

THE SCHOOLS OF PARIS.

MANY POINTS OF EXCELLENCE WHICH INTEREST PARENTS.

School Reformers in This Country Might Study Them with Profit—Toys for the Little Ones and Every Girl Taught to Cook—The Poor Dressed and Fed—What the Pupils are Taught.

Paris may be the wickedest city in the world and the most pleasure-loving, but the Paris public school system is a model one. It has many points of excellence utterly foreign to our system of education and many wise regulations governing the scholars which will interest parents as well as school reformers.

It is not the fashion in France to send a well-born child to the public school, but that is his loss, for the system of education is the best of its kind in the world.

For the last fifteen years there has been a socialistic or radical majority in the municipal council of Paris, and all that could be done has been done to advance the interests of the people. The parent has only to send his child to school. The motherly State fees the rest. With open arms it welcomes the toddler of two years of age, and if he shows special ability in any direction he may pursue his studies for twenty-two consecutive years and not spend a dollar.

Education is compulsory. Nothing but mental debility exempts the child. Even the little hospital patients and tiny cripples have their lessons and industrial toys. The small Francais may go to the Maternelle or mother schools between the ages of two and six years, but he must go to some school from six until thirteen years. The plea of poverty is not entertained, for the State stands ready to clothe, feed and amuse Little What's-his-name, and in addition give him a pension to pay for lodgings in his own house. This pension varies from \$2 to \$5 a month, according to the condition of the family.

CLOTHES FOR THE POOR.

Paris is divided into twenty arrondissements, or wards. Each has its own mayor and common council. If a parent is so ill-starred that he cannot clothe his child he has only to notify the mayor of his arrondissement; if he doesn't, some officious neighbor will. In due time the child is sent for by the proper authority, who not only dresses him decently, but comfortably and often fashionably. No second-hand goods are used. Every garment distributed is brand new and the proper fit. Boots and stockings, a blouse or apron of everlasting jeans to save the outfit, caps, hats, wraps, and in the winter gloves are included. As might be supposed from the national love of uniforms, these free garments are neither out of the same cloth nor made on the same plan.

If the child has been the butt of nature his defects are made as bearable as possible by skilled medical advice, accurately fitted glasses and surgical goods. In the eyes of the State every boy is a French soldier and every girl is the mother of one, which has a great deal to do with the excellent quality of the clothing furnished, particularly that of the underwear and footwear.

There is a perfectly appointed kitchen and a capable cook and assistant in every school. A piping-hot meal is served at noon. If the pupil does not care to buy it he can bring his own chop, eggs, fish or pot-pie, and the cuisinier will cook it for him. In the poorer sections a breakfast of hot soup is served at 8.30 o'clock in the morning and a lunch at 4 o'clock, in addition to the noonday repast.

VACATION TRIPS, TOO.

The school hours are from 8.30 until 1.30 and from 2 until 4 o'clock. Special classes are in session from 4 until 6, and all day Thursday, for the accommodation of the children whose parents are away from home all day. The school year lasts ten months, but during the vacation the State continues to look after the youngsters.

Vacation trips, varying from one to thirty days, are provided, the directors maintaining that the pupil will not profit by the instruction unless he has had a pleasant vacation. In the distribution of these fresh-air prizes the preference is given to the best-behaved, the poorest children being selected for the long trips.

Corporal punishment is not tolerated in the French schools. No child is ever jerked, pushed or shaken, and very rarely is a child scolded. Every class from the cradle element in the Maternelle School to the brightest has its roll of honor and its nickel medals, with bright ribbons and flattering inscriptions, and these, with the free scholarships, free holiday trips, prize books and honorable mention, are more than ample for perfect deportment and admirable discipline.

In addition to this paternal interest, the Government supplies books and all the other school requisites. The boys in the professional schools where physics and chemistry, cabinet work, printing and bookbinding, mechanical industries, practical drawing and the application of the fine arts are taught are not under one son of expense; education in the girls' professional schools is equally free. Prize winners in the high schools are sent to college and the State pays the bill for three and often five years' study and living expenses.

FOR VERY LITTLE TOTS.

There are 141 maternelle schools in the city of Paris. The hours are from 8.30 a. m., until 4 p. m., but the mother is in residence with a cook and bonnie, and babies of the laboring classes are received as early as 7 a. m. and kept until 7 p. m. The instruction given in these maternelle schools is after the kindergarten system. The pupils are seated two at a desk, the top of which is marked off in a variety of squares for bead, straw, paper, and woodwork. It would amply repay the infant-school teacher to go to Paris and make the round of these schools for babies. To be sure there are indifferent and inefficient principals and assistants, but the good ones are very, very good. The great thing is to create, to make something else with the material at hand, and so a child with an advertising bill will be aided in converting it into a doll for his sister or a little dish for

his mother's pins, while a boy with a gingerbread lion carves out two or three cubes and is satisfied to eat the crumbs left over. Penholders, hairpins, button-hooks and a host of other things are made with macaroni, and really clever caricatures are designed with a match, bread and bits of sugar and dried fruits.

A NEW TOY EACH DAY.

A source of never-ending delight is the cabinet of toys, to which manufacturers and dealers make frequent contributions. The teacher whose heart is in her work manages to have at least one new wonder in the case every morning.

In these schools—maternelle boys and girls work and play together. There are double seats, and Louis and Louise sit side by side. In all the other schools the sexes are separated.

Paris has 298 primary schools for boys and 254 for girls. The girls are instructed by women, and in all but sixteen of the male schools the teachers are men. After the completion of the primary course six high schools, six schools for manual training and six professional schools are open to the graduates, besides various lycées. At the high-normal college the girl who manages to pass the entrance examination gets her board, lodgings and education free of expense.

There are 16,432 boys and girls in the communal or free primary schools. This little army is expected to be in place and ready for orders at 8 o'clock every morning in the week, except Thursday. Gates are closed at 8.30 a. m. and the laggard must pass the scowling concierge who admits him, besides the reproof of the principal and teacher.

PLAY-GROUND AND GYMNASIUM.

Every school has an open yard and a covered play-ground and nearly all a gymnasium with some cathectic appliances. The noon hour is spent inside the school gate. Each day, regardless of the weather, the boys are drilled, and running, jumping and wrestling matches are contested under the direction of the master. He has a whistle in his mouth and every note is instantly heeded.

The principal of every school has a residence in the building. Besides the concierge and his wife, who keep the school premises in order, and the cook, there is a cantiniere, who gets a salary of \$5 a month and is responsible for the quality of the meal and the manner in which it is served. The pupil brings bread and wine or anything else he wishes to drink.

WHAT THEY ARE TAUGHT.

The children do an astonishing amount of writing and ciphering, which no doubt diminishes the apparent necessity for comfortable and hygienic seats. Very little attention is given to the geography of the world; it is enough for the child to know France, and he does know it—railway, waterways, productions, manufactures and social as well as physical features. Besides knowing his own country, the pupil knows figures. Wherever there is manual or industrial training there is practical book-keeping, and it is so well taught that the women are the bookkeepers and cashiers of the entire business world.

In the girls' professional schools, flower, dress and corset making, tailoring, millinery work, washing and ironing, business methods, knitting, needle work and drawing are taught by professional experts. Every girl, no matter what course she pursues, must patch a ragged pair of pantaloons, darn a hard used stocking, make a suit of infant's clothing and pass a good examination in the school kitchen. If she is clever she can do the required cooking in one week.

LEARNING TO COOK.

Eight girls are sent to the kitchen every Monday morning. They begin by cleaning the place—range, tables, brick floor, windows, pots, dishes, pans and all. When this is done they go to market and buy for cash the materials required to produce the printed menu. The outlay is not limited, but does not exceed \$5 even for a fete. When the goods come home they must go back if the weight is short or the quantity insufficient. Fish, game and poultry are anatomically and zoologically considered before going on the fire.

The girls ranged from thirteen to seventeen. They were mimic housewives, with their sleeves and hair done up. The dissection of the rabbit was an object lesson in physiology. The teacher had every vital organ examined and discussed. Then she cut it up and gave each girl a piece of bonnie-bunting to skin, bone, trim and prepare for the stewpan, reserving for herself the neck. It was illustrated economy to see the patience and perseverance bestowed in detaching the fragments of meat from the closely-knit vertebrae. But that was what she was there for. As the work went on the little cooks talked rabbit—its habits, habitation, cost, food properties and gastronomic possibilities.

Each girl had her cook-book, and while the foods were stewing and baking it was posted—formula, cost, menu and observations. Then the table was set and seven pupils, with the principal of the school at the head and the cooking teacher at the foot, sat down, and were served by the eighth. There was wine—a pint bottle full—and with the help of four carafes of water it went round several times. The table talk included the general topics of the day—an omnibus strike and the pleasure trip of the President of the Republic.

Pupils in the dressmaking school work under professional teachers. The price for making a nice dress is \$3, and the patronage supports the school. The customer comes to school and is fitted by an advanced pupil, in private or before the class, as she prefers. Models are bought from the grand couturieres and copied in cheap stuff, with often charming effect.

Why We Drink.

Food Crank Doctor—Bread is the staff of life? Nonsense. If you eat it when it is fresh you will die of indigestion. If you eat it when it is stale, you will die of disease germs that have lodged in it. In short, there is nothing so fatal to life as bread.

Patient—Then you advise me to eat something else?

Food Crank Doctor—My dear fellow, science has little to offer you in the way of advice. Everything else is as deleterious as bread, and, of course, to eat nothing at all will result in death by starvation.

Patient—Great Scott! I guess the only thing for me to do is to take to drink.

A NIGHT IN WHITECHAPEL.

SCENES IN THE MOST DEGRAVED OF LONDON'S SLUM DISTRICTS.

Not so Bad as It Was in Jack the Ripper's Time—The Haunts of Thieves, the Receivers of Stolen Goods and the Garish Vice of the Streets.

Last night I rode into hell on the top of an omnibus, writes a correspondent in London. I entered through Aldgate and met a guide—an ex-Scotland Yard detective—at the corner of Leman street and Whitechapel road. The hell was London's Whitechapel district, which was once probably the most thoroughly vicious area in the world, as it is still probably the most depraved. Leman street and commercial road meet Whitechapel road together, and the three thoroughfares make a junction that is not equaled in London. Thirty thousand wretched women roam the district, and these corners are its most prominent spots. Jack the Ripper probably loitered in their whereabouts as he selected his victims from the miserable procession that is ever passing them. That his example made its impress on the neighborhood in a way other than frightening the women is shown by the fact that two women have been killed in somewhat similar ways not far from his old haunts since I have been in London. This was told to me by reliable persons, and I visited the scene of one of the murders on Butler street before the crime was twenty-four hours old. Yet not a word has appeared in the London papers about the murders. The police here are fond of keeping their own counsel.

We went first to a Whitechapel lodging house, within a block or two of the scene of the first Ripper murder. It is one of the few of the old style left. Since Jack's flashing knife attracted the attention of the world to this district and its conditions, most of the lodging houses which formerly accommodated men and women indiscriminately have been forced to confine their business to one sex. But in a half dozen or so of the places the old custom is still permitted, on the ground that the homeless are as likely to be husband and wife as to be single and that they must have places to sleep. The police watch these lodging houses with even closer attention than they devote to the others, however, and see to it that their patrons are not young. The result is such a collection of tottering wrecks of manhood and toothless, crooning hags as Dante might have drawn ideas for his "Inferno" from.

A WHITECHAPEL LODGING HOUSE.

Picture a long, low room, half filled with benches and narrow tables. At one side a great glow of coals in a mammoth brazier, over which, such of the human outcasts as can find refuse food to eat are cooking it. Probably a hundred people are in the place, which is clouded by the output of many tobacco pipes, and fouled by the smell and smoke which comes from a bone which some clumsy fingers have dropped irclaimably into the bed of coals. Combined with the reeking odor of burning flesh and bone is the reeking odor of the hundred squalid human beings.

A hundred human beings, and among them not one hint of youth or beauty; not one person who is clean; not one person whose clothes are other than in the last stages of dilapidation and decay; not one face unmarked by the vicious lines of depraved age, or the vacuous imbecility with which kind Time sometimes wipes away the traces of a bestial life. No collection of young criminals could be half so horrible as this gathering of the time-tossed scum. Sum up the ages of the crowd and you will reach an average of half a century. Five hundred years of horror lurk in the muddled memories in this room and look out from bleary eyes at the inquisitive visitors. Nothing good, nothing pure, nothing innocent, nothing that is not utterly and irredeemably vile is here. It is not a pleasant place to visit.

BLOODY REFORMATION.

For many years this district had been allowed to act as a sink hole, into which the worst of London's moral sewage drained, there to fester in its own decay, unheeded by the other sections of the city, practically unknown to any but the police, and only disturbed by them when some particularly flagrant offense forced them to momentarily probe the depths. London officialdom had gone on the theory that a certain percentage of humanity must necessarily sink to this degraded level, and was rather proud that the refuse was concentrated in one locality. But the Ripper murders—frightful climax of this neglect—were so ghastly in their nature and persistent in their recurrence, that the attention not only of all London, but of all the world was focused on the neighborhood, and the authorities were forced to such action as I have described in previous letters. The number of police was quadrupled down there, and with such speed as was possible the destruction of the old slum environment was begun. Nearly every one of the old narrow streets on which the murders were committed has been torn out and widened, with both sides built up in substantial and sanitary "artisans' dwellings," to take the place of the old-time rookeries and the lodging houses, hitherto permitted to conduct their business as they pleased, have been placed under strict regulations, rigidly enforced. This has resulted in a one-sided reform. The actual criminal classes—the thugs, highway robbers, room thieves and like persons—have been to a great extent driven out or compelled to mend their ways.

Womanhood is without the safeguards of either law or custom. A woman anywhere in England gets little enough consideration; in Whitechapel she gets none. She drinks quite as freely as does the men, and attends the public house as often and as regularly. It is by no means uncommon to find women predominating in the bar room crowds down there, and the hard-working matron is quite as numerous in evidence as is the woman of the streets. Indeed, they rub shoulders constantly, and this rubbing has so far worn away the moral class distinction that the mother of daughters who drops

into the "pub," for a social glass of bitter beer, taking her whole brood with her, in no way resents the presence of the frail sisterhood, nor objects to her daughter's observation of the miserable spectacle.

CRIMINALS OF WHITECHAPEL.

There is no street in Whitechapel through which a stranger who knows how to mind his own business may not pass, by night or day, with reasonable safety, because of the overpowering constabulary, which is now everywhere in evidence. But there is scarcely a street in Whitechapel from whose crowds an old detective can not single out many persons whose criminal records are known to the police, and my guide, whose forte has been the recovery of stolen goods, pointed out to me more than a dozen places which he designated as the resorts of these "receiver's shops." It was nearly midnight, and there were half a dozen men and boys, besides one woman, in the place, in addition to the aged Jew who kept it. The detective was well known there, and his arrival created a great commotion, the proprietor running forward, rubbing his hands, to explain that he had done nothing wrong.

"Ho, no," said the detective assuringly. "I know you ain't. Whatever made you think I thought you had. I am just a-showing this gent man around a bit. What you got in that box under there, Levi?"

Levi pulled out the box. It was filled with silk handkerchiefs, washed and ironed and neatly folded now, but probably the outcome of some pickpocket "mob's" night's work. The detective questioned him closely, but the old man had a plausible answer for every query, and the box went back into its place. Then the detective made the aged rascal overhaul his entire stock for my benefit, and such a heterogeneous mass of everything under the sun was never gathered under one roof before. From old shoes to silver cake baskets; from books to a cask of smoked herring; from ladies' hats to a nickel-plated American revolver, the strange mixture ranged.

"Now, Levi, you know that every bloody thing in the whole place is stolen goods, don't you?" finally queried the detective.

"Oh, no, Mr. Dick. No, indeed. Not a single barchical!"

"Well, all I've got to say is that you ought to have been raided long ago. Now, don't ever let me find such a bloody curiosity shop here again, or I'll make you take the whole blooming graft up to be identified," responded Mr. Dick.

But after we had left, he said to me:

"The old scoundrel knows as well as I do that we can't do anything with him. He's careful to buy only of men he knows, and is reasonably certain to take in only stuff that has been stolen outside of London. This part of the town is a great headquarters for thieves who operate in the suburbs and the provinces. Burglars work out beyond the metropolitan police limits a good bit and bring their booty in to London to sell it.

"They are very clever about it all, and the danger of their being caught through the identification of the stolen goods in the hands of some receiver has been greatly decreased by the appearance in the business of 'salters.' Stolen goods are rarely recovered, you know, unless they are found in the first hue and cry that follows the robbery. 'Well, the 'salter' prevents that, and he is a dreadful bother to the police. He has only come into existence during the last few years, since the police have been astir down here. He acts as a safe deposit vault for the thief, as it were. The thief puts up his stuff with him, certain that it will be 'salted away' in some cellar or garret until even the man who was robbed, let alone the police, give the thing up for lost and forget to look for it. A year or two after a thing has been stolen there is very little danger that it will be identified when it is offered. The 'salter' rarely sells at retail, however. The thief gets so much extra comfort out of putting his stuff into such safe hands that he disposes of it to him at a very low figure—so low that the 'salter' can, after he has bidden it for a certain length of time, afford to turn it over to a receiver, and still make money.

PROTECTED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

"This practice has become so general," continued this expert in thief lore, that many of the rich people are preparing to meet it by having photographs made of all their valuable possessions which could be stolen. One firm of photographers makes a specialty of this. They take photographs of each separate piece of plate and each valuable bit of bric-a-brac, making up a book of the views and preserving the negatives. Then, if one of the valuables is stolen, My Lord So-and-So simply notifies them of the number of the missing articles in the book of views. They then make a large number of cheap duplicates of the photographs, which are sent to the police in the various localities where the stolen article is likely to be offered for sale, and it is a part of the photographer's contract to send out new sets every quarter for three years. Thus the police are kept reminded of the theft, and have before them constantly photographs of the things which it is their business to recover. It is a plan which has worked very well in four or five instances, and the business is likely to grow."

After we left the cellar we strolled into another lodging house—this time one in which men only were permitted to sleep. The ex-detective was greeted on all sides by surly little nods and the touching of caps. This was one of the places frequented almost exclusively by the criminal class. We finally seated ourselves on one of the long benches, and the detective called some of the loungers to him.

"How long have you been out, Pety?" he inquired of one.

"Only ten days, Mr. Dick," responded the villainous-looking youth.

"What were you in for?"

"Touching a gaffer, Mr. Dick."

"How much did you touch him for?"

"Ow, 'e was a disy, 'e was. 'E only 'ad six bob (\$1.50), an' you'd a' thought 'e'd been touched for a 'undred. 'E givve me six months, 'e di, directly."

Within an hour we had talked to more than a dozen professional thieves. They made no bones of their business or their records with my guide. He knew them too well.

As we walked out of the district about 2 in the morning all the shops were closed; all business except that for which Whitechapel has achieved a world-wide reputation—the street traffic—had ceased. That alone was still in full and uninterrupted swing.

AGRICULTURAL

Creameries are Beneficial to Farmers.

There are some farmers and writers for farm papers who have declared it was a mistake for farmers to allow the manufacture of milk into butter and cheese to leave the farm. It may have been so in some particular cases which they had in their mind's eye, but according to my experience, creameries, when established in localities where cows are kept in sufficient numbers, within reaching distance to keep the creamery running to its full capacity the year around, are a benefit to their patrons, and reasonably profitable to their owners. If it were a mistake to permit the manufacture of butter and cheese to leave the farm, then why was it not a mistake to permit the manufacture of wool and flax into cloth to leave the farm? There are still people living who can remember the time when the card hands for carding the wool, the big wheel for spinning the rolls, or "bats," the reel for reeling the yarn from the spindle, the quill-wheel for putting the yarn on quills for the shuttle, the loom for weaving the cloth and the dye-tub for coloring it, could be found in nearly every house. It was the same with flax, which was rotten, broken, swinged, hatched, spun and woven on the farm. The argument against the utility of creameries is equally effectual against all manufacturing establishments, and if carried to its full extent, would throw aside all labor-saving inventions and slowly lead us back to the rude implements of barbarism.

Why did the farmers permit the carding machines, the spinning jacks and the power looms, to drive them out of the business of making cloth? It was because machinery, driven by steam or water power, could do the work so much faster and cheaper than it was possible to do it on the farm. It is the same with the manufacture of milk into butter and cheese. As a rule it can be done cheaper and better at the factories. There is no question that people who are constantly doing but one thing become very expert in doing it. Some farmers and their wives can make as good butter as the creamerymen, but that all do not is proved by a higher price the creamery butter brings in all the markets. Nobody will dispute that business can be done on a large scale cheaper than on a small one. The man who churns, works and packs 1,000 pounds of butter in one day, at an expenditure of but a few shillings, for coal, can do it cheaper per pound than the one who turns the crank or who lifts the dasher to churn but ten pounds, although he may do some other work besides. When machinery and the forces of nature are employed to lessen human labor, it inevitably cheapens the product and is a benefit to both producer and consumer. Then why is creamery butter dearer than store butter? Because it is better and the demand greater. Manufacturing establishments as a rule, cheapen the price of the product without lessening the cost of materials or lowering the price of labor.—Cor. of National Stockman.

Pastures.

A reader a few years ago broke up a acre of land which was taxed for \$50 but was almost valueless as pasture land. He got it broken up at odd jobs without its costing much, and in the early fall put on three bushels of rye, April 25th the following spring the rye was up 15 to 18 inches and he let in 13 cows for 20 minutes. Every day for 20 days he let them in during the noon hour, after that he sowed Hungarian on the same field. The last of August the land was again sown to barley and rye, the barley was fed off in the fall and the rye in the following spring. Only a small amount of any of these crops was wasted, but whatever was left was plowed under for the next crop. With some kind of a movable fence he will raise other crops in the same manner. After the cattle have fed on them, he intends to turn in swine, and in this way will not lose anything.

Our pastures are necessarily made up of some good land, but the most part is too rough, too poor, too wet, or too dry to admit of profitable cultivation. Cultivate the easiest and best land in the pasture.

The first few years it will probably be rough, but it matters not, as the cows can feed it down, and by breaking up this pasture land, we save all our best land for hay and grain.

Cultivating a part of the best and most level land and letting the cattle feed there perhaps an hour a day and then turning them into the pasture to drink and to stay during the remainder of the time, will greatly improve the pasture, as the location of the resting places of the cattle will produce good feed continually.

Shade trees largely control the places where cattle stay. If a row of shade trees could be planted on a ridge and those near the brooks and wet places cut down all the droppings of the cattle could be saved.

Some of us may have good pastures that yield an abundance of sweet grasses, where he cows can get all they want to eat without too much exertion, but it is a rare thing in this section. Whoever has one, no doubt, has taken good care of it, for the continual use of pastures for the dairy must exhaust them of their most valuable elements unless some means to prevent this are derived from outside sources.

A pasture that has an abundance of feed and water, with good fences and plenty of shade, is worth as much per acre as any land on the farm.

The Same Russia.

Despite the flatteries that have been heaped on the new Czar, his Government does not seem to be different from that of his predecessor, at all events in the way of improvement. Its latest act, we read is to forbid Jews to resort, for health, to any of the healing mineral springs for which the empire is famous. This is, perhaps, the most inhuman edict that any Government has issued since the Middle Ages, unless, indeed, it is a gigantic puff of the watering places, in which case it is worthy of a country far more advanced in civilization.