

start? I suppose that all parents should look in the mirror a minute before they pass judgment on their own boy. We purchase cows and hens on their pedigree, but when it comes to boys, we have an idea that some special dispensation will be granted and that neither blood nor home environment count. But this is against nature.

Our boy expects fresh air to be his in sleep, at play and in school. He does not need any felt protector around his windows, for he is building up a pair of lungs that will not require in his latter days sojourn in Asheville or Colorado Springs.

He expects to be fed as sanely as horses, cows and hens. We do not want the animals on our model farms to get more attention than the boys. You can write to the Department of Agriculture at Washington for a bulletin on a balanced ration for a hog. Animal feeding is a popular subject for discussion. Our boy is worth at least as much as a hog. I confess that we are advancing, for only the other day I saw a state fair announcement of a prize of \$50 for the best baby, while only \$25 was offered for the best pig. Our greatest resource is our boys and girls; and some day you and I will see it.

The boy asks that his natural instincts for activity be turned from deviltry into useful knowledge, productive labor, wholesome play. The best pedagogical query is that asked by a boy: "Teacher, what is this for?" He must be given an answer within his comprehension, one that contains an element of frankness and that will digest better than the stereotyped, "It is in the course of study." Our boy likes to do things which seem worth while. Ask him to dig holes, plant trees, care for them, pick the fruit and sell in the open market for his own profit, he is with you. Ask him to dig holes and then fill them up, he is against you; he expects to see his work amount to something. In play he expects a chance to play wholesome games. This he cannot do in a two-

by-four back alley, or in a six-by-nine flat.

I spoke of his deviltry. It is not a pretty word, but I use it advisedly, for the devil always finds work for idle hands. Your boy of fourteen ought to have a set of tools or a garden; better have both. He will find a vent for his pent-up activity in making and growing things. He cannot always work at learning about things.

He expects that his capacity, interest and native ability will be studied and wisely directed. He is different from other boys; he has tastes and capacities of his own. If Frederick Remington had been tied to the clerk's stool, we should never have had those canvas pictures of Western life. If Thomas, the elder brother of Joseph Wedgewood, had had his way, the younger son would have made brown jugs by the thousands at the old potter's wheel instead of blue plates covered with vines and roses. Parents buy their boys tickets to one place, but fate puts them off at another station. The father of Stevenson intended that Robert Louis should be a designer of lighthouses, but mathematics was shelved for Dumas and Scott. Cobden started his boy out to be a business man of the old school, but the son ended as an educator, agitator against child labor and creator of model communities.

But beyond what you expect of your boy, or what he expects of you, there is that which he expects of us—you and me, everybody. He is literally our boy. He is not yours alone. Neither does he belong to himself alone. He belongs to human society, and is to go into the making of our human wealth. Perhaps he is to be our Thomas Edison, our Michael Angelo, our Abraham Lincoln, our first citizen and always our great, good man. Now he cannot be great, nor good, nor Godlike alone. Neither can you as a parent do it all. The city in which he lives, the street on which he plays, the school to which he goes will do its share in making him an educated man. What will it make him?

Take a look about you. Look at your