

LABORER.

and knee-jerking twinking in the country scene, old Mrs. Wards, seated in a chair in the cool shade of a very old, and always thinking that the kitchen chimney is on fire, if there is the least excitement. Or little David Copperfield appearing before his aunt Betsy away over in Sussex, dirty and ragged, and standing in the "ragged" slapping dead leaves from a rooster. "Miss Betsey said, 'good Lord!' and sat flat down on the gravel-walk."

Or the interior of the boat-house down by the sea, and about the fire of drift-wood, seated on a wooden bench, "young blue and sturdy; Ham, great timid, shambling bear; Mrs. Gammidge, a "lone, lorn creature; David Copperfield and Steerforth, with his graceful form and handsome face, and rich voice, to which little Emly listens with mantling cheek and sparkling eye. Oh, Steerforth! Steerforth! Would God they had never seen till the waves cast thy lifeless body on the storm-washed beach! Or the second night's stop in the wanderings of Grandfather and Little Nell at the tavern of "The Jolly Sandbags," the rendezvous of the traveling showmen going to the fair; Short and Codlin with Punch and Judy; the man in the velvet jacket with the performing dogs; the faint-hearted players of cards, and ugly William who sits off in a corner, practicing swallowing pocket-knives, and pulling needles out of his eyes. Or that fearful scene in Paris during the Reign of Terror between Miss Frost and Madame Defarges, where in the struggle the pistol goes off, and the terrible Frenchwoman falls dead, while the English woman, dazed, confounded, stone deaf, hastens out into the streets. "If she can't hear all this noise," said Jerry, "she'll never hear till Gabriel's trump." And she never did. Or Mr. Pickwick's first night in jail, and his memorable interview with Messrs. Smaugh and Bivens, the "Zephyr," where sphere was the opera house. Or that other prison scene, where Arthur Clenham goes to tell the doctor of the Marshalls, that he was free. Old man Dorrit was very white and the hand shook which he stretched out to touch the prison walls, as if to ask if they were down.

O manager, ring the curtain down; and, janitor, put away the hero's coat-of-mail and the harlequin's cap and bells, close the doors and put out the lights. The play is played.

Last night, through an open window of my room, where the soft light of the full moon poured in a flood of soft white light, and it seemed as if over its broad silver ribbons pulsed the night song of the mocking-bird—now joyous, ringing; now tender as a mother's whisper, soft as the velvet of a royal robe, singing nearly to a sigh. The pretty girl in the French Broad valley, dear to the Southern poet, greeting him with affectionate familiarity as the "mocking," and truly he is a charming fellow, with the sweet-letting days of his short, happy life, and the insouciant, winsome epigram with which he poses as a soliloquist, to the delight of prince and peasant, lord and beggar, is delicious.

From the tall maple on the edge of the swamp, where the mist rises from covert and dell, and the refracted laborer hurries a-field, "brushing with hasty steps the dew away, to meet the sun upon the upland lawn," the mocking-bird salutes all listening nature with his maiden, borrowing for the refrain of his wonderful performance the liquid whistle of the swamp sparrow, the plaintive note of the robin, the wren's garrulous chatter, the sharp call of the thrush, the bobolink's melodious lay, and even the exultant song of the pink-bellied nighthawk.

Nestling in the leafy depths of the topmost bough of a holly alongside the glaring stretch of white sand on the highway, beneath whose green curtain the tired wagoner at noonday baits his horse and wipes his scaming brow, the mocking-bird pours down his flood of song into the ears of this one auditor—now flitting a stray leaf from his russet crest, now ruffling his gray feathers (for his is a sober garb, and like some famed master on the stage, he is a man of few words), and he repeats the idea that only fine feathers make fine birds—and his gracious hymnal follows the spraying driver and plodding team till the crack of the whip dies out beyond the distant hill.

As the sun goes down the mocking-bird flits from tree to tree, flushed with the triumphs of the day; and from the coping of an ivied wall, sings wearied nature into soothing rest. The sweet voice, like a messenger of peace, floods again the open window of a chamber where a young girl lies sick, the bewitching hair sweeping over the pillow, the ripe lips fevered, the fair face flushed. Deeper gather the shadows, fresher stirs the evening breeze, tenderer softer throbs the melody on the still air, and the bird sings on, while the stars come out, and the leaves gently rustle as if whispering together about this pretty fellow that sings.

J. H. M.

THE DURHAM GRADED SCHOOLS.

COURSE OF PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

Cooking, Sewing, Drawing, Manual and Mental Training, the Work of the Durham Schools for the Public-Schools. "An Exposition" in the Ellis-A. Suggestion as to the Office of Chief Justice.

Correspondence of The Observer.

Durham, May 24.—People who do me the honor of reading my articles will observe my interest in school matters. The fact is, the school men and women in this city are being watched by a great cloud of witnesses who are anxious to see the idea of higher education carried out and bring forth fruit for the glory of the State and the good of the young folk. Therefore it is proper that much be spoken and written from every section where the good work is going on. And it gives me pleasure from the standpoint of a man up the tree to put down in cold type what I see as we go through the city, and the progress of the work in the various schools.

Next week, 29th and 30th, the commencement exercises of the Durham city graded schools will take place and the patrons of these schools who may pass through the Morehead school building will see much to interest them. It was the pleasure of the editor of the writer in company with Dr. Matheson, the superintendent, to take a recent look at the exhibits in this building.

What the children have done in the matter of drawing and manual training is wonderful, but only a selection of the talent which is possessed by them. And we might add possessed by children all over the State. But Durham is the only town in the State having a department of manual training and domestic science in its schools. The result of experience in these departments have been entirely satisfactory, so the superintendent informs me, and he is one of the best and has well in hand the graded school system in Durham, which, under his management and assisted by a score and more of faithful teachers, is doing a noble work of excellence. His re-election has given satisfaction to everybody.

Drawing lessons begin in the first grade and go through the tenth. And there are exhibitions of talent marvelous in their nature. In connection with this drawing is the instruction in lettering according to the child's own notions of a farm and its equipment. There is penwork, including lettering and pencil sketches, adorning the walls of the halls and recreation rooms, which will be a revelation to parents who would not think of such things. The fact is the men and women of our day did not have opportunity to develop talent if they had any. In this article I have not time to mention names but will say that Ernest Seaman is a born artist. His fondness lies in the direction of pencil sketches and this talent will make him a great naturalist. In the description of birds which he draws he is also fine. His work will attract attention. But the entire exhibit is commendable and points the lesson of a progress leading on to perfection.

The exhibits in the department of manual training is evidence of great skill. There are foot-stools, lamp-shades, tool-boxes, letter-files, towel-racks, towel-rollers, hat-racks, and many are made without having a lathe. This shop work begins with the seventh grade, but manual training begins in the first grade and there are many little articles on exhibition which were deftly made with the pocket knife. Sewing begins in the fifth grade and goes through to the tenth grade. Cooking begins in the seventh grade. I didn't see a sample of the cooking, but know the girls understood it. There is nothing that needs more looking after than the duty of teaching girls how to be first-class cooks. The average man cares more for nice light roasts, broiled steak, boiled fish, etc., than for a solid and substantial meal. The solo is not to be overlooked and by means, however, but to hear one going on at the cook stove sounds as sweet as from the stage. The woman who can sing, not hum, and cook well at the same time, need not fear of being a soloist. She desires to not abide in that blarney estate. But the way to a man's heart is by a good dinner, and the Durham school practical shows that fact. Some days ago I wrote the young ladies of the tenth grade on the subject. They were going to the market to see the beef cut up and learn all the different parts and points. "I didn't hear though that the butchers cut the price. The class then went to a grocery store and the young ladies gave an order for an ordinary dinner for a family of five persons, dinner to cost from \$6 to \$7 cents. These girls understood the names of things and when they set up housekeeping for "paralyzed sugar," "fresh salt," "desecrated cod-fish," and "condemned milk."

Cooking, sewing, drawing, manual and mental training is the work that our graded schools do for the children who attend.

The graduating class this year is an excellent one. They are ready for college or life's work. They are each one somebody who will do great things for others.

Everything is interested in education, and it looks now as if the day is coming when an uneducated man or woman will have no show except to the heifers of wood and drawers of water. But some one has said that an education cannot be given, only the opportunity. Pretty good idea. The opportunity now is available to everybody. It is an age of books and schools and teachers. What is coming, who can say?

NORTH CAROLINA EDUCATION.

The Clergy Working Together for Popular Enlightenment—A Reply to Julian Ralph. To the Editor of The New York Mail and Express.

In a recent article in your paper which was in the main a wise and truthful statement of the movement for universal education in this and other Southern States, Mr. Julian Ralph uses the following words: "The truth is, there are here many 'unregenerates,' as the younger men of the South call them, and this class, together with the humbler clergy of the Southland, have to be dealt with diplomatically. The great just, humane and revolutionizing movement which we of Mr. Ogden's party believe will figure in history as the strongest feature in the renaissance of the South and the solidification of the Union upon an industrial foundation. The humbler clergy who are setting their faces against the diffusion of learning will not give us much trouble to the cause as they may wish they could. They will get out of the way of the steam road roller or be lost under it."

I do not claim to speak for other States, but Mr. Ralph is misinformed as to the "humbler clergy" of North Carolina. Even the negro preachers, though often grossly ignorant themselves, are as a rule, earnest in their education of their people. As to the white preachers, the "private" of the Methodist and Baptist churches are with us—at least the "humbler" clergy. The only possible ground for Mr. Ralph's statement is the fact that the "humbler" clergy have opposed State aid to higher education, contending that while North Carolina was unable to offer even four months of school to the children, and was permitting thousands of them to grow up in complete ignorance, she should have the courage to support a private or at least voluntary benevolence, and give every cent that could be spared from the treasury to the children.

"An alumnus and friend of the University of North Carolina, I do not think the two conflicted. Indeed, as time has proven, I believed the money thus spent well invested, even from the standpoint of those who sought the education of the masses. Nevertheless, the men who opposed State aid to higher education were almost without exception intense, persistent and forcible advocates of the education of every child in the State. The 'humbler clergy' of North Carolina have been among the chief influences which have brought about the present situation, and to give the best possible opportunity to every child in North Carolina.

I am able to add that I have submitted the foregoing statement to Hon. C. B. Aycock, whose powerful advocacy of this movement on the stump and in his legislative address has won for him the title of the Educational Governor, and that he indorses what I have written in the most unqualified terms. I send you herewith his letter. I doubt not that you will give to this proven dealer of wood and drawers of water, so far as possible, the injury done by your correspondent, Mr. Julian Ralph, to a class who Governor Aycock truthfully says, "are doing more for the cause of education than any other class of our people."

N. H. D. WILSON.
Maxton, N. C., May 17, 1902.

METHOVAN CONCERT.

A Delightful Programme Rendered at the Concert in Concord—Personal Correspondence of The Observer.

Concord, May 30.—Invitations to the concert given last night by the Methovan Club were accepted with pleasure, and a delightful audience heard the selections of recitations, and of vocal and instrumental music. Among the members of this club are several accomplished pianists: Miss Emma Cole, graduate of Greensboro Normal College, and who has been teaching music in Ashboro; Miss Mary Hendrix, who has just returned from MacLeannville, where she conducted the musical department in a flourishing school; Miss Emma Philter, whose proficiency is well known; Miss Lary Love, graduate of Agnes Scott Institute and whose brilliancy of execution and delicacy of touch are rarely equaled; Mrs. W. H. Harris, Mrs. R. A. Brower and Mrs. Morrison H. Caldwell, are all members of the Methovan Club. The pianists were accompanied by the piano of Agnes Scott Institute and whose brilliancy of execution and delicacy of touch are rarely equaled; Mrs. W. H. Harris, Mrs. R. A. Brower and Mrs. Morrison H. Caldwell, are all members of the Methovan Club. The pianists were accompanied by the piano of Agnes Scott Institute and whose brilliancy of execution and delicacy of touch are rarely equaled; Mrs. W. H. Harris, Mrs. R. A. Brower and Mrs. Morrison H. Caldwell, are all members of the Methovan Club.

THE DURHAM GRADED SCHOOLS.

server circulates pretty freely here and Durham people like good reading, so everything in The Observer is read. Mr. Avery had reported Sam's "whirl at the Ellis," and the brothers were not under the collar and I feared a little bit for Sam. He spoke under the auspices of the Junior Order. It fell to my lot to meet him at the train and introduce him that night. In carrying him to his home at Mr. Southgate's, I suggested that it would be a good idea for him not to say much about the boys. "They are making an act of them," he said. "Well, bud, when you go up town tell 'em to come out and I will apologise." Of course, he jumped on everybody and when he got on cigarettes, said: "They will kill anybody but an Elk." However, in the main, he was held, and when my first experience with Sam, you can never anticipate what he is going to put into a speech. I believe he loves humanity, that he has a way of his own and whether you like it or not, makes no difference to him. He will never quit his way of thinking, and I wish that it takes place in my wish that he and I may be peace. He has done good in the world and for that reason to his mistakes I would be blind.

The Democratic convention which meets in Greensboro will nominate the Chief Justice and Associate. Without authority from any one, but acting on the principle that the office should seek the man, I would be glad to see the position of Chief Justice filled by one against whom there has never been any rising up. Why not then give it to some lawyer who has never held a judicial office? It would be like that notion is not against any rule.

Democrats in Congress are making a mistake in fighting the American soldier. The soldier is the backbone of the country, and the party interfering with the backbone is in danger of disintegration. The Democrats, national, may think they are right in an affair, giving the policy of the government the affairs going out of the war which they assisted to precipitate, but the wrong of such a course will show up yet. If the party doesn't want any jobs why then they are in the right track to not get them. If they want to manage for us again there might be a chance. TROJAN.

THE CLERGY WORKING TOGETHER FOR POPULAR ENLIGHTENMENT—A REPLY TO JULIAN RALPH.

To the Editor of The New York Mail and Express.

In a recent article in your paper which was in the main a wise and truthful statement of the movement for universal education in this and other Southern States, Mr. Julian Ralph uses the following words: "The truth is, there are here many 'unregenerates,' as the younger men of the South call them, and this class, together with the humbler clergy of the Southland, have to be dealt with diplomatically. The great just, humane and revolutionizing movement which we of Mr. Ogden's party believe will figure in history as the strongest feature in the renaissance of the South and the solidification of the Union upon an industrial foundation. The humbler clergy who are setting their faces against the diffusion of learning will not give us much trouble to the cause as they may wish they could. They will get out of the way of the steam road roller or be lost under it."

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MARY A VOTE IN THAT NECK.

Congressman Moody is Moved to Tell an Anecdote.

Washington Post.

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"Over in the great valley where the Mississippi rolls toward the sea," said this mountaineer, "it makes an enormous bend, something like fifteen miles, as I remember it. The waters swirl around a large extent of territory, which is denominated in that region 'the neck.'"

"An aspirant for the House from the district comprising 'the neck' went over there to campaign against the sitting member, who had, according to the Congressional Record, been absent from numerous roll-calls," continued Mr. Moody, who is by no means a frequenter of the House bar, but who nevertheless enjoys a good story.

"Where was your member when your public business was being transacted on the floor of the House?" queried the orator. "He was not at his post of duty. He was off and gone. In Washington they have them gilded palaces; they have them large mirrors and frescoed ceilings, where drinks are sold. Your member of Congress was there while public business was being transacted."

"(Mister," broke in an angular-looking man, was back in the rear of the audience, as he unfolded himself and arose to a great height, "I would just like to make one observation. From the tear of your remarks and the progress of your discourse, I reckon you are again drinks, and I wishes to observe that, if so, you will receive nary a vote in this neck."

BLOWING ROCK GREEN PARK HOTEL.

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