

The Mill on the Floss

By
George Eliot.

BOOK SECOND — SCHOOL TIME
(21. Instalment.)

He had not been there a fortnight before it was evident to him that life, complicated not only with the Latin grammar but with a new standard of English pronunciation, was a very difficult business, made all the more obscure by a thick mist of bashfulness. Tom, as you have observed, was never an exception among boys for ease of address; but the difficulty of enunciating a monosyllable in reply to Mr. or Mrs. Stelling was so great, that he even dreaded to be asked at table whether he would have more pudding. As to the percussion-caps, he had almost resolved, in the bitterness of his heart, that he would throw them into a neighbouring pond; for not only was he the solitary pupil, but he began even to have a certain scepticism about his guns, and a general sense that his theory of life was undermined. For Mr. Stelling thought nothing of guns, or horses either, apparently; and yet it was impossible for Tom to despise Mr. Stelling as he had despised Old Goggles. If there were anything that was not thoroughly genuine about Mr. Stelling, it lay quite beyond Tom's power to detect it: it is only by a wide comparison of facts that the wisest full-grown man can distinguish well-rolled barrels from more supernal thunder.

Mr. Stelling was a well-sized, broad-chested man, not yet thirty, with flaxen hair standing erect, and large, lightish-gray eyes, which were always very wide open; he had a sonorous bass voice, and an air of defiant self-confidence inclining to brazenness. He had entered on his career with great vigour, and intended to make a considerable impression on his fellow-men. The Rev. Walter Stelling was not a man who would remain among the "inferior clergy" all his life. He had a true British determination to push his way in the world. As a schoolmaster, in the first place; for there were capital masterpieces of grammar-schools to be had, and Mr. Stelling meant to have one of them. But as a preacher also, for he meant always to preach in a striking manner, so as to have his congregation swelled by admirers from neighbouring parishes, and to produce a great sensation whenever he took occasional duty for a brother clergyman of minor gifts. The style of preaching he had chosen was the extemporaneous, which was held little short of the miraculous in rural parishes like King's Lorton. Some passages of Massillon and Bourdaloue, which he knew by heart, were really very effective when rolled out in Mr. Stelling's deepest tones; but as comparatively feeble appeals of his own were delivered in the same loud and impressive manner, they were often thought quite as striking by his hearers. Mr. Stelling's doctrine was of no particular school; if anything, it had a tinge of evangelicism, for that was "the telling thing" just then in the diocese to which King's Lorton belonged. In short, Mr. Stelling was a man who meant to rise in his profession, and to rise by merit, clearly, since he had no interest beyond what might be promised by a problematic relationship to a great lawyer who had not yet become Lord Chancellor. A clergyman who has such vigorous intentions naturally gets a little into debt at starting; it is not to be expected that he will live in the meagre style of a man who means to be a poor curate all his life, and if the few hundreds Mr. Timpson advanced towards his daughter's fortune did not suffice for the purchase of handsome furniture, together with a stock of wine, a grand piano, and the laying out of a superior flower-garden, it followed in the most rigorous manner, either that these things must be procured by some other means, or else that the Rev. Stelling must go without them—which last alternative would be an absurd procrastination of the fruits of success, where success was certain. Mr. Stelling was so broad-chested and resolute that he felt equal to anything; he would become celebrated by shaking the consciences of his



hearers, and he would by and by edit a Greek play, and invent several new readings. He had not yet selected the play, for having been married little more than two years, his leisure time had been much occupied with attentions to Mrs. Stelling; but he had told that fine woman what he meant to do some day, and she felt great confidence in her husband, as a man who understood everything of that sort.

But the immediate step to future success was to bring on Tom Tulliver during this first half-year; for, by a singular coincidence, there had been some negotiation concerning another pupil from the same neighbourhood, and it might further a decision in Mr. Stelling's favour, if it were understood that young Tulliver, who, Mr. Stelling observed in conjugal privacy, was rather a rough cub, had made prodigious progress in a short time. It was on this ground that he was severe with Tom about his lessons; he was clearly a boy whose powers would never be developed through the medium of the Latin grammar, without the application of some sternness. Not that Mr. Stelling was a harsh-tempered or unkind man—quite the contrary; he was jocose with Tom at table, and corrected his provincialisms and his deportment in the most playful manner; but poor Tom was only the more cowed and confused by this double novelty, for he had never been used to jokes at all like Mr. Stelling's; and for the first time in his life he had a painful sense that he was all wrong somehow. When Mr. Stelling said, as the roast beef was being uncovered, "Now, Tulliver! which would you rather decline, roast-beef or the Latin for it?"—Tom, to whom in his coolest moments a pun would have been a hard nut, was thrown into a state of embarrassed alarm that made everything dim to him except the feeling that he would rather not have anything to do with the Latin; of course he answered, "Roast-beef," whereupon there followed much laughter and some practical joking with the plates, from which Tom gathered that he had in some mysterious way refused beef, and in fact, made himself appear "a silly." If he could have seen a fellow-pupil undergo these painful operations and survive them in good spirits, he might sooner have taken them as a matter of course. But there are two expensive forms of education, either of which a parent may procure for his son by sending him as solitary pupil to a clergyman: one is, the enjoyment of the reverend gentleman's undivided neglect; the other is, the endurance of the reverend gentleman's undivided attention. It was the latter privilege for which Mr. Tulliver paid a high price in Tom's initiatory months at King's Lorton.

That respectable miller and maltster had left Tom behind, and driven homeward in a state of great mental satisfaction. He considered that it was a happy moment for him when he had thought of asking Riley's advice about a tutor for Tom. Mr. Stelling's eyes were so wide open, and he talked in such an off-hand, matter-of-fact way—answering every difficult slow remark of Mr. Tulliver's with, "I see, my good sir, I see;" "To be sure, to be sure;" "You want your son to be a man who will make his way in the world,"—that Mr. Tulliver was delighted to find in him a clergyman whose knowledge was so applicable to the everyday affairs of this life. Except Counselor Wyldie, whom he had heard at the last Sessions, Mr. Tulliver thought the Rev. Mr. Stelling was

the shrewdest fellow he had ever met with—not unlike Wyldie, in fact; he had the same way of sticking his thumbs in the armbolts of his waistcoat. Mr. Tulliver was not by any means an exception in mistaking brazenness for shrewdness: most laymen thought Stelling shrewd, and a man of remarkable powers generally; it was chiefly by his clerical brethren that he was considered rather a dull fellow. But he told Mr. Tulliver several stories about "Swing" and incendiarism, and asked his advice about feeding pigs in so thoroughly secular and judicious a manner, with so much polished glibness of tongue, that the miller thought, here was the very thing he wanted for Tom. He had no doubt this first-rate man was acquainted with every branch of information, and knew exactly what Tom must learn in order to become a match for the lawyers—which poor Mr. Tulliver himself did not know, and so was necessarily thrown for self-direction on this wide kind of inference. It is hardly fair to laugh at him, for I have known much more highly-instructed persons than he make inferences quite as wide, and not at all wiser.

As for Mrs. Tulliver—finding that Mrs. Stelling's views as to the airing of linen and the frequent recurrence of hunger in a growing boy, entirely coincided with her own; moreover, that Mrs. Stelling, though so young a woman, and only anticipating her second confinement, had gone through very nearly the same experience as herself with regard to the behaviour and fundamental character of the monthly nurse—she expressed great contentment to her husband, when they drove away, at leaving Tom with a woman who, in spite of her youth, seemed quite sensible and motherly, and asked advice as prettily as could be.

"They must be very well off, though," said Mrs. Tulliver, "for everything's as nice as can be all over the house, and that watered silk she had on cost a pretty penny. Sister Pullet has got one like it."

"Ah," said Mr. Tulliver, "he's got some income besides the curacy, I reckon. Perhaps her father allows 'em something. There's Tom 'll be another hundred to him, and not much trouble either, by his own account; he says teaching comes natural to him. That's wonderful, now," added Mr. Tulliver, turning his head on one side, and giving his horse a meditative tickling on the flank.

(To be continued.)

MARTIAL LAW IN HAMBURG

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 23. — Despatches from Hamburg report that there was shooting Tuesday night in the neighborhood of the Central railway station, the town hall and on the harbor front, by Spartacans, who are reported to have captured two police stations.

A more strict form of martial law has been proclaimed and all the theatres and restaurants have been ordered closed. The soldiers' council has decreed that all arms must be surrendered within 48 hours.

Those found in possession of weapons at the expiration of that time will be liable to summary court martial.



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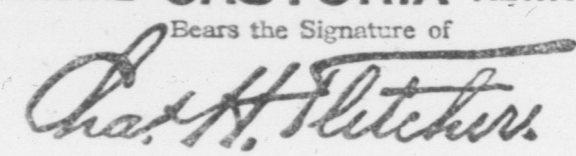
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With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes a venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word of a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day;
And it smoothes the furrows
Ploughed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

Training Little Children

Base Early Education in the Home on Sound Principles of Child-study. Give Child Many and First-hand Experiences—These Will Help to Develop His Mind and Give Him Opportunity to Control and Direct His Actions.

By Mrs. Winifred G. McBroome.

For those who intend to teach little children of four and five as a profession, a training in kindergarten methods is required by law in practically every State in the Union. Why is such training not equally necessary for those whose future work will probably be home-making? The broad principles underlying kindergarten training have been thought out for us by many great educators and philosophers of the past and present, and these principles will help the individual parent as well as the teacher to interpret his surroundings, to form a wiser attitude toward life, and to love and understand children. Such an education is almost indispensable to mothers who would give to their children the best of all opportunities—the opportunity to grow aright. But if, as mothers, we cannot send our children to kindergarten, let us plan their early education in the home so that it will be based as far as possible upon sound principles of child-study.

The child between the ages of three and six years is very impressionable, and upon his early experiences must be based his whole future education. Therefore it is important to see that he receives only right impressions and has only right experiences.

For Our Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE CRANBERRIES

By Howard R. Garis.

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, was walking through a sort of bog, or wet, swampy place, he heard a voice saying:

"There! I guess I've picked every last one of 'em! I'd like to see any one get any more. And now if I can find a safe place to hide 'em, where no one can find 'em, why maybe I'll be all right for another year. Ha! Ha! I guess I've fooled 'em this time!"

"My! I wonder what that can be!" thought Uncle Wiggily. Then he heard something go:

"Gobble-obble-obble!"

"A turkey, or I lose my guess!" cried the bunny, and looking between a mulberry bush, and one on which grew some lollypops, he saw a big turkey gobbler down in the bog.

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lady of my acquaintance did, "I've always had such a desire to see strawberry bushes."

City children ask, "Why is there a picture of a cow on the butter paper?" If you cannot visit a dairy or a creamery, buy a gallon of milk and let the child skim it and churn the cream into butter with the egg-beater. Then after he has salted it, let him eat some on his bread. My country children ask, "How did the firemen know there was a fire?" Their father took them to the fire house to see the alarm bell and the boots, clothes and brass pole ready for the night alarm.

When fathers go to the field to see the oats planted, they should take their five-year-old boy or girl along and tell the story of the growth of the seed.

On the way for the cows, sharp eyes may find a badger hole or see some muskrats in the creek.

Is all this education? The beginnings of education are started in and about the home in the child's attitude and reaction toward his environment. All the time, he is learning to see and hear and to think. The child whose mother and father live with him is sure to store up experiences and be able to compare and relate them later, to be observing, to be constructive (which is the only remedy for destructiveness), and to be able to express himself as well as to have something in his mind to express.

In play children are constantly educating themselves. They are learning to direct their attention and their motions persistently toward a definite end. We can suggest plays and tasks which will train the eye to see quickly and teach the colors, directions (front, back, up, down, right, left); the points of the compass, the time of day, and the days of the week. My little four-year-old learns much as she sits beside me at the sewing machine. She arranges my drawer of thread, learns the colors and plays a game, guessing which color is gone from a long row of spools.

A set of colored kindergarten balls, a box of crayons, or letter-box of paints make an excellent Christmas gift and aid in color training. Colored papers and a small pair of scissors will occupy many a stormy day profitably. The mother who is at all musical can train the ear to detect high and low tones, loud or soft bells, and music for marching and skipping. Have the child bounce a large ball to music, or clap to music. This will help him to gain motor control. Play dominoes with him. Suggest "Hide the Thimbles" or "Blind Man's Buff" or "Cobbler." All these games help to train the eye, the ear and the hands.

Teacher (relating an experience with a tramp): "And then I fainted."

Small Boy (excitedly): "Wid yer right or wid yer left?"

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

"What in the world are you doing there, my friend?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

The turkey gobbler looked up quickly, spilling something rosy and red like marbles as he did so, and answered:

"Well, it's a good thing it's you, Uncle Wiggily, who I know to be a friend of mine, and not a farmer's boy, or a meatshop keeper looking for me. It's a good thing!"

"Why?" asked the bunny.

"Because it's so near Thanksgiving," was the answer, "and you know what Thanksgiving means to me," and the turkey looked sadly at the bunny. "Don't you?" asked the big bird.

"Ahem! I believe I do," Uncle Wiggily said. "But what are you doing here?"

"Picking cranberries out of the bog," was the answer. "Cranberries, which every one seems to want on the table with me at Thanksgiving; cranberries only grow in bogs. I'm picking all I can find."

"But what for?" asked the bunny. "Thanksgiving is some days off yet, and if you pick the cranberries ahead of time—"

"Hush!" gobbled the turkey. "Don't you see what I'm trying to do! If I pick all the cranberries ahead of time, there won't be any for Thanksgiving, 'cause I'll hide 'em. And if there aren't any cranberries where there won't be any Thanksgiving, and if there's no Thanksgiving, there won't be any excuse for roasting me. And if there's one thing I despise more than another it's being roasted. Parboiled is bad enough, but roasted—ugh! I can't a-bear it!"

"It really isn't nice," said Uncle Wiggily.

"I agree with you," said the turkey. "So I thought if no one knew where to get any cranberries, being as they are always so fashionable at Thanksgiving, maybe folks would eat oatmeal crackers, or fish cakes, instead of turkey. Now I'll go hide the cranberries where no one can find them."

The turkey started off, strutting along, the red thing over his nose bobbing up and down, and the cranberries under his wings rattling when, all of a sudden, out of the swamp, or bog, up popped a bad old Teezeele.

"Ah! I have you! This is the time I've caught you!" cried the Teezeele to Uncle Wiggily, and the bad animal—a Teezeele being like a Pipsiswah, only worse—made a grab for the bunny.

"Oh, save me! Save me!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Throw something at him, Mr. Turkey. A Teezeele hates to have things thrown at him and maybe he'll let me go!"

"Well, the only thing I have to throw are cranberries!" said the turkey. "And if I throw them folks berries at the Teezeele and, as we know where to look for 'em, and Thanksgiving will be the same as ever, with me being roasted to a turn. However, it can't be helped, I'll never see my friend Uncle Wiggily hurt!"

So the turkey began to throw cranberries and so soon as the bad animal saw them coming, he cried:

"Oh, some one is shooting red hot bullets at me! Oh, I had better run away before I'm hit. I can't bear to be thrown at!"

Then away ran the Teezeele, thinking the cranberries were red hot bullets from a gun, and so he didn't hurt the bunny at all.

"But I have thrown away lots of cranberries," said the turkey. "However, there was no help for it. I guess I'll have to let Thanksgiving come as it always does, cranberry sauce and all."

"Thank you for saving me," said the bunny. "Maybe I can help you some day."

"I doubt it, but perhaps you may," said the turkey sadly, as he strutted away. And if the cup doesn't try to stand on its head in the saucer and spill the tea all over the spoon holder so it scares the napkin ring, I'll tell you another story about Uncle Wiggily.