into the Temple of Fame, where he shall dwell for a time and his name shall live forever. He had made the best haste and stood first at the Temple doors. So not to him who hurried through life with his head in the clouds and skimmed over the surface unheeding the depth, nor to him who on the journey employed his mind in admiring his face and turned aside at every call of pleasure; but to him who forgot fame and himself in the work he found to do, and who did not scorn that work because of its littleness, was the key of the Temple given, and the shining gates unclosed.

STACIA CROWLEY.

## TEACHING AS A PROFESSION.

No branch of labor exists, in our opinion, where the laborer is more "worthy his hire," than in our public schools. Teachers who work only for pay, and have no heart in the matter, but pursue their vocation because they are obliged to labor, should make up their minds to abandon it, or the public mind should be so educated as to demand that such teachers leave the field to those who have made teaching a profession, and who also have natural tact and ability for the work. When a celebrated Grecian philosopher entered a room where were assembled a company of boys, he took off his hat, and treated them with a great deal of respect, and when asked why he did so, replied that he stood before the future great men of Greece. So, as we are aware, our public schools contain those who are at some time to occupy responsible positions, should not the trainers of this future important element be masters of their profession? Perfect results cannot be expected until the fact be recognized that teaching is a profession, as much so as the duty of the physician or lawyer. Of what possible use is knowledge if there be no understanding how to impart it.

This subject has been brought to mind by observing the difference in the powers of instructors to advance their pupils in intellectual growth. In one school we find a class of children full of life, thoroughly grounded in method, advancing, cheerful in their studies, understanding their teacher, and being understood by her. While in an adjoining room the same class are dull, easily discouraged, and no perceptible advancement.

We soon arrive at the conclusion that the teacher who has the power to interest as well as advance pupils, has made teaching a profession, and who does not give certain lessons in certain ways, because "so laid down in the programme."

You will always find in the work of a professional teacher a continual progression, as the result of careful study of methods. Edward Everett well said, "In education the method—the method is everything." Hence we believe for trainers of youth to be perfectly successful, they must make their calling a profession and not merely a means whereby they can earn a subsistence, by not too great an outlay of physical strength.

K. L. M.

An advertisement in the Washington Star reads: "If you want to be well dressed wear a Warwick collar, and have your boots blacked." It must be warm weather at the capital to admit of such a wardrobe.



# The High School

OMAHA, NEB., JUNE, 1875.

A Monthly Journal devoted to the interests of  
THE HIGH SCHOOL OF OMAHA, and Omaha amateurs.  
J. F. McCARTNEY,  
Manager, Omaha, Neb.

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viously accompanied by the necessary postage.  
Address all communications to the High School,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

## THE HIGH SCHOOL,

The HIGH SCHOOL appears this month slightly enlarged, and otherwise improved. From sixteen to seventeen columns of reading matter, now appear in each issue, and the matter is all the original productions of amateur writers. The literary articles on the first page, contributed by some of the very best and most accomplished writers of this city, reflect great credit on their authors, and also serve to show that there is talent in Omaha, that will compare favorably with the best in many older and more pretentious cities. The mission of the HIGH SCHOOL is to develop these resources and call forth the latent abilities of Omaha amateurs. To the better accomplishment of this end it shall be our endeavor to successfully conduct this paper, improving it as much, and enlarging it as often, as the support and encouragement of the citizens will justify. Our highest ambition is to make it a first-class literary journal in every respect; a credit to the city, and to the State. It has been suggested to us, that the enlargement of a journal often proves to be an ultimate injury, instead of a benefit to it; our answer to this is best expressed in the oft quoted adage from Bishop Whately: "He only is exempt from failure who makes no effort."

We might state, however, that the generous patronage and hearty encouragement received from many of the citizens has safely warranted this step, and it is not only a pleasure to us, but a duty we owe to them, to enlarge it as often, and improve it as much, as their support and encouragement will justify us in so doing.

To the citizens who have manifested an interest in the welfare of this journal, and by their generous patronage good will and hearty encouragement made it what it is, we return our sincere thanks to the students of the High School, the amateurs throughout the city, and the teachers, who have contributed to its columns in the past, and given us assurance of their support in the future we acknowledge our obligations.

## BEAUTIFYING AND ORNAMENTING THE HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS.

AT A recent meeting of the Board of Education, the subject of grading fencing and otherwise improving the High School grounds, was suggested by the president, and discussed at some length by the various members.

Opinion seems to be divided on the question of making any further improvements at the present time. A fence to protect the trees is needed, but whether that fence shall be an ornamented iron one, or a temporary wooden one is not yet decided. A special committee of five members have the subject under consideration, and will report at the first meeting in June. The High School grounds are in a very bad condition now, there being several huge piles of rubbish on them, and the contrast between the magnificent proportions of the building and the unsightliness of the grounds is the first thing noticed by strange visitors. The grounds must be improved sometime and we have no doubt that, if some good plan drawn up by a landscape architect were immediately adopted, the necessary grading done

and the ornamental fence put up, the majority of the citizens would not grumble at the expense. With a few tasteful improvements, such as leveling and sodding some of the uneven places, laying out walks, setting out evergreens, and erecting an ornamental iron fence, they can be made to correspond more agreeably with the magnificence of the structure. They would also serve, in a measure, the purpose of a city park, where those who might not wish to go out to Hanson park, could conveniently take an evening stroll.

THE CITY schools of Boston now teach sewing. The following is the formal order by the superintendent of that city:

Instruction shall be given in sewing to the fourth, fifth and sixth classes of girls in the grammar schools; and the several district committees may extend such instruction into the other classes of girls in their respective grammar schools, if they deem it advisable so to do. The district committee of each school in which such instructions are given shall nominate to the Board for confirmation, some qualified person as teacher of sewing, who shall give to each of the classes in which sewing is required, two lessons a week of one hour each, on different days or sessions of the school; and shall give, also, such lessons to the other classes, not exceeding the above in length and frequency, as the committee may require.

THE OFFICERS and counselors of the National Educational Association have decided by a vote of thirty-two to fourteen to hold their next meeting in Minneapolis, Minn. Ample arrangements will be made by local committees to provide for the entertainment of members, and for excursion rates by the lakes and railroads and by the rivers. The time fixed for the meeting is August 3d, 4th, and 5th, 1875. This location will be convenient for Omaha teachers, and we hope that the city and State will be properly represented at this important convention. The best manner of representing the educational interests of the United States at the Centennial will be decided by this convention if possible.

THERE HAS been an exciting and desperate contest going on between the Princeton and Rutgers colleges of Princeton, N. J., over the theft of an old cannon that was lately discovered to be one of the revolutionary relics.

It appears that the cannon was found by the students of Rutgers college on the grounds of the Princeton college, and the discoverers in attempting to take it away, were deterred from so doing by the Princeton college students.

The Rutgers sent a committee to steal the cannon in the night, and the latest move made was by the Princeton students, who visited the Rutgers college and completely demolished the furniture and fixtures. The contest makes warm, and may yet end in bloodshed.

THE LONG talked of monument to Edgar A. Poe will, says the New York Tribune, be soon erected over the poet's grave in the Westminster cemetery, Baltimore. The column will be of the finest Maryland marble, of a simple, but chaste and elegant design. On one side will be a medallion portrait of Poe, and on each of the other sides there will be appropriate verses selected from the poet's writings. The whole will be surmounted with a marble effigy of a raven. The base of the monument will contain the following simple inscription: "Edgar A. Poe, born January 19th, 1811, died October 7th, 1849. Author of 'The Raven.' My tantalized spirit here reposes." The public school teachers of Baltimore have contributed the fund to be used in its erection.

Attention is called to the article, "German in the Public Schools," which appears in another column over the nom de plume, "Corrente Calamo." It is from the pen of a leading citizen, and one who takes great interest in public schools. The views expressed are sound and sensible, and ought to settle the question for any American city.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Sacramento, Cal., Board of education, has admitted a little Chinese girl to one of the primary schools in that city. It is said to be the first admission of a Chinese child to the schools of this country.

At the meeting of the High School Literary Society, held May 14th, the question, "Resolved, That the present course of instruction in the High School is not favorable to the best interests of the public" was discussed, and decided affirmatively. This, however, is only the opinion of the minority.

The Fremont High School which we visited not long since, is in a flourishing condition, there being about thirty-five students in attendance. The studies followed, are, as a general thing, not so high, or far reaching as those of the Omaha school. In the same building are six primary departments, and the total attendance of all kinds is about three hundred.

The individual who arose, book in hand, at a recent meeting of the Literary society, and mutilated "The Raven," can congratulate himself that its author is in his grave. To traduce the character of slander the reputation of Poe is pardonable, but to utter his most eloquent thoughts in such a weak and insipid manner is an outrage that would almost make the poet himself turn in his coffin.

Mrs. Arahm Lincoln, widow of President Lincoln, was recently decided to be of unsound mind, and taken to a private institution for the treatment of the insane. The judicial proceedings were instituted by her son, and after the delivery of the verdict by the examining committee, she burst into tears and accused him of ingratitude.

We incidentally made use of a trifling scrap of information that appeared in the *Public School Record* last month, without either enclosing it in quotation marks, or displaying the name of that journal in connection with it, and now we are accused of plagiarism by the Milwaukee Bantlin. If we were going to steal anything we could assure the editor of the *Record* that his weak brained effusions would remain entirely unmolested.

"The Key of the Temple," an original article, on the first page, is one that the HIGH SCHOOL takes considerable pride in presenting to its readers.

It is an excellent article from the pen of an accomplished young writer, and we would call the special attention of young men to the practical lessons it inculcates. We endeavor to avoid flattery, but we feel assured that no one who reads that article will say that these comments are out of place.

Railroad companies have been resting easier of late. The first issue of the *Continental* says: "We shall fearlessly advocate the true interests of our railroad corporations." Blessings often come in disguise, but this one is clearly visible, and the joyful news is openly heralded by the benefactor himself. It is undoubtedly a source of comfort to railroad corporations to be able, under the protecting wing of the *Continental*, to draw an occasional sigh of relief.

The subject of properly representing the educational interests of the United States at the Centennial, is now being agitated by many educational journals. There is a general feeling all over the country in favor of having something done, but, as yet, nothing like a distinct idea has been advanced as to how the representation can best be made. The task is a difficult one in its very nature, because of its vastness, and learned men who would be glad to have something done, shrink from the idea of submitting or proposing a plan. We would be glad to publish an article that would give any definite idea of how Nebraska's educational interests could be properly represented.

With the advent of warm weather the 23rd Infantry Band has again commenced to give concerts every Saturday evening on Capitol Hill.

The printing and press work on the HIGH SCHOOL will hereafter be done at the *Herald* Publishing House.

## GERMAN IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the High School:

Permit me, through the columns of your journal, which I understand is devoted to the discussion of educational subjects, to present my views with regard to the study of German in our public schools. In saying that I do not consider it wise to continue the study of that language, I do not wish to excite the wrath, or incur the displeasure of my German fellow-citizens, but would ask their calm consideration of the following views, and to remind them that in this country they should not urge the study of this language because it is personally pleasing to them.

Our children must grow up together, should be educated together and in one language, and thus strengthen the bond that makes us one people, one strong and united nation. As our language is a composite one, derived from many others, so are we as a people composed of many elements, derived from many nations; yet we are a nation, and our language—the English—is our national language. There is no time to devote to the study of a foreign language in any other school below the High School. Five years is said to be the school life of a generation in our cities while in the country it is even less than that. This being the case, pupils should of necessity master the elements of their own language, and also give some time to those studies or branches which must be of constant use to them in the duties of life. Where will we find the opportunity to introduce a foreign language into our elementary course of study, and make it of any practical benefit? It is a well-known fact that it is difficult for the children of German parents, who know nothing of the English language, to get started in it in the public schools: they cannot comprehend it, and it is only by association with English-speaking children that they do get started at all. English children will labor under still greater embarrassments in getting a start in the German language. The result of the experiment then must be the same as elsewhere, a failure to make good scholars in either language. Another difficulty lies in the way. In teaching the German language those children who are able to speak it will progress much faster than their classmates who cannot speak this language. The same will be the case in teaching the English language. In one case the German children are kept back by the slow progress of the English children, in the other the English are kept back by the slow progress of the Germans.

These difficulties are admitted by the advocates of the measure, but they meet it by saying that it will be of great advantage to our boys when they grow up, as the German language is so extensively used that to get employment it is essential to have a knowledge of it. This is all very well, but when we bear in mind that not one boy in twenty who is so taught ever gets enough of the language to make any use of it in business, the weakness of the argument is at once seen. A scarcity of labor makes higher wages, and a German boy who has learned the German language at the hearth-stone has a great advantage over the English boy who gets a smattering of it at the public schools. Our German friends would be too shrewd to use this argument if there was anything in it. There are now more men who can speak both languages than there are places for such men to fill, and before we can educate a class of school boys and fit them for positions where a knowledge of both languages is desirable, there will be ten persons of German ancestry able to speak that language from having learned it at home, for every situation requiring such knowledge. As a nation we should not, for our own preservation, teach any language but the English. To do otherwise would be to establish and encourage communities, which would be no more nor less than colonial dependencies of foreign countries, which every sagacious man must see would be detrimental to our best national interests. If we do it for one nationality because of the numbers, wealth or influence, then we must do the same for others, no difference what their origin may be. If the Chinese or Japanese should come over to this country in vast numbers, a thing not improbable, then it may be just as important for us to teach their respective languages. It will at once be conceded that such a policy would be national suicide.

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## THE LITTLE MEMBER.

The Tongue, in its prison, was scolding one day,  
For living in such a monotonous way;  
Not a single comparison to cheer up its cell,  
Save two rows of grinders with nothing to tell  
But complaints of their aches, and their fear  
Of decay,  
And the dentist's dread instrument, day after day.  
The ten busy Fingers upstarted at this,  
And responded by signs, "Do not take it  
amiss;  
You have your deficiencies—we, too, have  
some—  
You've the great gift of speech,—but alas! we  
are dumb."  
Then the Feet came so sad, with no words to  
express  
Their deep sense of wrong and their great  
weariness.  
Could their troubles be told in the ear of a  
friend,  
It seems that their keenness would be at an  
end.  
Then each of the bodily functions in turn,  
Its allotment in life took occasion to mourn.  
Then the Brain, in its thoughtful and dignified  
way,  
Its interpreter promptly directed to say:  
"To each physical power is apportioned its  
use;  
Let each one beware of its sinful abuse.  
Though the Head and the Heart are the offer-  
ings required,  
Yet the Tongue alone speaks the emotions in-  
spired;  
To its power of utterance is the privilege given  
To unite in the praise of the chorus of Heaven."  
H. M. S.

## PUZZLES FOR THE YOUNG.

The little folks are invited to send  
in puzzles, charades, riddles, square  
words and conundrums, also answers to  
those previously published, for this de-  
partment.

### AMERICAN HERO CHARADES.

1. First a common action  
Every Monday done;  
Then a common measure  
Used by every one;  
Both a mighty leader,  
Loved and still revered,  
By his people cherished,  
By his foemen feared.
2. My first in the dictionary I find  
Is the name of a badly balanced mind;  
My second five hundred times a day  
You think of, and almost as often say;  
My third is every boy or man  
That lived or breathed since the world began;  
My whole fourth president reigned in state  
In this republic so young and great.
3. Speak but my first that I may know I'm loved,  
Or that, perchance, your prices are too high;  
My second every child of Adam was,  
Ere in his infant cradle he did lie;  
My whole a general who, long, long ago,  
Commanded troops upon an inland sea,  
In days when England with her daughter  
fought;  
Now tell me who was he.

### II.

#### FLORAL UNIONS.

1. Unite half of a man who drives  
a cart with the whole of a people and  
what fragrant flower will you have?
2. Join a bird who sings in the  
morning to a horseman's trapping and  
you will have a common summer flower.
3. What beautiful flower, poisonous,  
yet valuable for medicine, can be made  
by the union of the most cunning of  
quadrupeds with a common article of  
attire?
4. Join the two opposites, a fop and  
a courageous beast, and you will have  
the earliest flower of spring.
5. To the country which is in all  
things our antipodes, add one variety  
of red, and the compound will produce  
one of the gayest of summer flowers.
6. Add to a mournful exclamation  
an old-fashioned name for wardrobe  
and produce a tree emblematic of grief.
7. What evergreen will the bottom  
of a garment joined to a part of a can-  
al give?

### III.

#### OLD RIDDLES.

1. A word of one syllable, easy and short,  
Reads backwards and forwards the same,  
Expresses the sentiments warm from the  
heart,  
And to beauty lays principal claim.
2. My whole is under my second and  
surrounds my first.

### IV.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is made larger by being cut  
at both ends?
2. What is the latest thing in front  
of door locks?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Hard drinking—chewing ice.  
Staving business—making barrels.  
An executive office—the hangman's.  
Common pleas—please shut the door.  
The scale of good-breeding—B natural.  
A poor relation—telling an anecdote  
badly.  
Sure to produce short crops—the  
barber's shears.  
Carpets are bought by the yard and  
worn by the foot.  
Home stretch—the stretch across the  
maternal knee.  
Order is heaven's first law, and has  
never been repealed.  
To make a tall man short, try to  
borrow five dollars of him.  
Speaking of the round world, much  
can be said on both sides.  
A musician and a sailor should al-  
ways know how to sound the C.  
Waisting sweetness—putting your  
arm about a pretty woman.  
As you cannot avoid your own com-  
pany, make it as good as possible.  
A domestic difficulty—heavy bread.  
Spring is on hand. Lettuce have  
peas.  
It takes a pretty sharp man to tell  
when he is happy.  
What is better than a promising  
young man? A paying one.  
When a man can't find anything to  
do, he has lived long enough.  
An inside dental expense—having a  
tooth filled.  
"And still he spelled, and still the  
wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all  
he knew."  
"I don't care much about the bugs,"  
said Warmley, to the head of a genteel  
boarding-house, "but the fact is madam,  
I haven't the blood to spare; you see  
that yourself."  
If there is anything on earth that  
beats four aces it is a kind and amiable  
wife.  
Many men are blessed with the most  
uncommon sense, and do not seem to  
know it.  
A small boy in New Haven made a  
sensation for a short time by quietly  
transferring a card bearing the words  
"take one," from a lot of hand bills in  
front of a store to a basket of oranges.  
An exchange says, "We'll ride two  
miles to see two brothers under twelve  
years of age go to bed together without  
having a dispute about something."  
An assessor asked a woman how  
many chickens she had, and, doubting  
her word, proceeded to count them.  
She took him to the bee-hive; knocked  
it over, and invited him to count the  
bees.  
It is vain to hope to please all alike.  
Let a man stand with his face in what  
direction he will, he must necessarily  
turn his back on one half the world.  
A young bride, who had been fash-  
ionably educated was asked by her fond  
husband to attend to the ordering of  
the dinner, as he shouldn't have time  
to go to market. It is a fact that she  
blandly requested the butcher to send  
home a "leg of tongue, seventeen pounds  
of steak and two hallibut."

## GOOD ADVICE.

Ah, ha! my fine friend, you've a girl in your  
eye,  
I know by your look, I can tell by that sigh;  
An Adonis you'd be, and thus win her affec-  
tions,  
I'll tell you how, if you've no objections.  
Go straight to Bunce's and buy you a hat—  
If you can be suited he'll suit you in that;  
For a fine looking youth arrayed in his best,  
Without a nice hat cannot be well dressed.  
Bunce's neck ties, and collars, and nice fitting  
gloves,  
Are exactly the thing for a fellow who loves;  
Now take my advice, and do it at once,  
For cupid's assisted by going to Bunce.  
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