WONDERFUL WORK FOR THE BLIND IN ENGLAND

British Claim as Finest in World the Great Institution for Training the Sightless Created by Dr. F. J. Campbell, Who Was Driven From His Native State of Tennessee for His Opinions

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LONDON, March 19—There recently was published in many American newspapers an interesting article about America's famous living blind men. It contained no reference, however, to Dr. Francis Joseph Campbell, an American who is the head of the Royal Normal college and academy of music for the blind at Norwood, one of the suburbs of London. So far as it is possible for such an institution to be the work of one man the college is Dr. Campbell's own creation. Englishmen believe it to be the best of its kind in the world, and the man who has made it what it is is worth telling about.

Dr. F. J. Campbell may not be the world's most wonderful blind man. Certainly he would never claim that distinction for himself. But a still greater distinction may be claimed for him. He has done more for the dwellers in the kingdom of eternal night than any other blind man. When destiny has a great work in store for a man she usually prepares him for it by giving him a particularly rough time. That is almost invariably the case when the work required of him is the helping of others. He must suffer that he may know how to mitigate suffering; he must surmount great obstacles before he can show others how to surmount them. It was so with Dr. Campbell.

He was not born blind. But to qualify him for his life's task it was essential that he should lose his sight. Playing in the yard of his parents' home in Franklin county, Tennessee, one day when he was between three and four years old, he ran into an acacia tree and a sharp thorn pierced an eyeball. Under proper medical treatment it is probable that he would have suffered no permanent injury to his eyesight. At the worst he would have lost the sight of only one eye. But an incompetent doctor was at hand to see that he should be properly fitted for his future sphere of usefulness. By doing the wrong thing this doctor set up a dangerous inflammation in the injured eye. It spread to the other eye, and before it subsided the sight of both eyes was gone forever.

DR. F. J. CAMPBELL

FLORAL GIFTS FOR DR CAMPBELL

No School for Blind.

Tennessee had no school for the blind in those days. Not until the boy was 10 years old was a small one opened in Nashville. Thither young Campbell was sent. He had a passion for learning. Within three-quarters of an hour after his arrival he had mastered the alphabet. But it was no part of the scheme of destiny to make things easy for him. A terrible disappointment awaited him. When he turned up for his first lesson in music he made such a wretched failure of his attempts to sound his notes and showed such an utter incapacity to hum even a tune that his teacher decided then and there that musical instruction would be wasted on him. The man who has done more than any other man to make music the chief solace and support of the blind was forbidden to touch a piano. He was relegated to brush and basket making. Instead of crushing him, that only stimulated him. With or without the teacher's aid he determined that he would master music.

He hired one of the boys to give him lessons secretly. Three months later the music master, also blind, who had pronounced him hopelessly incompetent, chanced to enter the room where young Campbell was playing. "Who is that doing the new lesson so well?" he asked. "I, sir," replied the boy. "I have learned all that you have taught the other boys." Fifteen months later he gained the prize for pianoforte playing. He worked hard for it. As there were only two pianos in the school he had to get up at 4 o'clock in order to get his turn for practice. In the second winter the cold was intense. To make matters worse the coal gave out. But he still kept up his practice. He would play for half an hour, then, rushing into the playground, would run a mile at top speed by way of thawing his freezing limbs. By running 10 miles a day he was able to generate the bodily warmth needed to carry him through five hours' practice at the piano. When he was barely 20 he was appointed teacher of music in the very institution where, he says, "I had first been told I could never learn music."

Does Good Work.

Meanwhile by financial reverses his father had become greatly impoverished. The young man who was to accomplish such a great work in teaching the blind how to be selfsupporting had first to master that lesson himself. There were no limits to his energy. When he was appointed music teacher he took up other courses of study, which included mathematics, Latin and Greek. To keep pace with his selfappointed task work, while devoting much of the day to music lessons, he cut down the portion of sleep which he allotted himself to four hours. He kept two readers going. The first read to him until 10 o'clock at night. The second was waked up to begin his innings at 2 o'clock. The natural result of such systematic overwork was a complete nervous breakdown. Death or three month's holiday was the doctor's verdict. At first he was somewhat passionately bent on risking the former alternative, but, on second thought, he decided to try the holiday.

With a brother and friend he started off to the mountains, set up housekeeping in a cabin two miles away from anybody and went in for a hard spell of wood cutting and hill climbing. "In company with my brother," he says, "I could ascend almost inaccessible mountain cliffs. I became an expert climber. Once, far from our cabin we decided to quit the path and descend the steep face of the mountain, swinging ourselves from tree to tree. I could climb any tree that I could clasp with my arms." It is small wonder that when, many years later, Tyndall, the great scientist, meeting this indomitable man scaling a difficult Alpine peak (he is the only blind man who ever climbed Mount Blanc) with all the vigor and assurance of one possessed of the full use of his eyes, exclaimed "Are you really blind, or are you only humbugging?"

By the time his three months' holiday had expired he was completely restored and he had learned a lesson to which much of the success achieved by the famous Norwood institution is due. To make the blind strong and healthy—to generate in them a superabundance of vitality—is, according to Dr. Campbell, the first essential in equipping them to overcome the terrible handicap in the struggle of life which their lack of sight imposes on them.

Thirst for Knowledge.

His insatiable thirst for knowledge led Dr. Campbell to Harvard. There he married. But his apprenticeship to hard times was not yet over. He lost all his savings. He returned to Tennessee and was musical director of a flourishing girls' school. At Harvard he had come under the influence of Lloyd Garrison and it was as an abolitionist that he returned to Tennessee. In those days—it was in 1856—public feeling against abolitionists had reached that inflammatory stage in which passion alone holds sway and the ordinary rules of judgment are suspended. Dr. Campbell was not the man to hide his opinions. It soon became known that he was an abolitionist. To this offense a worse one was added. It was discovered that he was teaching a negro to read.

A deputation of prominent citizens waited upon him to convince him of the error of his ways. The deputation failed to convince him. He refused to abandon his abolitionist sentiments; he would not promise to give up teaching negroes. Finally an ultimatum was launched against him. If he did not change his decision in 24 hours he would be swung into eternity from the nearest tree. Dr. Campbell was left with his young wife to look at life and death through the hangman's noose. Probably the committee would never have gone to the length of executing its threat. Popular feeling, however excited, would not tolerate the lynching of a blind man. For the death sentence a boycott was substituted. All his pupils deserted him. The necessity of earning a livelihood compelled him to leave his native state. The work required of him lay elsewhere.

For a time he had a hard struggle to make both ends meet. He made his way to Boston and there the Perkins institution gave him the chance which put him on his feet again. He undertook to teach music for one term for nothing and so admirably did he succeed that he was installed as the head of the musical department, a position which he held for 11 years. It was in Boston that he laid the foundations in theory of the system which he was ultimately to apply so successfully at Norwood. That was the cultivation of the physical health and energy of the blind.

Overworked Himself.

It was inevitable that he should overwork himself. In 1869 he was given a year's furlough to rest. His idea of resting was making an exhaustive study of the methods and appliances of the best European institutions for the instruction of the blind. Then with a head packed full of ideas for a model institution for the blind he turned his face homewards. He arrived in London on June 23, 1871. He was booked to sail from Liverpool three days later.

The great life work for which he had undergone such a rigorous training lay close at hand, but he had not then the faintest idea of it. It was in the guise of an entire stranger that destiny intervened to keep him in England. The stranger was staying at the same hotel and noting that Dr. Campbell was blind told him that he was going to a tea party for the blind next day and asked him if he would like to attend. The American said he would be very glad. But for that casual meeting and invitation Dr. Campbell would have returned to America.

He went to the tea party. It was one of those stereotyped, charitable affairs where the afflicted, in return for tea and cakes, express with unctuous piety their gratitude to the donors. But in talking to Dr. Campbell, a fellow sufferer, they threw aside the mask and spoke freely of the depressing and hopeless monotony of their lot. Dr. Campbell learned that of 3,150 sightless persons then in London, 2,700 were dependent on charitable relief. "Before I left the meeting," said Dr. Campbell, "the burden of the blind poor in the great metropolis rested heavily upon me."

The tea party led to a meeting next day with Dr. Armitage, the founder of the British and Foreign Blind association, and the mainstay of the Indigent Blind Visiting association. The two men put their heads together and discovered that they had the same notions about the best way to deal with the problem of the blind. The idea of starting an institution which should embody these ideas was discussed between them. And the ship sailed from Liverpool without Dr. Campbell. The man and his work had met.

College at Norwood.

There is no space to tell the story of the seeming providential interventions by which the money necessary to make a start was obtained. The present magnificent college at Norwood, near the Crystal Palace, standing in 16 acres of beautiful grounds, was begun with three small houses. One of the pleasantest experiences of my life was the visit which I paid to it not long ago. But of such absorbing interest is the life story of the man to whom it is a more splendid monument than Westminster Abbey could afford that I have little space in which to describe it.

First, however, I must record my impressions of Dr. Campbell himself, who showed me around. He is a little man, now 74 years old, grey and grizzled, but brimful of energy and vitality. In his conversation there was never a note of repining over the affliction which had made his life one long night. He had found abundant happiness in his work. It would have been pardonable if he had shown some vanity in speaking of it, but there was not a trace of it. There was only great joy that he had been able to do it. With such ease and celerity did he move about from place to place that it was difficult to believe the dark colored spectacles which he wore screened sightless eyes.

One visits an institution for the blind with the expectation of having feelings of pity aroused for the inmates who are laboring under such a terrible affliction. But it was impossible to feel that way at Norwood. The master had embodiments of health and happiness. "A healthy mind in a healthy body," is our motto," said the doctor. "The blind have greater need of physical vigor and vitality than those who enjoy the blessings of sight, because their affliction makes the struggle for existence and a living so much harder for them than for normal persons." As one watched the pupils playing ninepins in the bowling alley, performing daring acrobatic feats in the gymnasium, dashing around the rink on roller skates, or strolling about the grounds, the difficulty was to believe that they were really bereft of sight. By some miracle they seemed to have acquired some sort of sixth sense which rendered sight superfluous. There were none of those timid footsteps and faltering movements which one naturally associates with the blind. Whatever they did—at work or play—they did with confidence and cheerful alacrity.

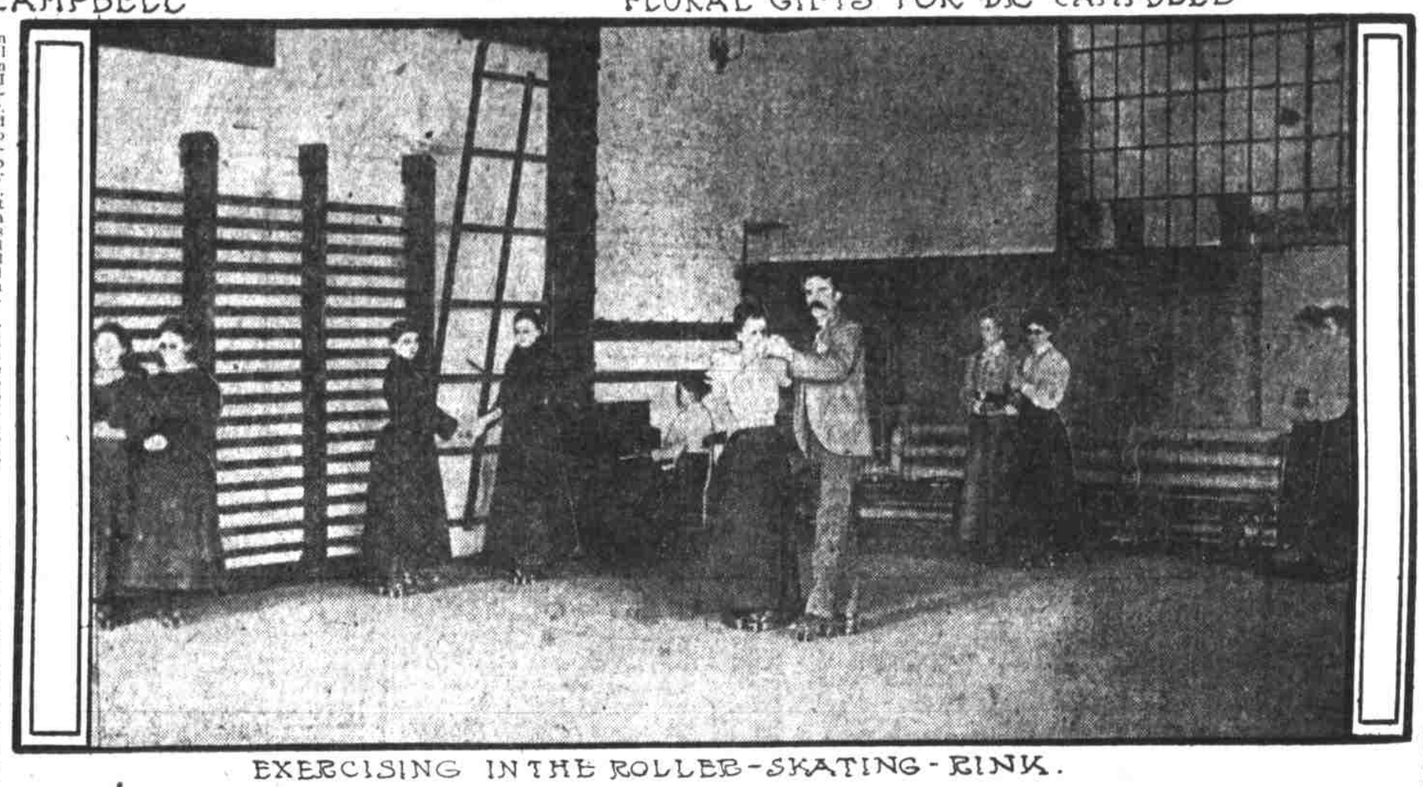
Other Improvements.

The gymnasium at Norwood is one of the best equipped in London. Whether male or female there is no inmate of the college who does not spend a portion of every day in gymnastic exercise which are so carefully graded as to bring into action every muscle of the body in turn. As a result of the attention paid to athletic exercise each pupil is said to develop about two inches extra about the waist in the first 12 months of his sojourn at the college. That means the accumulation of a great reserve force of strength, energy and vitality. It accounts for much of the rapid progress they make in their studies.

In many respects the teaching is like that of an ordinary college. The curriculum is a comprehensive one and includes English and general history, composition, literature, natural history, botany, physiology, astronomy, physics, political economy, etc. But the beginning of all sound teaching of the blind is the kindergarten. It is one of the most interesting sights of the college to see the young people modeling in clay, learning to draw by the aid of bent wires and taking their first lessons in plaiting. The difference between the children who have been taught in the kindergarten and those who have been put into the classes without having these preliminary advantages is very great. After the kindergarten the next step which gives manual dexterity and accuracy in the manipulation of tools is the Swedish sloyd class. The proficiency shown by the boys was amazing. With the aid of my two eyes I could not have produced anything like such exact workmanship as they were turning out without apparent effort.

Of all the departments of the college the one which is of the greatest value in fitting the blind to earn a livelihood is that in which they are taught piano-tuning and music. On this department Dr. Campbell has lavished an infinity of time and patience. It affords a striking contrast to the condition under which he obtained his musical education. To carry it on are needed 4 pipe organs, 60 pianos for teaching and 26 for instruction in tuning.

The best testimony to the efficiency of Dr. Campbell's methods is the fact that 80 per cent of the graduates of the Norwood college are self-supporting and many of these earn an excellent livelihood. When he began his work in England less than 10 per cent of the blind in this country were earning their own living. But the immediate work of the college affords only a small measure of the value of the work done by this outcast from Tennessee. It serves as the model for all similar institutions in the country. Englishmen believe it is the best college for the blind in the world. They have subscribed over $1,200,000 for its suport. King Edward is one of Dr. Campbell's warmest admirers. It has been rumored that he intends to confer a knighthood upon him. But Dr. Campbell has won in this land a prouder title than any his majesty could bestow upon him. It is the "King of the Blind."



EXERCISING IN THE ROLLER-SKATING-RINK.

Bernhardt in New Role.

Paris, March 19.—Sara Bernhardt has taken a part in the new comedy of Jean Richepin and Henri Cain, "The Sleeping Beauty," with musical recitals by Francis Thome. Bernhardt and Judic were vociferously applauded.

GRAPHIC SUMMARY OF THE HARGIS FEUD

Continued From the Preceding Page

sunbonnet a knitted black worsted shawl, from the folds of which her sharply aquiline features showed in bold relief.

Her tall, gaunt frame—tall even as she sat huddled up in her easy chair—her high cheek bones, her deeply socketed, close-set black eyes, and her massive, almost masculine jaw bespoke the Spartan mother, the mother of warriors and of clansmen.

They also bespoke an almost unutterable pride, a pride which in spite of her 85 years, in spite of her simplicity, in spite of her evident hospitality amounted to a sort of arrogance. Hers is the sort of pride which would scorn to allow either friend or enemy to see her grief.

Sternly virtuous, a faithful wife and burden-bearing helpmeet, a mother capable of the most sublime heroism for her children—all this one would know to look at the figure sitting before the fire. It was written in the serenity of her dark, swarthy, much-wrinkled brow; it was written in her eyes and on her mouth; most of all was it written in her fine old hands, though ill-cared for—long, thin old hands that one never saw on any other but a Caledonian; hands full of the vestiges of a once masterly energy, much gnarled and knotted now from too much work in youth and too much rheumatism in old age.

Reared Under Stern Hand.

But a soft and gentle mother? Not she who bore James Hargis and his brothers. One feels to look at this remarkable woman that she must have been stern always toward her children even when they were babes on her breast—stern, that is, according to her religion, "for their own future good," as the Spartan mothers were stern.

"Yes, such things are hard," she said quietly, "but I've seen a lot of sorrow in my life, and reckon I'll live to see a little more before they shovel the clods of earth over my rough box lid."

The clan mother then told of her own early life, of the long journey over the mountains from Lee county, Virginia, when she was a little girl, and all the country south of the Ohio river was being terrorized by the robber bands and land pirates that infested that thinly settled country in those days, robbing and murdering the pioneers and burning their homes.

She told how the emigrants camped at night, not knowing what moment the "Big" Harpe and his crew might surprise them. She told of the terror with which she caught her mother's skirts as the pilgrims passed through the black ravines and before the mouths of yawning caves, out of either of which might spring John A. Murrell and his cut-throats or the foul fiend, Mason.

How reasonable the child's terror was may be learned by anyone who is at all familiar with the history of desperation in this section of the south during the first 35 years of the last century.

The parents of little Eveline Britton settled in Breathitt county, not far from the present site of Jackson, and when a mere child she married a man named Sewell. Sewell died some years later, leaving two sons and three daughters.

Hargis' Riches Grow.

Then the widow married John Hargis of Pan Bowl farm.

The Hargises were the richest people in the country; they were also the most fashionable; the first windows with real glass in them in this part of Kentucky were those in the log house in the Pan Bowl.

To the union with Hargis five sons were born—Alex, the eldest, and then James, John, Elbert and Ben.

"My husband opened a store in 1847 just where the boys' store stands today," said the old lady, her eyes more staring into the fire. "He prospered, for he was an honest man, and then the war broke out, and because he stood by the south he was ruined, for everybody else hereabouts, owning slaves as we did, was for the north.

"We had some pretty hard times for a good many years after the war, until the boys began to grow up; then we thought all our troubles were over, but they wan't, as it turned out. Jim and Alex, they took hold of the store, and they made it pay; I reckon you've seen that 'ere store?" and here the mother of the great merchant princes turned her dark eyes inquiringly upon me.

I nodded, and Grannie Hargis straightened herself up in her chair with quiet but unmistakable pride.

"That was the way with my boys; they always could do anything, and anything they did was sure to turn out well. And they was all good boys, too, all Gorfearin' and obedient to their father and always good to their mother."

I spoke of the fate that had overtaken so many of her men folks, and the clan mother replied with sublimely dissembled serenity:

List of Sudden Deaths.

"Yes, they was all carried off sudden. My husband, he dropped dead in the state house down in Frankfort; he got to be a senator before he died—the Hargises was always great for politics.

"Then they killed my oldest boy by my first husband. He was crossin' a field in the moonlight and somebdy shot him from the shadder.

"Then they killed Jerry South, my daughter's husband.

"Then they killed by boy John Hargis; Jerry Cardwell did that. They never knowed exactly who killed the others, but Jerry Cardwell, it was him killed John.

"Then they killed my boy Ben; Tom Cockerill did that; Ben was my baby.

"And then there was this trouble between Jim and his son Beech, and now I've only got two sons left—I reckon maybe the Cockerills and the Cardwells'll git them, too, if they hain't pretty peart."

Out into the "buryin' ground" I wandered a little while afterward. Marble and granite monuments marked the numerous graves of the Hargises, now grown rank with periwinkle; of all, that is, save the new made one.

This was literally banked with hothouse flowers, great wreaths and pillows and anchors sent by political factions, wholesale houses in Louisville and Cincinnati, from the Junior Order of American Mechanics and the Masonic order, of which the man in the grave beneath was a thirty-second degree member.

Every man sleeping there had died with his boots on, as it becomes a Hargis to die and as it has become their inherited habit to die.

Across the stubble cornfield a soft spring-like breeze was wafted up from the river and started a ripple over the little American flags which the Junior Mechanics had stuck in the soft clay. On the same breeze there also came very faintly the echo of the brass band at the rink.

HERE'S TO THE SMALL BOY--By Carolyn Prescott

BOYS, just ordinary, every day boys. They don't seem to amount to much. Big sisters would like to have them kept out of the way when their callers are in the parlor, and mother often feels like inviting them to transfer their operations of Indian scalping and building dams and railroads to some other boy's mother's back yard, and father seems to be the only one that really believes in the boys.

But watch them carefully, and you will see see that there are wonderful possibilities in every one of them. See how carefully the boy plans his actions, and watch him in case of an emergency, and I tell you the boy is always there—or as he says, he is "Johnny on the spot."

In just one issue of a daily paper I happened to find enough news regarding boys to convince me that the world would be a pretty poor place to live in were it not for them.

Just one day of 24 hours, and here are a few things that one Pittsburg paper had to say about the boys of western Pennsylvania:

"A boy has just returned from Oxford university, where he received honors in the legal department, six of the eight honor men being from the United States, which fact, by the way, is being widely commented upon by the educators of the British Isles."

But there's nothing surprising in the fact that the American boys outstrip their English cousins, is there?

A man has recently become a "magnate." He has bought up five of the most prominent downtown locations from other newsies at prices ranging from $25 to $50 each, and has hired 14 newsies, who are hustling for him in the busy downtown section. How's this for an ordinary newsboy.

In a neighboring Ohio town a boy, and a colored boy at that, held his father at bay after he had pounded his wife into insensibility, and finally shot him, this being the only way in which he could save his mother's life.

A small boy, aged 10 years, jumped from a boat to recover a bucket that had fallen overboard, and was not seen again. The river was dragged for his body, but he made his appearance an hour later, none the worse for a swim of more than a mile against a swift current.

Here's another: A Newcastle lad, who showed his Spartan courage by hiding from his sick mother for three days, the fact that he carried a bullet embedded in his neck. Fearing it might alarm her and make her worse he kept his painful secret until blood poison set in and the secret was made known. He will probably die.

Turning the page we find a picture of a dozen sturdy lads who are bending eagerly over bits of cloth. If we look closer we see that the cloth is made into shirts, and these boys made their shirts themselves, under the direction of their teachers in the vacation schools—made them, buttonholes and all—so there will really be no necessity for those boys to get married so that they may have a wife to do their mending and sewing for them.

Scattered here and there through the pages that teem with news of the world's doings, we find, if we look, news about the boys, mostly good news, for the average up to date American boy is a pretty good sort of fellow after all. He is wide awake and full of ginger and energy and enthusiasm and all the other characteristics which make of him a pretty good fellow to know.

And pretty good fellows to have for friends, too, for a boy will stick to his friends through thick and thin. He has an excuse for every one of their shortcomings, and loyal as long as there is breath in his small body.

Yes, this would be a pretty lonesome world if it were not for the boys, even though they do get in the way once in a while and have a fashion of messing things up. They will get over these habits soon enough, so give them all the encouragement they deserve.

AT THE TWENTY-FIRST GATE--By John Anderson Jayne

FOR the man who makes it the habit of his life to look for the bright things in life there comes many scenes of brilliancy, joyousness and jubilancy.

For the man who looks for the hard, harsh things of life there comes many disagreeable experiences, many days when the sky is overcast with clouds and the sun is hidden from view.

The optimist supreme is he who, looking at life as a boy looks at a doughnut, sees the good thing that he has to enjoy. The pessimist is he who sees only the hole in the doughnut and goes away unsatisfied.

An optimist always, through good and evil report, through fair and foul weather, the preacher finds greatest delight in the good things of this world, the many success stories that continually are being enacted in this great mercantile center of the United States.

And here is a genuine success story, enacted right here in Pittsburg, with its unfolding chapters coming to our view every day.

The story is an absolutely true story, only that names are changed and localities not given. The story:

At the age of 13, some eight years ago, Charlie Maxwell determined that he would leave school. (Incidentally he regrets it now.) He felt that he knew more than father and mother, teachers and all the old folks in the world. Able to hoe his own row. Able to make his way. In short, at the age of 13 Charlie had what a good many boys of his age and older have, a good old-fashioned case of swell-head-it-is-ness. There are but two remedies for that disease. Either a good old-fashioned application of the doctrine of "the laying on of hands" by means of a birch rod, shingle, paddle, or whatever comes handy, on the part of the boy that, because of its physical construction, was evidently designed by the eternal to be spanked. The second remedy is to let the IT get out into the world and discover that he is only just a little it. And not much of a one at that.

Charlie soon discovered that he wasn't the big IT he had considered himself to be. There was considerable difference between going to school every day and playing ball after hours, and working 10 hours in a hot factory for $3 or $4 a week. But Charlie was plucky and game, so he stuck to his work until he was 16, then, being a strong, husky boy, found work with a carpenter at a wage of $1.75 per day. But the work was hard and Charlie determined that he would learn a trade if he must be a worker and not a shirker in the arena of life he knew he must get the right start. Consequently he became apprenticed to a man who, having a large business, was able to give him work. The work at first was dirty, disagreeable, dangerous. Fifty cents a day the first year was Charlie's wages. He says now he didn't earn a dime a day the first year. The second brought him a slight increase, the third a larger, and at the end of the fourth year he stood forth with his trade all learned at the age of 21, capable of earning $4 a day. Today in a union shop, a member of a local union, Charlie is getting more than union wages, because he is worth more. Next Christmas he will be 22 years of age and now receives $27 per week.

The money that he receives he actually earns by the sweat of his brow and the skill of his hands, backed by a trained brain. He knows what money is worth, not alone in dollars and cents, but also in sweat and grime.

He has a trade that can never be taken from him. Twenty years from now he will be able to "wipe a joint" as readily and quickly as he can today. His trade is his own priceless possession that cannot be taken from him.

Furthermore, he has learned the value of persistence. He has lost much of his flightiness, wild talk, rough manners, and to see him away from his work, and, yes, even about it, you are conscious of the fact that you are in the presence of the best product of the United States of America—the American workingman gentleman.

Contrasting his position with some who will work only at kid-glove jobs, who are fearful of soiling their pretty little hands, or of getting their sweet little face dirty, how infinitely far removed from them is Charlie? He gives his mother $10 per week, pays his own way, loves his best girl, puts some money each pay day in the bank and is on the road to prosperity, and even now standing at the 21st gate, is thinking of the time when he shall be a contractor, and is saving his money so that he may finance the project when it gets ripe.

It is a story taken from life, is absolutely true in all of its details except names. And it stands as an animated interrogation point to other young men of his class, other young men who tonight read his story and asking HOW AND WHERE ARE YOU STANDING IN THE YEAR GATE OF YOUR LIFE?

Mountain Sheep Increasing.

From the Denver Republican.

Trainmen on the Denver and Rio Grande report the recent appearances of two bands of mountain sheep on the cliffs just beyond the Royal gorge, near Spike Buck.

The animals are roaming about on the rocks hundreds of feet above the tracks. They pay no attention to the trains and as the law forbids any one to shoot at them they have not become frightened at the appearance of a human being in the distance.

One band contains eight sheep, as near as they could be counted from the moving trains, and the other contains about 15. The train crews have come to watch for the agile animals in and about the Royal gorge, and there is seldom a day when they are disappointed. The precarious pasture they have found is apparently almost inaccessible for other animals and the feeding is proportionately good in consequence.