

The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

Vol. VIII. No. 6.

HONOLULU, MARCH, 1910.

(Price \$3.00 per annum
Single copies 25 cents)

"For God so loved the world, that he gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—S. John iii:16.

* * *

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A little pause in life, while daylight lingers,

Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,

When daily labor slips from weary fingers

And soft gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover

Seen in the light of suns that long have set;

Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,

Draw near as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me through the dusk returning;

I hear the echoes of departed feet,

And then I ask with vain and troubled yearning,

What is the charm that makes all things so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore withheld?

Even their memory keeps me pure and true;

And yet, from out Jerusalem the Golden,

God speaketh, saying: "I make all things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer;

Stifle my love or give me back the past!

Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are dearer

Than all Thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Peace, peace! The Lord of earth and heaven knoweth

The human soul in all its heat and strife;

Out of His throne no stream of lethe floweth,

But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life; aye, life in all its sweetness;

Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore.

Only the curse of sin and incompleteness

Shall taint thine earth, and vex thine heart no more.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,

And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;

Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving

Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—Sarah Doudney.

* * *

We want no territorial law with the federal officials selling their licenses and blind pigs running free, without the power of the authorities to stop them. We want the federal authorities to enforce the law, not to have them abetting the violators of the law, such as their collection of the federal tax amounts to.—Rev. Doremus Scudder.

* * *

PAU.

Now, that the prohibition proposition must, perchance, take a rest, we would kindly beg to offer, as a pastime, the killing of the stills in the hills; not on Oahu only, but throughout the entire Territory.

Also, that the (accursed "spirits") criminal-drinking-dens be shut, for all times, by hook or by crook. This sort of activity would well-repay an outlay of money and brain power.

(But, after all we all know, that it is not difficult to talk and to plan (to censure and to judge mayhap) but very hard to work out the good results of a reform and complete and perfected revolution.)

* * *

We fail entirely to see why Chicago should go into hysterics over "poor Liliuokalani's" finances, that has "homes" many, scattered about, etc.

Had her Majesty a million more of gold she would likely will it to

those that would begin the selfish squandering of luxury and high living, quite before the funeral rites had been ended.

* * *

VERY STRANGE.

Wallace Ah (straight Scotch) says he belongs in Maine. Then, why does he linger, here?

J. M. could not sell old bottles or buy cheap licenses in that land of the pine to paint the region red if he pined to do so.

* * *

ONE NICE WAY.

The editor is always glad to sell a Times on the street in passing, or to take an ad. (Kindly recollect, to stop her any time or place.)

* * *

The traveling salesman stuttered. He had been trying all morning to sell the business man a bill of goods and had been unsuccessful. While he was locking up his grip the business man was so impolite as to say, in the presence of his clerks, that the salesman must find the impediment in his speech a very serious handicap at times. "Oh, n-no," said the salesman, politely. "Everyone has his p-p-peculiarity. S-S-Stammering is mine; what is y-y-yours?" "I was not aware that I had any," the merchant answered. "S-S-So?" asked the salesman. "Y-Y-You s-s-stir y-y-your coffee with your r-r-right hand, d-d-don't you?" "Why yes, of course I do," the merchant said, scowling. "W-W-well," the salesman continued, "t-t-that's your p-p-peculiarity. Most p-p-people use a t-t-teaspoon."

* * *

The Chinese have a custom that would do credit to a Christian people. On every New Year's morning each man and boy from the emperor to the lowest peasant pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present varying in value according to his station; thanks her for all that she has done for him and asks the continuance of her favor for another year. They are taught to believe that mothers have an influence for good over their sons all their life.

A diploma and gold medal, the highest award bestowed on educational work at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, was conferred on the schools of the Sisters of the Holy Name, Washington. They made a complete exhibit of every class of school work, from the kindergarten to the advanced program of the normal student.

* * *

I am informed that there are thirteen hundred newspapers in the world propagating the principles of Socialism. It is corroding the working classes. In the factories of this and more conservative countries, such as England and Germany, the workingmen are furnished these newspapers free. They devour daily this mental pabulum.

* * *

James J. Hill, the railroad builder, was the first man prominent in public affairs to issue a warning against national extravagance. He says: "If the housekeeper, instead of standing in front of a telephone to order the family supplies, would go to the market and learn what foods are cheapest and what are dear, there would be less of this kind of talk. As I have said before, the high cost of living is the cost of living high."

* * *

A member of a school board was visiting a public school not long ago when he encountered a small boy in the hall.

"What are you studying, my boy," the visitor asked.

"Arithmetic and geography," answered the boy.

"And what are you learning in arithmetic?"

The boy thought for a minute, then he replied: "Guzinta."

"Guzinta!" said the surprised official, "What's that?"

"Why, don't you know?" said the boy. "Two guzinta four, three guzinta six, four guzinta eight, five guzinta ten."

* * *

"Tommy," said his teacher, one day, in despair, "why do you think I scold you so much?" "'Cause you get sort o' fretful keeping school," was the evidently honest and quite unexpected reply.

* * *

Up to twenty a youth needs nine hours' sleep, and an adult should have eight. Insufficient sleep is one of the crying evils of the day.

A physiologist recently affirmed that bread and butter contain all the elements of life.

The stress now coming upon the country with respect to food can be very much mitigated if people will be content to eat only two or three different articles at any one meal. This also is the best prescription against indigestion. Meat, for example, is digested almost entirely in the stomach. It is not so with cereals. A man in this city was entirely cured of indigestion by eating meat on one day and vegetables and fruits the next, for several weeks.

* * *

An investigation of the boy workers of London revealed that the newsboys were the most healthy, and those employed by the bakers the least so.

* * *

On returning home from a walk or from business, a change should be made to slippers, or what may be equally restful, to another pair of shoes.

* * *

Emperor William was born January 27, 1859, and this is his fifty-first birthday. He succeeded his father, Emperor Frederick William, to the throne on June 15, 1888.

* * *

It is reported that the works of no English author at Christmas time enjoyed as large a sale as those of Charles Dickens.

* * *

It is possible they worry about their work, for worry will "kill" a person quicker than hard labor. A certain busy man suggests relaxation through the adoption of a hobby. "It saves the brain," he says. His hobby is caring for a lot of homing pigeons. If women who do work or who have mental worries would only adopt a fad or hobby they would soon balance the worries and make them seem less burdensome.

* * *

A Baltimore school teacher had encountered such a degree of ignorance on the part of one of her boys in relation to the recorded acts of the Father of his Country that she grew sarcastic.

"I wonder," she began, "if you could tell me whether George Washington was a sailor or a soldier?"

The boy grinned. "He was a soldier, all right," he said.

"How do you know?" the teacher challenged.

"Because I saw a picture of him crossing the Delaware. Any sailor would know enough not to stand up in a boat."

* * *

So far as the use of *shall* and *will* is concerned, the simple rule used to be, *shall* in the first person, and *will* in the second and third persons indicate simple futurity. *Will* in the first person and *shall* in the second and third persons indicate future purpose. The drowning Frenchman's misuse of these auxiliaries puts it all in a nutshell: "I will drown and no one shall save me." —Dana.

* * *

On Christmas eve the Penobscot Indians of Indian Island, Old Town, Maine, following the old custom, all assembled at Midnight Mass, at which the younger Indians composed the choir, and an Indian orchestra played the music.

* * *

Prunes are good for breakfast. Wash well, soak over night, but do not cook, and never add sugar.

* * *

30 SENSE.

12

18

Eight ten; naught, add one.

"I puts down my ought and I carries my one."

(Poor little boy, you must get very tired.)

* * *

The great Wall of China. Some ancient Emperor decided to build that wall in order to protect his country from the Tartars. To the work he summoned all his people, and how well they performed their task is testified by the fact that the wall stands today as strong as when the last brick was laid in it.

* * *

The foot-bath should be frequent, and should be followed by a few minutes' massage of the feet, with a view to improving the circulation locally.

* * *

TO SLEEP.

Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

—Wordsworth.

Mr. F—— had read ten or twelve lines in French, and, though he was reading "at sight," not having prepared the lesson in advance, was endeavoring to translate the French into English. He came to the word "voleur," and, getting it mixed with "oiseau," translated it bird. "Not 'bird,' Ned," whispered a fellow student; "'voleur' means 'thief.'" But too late. "Monsieur F——," remarked the professor, "I notice that you translate 'voleur' as bird. Pray, what kind of a bird?" "Jailbird!" said Mr. F——.

AN EDITOR'S FEW BRIEF NOTES.

(February.)

Few Cloudy Days of Mighty Journalists.

"Live and learn." Alas, that is too often a fallacy! We live and continue in wilful and culpable ignorance. It has been more than hinted to us that both Stevenson and Stoddard while sojourning in these Islands and often really needing newspaper help and newspaper space as a financial backer, met with bitter slights and disappointment too often and were bidden indirectly, negatively, to bide "their turn" while often weak if not wholly illiterate tiresome verbose bosh took the precedence of their brilliant and elegant descriptions, perhaps of the wayside, the hillside, country-side, their lovely gems of story and of song.

It should bring the tears to our eyes when we think of certain times of those noble men and remarkable writers, and the petty, miserable jealousy of it all. Such is life too often amongst the newspaper clan. Human nature and its foibles as with all other crafts and trades.

(Well, also, do we recollect the scornful remarks of Joaquin Miller, the King of Journalists.)

Today they are famous, even in these Islands, they are great authors we all affirm. Today they are dead (not hidden). Pass.

"All trees are timber, but pine is not mahogany."—Spanish.

Our Sports Page (pro tem).

The Star, a dry old ink-pot, even (what times) while it "runs in," daily, columns of the milk ordinance, oh yes, the delinquent taxpayers, a tiresome stock report, cheapest cartoons of boiler-plate

and a leader copied, perhaps, from the Mainland or the Advertiser.

If troubled with insomnia put a Star under your head; that is the celestial blossom to induce sleep.

The Bulletin, a noisy big black brat, that rattles first over the road in the afternoon like an empty army wagon with a span of mules attached and carrying no goods home —ah!

End of sport page!

Ehlers has Russia crash, the first exported since the war.

"There's many a slip, twixt the cup and the lip."

February 15.—We are all sorry enough to hear of Editor Smith's painful accident.

(Reminiscence.)

The father was most abstemious in his later life, both in meat and drink; a perfect Christian gentleman of the old school; he was one of the electors from Massachusetts when the first Harrison was chosen president and only for the dear mother would have gone to Congress the following winter.

He was a Methodist and at one time paid one-half for building a new meeting house, but later he became an ardent Presbyterian on account of the sermons of one preacher. For a few months previous to his death he was a regular communicant of the Episcopal Church. He was entirely opposed to Prohibition and taught us that it was, and must be, "contrary to the Constitution."

He was a daily student of the Bible in his later years; and, the only other book he conned at that time was The Pilgrim's Progress, which he declared was the most marvelous teaching, next to the Bible. At that time we did not know very much about that most perfect English classic: Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The father would quote to us, "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold;" and truly his mild rebuke tarries in our ears today and tends to the making of us very charitable; for, we had that uncommon man for a father before we had any opinions of our own be it said.

The Fleet is again our delightful welcome guest. Aloha.

Paris (labelle) has been a crazy-drunk (delirium tremens) with pleasure, from palace to gutter, in all the years; riotous living has

been the rule and not the exception.

The Seine, the river Parisian worshipped and quoted, has given the insane an awful lesson and has now retreated.

The innocent have been swept, with the guilty, into the furious maelstrom. (It is now, in order, to bury the dead, to feed the hungry and to clean up the mud and stench, with keen and searching activity.)

San Francisco was termed, "A little Paris!"

"In what was the resemblance?" Oh, in the unwonted, spendthrift gaiety, likely—turning night into day, reversing the natural order of things, etc.

"Plato, thou reasonest well; else whence this pleasing hope, this longing after immortality?"

We know not what will be, true, except from analogy. We are born into this beautiful world full of activity, full of order and system.

We see in all nature life springing from decay and death; the tree dies but a sapling comes in its place to live, bear fruit and in its turn, die. We must believe the words of God and have faith. Nothing is clearer to the reason than the doctrine of the resurrection. "Our Father, who art in heaven!"

It is the kind words that meet us everywhere we go and makes our work light. Every single gentleman on the street has a cheering word for the little sheet; and even the editors and reporters say the Times is not such a bad fellow after all.

Mr. Galt: "We'll always have the Times; never hesitate to come for the money."

And Martin, the only tailor, "Oh, yes, that is the very one that suits us (and always gives us fits); and Mr. Oat: Don't pass by our place and no paper, I want my Times. Mr. Waldron: Always come here, never fail.

In every office, in every store, man or woman, it is the same pleasant look and helpful word, awaiting us.

Pastor, priest, fire chief, sheriff, doctor, lawyer, judge, sister, brother, Secretary, Governor, clerk, Treasurer, Superintendent, Assessor, dentist, planter, banker, shoemaker, shoe-seller, locksmith, hotels and cafes, dry goods and wet goods, umbrellas and overcoats, harness and painters, ship owners and land owners, plumbers, profes-

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ANNE M. PRESCOTT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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It is a fine crowd and a paying crowd. We never lose a cent.

All must admit that Mr. Thurston has "the pen of a ready writer" and that his reply to Jack London's letter is swift and powerful in its profound wisdom and logical argument. Jack London will have had points given him in Hawaiian provincialism, forsooth. Go to. ("He jumped into a briar bush and scratched out both his eyes.")

Poor Jack! Many a landsman ("land lubber") can take a lesson in courtesy and common decency from these sailors in our midst, so respectful, so mannerly, so patient with their lot, so uncomplaining.

When we knew that so many of them were paying double often and for poor places, just for the chance of sleeping ashore, off the ship and under a roof!

Poor Jack, with his small income paying the highest for everything; good-natured and happy for his few days' brief treat on land—poor Jack.

The town has reaped a harvest from poor Jack; he is under no obligations, it is all the other way.

February 10.—Seven hundred tourists due by the Cleveland on the 12th inst. Well, well! And "St. Andrew's" is in high feather surely, what with gift of land from Mr. Irwin and \$6000 from a lady. These things talk, indeed!

But ("Prohibition," am a hard road to travel, looks like.)

BREAKFAST FOODS GOOD EXCEPT
WHEN USED EXCLUSIVELY.

There is one instance of a possible excess in the feeding of carbohydrates which should not be overlooked. This danger comes from the persistent crusade in favor of cereal products and it illustrates the harm which may come from a one-sided food wrongly advertised. If you turn over the pages of the

first advertising section which reaches your hand, you will see that a large percentage of the foods advertised there are cereals. Cereals are excellent and valuable foods. Their advertisement becomes questionable only when the greater part of the effort made is to impress on the buying public the idea that these foods and these foods only provide the ideal diet. A breakfast from some of them is claimed to contain exactly the ingredients needed for strength and energy, while a saucer or two at luncheon and a pudding made of the same substance for dinner will, they consider, produce a harmony of effort of body and brain unattainable in any other way. The follower of these glowing statements takes for his medical counsellor and guide the press agent of the advertised food. The man who blindly follows the press agent's directions is taking a grave chance. If our present beliefs in dietetics point to one thing more than to another it is towards the necessity of keeping up nitrogenous equilibrium. If that is not kept at a level by the feeding of proteids the body must draw upon its own structure to do its daily tasks, an action which weakens its frame.

* * *

"Toast (however) is food half-digested." (Once in every 24 hours is not too often to partake of meat, for a well person; and, to keep strong and well.—Ed.)

* * *

"Bread and cheese are enough to set the table."—English.

* * *

February 12.—When the Cleveland with its nearly thousand souls was sighted this morning early, it was raining; but the clouds began to courteously bow and bend and gently and quietly recede and disappear behind the green hills until they skirted with a white wainscot only the entire horizon; the dome became cloudless and the day magnificent, Honolulu looking as a resplendent immense hot-house garden, filled with richest dyes of every hue from lavish Nature's honest paint-pot (one enormous flowerpot) sky, sea and hilltop all in harmony! (We know no discord in Honolulu.)

Listen to our music!
Lunch at our hotels!
Sit on our beaches!
Wear our leis!
Look at our shops!

Meet at the post-office!
Enter our banks!
Visit our schools!
Look in at the Aquarium!
Drive by our parks!
Enter our valleys!

(Talk with our editors!)
Oh! Harmony, "A concord of sweet sounds." As no other where on this globe, east, west, north or south.

P. C. Jones now retiring from the too active arena is one of our famous noblemen. "None know him but to love him, none name P. C. Jones but to praise."

And they should, all should, and all will for he has good-will and a kindly spirit deeply imprinted upon his face. Large man that he is, he is as gentle as a woman when spoken to, never hasty but considerate, thinking twice, reasonable, a master mind, not easily disturbed; but watchful. Such to us appears the truly honorable Peter Cushman Jones. Long may he be a working factor in our Island problems.

The Elks' carnival has already "success" written all over every bit of timber, in letters as tall as the roof-garden opposite, eh? Tom Sharp. We are going to every show inside two days in memory of our ancestor, G. W., two days—two days.

That park will then become what we term, "home industry." Fact.

The yellow dragon we always like to see flying on King street. It is a fine banner and reminds of a big sunflower. The Chinese are a happy, contented, self-satisfied lot of Orientals, peaceable, honest and intensely industrious whether at work or at play. The New Year is their truly play-time and treat time and we are glad they are sensible enough to take a real let-up and let-off once a year (which is more than can be noted of many of their Mellican friends and employers).

(It is a true safety valve.)

P. C. A.

Every department of the morning paper is today we claim a well-got-up column from the editorial to the shipping, army, navy and sporting news. It has never made a better appearance to our mind. It is preëminently a handsome, clean, clever truthful journal and we will give it its due and not be niggardly stingy in the matter. We also mail the Advertiser.

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ble there, provided the reports from the laborers here are of a tenor to overcome the effect of those already sent out and to present the conditions here as they should be.

Incidents like those which took place at the landing of the Russian immigrants yesterday are not of a nature to encourage the latest comers into thinking they have been met by the friendliness the representations of Atkinson and Perelstrous have undoubtedly led them to expect. American travelers are more or less accustomed to baggage smashers, but they would not stand for the box robberies, the callous way in which most previous belongings were thrown about and damaged, the general and almost studied mishandling of perishable goods, such as was shown in the way the household goods and the sole earthly possessions of the Russians were handled yesterday.

These people are coming under territorial auspices, induced through the representations of government officials, and entitled, surely, to more than the ordinary government protection and guidance until able to look out for themselves. Thousands of dollars are being spent to bring the Russians here. Is that money to be thrown away through the carelessness of freight handlers on the waterfront and the ignorance of some few field lunas?

Employers could well afford to go out of their way a trifle to build up a contented Russian colony in Hawaii, a colony that could be a center around which a contented people could and would gather.—P. C. Advertiser.

THE ARBITERS.

It ain't whut they say in th' Senate,
It ain't whut they say in th' court;
It ain't whut is said by the men at
Their desks makin' up a report;
But th' fellers that gethers at
Todd's store at night
An' argy on tariff an' whether it's
right
So's t' know how t' vote as they git
th' best light,
Them's th' Court y' might call
Last Resort.

It ain't whut they say in th' papers,
Although there's a right smart
amount;
It ain't th' Congressional capers
Thet flows a perpetual fount;
But th' fellers that lean over Hiram
Gregg's fence

An' talks th' thing over fr'm hither
to hence

A-tryin' t' git it all down t' hard
sense,

They're a-doin' th' talkin' that
counts.

It ain't whut they say at th' dinners,
When fellers git up with white
vests;

Git back t' th' weavers an' spinners
Thet got Work an' Worry for
guests;

Th' fellers that elbow on Bud Higgins's bench

With thirst fer real knowledge
they're tryin' t' quench,

An' markin' their pauses with ham-
mer an' wrench,

Th' East's voice is theirs, an' th'
West's.

It ain't whut they say in th' lobbies,
It ain't whut they say in th'
marts,

It ain't whut they say where th'
mob is,

It jeers once or twice an' departs.
But th' fellers that linger at Jonas
Gray's gate

An' talk over matters of country
an' State,

An' make up their minds—them th'
chaps pays th' freight,

An' their talk is down close to
their hearts.

—J. W. Foley.



(Halloo a Postmaster Pratt!
House yourself?)



By Mary H. Krout.

There seems to be a growing disposition to burden teachers, who are already over-burdened, with responsibilities that properly belong to parents.

An order was recently promulgated which created a good deal of excitement in the Chicago public schools. A law had been enacted by the legislators of Illinois, many of whom never enter a school room from one year's end to another, making the teaching of "humanity" obligatory. There must be half an hour's specific instruction twice each week in kindness to animals, and failing to obey this law—for such it now is—the teacher forfeits one hours' pay. The men responsible for such a law are evidently not aware that the teaching of humanity goes on constantly. The readers used in recitation, the stories told both by the children themselves and by their teachers, endeavor to in-

culcate kindness and care for the weak and helpless.

But the main point in the controversy is this, that while the teacher who is conscientiously doing her duty does back up the parent, moral training should begin, and continue at home.

The priests of the Roman Catholic church shrewdly declare that if they can form the child's mind for the first ten years of his life, they have no fear of any serious counter-influence, after that.

The teaching humanity should be amongst the first training a child receives from its mother. It should be made to know that it must not torture the cat—nor should it be given the kitten to play with. I had seen women sit and sew placidly, or chat unconcernedly, while a poor little animal in the hands of a strong, ignorant child was being subjected to the most hateful torture. After permitting that sort of thing without rebuke or restraint for six years, a child will be a good deal beyond the power of any teacher to reform it, and its cruel propensities will probably grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. It is within the home, not only by precept but by example, that kindness, gentleness and justice, must be fixed in the character. With this preliminary preparation, the teacher finds her proper task sufficiently easy—to nurture and develop that which had already been inculcated.

A woman in an elevator in one of the large retail stores saw a boy wearing his hat. She said very sharply: "Why don't you take off your hat? Is that the way you are taught at school?"

In the first place the courtesy of expecting a man or boy to remove his hat in an elevator is decidedly open to question, and if it were not, one can not help reflecting that the necessity of removing his hat at the proper time and place should have been taught him by his mother, and not by his teacher, the teacher merely supplementing the mother's training during the hours in which the boy was in her charge.

Children are constantly sent to school from good families, from homes where the parents are educated Christian people, and yet they show evidences of the most shocking lack of training. Their pronunciation and language are that of the slums, they are rude, violent

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and selfish,—vices that have often sprung from sheer neglect, and not from any abnormal evil propensity. The sensible question to ask in such a case is not, "What sort of a teacher has he had?" but "What kind of parents?"

It is true that teachers are found, occasionally, who are lacking in good breeding—even in right principles, who use in the school room, in the hearing of their pupils, the most vulgar slang and the most offensive epithets. Their manners are coarse and bad, and it is deplorable that a child should be committed to their charge for even a day. But they are the rare exception and not the rule, and the vices and rudenesses of children neglected at home, can not with any fairness be charged up to the school as a whole.

Force of example is of incalculable importance. It may bring to pass what no words can undo. A man who beats his horse, who drives it with a cruel over-check rein, has its tail docked, neglects and ill-uses it, can hardly expect a high degree of thoughtfulness and kindness in his sons.

The woman who is herself indolent, self-indulgent and lacking in a sense of justice, can hardly expect industry, unselfishness and fair

dealing in her daughter. Both father and mother must do and say the things they demand in the conduct of their children. Failing to do this, they have no right to make a scapegoat of the teacher. Though she were endowed with super-human powers she could not undo the consequences of the bad example they have had at home, or supply the deficiencies in training that should be begun in babyhood and continued, without ceasing, by the parents themselves. It is not, and never was, the plan of founders of the public school that they should be moral infirmaries, except where children have been born and reared in conditions of extreme vice and ignorance, and nothing is to be expected from the brutalized fathers and mothers. For others, the training of the mind is the main object, this to be supplemented by sound home training in morals and manners.

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Gits dreamin' an' hears
Th' city's glad music come swellin'
So sweet to his ears;

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Th' woods ain't th' same an' th' blossoms

Thet he loved so long,
As if some worm-canker was eatin'
Th' heart of th' song.

Th' feller that lives in th' country
Gits dreamin' an' sees
Th' city's glad columns go marchin'
As gay as y' please;
Till furriers is long-turned an' lone-

some
When twilight gits gray,
An' somethin' like canker is
blightin'
Th' heart of th' day.

Th' feller that lives in th' city
Gits dreamin' an' hears
Th' country's soft choruses murmur
So sweet in his ears;
Th' streets ain't th' same an' th'

towers
Thet he knew so long,
An' somethin' like sorrow is eatin'
Th' heart of th' song.

Th' feller that lives in th' city
Gits dreamin' an' sees
Green hills where th' cattle are
browsin'

An' all through th' trees
Deep shadders so cool an' refreshin'
With squirrels at play,
An' somethin' like longin' is
blightin'
Th' heart of his day.

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