

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CHILDREN

By ELINOR MURRAY

What Children Should Eat

WE had intended continuing the "little baby" talks, and going on from infant food to infant care, but we are on the diet subject now, and we just as well address the matter of "Nursery" talks running in the Daily World for the last four years will recollect the food question; and will remember too that no matter how far we got into the subjects of food and games, or how deep we dug into the reason for this or that, we always wandered back to the question: "What should children eat?"

Already in the few weeks of this new department, we have had questions as to proper food; so that we must re-emphasize it is the most important subject of childhood.

We cannot expect boys and girls to be strong mentally and morally if their constitutions are undermined by a careless diet.

Introducing Solid Food.

Toward the end of baby's first year solid food is introduced. The first meal is given a tablespoonful of thoroughly cooked wheat—either cream of wheat or farina. To make the required small quantity take four ounces of milk and four ounces of water, add a pinch of salt and let come to the boiling point, stirring in the wheat, and stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Then cook in a double boiler for an hour. Let it stand at the back of the stove for a jellied egg given at noon. The baby is taking pure undiluted milk by the end of the first year's meals. Measure out twenty-five ounces of milk (shaken well to mix the cream) and divide into two bottles. Cook these with clean absorbent cotton and put in a very cold place until needed. If the undiluted milk without sugar or lime water seems too strong for baby, add a tiny pinch of bicarbonate of soda. Add a little to the twenty-five ounces of milk. After a week or so this may be discontinued. The six ounces of milk left in the quart bottle will be used for the cereals, so that the baby gets the whole quart in 24 hours.

Broths made from chicken and beef, well cooked rice, the yolk of the jellied egg, prune juice, apple sauce, dried-fruit bread and junket are gradually added to the diet. At fifteen months baby is on a well-balanced diet with considerable variety of food.

At 18 in the morning he has eight ounces of warm milk. At 7.30 or 8 the juice of half an orange or a tablespoonful of prune or apple sauce. At 10 a two tablespoonful of farina, or cream of wheat, or oatmeal, or cornmeal, with a teaspoonful of sugar sprinkled over. At 12 a little milk. Five ounces of milk to drink. At 1 a little jellied egg with dried crumbs sprinkled over. Or, four ounces of mutton broth, with barley in it. Or, two ounces of beef juice poured over a tablespoonful of thoroughly cooked rice. Or, four ounces of chicken broth, thickened with rice. Five ounces of milk to drink. At five-thirty a tablespoonful of cereal, or junket, or a slice of dried oat bread in warm milk. Eight ounces of milk to drink.

I am going to add a few directions about preparing some of these foods. I omit any recipe that you would not please ask me for it.

Prunes that make a most delicious dish are prepared this way: Wash the prunes in two or three waters, throw away any broken skins or mussy ones. Cover with water and let stand all night. In the morning put them on the stove in the water in which they have soaked, and cook slowly for a long time. Cooked in this way prunes are quite sweet without the addition of sugar.

Dried oat bread or zwieback is a thin

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CONCERNING OUR CHILDREN

By ELINOR MURRAY.

NO MOTHER can do her duty in her own home without genuine tenderness of heart, but, if she has only sentiment and tenderness to offer, she may do more harm than another could thru harshness. With sentiment and tenderness of heart the mother must have firmness and encourage in herself that common sense that will enable her to correct the tenderness when it becomes weakness. She must cultivate that which in the long run counts for everything—character—the sum total of all the qualities which make up the strong, brave, tender woman.

The mother cannot get along with a one-sided development. She, above all others, must be a liberal education, a well-rounded character with all parts equally developed. It does not make any difference how intelligent a woman is if she develops only her intellect and looks upon her children only with intelligence. They are not going to lavish very much affection in her direction. For love comes first. That is the foundation of the home, but the heart needs the help of the intellect to keep the love from becoming a form of weakness. For love is a form of weakness when it does a child the injustice of not making him behave himself.

Two Incidents. A hard and unloving mother does no more harm to her children; but, she does no more harm than the loving but weak mother, who does not train her children to behave with respect for the feelings of others, who permits them to be selfish or cruel or thoughtless.

All of which learned discourse is prompted by two incidents, so common that you will have seen similar ones many times. The first one occurred in a railway station waiting-room, where a woman with a small baby in her arms tried to keep track of a boy about five years old. He investigated every corner of the station inside and out, in spite of his mother's frantic calls to come back to her. At times he disappeared, and she would find him in the next room, where he was looking at the numerous bundles, and of losing the boy entirely, made half-hearted excursions.

And every time she succeeded in getting him back to the bench with the bundles, she pleaded and coaxed and threatened him with various punishments if he would not. And the occupants of the waiting-room, tormented by the boy's inquiries and staring and pointing at his bags and belongings wished devoutly she would carry some, or even one, of the threats into effect. If he would, they all knew that she wouldn't, that she never had and couldn't, and, that

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—Answers.

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they were cross with the child, they knew it was the fault of this mother. The other incident was in the train. A mother sat at the window, her boy at the aisle-end of the seat. After a time he whimpered and whined and whined and complained until she moved away from the window and gave him her place.

Two Unfortunate Wives. If one looks away into the future one sees two unfortunate wives who wonder constantly, "Why men are so inconsiderate and selfish?"

Place the blame where it belongs—upon the lack of strength of character, the lack of wisdom, the lack of genuine love on the part of those women in not bringing up their boys to be unselfish, and thoughtful of others, so that they might live decently in their own homes and in the world outside.

Questions and Answers. DEAR ELINOR MURRAY:

I have a boy five years old, who is left-handed. We have tried everything with him, and he won't learn to write with his right hand. He is very intelligent, and you think it as well to let him write with his left, as it seems he is going to do everything else that way? I will watch for answer in Sunday World.

A Mother. It really does not make much difference which hand we use, does it? It is simply a matter of convenience that the right hand has been generally adopted as the "good" one.

Since your boy has inherited a very strong tendency, and will evidently use the left hand in all his work and play, it seems only natural that he should write with the same hand. How would you like to be compelled to use your left hand for writing, if you have been trained to use the right hand for everything else?

I only hope you can convince your little son's teacher that he is allowed to use his left hand. You may have trouble, for there are many teachers who insist on the right hand being used in school even if the left is more important at home. That is probably the reason why your boy's people use the right hand for writing.

It seems a little thing to the outsider, but it may mean great trouble and unhappiness for the little man. And since the most important thing we mothers have to do is to keep our little ones well and happy, just see to it that your boy follows the line of happiness even in the matter of which hand he shall use.

I have heard of your boy's inheritance before. I am very glad you wrote to me.

Elinor Murray.

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THE SMILING FACE CLUB DIRECTED BY C. A. MacPhie

I PROMISE TO DO MY VERY BEST TO MAKE THIS SAD WORLD BRIGHTER.

Signed

Dear Smilers:—I wish I could tell you how pretty it is from my window this morning. There are trees and little hills of snow under them and, best of all, the sun is sparkling over everything and I am just sure the trees are saying to each other: "My dears, what a bright, sunny, SMILING world it is today."

"I got up just now to have a closer view and there are three children, with a sled, climbing up the hill at the side of the park, and running behind as fast as they can go. (But not very fast because he is such a little tiny mite), is the cutest little dog, with a little red coat on, to keep him nice and warm. The little dog tumbled down just now and all the children screamed at him but, never mind, he was up in a twinkling and galloping after them once more, as fast as his little legs could scamper.

"Hol! What is this one of the children, a little boy, is about to do? He is starting to climb a tree. . . . Just wait a minute till I see how far he gets up; then I'll let you know. . . . Dear Smilers! A big policeman is running up. . . . How CAN he do such a thing on such a bright, sunny SMILING morning? . . . Yes; he is pulling the little boy down BY ONE ANKLE. . . . Oh, dear! I think he is cruel; yes, I do. . . . Now just wait again while I open the window to see what happens next. . . . Yes; he has pulled the little boy right down and I must look out once more to see if he is crying. Would you believe it; the little boy is SMILING; and the little dog is wagging his tail and barking and the two little girls are trying to make the little dog stop and, in the confusion, the policeman has turned upside down and there they are, all in a muddle, with the policeman in the middle.

The policeman is shaking his finger and saying something pretty cross, but I don't care. I am just sure the trees are saying to each other: "My dears, what a bright, sunny, SMILING world it is today."

Dear Smilers: I have much pleasure in signing your pledge, as I have lost my Smiling Face Club Button, and I will send you a new one. I will send you a story.

Once upon a time there was a little fair-haired boy. He was always happy and made some sad hearts brighter. One day he saw a little dog limping along the street and he carried the dog home and bandaged his foot, and the owner thanked him, and asked: "What makes you always so happy?" and he answered him by saying: "I have joined the Smiling Face Club," then the owner joined him in smiling.

Yours truly, Muriel Farrant, 184 River street, P.S. I hope to see my name in the paper, and try to get others to join the Smiling Face Club.

What the Fairies Use. A foxglove bell their thimble is; A mushroom low and round; And a tulip is their cradle. From Lucy Lumbard.

Dear Editor: I would very much like to join the Smiling Face Club, although I'm only 10 in March; and I will just give you some riddles:

Q.—When was beef the highest? A.—When the cow jumped over the moon. Q.—Why sheep went thru the gap? A.—To get to the other side. Q.—How many feet went thru the gap? A.—Two, because the sheep had trotters, and the dog had paws.

Yours sincerely, Helen Sanderson, 514 Beech avenue.

Dear Smilers: I am a little girl nine years old. I am sick in bed, and would like very much to join the S. F. C. You please send me a smiling face button as soon as you can as I would like to be a smiler, too. I will close with a little verse.

When everything goes like a song; But the man worth while is the man with a smile. When everything goes dead wrong. Sincerely yours, Margaret Fraser, Hotel Belmont, Brantford, Ont.

Dear Margaret: I think your verse is very nice, and I know how hard it is to smile when one is ill in bed; but go on trying, my dear, and perhaps it will help you to get well. We are not sending out buttons at present, but see our little pledge and sign it. C. A. M.

Dear Sir: I would like to join your Smiling Face Club and get a button. I am eleven years old. My name is Jack McKinnon, and my address is 28 Church street, city.

I am sending you a little rhyme: A prim sent on the bank From twelve o'clock till four: He caught a fish.

He caught a fish.

danger, of course, is not that the child will fail in his undertakings, but that he will become indifferent to the sacredness of his promises.

(Not only in the gradation of his ability and foresight, but also in the evolution of the child's temptations should limits be found for the promises exacted. Don't ask a child to promise "never to chew gum," it is enough to get a promise for a day at a time—never to go too long a period, and carries the child's attention on a single unit of performance, and slowly increase the length of time to be covered by a promise until promises are made by a child with suitable habits.)

Promises may be helpful instruments in the training of children, but they should be more convenient coins with which to bargain for advantages.

"He learns that the last word in a disagreeable interview has to do with promising not to repeat the offense."

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It was such a bright, sunny, smiling day.

judging by his looks; and now the little boy is beginning to look quite sad. Oh, mean policeman, to make a little boy sad on such a bright, sunny, SMILING morning! . . . But, look at the little dog, with the little red coat on. . . . what is HE doing? "Ha! What is that funny thing?" he seems to say to himself. "Hanging from that great big man's hand?" (sniff, sniff) "A GLOVE! surely not! (sniff, sniff) it MUST be a boot (sniff, sniff) but boot, come here till I shake you!" and with that (gr-r-r-r) away flies the little dog, away flies the glove and away flies the big policeman after him.

My dears, to hear those children scream and laugh would do you good; and to see that policeman run—oh! my! my!—how to see that little dog (he really is the darlings of the run—over saw), to see that little dog stop every now and then and give the "boast" another great shake and tumble all over himself. . . . really, I have almost fallen out of the window watching it all. . . . OH! OH! OH! THE BIG POLICE.

Very sincerely yours, C. A. MacPhie.

LETTERS, STORIES AND POEMS FROM OUR SMALL READERS

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MAN HAS CAUGHT HIM. . . . and the children come running up and I can tell you they are not smiling now, but they are looking very anxious; yes, VERY anxious indeed; and I put my head out still further to see what will happen next. "Oh, dear little policeman," I say, under my breath, "You will not do anything to such a tiny, tiny, little dog; now, will you?"

"See, he is carrying the little dog (and, just think, the little dog has the glove still in his mouth) and now he is putting the little dog on the sled, and off they ALL go, up the hill and THE POLICEMAN IS HAULING VERY HARD; the little dog is sitting there, looking round at the company, as much as to say: "I'm a pretty funny dog, ain't I?" and the children are smiling once more as if nothing had happened because they know, by this time, that the big, nice policeman was just having his little bit of a joke with them and never intended taking them off to jail but just to the top of the hill where he will send them all flying down again, on the sled, which he did, because I saw them."