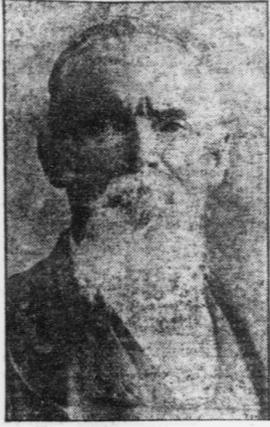


OLD FIELD SCHOOLS OF THE 19TH CENTURY VS. COMMON SCHOOLS OF THE 20TH CENTURY By James M. Tate

Molino, Nov. 26th, 1909. Prof. James M. Tate, Roberts, Fla. Dear Sir: It is claimed by some educators that the spellers and readers of today will not compare favorably with the average speller and reader of fifty years ago.



PROF. J. M. TATE

Teacher is committed to the "word system" and must rely upon his stock of pictures or have recourse to his inventive talents. He wishes to teach the sentence "John saw a cow." The rude picture of a boy is drawn on the blackboard, and named John. The child quickly imitates this astounding fact as well as that the succeeding picture is called "cow."

Teacher is committed to the "word system" and must rely upon his stock of pictures or have recourse to his inventive talents. He wishes to teach the sentence "John saw a cow." The rude picture of a boy is drawn on the blackboard, and named John.

"Boy" and "Cow" in a Mixup. This picture is sandwiched between that of the boy and the cow, with handle in convenient grasping distance of the boy's hand. The child, prompted by pointer, reads "John saw a cow."

This is not an exaggerated incident; many such ludicrous mistakes can be vouched for by teachers compelled to teach after the word system.

Now, if the experience of years shows that our labors have resulted in turning out upon the public an abundant crop of bad spellers and poor readers, we must necessarily conclude that there is something deficient in either the instructor or his method of imparting his instruction.

Why is it "Too Slow"? The advocate of modern methods says: "This is too slow." We must keep step with the progress of science and invention.

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A concern that handles a million and a quarter a year in investments to the absolute satisfaction of it's clients MUST BE A-1 The Fisher Real Estate Agency Is That Concern It not only wishes you a prosperous New Year, but it can help you make 1910 a profitable one for yourself in every respect.

open the book at the alphabet (provided one can be obtained with an alphabet); put your pencil on the first letter, and with the grace of a Chesterfield say: "This is the letter A"; show him its peculiar shape; teach him its proper name, and when you are assured that your ward—yes, ward, I am partial to this name—can readily distinguish it from the other letters in the alphabet, you have planted an idea in his mind which in the harvesting season will yield an hundred fold.

Climbing Science's Hill. The child has made one step up the hill of science and awaits in eager expectation for the next step. The letter "b" is now paraded. The same formal introduction conveys the information that this letter is also to become a constant companion up the hill of science.

Still Had His Brains. Old Shah-bah-Skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862. The secretary of the interior was a graduate of the legislature of Minnesota and the legislature of Minnesota promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the government and never be removed.

No Peace For Him. Gunner—Poop! There's always a mob howling for his scalp! Guyer—Indeed! What does he follow? Gunner—Well, in the baseball season he's an umpire. Guyer—Oh, he's not so badly off. He has peace in the winter. Gunner—No, in the winter he is prospective beneficiary of Rockefeller's "tainted million."

BABY DIVINE

By J. A. Kirkpatrick.

Look to the dark blue vault above, At blazing Star whose beams are love; Hush, be still, I see, I hear A Celestial band drawing near.

Coming from the courts of bliss to sing Glory to our new-born King; A message to people everywhere We come his way to prepare.

We sing, 'tis the first Christmas morn, As we hover o'er where Christ is born, Glory to the Highest who sits in Heaven, And peace to all the world is given.

See away over eastern hills a gleam, Above the manger shines afar; 'Tis Christmas morn for Baby, Sweetly sleeps at his mother's breast.

Methinks I hear the angels say, Why born in stable on bed of hay? No room in the inn could be found For his rich glory to abound.

Sing aloud, ye Heavenly band The brightest days are now at hand; The world may bask in peace and love, For Baby Divine is from above.

Did the world remember Baby Divine? Yes, wise men came in the olden time And left rich treasures at his feet, Paid their homage at his humble retreat.

Lift high your heads, ye lofty mountains, And laughing streams from yonder fountains; Proclaim his praise, he lives, he lives, Oh, man your noblest homage give.

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Roll on, thou grand old ocean, And pay to Christ your best devotion; While men in every clime and nation Proclaim aloud his free salvation.

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