

SUPT. GOLDEN REPLIES TO CRITICISM OF ADDRESS

Editor Coos Bay Times,—
The Coos Bay Harbor, in an account of the laying of the cornerstone of the new North Bend High School, said: "Planted in the midst of the forest, almost, was the foundation of one of the largest buildings in southwest Oregon, certainly the largest educational institution in the United States 60 miles from a railroad, this we can say with no fear of successful contradiction." I will not contradict this statement, but will simply point to the twenty-six-room High School building now nearing completion in Marshfield, about twice as large as the very creditable structure in North Bend, above referred to, and in which could almost be hidden the latter building.

In the same issue, the editor says: "The North Bend High School is the only high school in Coos county accredited at the University." Neither will I contradict this statement, but will let the following letter answer the assertion:

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON,
EUGENE, November 7, 1908.
Mr. F. A. Golden, Superintendent City Schools, Marshfield, Ore.

Dear Sir: Your letter of November 2, is just at hand. In reply I am very glad to say that the Marshfield High School is fully accredited to the University of Oregon. We are very glad to admit its graduates to the freshman class of the university without examination. I am sending you under separate cover today a copy of the University catalogue, in which you will find on page 41 a list of the accredited schools, Marshfield being included.

With kindest regards, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
A. R. TIFFANY, Registrar.

I will supplement the letter by stating that we have teachers in the Marshfield schools who now have their credit sheets, given them by the State University for their work in the Marshfield High School, long before the North Bend High School was born.

The editorial comments of the Harbor on my brief extemporaneous talk at the exercises, show as glaring errors as do the two statements above quoted. The writer misconstrues the whole tenor of my remarks, and places me in the attitude of advocating views entirely unthought of. I made no argument against the State University, nor did I advocate cutting out of our high schools work preparing for entry into that institution. The idea that I tried to develop, and which, I think, most of those who heard me understood, is that inasmuch as less than 5 per cent of our high school pupils ever go to the university, it is an error to shape the high school course of study "solely" with an aim to preparing for the university. I maintained that the high school is the "poor man's college," and that as all the education the great majority of high school children will ever get must come from the High School, the courses should be so varied and coordinated as to afford them instruction that will prove most useful to them as supporters of families and citizens of the commonwealth, this in addition to preparing for the university those who may have the inclination, the means and the determination to go through the higher institution. I urged, further, that the work should be so arranged as to hold the boys and girls as long as possible. The greatest weakness of our public schools is their failure to retain the pupils in school till tangible results can be secured. Statistics show that more than half the pupils who enter the primary grades leave school before they complete the sixth grade. Why is this? They are tired of the dull routine of school work. They want to "do" something, to earn some money. Why not make the work of the upper grades more interesting? Relieve the dull grind of mental application—of Latin, of abstract mathematics, of the numerous "ologies," by putting in something for the hands to do, something that will brighten the eye, relieve the pent up strain, and add interest to the mental work, and at the same time develop latent capabilities. A narrow, stereotyped course of study which all alike regardless of their natural inclinations and aptitudes are compelled to follow, will not accomplish this end. On the contrary, it will drive the unsatisfied into the factories and the work-shops, with almost no education.

The Harbor says: "Education comes by achievements and the filling of minds by the manual training, domestic science method is too often

the way to create bigotted fools." This statement is sadly at variance with the views of leaders in educational thought and development today all over the world. I believe the heads of the schools in the hundreds and thousands of cities and towns in the United States, know what they are doing when they are introducing manual training and domestic science into their schools. One thing they have demonstrated: that is that they have added very largely to the enthusiasm in their schools, and it will be news to them if told that they are "creating bigotted fools."

The editor further says: "Education is necessarily first and last, training. If the person aspiring to the goal cannot reach it, it may be for other reasons than that the school 'they' desire to attend is situated in some place not immediately accessible. This last handicap is the one fact that is often the means of 'them' securing real education in life's affairs." This argument (not the grammar of its structure, however), is an argument in favor of the position I took. First: Education is "training"—training of hands and eyes as well as of mind. Second: Though claiming as is true that some are spurred on to extra exertion because the means of the education desired are not at hand, it is, at the same time an unconscious admission that the great majority fail to reach the goal because of this very reason.

It is absurd for the Harbor to assert that I advocated "a complete course of instruction in every known branch of science, every known trade, every known art, brought right to the door," simply because I urged that the complete high school should be so organized as to give those unable to go to the university, development and training along such lines as will be most useful to them in the battle of life, as well as prepare for the university.

My address, if it can be so styled, was in response to an invitation, and though I freely admit it was poorly prepared, I regret to see that the Harbor's spleen was aroused thereby. The editor has endeavored to tear my effort into shreds. He admits there were many things that were good. It is noticeable however, that if he did find any good things in it, he generously neglected to mention them. He says: "Mr. Golden was not of the optimistic nature of the former speakers." Indeed, I was afraid my greatest mistake was in saying too many nice things about North Bend's enterprise, and her progressive people. I find my one serious mistake was in asserting that I did not consider that, as yet, there is a real high school in Coos county. This, of course, included North Bend, and although I emphasized the fact that this live town is preparing to establish one, the former assertion could not be forgiven. Though the editor may claim to be satisfied with their High School in North Bend, evidently the citizens are not. Otherwise they would not go to the great expense they are laudably entailing, in their efforts to secure the ideal. Though Marshfield has had a high school for twelve years, the pupils from which have never but once been defeated in any kind of contest, or competition, literary or athletic, still she is not yet satisfied that she has the best, nor will she be till she has a school that will afford all her children the opportunity of such development and training as will be most useful to them, whether their natural aptitudes and inclinations be literary, scientific or mechanical, or whether they have the determination to secure the fuller development of the university.

F. A. GOLDEN.

CITIZENS LEAGUE NOTICE.
Nominations will be made at meeting Thursday, November 12, 1908, at 8 p. m., at Finnish Hall. All members are earnestly requested to attend.

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Settled by a Vitascope.

[Original.]
There are commonplace things and there are strange coincidences that turn the current of our lives. A human career may be likened to a chip cast into a rivulet. It goes with the current, over stones, tumbling from tiny cascades, till it is caught in an eddy and stranded. Some slight disturbance starts it again, and after a few setbacks it rejoins the channel. Caught by a fallen branch, it waits till released by a swelling of the waters. And so it goes till it is at last thrown into the ocean.

When I was about twenty I went to a cornhusking. I remember sitting in a pile of corn beside a girl of sixteen. Suddenly in tearing a husk I saw that the ear it inclosed was red. Claiming the privilege of cornhuskers when a red ear is found, I kissed my companion.

I had met one of the defections in the current of my career.

There was a pretty blush, a slight resistance, the kiss, the blush and the resistance making a charming combination. Later in the barn I danced with my little girl, went with her at midnight across the moonlit fields to her home and kissed her again in the shadow of the vine overhanging the porch.

There followed a courtship as tender, as sweet, as fragrant as a young rose plant, only there were no thorns. The thorns grew later. We became engaged.

There was no opposition to our engagement and no reason why we should not marry, though we were too young to marry at once. For two years life was a garden spot, though we did not know how happy we were because we were inexperienced. Loving was like breathing.

Then when we were ready to be married my little girl and her mother must needs go to the city for her trousseau.

I joined them there after the purchases had been made for a few days' sightseeing and to bring them back. We two, my fiancée and myself, went to the park, to the theater, to shows of different kinds. One day we were walking down a broad thoroughfare, jostled by an immense crowd of people. Seeing some jewels blazing in a shop window, I called my fiancée's attention to one of them and asked her if she would like to buy it. She smiled but, oh, how sweet it was!

Fate threw in our way an obstacle. The wedding did not take place. I did not know the real cause, but I suspected her mother of changing her mind. My fiancée was at an age to be dominated by a stronger person and gave way. She broke the engagement.

After this the country grew dull to me, and I concluded to go to town to live. I went into business and prospered. Ten years passed, and I had never married. Being a member of several clubs and having the means where-with to enjoy city life, I did not care to give up my bachelorhood. At times I even considered my mother-in-law that was to have been as having done me a favor in throwing me over. Had it not been for her I would have been tied down to the drudgery of a family.

One day, being away from home—I really had no home in the full meaning of the word—while waiting for an appointment I sauntered into a vaudeville show. A vitascope was a feature of the performance, and one of the scenes given was a crowded street in a great city. The throng was both going and coming, those going fading in the distance, those coming growing larger as they advanced till, reaching the foreground, it seemed that they would walk right in among the audience.

My eyes suddenly became fixed on a young couple in the moving picture. My heart stood still. My love of some ten years before was the girl. Then, to my amazement, the young man was myself. My photographed figure pointed to a shop window and said something. The girl looked at my double and smiled. Then in another moment they came on as if about to walk over us, when they disappeared.

When we two lovers were together, preparatory to our intended wedding, we had been unconsciously photographed.

But that smile! It brought back the delightful period from the moment when at the cornhusking I had found the red ear till the breaking of my engagement. I was older now and was conscious of the change in me. Indeed it had taken me some time to recognize myself in the vitascope. She was the same in my memory as in the picture, though I realized that she must have changed.

I felt again the delight of a young love. Quick as lightning my inner self was transformed. My bachelor life became not only dull, but disagreeable. I saw myself cold, selfish, corrupt. I had not realized the low tone of a bachelor clubman, a man of the world. The smile of a simple country girl had not only revealed it to me, but had shown me the beauty of purity.

I made a resolve. I would go and find my young love, and if it were possible to win her again I would do so.

I found her grown from a girl to a woman. She had been living a life of regret that a decision in her life had come when she was of such a tender age as to be dominated by an older person. All this time when I was associating with people whom I cared nothing for and who cared nothing for me she had been waiting for me to come back to her.

My married life had been settled by a vitascope.

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