

On the contrary, it is free, full of humor and playful irony, manly and cheerful, but mutually respectful. This boy passes through the loose-tongued uproar of the streets unscathed. His glance is straightforward, his bearing confident but modest. He is a boy to the tips of his fingers, but you cannot talk with him without feeling that the soul of a gentleman is in him; and a woman would know instinctively that he would protect her, if need were, to the last atom of his small strength. This boy, who is no fancy picture, is far from perfect; further yet from the goody-goody, molly-coddle kind. From some points of view, he seems all faults; faults of temper, of pig-headedness, of overbearingness, of selfishness, every now and then, due, however, to thoughtlessness, not premeditation. But he is quick always to make amends, and never happy till he has done so. The faculty of dissimulation is not in him; you can tell by his face what his mood is; there is none of that smug, demure meekness or sanctimoniousness which glosses the features of the young rascals who come into the house fresh from the lies and foulness outside; who sneakily avoid your eye, or, quite as often, stare you out of countenance as they pour forth a flood of virtuous protestations. No; the Public School has not hurt this boy, and there are many others like him; but his family has not neglected him. His family recognizes the nature of the function of the Public School and where it stops; and, at that point, they come in and supply its deficiencies.

As for the others, nominally they have fathers and mothers, but in reality they are orphans; they seem to have homes, but their true home is the gutter—for they feel at home nowhere else. The parents are to blame. Neither public nor private schools, nor anything else, can absolve parents from their responsibilities. The plea of lack of time is a false plea; it is not the length of

time you spend with your child that counts, but the use you put that time to. The discipline, the training, the inspiration of home admit of no substitutes, and parents will observe that, if they do right by their children, they will derive from the latter quite as much training and enlightenment as they can impart to them. While you are building up and polishing off your boy's character, he is chastening yours, and keeping you on the edge of your mettle. You may fancy that it is a privilege to your boy to have you for a father; but it is at least as much a privilege to you to have him for a son—provided you *are* a father to him, and not a mere idle and vicious appendage. And that sort of appendage is precisely what a large percentage of American fathers are. It does not mend matters to say that you are fond of your children, and, in proof of it, to paw them and kiss them, give them toys and candy, picture books, circus tickets, skates and bicycles; or to scold them violently and unjustly when they happen to get upon your nerves, or in your way. An ape can slobber over its offspring, and give it nuts or cuff it, as whim may dictate. Selfishness is at the bottom of our failure to give proper attention to our children; it is selfishness all the way through. We want the fun of having children, without incurring the liabilities. We want to have them around us, when we are in the humor, and to have them look nice, and display all suitable merits and accomplishments, but we do not wish to be bothered with the task of inculcating the same; that, we devolve upon the Public School. We would not allow our most confidential clerk to engineer a critical deal for us in the market or on 'Change; but we have no hesitation in permitting a school teacher, to us unknown, underpaid, tired to death, averse from her or his occupation probably, and sometimes incompetent, to determine the