

Gail School Journal

OL. 1

GAIL, TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEB., 15, 1908.

NO 15.

JOHN SMITH,

This young man twenty five years old bore the name of John Smith.

His mother had died when he was an infant. So as soon as old enough to leave home he was sent to a boarding school but he was too restless and mischievous to be a good pupil,

Now John was planing to run away and become a sailor.

When his father died and he stopped school

Now he was put to work in a store as a clerk but this was as bad as school. He then become a soldier against the Turke. Once he killed three Turks and cut off their heads and carried them to his tent. He was put into prison and made to work with an iron chain around his neck. He killed his cruel master and escaped.

He then went to England. At the time when people were talking about Raliegth's lost colony.

One day when John Smith, was at a hotel where he saw a young man whose name was Gosnold. An experienced Sea Captain. Smith and Gosnold decided to come to America.

One morning they came in sight of the coast of America.

They landed on the James River. They soon set to work to build forts to protect them some built tent others cut logs to build forts. This was the year 1607.

Now the Captain was in trouble

for he was put in prison for despite the fact that the London Copany had appointed him one of the fine men who were to govern the colony. He had been planing to make himself king of Virginia.

No doubt the leaders were jealous of him and no doubt too Smith had increased their jealousy by talking too much. Smith now demanded a trial and a jury of twelve of his fellow colonist declared him insoocent and set him free. Now these cruel men had to pay the worthy Captain a fine of \$1,000 for their unjust treatment. One day when he was on the James River a bag of gun powder near him exploded burning his flesh in a fearful manner. He jumped into the water and come near being drowned

Tortured by the pain of his wound and expecting every day to receive notice of his removal his stout heart failed him at last

So he decided to leeve his enemies to their triumph and to go to England and have his wound treated, Captain Smith sailed a way from Viginia never to return

His wound healed. Smith went back to America and explored the coast of New England but not attempting to make a settlement. Later he again started for America but his ship was captured by a Frech vessel and the Captain was taken prisoner to France, escaping from his captors he returned to England and

spent his last days writing histories in London about James. town and some of his own exploits. This first American ruler and writer is buried in London church with his sheild and three Turks heads carved on his tombstone.

Tom Hale.

Prepare, to live.

There is much said of a preporation for death and such a preparation should be made by all. Death however is not the only thing we should prepare for. No indeed, we should prepare to live, A preparation for life in its highest sense is really a preparation for death. We have here at Gail a noble people whose aim is to train the minds of the young and also the older one in the right direction, enabling them thereby to get a wider view of life and its work in fact prepare them to live a higher and nobler life. To all who this may reach I will say let us reach onward and forward with unfaltering courage to win souls for Christ. I'm not a christian as I suppose you all know but hope to be some time in the near future.

With this motto upon our banners let us advance all along the line with a firm and conquering tread. By so doing we will be enabled to surmount difficulties and in the end win the victory.

ALMA SEALY.

GAIL SCHOOL JOURNAL

Edited and published every Saturday
by the Library Club of the Gail Public
School.

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Myrtle Hopkins
Porter Cotten
Oscar Spears } Board of editors.

Hollie Hopkins
Ethel Morrow
Sammie Morrow
Boyd Cotteh } Reporters

"Entered as second class matter Oct
21, 1907, at the post office at Gail, Texas,
under act of congress of March 3, 1879"

Advertising rates on application.

Subscription, \$.50 per year.

GAIL, TEXAS, FEB., 15, 1908

THE BEGINNING AND THE END

THE BEGINNING

A school boy about eight years
old, had been sent by his Uncle
James to purchase a few articles.
Upon paying the clerk the boy
found there was fifty cents left
and his uncle did not ask him
for it.

Several days went by and still
the uncle had not ask for the
money as he stood on the back
porch wondering why his uncle
had not ask him for it a great
temptation came. He said to
himself shall I give it back, or
shall I wait till he asks me for
it? If he never asks, that is his
lookout, If he does, I can get it.
The uncle never asked, and the
money was never give back,

ENDING

Ten years went by he then
had a very good education, but
few, who knew him trusted him,
he being aware of the fact; fled
to another place where he secur-
ed a position as clerk in a bank.
At the age of twenty when im-
ployed in a bank with its riches
entrusted to him, A roll of bills,
that had not been put in the
safe, lay before him. When he
saw them, again a great tempt-
ation came. He wrapped them

up in his coat, and carried them
home. He is now in a prison
cell, but he set his feet that way
when a boy years before, when
he sold his honesty for fifty
cents.

To night he sits disgraced and
an open criminal. Uncle James
died many years ago. The old
home is desolate, the mother
broken hearted. This little boy
of years ago and a prisoner of
today knows what brought him
to his present life.

Turning The Grindstone.

When I was a little boy, re-
member, one cold winter morning

I was accosted by a smiling man
with an axe on his shoulder. "My
pretty boy," said he, "has your
father a grind stone?" "Yes sir,"
said I.

"You are a fine fellow" said he;
"will you let me grind my axe on
it? Pleased with the compliment
of 'fine fellow.' "Oh yes," I an-
swered, "It is down in the shop."
"And will you, may man," said
he, patted me on the head, "get
me a little hot water?" How
could I refuse! I ran and soon
brought a bottleful.

Washington.

By Mary Bailey

Then hurrah, hurrah, for Washington,
A soldier brave was he:
With his brave men to help him on,
He saved our land, you see,
We have the land forevermore,
The glorious land our flag hangs o'er.

A Happy School Girl.

As she walked to school one day,
Clasp'd by the golden light on her way,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing heart has won,
On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush,
In her eyes of brown was seen,
A manner of care as tender as the grass of green,
Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blockest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.
And as she studied with all her vim,
It made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she looked among her books,
Which she was pleased with sweetest of looks.
Sure, she said, that no one did mean,
Where I learn thou shouldst but gleam;
Thus she is generous courteous and kind,
Very elegant in her expressions and a powerful mind.
PORTER COTTEN.

"I am sure," he continued. "You are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Ticked with the flattery I went to work and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened and the man turned to me with, "now, you little rascal, you've played hooky; be off to school, or you'll catch it!"

"Alas," thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone, but now to be called a little rascal is too much. I sunk deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since, when I see a merchant over polite to his customers, methinks, "That man has an axe to grind." When I see a man, who in private life is a tryant, flattering the people, and making great profession of attachment to liberty methinks, "Lookout, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

A student.

Some of the pupils don't seem to know where they went to sit. We think it would be much better to avoid so much moving around.

From the Primary Room.

Mr. Mauldin's pupils have told what they need, now listen to one from the primary room, and hear what we are badly in need of.

First thing we have no black-board equipments, only half of a class can be accommodated at once. When we are at the board, there is no place for us to lay our chalk and erasers while we are not using them and we often disturb

the room by dropping them. When the erasers and chalk are not in use they have to be laid on our teachers desk, and keeps it from having a very neat appearance.

We have no charts for our primary classes which are needed as much as a political map and a war map are in Mr. Mauldin's room.

We have no primary equipments, no globes, and if we had a map of the United States, we might be able to learn more of our own country. We only know now, what could be shown to us on a geography board, and drawings on the board.

So when you are helping the other rooms do not forget us. If you are in doubt about these things come down and see for your self some day.

The attendance in the primary room is good again. Last week a good many of the pupils were kept at home on account of sickness but they are all back now and are eager to be at work again.

Little miss Dovie Chandler entered school last week.

Master Golden Smoot has been quite sick with a cold but is better now.

The Primary and the Intermediate Rooms' Literary Society rendered a very interesting program Friday evening, in celebration of George Washington's birthday.

DEATH

Our teapot died suddenly a few hours ago. I know you all will sympathize with me for it was the only pot we had. This useful member of society come to his death from inflammation caused by heat, which creating a stop-

page in his throat, produced an explosion. Deceased's uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Kettle his brother-in-law and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Coffeepot and their children all the little pots, also his cousins.

The cups and saucers, his friends, the sugar bowls, knives, forks, spoons, &c. are respectfully invited to attend the funeral. The services will be conducted by Rev. Johnny Cake being at the Dutchoven church corner of Pot street and Pan lane, this afternoon at 4. 30.

Gone from our sight forever pot.

Ah! Thy great loss we feel,
No more will fire make thee hot.

Each morn and eve we miss thee.

Thy health we'll drink no more,

Cake, thy good brother mourns thee,

And Ashbox's heart is sore,
Rest in thy silent tomb dear pot,

Loved ones thy praise shall tell.

A Bereaved

Sure Returns: Capital

invested in books for the school library will pay

100 per cent

on the dollar in the form of better equipped citizens for the future. Good deeds always come back to a man. Besides your capital is always there and draws interest without manipulation. Give us some books.

Library Club,
Gail, Texas

MAKING EDUCATIONAL MAN- NINKINS

We are very much given to boasting of our magnificent public school system. Without doubt it has its advantages, and some of them are great; any child in the land, no matter how poverty-stricken, may enter the doors of the public free school and have an opportunity to obtain in a greater or less degree some knowledge of language, mathematics and other things necessary to its development and which will prove of service in after life.

But there are, necessarily, some very grave disadvantages. One of them lies in the fact that there is too much system,—system as far as promotion in the different grades is concerned—particularly in the over-crowded city and village schools, where two half day sessions daily are frequently necessary in order to give all the children within the scholastic age a chance to be in the school room for at least a part of the day. The over-worked, under-paid teachers have no time—and often little inclination to give individual instruction to pupils and all

instruction is given to classes a whole. It is manifestly impossible for each pupil in a class of thirty to receive individual attention in a recitation period of twenty to forty minutes. In consequence the tendency is to strike an average, to hold the brighter pupils back to conform to the abilities of others less gifted, and to push forward those who show less aptitude for their studies. In other words the effort is largely given to casting all children in exactly the same educational mold—to turn out mannikins of a fixed type. The child which manifests a particular aptitude for one line of study has its ambitions curbed and its capacity dwarfed because of a more stupid class-mate.

A pupil is not promoted from one grade to another until it becomes proficient in all the studies provided for in his own grade, and while something may be said in favor of even development in all directions, children are not blocks of wood or bars of iron to be fashioned at will into any desired form. The attempt to turn out educational products of a uniform pattern is good for the average

perhaps, but it stifles in early years the individuality which makes great men and women. It tends surely toward mediocrity in all things rather than to excellence in one or two, and the demand to-day is for specialists in all lines.

It is encouraging to note in this connection that a report of a committee of the Brooklyn Teachers Association, made after due investigation, shows that the educators of the country are in favor of a system of promotion by subjects rather than by grades in the secondary grades, and the matter may be laid before the next meeting of the National Educational Association.—Selected.

PUPILS PAGE

Misses Eunice Nisbett, Ora Smoot and Alma Sealy were absent from school Friday evening, a party to be, don't you see.

On account of the wind being so disagreeable Friday, school was dismissed early.

Several of the books have been completed, and we are now reviewing.

Some of the girls didn't get their dinner until real late Friday, but when it did come they ask permission to eat.

Sid Cathey has been absent from school several days this week.

Miss Josie DeShazo was absent from school Monday.

Mr. Mack Hancock, one of Gail's old time pupils visited the school Monday morning.

Mr. Harvy Everett visited our school Monday.

Holt, Oscar and Cora occupied new seats Friday.

Music

Reading

Sketch of some author

Recitation

Music

Reading

Recitation

Reading

Recitation

Music

Debate—Resolved that the art of dressmaking and millinery is greater than cooking.

Affirmative

Ethel Morrow

Mollie Hopkins

T. R. Mauldin

Mrs. T. W. Cotten

Eunice Nisbett

Miss Verda Layton

Myrtle Hopkins

Miss Ethel Atwood

Oscar Spears

Negative

Lillie Morrow

Cora Berry