

SCHOOL LAWS IN STEARNS

A ST. CLOUD CORRESPONDENT WRITES AN INTERESTING BUT SOMEWHAT HIGHLY DRAWN

STORY OF THE SYSTEM THERE

Catholics Allowed Separate Schools, but Teachers Are Paid From the Public Funds—Everybody Satisfied.

St. Cloud, Minn., Cor. New York Times.

This is the county seat of one of the most peculiar counties in the United States, comprising about 850,000 acres. Back in territorial days it was settled by German Catholics from the old country, and as an inducement for these people the territorial legislature passed certain laws of exemption for church property that hold today and keep thousands of acres of highly productive and rich farm lands off the rolls of John's Abbey, a Benedictine foundation, holds a score of farms leased to German Catholics on which not a cent of tax is ever paid.

The population being so largely German and Catholic, the question of public schools and public money for their support is of especial interest and importance. Minnesota is rich in its state school funds, and in addition to the regular county school tax there is an income to every district of several cents a year for every enrolled scholar. No scholars are counted in this enrollment who are not in public schools, so that the parochial schools in most parts of the state pay not only the county tax collections, but also a share from the state appropriation. It is not so in Stearns county. Here the law is quietly disregarded to the advantage of the Catholic schools, and in a most ingenious way.

The system in use at one of the representative small towns of the county is typical of the whole, and is as follows: There are two school buildings in the village, one a neat two-story brick building. Flying the American flag daily during sessions of school is the law of the state, and like every other public grade school in the state. Here are quartered the superintendent of schools and his staff of teachers. The instruction is that usually given children in other parts of the state where Catholic influence is not dominant. The other school building is an old Roman Catholic church, discredited for purposes of school use. It is located on the street of a barner and more costly edifice. The old building is rented to the school board of the village daily for school purposes, from the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., and is the property of the public schools between those hours, and at no other time. The teachers are nuns, who, of course, wear the garb of their sisterhood during the sessions of school. The decorations on the walls, the trend of instruction, the sympathies of teachers and children, are all ultra Catholic.

The playground lies between the church and the residence of the local priest. Children attending this school are expected to arrive at the school at 8:30 a. m., and the bell is rung at that time. The building is then under the control of the church, and the teachers are nuns, pure and simple. Between 8:30 and 9 the time is spent in religious instruction in a foreign language. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the building passes again into the hands of the church, and a half hour is devoted to its teachings, as expounded by those who till that minute had been teachers in the common schools. During the day there is an hour of instruction in the German language, and most of that is in religion.

The nuns who have charge of this school are duly accredited teachers of the state, with state certificates entitling them to teach in the common schools. The headquarters in the other building, has supervision over them and their school, and he is a Catholic. The two schools draw their equal per capita share of state and county school funds, and there is no parochial school in the place.

The line of division between the schools does not appear to be religious, as Protestant children are to be found in the old church, and the majority of the unreligious school is largely Catholic, but it is along lines of language; those desiring their children to receive a part of their instruction in a foreign language and who consider German as their mother tongue send children to the church school, and those who desire perhaps the younger element of the population, to the other building.

Every member of the board in this village is a Catholic and a German, and an effort is made to elect a Protestant school board a few years ago. It is the most serious kind of bitter politics. The Catholic element was determined that the board should be Catholic, and it was not. Since then no effort has been made to qualify Protestants. It is said by the superintendent of schools of this county that this system works to the satisfaction of the residents and of the state superintendent, and that it is the best solution of the difficulty. It is, of course, directly contrary to law, and the same conditions prevail in the majority of school districts in the county, but nowhere else in the state.

Stearns county has many Catholic churches costing from \$20,000 to \$50,000 each. In one village there are 15 churches. Its population is about 40,000, most of whom were poor in the earlier days, and who have been driven from the soil. At Melrose, a town of 2,000 people, there is a great brick and granite church which cost \$85,000. The walls and roof of which is \$25,000. It towers above the village, dominating the horizon for miles around. The roof and spires the most prominent feature of the landscape. It is 136 feet long and 75 feet wide, with seats on the main floor for 1,500 persons, with a great organ loft, and the organ and chime of bells that will seat 1,000. Its pictures about the walls are costly, its altar is magnificent, and the organ and chime of bells to be bought the coming year are to be the best.

The churches away to the south is a church of nearly the same size the cost of which is \$100,000. This is at St. Mary's, Minn., where buildings include but two shops. They are the village school, the church, which is now almost completed. The church will be finished by the addition of \$20,000 in interior furnishings.

Over 100 miles east of Melrose is the Church of Albany, costing more than \$20,000, and in each direction the landscape is dotted by great church edifices, better than any to be found in cities of 50,000 persons. There are all paid for. It is stated that not a mortgage exists among

BEAUTY OF THE GLACIER.

Scenes That Give One Visions of an Enchanted Landscape.

New York Evening Post.

The fascinations of a glacier are as wondrous as they are dangerous. Apostolic vision of a crystal city glorified by light "that never was on land or sea," was not more beautiful than these vast ice worlds, and the scenes are as chronicled not by years and centuries, but by geological ages. With white domes and snow-cornices wreathed fantastic as arabesque, and with the glassy walls of emerald grotto reflecting a million sparkling jewels, one might be in some cavernous dream world or among the towering grandeur of an ancient city. The ice pillars and silver pinnacles, which scientists call seracs, stand like the sculptured marble of temples crumbling to ruin. Glistening pendants hang from the bluish chasm. Tints too brilliant for artists' brush gleam from the turquoise of crystal walls. Rivers that flow through valleys of ice and lakes, hemmed in by hills of ice, shine with an azure depth that is very infinity's self. In the morning, when the thaw has been stopped by a night's cold, there is deathly silence over the glacier fields, even the mountain cataracts fall noiselessly from the precipice to lodge in tenuous, wind-blown threads. But with the rising of the sun the whole glacial

ROMANCE AND REALITY.



Had we but lived long ago, The over-ardent lover sighed, By the vaulted arch of heaven, I might have won her for my bride.



And then again he sighed and sighed, To think that such was not the case; But when he saw her on her bike He tumbled over on his face.

world bursts to life in noisy tumult. Surface rivulets brawli over the ice with a glee that is vocal and almost human. The gurgling rivers, pouring under the rushing, angry sea. Ice grip no longer holds back the rushing torrent, and the night's frost, and there is the reverberating thunder of the falling avalanches.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Awful Possibilities of the Present Compared With the Past. Although the present fashion of christening children with family surnames is much to be commended for many reasons, says Truth, it carries with it some awful possibilities unknown in the days of Mary Ann and John Henry. A glance at the following list, each name of which is a sentence, will illustrate sufficiently some of the possibilities of nomenclature resting upon parents in their choice of names for the men and women of tomorrow.

Winter Tourist Tickets to Southern Resorts Via Southern Railway (695 Miles). Winter Tourist Tickets on sale October 15, 1900, until April 30, 1901. THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY is the best line to resorts in FLORIDA, GEORGIA, ALABAMA, and the CAROLINAS, either via Louisville, Cincinnati, or Birmingham. THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY is the best Great Trip Line from Washington, D. C., to the South.

PACKING BOX DRAWERAGE

THE REMARKABLE TRAVELS OVER THE GLOBE OF SECOND-HAND WOODEN CASES

SOME JUNKET FOR YEARS

Summered in Paris, Wintered in Berlin, Collected China in Yokohama and Silks in Hong Kong.

Every one has left that there is a certain fascination and romance attached to that box or steamer trunk returning home plastered, criss-crossed and part-colored with the transportation labels and "stickers" of three or four continents and as many oceans, but it can have occurred to few that among the battered packing cases which are heaped up in many down stown vacant lots are wooden travelers of experiences as diverse and of mileage as great as those of their leather fellows of state room and hotel. Yet such is the rather curious truth. There are Penobscot pine boxes now in New York that have been junketing around the world for the last five or ten years. They have spent a summer in Paris, wintered in Berlin, stayed a while collecting china in Yokohama, silks in Hongkong, or curios in Surabach; they have come zigzagging across the globe by way of Cape Town, Rio de Janeiro, and have laid here consumed with Wanderlust till the fate in the inner office of some big exporting house has lifted a finger and bidden them once more begone "round the world and back again."

Medical Notes.

A woman referred to by Dr. Clarke as an illustration of the beneficial effects of bathing the children, has eight children, ranging from two to sixteen years of age. The children are all strong, healthy and their muscles are firm and well developed. They are of quiet disposition and neither nervous nor quarrelsome. The mother believes that this is due to the mother's practice of bathing the infants. From the age of two weeks to two years they are bathed every day in warm water, and uncovering one part at a time she wets it with tepid water, and with no soap, she gives the child a massage. The massage is continued until the surface is nearly dry, finishing with a Turkish towel. The time consumed in this bath and massage is from half an hour to one hour. The bath and massage is in a glow, and the baby immediately falls into a restful sleep. If, for any reason, the bath is omitted, the child is restless, fretful and the firmness of the muscles and the quietness of the child. More than this, the massage seems to stimulate the abdominal muscles, and the child is able to do any need to give laxatives, a practice which is greatly to be deplored, although many mothers give their children laxatives nearly if not every day.

That the profession of medicine is overcrowded is acknowledged by physicians themselves. It is strange to say they are not to blame for it. Advances in sanitary science and practice have reduced the number of victims to certain diseases. Typhoid fever, for example, was at one time a source of a steady income for the physician. Every physician had at least four or five cases. Today this disease is a greatly decreased and some day it will disappear. It is the same with diphtheria, and in some places with malaria. Strange to say, although medicine is lessening its work and diminishing its own income. The Philadelphia Medical Journal, commenting upon this editorially, thinks that the physician of today should discourage aspirants for medical honors and labors who do not possess natural qualifications of an exceptionally high order. More care should be exercised in the selection of medical students and less enthusiasm manifested in urging young men to study a science for which they have no qualifications. Above all, the standard should be required that the name doctor may mean one thoroughly qualified to cope with all

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and restless by your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain in the stomach? If so, give your child a few drops of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, and it will soothe your child, and give you a good night's rest. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, that a child who refuses to nurse, who has diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the bowels, and gives the child a good appetite and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething is sold in the United States and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and druggists in the United States. It is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Beware of cheap imitations for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

means ceased to be interesting to him. He walked through his sheds, where a pair of rip saws were secured, and the broken ends of a line of battered dry goods boxes, and out into the receiving yard behind. There a canyon-like alley hemmed between the half ordered ruins of two huge pyramids of boxes.

"Yes," he said, here and there tipping one affectionately, "I've got them here from all over the world. I manufactured, mend, cut down, buy and sell, but for the most part my business is one of pure exchange. This is a sort of box by their age, or over-battered, or broken down. And there are more of them in every big shipping port on earth. Boxes aren't destroyed wantonly; they are all gradually racked to pieces, and they're used as long as tinkering will hold them together. Broken up they're worth maybe from 5 cents to 25 cents as kindling wood; but if you want to get 50 cents to \$2 to replace them with new.

"A box doesn't lie here long. They're on one eternal swing and pendulum about the world. You see, we brokers know just what each size and sort is best suited for. If it's a hat case from Paris it's more than likely to be broken up here. If it's a hat case from here, and the same with every other style and shape, whether they're held china, drygoods or cook stoves. Besides there are no very great differences in boxes from one port to another. The transportation companies see to it that they're all built of pretty much equal strength—they've got to be able to stand the smash without breaking their backs, you know—and as for shape, you can't ring in many variations on the four square.

"Most of our business is taken by running contract, though. Just now we are shipping up 10,000 inches for a big Japanese export and import house over on Broadway. Ten thousand inches? Oh, no; you wouldn't understand that, come to think of it. You see, one of the most peculiar to our business is our methods of measuring. We take as the size of a box what the dimensions are in inches, amounts to, say, for example, that it runs 48 by 36 by 48—it's 121. And with us no matter what the customer's size, since the standards should be equal to the same 121. A plate glass frame and a safe case might be the same 'size' in our trade lingo. I don't know how the system originated; it's as old as the business, probably, for it seems to have been chosen expressly for our purpose. Of course, with general orders for 30 many 'inches'—shape not specified—we're expected to keep as close to the cubic as possible, but when customers are using second hand boxes they have to stand for unavoidable deviations.

standard size to apply to everybody. It would seem on the surface to be a mighty confusing and ineffectual way of doing business, but it's the simplest in the long run. Customers first choose the size of their differences are about even. We calculate on hitting the size of a box within an inch or two, and I reckon the shipping clerks of the various steamship concerns are about as conscientiously exact on their side of the fence.

"America doesn't lead in boxmaking. You've heard that the Germans are the best packers in the world. Well, it's simply because their box men have given them the best packing cases for it. You'd think they filled every one of them with pig lead and dropped them out of a factory test! There's a Dutch box—and chopping blocks for wood, some sort of larch or birch, but it's often only pine. And they don't use the same kind of lumber that we and the English do. With them it's the way they place their battens and put in their nails. It's the mechanics of the craft that make count. See how badly battered it's been, and still it hasn't cornered that's beginning to be loose yet.

The English build big, heavy cases of Norway pine, and their timber must cost up to \$100 a cord. They hold together, true enough; nothing but the best of wood could open some of them, it's often seemed to me. But there's about as much to worry about that sort of thing as there is to look at. Look at that one in your hand—a hulking big packing case, which gave out such another dull, sullen, booming rumbled forth from the cave of the Cyclops. And bear that! Why, my old grandfather, who lived before hoop iron cleatings were ever thought of—and who used up whole twenty-acre blocks of hickory saplings for bottom staves—was always knocking it into his apprentices that they ought to use half the timber and twice the brains. Yet he didn't have to worry about that sort of thing as I was looking at. Lord! father tells of granddad's once catching him napping on those old hickory 'straps' from above instead of from below. The old boy said that his lips together tight, ripped those 'straps' off like a woman taking an old binding back for a new one. And he said that he had him nail them on again. Sometimes I think I've inherited the habit of that licking. I know I mortally hate to see a stupidly placed nail on a hammer's turned out on the side of the world or on the other.

"The French run to all sorts of fancy notions—burr and thin shapes riveted cleatings and what not. But they're put in the strength that's necessary, and the wood they use is a great deal too dry and brittle for the purpose. It's the Japs who have the wood exactly suited to the trade. I often wish we could get hold of it for the repairing. It's as leathery as steeped ash and as light as white-oak. Those are all strong, and they're used for the repairing of the wood at the end—and that's the Japanese either. It's been cut down, too; that's plain by the shifting of the 'middle.' There's a British government stench; there's a German mark, and the men stevedore the hindler is Yankee. And I suppose if I were a Sherlock Holmes I could read you all these other crosses and crows' feet on it, and prove that it's been on the road the life of a freight car, and done the literary of a tramp steamer. And in this yard there must be dozens more that have been as far and at it as long. You get boxes that have been browned in fire, and others that have been under the sea—their wood's bitter with salt. But none of them get any more than a few minutes' stay in the shop only to be whirled out of it again to some other corner of the world. Some of them have been through our yard three or four times. The men stevedore they only use wooden nails on very small cases. Battens have been put on some or other—you can see that by the cleanness of the wood at the end—and that's the Japanese either. It's been cut down, too; that's plain by the shifting of the 'middle.' There's a British government stench; there's a German mark, and the men stevedore the hindler is Yankee. And I suppose if I were a Sherlock Holmes I could read you all these other crosses and crows' feet on it, and prove that it's been on the road the life of a freight car, and done the literary of a tramp steamer. And in this yard there must be dozens more that have been as far and at it as long. 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