

Still Teaching at Eighty-five.

A record of continuous teaching for nearly fifty-seven years in one school can hardly be matched in the history of education in this country, says the *Boston Transcript*. Add to this long service the additional fact that in all that time, not a day, nor an hour, has been lost from regular duties and it will be seen that Charles J. Capen has a really remarkable life story. To be still teaching at the age of eighty-five is still another phase of which his friends and hundreds of former pupils are justly proud.

Mr. Capen is a singularly modest man and can hardly be induced to speak much of what all these years of activity have been to him. From his home in Dedham, near "the great bend of the Charles," he goes daily to the Boston Latin school where he has been a teacher since 1852. Patient, progressive, alert and painstaking as ever, his kindly personality permeates all his instruction, and seemingly difficult tasks are simplified by reason of his personal helpfulness and encouragement.

Born on a farm near Dorchester Heights he laid the foundation of rugged health by the outdoor work which he was called upon to do and which he performed with real love.

He entered Harvard at the age of seventeen and was graduated with the class of 1844, in which were Francis and George F. Parkham, and many others whose names are well known.

After teaching for a period of six years, Francis Gardner, headmaster of the Latin school, offered him a position, which he has filled with honour all these years.

An interesting phase of Mr. Capen's many-sided life is that which deals with his musical nature. With no instruction whatever he became a trained musician. The delight he has taken in this way, and what it has meant to others, cannot be expressed. Improvising is a special pleasure to Mr. Capen, and groups of young people are certain to welcome him to their good times because he is always willing to help entertain them with gay waltzes of his own composition or selections from the masters. To the youths who respect and admire him as a wise teacher and sympathetic friend and those who have been near him in close association for many years, he is a splendid example of one whose old age is "serene and bright," after sixty-five years in public service.

The Snowbirds.

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,
The thrush in the roses below;
The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,
But the snowbird sings in the snow.
Ah me! Chickadee!
The snowbird sings in the snow.

The blue marten trills in the gale,
The wren in the yard below;
In the elm chatters the bluejay,
But the snowbird sings in the snow.
Ah me! Chickadee!
The snowbird sings in the snow.

High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,
The wing of the sparrow drops low,
In the midst dips the wing of the robin,
And the snowbird's wing in the snow.
Ah me! Chickadee!
The snowbird sings in the snow.

I love the high heart of the osprey,
The meek heart of the thrush below,
The heart of the lark in the meadow,
And the snowbird's heart in the snow.
But dearer to me Chickadee!
Is that true little heart in the snow.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

President David Starr Jordan in an article entitled "The Human Harvest," in *The Chautauquan* for January, analyzes in some detail the causes for the fall of Rome and the present decadence of France. In both cases the causes were purely biological—the wiping away of the best elements in the young manhood of the nation through destructive wars. Rome perished for want of men, not because of undue luxury or a low standard of morals. So, too, since the disastrous wars of the time of Napoleon—wars which destroyed two million of the best men of France—the French as a race have never been physically or morally what they were previous to the Napoleonic epoch. It is estimated that the average stature is two inches lower than it would otherwise have been had these wars been avoided.

The moral of Mr. Jordan's profoundly interesting discussion of these great problems is that any nation which becomes overimperialistic, becomes bent upon the conquest of other peoples, must inevitably succumb to this very spirit of domination. The best men will be destroyed in war and only the weaker ones will remain to be subject to the Cæsar or Napoleon who is sufficiently strong to command obedience.