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Poetry.

THE ONE WHO STAYS AT HOME

The wheel of the world go round and round,
In the dress of the busy throng,
Morn with its matin melody
And night with its vesper song;
The tides are out and the tides are in,
Like the sea in its ebb and flow,
For there's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Abroad on the highway's noisy track
There is rush of hurrying feet,
The sparks fly out from the wheels of time,
To brighten the bitter and sweet;
But apart from the beaten road and path,
Where the pulse of earth runs slow,
There is always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Over and over good-byes are said,
In tests that die with the day,
When eyes are wet that cannot forget,
And smiles have faded away;
Smiles that are worn as over a grave
Flowers will blossom and blow;
For there's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Always one for the little tasks
Of a day that is never done;
Always one to sit down at night
And watch with the stars alone.
And he who fights on the world's broad field,
With banner, and blast and drum,
Little dreams of a battle gained
By the one who stayed at home.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS

By Dr. Edward W. Jenks.

It is often said that American women are not as healthy as European women. It can scarcely be denied that the average standard of health among the women of our country is far below what it has been in the past. In other words, there has been a deterioration of their physical health. This condition is not confined to the wealthy or ultra-fashionable, but is found among all classes. Nervous, hysterical school girls with flabby muscles are as apt to be found in the mechanics cottage as in the millionaire's mansion. If our American women have depreciated it is not in beauty, but in physical strength and power of endurance.

It is also frequently remarked that American families are smaller than are the families of other countries. It is related that on a certain festive occasion where some of these topics had been discussed, after the ladies had been toasted in elegant speeches, a certain physician proposed the following sentiment: "Long life to our grandmothers who are rapidly becoming extinct and are probably the last this country will ever see."

There is involved in this semi-humorous sentiment a hint at a condition of things in our country worthy of serious thought. The smallness of American families and the fact that some are fast becoming extinct, while the rapid increase of population is chiefly due to foreign immigration and the prolificacy of the multitude who come from other countries to this for homes, is a matter of no small degree of interest.

From time immemorial the wise have ever paid a tribute of gratitude and affection to the mothers of the people, for it is the mothers who give character to a nation. If they have a heritage of wealth, wisdom and good morals to bequeath to their children then are these blessed among the nations of the earth. The fundamental principles of human action which are to guide one in after life the child learns at the mother's knee. The impressibility of the child-mind was never more clearly pointed out than by a learned and zealous Jesuit who once showed his belief in the tenacity of early impressions when he said to one of another faith, "Give me the training of a child till he is 7 years old and I will give him to you afterwards."

In view of these things are we not best serving the future generation by inquiring of what material are the future mothers made? Oliver Wendell Holmes has quaintly suggested that we might be different if we could have had the educa-

tion of our grandmothers. At present we seem to be denied that privilege, but we can do the next best thing, namely, educate the grandmothers of posterity.

By education I do not designate only mental training by study, which is its most commonly accepted meaning, but I use it in its broadest significance: The drawing out of all the powers of the human being, moral, intellectual and physical. The parents, teachers and preachers have usually shown themselves capable of caring for the first two, but who interests himself for the last? Who troubles himself about the body except to dose it when it is ill or dress it becomingly when it is well?

From the time Eve left the garden to begin her worldly career until the millennium shall appear there have been and will be numerous ailments, whose coming neither the devices of man nor the provisions of nature can avert. Unfortunately these do not constitute the sole field, as they ought to do, in which the physician must exercise his art. The physical degeneracy of girls of the latter part of the nineteenth century has proved a fruitful source of unnecessary material for the physician of the present and the future.

This deterioration is charged by some to climate; by others to the modes of living; but many with preconceived ideas on the subject, ideas which prevailed in earlier times concerning the proper amount of mental training of girls, hold that any attempt at special development of the intellectual powers is gained only at the expense of the physical. It is true that this latter outcome is a possibility but it is not a certainty or even a probability. Education itself is not in my opinion the cause. I am a firm believer in the healthfulness of properly directed intellectual labor. The revered Dr. Tappan asserted that "brain work is good for the health."

Wherein, we may then ask, is the education of girls in a degree responsible for physical degeneracy? The task of replying to this interrogatory is nowise difficult. The intellectual portion of the being has been educated while the physical portion has been neglected. It is not study *per se* that distorts and destroys, but a disregard of the laws of health and development, a neglect to supply sufficient oxygen to the blood by fresh air, and to produce that regular metamorphosis of tissue—the constant change of the old for the new—which only goes on properly under the stimulus of periodical vigorous use of the muscles and by the assistance of good food and sufficient sleep. By the violation of the laws under which the growing girl best attains the normal development of maturity and maintains a healthy organization, a condition of physical or even mental vulnerability is engendered which renders the body a prey to every external disturbing influence and causes it to succumb sooner or later to the ever besieging ills which a healthy physique ought and could hold at bay.

Dr. Nathan Allen read a paper at the meeting of the American Institute of 1879 on the "Education of Girls Connected with Growth and Development," in which he deprecated "the high pressure of educational influence" as being the cause of physical degeneration of American girls. While I do not stand with him on this matter, nevertheless I agree with him when he says: "In no part of female education is there so much need of reform as in that of physical culture." The remark has been made, "Educate a woman and you educate a race." The saying is full of meaning and capable of different interpretations. Its meaning or application must depend upon the term educate—how and in what way it is done. This "educating" should have reference to the future as well as the present, to the body as well as the mind, for the highest development of brain and nerve tissue alone will never go far toward educating a race—in fact, it will cause it to run out.

The beautiful things of life are one factor in that great whole which has for its object the uplifting of humanity. But he misses his mark widely who seeks to substitute this part for the whole. A groping together of stately pillars, finely wrought cornices and rare mural ornamentations would result in a miserable architectural failure, as far as the use or comfort could afford. But let these adornments be a part of a structure composed of solid foundations, firm walls and a substantial roof, and they are no longer a failure, but serve their high purpose in affording comfort and giving pleasure, so it is with accomplishments which are the outer adornments of the mind and body. They are a beneficial ornament in a girl's education if they are not prevented in their use. But if they are substituted for sound mental training, moral teaching and physical culture, they fail to meet their purpose. Accomplishments adorn most when a woman has an educated intellect and a healthy, well-developed body.

Many girls have both accomplishments and learning, but no knowledge of themselves or the laws for the preservation of health. In consequence of the ignorance of parents and their daughters the nerve force of the latter is often deflected into wrong channels at a time when it is needed to sustain and further the process of normal growth and development. The attainment of certain accomplishments is considered by many to be a proper occupation for a portion of the time which a girl employs in obtaining an education. Within certain limits this is true, but when long hours are devoted to fine needlework, amateur painting, piano practice, etc., without intervals of change of work or outdoor exercise, these limits are far overreached and the results are frequently deplorable.

A system of culture physical carried out with regularity, should occupy a defined position in every girl's education. In school a certain fraction of the working hours should be allotted to the daily practice of calisthenics. In time of war the flagging footsteps of weary and discouraged soldiers can always be quickened by the enlivening strains of some martial air, and I don't doubt that the monotonous movements of gymnastic exercises would be performed briskly and cheerfully if done in time to music.

Out of school in vacations and when school days are over, a little time should be given to out-of-door exercise, such as walking, or riding, etc. Open air sports should be encouraged and when fashion shall pronounce a more decided judgment in their favor there is no doubt that they will become popular. In the long lists of both summer and winter sports, as rowing, horseback riding, lawn tennis, archery, skating, coasting, etc., there will be some one or more that will please the individual tastes of all. There is an in-door exercise which deserves to be popular because it not only develops the muscles, but because it gives to the body in its movements extreme suppleness and grace—this is fencing.

It is not my purpose to do more at this time than direct your attention to this important topic; neither will I enter in any discussion concerning the subject of a girl's mental training. In times past there was great diversity of opinion in this matter, both among educators and the general public, but of late years greater unanimity on the subject seems to prevail. Formerly it was held that sex was the chief limitation of high intellectual acquirement. But theories must ever yield to facts, and the facts brought forth by this generation have proved otherwise.

The elements which influence the extent of education are mental capacity, inclination and health. These are the attributes of individuals, and not of one sex. We no longer educate one person after another method because he is a boy, and another person after another system because she is a girl. But we train each with some reference to his or her ability and natural tendencies. If these differ then some lines in their education must diverge; if they are the same then the mental training of each may be the same both in kind and extent.

As lovers of our country and of our fellow

low beings we must be interested in the education of our girls. As physicians we have a greater interest in their physical training.

The profession has, in times past, been called upon to treat diseases rather than to prevent them, but prophylactic measures are daily receiving wider attention, and here is presented a problem, in prevention which ought to engage the serious attention of every member of this society. My learned friend, Dr. Emmet, of New York, said: "As a profession we shall be judged derelict if we do not instruct the masses in regard to these matters, and in the proper mode of educating the women of the coming generation."

The Money Power in Politics.

Louisville Courier Journal.
Thoughtful men and honest men of all parties are appalled at the money power in presidential contests. It is confessed that "the corrupt use of money at elections constitutes the most serious danger now menacing the republic. And yet what are we doing what is anyone doing to cut this cancer out and so save the life of the nation?"

It is known that Mr. Harrison was elected President by the use of money it is known that Col. W. W. Dudley was selected by him as his special representative on the Republican campaign committee and that Dudley was detected in one of the vilest attempts to debauch the ballot box that has ever been conceived it is known that the protection of Philadelphia contributed 500,000 to the Republican corruption fund and that Manager Quay expended 3,000,000 upon the election and it is known that wherever there was a doubtful voter there the Republican eagles gathered together.

In the face of all this, and in spite of all this here comes Dewitt Talmage the great Brooklyn preacher, expressing gratitude to God because of the election of Mr. Harrison "has daily prayers in his house" and "with a Christian professor in the White House I am confident that the nation will be in safe hands and that the government will be properly administered." And again comes the Rev. Dr. David Swing of Chicago with the declaration that "political truth and personal worth have triumphed." Is it any wonder that men will sell their votes; that there is no such thing as a free ballot and fair count that the bumper strikers and floaters control the election when the very priests in the temple teach the people by their ready acquiescence in the result of elections that the end justifies the means? What wonder is it that the people of Israel fell down and worshipped the golden calf when in the broad light of the Christian civilization of this day we find Christian teachers announcing the doctrine in effect that because a candidate says his prayers it does not matter much by what means he has been elected and that the country is safe in any event! Our upon such a spirit of surrender and sacrifice to the men and the party that control the ballot-box.

Danger of Spontaneous Combustion From Water-packed Cotton.

Wilmington Star, 14th.
There was, very nearly, a case of spontaneous combustion at the Champion Cotton Press on yesterday. A bale of cotton marked "A-45" weighing 488 lbs., and shipped from Mr. Olive in a lot of seventeen bales, was sampled by the exporters, Messrs. Alex. Sprunt & Son, and found to be water-packed and damaged, and was so hot inside as to be unbearable to the hand. The bale was opened and the cotton inside was found to be partly caked, offensive in smell and steaming hot. Had this bale been compressed and stowed away in one of the steamers now loading here, there is hardly a doubt that it would have resulted in spontaneous combustion and the probable loss of the entire cargo by fire. Any person who thus fraudulently packs cotton should be apprehended and severely punished. Some of the mysterious cotton fires on board ships at sea may be attributed to this cause.

BROOKS' ELECTION BET.

A Farce.

By Luke Sharpe.

From Detroit Free Press.
Scene: City of Detroit.
Time: Before and after election day, 1888.
Dramatis personae:
John Brooks, [Merchant, who believes in Tariff Reform.]
Simeon Rivers, [Manufacturer, who wants Protection.]
James Saltcreek, [Stock Broker, friend of Brooks, who doesn't give a hang how it goes.]
Estelle Lakeside, [Prohibitionist, with whom both Brooks and Rivers are in love.]

SCENE I.

ROOMS OF THE DETROIT CLUB.

Saltcreek—"Hello, Brooks, old man, what's the matter? You look as if the election had occurred and had gone the wrong way."
Brooks—"Oh, the election's all right."
Saltcreek—"Then what's wrong?"
Brooks—"Well, I don't mind telling you in confidence. Come and sit down in this corner where I can talk quietly. The truth is it's getting pretty uncomfortable for me up at No. 678."

Saltcreek—"What! has Miss Lakeside refused you?"
Brooks—"Well, not exactly, but I imagine it's coming to that. You see the old man gets pretty hot as election day approaches. He knows I'm a Democrat and I expect he'll order me out the house before long."
Saltcreek—"Why, what does it matter to him? He's a Prohibitionist. His party has no chance."
Brooks—"I know it, but that seems to make him all the more disagreeable."

Saltcreek—"Well, there's one consolation. He'll be just as ugly to Rivers."
Brooks—"Logically, he ought to be, but he isn't. To tell you the truth, I believe Rivers poses a sort of prohibitionist himself up at 678. I hate to say it, even of my rival but I think the red-hotness of Rivers' Republicanism cools somewhat when he talks to old Lakeside. Then, you see, the old man himself was a Republican once, and the result of it all is that Rivers has it all his own way up there just now, and I'm out of it."

Saltcreek—"And how about Miss Lakeside herself?"
Brooks—"Oh, she's a strong Prohibitionist. Actually believes the party has a show. I wish this wretched election was two years off. It came on at the wrong time—just as I was getting along so nicely, too."
[Enter Rivers.]
Rivers—"Hello, Brooks, I've been looking for you. What to bet? I can't get any takers."
Brooks—"I guess you can get plenty of takers, Mr. Rivers."
Rivers—"No, I can't. It's not a money bet, so I can't get any one to take me up. Say, I'll bet with you if you dare. If Cleveland wins I'll wheel you in a wheelbarrow from the postoffice to your own door. If Harrison wins you wheel me."

Brooks—"You're right in not calling that a money bet. It's a fool bet."
Rivers—"Well, you don't take it."
Saltcreek, (aside to Brooks)—"Take his bet, old man."
Brooks—"I'll take you, although it seems an idiotic thing to do."
[The bet is booked and signed by both parties.]

SCENE II.

JEFFERSON AVENUE.

Miss Estelle Lakeside—"What a lovely evening it is, isn't it?"
Saltcreek—"Yes, for this time of year, it is rather nice. Still, we've had such a bad summer that the year really owes us some good weather."
Estelle—"Ah, here is my street. I'm so much obliged to you for escorting me home I've enjoyed the walk very much, indeed."
Saltcreek, (evidently anxious to detain her)—"I hope you were not very much disappointed about the way the election went, Miss Lakeside?"

Estelle—"Disappointed? Well, I should say, I was. Mr. Brooks said that General Fisk had no chance and we almost quarreled over it; but (4 stph) "I see he was right."
Saltcreek—"Poor Brooks. He always stands in his own light."
Estelle—"Why, what do you thus mean?"
Saltcreek—"Well, you know, he's so truthful. That's one of the great faults I have with Brooks. He will tell the truth."
Estelle, (looking at the pavement and then looking up at Saltcreek)—"I think that's not a very bad fault, do you?"
Saltcreek—"Well, I don't suppose it's criminal, but it's very injudicious sometimes. Now, some men might have perhaps thought they would win your favor more by pretending that the Prohibition party had a chance."
Estelle, (quickly)—"Why, did you know that Mr. Rivers—" (checking herself and blushing)—"Oh, yes, I suppose they would. Well, I must bid you good night."
Saltcreek, (aside)—"Why in thunder don't that show come along?"
"Oh, by the way—Miss Lakeside—do you know that—I mean—well, I was going to say that I had taken more interest in prohibition this campaign than ever before?"
Estelle—"Have you really, Mr. Saltcreek? I'm so glad to hear that."
Saltcreek, (eagerly)—"Yes, I think I never quite understood the aims of the party before. Something Brooks said one night set me thinking. I imagine it was—that he—that you, perhaps, had been talking about it to him."
Estelle, (with disdain)—"Oh, Mr. Brooks is so staunch a Democrat to—but it really does not matter."
Saltcreek, (earnestly)—"But it does matter, Miss Lakeside, I assure you. I think there is no question that is fraught—that presents itself—nothing at the present day which, you know, I think it is the question of the future—I do indeed. It must be met—sooner or later." [With rising enthusiasm.] "It is no use. It is useless for us to close our eyes to the momentousness of the great issue that (mops his brow)—that—that forces itself to the front."
[Aside.] "I thank Heaven. Here they come."
Estelle—"Why, I had no idea, Mr. Saltcreek, that you felt so strongly on the subject."
Saltcreek—"Oh, I do—I do, indeed. Hello! What's this coming up the street? Surely the processions are over, now that the votes are counted."
Estelle—"Oh, I'm tired of processions. I must go home."
Saltcreek—"Let's see what the hubbub is about."
[An excited crowd mostly of boot blacks and newsboys are seen coming up the street. A man in a wheelbarrow with his hat beside him, seems in a jubilant state of hilarity. He waves a couple of American flags above his disheveled head and is shouting in a cracked voice, as hoarse as a crow's: "Hurrah for Harrison." Brooks, with stern and saddened face, on which the electric light shines whitely, is pushing the wheelbarrow in a determined, stolid manner.]
Estelle, (with dilated eyes, grasps Saltcreek's arm and gasps)—"Tell me—tell me, Mr. Saltcreek, what is the meaning of this?"
Saltcreek, (with a deep sigh)—"Don't, don't ask me, Miss Lakeside."
Estelle—"But I insist on knowing."
Saltcreek—"Come—I—I—I wish you had not seen poor Rivers. Don't be alarmed, Miss Lakeside—let me see you to your door."
Estelle—"Come then."
[They walk in silence up the side street to No. 678.]
Estelle—"Now, Mr. Saltcreek, tell me the truth. How long have you known that that wretched man was a drunkard?"
Saltcreek, (unblushingly)—"Really, Miss Lakeside, you must not take what you have seen to-night as a criterion of Mr. Rivers' conduct. Indeed, you must not. And don't be alarmed. Mr. Brooks will see him safely home. He will, in-

dead. You must make some allowance for election excitement, you know."
Estelle—"I think Mr. Brooks might have taken some less public way of seeing him home."
Saltcreek—"My dear Miss Lakeside, what could he do with a man in that condition? When a man wants to go through the streets bareheaded, waving two American flags above him and shouting himself speechless, what's to be done with him? Brooks did not want to call a patrol wagon and have the thing in the papers next day."
Estelle, (thoughtfully)—"I suppose not. Please, Mr. Saltcreek, do not tell either of them that I saw them to-night. Will you promise?"
Saltcreek—"Certainly, I'll not mention it. If I were you I would say nothing to Brooks. I would pain him if he knew you knew of his goodness. Then he might try to shield Rivers in some way and so 'truthful' a man as Brooks that would be very embarrassing."
Estelle—"I shall certainly not mention the episode. I wish I could forget it myself. Good night, Mr. Saltcreek."
Saltcreek—"Good-night, Miss Lakeside."

SCENE III.

THE PARLOR AT NO. 678.

Estelle—"Well, Mr. Brooks, have you become quite reconciled to the result of the contest?"
Brooks—"Cautiously, no. Miss Lakeside, I have not. Still there's nothing to be done, I suppose, but grin and bear it."
Estelle—"Well, you have a companion in misery. My candidate did not win either. Mr. Rivers seems to be the only one of us three to be congratulated."
Brooks, (savourily)—"Oh, Rivers" (checks himself)—"Yes, I suppose so. I saw Rivers turn down this street and half expected to find him here. I walked down a couple of blocks and then returned. I thought—that—well as far as I know—I had perhaps as much a right here as he has. If I am wrong I am ready to go."
Estelle, (innocently)—"Won't you sit down, Mr. Brooks. It is so tiresome to talk standing."
Brooks, (sitting down)—"So Rivers didn't call?"
Estelle—"Well I believe he came to the door but unfortunately I was not at home."
Brooks—"Oh, you just come in then."
Estelle—"No I've been in all afternoon."
Brooks, (bewildered)—"I thought you were not at home when—"

Estelle—"No I didn't say it. The servant said so to Mr. Rivers."
Brooks, (brightening)—"And—and are you at home now Miss Lakeside?"
Estelle—"Very much so, indeed, Mr. Brooks."
Brooks, (with vivacity)—"And may I hope—"
Estelle—"Oh, I think you may, Mr. Brooks. You shouldn't feel so cast down over one election. Who knows but four years from now the party—"
Brooks—"You know what I mean, Miss—Estelle—don't you? Do you object to my calling you Estelle?"
Estelle—"I don't think I do, John, I am not a Prohibitionist in that respect."
Unreported interval of fifteen minutes.

Estelle—"Indeed, John although you little suspect it, I know how noble you have been in your treatment of Mr. Rivers."
Brooks—"My treatment of Mr. Rivers?"
Estelle—"Oh I know all about it, although he always pretended while he was here that he never drank a drop."
Brooks—"Really, Estelle—why, somebody has been slandering Mr. Rivers. Goodness knows, I don't like him, but he is not a drunkard."
Estelle, (firmly)—"No one slandered him, John. What I know I saw with my own eyes. But it does not matter. Mr. Rivers is nothing to us, is he John?"
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