

other border states would have remained in the Union, and Lincoln's great talents might well have so guided the Republic as to win back in time the seceded states, with, or more probably, without, slavery; for slavery was already doomed; it was passing away even in South America, and must have come to an end in due time, under the pressure of a healthy public opinion, the slave states being left untrammelled and free from the fanatical threatenings, which had done so much to perpetuate slavery."⁶⁴

The change of sentiment in Virginia was instantaneous. Knowing that she had done her utmost throughout all her history, first to prevent the entrance of slavery into her borders, and then to get rid of it; knowing that through her great influence the United States had become an entity; knowing that she had been the most potent influence in making the Northwest Territory forever free of slavery; knowing that the Louisiana Territory, and the control of the Mississippi River, had been added to the United States through the efforts and commanding influence of her mighty son, Thomas Jefferson; knowing that the vast empire of Texas had been wrested from the oppressions of the cruel Santa Ana, and his Mexican hordes, by the great Virginian, General Sam Houston; knowing that if a conflict of arms was precipitated, her soil would be the battle-ground and herself the greatest sufferer; knowing that whether the South won or lost, her own people were bound to undergo terrible sufferings—knowing all this, she did not hesitate a moment. Principle and honor were at stake; expediency or profit was not considered. Her soil was drenched with blood; the very flower of her manhood was martyred; her women and children were made to suffer in the extreme; her property was destroyed by forced emancipation, by the devastation of war, and by the ruthless and unpardonable destruction inflicted by General Sheridan and others.

Even this was not all: came those terrible years that followed the war—called

"the Reconstruction"; in reality years of devastation and humiliation—"The Tragic Era," as Bowers aptly calls it.

To me her history is one of tragedy. Having given more to the Union than any other State in the Union, she has suffered more than any other State because of that Union.

I bespeak for her a careful study of her history, a juster view of her motives.

J. D. EGGLESTON

HOW EDUCATIONAL IS FOOTBALL?

THE first time a college president ever spoke to me he said: "Adding-ton, don't you think you'd like football? You seem to have a good amount of avoidupois."

I stood on the campus walk and stared blankly at that man. He stared back a bit. Once I'd gained my power of speech, I said: "I didn't come here to play football." The president went his way and I went mine. Perhaps I gave him the wrong answer. I'm wondering. Perhaps I would now be a few steps further from primitive man if I'd played.

Then again I console myself by thinking that I have firm ankles, no shoulder that slips out of place when under a strain, no faulty collar bone; I do not limp when I walk; and I'm living—which some of the football fellows aren't doing because of a punch at the wrong place.

"Ah, well," folks argue with me, "those fifty who were killed in football last year—1931—shouldn't discourage us. People out walking fall down and get killed sometimes; folks go swimming and get drowned."

Now I believe that one's muscles as well as his emotions and his thinking apparatus should be educated. But does football do the trick as well as or better than any other bone-breaking blood-spilling method?

⁶⁴The Southern Churchman, Sept. 13, 1930.

I feel quite sure that the training, and especially winning, often gives a sort of hero complex. It lifts the hero out into the air, so to speak, and sometimes he goes along for years before he can even walk on the ground again. Little folks should reach up and pat his shoulder and say, "Great, old man! You're some boogaboo!" But ere long the pats grow weak; the hero comes down where he can be reached more easily, but he gets no pat at all. It is then that he may find his feet on the ground. Well, perhaps this ascent into the heavens is educational to the mind and the muscles, the soul—or the something we fools know nothing about. I'd like to know.

How most of these "tough guys" can cuss! I've often thought that most coaches take the Herculean fellows into a secret den and make them memorize all the cuss words that ever have been invented from the time of Adam. Really, the chaps have lessened the emphasis of our sacred cuss words. Even the little fellows in high school who go out and watch scrimmages have absorbed the prerequisite to the national sport. If any one disapproves their use of the he-man's vocabulary, the little fellows just smile and say, "Oh, that's aw wight; the coach, he says 'em. The boys, they say 'em. Shucks, it's aw wight. I 'spect to be a football player myself someday." Well, maybe it is part of a modern education to hook onto a vocabulary of profanity early in life. The man who can come out with a new list of words will no doubt be remembered as the football genius of the century. The whole world will honor him. Everybody is getting sorely tired of the old terms now worn threadbare. And perhaps such an invention will be recognized as the educational find of the ages. Really, I'd like to know.

Then again we poor devils in the smaller schools try to imitate the big high schools and colleges—mostly because the communi-

ties have been educated to football and believe it's the stuff—and we're having a "helluva time" (in football phraseology) making ends meet. As a matter of fact, we fail to get enough gate—only because our communities are small—to tide the cost of the game over. But we go to work and give school plays, and bazaars; we have the children sell candy; we transfer the senior earnings to the football book; we rob the library, and Home Economics; we let the children who need food and books pass by, unless some charity organization can take care of them. But we go on whooping up dear old football and tell the pupils to get into the school spirit. They'll fail to be educated if they don't.

If it is really important in the training of the youth of the land, would it not be advisable to put it into the curriculum and give two hours per day for it? Have the boys play in a field alone, as any other class recites without the interference of the public. Tell them that if they sustain broken bones, torn ligaments, or cracked skulls, it doesn't matter a whit. It's educational to the majority. Credit will be given; and besides, most of the fellows will reap reward in ability to think better, in a more virile body.

But maybe it's all the ballyhoo from the public that makes the boys want to play. It's animal nature to love a fight. The more blood the better. The more bone cracking the more thrilling.

W'y, a great many states have even outlawed prize fighting because of the brutality involved. And it takes but two to fight that sort of a battle. Usually they're mature men, too. And I've never heard of fifty men being killed in the prize ring. They rarely ever do more than knock a man cold for more than nine counts.

Spain "does the stuff" with her bulls; some do it with roosters; some with dogs. But we, we do it with our boys. However,

it must be right; it must be educational. The public thoroughly approves.

LUTHER F. ADDINGTON

MY PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION

WHAT are my principles of education? I should like to be able to make a nice, neat little list of them. I should like to group them in order of their importance. I should like to tabulate and number them. Indeed, I should like to work them in cross-stitch and hang them upon my bedroom wall where I could see them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning—as Grandmother did her mottoes, “God bless our home,” and “Love one another”—for principles are things that must be lived with, things that must be looked at, night and morning, and all through the day, yes, and dreamed of through the night. But they are not things that take readily to tabulation or to embroidery. They are living things; and living things grow, and in growing change.

Words that live! Where must one go to look for them? To books? Ah, but “of the making of many books there is no end,” and so I have gone to the Book of books, and there I have found one of Grandmother’s mottoes. I have looked long at the words and have realized that they are indeed alive:

“Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”

—Proverbs, 22-6.

Train up tells me that a teacher is needed, a teacher not to force but to lead by the hand.

A child. Do you notice he comes first in the sentence as he should in the heart of the teacher?

In the way—our Lord said, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” What guide did He give us to the way? “Seek ye first

the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.” No goal could be more worthy and none more real. And of the truth He said, “And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free.” And in that same gospel He gave us, “I am come that they might have life and have it more abundantly.” Certainly these are the true goals for “life is more than meat.”

He should go—In these words we find action and purpose, action that is idealized and purpose that is carefully considered.

And when he is old—Now we realize that school is not for today or tomorrow, but for every today and all tomorrows.

He will not depart from it, for he will feel the need, he will understand the purpose, and he will pass those tests that life sets for us all.

Is not all this another way of saying “a life situation?” Is this not a better way of saying, “learning is growing?” But is this enough, this wise and beautiful principle? No one principle can ever be enough, no matter what its source. So “let us walk honestly, as in the day.” Let us search long and diligently to find better means of guidance, closer sympathy with the child, straighter pathways to the way, and a clearer concept of how “he should go.” Let us live fully and wisely, let us live carefully and self-critically, and above all things, let us “seek” and we shall surely “find.”

POLLY WESTCOTT BRANHAM

Now, if ever, we as educators need to be firm in the faith that the future of our children is of more significance to the race than the production of pig iron or the rolling of steel. Every effort must be made to see that first things are first and that society in its delirium of fear does not strike at its most certain guarantee of continued life and growth.—*B. A. Stevens, director of research, Ohio Education Association.*