

who wishes to inspect the Tuskegee Institute is met at the station by a carriage built by the students, pulled by horses raised on the school farms, whose harness was made in the school shop. The driver wears a trim blue uniform, made in the school tailor-shop, and shoes by the student class-work. The visitor is assigned to a guest room in a dormitory designed, built and furnished by the students. His bathroom plumbing, the steam heat in his room, and the electric lighting were installed by the students. The oak furniture of his room came from the shops. The young woman who takes care of his room is a student working her way through the institute. After supper she will change her wearing apparel to a blue uniform dress and a neat straw hat, all made in the school. The steam laundry sends over to ask if the visitor wishes some washing done, and girl students send it back, proud of the snowy polish of shirts and collars. The visitor is asked to be a guest in the teachers' dining-hall, and most appetizing is the bill of fare laid before him; the ham, roast beef, vegetables, corn bread, syrup, butter, milk, potatoes, etc., are all products of the school farms, cared for and produced by student labor. Lest the above quotation might lead to the conclusion that in the instruction given, muscle predominates over brains, I would refer you to the book itself for its confutation. Head and hand were the twin influences brought to bear upon the pupil. Theory and practice were welded together into a harmonious whole, the busy fingers obeying the mandates of the intelligent brain, and of these united came perfect knowledge and accurate performance. The master mind decreed for his student that, "It would be wronging both him and the system to keep him at the work-bench all the time. Everything likely to help him in his career was provided for his training, because academic teaching was as important to his future calling as his skill with the plane or saw. It was made clear to him that he could not become a really good carpenter unless he had been also a diligent scholar." So, likewise in the agricultural classes. "The real examination comes in the spring—not in the written papers, but in the school orchard. Amongst the peach trees they are required to identify the 'borer' and apply to the trees the remedies laid down in their books and pictures," and this is the system applied to every branch of the education of those intelligent colored students at Tuskegee. Booker T. Washington never forgot the uplifting effect upon himself, of success in conscientious work, even in the very smallest thing, the self-respect which grew out of the satisfaction of conquering difficulties and in the growing ability "to do things and to do them well."

#### THE TILLERS OF THE GROUND.

When preparing for Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington visited schools, churches, farms, slept in one-roomed cabins, and studied present conditions, with a view to more thorough preparation for his life-work. He found that in a country where pigs, chickens, ducks, geese, berries, peaches, plums, vegetables and other wholesome foods could be produced with little effort, school teachers were eating salt pork from Chicago, and canned chicken and tomatoes from Omaha. The countryside abounded in fragrant flowers, but none found their way into the houses or upon the dinner-tables. The few text-books found in their cabins were full of pictures relating to city life—pictures of great office buildings, ships, street cars, warehouses; but not a single farm scene—spreading apple tree, field of grass or corn, a flock of sheep, or a herd of cows. Then followed

#### A BATTLE AGAINST PREJUDICE.

"The methods in vogue for getting enough out of the soil to keep body and soul together were crude in the extreme. The people themselves referred to this heart-breaking effort

as 'making a living.' I wanted to teach them how to make MORE than a living. I have little respect for the farmer who is satisfied with merely 'making a living.' For the young farmer to be contented, he must be able to look forward to owning the land he cultivates, and from which he may later derive not only all the necessities of life, but some of its comforts and conveniences." Out of these experiences, and as an important factor in this noble effort for the "uplifting of a race, grew Farmers' Institutes, Mothers' Congresses, and other gatherings for mutual help and encouragement. The chapters upon these, with many valuable testimonies as to successes and failures of methods, are well worth the reading. Many of them are full of humor, and all full of interest, and, I venture to believe, full also of instruction, even for the farmers of our own Dominion. H. A. B.

#### Does a Vacation Pay?

- Does it pay to regain your cheerful personality?
- Does it pay to slip power from its very fountain head?
- Does it pay to increase your creative power and originality?
- Does it pay to get a firmer grip on your business or profession?
- Does it pay to regain your lost confidence by up-building your health?
- Do you want to get rid of the scars and stains of the year's campaign?
- Will a fresh, vigorous brain serve you better than a fagged, jagged one?
- Does it pay to exchange flaccid, stiffened muscles for strong, elastic ones?
- Does it pay to get a new grip upon life and to double your power to do good work?
- Does it pay to put iron into the blood and to absorb granite strength from the everlasting hills?
- Does it pay to renew the buoyancy and light-heartedness, the spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth?
- Does it pay to get in tune with the Infinite by drinking in the medicinal tonic from the everlasting hills?
- Does it pay to get rid of your nagging, rasping disposition so that you can attract people instead of repelling them?
- Does it pay to get rid of some of our narrow prejudices, hatreds, and jealousies that are encouraged by the strenuous city life?
- Does it pay to add to the comfort and happiness of ourselves and those about us by being brighter and more cheerful ourselves?
- Does it pay to make the most of all the powers that God has given you by bringing superb health and vitality to your aid in developing them?
- Does it pay to develop our powers of observation; to learn to read "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything"?
- Does it pay to put beauty into the life, to gather serenity and poise from the sweet music of the running brooks and the thousand voices in nature?
- Is it better to be a full-rounded man or woman with large views and a wide outlook, or a mere automatic machine running in the same old grooves year after year?
- Is it a good investment to exchange a few dollars for a great deal of health and happiness; to economize on that on which the very wellsprings of our being depend?
- Does it pay to be free, for a time, from the petty annoyances that vex, hinder, and exasperate; to get out of ruts and the old beaten tracks and take in a stock of brand-new ideas?
- Is it better to go to your task with a hopeful outlook than to drag yourself to your work like an unwilling slave; to go through life halting, weak, inefficient, pessimistic, or to be strong, vigorous, self-reliant and optimistic?
- Does it pay to save five per cent. of your income by economizing on your vacation this year and break down next year from the continued strain and be obliged to pay fifty per cent. for doctor's bills, besides the time lost in enforced idleness?
- Does it pay the hard-worked, nerve-racked, desk-bound man to lock his business cares in his office or store and be free once more; to exchange exhausted and irritable nerves for sound, healthy ones which will carry pleasurable sensations instead of rasping ones?—[Success.



#### Do I Teach My Pupils, or Do They Teach Me?

(Mrs. F. E. Hughey.)

It was a dull evening. The rain beat against my window-pane in a pitiless fashion, as if to add a diminished seventh to the minor chord already vibrating in my heart-strings. Altogether it had been a dreary day. Mud was tracked on to my pretty new rug, paid for by so many hours of hard work and throbbing nerves. My pet canary, grown discouraged, had surrendered his place in life, and the sight of his empty cage brought the tears to my eyes, already tired with eight hours of black notes dancing on horizontal lines. I drew my chair up to the blazing fire in the grate, and settled down for a wailing "warum" concerning the hard lot assigned to me, of trying to convert stupidity into genius, vacuum into brains, and sticks or tow strings, in human anatomy, into things of beauty from the viewpoint of the technic.

But a bright fire is not a good developer of unreasonable despondency; and as I felt the warm glow of the coquettish flames, there seemed to dance from their flickering light, right into my heart, the picture of a little girl with yellow hair and eyes brimful of mischief. Dear little girl, I love her, but she is so heedless. She left out so many notes this morning; and over and over again we went through the simple exercise to get each note in its proper place. At last I said:

"Alice, if I should ask you to spend a month with me next summer, how would you like me to forget your breakfast once in a while, or your dinner? Or, if I should promise to take you fishing and then forget to do it, would you like it?"

Her face dimpled with amusement as she answered brightly: "I think I should remind you."

"Ah! but suppose I kept forgetting, do you think you would have a nice time?"

"No, Miss ———."

"Now, dear child, think how many times I have reminded you to put in those notes you leave out, and you still forget. Have you ever thought that your own life is like a tune, and that you cannot neglect a single duty without leaving a hole in the melody? Just as the composer knows how to use his tones, so God has a beautiful plan for each life, and if you omit one duty, one privilege, your outline is spoiled. Every note has its place, just as every little girl has. Sometimes it is on the playground, sometimes in school. It is sometimes serious, sometimes gay, sometimes slow, and sometimes fast; but always it must be its best wherever, however, whenever used."

Sweetly serious grew the blue eyes as my meaning dawned on the bright little mind.

"Oh! dear Miss ———, I never knew music was like that; I thought it didn't matter so much. I will try harder now. I am sure I can get every note in next time," and with a loving kiss she gave place to a little boy.

Here I leaned forward to put a stick on the fire. I took off my shoes and put on my slippers.

"Oh, dear!" I thought, "why must I think of that boy! He is the plague of my life, and I am tired; I won't think of him."

But thought asks no permission to enter the brain, and, besides, that boy had suggested to me a lesson, an uncomfortable one, 'tis true, but one I might as well work out. So I closed my eyes and set about the task.

In the first place, his hands are never clean. His mother dresses exquisitely. She always looks as if just liberated from a band-box. But she is too daintily gotten up to be rumpled or crumpled by children, so she goes to a reception and leaves the lad to his nurse, or his own devices, the latter generally

leading him into the dirt, from which he emerges too late to stop for anything, and comes to me tardy and dirty, with a rebellious look on his face.

Lesson one: Neglected duty by one is an added burden to another.

This morning I got his hands washed, and then asked for his scales. He hadn't practiced them.

"Why?"

"They are no good anyhow."

My heart sank. I wondered if they were. "Charley," I said brightly, "how do you like that new picture of mine?"

"I say," he answered, "that's great! Where did you get it? What's that man doing on the wall?"

"Don't you see? He has scaled the wall of the fort, and in spite of the fire of the enemy, has placed his flag on the highest point."

"You bet, he was brave!"

"Yes, he was. How do you suppose he grew so?"

"Born of the right stuff."

"So he was, and just as well bred. He went to school where he had to do a lot of silly things. To put his gun down, to put it up, to walk forwards, to face about. He had to do what the officer told him, silly or wise, over and over again every day for months. It was very poky. It seemed foolish; but he learned the greatest and hardest lesson of life. The lesson that makes great men, wise men, rich men, good men—self-control. He learned to do his duty patiently, promptly, thoroughly, cheerfully; and to do his best, whether he saw the sense or not. And now he is famous. He saw the chance to capture the fort, and because he had learned to obey, he faced death just to raise a flag; but it has introduced him to the admiration of the world. I guess you wouldn't have done it; would you, dear?"

The boy sat still and thought earnestly, his eyes on the picture, and then he played his scales. One mistake after another. His thumb on the wrong key. The wrong finger over. A natural for a sharp, then the wrong note sharpened. A muttered "Gee!" His forehead in a pucker. But finally we got the tangle straightened, and it went smoothly. Putting my hand on his shoulder, I said, "Bravo, my soldier boy! You have conquered your worst enemy. Never forget: 'His not to question why, his but to do or die,' and this will be a lesson well learned."

Now I must face the same lesson, for a general is not fit to command until he has learned to obey. A guide is not to be trusted until he has learned the way, every step. Can I teach until I have learned the lesson first? Am I sounding every note in the melody of my life, true, and in the right place? Am I striking wrong notes? Am I obeying my Master in the practice of daily duties? Am I honest in every move, doing His will, even when longing to follow my own whims? "Oh, my Master," I cried, "teach me to yield my will, and to obey Thee as well as my little ones obey me; and, oh, help me to be patient with them as Thou art with me."

Verily, "A little child shall lead them." God bless to us the lessons they teach. For they return to us far more than we give to them.—[Part of a Prize Essay from "The Etude."

#### Gems of Thought.

It is worth five thousand dollars a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.—Samuel Johnson.

He who resolves to do one thing honorably and thoroughly, and sets about it at once, will attain usefulness and eminence.—F. P. Roe.

The greatest wisdom of speech is to know when, and what, and where to speak; the time, matter, and manner. The next to it is silence.—Robert Southey.