



Wherein Are Parents to Blame?

(Continued from page 8)

If you have once convinced the babe in its crib that your will is law, you have gone far in your task. A veteran horse-trainer explaining his success, said that the first morning of a colt's life, he was taken by his trembling little legs and thrown gently but completely on a pile of straw. This process was repeated every morning for ten days or so, but to that horse's last day he never forgot the sensation, and firmly believed that his trainer was able to do the same thing again.

Do you complain that your fourteen-year-old laddie or lassie pays no attention to your commands, won't stop playing the piano or humming his distracting tune when you ask, won't leave the newspaper neatly folded after you have reminded him often enough to get it on his nerves, slams the door in spite of repeated chidings? You have no one to blame but yourself, and I decline to pity you one little bit.

THEN again it must be *Informed Restraint*.

Do you know where your lad stands in his class, Mother? Did you look over his last report card, or do you not even know what grade he is in? What is the teacher's name?

Does your boy realize that you are keeping tab on him, Father? Does he expect your praises when he brings home a good report? Have you ever offered him a prize if he improves his standing next month?

A suburban pastor told me that the people of his community too often were prone to "pass the buck" in matters of responsibility for children. They secure a wide-awake young pastor, a company of bright school-teachers, a branch Y.M.C.A. and then imagine their duty to their children is performed. They comfort themselves also on the capability of some organization or other to take their boy in hand and make a man of him. At best, such projects are poor substitutes for home discipline and encouragement.

Need I urge that the regulations of home must be jointly administered by the father and mother? It must be a *United Restraint*. There must be no "passing the buck" here either. In the home there must be a William and Mary sort of reign in which both King and Queen share the throne. Out of a hundred cases of juvenile delinquency from middle-class homes, it was found that eighty-three of them occurred in houses divided against themselves, so to speak. Either the parents were entirely separated or indulged in chronic quarrels. In a large percentage of the cases, very frequently the father, and occasionally the mother had been morally delinquent. This develops what Judge Mott, of Toronto's Juvenile Court, so aptly calls divided loyalty. Marital difficulties, divorce publicity, jests and marriage, and a portrayal of domestic infelicity on the film, have done much to promote that cynicism among adolescents which is always fatal to morality.

History's Slow Advance

At the breakfast table Mary called her mother's attention to a hole in one of the napkins.

"Yes," acknowledged her mother, "we do need new table linen. I have bought none since before the war."

Instantly the face of Oddessa, the colored maid from Alabama, became a study in astonishment. She eyed her mistress a moment thus. Then comprehension dawned and her face relaxed.

"Oh!" she said, "you mean d' last wuh!"

—Harper's.

What She Dreaded

Vicar: "All sinners, Mary, will be washed whiter than snow."

Let me revert to my opening remarks concerning the loss of creed. So many people are afraid of that word because they do not realize that we all have a creed about everything that touches our lives. But there must be present in every home, the restraint of Earnest Conviction. Somebody said, "A Man's religion is not the creed he professes, nor the ceremonies which he performs; it is the few simple convictions by which he lives." And yet these few simple convictions are his creed, his real creed.

Moreover, I would have the father and mother, whatever their ecclesiastical leanings, agree regarding these items of earnest convictions. This will be easy since the conviction are inevitable. I would have them tell their children that "every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things, is God." How can any sensible man, except some hair-splitting professor, escape the logic of that?

Next, I would show the children that God loves righteousness and hates wickedness, and demonstrates His love and hate every day by rewarding the righteous with kindly faces, and punishing the wicked with a scowl; that the very nature of God is shown in the terrible truth that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. I would hold up Jesus to my children, and show them the beauty, the gentleness, the purity, the fairness of His life.

THERE is one more quality I would urge, that of *Sympathetic Restraint*. When sympathy with youth dies, there can be no vital connecting link between older and younger people. Let your heart never grow so old that you cannot see life from the standpoint of a twenty-year-old. Many young people go further astray than they otherwise would because their parents have made no distinction between the Ten Commandments on the one hand, and puritanical rules against certain amusements on the other. So, as soon as the young folks began to practice self-determination in these amusements, having been taught to regard dancing, cards, and theatres for instance, as gravely as they would breaches of the Ten Commandments themselves, they did not deem a violation of the Decalogue seriously.

Never refuse without a reason, if you would retain the loyalty of your child. But if you show why a restraint is imposed, if you plead for fidelity to a pure ancestry, if you draw a sharp line between what is really harmful, and what may be permitted within certain limits, if you enter fully and heartily into your children's amusements and discussions, if you demonstrate that you have their happiness, their real, lasting happiness, at heart, if they find that the rules which you would impose upon them have made you, yourself, beautiful and noble in character, rest assured that you are going to be a permanent success as a parent.

Old Beggar Woman: Not them as truly repents, I 'opes, sir.

—Boston Transcript

The Real Count

Sunday School Teacher. "Jimmy, do you count ten before you hit another boy?"

Jimmy. Naw! "De referee counts ten after I hits him!"

—Life

Opportunity Knocks

"You say the movies made a millionaire of Prouty? I thought he sold dish-washers."

"That's just it. They buy his machine so they can wash the dinner dishes and get to the movies sooner."—Judge.



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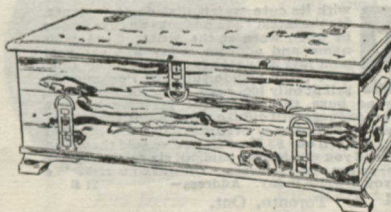
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