

we state that he is to go through the high school and on to college. We meant to say that we are going to send him to the best schools. Let us see if there is a difference.

The ordinary public school courses leading to college extend over twelve years and have, on an average, 190 days a year of five hours a day, while the average college course has twenty-five recitations per week for thirty-six weeks for four years—a total schooling of 15,000 hours. There are left, therefore, outside of school 177,720 hours. This is where you and the rest of the educative process have a word to say. Perhaps the street, the playground, picture show, the church, do their part in giving him an education.

Perhaps you have never thought of it this way, and in your innocence you have had the impression that you paid taxes to have your son educated—that while he was waving the green and pink college flag he was getting educated. Meanwhile your university may have been a farm with the college colors of black and blue. You might as well see first as last that education and schooling are two different things and that every hour out of the twenty-four is a step forward in his educative process, whether it be within his bedroom or the four brick walls of the schoolhouse or whether it be at the table or desk, with his chores or with his books.

Let us start with the boy of fourteen. This is an interesting and important age; later on we can work forward and backward. Obviously you don't expect a cherub, a little old man, or a sneak. You expect just plain, unadulterated boy. You want him to stand well on his feet, look you in the eye, tell you the truth. Not that he is always to tell the truth, that might be unnatural; but when you say to him, "John, honest now, John, is that straight goods?" you expect him to say, "Yes, dad." You have been on the square and it hits rather hard if he does not respond.

You want him to sleep when he

sleeps, work when he works, play when he plays. You like an active boy—one that rushes into the game with his whole soul. Of course he is a bit boisterous at times and very impulsive, but just the same you are proud of him, and a smile of satisfaction comes over your face even if he interrupts an afternoon caller as he races back to the cellar to make that water wheel or to the field to play ball or into the yard to gather the fruit. But remember that there are but few parents who can give liberty and realize that their children are only loaned to them.

It is taken for granted that he swims like a duck, runs like a deer, and sees everything as an eagle. He will have more use for swimming than for partial payments; he will draw upon his physical prowess more times than he will use cube root. He will need to avail himself more of his powers of observation gained through purposeful organic education than his knowledge of the location of Kaynehatki. He has developed his sensory organs. The summer tan, imitative of the Indian color, is more than skin deep, for beneath we find a sturdy boy, a deep chest, a strong heart, firm well-knit muscles. You offer no apologies for his appearance. You do not have to say, "Well, you know his grandfather was always a sickly man," or that he "resembles his uncle who had consumption which has always been on one side of our family."

You hope that he likes a dog, delights in woods and fields and believes in comrades. A normal dog and a normal boy always get along together. Who ever heard of a boy liking cats except when he had the mumps? Your boy of fourteen is only semi-civilized. He likes to build camps, sleep out of doors, fish and hunt. He is too old to play Indian, he is ready to be Indian. He is past the stage of mock battles, of wearing buckskin and feathers. He has taken up the serious duties of home-building and providing—that's why he likes camping. You may not know it, but he has been repeating in his short life the history of the development of