

VARIOUS KINDS OF EDUCATION

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

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

(From Friday's Daily.)

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. P. 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 commanded and fought. I was invaded 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.

Mine Owners Views.

Editor Klondike Nugget:

I read with considerable pleasure the article in your issue of yesterday written by a miner at Grand Forks. His position is well taken and is one which he and the other miners will experience no difficulty in holding. I am aware that one large mining syndicate has made an effort within the past few days to materially reduce the price paid to labor, but I do not apprehend that other mine owners will follow the syndicate's example.

I am a mine owner and during the past season I lost money on one of my claims on which, had I paid my men but \$4 and \$3.50 per day, the price to which the syndicate has cut, I would have come out even and possibly a little ahead; but I do not consider that \$5 and board per day is any too much to pay when the class of labor performed is considered, nor will I ask men to work for me at a less figure. Before I will ask them to do so I will cover over the shafts on my claims and allow them to remain idle.

While writing I will take the opportunity to say that, in my opinion, there is another thing the laborers should agitate in addition to the adoption of a satisfactory scale of wages, and that is legislation that will protect their interests and insure payment for services rendered and labor performed. Too many know from sad experience the history of the past season when many claims that are good beyond questions failed to pay for the labor performed on them for the reason that gold was not in the sluice boxes when the washup was made. This was a very plausible excuse for not paying the men, and it looked reasonable when told in court, after the laborers, not knowing what else to do, had gone to law as a last resort. But even the court could not get them their money when there was not any with which to pay.

To my personal knowledge many of the same claim owners who sung tales of woe to their men and repeated them to the court, operated rockers all winter and spring, and it was by no means "waste dirt" that they rocked; on the contrary, it was the scraping from bed-rock and it was not to be wondered at when the dumps failed to yield in proportion to their size at the final clean-up.

A law should be passed compelling these perpetual rocker operators to pay their men as they rock out. On the other hand, a man who is so foolish as to go along working on promises when he sees the best dirt being rocked out before his eyes every day is not entitled to much sympathy when he does not call a halt then and there, for in three cases in every four claims on which such doings are practiced fail to pay their labor in the end.

From the standpoint of a mine owner and operator I am honest in my belief that labor must be nurtured here instead of oppressed, for one more season like the past will drive labor from the country the same as shortsighted legislation has driven the prospector.

MINE OWNER.

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 brung me in the Black Maria, as usual.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Sour Dough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

DAWSON, Y. T., CANADA, AUG. 10, 1900.

To Whom It May Concern:

Take notice, that a sum of money is now due and held against an undivided one-half interest of hillside placer mining claim adjoining the lower half of creek claim No. five below discovery, right limit, Hunter Creek, and for a more complete description reference is made to plat of Jephson, D. L. S., and to records of the Snyder claim. The amount that referred to is for labor, law costs, surveying and other improvements placed thereon.

The said half interest, which the sum of money is held against is now in the name of Chris Snyder, being the recorder of the claim, and is payable to the undersigned.

J. R. GANDOLFO.

The Klondike Nugget

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(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

The ordinance published in yesterday's issue of the Nugget respecting the institution of action against officials is unique, even in the annals of Yukon legislation. It appears that the ordinance was passed by direction of the Interior Department at Ottawa and was sent to the local council with instructions that it be made a law.

According to the views of local authorities this latest legislative phenomenon is unconstitutional and contrary to all precedent. It is retroactive in effect and, as Mr. Woodworth puts it, is along the lines of enactments which cost the first Charles his head. The most remarkable feature of the entire matter is the position taken by members of the council whose vote and signature were required to make the ordinance a law.

These gentlemen, as will appear by reference to another column of this paper, very ingenuously admit that they do not know what the ordinance means. They were told to make it a law, and make it a law they did in the quickest time possible.

Along the same lines it is fair to presume that if some clerk in the Interior department sent them word to make white paper a legal tender they would have no hesitation in doing so. The one is no more absurd than the other.

If a clinching, convincing argument in favor of the election of the local legislative body by popular ballot was needed this last action of the council will serve the purpose admirably.

"UNITED WE STAND."

An opportunity will soon be presented to the voters of the Yukon Territory to cast their ballots for two men to sit as members of the Yukon Council. There are several important matters involved in this election which may well be given careful and deliberate consideration by every man whose ballot or opinion is liable in any respect to affect the result.

The men who are thus to be entrusted with the responsibility of conducting the public affairs of the territory should be of such undoubted integrity and character as to leave no doubt of their trustworthiness.

The territory must prove by its judgment in this first election—even though the men elected will constitute only a minority of the council—that this faraway portion of the Dominion is as well fitted for self-administration as any other territory or province. For two years and more the demand for representative government has been heard, but only now is heed being given thereto. The result of this election must establish our right to self-government, and that can be done only by the exercise of the utmost wisdom and discretion in the selection of the men who are to represent the community on the council.

Aside, however, from the individuality of the men themselves, there must be no doubt as to their attitude upon the various questions of public moment which have been so freely discussed during the past two years. The opinions of the men elected should reflect the views of the community at large with respect to the burden of unjust legislation which has been loaded upon this territory since its organization.

The justification of the campaign for reform, which has been so

long in progress, will be in the election to the council of two members who are in sympathy with the reforms demanded.

The issue is clear cut and well defined. There can be no escaping the result if the campaign is conducted with ordinary prudence. There will be no possibility of defeat if the reform forces are solidified and united. Personal differences, if any exist, must be dropped and the efforts of every man who is opposed to the present order of things must be exerted to the end that an overwhelming victory may be won.

It is announced in shipping circles that delivery of goods in Dawson will not be guaranteed for the present season when same are shipped after the first day of September. Local merchants and others who may have freight yet to be ordered should lose no time. With indications favorable for an early closing of the river, it stands every one in hand to rush his freight in the most expeditious manner possible. Delay means another congestion at the last moment, such as occurred a year ago, with a loss in consequence running up into the hundreds of thousands.

As published exclusively in the Nugget last night, an anarchist plot, with President McKinley as the intended victim has been uncovered in New York City. If the facts are as stated, instead of deporting the anarchists, they should every man of them be hung, as an example to others who may desire to attempt a similar move. To send them back to Europe is but to invite another conspiracy which might prove more successful.

The troublesome gold dust question would be quickly settled by the establishment of the proposed government assay office. Since the announcement has been made positively that such an office will be established, there should be no further delay. Unless it is done within the next few weeks the probabilities are that the matter will have to lie in abeyance until the opening of navigation again.

The momentous dog pound question is before the council again in the shape of a petition to do away with the institution for the balance of the season. In view of the fact that the hot weather is at an end we see no further use for the dog pound this year. It has served its purpose and is no longer required.

There is more building going on in Dawson today than at any previous time in twelve months. The healthy condition of local real estate values is also a matter for congratulation. For a town which, according to various prophets of evil, should be dead by this time, Dawson has a very lively appearance.

There is no disputing the fact that no more beautiful weather can be found anywhere than what may be termed the Yukon Indian summer.

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 addie puted 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.