

for a short time when the proud owner of that beautiful yellow kitten.

Back in the eighties, Dr. P. W. King was asked to look down the throat of a pioneer resident. The doctor assured his patient he found nothing unusual. The patient, then advised the doctor to have his eyes tested, stating that three farms and a saw mill had gone down that throat in the past twelve years and he thought the medical man should discover some trace of them down there.

#### "SKUL—DAZE"

"School Days!, School Days!, Dear Old Golden Rule Days," "Readin, and 'Ritin and 'Rithmatic" and very little besides was the mental food of pupils in many Pennsylvania Schools in the eighties and nineties. The same classes conned over the same lessons from the same books year after year. Pupils of all ages and conditions attended school in one room. The brighter ones listening to older classes recite gained enough knowledge from advanced classes to make them lose interest when the next year another teacher tried to pour superficial facts into their heads. Each year brought a new teacher, his predecessor, if a failure did not want to come back, and if a success, a better position was always open.

We may have failed to enlarge and purify our souls in the old village school, but we slyly filled our stomachs with chestnuts and took with joy that which the gods provided in the way of fun.

The hickory stick method of instruction prevailed and the kid who could take it without flinching was the boy of the hour.

The fifth line of the chorus popular, at the turn of the century, did not apply to members of our gang, there were no queens in calico for us. Girls were something to be left strictly and entirely alone.

School sentiment and class rivalry were entirely lacking. None of us, even at this date, would claim the

school, as we know it, as our all that mattered. We preferred to credit whatever success has been ours to experience gained in the High School of Hard Knocks or the University of Adversity; institutions that opened their doors to all of us when the time came to face real facts of life, and we were forced to admit the insecurity of our background.

We distinctly remember the good men and women who were boys and girls in the sixties and seventies, assuring us that our advantages were far ahead of the A. B. Ab and spelling book methods that prevailed in their day, when the teachers knew the joys and sorrows of boarding around in the homes of the pupils and sleeping "three in a bed with two in the middle."

We have heard the ancient joke concerning the bright young men from Bradford County coming to Sullivan County with a spelling book and a bridle concealed among their effects, if they could not get a school to teach they stole a horse and rode home.

Still the well worn metaphor is quoted: "The Little Red School House, bulwark our Nation's greatness and the living spring that feeds the stream of progress".

We note the blessings enjoyed by our posterity with thankful hearts and take belated joy in that which is reflected to us from village and city high schools to-day. These schools, with curriculums that include courses not attempted by universities in our school days, supervised athletics, uniformed bands playing on instruments worth as much as our fathers paid for a team of horses, and opportunities to develop talent in industrial and commercial lines, instead of hard and fast attention to a smattering of impractical classics. We rejoice in having lived to appreciate a new day and a new deal in mental, moral, physical, industrial and spiritual development for the youth.

Since this a word picture rather than a discussion let us paint in the details and personalities that cause memories of the golden hours of youth to center around that which