

the Metropolitan magazine because of the photographs of some unflig-leaved statuary. Only the ultimate exaggeration of fantastic and frenzied finickism could have seen anything vile in the pictures to which the postal censors took exception. . . . But because some dub in the postoffice had a nasty mind, the picture was damned as indecent. . . . Yet the Metropolitan and the International have no redress whatever. Any publication may be absolutely destroyed by the decision of some nincompoop. . . . That sort of thing doesn't chime in well with the New Freedom. It is becoming so common that we are convinced there has been established in the post-office a press censorship utterly repugnant to our ideals of free speech and free press.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

JOSEPH FELS.

February 22, 1914.

For The Public.

Engine and wheel and chain that clank and groan
 In ceaseless factory-din thundering apace,
 Ear-stunning clamor of the market-place,
 And yet, amid it all, he heard the moan.
 When Riches made its golden bribe his own,
 And Power trumpet-called him from the throng,
 And soft, luxurious Ease, with drowsy song,
 He was as one not hearing—save that moan.
 Half the vast world he traversed in his quests,
 As Galahad for the Grail, heedless of self,
 Unresting, squandering time and strength and pelf,
 Followed and sought and fought—and now he rests.

FRANK STEPHENS.



NEW SCHOOLS AND TRUE DEMOCRATS.

III. Relating the School to Life.

From "The School and Society," by John Dewey.

What the best and wisest parent wants for his own child, that must the community want for all of its children. Any other ideal for our schools is narrow and unlovely; acted upon, it destroys our democracy. All that society has accomplished for itself it puts, through the agency of the school, at the disposition of its future members. All its better thoughts of itself it hopes to realize through the new possibilities thus opened to its future self. . . .

Unless culture be a superficial polish, a veneering of mahogany over common wood, it surely is this—the growth of the imagination in flexibility, in scope, and in sympathy, till the life which the individual lives is informed with the life of nature and of society. When nature and society can live in the schoolroom, when the forms and tools of learning are subordinated to the substance of

experience, then will there be an opportunity for this identification, and culture shall be the democratic password. . . .

From the standpoint of the child, the great waste in the school comes from his inability to utilize the experiences he gets outside the school in any complete and free way within the school itself; while, on the other hand, he is unable to apply in daily life what he is learning at school. That is the isolation of the school—its isolation from life. When the child gets into the school room he has to put out of his mind a large part of the ideas, interests, and activities that predominate in his home and neighborhood. So the school, being unable to utilize this everyday experience, sets painfully to work on another tack, and by a variety of means, to arouse in the child an interest in school studies. . . .

Though there should be organic connection between the school and business life, it is not meant that the school is to prepare the child for any particular business, but that there should be a natural connection of the everyday life of the child with the business environment about him, and that it is the affair of the school to clarify and liberalize this connection, to bring it to consciousness, not by introducing special studies, like commercial geography and arithmetic, but by keeping alive the ordinary bonds of relation. . . .

The school may be connected with life so that the experience gained by the child in a familiar, commonplace way is carried over and made use of there, and what the child learns in the school is carried back and applied in everyday life, making the school an organic whole, instead of a composite of isolated parts. The isolation of studies as well as of parts of the school system disappears. Experience has its geographical aspect, its artistic and its literary, its scientific and its historical sides. All studies arise from aspects of the one earth and the one life lived upon it. We do not have a series of stratified earths, one of which is mathematical, another physical, another historical, and so on. We should not live very long in any one taken by itself. We live in a world where all sides are bound together. All studies grow out of relations in the one great common world. When the child lives in varied but concrete and active relationship to this common world, his studies are naturally unified. It will no longer be a problem to correlate studies. The teacher will not have to resort to all sorts of devices to weave a little arithmetic into the history lesson, and the like. Relate the school to life, and all studies are of necessity correlated.

Moreover, if the school is related as a whole to life as a whole, its various aims and ideals—culture, discipline, information, utility—cease to be variants, for one of which we must select one study and for another another. The growth of the child in the direction of social capacity and service, his

larger and more vital union with life, becomes the unifying aim; and discipline, culture and information fall into place as phases of this growth.



TWO WOMEN ON A HILL-TOP.

No. 1. The Lonesome Woman.

For The Public.

One afternoon, more than forty years ago, two young men rode their colts far up into the Santa Cruz mountains toward the ocean. The elder felt like somebody: he had taught school, all by himself, for a year. Now it was vacation and his admiring younger brother was with him on what they called at the home fare "a real wicked an' tearin' spree without any heartaches."

They rode up the last ridge through the forest; suddenly everything opened up as in a flash. There was the blue Pacific Ocean, the hills dropping to the Pajaro Valley, the rivers gleaming across, the grain fields, the orchards, gardens, the roofs of homes, the spires of churches, the smoke of a railroad train coming out of a tunnel, the smoke of a steamer far out in the offing—on its way, perhaps, to the Orient. They drew rein; their souls woke, and gathered it in to remain forever a part of themselves.

And soon they saw that here, at their right hand, on the very top of the ridge, was a little farm, a neglected garden, a shanty, a few cleared acres. An old man sat by the shanty in the sun; an old woman was gathering peas in the poor little garden, not a stone's throw distant. An unguided stream of water from the hill and the forest was cutting the soil away. Part of it ran into a box by the roadside, and the young men rode up to water their horses.

"Good-day, Madam," the cheerful school teacher said to the woman, lifting his hat. "You live on the very top of the world. How happy you must be, every minute of the time!"

She made a loud noise of dissent; she jumped up so hard that she spilled her lapful of peas and trod them under foot. She addressed him with arms akimbo and the voice of a steam siren:

"There you go!" she cried. "Third man this week to yelp for this lonesome, good-for-nothing place. Ye come out of the city, with store clothes on, and howl scenery, scenery! Wish ye had to live on it for a year!"

Her disgust overcame her. She thrust one long arm toward the descending road. "Light out, quick, or I'll say wuss things to you pretty boys!"

She turned her back upon them, and began picking up her pea-pods. The brothers rode on in silence around the turn of the road, pausing at the foot of the little hill-farm to study the scenery from a safe distance.

Said the younger, with a grin, "Glad-hand

racket didn't work that time, mister teacher-man! Say, she wouldn't have talked that way if she wasn't plumb wore out."

The elder brother was studying the farm from end to end. "Nothing the matter with that," he said; "enough for a living and contentment, but there may be a mortgage, or she may have to pay more in rent than she can afford! Yes, Billy, it's wholly my fault, not hers. I'll try to come past some time and get better acquainted, and turn that waste water out of her garden."

"And you'll tell her it's a fine view," laughed the junior.

"Not on your life," said the teacher, feeling the hot blood mount into his cheeks.

They gave sudden rein to their colts and galloped on through the hills toward the ocean. Men at their plowing looked up as these whirlwinds passed, and waved their toil-hardened hands. A red-headed youngster, on an old barebacked farm horse, coming home with the mail, shouted with rapture: "Sell me one of them plugs, you fellows!"

The young school teacher thought a good deal about the woman that night. "Life's too much for her," he said to himself. "She has too many burdens, or is in the wrong place. The glory of that wonderful hill-top can't get hold; it only maddens her. Poor thing! How I must have rasped her with my unintended impudence! Now, if I had been alone and on foot, with a roll of blankets on my back, too tired to think about the scenery, I might have helped her pick peas, and chopped some wood and had some dinner and a word with that hawk-fierce old man who sat on the hillside and grinned at what the woman said. I expect he's part of the trouble up there!"

Suddenly the young teacher sat up in bed and spoke out: "Poor lonesome cantankerous old lady!" Then he went to sleep.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



THE TRUE VISION.

By Augustine Duganne.

O Heart! that hopes, believes, and loves all things!
O, Soul! which knows not that itself exists!
I would the Soul were plumed with the Heart's wings,

To bear it from the world's enshrouding mists.
Methinks that Love is the true vision of man,
By which he seeth no longer "Through a glass
Darkly, but face to face." Happily we pass
In death through loving change—whereby the ban
Shall seem a blessing, and the veil of earth
Fall from us, like the scales from blinded Paul,
When that his soul awoke in its new birth,
And he, from hating all things, loved them all;
So may our soul's eyes pierced by light above,
Rejoice in blinding Death, that leads from Hate
to Love!