

ing. Of course your sympathies are with Hazel."

"Not altogether. My sympathies are on both sides, just as they are in this war between the British and the Boers. Indeed I may say I am internationally sympathetic."

"Well, never mind being international, at present. Tell me what to do with Hazel."

"Have you tried giving her a regular, hard, old fashioned whipping?"

The teacher looked at me with startled, wide blue eyes. Then she pouted her lip as young girls do when they suspect they are being made fun of. "It's all I can do sometimes," she said, "to keep from giving her a good shake. When I reason with her she sobs; when I shame her she keeps right on weeping; when I try to frighten her with excessive sternness she is paralyzed for a moment, then gives a prodigious gulp and cries harder than ever. I suppose the lady is constitutional. Her mother is a hysterical woman. I don't wonder. Goodness knows, I should be hysterical too if I had to live on eternal pork and pie."

"Hazel is a sensitive child," I said, "very susceptible to praise and blame. Don't you suppose that a kind word or two addressed directly to her would—"

"Oh, no, that would never do. It would be said that she was the teacher's favorite and the other little girls would be learning how to cry so that they might get a little extra petting also. I don't suppose there is any cure for it," she added despondently.

"Yes, yes; there is," I exclaimed, as some ideas of Father

Kneipp suddenly rushed into my mind. "There's the water cure."

"The water cure? How can I use that?"

"Easily enough. As soon as she begins to cry take her to the wash bench and tell her to pour dipperful after dipperful of cold water over her bared arms. Let the water run from shoulder to waist in an almost continuous stream. See if a few minutes of that kind of work doesn't brace up her quivering nerves."

A few weeks later my friend called on me again. "The water cure treatment is a great success," she said. "It's a part of the regular curriculum now. Sometimes it has to be tried two or three times in the course of a morning session, but it never fails to give quietness and self control. And Hazel seems as glad as I am to be relieved of her weakness. But I am in fresh trouble now," she added, laughing and turning red.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, it's merely the dreadful habit some children in this part of the country have of using such words as 'theirn' and 'yourn' and 'ourr.' Poor little Rosa Blank told me yesterday morning that the pen was hisn not hern,' and I petrified her with a look of horror. I had grown so tired of trying to illuminate the minds of those Blank children that I determined for once to make the correction impressive. 'Rosa,' I said, if you should ever use such an expression as hern or hisn before any even half-educated people they would at once put you down as a very ignorant and vulgar person.' As I delivered the admonition in