

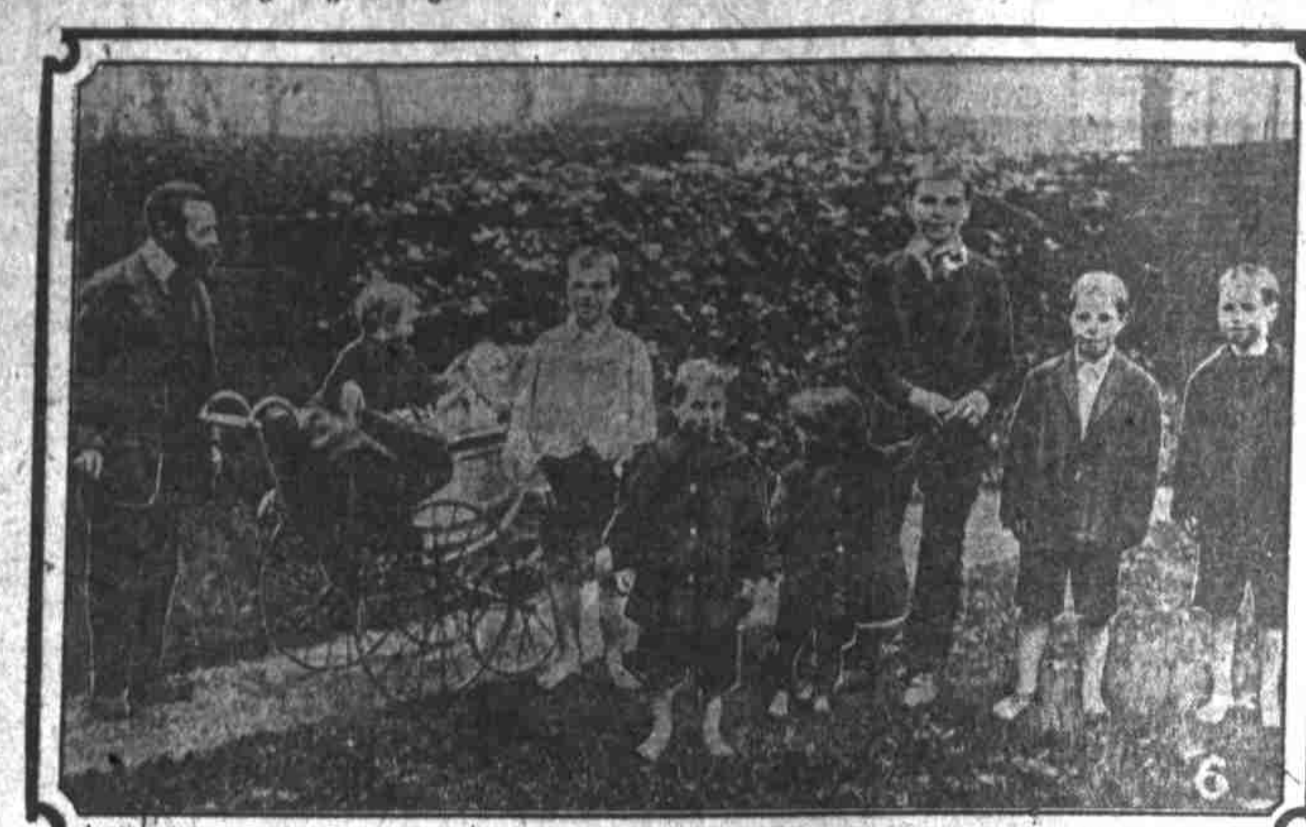
WILL TEACH CHILDREN TO GROW LIKE FLOWERS

Edwin Collins, the English Instructor Who Has Just Won His Long Fight Against the London County Council Over His Methods of Teaching His Children, Will Establish Institution

LONDON, Aug. 31.—There is a man in London who has beaten the London county council education committee after a fight lasting several years. He has compelled the courts to admit that his system of education, which the education authorities say is all wrong, is all right, and in a few weeks he is going to open a high class school within 30 miles of London where his theories will be put into practice. The man is Edwin Collins, a university man, a writer and a teacher who does not believe in teaching at all—that is, in the ordinary acceptance of the term "teaching." His motto is that "children should be taught little and should learn much." His theory and practice are that no child should be asked to undertake formal lessons until it is 9 or 10 years old, and that until it reaches that age it should be allowed to run practically wild and assimilate knowledge as a flower gathers its sweetness from the sunbeams.

Mr. Collins has been at war with the education authorities over the education of his own eight children. The law of England says that every child must go to school. If a child does not attend the public school the school attendance officer calls to find out why, and if the parent can satisfy him that the child is being efficiently educated elsewhere all is well. If not the parent is summoned to appear before the magistrate and if he can not satisfy the magistrate he is fined, and if the offense continues he is fined again as often as the attendance officer finds time to summon him.

Collins has been fined many times for not sending his children to school. The British magistrate is impatient of new ideas and when he learned that Mr. Collins' idea of education was to allow his children to grow



CHILDREN WHO GROW LIKE FLOWERS

physical and mental equipment. He is as tall and sturdy as an ordinary English lad of 17 and he can converse intelligently on most subjects in a way that would do credit to many grown men. He has written articles on the current political and educational problems which have been accepted on their merits by leading English newspapers and magazines, and he has also written verses which display considerable merit.

Collins explained to me that he had been asked to open a school in the county by a number of persons who wished him to undertake the education of their children and he will start with enough pupils to insure the financial success of the undertaking.

"We will have children from 5 to 15 years old," he said, "and practically all our teaching will be done out of doors and by the peripatetic method. No class will have more than 10 children, for no teacher can give individual attention to more. We will have our classes in the gardens and fields which surround the fine old country house that I have taken and which will be adapted to the kindergarten method as much as possible. I do not mean by this the formal kindergarten method which would shock Froebel almost as much as the old system did, but we will adapt his principles to our surroundings. Our classes will be held in the open air, with large blackboards at which the teacher can stop in his walk and illustrate his text. The children will be encouraged to ask questions. I want to encourage

YOUR FACE FASHIONED BY YOUR THOUGHTS

By John A. Jayne.

ON the walls of a beautiful home in the East End there hang three remarkable pictures.

The first is the picture of a young lad of 15 or 16, with weak, sad, watery eyes, character-lacking chin and general expression of do-nothingness that is so frequently found in the face of boys who have not yet given any flight to their birds of imagination and fancy.

The second picture is the picture of a young man aged about 23. The face is not particularly a strong one, but in it there are promises of possibilities that may yet be turned into accomplishments. Looking into the face you say to yourself, if you are interested in character study, "Here is the face of a young man who may make of himself a worthwhile worker in the workshop of the world, or who if his thought is turned into other directions, may become a criminal." Looking at the picture you are unable to say just what the owner of the face may become.

The third picture is the picture of a man 60 years of age. It is the face of a strong-hearted, clear-brained, honest, upright man. There are no lines of weakness, no indications of impurity, no marks of dissipation. You ask concerning the picture, and you are told that it is the face of a man who, up to three or four years ago, was well known in certain lines of trade in the city, that from lowly beginnings in the comparatively short space of 20 years he built up a large business, that he was the husband of a splendid woman, the father of five healthy, sturdy boys; that when he died he accumulated a modest competence and was honored and respected by all who knew him.

You ask relative to the first of these three pictures and the second, and you are told that each of them represents this man at the age above mentioned, that at 16 he was callow, unformed, half made up, lacking in potentially and power. You are told, too, that at 23, after having dawdled his way through college, having been dangled and petted as a babe, he was of no more account than the smallest bump on the biggest log of the forest.

What then, ask you, so completely

INDIAN POSSESSES A RARE VOICE

Charles Cutter, Alaska Brave, Is Born Musician

NATURE in capricious let lavish mood sometimes bestows her choicest gifts most unexpectedly. We are told that it is the unexpected that always happens, but it starts, nevertheless. One would not look for the gift of song in an Indian, but Charles Cutter, a full blooded Alaskan Indian, possesses a voice of such rare power and sweetness his white brothers may well envy him his wonderful gift of song.

Charles Cutter's Indian name is "Doch-hoh-hahch" (no, I will not attempt its pronunciation, I've already acquired six gray hairs remembering the spelling alone), and means Raven, his grand father is the Eagle, and he comes of a mighty tribe of warriors who have been chiefs and head men of their people for generations.

Mr. Cutter was born 27 years ago in Shakan, a little village in southeastern Alaska, and belongs to the Thinket tribe. Until he was 7 he was as other boys of his age and race, and it was taken for granted that he, in the fullness of time, would also become a great man in his tribe, and preside over council fires, become a mighty hunter, make the pipe of peace with the pale faces who came to his country, and in other ways deport himself as a great chief should. But Doch-hoh-hahch, the Raven, and other plans for himself. Hidden deep in the innermost recess of his soul was the longing for music, not the weird barbaric tribal chants of the Thinkets, but something different. He had listened to and taken part in the gospel hymns of the mission school which he attended since his seventh year, and it was this music that appealed to him. With the very first money he ever earned, \$3, he invested in a cornet. That there was no one at the mission capable of teaching him to play the instrument did not for a moment daunt the spirit of this son of royalty. For two years he practiced, and at the end of that time was able to play the mission hymns, and was incidentally the happiest boy in Alaska, but this achievement only whetted his appetite for more. Somehow there had penetrated to the wilds of that little snow bound settlement the news of the Chemawa Indian school, and the Raven made up his mind that he wanted to go there, but how to get there was the vexatious problem. The Alaska Indians were barred unless they paid their own way. But to the Raven where there is a will there is also a way, and

having made up his mind to go to Chemawa he set about encompassing the means to attend the end. He did this until he had secured the requisite amount.

The day he entered the school he was almost as happy as he was when he mastered the intricacies of the cornet. That day marked the turning point in his career. He became a member of the Chemawa Indian school band and also the singing society. It was just customary to think of an Indian as stolid and unafraid at all times and in all places, but Mr. Cutter describes most graphically his bad case of stage fright in which his knees quaked and his heart pounded to suffocation. Mr. William Boyer of Portland heard him on this occasion and with prophetic mind he looked into the future and saw success written large above the head of the poor, unknown, obscure Indian boy from Alaska. The upshot of the matter was that he forever dropped his Indian patriotism and became the protégé of Mr. Boyer.

Mr. Cutter as yet has made but few public appearances. During the Lewis and Clark fair he became with the Carnival of Venice company and again at the unveiling of the statue of Sacajawea. Since then his work has been confined principally to choir singing.

It is the personality of the man that first attracts one. I don't know whether or he has ever been told that he is handsome, but it is undoubtedly a fact.



14-YEAR OLD PRODIGY

THEY LIKED HIM

Experiences of a Westerner With European Light Fingers.

From the Baltimore American.

"The American who travels in Europe and does not keep the closest watch on his valuables is almost sure to be relieved of his personal belongings by pickpockets," said W. E. Mighell, vice-president of the San Francisco chamber of commerce, who has just finished a two-years' tour of the world.

"The light-fingered gentry are active everywhere, from London to Cairo, but I will give the palm for boldness and dexterity to the professionals of Italy, where the plunder of pockets has been reduced to a fine art. I am a careful man and do not need to read the constant warnings against pickpockets, and yet in the great plaza of Venice I was robbed last summer of my letter of credit for \$10,000. There was an enormous crowd that had turned out to hear the band play, the day being Sunday, and I was jostled two or three times by a huge fellow with a black moustache. Finally seeing that he was doing it

purposely, I lost my temper and addressed a hot remark to him at which he exclaimed: 'Pardon, monsieur,' dropped his umbrella at my feet, and in stooping to get it managed in some way to get my letter of credit, although it was in an inside pocket. It caused me a lot of trouble, the sending of many cablegrams and some money, but I managed to have the payment stopped and the thief profited nothing.

"In Rome last Christmas day I went out for a ride in the suburbs to see some rare paintings in an old church. Wishing to see the country I took a street-car that was densely packed. The air was pretty crisp and I wore an overcoat closely buttoned. How on earth the rascal managed to get my watch and make away with it will puzzle me to my life's end, but he did the trick, as I found on getting off the car.

"The manager of the hotel whom I consulted advised me against reporting the theft. He said that the real pickpockets operated in gangs, and that within an hour after being taken the watch was probably in some other city. This did not sound well to me, so I hunted up the United States resident consul and narrated my story to him. He gave me precisely the same advice as the hotel mgn. Still unperplexed I called on the chief of police. The official was polite, but he wanted me to de-

post the \$100 reward I was willing to pay. I saw no advantage in this and told him I'd think it over.

"That evening the hotel manager told me of an American who had been recently robbed of \$1,000 and who had put up \$200 in advance with the police and who was still waiting for the recovery of his money. He had made up his mind that he'd like to get back his \$200, but the Roman police refused, saying they must have time."

HOW TO IMPROVE SOCIETY--By Mrs. John A. Logan

I was very refreshing to read an interview with Frederick Townsend Martin, who heretofore has been supposed to be purely and simply a society man, but in this article he shows himself to be an educated, ambitious, thoughtful gentleman who has ideas beside the frivolous, extravagant, questionable ambitions that are sup-

posed to govern young men as devoted to society as he has been. His sane analysis of the situation and the rational way in which he eliminates non-entities, ignorant, pretentious men and those who are not worth the attention they have had too much space in the public press. Their desire to be conspicuous and to astonish people has been all too often gratified. The dissipation, extravagance and shocking disregard of public opinion by men and women who have inherited wealth has been appalling. It is a healthful sign if a resolution has been formed to ignore the existence of people who have done nothing to benefit society, advance civilization, or for the betterment of the world.

EDISON ABANDONS EXPERIMENTS

Thomas A. Edison, whose life's occupation has been the invention of electrical devices, has decided to abandon that field of study and experiment and devote the rest of his life to chemistry. He is also going to indulge in his long-expressed desire for travel.

He is probably correct in considering London society a good model, though it is more or less afflicted with the presence of the neuropeuric who imagine that their money will make amends for their vulgarities and ignorance of the proprieties of life. We are glad to know that the very fact that society in New York is unsatisfied is the most satisfactory thing about the transitional stage through which we are now going. When we get to Paris, the city of Paris is assuredly more civilized, more tact, self-control, assembled in one great social body, then we shall have real society.

It is to be hoped that it will be required of all who have recognition in polite society that they shall have done something in some way for the benefit and advancement of civilization and the development of the best that is in human nature. There will be no longer any necessity for persons to resort to outrage antics and the employment of where the performers to entertain one's friends, because each friend will then contribute something to the entertainment of an evening. There will be no occasion for questionable or questionable people to furnish diversions.

In all vocations and professions of life there are intellectual giants who, if encouraged, would contribute much toward the enjoyment and edification of society, who now, feeling that they are uninteresting to themselves, reckless people, are loathe to take any part in social entertainments.

Another side of this higher ambition of New York society would be the good that would be done, as Mr. Martin truthfully says. People mingling with others who are cheerful and encouraging are not so much depressed by misfortunes which may overtake them, and if they are made to feel that they are entertained because of their intellectual powers and agreeableness of manner, they quite forget that there is such a thing as unhappiness. Often in the exchange of opinions and contact with men of different calling, life one gets ideas that are invaluable.

New York will be the gainer if the frivolous people who only represent money decide to take up residence on the other side of the Atlantic. When such a man was once in vogue in Paris he assuredly more civilized, more monkey dinners and vaudeville performances in a private house after one has been dining a large company.

If age has brought about this change, we are glad we are rapidly reaching our maturity and a staidness of youth may soon be a thing of the past. There is no country on the globe where there are so many brilliant men and women as there are in the United States, and especially in the city of New York, and there is no reason why we should not have the most refined and delightful society in American cities of any place on the globe.

Mr. Martin, being a gentleman of leisure, as I understand it, cannot make better use of his time than to persist in the acquisition of such a society as he describes.

UNCLE SAM PRESENTS HIS STAR PERFORMERS



Why Should He? Passenger (on train car)—Don't you always deliver when I see this conductor? Conductor—Not me; I am going to be