
By EDITH MARY IRVINE-RIVERA.

Porto Rico has a self-help school. It is an institution of which we may all be proud, situated on the edge of a beautiful town called San German, on the west side of the island. The Polytechnic Institute is a self-help school in the sense that the boy or girl earns his or her way through school by working in the manual training department for a half hour a day, and the students are made ready for the rainy day, or equipped for better service to their country by knowing how to work with their hands. There work is a day, this method has given wonderful results for, so far as we know, it pays. In work there is a mutual respect that is often absent in other institutions.

If you are lucky enough to find Mr. Harris in his office at the top of the house (for he is an extremely busy man), you will look out upon one of the finest panoramas to be found in the island—the beautiful rolling hills in the rear with their sun-kissed green and their shade-mantled purple, the grounds of the Institute with their plain, simple residences, as well as different provision frame schools, and the woods in the centre of the estate will be the campus. He would probably take down a huge portfolio, and point to you the plan that one of New York's most notable architects has prepared, which when fully completed will give the Polytechnic Institute one of the most beautiful sites in Porto Rico and a campus of which any Union University might be proud. Running his finger over the blueprints, he would show you, where the domestic arts building, the academic hall, the scientific hall, the library, the manual training shops, the M. C. A. building, the hospital group, etc., will all be located; and you would find yourself getting a bird's-eye view of the entire campus, with buildings which are to be dedicated to the threefold development of Latin-American youth.

Mr. Harris has been here only a few months ago they moved to the new house, after having crammed themselves into a very house. They need a recreation hall that would be the best way. We could admit at least a hundred more students right now if there was a place to put them. But there's nothing to be done and we'll have to wait until next year. There is a waiting list until next year. There are at the present time more than a hundred boys and girls in the Institute, and it is a making a record year.

The school work covered is from the fourth grade of the elementary school to the last year of the high school, and manual training classes besides. One of the interesting points about the methods being carried out is the fact that there is a good work, some daytime woven in with the study and work. The students and teachers, also basketball, volleyball, and baseball teams over which the students are wildly enthusiastic, and above all there is a beautiful spirit of good will and Christian unity apparent among teachers and students alike, which helps in the progress of the institution to a large extent.
fine arts and sciences a religious education which bespeaks a new era for Latin-American youth, for hundreds of boys and girls who have either been brought up in the superstition and idolatry of Romanism, or have been allowed to become freethinkers, will find themselves in a completely changed atmosphere; for here Christ is presented as a personal and living Saviour, a spirit of common brotherhood pervades the atmosphere, and noble purpose is the dominating key-note. So, when we say we are proud of the Polytechnic Institute of Porto Rico, we speak mildly. It is a great pulsating centre of educational activity. Already a splendid lot of men and women have gone forth from its threshold to fill important positions in their country and to lift the standard of life before their fellow men; so, while it may take considerable time and labor and persistence to complete the one hundred buildings now in the plan, each day clearly demonstrates that it is all worth while, for it will surpass many of our educational centres on the mainland, it will do honor to our flag, and will stand as a lasting monument to the glory of God.

Sanitross, Porto Rico.