

than twelve courses, each of five hours a week throughout the college year.

Four years is the time generally allotted in which to prepare for the baccalaureate degree, but in some cases, for adequate reasons, either a shorter or longer time is allowed. For students who desire to combine the study of music or art with the courses that lead to a degree, a modified plan of studies is arranged, by means of which they are enabled to take their degree in five years.

All students are required to take a course in physical training, three hours a week, during their connection with the College, on the ground that physical health is as essential to happiness and usefulness as intellectual culture.

Candidates for a degree are also obliged to take a course in voice-training.

The requirements for matriculation, the college curriculum, etc., are given at length in the prospectus of the College.



The Æsthetics of Wood-Alcohol

By Mary Willis

A little valley, nestling among hills so that one looks into it as though from an exaggerated punch-bowl, lies in one of the most beautiful regions of central New York. Forty years ago this region was a wilderness of hemlock, maple, oak, spruce, and pine; wild pigeons flew unmolested through its vast acreage of untrammelled forest, threaded only by trout-brooks, whose beauty arouses the enthusiasm not only of the fisherman but of the lover of nature. Into this wilderness there came, forty years ago, a firm of tanners, who turned its woodland beauties to commercial purposes. A tannery was built, surrounded by workmen's houses; corduroy roads were opened, and where naught had been heard but the babbling of brooks, the fluttering of pigeon wings, the breaking of twigs as the deer swept through, there came the rumbling of heavy wagons, the crack of the woodman's ax, the clashing of trees as one fell among its fellows, and the smoke of a tannery. Thirty years exhausted the hemlock, and the denuded hills about told the story of devastation. Quiet settled again over the valley, the tannery fell to pieces, the workmen's houses stood ghosts that recalled to one the lines of the poet:

Were it mine, I should close the shutters,
Like the lids of a corpse when life is fled,
And the funeral fire should burn it,
This ghost of a home that is dead.

Long enough to have the woods overgrown with underbrush and grass, to have the fallen giants covered, by the kindly touch of nature, with beautiful moss, the country was undisturbed. When workmen again invaded it, the ruined though picturesque tannery disappeared, and in its place a building of sheet-iron was erected. The workmen's houses were cleared out, some remodeled, new ones built; and again with the revolving wheel of commerce came the woodman's ax; but this time there was no discrimination. Every tree in the marked section fell a victim to man's love of money, for a wood-alcohol factory had taken the place of the old tannery. The hills became perfectly bare, and stood skeletons; the stumps stood about over the hillsides gaunt and gray, in the twilight looking like their own gravestones. The woodland was bought up by thousands of acres to feed the monster that never knew idleness, night or day, for weeks at a time. The puff of steam, the blue column of smoke, and the penetrating odor of its product became a possession of the valley. Still the city dweller who loved nature had the courage to come into the valley—each year finding new hills denuded, leaving each fall with a last lingering look at some favorite hill, and wondering whether the spring would find it robbed of its giant growth of trees. Fishermen complained of lack of water. All over the hillsides could be traced the beds of brooks long since run dry. There was joy when the decree went forth from Washington a few weeks ago that spirits distilled from grain should be admitted to the coun-

try free, if used for art or mechanical purposes; and one morning the sojourners in the valley woke up to the fact that the fires had died out in the wood-alcohol factory.

A visit to the workmen for a moment aroused sympathy, for they had been told that because of the tariff the business would not be resumed. Looking at a group of a dozen men with their families employed in this factory, one felt almost as though an injustice had been done; but when the eye rested on the hills near and far whose stony, barren sides had been robbed of all that made them beautiful, when one remembered that but a short time before the declaration had been made that there was just wood enough left standing to run the factory for thirty years, a feeling of gratitude to the Great Father at Washington went up, for now the few covered hills and the patches of woodland would be spared.

The life these workmen lived is told in a few words. Wages were about \$1.50 a day; not that when idle time is considered. A Baptist church stands not far from a group of workmen's cottages, but the church has been pastorless for three years, with but small prospect at present that it will have a pastor even within the next three years. It is the only church within a radius of seven miles, except one standing on a far-away barren hill, now used only for funerals. About a mile from the workmen's cottages is a prosperous liquor-saloon, and its hold on the men of the valley is about as strong as is that of the owners of the trees which to-day stand in well-ripened maturity, in all the beauty of autumn coloring, on the hillsides. A school-house is about a quarter of a mile away, and an examination of the register shows that, whatever is valued in the valley, certainly education in the children is not. The houses are devoid of any attempt at ornamentation; they stand on either side of a perfectly barren road, without any line to mark ownership. No care for appearances or even for health is evident. When one stands on a hill and looks down at these groups of houses, with the memory of their interior barrenness, a knowledge of the mental limitations of the indwellers, one questions whether it would not be well that the little community should drift back into civilization, for at least the children would have their minds waked up, and some intelligence would be acquired by attrition. But this morning the shrill, penetrating whistle of the factory told the story that the trees would not be spared, that for thirty years they would fall, one by one, at the blow of the woodman's ax, and find their way to the Moloch that had robbed the valley of its beauty.

It was rather amusing, if such a thing could be amusing, to pick up some of the daily papers and hear their moans over the result to this one industry of the passage of the Tariff Bill. Millions of capital and one thousand men thrown out of employment, was the cry. When one realized that these one thousand men, with their families, lived in just such isolated communities, deprived of everything that goes to make up beauty in life, one wished for the brush of an Inness, for the pen of a Dickens, for the genius of a George Eliot, to tell the history of such a community.



A System of Education for Boys

This system was developed suddenly into words, and yet the author of it now realizes that it has been formulated slowly for a number of years, and that impatience was the pressure which completed it. The boy should be entered in a kindergarten at the age of three and a half years. His mother, during his three years' attendance in the kindergarten, should be a regular attendant at the mothers' class, making herself thoroughly familiar with the "Education of Man" and the "Mothers' Play-Book." She should be a graphic story-teller, and necessarily the companion of her boy and his little friends. At the expiration of his kindergarten experience he should pass into a school where there was a well-balanced system of intellectual and manual training, these to be continued together until his fifteenth year, when he should be entered in a boys' preparatory school that had been tested and found to meet the require-

ments of entrance to the best universities. At eighteen he should be fitted for college. The next step is very important. A position should be found for him in a railroad office where passenger tickets are sold largely to women. Special effort should be made to find such an office. Here he should spend one year. At the end of that time, if he had escaped nervous prostration, he would have developed patience and endurance which would enable him to stand the severest training in college. He should then be entered in a university until he was fitted for whatever line of work he had chosen. Such a system could not fail to produce an educated man of patient temper, one who could read the human face and who would be able to meet all emergencies in life with an imperturbable and interested manner. Together they make an armor the world especially respects, and to which it assigns all the virtues.



From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

A friend sent me your paper of last week (August 25) and requested me to read the article "An Evident Need." I read the paper, and was surprised to learn that you, as well as some others, do not seem to know anything about our most worthy institution, The Brooklyn Training-School and Home for Young Girls, located at 336 and 338 Fourteenth Street, South Brooklyn. It was incorporated in April, 1889, and has cared for and protected nearly three hundred young girls, and already a number of these have become self-supporting. I send you a copy of our first (1890) and our last (1893) reports, which will give you some idea of the work. Unfortunately, we were not able financially to publish a report for this year at the usual time, although we may do so late this fall. At present we need more means and more workers to perfect the work. I am very willing to give "Mrs. G. T.," her friend, and your other correspondents, all the information they may desire concerning the work and its possibilities.

MRS. M. T. MAINE, President.

The Editors knew of the Brooklyn Training-School and Home for Young Girls, but always supposed that it was designed for girls who lived in Brooklyn, and not for the use of people throughout the State. We are very glad indeed to publish the letter of the President of the Board of Managers. Another correspondent writes of a Home located at 23 East Eleventh Street, New York City. Both institutions speak of lack of space and of money. No home located in a city can meet the needs of this class of girls. Outdoor life and exercise are absolutely necessary, and the necessary oversight could not be given in city streets. If either or both of these institutions could be removed outside of the city limits, and receive general support from the entire State, a step in the right direction would be accomplished.

In The Outlook of the issue of August 11, on page 210, an editorial, entitled "To Perplexed Mothers," appeared in reply to a correspondent, whose letter we published. The following letters refer to that editorial. Several other letters have been received protesting against the position taken in the editorial referred to. One of these we should be very glad to publish, but the writer forbids it.

Dear Outlook:

I do not agree with the remedy given in The Outlook for last week for the example given of child throwing his cap on the floor. The first wrong thing was the *direct command* from the mother. She should have said pleasantly, "Why, my dear, is that the place for your cap? Can't you find a better one?" or, "Do you think papa would do so?" A child's papa is, or should be, about as perfect an ideal of what should or should not be done as can be appealed to. Mothers are too quick to say, thoughtlessly, *do this or that*, when, if it were placed in the form of a request or a favor, the act desired would, in a large majority of cases, be promptly and willingly done. A fretful, whining child is an abomination, and its continuous "I don't want to" an entirely unnecessary evil. I have four well-behaved children, and do not speak from theory, but from knowledge. The starting-point in an attractive, well-mannered child is in the mother's thoughtfulness in guiding the precious treasure placed in her keeping.

A MOTHER.

My Dear "Perplexed Mother":

I am a reader of The Outlook, and an admirer of its high standards and its straightforward applications. The fact of your

asking it the advice which you do, proves your own respect for its judgment. May we meet on this common ground, and will you accept our mutual admiration for the paper as an excuse for my addressing you?

In this instance I do not wholly agree with the writer of the article in question, and, while I do not presume to question his wisdom, I should like to tell you some of the thoughts your letter suggested.

That there *is* a power that makes for righteousness is our certainty of the present and our hope of the future; but such power—like all God-power given for our help—must be developed by use. To many it would be a surprise, I think, to know how "reasonable" a child is, how exactly its ability to apply this power is proportionate to its understanding something about the power. It is in the happy, sunshiny hours of its life, then, that the child must be taught something of that power that will help it meet the "cyclone."

Take the little one on your knee some evening, when she is *happiest, loveliest*, in the gloaming, the cuddling-time, and tell her of her fit of temper in the morning, how it grieved your heart, and how a greater Heart still knows of it, and how such temper will wreck her life if indulged in. She is then in a reasonable mood to hear you talk of it, and no matter how young she may be, the language can be chosen to fit her baby mind. You may be surprised to find that for the first time she has some conception of the awfulness of this demon of ill temper. Make, then, some little compact with her, how you and she will try to overcome this demon next time, with the help of "the Power." I think this plan, persisted in, will yield far better results to both mother and child than punishment. The greatest Master the world has ever known taught his children by love, and not by inflicted penalty. All God's laws invariably inflict their own penalty in an attempt to break them; it is the law, and thus it is its own punishment; but God never imposes another. It is a far better lesson for the child to learn that an attempt to break a law brings such punishment, than to raise in its mind the antagonism which is sure to follow if an added penalty, and a foreign one, is introduced. There is no punishment so great as, there can be none greater than, that the law itself inflicts for our evading it; and when one considers that all God's laws are contained in his one law of Love, how far-reaching is the penalty of trying to break it!

I fancy I am a much older woman than you. In my early married life I used to think it was my duty to discipline my children. I now know God desires that we have *no duties*, and for discipline he has given love—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another even as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

If my letter seems intrusive, will you forgive it, for the sake of the Love?

Truly your friend,

G. L. D.

Dear Outlook:

Would you kindly answer the two following questions, either in the columns of your valued paper or by letter:

1. Would you give a remedy for recession of the gums, which causes eventually, I believe, loosening of the teeth? I understand it has become prevalent within the past fifteen years, and that it is curable in the earlier stages.

2. Please state whether water contaminated by sewage can be made quite pure and fit for drinking by boiling, and if so, how long should it be boiled? X.

1. It would be impossible for The Outlook to give an answer to this question. A dentist should be consulted.

2. It has been said that water can be made perfectly pure by boiling; but why should it be necessary for any human being to take any risks by using drinking-water contaminated by sewage?

Dear Outlook:

Can some of the readers of the Home Department give the rule for a cake that is called in the baker-shops Cream Sponge? It should be close, yet moist and tender; not dry and full of holes.

M. A. R.



The Vacation Fund

Received since January 1, 1894, and previously acknowledged,	\$4,098 13
Proceeds of collection Sabbath service, Point of Woods, Chautauqua.....	8 07
Congregational Sunday-School, Plattsville, Conn.....	7 93
A Country Friend, Greenville.....	2 00
C. C. G., Providence, R. I.....	5 00

Total..... \$4,121 13

Please make all checks payable to The Outlook Company.

Little Betty's Kitten Tells Her Story¹

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

In Two Parts—I.

I am Betty's kitten—at least I was Betty's kitten once. That was more than a year ago. I am not a kitten now; I am a little cat, and I have grown serious, and think a great deal as I sit on the hearth-rug looking at the fire and blinking my eyes. I have so much to think about that I even stop to ponder things over when I am lapping my milk or washing my face. I am very careful about lapping my milk. I never upset the saucer. Betty told me I must not. She used to talk to me about it when she gave me my dinner. She said that only untidy kittens were careless. She liked to see me wash my face, too, so I am particular about that. It is always Betty I am thinking about when I sit on the rug and blink at the fire. Sometimes I feel so puzzled and so anxious that if her mamma or papa are sitting near I look up at them and say: "Mee-aiow? Mee-aiow?"

But they do not seem to understand me as Betty did. Perhaps that is because they are grown-up people and she was a little girl. But one day her mamma said:

"It sounds almost as if she were asking a question." I was asking a question. I was asking about Betty; I wanted to know when she was coming back.

I know where she came from, but I do not know where she is gone, or why she went. She usually told me things, but she did not tell me that. I never knew her to go away before. I wish she had taken me with her. I would have kept my face and paws very clean, and never have upset my milk.

I said I knew where she came from. She came from behind the white rose-bush before it began to bloom, and when it had nothing but glossy green leaves and tight little buds on it.

I saw her! My eyes had only been open about two weeks, and I was lying close to my mother in our bed under the porch that was round the house. It was a nice porch, with vines climbing over it, and I had been born under it. We were very comfortable there, but my mother was afraid of people. She was afraid lest they might come and look at us. She said I was so pretty that they would admire and take me away. That had happened to two or three of my brothers and sisters before their eyes had opened, and it had made my mother nervous. She said the same thing had happened before when she had had families quite as promising, and many of her lady friends had told her that it continually happened to themselves. They said that people coming and looking at you when you had kittens was a sort of epidemic. It always ended in your losing children.

She talked to me a great deal about it. She said she felt rather less nervous after my eyes were opened, because people did not seem to want you so much after your eyes were opened. There were fewer disappearances in families after the first nine days. But she told me she preferred that I should not be intimate with people who looked under the porch, and she was very glad when I could use my legs and get further under the house when any one bent down and said, "Pussy! Pussy!" She said I must not get silly and flattered and intimate even when they said, "Pretty pussy! poo' little kitty puss!" She said it might end in trouble.

So I was very cautious indeed when I first saw Betty. I did not intend to be caught, but I was not so much afraid as I should have been if she had not been so very little and so pretty.

Not very long before she went away she said to me, one day when we were in the swing together, "Kitty, I am nearly five o'clock!"

So, when she came from behind the white rose-bush, perhaps she was four o'clock.

I shall never forget that morning. It was such a beautiful morning. It was in the early spring, and all the world seemed to be beginning to break into buds and blossoms.

There were pink and white flowers on the trees, and there was such a delicious smell when one sniffed a little. Birds were chirping and singing, and every now and then darting across the garden. Flowers were coming out of the ground, too; they were blooming in the garden beds and among the grass, and it seemed quite natural to see a new kind of flower bloom out on the rose-bush, which had no flowers on it then because the season was too early. I was such a young kitten that I thought the little face peeping round the green bush was a flower. But it was Betty, and she was peeping at me! She had such a pink bud of a mouth, and such pink soft cheeks, and such large eyes, just like the velvet of a pansy-blossom! She had a tiny pink frock, and a tiny white apron with frills, and a pretty white muslin hat like a frilled daisy, and the soft wind made the curly soft hair falling over her shoulder as she bent forward sway as the vines sway.

"Mother," I whispered, "what kind of a flower is that? I never saw one before."

She looked and began to be quite nervous.

"Ah dear! ah dear!" she said, "it is not a flower at all; it is a person, and she is looking at you."

"Ah, mother," I said, "how can it be a person when it is not half as high as the rose-bush? And it is such pretty colors. Do look again!"

"It is a child person," she said, "and I have heard they are sometimes the worst of all, though I don't believe they take so many away at a time." The little face peeped further round the green of the rose-bush, and looked prettier and prettier. The pink frock and white frills began to show themselves a little more.

"Get behind me," said my mother, and I began to shrink back.

Ah, how often I have wondered since then why I did not know in a minute that it was Betty—just Betty! It seemed so strange that I did not know it without being told. She came nearer and nearer, and her cheeks seemed to grow pinker and pinker, and her eyes bigger and bigger. Suddenly she gave a little jump and began to clap her hands and laugh.

"Ah," she said, "it is a little kitty. It is a surely little kitty."

"Oh, my goodness!" said my mother. "Fts-fts-ftss! fttss-ffttssss!"

I could not help feeling as if it was rather rude of her, but she was so frightened.

But Betty did not seem to mind it at all. Down she went on her little knees on the grass, bending her head down to peep under the porch until her cheek touched the green blades and her heap of curls lay on the buttercups and daisies.

"Oh, you *dee* little kitty!" she said. "Pretty pussy, pussy, puss! Kitty, kitty! *Poo* little kitty! I won't hurt you."

She made a movement as if she were going to put out her dimpled hand to stroke me, but a side window opened and I heard a voice call to her.

"Betty! Betty!" it said, "you mustn't put your hand under there. The pussy is frightened, and it makes her cross, and she might scratch you. Don't try to stroke her, dearie."

She turned her bright little face over her shoulder.

"I won't hurt her, mamma," she said. "I surely, surely won't hurt her. She has such a pretty kitty. Come and look at it, mamma!"

"Fftssss-ss!" said my mother. "More coming! Grown ups this time!"

"I don't believe they will hurt us," I said. "The little one is such a pretty one."

"You know nothing about it," said my mother.

But they did not hurt us. They were as gentle as if they had been kittens themselves. The mother came and bent down by Betty's side and looked at us too, but they did nothing which even frightened us. And they talked in quite soft voices.

"You see she is a wild little pussy," the mother said. "She must have been left behind by the people who lived here before we came, and she has been living all by her-

¹ Copyright by Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1894.