

President Johnstone: The next two papers of this section are not here. Before going into the next section these papers that you have heard are now open to discussion. We shall be very glad to hear from any one who has anything to say concerning either of them.

As the papers for the rest of this section are not here yet, we will proceed with the first paper for tomorrow morning's session, "The Value of Institutional Meetings," by C. E. Nash, of Vineland. Dr. Wilmarth will read this paper.

The next two papers for Friday morning's session being particularly school papers, Dr. Rogers would like to have his teachers present. We will therefore now take up the fourth, "A Border Line Case—On the Right Side of the Line," by Dr. Lincoln, of Boston. Dr. LaMoure will read it.

Dr. Rogers read a telegram from Dr. George H. Knight, extending his greetings to the association, and expressing his regret at his inability to be present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution.

Dr. Rogers: Dr. George H. Knight was the first superintendent of this institution. This is the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization.

Mr. President, we have with us Judge Gould, a member of the board of control of Minnesota, and Mr. Clarence H. Johnston, the state architect. I would suggest that the privileges of the meeting, discussions and so on, be extended to them.

#### THURSDAY EVENING SESSION

Dr. Rogers: It requires some courage on the part of the good people of Faribault to come out after the terrible storm we had today, and I am sure that we appreciate the fact that you have done so.

In the year 1876, on the 6th of June, there gathered at the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-Minded Children at Philadelphia, a little group of men and women who met for the purpose of organizing an association which would devote itself to those subjects which would promote the welfare of the feeble-minded. Among those present were Dr. Edward Seguin, Dr. H. B. Wilbur, Dr. I. N. Kerlin, who sent out the invitations for the meeting, Dr. H. M. Knight, and Dr. George Brown. I mention these for special reasons.

Dr. Seguin was the physician who in 1837 and 1838 laid down, as a result of his experiments with feeble-minded children in Paris, the fundamental principles of the philosophy and methods that have since been applied to the training of the feeble-minded. Dr. Seguin's book today is the classical text book on the subject.

Dr. C. T. Wilbur was the first man in America to systematically engage in the training of feeble-minded children, and he opened for that purpose a small institution at Barrie, Massachusetts. That was in 1848. Very soon New York established a state institution at Albany, afterwards located at Syracuse, and called Dr. Wilbur to take charge of it, and he remained there until his death. Succeeding him at the Barrie institution was Dr. George Brown, one of the gentlemen mentioned, who carried on that work until his death and today we have a greeting from his widow, Mrs. Cath-

erine Brown, eighty years of age and expected not to be with us much longer,—a greeting to this association linking the past with the present.

Dr. H. M. Knight, the other person whom I mentioned was called by the trustees of the Minnesota Institute for the Deaf and Blind and the School for Imbeciles, as it was then known, to assist them in the organization of this institution which began its work in the large frame building rented by the state, which most of you remember, situated just this side of St. Mary's Hall. It has since burned. In this way the names that I have mentioned are linked with the organization of this association and closely identified with the work even in Minnesota.

The purposes of the organization were stated as follows: "The discussion of all questions relating to the causes, conditions, and statistics of idio-psy; to the management, training and education of idiots and feeble-minded persons, and to also lend its influence to the establishment and fostering of institutions for this purpose".

At that time, 1876, there were seven state institutions, one supported by the city of New York, and two private institutions, one in Massachusetts and one in the city of New York. This work has been growing until now there are fifty-nine institutions, thirty-two private and twenty-seven state, besides possibly some other small institutions of which we have no cognizance.

I have only to state that this association while represented by few members is convening at this time with us at this institution in Faribault. We make this the occasion to fully open for the first time this beautiful hall which the state has so generously and liberally provided for the use of this institution. In 1886, the other one of the five persons whom I have mentioned as being present at the organization of the association, Dr. I. N. Kerlin, was in Minnesota. At that time the board of trustees were building the center portion of this building. The question of an assembly-hall was raised, and it was decided to build one, the size of which is represented by these walls but not of the present height. Dr. Kerlin came into the hall—the first floor was laid, the walls were not yet completed, and he said, "You are making a mistake. Your hall is too small. Your institution will be growing and in a few years you will wish it were twice as large as it is. If you can't do anything more I would raise the walls higher". Whereupon the trustees raised the walls two feet. Four years ago an appropriation was made by the legislature for increasing the size of the hall, because our population which was only about one hundred and seventy-five, in 1886, at the time this hall was built, was at that time something over eight hundred. When the bids were obtained for rebuilding the hall and placing a gallery in it, which would increase the capacity is the only way we could increase it, we found it was impossible to complete it with the money appropriated. So two years ago the legislature gave us an additional amount which has been expended under the direction of the board of control, which has given us the hall that you now see.

With these preliminary remarks I wish to introduce to you a gentleman well known to most of you, representing the board of control, and who with

the architect, Mr. Clarence H. Johnston, also present this evening, has had the most to do with the erection of this building. I take pleasure in introducing Judge O. B. Gould.

Judge Gould: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I hope none of you have come here expecting a formal address on this occasion, although perhaps you are a great deal better off than you would have been if I had prepared a formal address. It gives me great pleasure to be here with you tonight on this happy occasion. When I look over this country of which we are all so proud; when I reflect upon the military glories which it has achieved; when I think of the great enterprises which it has carried on, which have attracted public attention and the admiration of the world, I am at the same time reminded that the victories of peace are greater than those of war. Schools, hospitals, infirmaries and various organizations for the benefit of the unfortunate, dot our young state, and are to be found in our sister states throughout the union. In this direction do I think that a great government fulfills best its mission. Our state has been fortunate in the selection of this beautiful spot for the erection of its three principal beneficent institutions. I am glad to congratulate the people of Faribault as well as the state that we have been thus fortunate in the selection of a site, that the institution here represented is so efficiently doing its work, and that the reputation of its chief officer has become such that the school, its locality, and the head of the institution are known and honored throughout the land. As a member of the state board of control I have had a small part during the last two or three years in planning for and assisting in making the expenditures which have been made upon these grounds, and it is with no little pleasure and satisfaction to the board that we can look upon this beautiful meeting place, where the people who are employed in this institution as well as the inmates thereof, may meet under surroundings best calculated to inspire noble and uplifting thoughts. If in the future this institution shall grow as it has been growing for some time past, and must grow as I take it, with the growth of the population of our state, even this now pleasant and spacious hall will again have to be enlarged, as the doctor says it has been from its original form. When that time comes, if I am here I shall be pleased to participate in its celebration. I bring to you tonight, ladies and gentlemen, no particular message, except a greeting upon the good work that is being accomplished in the institution, and to express my pleasure at being present with you.

Dr. Rogers: It gives me a great deal of pleasure to present a gentleman well known to most of you, who has very kindly consented to deliver the dedicatory address on this occasion, the Rev. Alford A. Butler.

Rev. Butler: Ladies and Gentlemen: I think if I were to choose a motto for the address that I am to make to you to-night, I should take that old and perhaps well worn one of the wise man, "Iron sharpeneth iron, so man sharpeneth the countenance of his brethren". The figure at once calls up to us the image of two pieces of iron, one of which is put into a place of usefulness, and wear and tear, a place where its use is so constant that you

think it will very soon be worn out and have to be replaced, and the other is left upon the ground or in some damp place quietly by itself. The unthoughtful would say, that is the piece that will last, but those of us who are observing know that iron will rust out as well as wear out, and thus when the two pieces of iron are brought together in the daily wear and tear of life they are kept bright and useful, and it is when left in its solitude that the unused piece of iron gradually rusts and decays. And so it is with human life, the man in the busy world, in the battle of life, is the man who is kept bright by his activity, but the man who is isolated in his country town in the back woods, off on the mountain trail alone, is the man who is the victim of melancholia and insanity. I remember when a young man when I first learned that there were more inmates of the insane asylum from the country districts than from the great bustling towns, I was very much astonished, but so it is. It is life, it is activity, it is the rubbing of mind against mind that makes a man's life, highest, noblest and truest, and it is isolation that decays. It is so with childhood, it is so with middle life, it is true of old age. What is the difference between the child of four and the child of eight? You have simply to come into his presence to have your answer. The child of four—what are his words? I, me, my, Georgie's, is, mine, me. The child is in the family surrounded by loving friends, but he is isolated by his own selfishness. Father, mother and all around him are looked upon simply as ministering to his wants. If he stays there he has the misfortune to be rusting instead of growing; decaying by the false affection of those around him by keeping isolated. But at length the child is pushed out, goes to school and is brought in contact with other minds, with other wills, and with other facts, perhaps, and that child grows in the conflict. He learns very soon that if he would enter into the child life of those around him he must accommodate himself to them. He cannot play without playing as others do; he cannot study without studying as others do. And so we find that although his feet may be trodden, his garments may be torn, his nose may be bloodied, his hair may be pulled, he is growing into the child life of those around him. Before he is eight that same child that was so perfectly satisfied with me, and my and I, has to be tied to the bed post or gate post to be kept from running away from home. That is the natural development.

We recognize more clearly in middle life what we do not in the child, that isolation means rust and decay. I remember reading some years ago a story that made such an impression upon me that I have never forgotten it. It was the story of a certain duchess at a European court who had attracted attention by the singularity of the breast pin which she wore,—a large pin studded with diamonds and having in the center not a larger diamond but a bent brass pin. By those who knew what that meant it was told as follows: Her husband fell under the suspicion of the emperor, was thrown into a dungeon, dark and isolated. Night and day, week after week, month after month, year in and year out he stayed there. It is the severest punishment that can be inflicted upon a man, that slow isolation, the mind left to gnaw upon

turned in upon itself, and this man found it so. He felt he was losing his mind, he was going mad, and one day in his desperation he plucked a pin from his garments and threw it out into the darkness, and then went to searching for it. Days, sometimes weeks, he searched before he found the pin. But he had an occupation, there was something to keep the attention of his mind, something to take his memory away from the dreadful situation in which he was placed. He was there for many years and that was his one occupation, the one thing that prevented him from going mad. At last the door was opened and the jailer said, "You are free by the act of the emperor." He was on his hands and knees searching for something, and he said, "Wait a minute, I must find something." Finding the pin was more important than freedom for him because he knew the value of that pin, the value that it had proved itself to him. And when she who loved him best heard the story she looked upon that bent brass pin as the most precious jewel that she could possibly own, for it had saved to her her husband, saved him from being a maniac.

We laugh sometimes at the way old age indulges in reminiscence. We say, "Oh, yes, he is telling the old stories over again, he is telling about his boyhood and boyhood companions." Do we ever stop to think that this is old age's protest against isolation and rust? The boys are gone whom he played with, the men whom he labored with are nearly all gone or live in distant parts of the country perhaps. He cannot have the old companions to brighten his mind, but he will at least make use of the old memories, and tell the old stories over again, fight the old battles over again, do the noble work over again, and so live again in the past. Thus iron sharpeneth iron, but there is a power in isolation to decay.

Nothing shows the advance in our benevolent institutions more than this. That they have come to recognize now that the old policy of shutting a man up because he was not like other men, like his fellows, no matter in what respect he was unlike, was the worst possible policy to follow, the worst possible use you could make of the man. So they have learned that it is not isolation, but companionship that helps a man to grow out of himself into something better and nobler, and it is this new policy that is making our institutions our pride. There is a power in companionship to brighten the mind, to brighten the heart and to brighten life.

I remember a man who was very much given to talking to himself, and somebody said to him one day, "My dear sir, why is it that you talk so much to yourself?" "Well," he said, "I have two reasons, one is I like to hear a sensible man talk, and the other is, I like to talk to a sensible man". Well, now, that is all very well for a sensible man, a witty man to say, and I have no doubt that a man who is capable of originating that answer was capable in his solitude, in his meditations, of drawing from the things in his own mind, in his own life, much that would help to brighten it, but it has its limitations even there. If you and I were sitting in the train, or in the doctor's private office and I told you the story that I told just now, what would you do? Why, you would cap it with another, and after you got

through the doctor would cap it with another story, in other words minds rub against minds, and story calls forth story. The story that you had forgotten years ago, a like story draws to your mind and brings it out, and tends to make you a brighter mind in company because you have brought it out. Not only does story bring forth story, but truth brings forth truth, and that is why, I take it, that those who are engaged in work among the feeble-minded come together here in convention. Each mind brings his own truth, and each mind's truth stimulates another to bring forth its truth, perhaps a forgotten one, and so mind is rubbed against mind even as iron is rubbed against iron, and the result is the same. But it is not necessary that the two minds that are rubbed against each other should both be bright minds. Ignorance and weakness are helped by a bright mind. But there is many a teacher that has a new truth opened to him, a new vista of knowledge revealed to him through the question of some dull pupil who cannot understand what has been said to him, who persists in looking at it from a different standpoint than the teacher and who by and by wakes the teacher up to the fact that there is another standpoint, another side to the truth. Although the boy is wrong in his conclusion, yet, after all he is right in realizing that the truth has more than one side to it. Questions awaken long slumbering and forgotten answers and the teacher is wiser because of the answer he has been required to make.

Let me tell you a little story on myself. Sometime ago, I had the fortune or misfortune, to publish a little book. In a small company the merits of the book were being discussed, and one person said, "Why, of course it is a good book, he had to write a good book. Hasn't he had his pupils for years writing lectures and papers for him on that subject?"

Well, there was truth in the answer. He is a pretty poor teacher who does not learn from his pupils. He is a pretty poor teacher who, when a pupil has got hold of a half truth and thinks it is the whole truth, is not able to supply the other half. Even although the other half may be true, the teacher himself probably had never thought of it before until the boy or the girl insisted that his or her half was the whole truth. It is not the teacher who alone brings brightness—it is not the teacher who checks the boy, who snaps up the girl, who stifles the investigator, who is cultivating brightness, but it is the teacher who recognizes that every new pupil presents a new problem who is the real teacher and who is led thereby to adopt larger and better pedagogical methods.

Again there is a power in association and companionship to enlarge life. We think of the mechanical inventions and contrivances of this age usually on the mechanical side, but you cannot separate the mechanical from the intellectual and moral result that flows from it. Think of the wonderful inventions which have brought people together—the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, the telephone and the rural delivery which is just coming in. What does it mean? It means the drawing in of the great boundaries of the world, the drawing together of the hearts and minds of the people. So it is in this larger sense that the increased use of the mail, the enlargement



of the rural delivery, the establishment of the rural telephone, have enhanced not only the price of the land, the price of the farms, but have made a perceptible difference in the farmer's boy and girl in regard to their willingness to stay at home. They have created new interests for the farmhouse and the fireside, in other words have made the life of the farmer just that much larger by his being brought in contact with his fellow men, for the largeness of his life is measured by his interests. And the highest interests that can come into life are interests in humanity—men and women. But this interest, this essential companionship which is the greatest power, is always personal. The newspaper has its place, the book has its place, but after all the thing that has the most power in the world, even although it be imperfect physically or mentally, is the thing we call a person.

Why, a little child who apparently knows nothing, thinks nothing, and says nothing comes into a family and the whole family is changed by the advent of the little youngster. One crying baby on a train will set on edge the teeth of all the passengers in the car, but a smiling, crowing baby will even induce a crabbed old bachelor to lay down his paper and see what the child is crowing about. It is the person that counts, it is personality that tells.

I remember one summer in the Adirondacks there was one man whose presence changed the atmosphere of every room he came into and of every group he joined. You saw the result at once. There was a higher tone to the conversation, there was a more manly and more spiritual accent given to commonplace things. Now the man was not a great speaker. I think during the whole summer he only opened his mouth once to speak in public. He was one who was not busy about other people's things. He went along quietly in his own way, but he was always approachable, he was always ready to join in a conversation when he was asked to do so. It was not what the man said, it was what the man did, it was what the man was. It was character, it was the unconscious education of his personality and presence, and that is the strongest of all powers in education.

I remember reading not long ago of the testimony of nearly one thousand persons in regard to what had been the greatest influence in their lives. At what time of their lives, and what was the character of the influence? These were the questions asked. There were over a thousand answers. The answers were from intelligent persons, from young men and women who were studying to be teachers, members of normal schools, etc. Now it is a striking thing that these answers which came from secular schools, from those who were being educated to be secular teachers, said that the greatest thing that had come into their lives to mold and shape them, was the thing that all public educators tell us must be kept out of the public schools. It was religion, not any book, but religion in character. The testimony of the minority was so small that I have forgotten it. The testimony of the majority was the influence of their teachers. In every case it was character, and in nearly every case it was the Christian character, or Christian moral principles. And that the time that this influence entered into

their lives was always between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, the time when in God's providence the nature of the boy or girl becomes plastic again, even as it was in their childhood, and gives us educators a second chance to do our duty where perhaps we had not done it before. But here again the power to enlarge life which comes from personality and companionship, does not depend upon both personalities being great or particularly bright.

Some of you who are here remember a few years ago there came into your presence a Japanese gentleman so mild, so gentle, so modest, so retiring, that you looked at him a second time almost to be sure that he was not a young lady instead of a gentleman. What was it that brought him here? What kept him here for weeks, and then sent him east to visit other institutions of a like character? It was this. Some years before at the time of the great earthquake on the eastern coast of Japan, he had heard that of the hundreds and thousands of orphan children that were left, there were places found for the boys and women, but nobody wanted the little girls. So he went down there, and out of his Christian love, rescued those children from something worse than death. He started the first refuge for little girls in the empire of Japan. There were one or two boys in the group and as he was teaching them he saw that the boys had not minds like some of their companions. They were feeble-minded, and like a true teacher, they drew his interest and touched his heart as all the rest of the school did not. He had heard that in America there were institutions for educating the feeble-minded. He had heard that there was one here in Faribault, and he appealed to his bishop to write to me and ask if I would give him hospitality that he might come and study it. I felt proud of the privilege of meeting a man on such an errand, and of offering hospitality that would help introduce the same good work that was being done here into the empire of Japan.

There was an example of the true teacher whose chief interest was in the pupil the most helpless, to whom money counted for nothing, time counted for nothing, exertion counted for nothing, if he could only help a poor struggling soul who had come into the world without the advantages of his playmates. While here he gave rather an amusing indication of that love for others possessed by the Greatest Teacher. During his stay he visited all the different church localities in the interests of his mission, but so exceedingly bashful was he, so unspeakably diffident was he that it was impossible for him to speak, and never except under excitement did he ever get over that dreadful stage fright. I went with him one night to St. Mary's. I told him that if he would only come along and show himself I would do the speaking. After a good deal of urging he went with me and when the time came and the bell rang for the young ladies to come into the assembly room, he hid himself behind a curtain. He said "It is impossible, it is impossible, I cannot go." I put my arm around him and said, "You must go, now you are here, you must come and sit on the platform. You can tell them you cannot speak and then sit down, and I will do the speaking." Well, we got him in and got him on the platform, and he got up and

said in two or three beautiful sentences that it was utterly impossible for him to speak English, that they could see he could not do it and must sit down. So I made the address and as I finished to my perfect astonishment the man who said he could not talk, could not say anything, walked right straight forward and began a most animated address. In a moment it flashed over me that there was nothing in my address about the feeble-minded, and he was supplying the deficiency. For two or three minutes he stood there speaking when suddenly it occurred to him what he was doing, and he sat down.

I think that that man sacrificed as much to stand up there and speak to those people, overcame as much as his fellow soldiers and sailors are sacrificing today for the sake of their country. I know that he grew in everything that belongs to true manhood, and a true son of God. All that he labored and suffered and worked for he gave up for the love of those little ones. There is no law truer than this, that that man most truly helps himself who sacrifices the most to help his brother. I do not pity those who labor among the weakest and lowest. I thank God that he has given them the ability to do it, which he has not given to every soul.

Now what has all this to do with this assembly room? Much in every way. For this room stands for companionship, it is built for companionship, all its accommodations are made with the idea of bringing people together mind against mind, heart against heart, and soul against soul. If the feeble and outcast and helpless are to be helped the well must come together and put their arms around them and help them up. Leave them alone and they are as children. The wolf children we read about in India that are lost in the forest and adopted by some wolf become utterly inhuman brutes like those with whom they live. And as that companionship degrades so the companionship of the pure and good and self-sacrificing is bound to elevate. It is God's law and happy is the man who recognizes it and lives up to it.

This hall is to be devoted to recreation. The time was when recreation was condemned. But re-creation is what we are all looking for. Re-creation of nerve; re-creation of muscle; re-creation of health that we may turn back to our labor and do it in a larger and nobler way. And we have learned also that play may be educational, and that the little operetta that is to come on here tonight may be even more educational than the most didactic instruction you could possibly give. Hamlet said, "The play is the thing". There were no schools for the feeble-minded then, but I take it that he spoke wiser than he knew. For the child who plays grows into a larger intelligence, a wider intelligence, a quicker intelligence than he could get in any other way. I remember one of the best Shakespearean teachers I ever met, never put a subject upon the stage that he did not carefully cast the characters so that the foward, self confident boy was put into some quiet, gentle, retiring part and the diffident and self distrustful would be put on as a roaring, tearing character where he had to come out of himself. I saw with my own eyes the effect of a few months of that sort of training, the educational value of the play upon those who entered into it.

But not only does this room bring together those who overcome physical infirmities, and those to be helped in their mental standing, but it is also recognized that everyone who comes in here has a soul. There is no man living who has not some of God in him. The account we read in the first chapters of Genesis, where the Almighty is pictured as a man taking a handful of dust and breathing into it the breath of life is a parable, it is true. But we know from our own experience and the history of mankind shows that every man has some of God in him, whether that first account be history or not. And as teachers we recognize that no matter how ill a boy may be in his conduct, how disappointing and discouraging he may be in his development, that notwithstanding back of it all there is that something which came from God, and which if we only know how to appeal to it, is going to grow with the rest of his nature toward that God likeness for which he was created. And so prayerfully, hopefully and earnestly you are to come into this room, week after week, month after month, working to build up that moral, spiritual and intellectual being for whose good this hall has been erected, looking for that larger life in the eternal future where there is no rust or decay, looking for that larger strength where in the eternal future there is no weakness to overtake it, looking for that larger truth which comes from God, and whether it be building or whether it be teaching, or whether it be worship, let us labor in our might, and we shall grow and the souls with whom we labor shall grow, and God shall have the praise.

Dr. Rogers: This closes the first part of the program, and we will formally announce that this hall is open to the public. If you will remain in your seats a few moments we will have the second part, an operetta in three acts, "The Pixies' Triumph", given by the children of the school department.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 3:00 P. M.

President Johnstone: The meeting will please come to order. At the close of our meeting yesterday there was possibly a desire to further discuss the papers read, particularly Dr. Lincoln's paper, on a border line case. Is it your pleasure to continue that discussion? If not, we will continue our regular programme. A paper, "A Class in Nature Study," by Miss Helen Knight, of Fayville, Massachusetts, was read by Dr. Mogridge.

The next paper, "Physical Training as an Educational Factor", by Mrs. Lillian Murdock of Glenwood, Iowa, was read by the author.

President Johnstone: We would like to hear something on physical culture. That is something that interests us all very much, I am sure. Miss LaSelle, can't we hear from you on the subject of physical culture?

Miss LaSelle: I believe that I have nothing to say.

President Johnstone: If there is nothing further we will proceed with our programme. The next paper is "Entertainments", by Miss Alice F. Morrison, of Vineland, which will be read by Mrs. Johnstone.

The next paper is "Practical Textile Work for Special Classes in Cities", by Miss Ada M. Fitts, Boston. This paper will be read by Miss Stewart. Miss Bancroft's paper did not come.