

SCHOOL TOPICS

Edited by E. E. COAD

WRITING

Why do the schools teach a form or system of writing that has no place in the business schools or in commercial life where the best is demanded? Has the question ever occurred to you? I have had to answer it many times and often the inquiry has implied the belief that I had local remedial power in my own hands. Thus is introduced the course of study, a more formidable expression than most persons realize.

The course of study in any school, in any state, determines what a child may study and what a teacher shall teach. Some states offer a mere suggestive course of study which the schools may follow if they wish. Other states have a mandatory course of study but leave the selection of the text books to either the county or the school district. But in Oregon we have a mandatory course of study for second and third class school districts and this includes the text books used. The text books are selected by the State Text Book Commission for a period of six years and the schools are not allowed to use another book to take the place of the book selected.

Ten years ago the vertical system of writing was forced upon the teachers of the state and they were compelled to use it. No matter if they were graduates from a course in business writing they were compelled to teach vertical writing in the schools. At the end of six years,

four years ago, the system was changed again to what is called the Outlook system, this being a cross between the vertical and slant writing. And we have been told that we must teach this. The law requires it and it must be done. So for two more years we must teach a system of writing that has little or no place in the business world. Vertical writing is mere copying. You cannot write it and use the muscular movement so necessary for easy rapid writing. As a matter of fact I have not felt like trying to do very much with writing for I have felt that my hands were tied by the state requirement. Many of the teachers can do excellent work in writing but they cannot use the Outlook system.

Ten years ago I opposed the adoption of the vertical system of writing but my protest did not seem to have any appreciable effect. I know that the state superintendent will favor a business system of writing for the schools of the state when the time comes for a change. There are a few fanatics left who still want vertical writing. If you have any opinions on the question I am sure that the state department would like to have your viewpoint. Do you want your child taught a common sense business hand writing? If it were possible to introduce such a system into the public schools at this time, and it is possible that it can be done, would you stand back of the school board in doing it? Other schools in the state are teaching business writing, why not Hood River?

HEIGHTS CLUB TAKES UP WEIGHTY MATTERS

At a meeting of the Men's Mutual Improvement League held in the reading room of the Baptist church on Friday, Oct. 13th, the following resolution was adopted, after a very interesting discussion:

October 18, 1911.

To the Honorable Oswald West, Governor of the State of Oregon: At a meeting of the Men's Mutual Improvement League of the town of Hood River, held on the 13th day of October, 1911, the subject for discussion was the policy Governor West has pursued in the treatment of criminals in the state penitentiary.

At the close of the discussion a resolution was unanimously adopted approving of said policy as the most just and humane, the most wise, and

the most Christian which an enlightened and progressive age has yet discovered. We hope and believe that its beneficial results will justify and impel a continuance of this policy, and that the governors of all other states of our Union will be persuaded ere long to follow in the footsteps of our progressive and courageous governor.

This resolution is forwarded to you with the belief that such words of commendation from a few of your fellow citizens, who, with yourself, are earnestly thinking and striving for better political conditions, will not be unwelcome.

E. E. COAD, (Supt. of Schools) H. LEE FORDING, Committee on Resolutions.

At last Friday evening's meeting the subject for discussion was Woman's Suffrage. The amusing feature of the discussion was the fact that nearly every man present spoke in favor of giving women the right to vote, while the only woman who spoke was very strongly opposed to the idea of women "having the privilege forced upon them by a lot of misguided men."

A Painful Mistake.

Bitter experience is a wonderful teacher. No doubt the young lady of whom London Ideas tells had often been told that she ought to wear glasses, but had neglected or refused to do so.

There was a most determined look in her eye, however, as she marched into the optician's shop.

"I want a pair of glasses immediately," she said, "good, strong ones. I won't be without them for another day!"

"Good, strong ones?" "Yes, please. I was out in the country yesterday, and I made a very painful blunder, which I have no wish to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook an entire stranger for an old friend, perhaps?" "No, nothing of the sort. I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

Life In Persian Oases.

Dr. Sven Hedin, describing his overland journey to India across the Persian desert, gives a graphic account of the oases where his party occasionally camped under palm trees. There the singing birds which twitter during the day are silent at night, but the "song of the desert" is continued during the hours of darkness by the melancholy serenade of the jackals. These oases are infested by three objectionable and dangerous inhabitants—a deadly snake, black and white scorpions and a poisonous tarantula spider, which, although it lives out in the desert, is attracted to the oases by the light of the campfires.

Her Self Sacrifice.

"She's awfully self sacrificing." "How do you make that out?" "Well, she stayed at home from church Sunday to sit up with a sick woman."

"Hub! She isn't a regular church-goer. I don't see anything self sacrificing in that." "You don't? But, my dear, she had a new gown and a new hat that had just arrived Saturday night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Real Ingratitude.

"Republicans are ungrateful," said the ready made philosopher. "Perhaps," replied Mr. Chuggins, "but if you want a taste of real ingratitude take a party of friends out for an automobile ride and listen to their sarcastic remarks if you happen to break down."—Washington Star.

At the Literary Club.

"Maria, what was done at the meeting of your literary club last night?" "We fined Mrs. Chilton-Kearney \$5 for accusing Mrs. Hightmas of cheating at bridge."—Chicago Tribune.

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THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.

Rostrand's "Chantecler" Put Into Shade by These Four Spasms.

SPASM I.—A farmyard. The gobbler has gathered his family about him and has announced that the morrow is Thanksgiving and that one of them is in deadly peril.

THE GOBBLER: "Dusk is drawing on apace, and unless our wits Avert the blow tomorrow one must die.

The cock's shrill note proclaims each coming morn Unto our master's house. To this cock's sympathies We must appeal."

SPASM II.—The same. The turkey family visit the cock, led by the gobbler, who struts into the presence of his host with great dignity.

THE GOBBLER: "Honored cock, tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and I fear that one of us is doomed to die To satiate the gluttonous proclivities Our common master and his brood display.

We have observed that at the morn you daily sound A clarion note. That note tomorrow Will pronounce our doom. If you will but neglect And, grateful for your service, we will fast

The Hvelong day, and you shall feast Upon our portion."

THE COCK: "Shortsighted bird! Our master has a clock that sounds the hours

Of day and night upon a deep toned gong. My voice no longer rouses him, and I Am powerless in the premises. Your offer of reward is worse than naught.

For if the master rises not at morn Pray whence will come the feast you promise me?"

THE GOBBLER: "Tis well. We'll stop the clock."

SPASM III.—The farmer's dining room at 9 o'clock p. m. The turkey family gather round the ancient clock. The cock is an interested spectator.

THE GOBBLER: "I will turn back The hands, and you, my love, hold fast the pendulum."

THE HEN: "My lord, the pendulum is still!"

OMNES: "And we are safe."

SPASM IV.—The farmer's dining room at midday on Thanksgiving. The family and a number of friends are seated around a table groaning beneath its weight of toothsome viands. The sunshine streams through the ample window with greater warmth than at morning when it awakes the farmer.

THE FARMER: "Deacon, please return our thanks." [The deacon delivers an invocation.] "Marlar, pass the turkey."

Very Thoughtful.

Mrs. Comler on a tour of inspection through her friend's house—Gracious! Why do you have such a high bed for your little boy? Mrs. Houselier—So we can hear him if he falls out. You have no idea what heavy sleepers my husband and I are.—Chicago News.

All kinds of printing at News office.

Ready For Him.

She made her first cake, and, wishing to "jolly" her, the husband winked at her brother and said: "Nice cake, dear. Are you sure, though, that you used baking powder in it?"

"No," she said as a little smile flickered around her mouth. "I didn't have baking powder, so I put in a substitute."

"Ah," said the husband brightly, "and what was that?" "Cement, dear," said the wife sweetly.

Scorn. Mrs. Mumps—Your husband wears 'is 'air terrible short, Mrs. Gubb. Mrs. Gubb—Yes, the coward!—M. A. P.

Mount Hood Railroad

Time Table No. 12, Effective April 17th, 12:01 A. M.

Table with columns: A.M.—South, North—P.M., Hood River, Powerdale, Switchback, VanHorn, Mohrs, Odell, Summit, Bloucher, Winans, Ar. Dee, Lv. Dee, Ar. Troutereek, Woodworth, Ar. Parkdale, Lv. Parkdale.

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