

"I'll ask his pardon," she replied.

"So she called him back, saying, 'Come here to mama, dear,' and she drew him closely to her. 'When you told me about Mrs. Grey yesterday I could not understand you, Willie, and I told you that you were lying. I am very sorry.'"

The child turned his face up and looked at her. Her eyes were full of tears. He did not like tears. The tone which she had used as well as the words were very perplexing, so he began to wriggle out of her arms.

"What does lying mean?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, that mama has a headache, I guess."

"And what is a headache?"

"Oh, I don't know; just some nasty old thing that makes folks not want to do things."

Then we laughed, while the tears fell over our cheeks. Will looked from one to the other for a perplexed moment or two, and then with a loud "toot! toot!" called out in his biggest voice, "Chi-ca-go, Un-ion De-pot!" Need I add that a few minutes later the little man was on his way "home" to repair the ruin which Tige had wrought by his house-keeping, happy with the cake-basket well filled for "Mrs. Grey;" while the mother, for the first time in her life, began to see that child-study was a necessary preliminary to child-culture. Such simple little things to signify so much; but since they do signify, how important to comprehend!

The next thing in this case was to teach the child the necessity of so stating facts and fancies that he could be understood by older people.

"You see, Willie," the lesson ran, "when you said Mrs. Grey, mama, of course, thought you meant the real one, who is always Mrs. Grey; and mama knew that Mrs. Grey never allowed Tige in the house, that she would *never* leave him to keep house, and so mama thought that it was all something that never happened, and that you were telling a naughty story—a lie about the cake and all, and it made mama feel very discouraged. If you had just told her at

first that you were playing that Nellie was Mrs. Grey."

"But, mama," broke in the child, with a plaintive persistence in his tone, "we was *not* playing *that* time; sometimes we is, but we said first thing that this was all *truly*, and not play. She *was* Mrs. Grey and I *was* Mr. Grey for sure."

"Well, you see you will be obliged to say it so that others will understand you, if you expect to be heard and get what you want, for when it comes to truly, *truly* you are *not* Mr. Grey, and Nellie is *not* Mrs. Grey. Now, try and see if you can't fix that some way, so that it will be all straight as you mean it, and so that mama can know what you mean."

The child thought a moment, and then said: "I can't fix it, anyhow. That's the way 'tis, just Mrs. Grey."

"Well, all right; let it go until you really want something."

It was not long; for the two children were very busy in their play world. Soon Willie came rushing in to his mother, calling in great eagerness: "Doctor! doctor! you must come quick. Mrs. Grey has broken her arm."

This appeal brought no reply, and he repeated it, pulling at his mother's hand.

"What are you doing, Willie?" she asked, at last; "there is no doctor here, and Dr. Smith is always called to the Greys."

"O, I forgot. It is *my* little Mrs. Grey, mama, and you is the doctor. I's playing *truly*. Now, do you understand me, mama?"

"Yes, dear, you have done bravely. Now what would you like?"

"You to come, for she's truly hurted. She fell off the top of our house—I *mean*, she hit her toe and fell down—the truly top is the sky, I guess."

This little story is sufficient to indicate the beginnings of instruction by which a child may be taught to discriminate between the literal and the symbolic in speech; a lesson which cannot be too early taught, especially to a child who has a quick imagination, and is full of "play."

—Studies in Home and Child Life.