

the keeping of accounts, in order that thereby the progress of the pupil might be noted. To crowd every teacher into the same mold is to destroy personality; to cast every complex character and undeveloped life into the same frame is to destroy individuality. A flower that has been pressed for herbarium purposes is after all only a mummy; however well it may serve as a specimen in a collection, it cannot be compared for beauty or for the discharge of the service of flowers to mankind, with a flower in its natural condition. Its fragrance is gone, color is lost, the lights and shadows of its surface have disappeared; it is dead. So with teachers who are crowded too closely in the press of administrative machinery.

The time for dogmatism and for coercive uniformity is past. Administrative school systems, like all institutions, are good only so far as they give opportunity to all the influences within them to contribute to the growth of the people whom they affect.

The substitution of a higher form of control for a lower, of voluntary obedience and intelligent acquiescence for external control, marks a step in social progress. It always involves higher moral training and therefore a more developed individuality and a better character to offer more alternatives and trust a man to make the right selection than to deprive him of all choice and compel him to walk in a prescribed way. What we need in educational administration is the replacement of coercive control and authority, with free action combined with a responsibility for the consequences of that action.

When a superintendent distrusts his teachers or a college president distrusts his faculty; when either says that the teachers are incapable of advising with reference to school policy; when he says that they are without sound judgment and that they need to have their ways of action pointed out to them and kept well within the limits of a system laid down for them by their superior officers, the only conclusion that can be drawn is that that superintendent or that president has not yet learned the superiority of the organic over the mechanical. He has not learned that the flower expanding to the sun, blooming and shedding its fragrance and beauty in response to internal forces, is more typical of moral character and of the ideal individual life than the steam engine, however smoothly it runs, which is driven by a force outside of itself and is absolutely under the control of the manager of that force. He has failed to grasp that great truth of evolution that responsiveness to influence is a higher form of action than action in response to coercion. He has failed to see that spontaneous action is better than compulsory movement. He has failed to see that leadership is a higher form of authority, and is productive of far better results for the world than is driving. He has failed to distinguish between a leader of men and a driver of slaves. He has failed to grasp the great moral and economic truth that the product of free labor is greater in quantity and far better in character than that of slave labor. He has failed to learn that in many cases influence is more powerful than authority.

A favorite illustration of some school officers, when speaking of their faculties and teachers, is that of the stage driver. They look upon and liken the corps of teachers to a group of unruly horses which need a

driver to control them and make them pull together. The figure is a vicious one. If we are to go to the animal kingdom for an example, rather should we go to the dogs pulling the sledge of the arctic traveler. The movement of the team is controlled by the leader, who is at the front of the line. He it is, who, setting the example, pointing the way, blazing the path, rouses his followers to enthusiasm and brings about that unison of action that results in the highest speed. The former figure is gratifying to the men who, by accident of office, have been led to feel themselves superior to their fellow workers, but who, by the very use of the figure in question, show that they have not grasped the first principle of sound administration.

Mere differentiation and coordination of function, mere complexity of organization, mere exercise of authority to compel uniformity of action, does not prove that the system under which it is done is a good system or that it is making for progress. There is an order and peace that may be attained in the streets of a city under martial law, but it is not to be compared for a moment in its effects on human character or in its results for the progress of civilization with the peace that comes from the acquiescence of the citizens of the town in the laws of the land. The peace and order and system that make for progress are those that command voluntary obedience and the willing cooperation of those who are subject to them. The best system of administration in school work, as in all other work, is that which does indeed work smoothly, but which attains its results from and through the acts of intelligent voluntary cooperation of all the individuals working in it, because all these individuals see its beneficent character and because it supplies them with multifarious opportunities whereby all their differing individualities can work out a congenial development.

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THE BREAKING OF THE TIE.

For The Public.

I must confess that my feelings were badly hurt when I heard of the rupture of the friendly relations between my friend Tom Knolls and the railroad magnate, General Peak.

The grief was if anything more intense than it was at the time Lieutenant Hance's mule threw me over his head into the cactus patch. Goose grease and sweet oil will alleviate the stings of cactus needles, if patiently applied, but the inward stings that come from bad news are beyond the reach of any of the remedies mentioned in the doctors' books.

It may be surmised from the similarity of the names that Tom Knolls and General Peak were blood relations, but such was not the case.

The relation that existed and was so sadly ruptured was merely that which can be sometimes traced between the reception of railroad passes and other substantial favors, on the one hand, and friendly services in legislative and political circles on the other.

Tom did not ride on the railroad all the time. It was not from lack of passes, however, but from the fact that he had to stay at home part of the time in

order to earn a little money in other than legislative and political fields.

There is an absurd prejudice in a good many minds against the reception of passes and other favors from railroad magnates that lessens the influence of the recipient in the community; so Tom to guard against such loss worked at other congenial things and suppressed any mention of passes and kindred things in the local press.

His good judgment in this respect impressed itself very favorably upon the mind of General Peak and made it easier for Tom to get passes. He was careful, however, and did not overwork the General's good opinion.

The beginning of the silly and ridiculous campaign for the regulation of railroad rates gave the opportunity that brought about the rupture between the friends.

Tom became possessed of an idea that he was sure would settle the question of rate regulation if properly applied and he was equally sure that he had only to mention it to General Peak to have it tried.

The incongruity of the idea as compared with Tom's former cast of mind will be noticed, but it cannot be explained or accounted for, except on the theory that the business of getting something for nothing is too strenuous for ordinary minds and causes startling mental confusions.

About the time that this idea grew too large and too hot for Tom to hold, the private car of General Peak went through town, and being sidetracked to permit the passage of a regular train, Tom had an opportunity to relieve himself of his burden.

"Well, General, what's doing down there at Washington?" queried Tom, as he greeted the magnate and secured a comfortable seat.

Some people may question the truth of this record on account of the familiarity of address manifested by Tom, and to assure such doubting minds it may be said that a phonographic record of this interview is in existence which will fully establish its accuracy.

"Oh," replied the General, "I'm not worrying about Washington. There's a good many of the boys there trying to do it, but there's a good many more of them that are trying how not to do it, so I'm resting easy."

"You look it, sure," said Tom, "but this regulation business must take up a good deal of your time and it must cost some money."

"Oh, I don't know," said the General, reaching for a cigar and passing one to Tom. "I'm not losing sleep on account of it. I must put in the time some way and while I'm tending to rate regulation I can't be handing out passes and fixing up rebates. I shouldn't wonder if we're saving money as it is. The member of Congress often comes cheaper than the prominent business man that wants a sidetrack."

A sensitive man would have been hurt by this comparison of market quotations between congressmen and prominent business men, but Tom was too full of his great idea to mind such little ironies.

"Yes, General, that may all be true," he replied; "but I have an idea that will surely remove all your troubles in that direction. If you will only adopt it you may lay your market quotations on congressmen on the shelf and give some attention to accommodating the public."

"Oh, is that so?" queried the General. "Do you know that I have more trouble with men of ideas than with anything else. Now I'm in the idea business myself. I want men to carry out ideas, not men to furnish them."

"But this is a new one," said Tom.

"They're all new for that matter, Tom. But I don't know as one more will cut much of a figure. Trot out your idea."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Tom. "It's just this. You build a railroad. It costs so much for the charter and so much for the right of way, and so much for the grading and bridging and the ties and the rails and the rolling stock and the stations, etc.; and then you have to add so much to the cost of the whole thing for the influence of the politician with influence and the prominent business man with a lot of freight to haul. The result is that freight and passenger rates must be put a good deal higher than they otherwise would. The small shipper and the occasional traveler have to pay the living expenses of the politician and the prominent business man. The little fellows kick, and so you have an appeal to Congress for rate regulation.

"Now here's the idea, General. Don't wait for this appeal. Cut down your rates to a reasonable basis, and cut out the politicians' and the prominent business man's rake-off, and treat everybody alike. The time you now spend in fighting legislation and fixing rebates could be taken up in improving your service and taking care of the increase of business which would be pretty sure to come."

"Hold on a minute, Tom," said General Peak with a very serious expression on his countenance. "You've forgotten one thing entirely. If this is done the railroad business won't be any more profitable than the ordinary grocery business. If we abandon the power to charge all the traffic will bear, there won't be any more great fortunes piled up in this country. The private cars will be abolished and the railroad magnate won't be of any more importance than the ordinary run of men. What kind of business will a man go into that feels like he wants to own the whole earth?"

"I haven't solved that part of it yet," replied Tom.

"Well, Tom, I've got a pretty good grip on the northern part of the United States and Southern Canada, and things might turn so I can own the whole thing later. I don't want to give up my dream. I don't think much of your advice, Tom. I won't give up my job yet. You may go now."

Tom climbed down the steps of the private car with a heavy heart, and General Peak and the car went on.

This is a true account of the severing of a friendly tie, and should be kept strictly confidential, but if it is printed anywhere outside of the sporting page or the market columns nobody will read it.

JACKSON BIGGLES.

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"I suppose," said the chemist, "that the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold will never be discovered."

"Nonsense," answered the mining magnate. "I discovered that secret long ago. All you have to do is to choose your baser metal and then corner the market."—Washington Star.