



Give Children Something to Do.

AN important point in managing children is to always have ready something for the little hands to do at those times which come quite often on rainy and other days when, tired of play, they listlessly gaze through the window or wander aimlessly about, not knowing what to do with themselves. Children at such times are a great trial to the busy and often nervous people of the house, and are quite likely to be scolded, though such a course is so unwise and unjust that it can lead only to the worst results in the child's future. Calm and reproving words, kindly spoken, are necessary with all bright children and are usually very effective, but words uttered in a sharp, scolding tone must in most cases work an injury to the child's disposition. It is all the more sad, because the matter could be so easily managed by a very little attention on the mother's part.

How often we hear mothers or older sisters say to some little child who is full of desire to do right if it only knew how, "Do get something to do; how lazy you are; I never saw such a good-for-nothing child. I am sure I don't know what is to become of you," and a great deal more of such talk, which, alas, most people have heard too often. The child at such times is not in fault. It is the mother's duty to see that suitable work is always ready, and she should require the child to do a moderate task for which she should not be afraid to give a due measure of praise after it is done. Always be careful to see that the child is not kept too long at one task as such a course would be worse than idleness.

It is worthy of note that the work given to a child has a great influence in molding the mind and taste. A child kept always at knitting stockings or cutting carpet rags will be very practical, perhaps too much so. A wise mother will have a variety of work, both useful and ornamental. Some parents think it useless to teach boys to sew or knit. It is not, however, for there are many times in a boy's life when such knowledge may be useful. I have often observed that many college boys could mend their own clothes while they were quite up in their classes. I think the subject should be thoughtfully considered by parents, seeing to it that time should never hang on their children's hands for want of something to do.

Something a Little Girl Can Make.

OPEN a sheet of fine imported tissue paper, fold in the center, lengthwise, once, then fold the other way twice, and cut. There will be six squares. Fold across, cornerwise, three times, cut a deep round scallop, and unfold. You have six rounds of eight scallops each. Use four sheets, of any shade desired. Fold and cut each sheet the same as the first. Take one round of the paper, fold one scallop lengthwise in the center on one wire of a common hairpin, holding the head of the pin in the right hand. Press the paper into gathers with the left hand, pressing towards the right, without breaking the paper. Shirr each scallop in this way, then take one round of each shade, from dark to light, and tack together in the center, and you will have six handsome mats. Some decorate them by taking some rose-colored paper, red, pink, yellow, and cream-white. Fold and cut in the same way three rounds of each color—size three inches each; shirr in the same way. Take a piece of yellow paper on a wire for the center, put them on the wire, and you have a handsome rose. Place, equal distances apart, one of each shade around the mat, and fasten in place.

Unselfish.

THERE are usually two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said, regretfully, at the end of his second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes'm, I know," admitted the little fellow, with great gravity; "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind so very much!"

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile, "I don't mind it at all, now."

There is a Boy I Can Trust.

WE once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, "That is a boy I can trust; he never failed me." We followed him with our eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess; he had a fine, open, manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment.

