

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"So you have settled down in the country? What do you do with yourself there? What becomes of that wonderful amount of surplus energy that made you the most untiring of city pleasure-seekers?" said one gentleman to another, as they met by chance in a crowded car on the Hartford and New Haven Railway.

"I am town superintendent of schools, and put my surplus energy into that," was the laughing reply.

"Paying business!" said the first speaker, dryly.

"Yes," said his friend, speaking more earnestly now. "I hold that any business pays that promotes the good of the rising generation, and I need not tell you that, however petty my duties may seem, I try to fulfill them conscientiously. If the world is to be regenerated, it is my opinion that it is to be done through the children."

There was a little more chaffing, and then, somehow, the subject of discipline came up, and I pricked up my ears, hoping to get a practical suggestion for the *Journal*, and this is what I heard:

"A scholar who will not behave, and study, without a whipping, will not do so with one."

"There I differ with you," said the superintendent of schools. "I do not advocate indiscriminate whipping, but I think a judicious punishment sometimes works wonders. Let me give you a case in point. When I was a lad, there was in our country district school two unruly boys, Obed Mason and Austin Perkins, who were as hard to manage as a couple of half-broken colts. They were idle, rough, noisy, wide-awake youngsters who would not study themselves nor let any one else do so, if they could help it, and, term after term, they broke up the usefulness of the school."

"Mainly through their pranks the school got a bad name. Teacher after teacher made a failure there, and after a while it came to be a hard matter to find a teacher who, for ordinary wages, would undertake that school."

"At this juncture, a new superintendent being appointed, he persuaded a lady friend of his wife's, who was teaching a select school in the village, to leave her work there to her sister while she came out to solve the distracting problem as to what should be done with the 'meadow school,' the superintendent agreeing to pay her extra wages from his own pocket."

"We were all a little in awe of this lady, whom we knew well by reputation, and were charmed by her sweet, quiet demeanor. She gave us but two rules, and these she said were to be obeyed implicitly."

"We were not to whisper, nor to communicate without leave nor with leave, about our books or anything else, and we were to have perfect lessons."

"The scholars, with the exception of the two young rebels, obeyed willingly, well pleased with the novelty of quiet in the school-room. They at once openly violated the whispering rule, and, as usual, their lessons were far from perfect."

"There was no trifling to begin with. The two boys were kept after school the first day until their lessons were recited perfectly, and were told that they could not go out at recess the next day. 'That is your punishment for whispering,' said the teacher."

"You lose one recess for the first offence, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on. After all the recesses in the term are used up, as they will be by Friday night, if you keep on whispering, I shall whip you for the next offence; and when I say I shall whip you, I mean exactly what I say; there will be no child's play about it. It is impossible for me to watch you and scold you continually. I have told you the penalty. If you break the rules you do so with your eyes open."

"The next morning, when the little silver bell on the desk was struck for recess, both the unruly boys started for the door, but there the teacher met them, ruler in hand, and, dismayed by her resolute air, they returned to their seats. They continued to whisper, however, and Friday night the teacher announced that Obed and Austin would go out no more at recess during the term. 'If they whisper on Monday,' she added, 'she put her big ruler in the desk and turned the key. I shall be prepared to administer the promised punishment.'

"On Monday morning the school was

hardly called to order before Obed said, in a loud whisper, 'You'd better keep quiet, Aust, or you'll have that rattan tingling about your legs before you know it.'

"Come out on the floor, Obed," said the teacher, without the least show of excitement. The big boy did not move, but sat back in his seat with a grin, as much as to say, 'Touch me, if you dare!'

"The young woman laid the rattan upon the desk and walked with a quick, firm step up the narrow aisle. She wasted no words, seizing the stout lad by the collar of his jacket, she twitched him out of his seat and dragged him over the top of the desks to the floor. Then, before either he or the scholars had recovered from their surprise, she tingled his legs with the rattan until he howled with pain."

"This is for the first offence," she said, filling her lungs and speaking in her usual voice. "I 'double up' as I go on, you know. Take your seat now, and get your lesson. I shall take up with no imperfect or indifferent work."

"There was no more whispering after that, and there were perfect lessons at every recitation."

"Mrs. Perkins called at the school-house next day to ask the teacher to excuse Austin's offences for the first week, and let him begin new, going out at recess with the others, on condition that he should obey the rules for the remainder of the term."

"Impossible!" said the teacher. "I never trifle in that way with my pupils. He has forfeited his recesses for the entire term. I shall not hesitate to punish him for any disobedience in the future."

"Mrs. Perkins, who was a woman of wealth and a leader of society, was indignant that a request of hers should be disregarded, and straightway took her son out of school."

"Obed clamored to be allowed to leave also, but his father said 'No. If you have not sufficient respect to behave in school you will never have enough to behave anywhere else. You are at just the right age to make a man or a nonentity in the world. If this lady has the tact to help you to make a man of yourself, I shall be very glad.'

"Obliged to go to school, obliged to get his lessons, not allowed to whisper, Obed was soon surprised at himself over his newly-awakened interests in his studies. The recess hour was the time of trial, when, at every session, he was tempted to break in upon the now thoroughly-established rules of order and make a rush for the door."

"Perhaps the watchful, intelligent teacher saw the struggle in his face, for, soon, one morning, she went to his desk, while the other boys were out, and gave him a short, interesting article in a newspaper to read. He was fond of reading, and she saw that he was pleased and interested."

"In the afternoon she carried him paper and pencil, and asked him to write out what he could remember of the article read in the morning. He acquitted himself so well that the exercise was kept up day after day. He grew to be very apt at this kind of writing, and it soon became a general exercise, most of the scholars preferring it to their recess."

"That young woman remained in that school for three consecutive terms, and many of her pupils at that time do not hesitate to say that it was the turning-point in their lives that started them in the right direction toward becoming, in their several vocations, useful men and women. When she returned to her select school, several of her pupils followed her there. Obed Mason went into a printing office to learn to set type. An opening at the West came to him. He went, and is now an editor and a prominent and a rising man again."

"On a recent visit to his native town he called on his old teacher and said, 'I came to thank you, personally, for conquering me, and then showing me what I could do. That twenty minutes' reading and writing exercise taught me to frame paragraphs and put my own thoughts into words; and I seldom write an editorial that I do not recall those pleasant recess-times in the old red school house.'

"When he asked for his old chum and school-fellow, Austin Perkins, he learned that he was killed in a drunken fight at a low public house, one winter night, and was found dead in the snow the next morning."

"He was a brighter, quicker, and a better scholar than I," said Obed. "What a mistake it was in his mother to take him out of school that time! It was the turning-point in his life, as it was in mine, and a lack

of discipline at the proper time ruined him."—*Journal of Education.*

"OLD TEN DOLLAR."

BY C. E. R. PARKER.

"What was 'Old Ten Dollar'?" or "Who was 'Old Ten Dollar'?" I fancy some of my young friends may inquire, and perhaps will be not a little astonished when I answer that "Old Ten Dollar" was a cow, and I will tell you how she came by such a curious name."

We children lived in a small farming town in the State of New Jersey. Our family was among the first settlers there, and our home (as I look back upon it now after many years of life's clouds and sunshine) seems almost like the garden of Eden for greenness and beauty and quiet peacefulness."

We had neighbors of every description; some thrifty and industrious and careful managers, keeping their farms and cattle in good order, and their families were respectable, God-fearing people. But many were thriftless and careless and slovenly about everything, and among this latter class was poor Peter Long. Everything about his farm was unutterably shabby. His fences were always falling down, his gates off the hinges, his barns open to the weather, and his cattle the most forlorn, uncared for creatures, who had to look after themselves all the year round."

One morning, my brother Tom, sister Matty and I were strolling about with no particular object in view but to enjoy the lovely springtime just coming back to us after a long and dreary winter, and as we proceeded on our walk we found ourselves approaching the wretched premises of Peter Long, and we noticed standing near the barn, as if trying to get the benefit of a little sunshine on her shabby back, the most forlorn looking cow our eyes ever rested on."

She was originally of a respectable dun color, I have no doubt, but "the color was all done," as the Irishman would say. The hair was most all rubbed off her back, her hide was dingy and unsightly in its uncleanness and ugliness, and yet the poor creature had a kind, pitiful look in her large soft eyes as she watched us coming near. We plucked small handfuls of the new grass and gave it to poor bossy, but we had not moral courage enough to pat her with our hands, as we might have done to a more reputable-looking beast."

Presently old Peter caught sight of us and drew near with his shuffling feet, and we bade him good-morning as we stood looking at the wretched cow."

"Poor critter, isn't it?" he said. "She ain't good for nothing, and never will be; and yet she is not an old cow—not seven year old yet. I can't keep her, and I don't want to kill her," he added.

"She looks as if she did not have half enough to eat," spoke up honest T. V., in his straightforward way."

"Well, she never will, I guess," answered Peter with a sigh. "She has her chance at the vittles with the rest of the critters, but she don't grow no fatter."

"How would you like to sell her?" I ventured to ask hesitatingly.

"Sell her! Why, nobody wouldn't want her, of course. I would sell her fast enough if I had a good offer. I will let you have her for ten dollars, young man, and perhaps you can make a cow out of her."

"A cow out of her," exclaimed Tom; "why, she is a cow now, I suppose, though a very poor one, to my idea of cows."

"Yes, that's so," said Peter. "She is a cow by name and she is a cow by nature, and yet she ain't no cow at all, according as I look upon critters. You don't want to buy her, do you, Thomas. I say you may have her for ten dollars."

Well, we children looked at the disreputable beast thoroughly, over and over, and then we put our heads together to discuss ways and means, and finally we told Peter we would think about it, but we should have to go home and talk over the matter with our parents and see if they would allow us to make the purchase, and told him that, any way, he might drive the cow over in the morning and let them all have a look at her."

Our account of the poor animal did not seem at all satisfactory to our father, but we pleaded very hard, and told him that we had money enough between us to pay for the cow, if she could be our own and belong to us all three together."

The wretched-looking animal was driven over early the next morning. Peter had

rubbed her up a little, but she looked forlorn enough. Neither father nor mother thought her at all prepossessing, but finally father said we might buy the cow if we were able to pay for her, but on condition that we took care of her ourselves. He said that she might have the same food and pasture with the other cows through the summer, and if we succeeded in making a cow of her we were entitled to all the profits from her, selling the milk and butter, and might divide the proceeds between us three. Jerry should see to her at first, and afterward Tom must learn to milk her, as he was head proprietor, and Matty and I must be dairymaids."

So we bought the cow. The ten dollars were paid down very cheerfully, and the unattractive animal became our property. We christened her "Old Ten Dollar," and she never knew another name."

You could hardly believe how rapidly she improved under the treatment she received from us all. Jerry scrubbed her down and made her clean and presentable, soon she began to put on a respectable coat of hair, and before the fall she was a decent looking cow as any on the farm. She was very gentle and kind, and seemed to appreciate the loving care of our hands, she knew her name and would follow us like a pet dog. Tom soon learned to milk, and sister Matty and I were dairymaids; we bought bright tin pails and pans and a small churn, and we made butter and sold milk, and "Old Ten Dollar" became really valuable property."

The next spring we raised a pretty calf which was born to "Old Ten Dollar," and which did her mother great credit, and became a fine cow, and after a while we each had a cow of our own and "Old Ten Dollar," between us. We were really getting to be very prosperous farmers, and in time sold not only milk and butter, but cattle of our own raising, and made our business not only self-supporting but quite remunerative. And when our brother Tom was grown up, father set off a certain part of the farm as his portion, and the greater proportion of the dairy stock upon the farm were descendants of the "Old Ten Dollar" family of different generations."

But the dear old home is broken up now, father and mother have passed to their heavenly inheritance, and we children aid have homes of our own. Thomas keeps up his place in the country for a summer residence, and a very beautiful home it is too, and his children and his children's children still love to hear him tell the story of "Old Ten Dollar," and the name has been retained as a familiar enduring name among the sleek soft-eyed cows of his dairy farm.—*Illus. Chris Weekly.*

BIRDS' NEST SOUP.

Every one has heard of the famous Bird's Nest Soup, which is such a luxury among the Chinese. We give on another page a picture of the birds which build the nests and the nests themselves. The birds are a kind of swallow; they inhabit the coast of China and neighboring countries, and build their nests on the walls of the caves along the shore, sticking them against the flat wall just as our chimney swallows do. The nest is about the size of a goose egg, and is like isinglass. For a long time people did not know how these were built. Now we know that they are made of a substance that comes from glands inside the bird's own mouth."

The nests when brought to market are of three qualities. The new nests, in which no young ones have been reared, look clear like pure gelatine and almost white; those of the second quality are of a dingy, brown color and look generally dirty; and the third are those in which the little ones have been reared, and are all stuck over with feathers and covered with filth of all sorts. The soup in which the nests are used has a gelatinous look and feeling, somewhat like melted jelly, and is considered by the Chinese a very great dainty. Of course the best soup is made from the nests of the first quality, but we fear that in this, as in other things, the second and third qualities are not entirely ignored."

TRUSKY FRITTERS.—A good way to use up bits of cold turkey is to cut them in pieces of uniform size, if possible; make a batter of milk and flour and an egg, sprinkle pepper and salt over the cold fowl and mix with the batter, fry as you do any kind of fritters in hot lard, drain and serve hot. This is a good breakfast dish.