

VARIOUS KINDS OF EDUCATION

Wm. C. Ward Ably Writes in Bibby's Quarterly Magazine.

Plato Classed Education Under Two Heads, Music and Physical Exercise.

We are far too apt to confound education with instruction, which is but a means to it; and to forget, despite the testimony of the world itself, that education is not a putting-in, but a drawing-out. The object of education is not the acquisition of information, but the development of character. To know many things is an advantage only to him who is prepared to make a good use of his knowledge; to him who is ill-disposed it affords but additional facilities for ill-doing. It is not enough to teach our children to work well, unless at the same time we teach them what they are to work for. Too often we mistake the means for the end, and regard learning as a good in itself; whereas it is rather a tool which the skillful workman may apply to purposes either mischievous or beneficent, according to his disposition. Therefore it was wisely said by Plutarch that "we ought to make philosophy—love of wisdom—the chief of all our learning."

"For," says he, "there is but one remedy for the distemper and diseases of the mind, and that is philosophy."

But we must turn to Plato for the wisest and deepest things that have been said on education. His definition seems to me unsurpassable. Education is "the proper training of the soul, so that from first to last it shall hate what it ought to hate, and love what it ought to love."

What a revolution would be occasioned in our schools if all instructors were to take this definition to heart, and act upon it! Plato, comprises the whole of education under the two heads of music, or the training of the soul, and gymnastic, or the training of the body. But to each of these words he attaches a far wider significance than that which we now attribute to it.

Under music he includes not only poetry but philosophy; all things, in short, which contribute to that harmony of the soul of which the harmony of sensible sounds is but a feeble and imperfect expression.

The true musician is not so much he who produces beautiful melodies, as he whose whole life is a beautiful and well ordered melody. We do not become truly musical until we understand and practice all the virtues. And just as, in a concert of music, the part of every individual musician contributes, insofar as it is performed, to the beauty and perfection of the whole symphony, so in the divine symphony of the universe, each individual soul has a part to perform which is his life, and it depends upon himself to render this part concordant or discordant with the universal harmony.

Again, gymnastic includes everything which conduces to the healthy development of the body; but this, always for the sake of the soul. For the body, rightly regarded, is but the soul's instrument; and the proper object of gymnastic is, that the soul may possess an instrument fit for its purposes.

If, however, the body be cherished for its own sake, the animal nature is strengthened at the cost of the spiritual, and a tendency is developed which may result in the brutalization of the man.

Even health itself may be the reverse of a blessing to him in whose nature the love of itself predominates; and so with all other bodily advantages; they are not absolute, but only conditional goods, and may easily be converted into very indubitable evils.

Gymnastic, therefore, in Plato's scheme of education, is to be entirely subsidiary to music; as aiming, less directly, indeed, but no less certainly, at the development of the soul in virtue and true knowledge.

Perhaps of all human occupations, the education of children is that which involves the greatest responsibility, and which ought to be held in the greatest honor. Properly speaking, indeed, education is a lifelong process.

Nothing comes to us from which we may not learn, or fail to learn, some lesson; nothing which may not serve, if we will have it so, to evoke the good which is latent in the souls of all men.

But whereas every child is born into this world with tendencies both good and evil, it is the primary office of education to nourish the former, and to restrict, though it may not eradicate, the latter. Education cannot, indeed, create the soul afresh, but it may go far to develop the good which is in it,

and, by so doing, aid the soul to arm itself against the assaults and temptations of its lower nature. And, obviously, the earlier this truly educatory process is begun, the more hopeful is the prospect that the child may at length find his feet set firmly on that path which, in later life, is so comparatively easy to follow, but so terribly hard to find.—Wm. C. Ward, in Bibby's Magazine.

Lives Lost Through Fear.

"Presence of mind when confronted by danger," said N. E. Berry, of New Orleans, the other day at the Gilsey house, "has saved many lives, while the account has been more than balanced by the loss of life through loss of nerve in critical emergencies. Any member of a fire department or other person familiar with such things can give you numerous instances of lives lost solely on this account, and this rule holds true in other cases as well. I remember once walking with a girl and thoughtlessly speaking of a harmless green snake I saw in the grass behind her. She became paralyzed with fear, and, before I could prevent her, backed directly on the snake. A friend of mine who was in a fire, told me that his wife became so frightened that she insisted on going into a closet, from which, screaming and struggling, he had to rescue her by main strength. On the other hand, I once knew a woman who, driven with her sister and two children to take refuge on the fourth floor of her burning home, first threw her children, then compelled her sister to jump, into the waiting net, and then calmly and uninjured made the descent herself, only to go into hysterics when it was all over. Presence of mind can to a great extent be cultivated, but it is largely inherited. My brother, who is as brave a man as I ever knew, has an unalterable and unconquerable fear of a thunderstorm, which, try as he will, he has never been able to overcome."—New York Tribune.

Bits of News For Both.

Two girls met in a dry goods store yesterday. They had evidently not seen each other for some time, as the trend of their conversation proved.

"What good times we used to have at the lake," said one.

"Yes, I like our own resorts," replied the other, "better than on the coast. Oh, say, where is my old flame, Perry? I think the world of that boy."

"Oh, he's married."

"You don't say! Who to?"

"Me."

"Well, of all things," replied her friend, flushing.

The conversation drifted, but a short time later reverted to its old channel.

"Say, Hetty," remarked Perry's wife, "did you meet Johnny—out in San Francisco?" and then added, "he told me that summer he was here that he could not live without me."

"Yes, I met him in Los Angeles."

"Poor fellow! I feel sorry for him. He is a bachelor, yet, I suppose."

"No, he's married."

"You don't say! Who to?"

"Me."—Salt Lake Herald.

The Boer Awakening.

The following letter from a Free State farmer, signed "Christian Oostheisen, C.'s son," and dated from Jagerfontein, Orange River Colony, is published in the Cape Times:

"I have had sent me a copy of the Cape Times, giving an account of a great gathering at Graaff-Reinet of Afrianders, presumably to assist us in the Orange River Colony and our brethren across the Vaal to retain our dearly beloved independence. Now, let there be no mistake this time. We have been humbugged twice, but never again. Humbugged, firstly, by those who represented to us that as soon as we crossed the Orange river 40,000 Cape Colonial Afrianders would join us. Now, we did cross, and where were the 40,000? A few thousands did join, and as soon as the fighting commenced they scooted to their farms as fast as their horses would carry them, and now these men wish to make up for it by going to Graaff-Reinet and make us believe they are doing something good for us. No more of such friends. We are better off even with our enemies. I say we have been humbugged twice. Yes, the second time was by our late president and those in high authority, who ought to have known better than to have thrown our lot in with the Transvaal. What had we to gain? Nothing, and everything to lose, and we have lost everything. Take my case. I was a prosperous farmer, paying my way, educating a large family, living happily with my neighbors. I was commandeered and fought. I was invalided home lost everything, and the little that remained after the English troops swept over my farm was taken by the Transvaal farmers in their hurried retreat. Where are our leaders now? Where is Steyn and Fisher? They said we must win; we will drive the English into the sea and

now if report be correct they are making for the sea themselves as fast as they can go accompanied by the Hollanders who are carrying the gold—the miserable stuff that has caused our downfall and the loss of our dear country. Then see what misery my country is in. Look at it; look at the people. What a happy people we used to be, happy and contented, free, independent, few taxes to pay, a substantial revenue, fine climate, in fact, everything that miserable men could want. What have we now? Nothing, miserable, disconsolate and starving. No, brother Afrianders, we will have no more of it. No more of your Steyns, Olive Schreiners, Cronwrights and other professional talkers, who have deceived us, and who have grown rich while we have grown poor. I don't even mention Kruger and Leyds, for no earthly punishment can be sufficient for them, so I leave them alone. I feel too miserable to write any more today, as my heart is very sore, but I only wish to be left alone.

Hot Cricket Game.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce team added another to their list of victories Wednesday in a match against the government employees. The score was:

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.	
Scott, b. Seymour	5
Chandler, b. Seymour	9
Phillip, c. McLogan, b. Seymour	11
Marks, b. Scarth	3
Nourse, b. Scarth	0
Complin, b. Seymour	0
Cowan, b. Scarth	0
Seine, b. Seymour	1
Timin, b. Craig	1
Grange, b. Seymour	0
Adams, not out	9
Extras	9
	37
CIVIL SERVICE.	
Bennett, b. Phillip	0
Switzer, c. Nourse, b. Phillip	1
Seymour, b. Scott	0
Craig, l. b. w., b. Scott	0
Shannon, b. Phillip	8
Scarth, c. Cowan, b. Scott	4
Walker, b. Scott	0
Donald, c. and b. Scott	1
Finnie, b. Scott	1
Herbert, not out	3
McLogan, b. Scott	0
Extras	1
	22

Cheap Fuel.

For the first time in the history of Dawson many persons who reside within a radius of three or four blocks of the Yukon saw mill are experiencing the feeling incident to getting something for nothing. Owing to lack of yard room the big mill company has not sufficient space to pile up its slabs and edgings to keep until there would be a demand for them for fuel, and the result is that hundreds of wagon loads are now being given away to the residents of that portion of the city free of charge. Not only is the wood given away but it is hauled to the recipients' door and all he is asked to do is to throw it off the wagon. The sensation of getting something for nothing in Dawson is so novel as to make it very pleasing, especially when that something is a big load of wood.

A Quiet Wedding.

Last evening at the home of Mrs. L. Fallon, Rev. Mr. Wright, of the Presbyterian church, joined together in the bonds of wedlock, the lives and fortunes of Mr. Ralph Crichton and Miss Linda Priest.

The wedding was a very quiet affair, only a few guests being bidden to attend, but what it lacked in respect to numbers in attendance was made up for in the heartiness of the good wishes of those present.

Mr. Horace French and Mrs. Fallon stood up with the couple, and after the ceremony and its accompanying round of congratulations were over the hostess treated her guests to a dainty repast which was worthy of the happy occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Crichton will leave at once for Monte Cristo creek where Mr. Crichton is engaged in mining, and it is hoped by the many friends of both that they may live long and prosper much.

Another Warehouse.

In its recent description of the many warehouses in Dawson and their respective tonnage capacity the Nugget inadvertently omitted mention of the new corrugated iron building of Sargent & Piska which is located at the corner of Second street and Fourth avenue and which has a capacity of nearly 200 tons, and which, by the way, now contains the large stock from which the clothing establishment of that enterprising firm is supplied.

A Vain Old Beau.

He was an antiquated, well-bred, but excessively vain old beau, who cherished the illusion that in spite of rheumatic knees and a stiff back his figure was still quite irresistible. She was smart, girlish, fresh as a rose, and regarded any man over 40 years of age in the light of a grandfather. It was a first class street car comedy. Sweet 17 squeezed herself in a corner to give the dear old gentleman a seat. He bowed his bald head, thanked her with Chesterfieldian courtesy, and, like the addled old bachelor he was, rode 20 blocks swinging on a strap, suffering

torture from a pair of rickety legs, but smiling sweetly all the while under the delusion that seventeen would surely recognize Apollo when she saw him.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Same Old Way.

Curious Old Lady—How did you come to this, poor man?
Convict—I was drove to it, lady.
Curious Old Lady—Were you really?
Convict—Yes; they bring me in the Black Maria, as usual.

Only the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars at the Criterion.

Klondike Market, cor. 5th av and 3d st., for fine beef, pork or mutton.

For quick transit on a safe and finely appointed steamer take the Clifford Sitton. She sails for Whitehorse tomorrow evening. Yukon Dock.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

Try a juicy steak from Klondike Market.

Good meat weighs no more than bad. The former at Klondike Market.

Neatly furnished rooms. The Criterion.

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

It might pay you to drop in and see the new stock of drugs, stationery and sundries at the Pioneer Drug Store.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Notice.
J. L. Sale & Co., the jewelers, have moved their main store to the Aurora building opposite Aurora dock. ct

Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

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