THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Woman and the Home

A Difference in Discipline

ITTLE Margaret Bailey, four years and a half old, was a nervous, highly strung child. Her mother was "nervous," and the child both inherited and acquired the same temperament

As a baby she had cried and fretted, and her mother, instead of soothing her with darkened rooms, a soft voice, and regular habits, had put a light in her room, taken her up at all hours and "jogged her, rocked her or walked with her," anything to stop her crying because she "couldn't stand it to hear her." She had even given her soothing syrups, thus further weakening the little physical endurance the child had, and she had always got "nervous" herself when the

baby did, had fretted and cried and perspired, so that when the baby nursed, as she did at all irregular hours, the food only gave her further distress.

At four and a half she was a thin, fretful, "nervous" child, crying at the least disturbance, demanding constant attention and entertainment. She had learned that if she made fuss enough she got whatever she wanted, and so she never failed with the fuss.

The following is but one of number-less instances;

Margaret had wakened late in the morning, fretful and whining. Instead of hopping out of bed like a happy little girl glad to be alive, she began to call, "Ma-ma! Ma-ma!"

Her mother, busy in the kitchen, came to the stairs.

"Well, Margaret, what is it?"

"Come dress me. I want to get up."
"Mama can't come now, Margaret. I'm
making bread."

Margaret began to cry.

"Now, Margaret, stop your crying. My hands are all flour and dough and I just can't come. Get up and put on your clothes and I'll button them up."

"I ca-a-a-n't," wailed Margaret kicking her feet and throwing her arms. "I don't wa-a-nt to. You come dress me."

"Well, you can just lie there then. I can't come and that's all there is about it."

The mother went back to her bread and the child set up such a din as only a nervous, hysterical, uncontrolled, "spoiled" child can.

The mother herself grew more and more nervous, hastily thrust her bread into the pan and rushed upstairs.

"Margaret Baily," she stormed, "you stop that noise this minute!—Get out of that bed."

Margaret got out.

"Now come here to me." Mrs. Baily sat ominously down in a chair. Margaret threw herself upon her mother's lap.

"Oh, mama, mama!" she wailed, "Don't whip me. Don't whip me. I won't do it again. I won't, I won't."

"Get your clothes."

Margaret hurriedly brought the clothes and—her mother dressed her, scolding continuously and telling Margaret that she was quite big enough to dress herself.

Downstairs another difficulty arose.

