

December, 1905

Carnegie on University Education.

An American who was recently a guest of Andrew Carnegie at Skibo castle sends to the World from Scotland an account of his visit, from which the following, a conversation at the breakfast table, is an excerpt:

The subject of education came up. A learned Dutch baron declared that many people are over educated.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Carnegie, "Lord Reay, here, who speaks five languages, knows too much."

In reply to a question, the philosopher of Skibo launched out in this way:

"One of the aberrations of the age is the sacrifice of time to ancient classics on the part of young men preparing for a business career. A man with a university education is a man lost to commerce. A man who begins business at 18 is much better off than he who spends three or four years in a university studying old ruffians who lived 2,000 years ago. Studying skirmishes among savages in the classics is no preparation for a man going into the iron, steel or coal business. Greek and Latin are no more use than Choctaw, except to the few. Why should English sailors have to learn the language of Virgil, Horace and Cicero? English officers study classics. What's the result? They have foolish courage. Instead of saving themselves they allow themselves to be shot and say they are dying for their country. I prefer an officer who would make an intelligent run when necessary and then come back and live for his country."

"Do you condemn university education for all?"

"By no means. I am speaking of the uselessness of university Education for the young man who has to make his way in life. The man who is born to wealth can do as he pleases. He has no interest for me. He rarely amounts to anything any way. Those preparing for professional pursuits should go to the university by all means."

"Do you make any exception?"

"Yes, clergymen." "University education injures them. It leads them to higher criticism. They begin to pick flaws in the Bible. The moment they begin that they are done for; they are no good for religion. They lead to intellectual and religious anarchy."

A remark by Mr. Carnegie about looking to the masses of the people to cure social ills led to a conversation upon democracy.

"Are you still as devout a believer in the people as when you wrote 'Triumphant Democracy,' Mr. Carnegie?" I queried.

"Yes," he replied. "Years have made me love that teaching more and more. If democracy does not succeed, than there is no hope for humanity. The classes have failed, now democracy is getting a show. I have no fear for democracy in America. When things begin to go seriously wrong there the people set them right with a sudden jerk."

"Will Roosevelt seek another term, Mr. Carnegie?" came like a bolt from the blue.

"He said he would not, and Roosevelt is a man of his word," answered the sage. He accepted the vice-presidency, but he never said he would not. Suppose, however the people came to him and proved to him that the welfare of the nation demanded that he accepted office again, he might revise his resolution."

"What is the greatest American institution?" I asked.

"The public schoolhouse."

"What makes America so great?"

"Equality, and the fact that its foundation was laid by a colonizing race."

"Does your republicanism diminish by absence?"

"No. It increases. I am more republican than if I had been born in America, for I realize better the meaning of the word republic. The great thing is to be a citizen and not a subject."

The Children at Christmas.

The Babe for whom the servant star Traversed the silent sky To guide the wise men from afar, Is now enthroned on high. Yet still, at every Christmas-tide Anew the sign is given; And children are the stars that guide Our straying steps to Heaven.

Boylake.

The late Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge visited a St. Louis family some years ago. There was in this family a little boy with an inordinately sweet tooth.

"Mrs. Dodge, said the boy's mother one day. "do you think it is right for Bobby to eat so much bread and jam?"

"It doesn't hurt him," the visitor answered. "But all that jam?" complained the mother, anxiously.

"Oh," said Mrs. Dodge, with a grim smile, "he doesn't eat it. He leaves it on the doorknobs."

A Creed.

I believe in cleanliness of body, mind and soul.

I believe in kindness to man, woman, child and animal.

I believe in truth because it makes me free.

I believe in the charity that begins at home but does not end there.

I believe in mercy because I hope for mercy.

I believe in moral courage because I am more than a brute.

I believe in righteousness because it is the shortest and best line between two eternities.

I believe in patience because it is the swiftest way to secure results.

I believe in that kind of industry that takes an occasional vacation.

I believe in that sort of economy that spends money for a good purpose.

I believe in honesty, not for policy's sake, but for principle's sake.

I believe in hospitality because it puts a roof over every man's head.

I believe in obedience because it is the only way to learn how to command.

I believe in self control because I want to influence others.

I believe in suffering because it chastens and purifies.

I believe in justice because I believe in God.

"Late Christmas Afternoon."

The glad, glad bells of morning, the laughter at the dawn, The lustre of the children's eyes is fine to look upon.

But, O, the best of Christmas—the best day of them all—

Is when the lazy firelight makes pictures on the wall,

And I may sit in silence and give myself the boon

Of going back to childhood, late Christmas afternoon.

Here I shall fall to musing of pictures in grate—

There, eager for my summons the host of boy-days wait,

And in and out a-marching I'll see them come and go

With hands waved high in welcome—the boys I used to know;

And there, if I am patient, 'twill be for me to see,

As one sees in a mirror, the boy I used to be.

Out of the swaying shadows will rise the long ago,

The sleigh-bells' tinkle-tinkle, the soft kiss of the snow.

The white sea of the meadow, where pranking winds will lift

The long sweep of the billow, foamed up in drift on drift.

And crisp across the valley will come a bell-sweet tune

To set me nodding, nodding, late Christmas afternoon.

Late afternoon on Christmas! The twilight soothing in,

And me with these my visions of glad days that have been!

For I shall dream and wander down forgotten ways,

My eager arms enfolding all of my yester-days.

Without, the mellow echos of blended chime and hymn;

Within the bygone voices in murmurs far and dim.

Of mine, the gift of fancy, and mine, this magic chair,

And mine the dim procession of Christmas-masses that were.

I ask no richer token of love on Christmas Day

Than this which comes unforbidden, than this which will not stay—

This wealth of recollections that vanish oversoon—

The dreamland of the shadows, late Christmas afternoon.

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