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Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel.

Only One Supervisor at a Time, Please!

By Helen Gregg Green

Aunt Becky and I were calling at the home of a new neighbor recently. Aunt Becky is neighborhood-aunt and family counsellor to all of us. She had known the new-comer for years, while "Patsy" as she called her, had been living in a suburb of the city.

Patsy has four children, the oldest ten and the youngest three. Patsy's elderly cousin Edith lived with them. We happened to see the children all together, as our little visit was made on a day when they were not in school. I soon noticed that neither Patsy nor cousin Edith had any control over the children.

I wondered at this, as they seemed to be conscientiously striving for discipline.

While I was inwardly studying the situation I found the trouble.

Patsy, Jr., was plainly straying from the way of right. "Patsy, Jr., Patsy, Jr., stop!" came excitedly from cousin Edith, and "Patsy, dear, don't," implored Patsy, Sr.

"I was just telling Sister that she shouldn't do that," drawled ten-year-old Maybelle.

And then I knew! The trouble was too many supervisors.

No doubt every time a child committed a misdemeanor, Aunt Edith, Mother Patsy, Daddy, if he were present, and the other children, took a hand in the disciplining.

While I was thinking, Aunt Becky was talking.

"My dear," she was saying, "don't you know that a child should be disciplined by only one person at a time. Too many supervisors giving instructions is confusing to the young mind. In this way your discipline becomes weakened. I should think you would know better, Edith Sykes, having taught school fifteen years."

"Why—er—er, I never thought of applying my pedagogy to my nieces and nephews," frowned Aunt Edith.

"Why not? You taught school successfully. Now help Patsy to raise her children successfully."

"Why, Aunt Becky, how do you, a spinster, happen to know so much about children?" Patsy smiled.

"Oh, Aunt Becky knows more than all the rest of us put together," I offered.

The next time I called on the interesting little family, I noticed a decided change. The children were all better behaved and happier.

"Yes, Aunt Becky knows what she's talking about, all right," Aunt Edith admitted.

"Indeed she does!" And Patsy Sr. turned adoring eyes toward four happy children playing in the corner of the long room. "We hope she will come often."

"And give us lessons!" added Cousin Edith, her eyes twinkling.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise, With his rosy cheeks and merry eyes, "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a bump or a bruise or a fall in the dirt."

"A fellow's mother has rage and strings, Bags and buttons and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top."

"She does not care—not much, I mean, If a fellow's face is not quite clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch you'd never see."

"A fellow's mother is never mad, And only sorry if you are bad; And I'll tell you this, if you are only true, She'll always forgive you, whatever you do."

"A fellow's mean who would never try To keep the tears from her loving eye; And the fellow's worse who sees it not That his mother's the truest friend he's got!"

—Margaret Sangster.

HIS FIRST AND LAST SPARROW.

It happened in a small country town one bright spring day. Jim, the widow's boy, had arisen early to go out into the woods that morning. He carried with him the shotgun which he had earned for himself during the long winter months. He felt proud of himself as he hurried out into the open air with his gun thrown carelessly over his shoulder.

He was whistling—and thinking. He thought of his chances of earning extra money for himself and possibly for the family. He would buy clothes for his mother and baby sister. Perhaps he would be able to earn enough with the skins to support them all.

He had heard and read about men who had done such great things. Many were the hopes of nine-year-old Jim, as he approached the woods of Rocky Hill that spring morning.

It was some three hours later when I saw the lad again. I caught a glimpse of him returning home and, anxious to know of his success, I went out to meet him. He still carried his gun over his shoulder, but I noticed that he held something in his right hand. Yes! It was a tiny, bleeding sparrow. As Jim came nearer to me, I could also see that he was crying, crying as if his heart would break. I immediately went up to him and asked him what the trouble was.

"I've gone and killed him," was his sobbing reply.

And in spite of my many questions concerning his shooting and how he happened to kill the sparrow, he would merely say, "Oh, Aunt Edie, I've shot him dead. I've gone and killed the little sparrow."

That afternoon a tiny burial was held up in the back lot. Jimmy was the minister, the pall-bearer, and the grave-digger. That night a shotgun was placed up in the attic far out of reach.—Evelyn Irene Banning.

The Clever Man.

The newly-married couple were gazing into the window of the jeweller's shop.

"John," said the young bride, suddenly clutching his arm, "I'd love to have that bracelet hanging up at the back of the window."

"I can't afford to buy it for you, dear," replied the husband.

"But if you could you would, wouldn't you?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid not," he retorted.

"Oh, John, Why?" she asked in a tone that showed both surprise and pain.

"It isn't good enough for you, dear," he said tenderly.

"Oh, you darling!" she answered.



Bad Advice.

Flossie—"It's my birthday, chickie, an' mama won't let me see what she's makin' for me! What shall I do?"
Chick—"Peep! Peep!"

Measuring Bridge Strains.

Measuring the strains of bridges, skyscrapers, airships and structural material accurately and quickly is being done by a little machine just perfected by the Bureau of Standards in Washington. The gauge can be placed anywhere on the structure being tested and is almost uncanny in its findings. It measures only ten inches long and about five inches wide, and is so sensitive that its recorder returns to normal in one one-thousandth of a second.

The principle involved is the varying electrical resistance of many closely adjacent thin carbon plates. It has been known long, but never applied with success commercially until the Bureau of Standards' engineers built the present machine. A special voltmeter gives the readings of the strains developed. A practical test is now going on in Iowa, where impact strains of highway bridges are being found. Prof. Almon Fuller of the Iowa State Agricultural College and O. S. Peters, one of the inventors, are in charge of the tests.

Lake That Sharpens Razors.

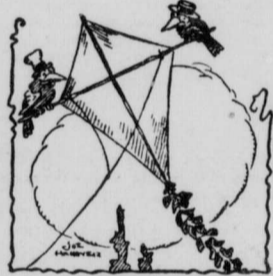
One of the most curious lakes in the world is to be found in Ireland.

This lake has the power of petrifying any substance that may fall into it. Of course, the petrification is not absolute, but the substance is coated with a layer of stone, which is found dissolved in the lake, and the stone then hardens and forms a shell over the substance.

A well-known cutlery firm in England heard of this, and sent a man over to inspect it. He selected several pieces of hard wood, which he sank with weights and then marked the place with small buoys.

A fortnight later he returned and took up two pieces of the wood, which he found to be partly petrified. Two weeks after he drew up the other pieces, and found each piece to be as hard as flint.

The firm then made several experiments with the wood, and found that at a certain stage of petrification an excellent razor hone could be manufactured from it.



A Great Invitation.

Bird—"My, but these aerial rest stations are convenient!"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Bedtime Stories.

It is an accepted fact supported by psychologists that one of the most effective methods of instilling right thoughts and habits into a child's consciousness is by stories told at bedtime, when the child's body is quiet and the conscious mind drowsy with sleep. The subconscious self, which is then in control, may be molded, by suggestion, into what we desire it to be. The mistake is often made of relating at this hour tales of thrilling adventure and exciting wonder. By such stories, the child is wrought up to a nervous pitch that often persists throughout the night. The bedtime story should be one of Mother Nature, or one illustrating a certain trait of character desired in the child, and should be told with a calm voice such as induces a quiet, restful sleep.

Cause for Doubt.

There was an all-around good-for-nothing man who died, and at his funeral the minister delivered a most beautiful address, eulogizing the departed in the most glowing manner, praising his splendid qualities as a fine type of man, a good husband and a kind parent.

About this time the widow, who was seated well up in front, spoke to her little daughter by her side, and said: "My dear, go look in the coffin and see if it is your father."

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Need of a Universal Language.

Every so often scientists and others deplore the lack of a universal or international language. Dr. Max Talmey of New York discusses this need at length in the current number of The Scientific Monthly, and makes out a strong case for Ido, the most modern attempt toward this end. He tells why Volapuk and Esperanto have failed, stressing the point, for instance, that Esperanto has only 2,629 root words, a number totally inadequate.

In urging the perfection and more extensive use of Ido Dr. Talmey says that when first established it had only 3,000 root words, but now, after seven years, has more than 11,000. He also points out that it is as musical as Italian, uses the Anglo-Latin letters, and has just a single rule of grammar.

The need of an auxiliary language for scientific papers is especially pressing, it being shown that Einstein's theory was misunderstood by all except those with a full command of German. In diplomacy, too, the need of a universal tongue is apparent, and the Portsmouth conference ending the Russo-Japanese war, and more recently the negotiations at Versailles, being cited as ample proof of its lack. In business, however, the need is greatest of all, not only to prevent misunderstanding of contracts, but to do away with the special clerks and interpreters to handle foreign correspondence.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

A Study in Heredity.

An Irishman was seated in a train beside a pompous individual who was accompanied by a dog.

"Foine dog ye have," said the Irishman. "P'what kind is it?"

"A cross between an Irishman and an ape," the man replied.

"Shure an it's related to both of us," the Irishman rejoined.

Which Way?

Teacher (opening second object-lesson on the cat)—"Can you tell me to what family the cat belongs, Jones?"
Jones (after a little hesitation)—"I think it belongs to the family next door."

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