

The All-Round Boy.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

There are many ways of learning a thing. You want to know how many pints there may be in a quart. There are the "tables of weights and measures" in the arithmetic, and you can read and remember that "two pints make one quart." And when you repeat it correctly, and go to the head of the class, you may not be able to prove it, or even be able to remember it for more than a week. That is one way to learn. There is another and a far better way now used in many schools. You borrow a pint measure and a quart measure, and then fill the pint measure with water and pour it into the quart. The big measure is not full. It will hold more. Fill the pint measure again, and add it to the water in the quart measure. Two, as plain as can be, and not a drop to spare. Two pints are equal to one quart; in other words, one quart measure will hold twice as much as one pint. So it seems there are two ways of learning the "tables."

There are many young folks who think going to school a dull business. It is dull, if you go to the wrong kind of school. Committing lessons to memory and repeating the right answers in the class is often a very dull business indeed. Why, fishing is a great deal more amusing. A fellow with a fishing-pole and a boat learns a great many things, and he is not obliged to recite all the things he learns about bait, hooks, and oars, sails, steering, and all the rest, in order to remember them. Anybody can remember such things without trouble and without once looking in a book. How much better it would be if school kept out-of-doors, and the teacher was a good stroke oar, and knew how to get up sail and steer in a stiff breeze, and other clever things like that! School would be vacation all the year round, and every one would be at the head of the class.

If you took the cars on Sixth Avenue in New York and went uptown, you would find a school on West Fifty-fourth Street that is much like this—a school where the boys and girls learn the "tables" by using real pints and quarts, foot-rulers and yard-sticks, and where the teachers can do more clever things than steering a boat or landing a pickerel. It is a play-school where a jack-knife is as good as a book, and where the scholars write exercises in their writing-books, and then turn the lessons into real things they can carry home in their pockets. There are books, it is true. Books are delightful teachers, because they will repeat the lessons over whenever you wish, and never say a word about sitting up straight and folding the arms. Nobody could get along without books, so they are to be found in this school just the same as in your schools. There is, however, a difference. You start off in the morning with a whole bagful of books, and it is nothing but lessons out of books all day long. In this school nobody studies a book more than an hour and a half, and then comes something else that would seem to you more like fun than study.

Suppose you were a small man or a little woman, and you were so lucky as to go to this school on West Fifty-fourth Street. Being very young, you would enter the handsome school-house, that seemed to look more like a large house where pleasant people may live, and go to the Kindergarten. Everybody knows that would not be going to school at all. Such very little folks only play in the Kindergarten. They do indeed. It is play, but somehow, when they have played every day for a year or more, these little fellows can tell you many things that "grown-ups" never learned.

Being too old for Kindergarten, you go to the next older classes. There is for the first hour nothing wonderful. Lessons to learn, just as in any school. Arithmetic, perhaps. The book says that "four and two make six," and that "four times one is four." You commit these things to memory from the book, and can say them correctly. Suddenly study stops, and the whole class troops upstairs in a procession to another room. Such a strange school! In place of desks there are tables, and instead of books there are a pencil, a ruler, some pieces of brown paper, a knife, a square, and a lump of white clay. You take the pencil and paper, and the teacher says every one is to make a dot on one corner of the sheet. Then

another dot on the opposite corner. Now join the dots with a straight line with the pencil and ruler. Why, this is not school. It's play. On the lesson goes, and pretty soon a square figure is made on the paper. How many lines are there? Four, one on each side. How much is four times one? Why, how plain that is! The four-sided figure is made of one line on each side, and there are just four. Now for the lump of clay and the knife. Set up the drawing on the desk and copy it with the knife on the clay. Then cut the clay away outside of the lines. Why, that makes a solid square. Let us count the sides. There are four—one on each side—and there is the top and the bottom. Four and two are six. Count them. Yes, just six. Why, this is the lesson from the book.

You may be older still, and go to the class-room to study grammar and history and other matters. Not more than ninety minutes over the books, and then comes work in the shop. More pencil and paper, for, of all things, drawing is the most important. The drawing lesson over, there is wet clay to be fashioned into the shapes we have been drawing. So the school day goes on, books and tools, writing lessons and drawing lessons, study, and then beautiful work in clay, copying lovely figures of animals.

Here is a portrait of a boy in this school. He began, perhaps, in the Kindergarten and worked up to this high class in clay. He has drawn a big apron over his school suit, and stands with a lump of soft clay in his hand studying the small figure of a lion on the table. Before him on the bench is the larger figure he is building up in clay as a copy of the smaller figure. Behind him in the book-case are the lessons in real things he and other boys have made in other classes. The lion he is making shows he is a splendid workman. Already the head is well shaped out, and one big paw is nearly finished. At the same time, we may be sure that the boy is well advanced in the things you learn from books.

Are there no girls? Many girls in every class, but when they reach a certain stage in the workshop studies they take up needle-work, as befits a girl, and make designs from flowers and embroider them in silk, or learn to cut and make their own dresses. The older boys go on to other studies, and use lathes, scroll-saws, and the file and hammer in wood and metal work, and will graduate at last with high honors, and make a model steam-engine as a graduating exercise.

In all the studies of this school, books and tools go together. There are lessons to be committed to memory, and things to be made at the work bench. Everywhere work and reading, writing and drawing, from the youngest Kindergarten to the graduates who write reports on the skeletons of birds and fishes, read essays in history, and perform experiments in chemistry. It would seem to you a play-school. It is really a work-school, and everybody knows that work is only pleasure if you know why you work, and that lessons from a book are never dull if the same lesson is afterward done over again with a knife or a scroll-saw.

This school is called "the working-man's school," yet we must not make the mistake of thinking that the boys and girls who come out of the school will be only working-men. This is not the plan. The school is meant to make "all-round boys." An "all-round boy" is one who can work with his hands as well as with his head, a boy who knows something of many things, and who can do many things—draw as well as write, turn wood or file iron as well as parse a sentence. An "all-round girl" is one who knows how to draw from nature, darn a stocking, and make a pie, as well as write a fair hand, or do aught that any girl can do who has graduated with honors from the grammar-school.

Human Flowers.

Keep it in your mind, that what you do to-day will help to decide what you will be doing fifty years from to-day (even if you have died before that time). Don't let yourself do a mean, idle, dishonest, or undutiful action to-day, or, in years to come, you may have grown into a wicked man or woman, a part of the rubbish of the world,

which God, in His justice, will have to think about as weeds, not flowers in His big soul-garden, the world, where he sends souls to grow fit for His presence, if they will grow. Determine that you will be one of God's human flowers, which He cherishes, and are looked upon by Jesus Christ and the angels with joy. Turn your face always to the sunshine of our Saviour's grace as flowers turn gratefully and obediently towards the sun, which God the Father has put into the heavens to "light the world by day."

Hints to Housekeepers

For sore throat beat the white of an egg stiff with all the sugar it will hold and the juice of one lemon.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—*Gentlemen*,—About five years ago I noticed on my hands a great number of soft, spongy warts, very painful, and which bled when touched. I never witnessed anything like it, and was quite alarmed. We are never without Hagyard's Yellow Oil, and one evening my little girls applied it to each wart. They did this several nights, and in the morning the pain and itching were so bad I had to cool my hands with snow, but finally the warts dropped out and I have never been troubled since.

MRS. WM. CRAIG, Brighton, Ont.

To mend large holes in socks or in merino underwear, tack a piece of strong net over and darn through it. The darn will be stronger and neater than without it.

BLOTCHES CURED.—*Dear Sirs*,—In 1890 my body was covered with blotches and I was at last induced to try Burdock Blood Bitters; by the time I had used 3½ bottles of it I was completely cured, and I cannot speak too highly of it.

MRS. JAMES DESMOND, Halifax, N.S.

A piece of cheesecloth squeezed out in vinegar and wrapped around Swiss cheeses will preserve them; and all cheeses except cream cheeses can be kept from spoiling by putting them on a thick layer of powdered charcoal and covering with charcoal the top also. Cheese should be kept under glass or in tin or earthen ware, not in wood.

MADE WITH SKILL.—Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the modern successful cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat and all pulmonary complaints, is made from the best pectoral herbs and barks by the most skillful and scientific methods, and cannot fail to give prompt relief.

STEWED TOMATOES.—If fresh, scald, peel and slice; place a lump of butter in a hot skillet, put in the tomatoes, season with salt and pepper, cook as rapidly as possible, stirring well; cook canned ones about fifteen minutes. Serve at once in a deep dish lined with toast. A little cream added just before serving improves them.

TOMATO SOUP.—Half a can of tomatoes, five or six cold boiled or baked potatoes, half an onion, one stalk of celery or a few celery tops. Boil all together until the vegetables are very soft, put through a colander, add pepper and salt and a pinch of sugar. Just before serving pour in one cup of hot milk with a pinch of soda dissolved in it. Sift over the top a few very dry bread crumbs.

ORANGE FRITTERS.—Beat three eggs very light, then stir in one pint of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, one quarter of a pound of butter, and one pound of flour. Remove the rind and white pith from four oranges, and divide into sections without breaking the skin. In each spoonful of batter put a piece of orange, and fry to a golden brown. Sift white powdered sugar over each when taken from the pan. Dish on a napkin and serve immediately.

PLUM JELLY.—Boil the plums until soft. Pour into a colander and let stand until the juice runs through. Strain this through a jelly bag and allow one pound of white sugar for each pint of juice; boil until it jellies. Keep in tumblers covered with paper dipped in the white of an egg. A nice plum butter may be made of the plums after taking the juice for jelly. Rub them through the colander and allow seven pounds of sugar to ten pounds of pulp; cook until real thick, stirring constantly. Ground cinnamon, spice and cloves improve it.