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WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1907

WHOLE NO. 397

# Growing Girls

Growing girls need care, advice and medicine, especially on reaching the age of puberty. A mother's tender care and words of caution will often accomplish wonders. As for medicine, a gentle, safe and reliable strengthening tonic is Wine of Cardui,

It will prevent and relieve pain, regulate the functions, clear the complexion and strengthen the constitution.

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## MRS. WARROCK'S SCHOOL

### An Appreciation.—By One of the Pupils

Editor of the Enterprise

After congratulating You on getting out so great a paper as your last double number was, and expressing the hope that prosperity may long be and abide with you, perhaps you will give me a little space for a few words I have long wished to say about a school that once was kept in Williamston, and which was attended by many of the present mothers of the town, by some of the fathers, and possibly by some of the grandparents.

I have watched with much interest the development of modern school methods, studied the effect on mind and body of pupils of present day teaching and training of the young and find much to praise, to rejoice and be glad about, and not much to condemn.

But it is not of schools in general, either of the past or the present, the old school by the country roadside or the new palaces of learning to be found in every town and village to-day. The admonition to say nothing but good of the dead forbids me to talk of the old school that is dead, and I cannot say much that is good of it, so must forbear to speak of it at length. And I must likewise take only slight notice of the new school because space will not allow more.

Even the kindergarten, that most excellent modern idea of teaching very young children by objective means, I must only glance at. I hope there is a kindergarten class in your graded school, but I have seen no mention of it if there is. If there is not, don't let your board of education rest until they have provided for it.

Now for what I have wished to say and what I intended to say when I began to write this letter. It is about the school taught in Williamston about the years 1854 to 1860, perhaps a little later, by a dear old lady by the name of Warrock. Mrs. Warrock's school for children not young ladie's and gentleman just children, from four years of age to ten or twelve, no boy older than that, and few girls.

Most of her pupils were of what is now known as primary class ages.

This school was always a wonder to the men and women of the town it was so different from anything anyone had ever seen or heard of in the way of a school. Mrs. Warrock's method (or was it the entire absence of method) was one of the most amazing things about the whole affair. Pass the school at any time between the hours of nine in the morning and three in the afternoon and you would see the yard, the porch, and the steps full of children at play. You would never see a child studying its lessons. They would be engaged in all sorts of pastimes, but never in study, as far as could be seen from the outside. There was a suspicion in the minds of many that it was not a school at all, but only a sort of nursery.

But the children really did learn to spell, to read, to write, and to do small sums in addition, multiplication and subtraction, and to say the various arithmetical tables, learned everything at the same time, and advanced as far as the first year in Mrs. Warrock's school as many did in a life time in the old school. The results were simply amazing.

Her methods of teaching were about as follows: suppose the child was a little four-year-old who had not been taught even the letters of the alphabet. Mrs. Warrock would take it upon her lap in the most motherly way and talk to it till it got over its shyness and felt safe and comfortable, which never took many minutes, for Mrs. Warrock had the mother instinct and feeling very strong. Then she would take a slate and put a pencil in the little hand, and then guide it as it made a, b, c, and so

on, giving it only three or four letters to learn at a lesson.

After going over this lesson a few times this child would be put down and another would take its place, until all the little beginners were started. After the first few days, when the child had become acquainted with the teacher and was no longer afraid—her pupils were never afraid of her—it might be given to one of the older girls, to be guided through the remainder of the alphabet or shorter words, and than it was taught small sums in arithmetic in the same way. Her older pupils were her only assistants.

The more advanced pupils were graded and classed as well as possible. There was a large spelling class, conducted in the old way; we studied geography and grammar in classes; and we read together every day. So there was much that the most conservative pedagogue would have recognized as real school work.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about Mrs. Warrock's school was fact that the children were not required to stay in the school room when they were not reciting, lesson or writing. She was careful that the larger boys and girls knew their lessons, but allowed them to learn them when and as they pleased, indoors if they would be quite, or out of doors if they preferred or could not be quiet. But they must know their lessons and they almost invariably did. This accounts for the yard being full of children all day.

I am tempted here to enlarge upon the value, present and prospective, to both teachers and pupils of this freedom from unnecessary discipline.

Is it necessary for small children to be confined in class-rooms, and be forever "in order" when they have nothing to do which they could not do as well out of doors or in a reception hall provided for that purpose? Mrs. Warrock's example and experience show that it is not. And if it is not necessary for small children to be so confined and disciplined, why may not the larger boys and girls be treated to a like degree of freedom? What relief it would bring to the nerves of both teacher and pupil.

Our race is becoming more and more subject to disorders of the nerves, the seeds of which are doubtless sown in our schools and developed later in business stress or social strain. Let your board of education ponder over this thought, I have not space to pursue it further here.

Mrs. Warrock was like a mother to all the children. Frequently have I seen her with a little one on her lap with another one or two hanging on to her skirts while a class was reciting.

Every time one of the little ones got hurt at play it went to her crying and she mothered it until it was "all better," and she had to inspect every lesson they put on slates, answer all their questions, be nurse as well as teacher and mother. And there was never an unknd word to any one. That woman was a wonder.

When one of the smaller pupils had a crying spell, and refused to be comforted by ordinary methods, Mrs. Warrock would take the child on her spacious and ever ready lap and tell it the story of the old woman who had a fish pond back of her house with fishes in it. The old lady was very fond of her fishes and fed them, and looked after their needs in every way. But at last she began to miss her fishes, and suspected that some bad boys were catching them; perhaps with pin hooks. The old woman also had a grandson who used to go to visit her and stay all day sometimes.

One day she said to this little boy "Tommy, I wish you would

walk around the fish pond and see if you can find out what is catching my little fishes. So Tommy set out on his walk around the fish pond, (here Mrs. Warrock would take a slate and pencil) and we will go with him and see if we can't help him find out what was catching his grandma's fishes." Here she would make a round mark on the slate to represent a house; two holes (eyes) for windows; two chimneys (ears) to the house; a door (mouth), shrubbery (whiskers), and then start off on the trip, tracing with the pencil the entire route all the way around the pond and back to the door they started from when there would be on the slate the picture of a cat with a very long tail curled well up over its back, and looking pleased as if it had just had a good dinner of something, presumably grandma's fish.

This treatment invariable cured the most persistent fit of the booboos.

My recollections of Mrs. Warrock and her school are pleasant, and I would very much like to have some one of her pupils who are now living in Williamston give a fuller and more detailed sketch of them.

I was the oldest boy in her school. She had a son, William Warrock who was a printer. He decided to set up a printing establishment and publish a newspaper in Williamston. Every printing office needs a boy. Mrs. Warrock recommended me to her son and advised me take the job. I did so, that is how and why I became a compositor, a trade which I have followed ever since.

Mr. Warrock's paper, the Roanoke Herald, was the first paper ever published in Williamston, I believe.

Give my love to all the boys and girls in Williamston who went to Mrs. Warrock's school and tell them I think of them often, and fancy I see them, and that they seem to be young and beautiful as they were fifty years ago.

W. H. WATTS.

Rutherford, N. J.

### His Dear Old Mother

"My dear old mother, who is now eighty three years old, thrives on Electric Bitters," writes W. B. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "She has taken them for about two years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well. That's the way Electric Bitters affect the aged, and the same happy results follow in all cases of female weakness and general debility. Weak puny children too are greatly strengthened by them. Guaranteed also for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by S. R. Biggs, Druggist, 50c.

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### Hard Times In Kansas

The old days of grasshoppers and drouth are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kans of to-day; although the citizen of Codell, Earl Shamburgh, has not yet forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says: "I was worn out and discouraged by coughing night and day, and could find no relief till I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. It took less than one bottle to completely cure me." The safest and most reliable cough and cold cure and lung and throat healer ever discovered. Guaranteed by S. R. Biggs, drug store 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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OFFICE—MAIN STREET  
PHONE 9  
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