

# PLAYGROUNDS AND EDUCATION

By W. R. Lunk, Supervisor of Playgrounds, in Sunday News.

The idea of playgrounds being a part of the educational system of a city has only found credence within the past few years. It is by no means universal yet, but is fast finding favor even among the most conservative. That we may view the question fairly and arrive at our conclusion it is necessary to study the part each plays in the well-rounded development of our young people.

Education has not always been deemed so necessary as it is today. Practically every large corporation now demands that those who fill its important positions shall have the best training obtainable through special school courses along their particular lines of work. The same rule holds good in all other walks of life, for we find over 55 per cent of the executive positions in the country filled from the very few (in comparison to our population) who graduate from our public schools and colleges. Thus without fear of contradiction we can say that the function of our great educational system is to fit the youth of the nation to best take their places in the community life, well equipped to carry on its activities.

We are backed in this assertion by some of the earlier educators. Pestalozzi advanced the theory that education meant the development of the sense perception in the pupil and that the schools should give every chance for this development. Froebel goes farther and says: "Education means the development of the self-activity of the pupil." "Through this self-activity," he says, "the child unfolds his will power quite as much as his sense perception and by this arrives in the surest way at thinking reason, which is the culmination of self-activity."

In the playground we find an institution which has been fostered as such for only a few years. It is the working out of a desire on the part of many thinking men and women to utilize the natural instinct of play; to give it guidance and direction thus making it a force in developing useful citizens. Man has played since the earliest dawn of history, and will continue to do so until the world is no more. The institution which fails to take this fact into consideration fails in one of its fundamentals.

We have granted that the development of self-activity should be the ultimate goal of every public school system. We further assert that the proper utilization of this natural instinct to play is a wonderful aid toward attaining this goal, when combined with the training and directing of the mind along educational channels. The loss from our schools has been almost beyond comprehension, but where the play life of the child has been directed and coupled with the student life this loss has been very materially diminished. Nowhere has this principle been better tested and proven than at Gary, Indiana, where for certain periods every school day the child is given training in play according to a carefully worked out programme.

The discipline of our schools dif-

fers materially from that of the playground. In the school the discipline must be made to conform to the entire student body, and each child give way to a certain degree in order that the mass be served. This arrangement does not give the fullest chance for self-expression, but there are many methods the teacher may adopt which give to the individual child, to a certain extent, the chance to carry his own idea into effect. On the playground the teacher with any ingenuity whatever will find that under much freer discipline this chance for self-expression may be given naturally and most beneficially to the pupil.

That school which maintains a high feeling of esprit de corps among its pupils is exerting a most valuable influence in their lives. This is often most difficult to obtain. As our boys and girls approach maturity they are apt to be thinking of what they can get out of the world than of what they can put into it. The co-operation spirit is sometimes established through medium of various school clubs and societies, but with the playground as an adjunct and the proper use of the competitive spirit a teacher may build up a school feeling that will be felt through all the school activities. Furthermore after a season of self-denial, when the pupil as a member of a group must lay aside his own desires for the ultimate success of his team, co-operation between himself and teacher is more easily obtained.

Few playground games fail to give full opportunity for the development of the will. Not many boys or girls pass through a season of basketball, baseball, volleyball, football, or any other of the team games without acquiring a greater amount of self-control. The physical development is not the only benefit derived from these various games, but great good comes from the fact that each player fits into a scheme for the entire team.

Add, then, to the educational system with its discipline, organization equipment and big-hearted teachers the freedom, self-expression, team-play and all-round activity of the playground, and we have a combination which cannot be excelled for the development of well rounded citizenship.

**White Man With Black Liver.**  
The Liver is a blood purifier. It was thought at one time it was the seat of the passions. The trouble with most people is that their Liver becomes black because of impurities in the blood due to bad physical states, causing biliousness, headache, dizziness and constipation. Dr. King's New Life Pills will clean up the Liver, and give you new life. 25c at your druggist.

**Whole Family Dependent.**  
Mr. E. Williams, Hamilton, Ohio, writes: "Our whole family depend on Pine-Tar-Honey." Maybe some one in your family has a severe cold—perhaps it is the baby. The original Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is an ever ready household remedy—it gives immediate relief. Pine-Tar-Honey penetrates the lining of the throat and lungs, destroys the germs and allows nature to act. At your druggist, 25c.

## EPOCH-MAKING WARS.

Fifty years ago this country was just closing a factional war in which thousands of young men laid down their lives in a quarrel that, it seems now, could have been so easily settled by judgment and reason and a little—comparatively little, considering the interest involved—concession on either side. The country has made great strides since the spring of 1865; but it is no doubt far behind what it would have been had there been no "War Between the States." Most of those who took part in the war would have passed away ere this time even if there had been no war; but there still remain broken-down men and crippled men and descendants of men who had lost some of their physical force and vigor and robustness in the exposure and hardship in camp or in prison and on the battlefield. But for the war of the sixties there would have been a much larger and more vigorous population today in the United States, especially in the South—where so large a proportion of the male population were soldiers.

The opinion prevails to some extent that soldiers are strong and vigorous men. So they are in ordinary circumstances; but they are strong not because they are soldiers but soldiers because they are strong—no other kind is wanted so long as there is enough of that kind.

This country has not recovered yet from the war of fifty years ago.

France has not recovered from the war of one hundred years ago. Her people are smaller. The war itself destroyed the pick of the men. They wore themselves out following the armies of Napoleon in the long wars that carried them into Italy and Austria and into the snows of Russia, and those who survived the wars had lost much of the robustness and vigor that formerly characterized the Franks—and the nation has never recovered it.

We speak of the present European war as the greatest the world has ever known. In point of numbers engaged it is, but in point of hardships and fighting and in proportion to the number killed, comparing the population then with that of today, the present war has not yet reached the horrors of the war that closed with the defeat of Napoleon a hundred years ago and his banishment to the island of St. Helena. The four hundred thousand men who lost their lives in that war was a tremendous drain on all the populations of Europe that were engaged in it—and nearly all of them were.

What a warrior Napoleon was! And what a great man history makes him out to be! Really and truly, what an immense butcher he was! But he got his own at last. He conquered nearly every nation of Europe but it was at tremendous sacrifice to his country and it would have been a thousands of men whose lives went he had never been born. Besides the thousands of men whose lives went out on battlefields and in camps and hospitals, and other thousands who eked out a maimed life when the war was over, transmitting a weakened posterity to the nation, France lost her greatest possessions by war. In 1804, to raise money to carry on the war, Napoleon sold Louisiana to this country for the pitiful sum of \$15,000,000—a magnificent area, comprising two million square miles, embracing the present state of Louisiana and all the country included now in Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Indian Territory, North and South Dakota and a large part of Minnesota.

A great man indeed! A great curse to the world, including his own country!

And, speaking generally, war is a great curse. It is great to be brave, but there are other ways to be brave than by shooting one's fellow-men and being shot by them. "It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country"; but it is sweeter and as honorable to live for one's country.

War is a relic of barbarism. It is an anachronism. It is wholesale murder.

Not much better could be expected of the greasers of Mexico, but that the people of enlightened and Christian Europe should be engaged in this twentieth century in wholesale manslaughter—it is horrible.

There is without doubt a great deal of individual nobility and personal patriotism and high sense of duty engaged in war; but war itself is out of time, out of place, out of the pale of the world's civilization. —Newberry Observer.

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Mr. E. Williams, Hamilton, Ohio, writes: "Our whole family depend on Pine-Tar-Honey." Maybe some one in your family has a severe cold—perhaps it is the baby. The original Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is an ever ready household remedy. Pine-Tar-Honey penetrates the linings of the throat and lungs, destroys the germs, and allows nature to act. At your druggist, 25c.—Adv.

## WILSON.

Since the beginning of government among men there has not been a sovereign government head who pleased all subjects or citizens.

Wilson is not an exception. Men all parties regard him as an able, conscientious and thorough president, but no one of any party hesitates to criticize him.

Our constitution guarantees each citizen the right to knock, and it is a privilege of which we all make generous use. Perhaps it is well we have the unabridged right to criticize, for word-of-mouth blows are a sort of safety valve for the emotions. Men who stop to talk will seldom fight. Men who are permitted to cuss the government openly will seldom conspire to rebel.

Our universal criticism of Wilson is more habit than anything else. None of us know his plans, his struggles, his sorrows, his ambitions. We only know that he has not, with a magic wand, set the world to rights, and because he performs for us no miracles we scold. For what are we paying him a great salary if not to regulate the affairs of nations and tickle our vanity with our own greatness?

We are a childish people, somewhat drunk on democracy.

When affairs in Mexico became poignant through newspaper publicity, we all scolded because Wilson would not send the navy and the army to kill off the greasers. Not that we had any business in Mexico, and not that any of us knew what course should be taken; but we all felt that something needed to be done, and we scolded Wilson for not doing it.

When Germany forgot a treaty and tore up the rules of warfare, we scolded because Wilson would not spill the blood of United States boys to teach Germany the expediency of national honor.

When England subtly repeated her old boast of owning the waters upon the earth, and manifested a fine contempt for such an absurd thing as the right of American ships to use salt water, we all scolded—and are still scolding, because Wilson thinks it wiser to accept affront than to invite war.

Now that Germany's ally, the unspeakable Turk, has begun his old game of butchering Christians, with a preference for missionaries, we will scold still more if Wilson does not take measures of revenge.

I am one of the scolders. I confess it; for I am the same sort of superficial ass that other men are.

And yet I realize full well that any half-baked fool could lead his country into war, while only a great and good man can keep it long at peace. War and strife are bestial.

Only in peace does man approach the God in whose image he was fashioned.—Fountain Inn Tribune.

## The Sermon He Preaches.

It is so easy to float with the current and do things as others do. The real test of manhood comes when one stands alone, or in a minority on any proposition, and bears the brunt of being different from others. It is easy, though, to swim down the stream—to float—but this does not develop muscle. Too many young men are failures in the world because they are content to float with the current, and as a consequence they are thrown out on the side of the stream in some little eddy or pool of still water, while the man who kicks out and tries to do something grows strong from the exercise and accomplishes finally what could not have been accomplished otherwise.—Anderson Intelligencer.

## A Small Boy's Philosophy.

"I am practicing a new kind of economy" the little mother said merrily. "I have always saved and saved. Even the best things for the table were saved for special occasions. One day my small son begged for preserved strawberries of which he was very fond, and I said: 'We have only a few cans left, and if we use those up we will have to do without.' He was unusually quiet for a few moments, then he said, 'Mother, I'd much rather do without after they are gone than before they are gone, and besides, one of us might die.' Well, of course we had the berries. Since that time, I have practiced his philosophy along a good many lines and I believe it pays. Too many are holding in reserve their best things, our money, even our pleasure and friendships, meaning to enjoy them some day, but what if we should wake up some day and find that one of us has gone beyond the need of our best. Enjoy the things that you have while you may, and if there is to be any doing without, let it be after you have enjoyed them."

**Cure Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure.**  
The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00

# Trade Week for Lancaster

Don't forget we are in the swim. Many Special attractions far next week. We call attention to special offers for DOLLAR DAY next Saturday 17th. Instant.

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|---|--|
| 16 lbs Granulated Sugar . . . \$1.00    | 5 large Bottles Heinz Catsup . . . \$1.00      |
| 8 lbs Good Parched Coffee . . . \$1.00  | 10 Large Cans Baked Beans . . . \$1.00         |
| 9 lbs Green Coffee . . . \$1.00         | 5 Dozen Good Oranges . . . \$1.00              |
| 20 lbs Rice . . . \$1.00                | 2 Pecks Winesap Apples . . . \$1.00            |
| 40 lbs Grits . . . \$1.00               | 16 Grape Fruit . . . \$1.00                    |
| 4 Gallons Good Molasses . . . \$1.00    | 5 lbs Pure Cream Cheese . . . \$1.00           |
| 1 Bushel Meal . . . \$1.00              | 10-lb Pail Snowdrift Lard . . . \$1.00         |
| 13 Plug Red J. Tobacco . . . \$1.00     | 25 Bars Octagon Soap . . . \$1.00              |
| 12 3-lb Cans Best Tomatoes . . . \$1.00 | 5 Pint Bottles Welch's Grape Juice for \$1.00. |
| 6 2-lb Cans Best Corn . . . \$1.00      |  |
| 10 Cans Pink Alaska Salmon . . . \$1.00 |  |
| 10 Cans Spanish Peppers . . . \$1.00    |  |
| 5 3-lb Cans Desert Peaches . . . \$1.00 |  |

# Bennett-Terry Co.

SOLD SEVEN OF the nice White Sewing Machines last week on the TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR proposition. Did YOU get one?

**Bright for the Farmer.**  
In spite of the depression and the hard times of the past six months, the farmers of Vance county, and of the whole state for that matter, have good cause to relegate their worry and depressed spirits to the garret for all time. The future is bright for the farmer, and if he is made of the right sort of stuff (he has no reason to possess himself of the old, worn-out idea that the country is going to the dogs, and is going to carry his holdings along with it.

None of us can tell what the future holds in store; we do not know what sort of a crop year 1915 will finally turn out to be, but certainly it has started out in favor of the farmer. The conditions at this season of the year have seldom been more favorable to the early truck crop, and, with the proper curtailment of the cotton and tobacco crops and the growing of more food products, any reasonable amount of favorable crop weather is going to put the farmer back in the saddle.

The war is not going to last always. It is not even going to last through this year, unless all signs at the present fall, and the ending of the great conflict is going to bring unheard of prosperity to this country, and the farmer is going to be in the boat along with the rest of them. The farmer who gets down to business, and who thinks more of his own affairs, and of looking after the good of his family, forgetting all about the war, is going to be well taken care of when the harvest time comes next fall.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

# Swish! Corns Gone!

## We Use "GETS-IT!"

2 Seconds, 2 Drops — Corns Vanish!

For everybody with corns, there is in every drug store in the land one of the real wonders of the world, and that's "GETS-IT" for corns! It's the first and only corn-cure ever known that removes



"Some Fogy Trot, M'amselle, What? Corns Gone? Yes, I Used 'GETS-IT!'"

any and every corn or callus without fail, without fussing with thick bandages, toe harnesses, corn-swalling salves, irritating ointments. It's applied in 2 seconds—bing, bang—2 drops, the work is done, the corn shrivels up, your corn agony ends and the corn leaves forever! All the limping, the pains that dart to your heart's core, the crucifixion of having to wear shoes over screaming corns, the danger of blood poison from making them bleed by using knives, razors and scissors—are gone at last! "GETS-IT" is the new way, the sure, simple, painless way. Try it for corns, calluses, warts and bunions. "GETS-IT" is sold by druggists everywhere. 25c a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

Sold in Lancaster by J. F. Mackey Co. and Lancaster Pharmacy

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c

# FREE! FREE!

## ABSOLUTELY FREE

### And no Strings to This

I AM GOING TO GIVE AWAY A TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR FLORENCE AUTOMATIC OIL STOVE on the first of May, to the one holding the lucky number, and the number will not cost you anything. That is the pretty part of it. Every lady entering my store, from April 15 to May 1, will receive a ticket, and you will receive one each time you come, so come often. You don't have to buy a thing to get a ticket—your visit to the store will entitle you to it.

### WATCH THE DATE & COME & GET A TICKET

Remember it don't cost you anything to enter my store and each time you enter you get a ticket free. Some one is going to get the lucky one. And the holder of the lucky ticket will get a Twenty-Five Dollar Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove, without cost. If you haven't a Florence Automatic Stove it will be worth your trouble to see one. Come any time and we will be glad to show you through one.

REMEMBER THE DATE, APRIL 15 TO MAY 1.

Hoping you will have a cool summer with a Florence Oil Stove in your kitchen, I am, yours truly,

# J. B. MACKORELL

# FOURTEEN YEARS AGO

I surrendered all claims to "my first love," known in printer's parlance as the "art preservative," having obtained my earliest training in The Ledger office in ye good old ante-bellum days long—long before the introduction of type-setting machines or other labor-saving appliances.

Thus it is seen that after the accumulation of years, ill health intervening, I borrowed from other avenues for a livelihood, hence you find me.

Our banner in a business way still floats to the breezes despite the acclaims of mud and slush for five months just past.

Since 1901 we have thought ourselves appreciative in returning thanks for each season's trade, but now we are trebly so.

From an "original" standpoint we have stood the test of time in "Dear Old Lancaster."

As this is the first of a series we solicit an increasing patronage.

Very respectfully,

# A. W. Chance