

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

THE BOY WHO NEVER GIVES UP

Almost from the time my boy was able to prattle I have endeavored to impress upon him the meaning and worth of three things. First, he must be brave and fearless; he must never break a promise, and he must never give up trying, regardless of the obstacles that might confront him.

My father having served as an officer in the army during the Civil War, it was an easy matter for me to tell many true, stirring tales relating to his life and the lives of greater men, but none braver than the boy's grandfather.

I have known my boy to bite a sob in two and fight back the tears of disappointment because, as he afterward told me, "brave men wouldn't cry because they couldn't have their own way. They would bear it without a word."

Once his sister had a slight fall, and ran sobbing to me. "Don't cry," said Brother. "Just be brave."

Sister continued to sob, however. The brother walked up to her, and gave her a gentle shake: "Don't you want to be brave?" he questioned, his voice gravely surprised.

"When I'm a big girl," Sister answered, bound to defend herself.

"No—now," Brother declared very convincingly. "You want to begin right now, or you'll never learn."

I am teaching him the value of his word by making him understand he must never make a promise without meaning to keep it, for once given it can never be broken.

Within a few days I heard him ask his four-year-old sister if she would promise to remain in the nursery until his return. She agreed.

"Remember, it's a promise," he said. "It's an awful thing to go back on your word."

I have found in various instances that this simple training has helped him to grasp the real sense of truthfulness. He appreciates, too, the fact his mother feels she can trust him implicitly, once his word is given.

When, at the age of four, he commenced to dress and undress himself, I discovered that clumsy knots in the shoe-lacings or unruly buttons would serve to discourage him very easily. This was likewise true while playing with his toys—blocks, for instance. The self-constructed house would tumble down before it was half completed, the train of cars refused to remain on the track, despite repeated efforts; until finally the little boy pushed his toys away with a gesture of weariness.

I sought to overcome this fault, and I believe I have succeeded by, after once showing him how to perform the numerous little feats that perplexed him, refusing to assist him again.

I not only read, but I talked about other little boys who had encountered the same difficulties, but because they would not give up trying had become successful men. These stories I related again and again, whenever I thought the time ripe for such an illustration.

Since he was five I have never once known him to fail to accomplish what he had set his heart on doing. I have often heard him chide his sister for seeking aid when dressing her doll. "Trying was never beaten," he said once, and he is not yet seven.—A Massachusetts Mother.

The best men and the most earnest workers will make enough mistakes to keep them humble. Everyone, however humble, has a mission to do, or say, or think something which has never been done, or said, or thought; therefore, let each one, while gratefully accepting the help and profiting by the wisdom of others, cultivate his own individuality, live his independent life, and fulfil his own possibilities.

JOHNNIE'S COMPLAINT

Oh there's always lots o' troubles
For a little boy like me;
I've got a great big brother and
A sister—she's most three.
I wear my clo'es out awful fast,
Then what d'you s'pose they do?
They cut down Joseph's clo'es for me,
'N Joe, he gets the new.

Ma'll sometimes turn 'em inside out
'N stitch 'em here an' there,
Then says they're just as good as new,
But I don't think that's fair.
She'll fix up sister spick and span,
An' keep her hair in curl,
An' gets her nice, new dresses, too;
But then—who'd be a girl?

Pa says I'm growin' like a weed,
Wish't I could grow an' grow
An' get to be a great big man
Ahead of brother Joe;
'N then I'd have a bran' new suit
My very, very own,
With lots of pockets in 'em, too,
Just made for me alone!

JOHNNIE AND THE BANTAMS

Little Johnnie had two bantam hens—a present from a friend of the family. They were given a place in the fowl-house, and having fought their way into a position of respect, settled down and began to lay.

Johnnie was very fond of his plucky little birds, but he was grievously disappointed at the size of the eggs. Within a week they had laid nine, all miniatures.

One morning, however, Johnnie's father, going into the fowl-house was astonished to see hanging from the roof just in front of the bantam nest an ostrich egg, which he has last observed in the drawing-room. Above it was suspended a card, on which was written in immense characters, but in scarcely schoolboy hand, the legend:—

"Keep your eyes on this, and do your best."



WHEN HE IS ASLEEP

Palmist: "This long line indicates that your disposition is sweet and gentle—during the winter."

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