

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

TRAINING OF THE CHILD

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

There was a woman of limited mental powers, who listened to lectures on Mental Science and the power of Mind, and she decided to develop her child of ten into a wonder of wit and musical prodigy.

She was utterly lacking in a sense of humor herself, and she had never been able to understand the different major and minor keys, or the intricacies of time, in music.

She decided to give her son those things she lacked.

She put him in the hands of music teachers, and she procured for him all the humorous books she could find in the libraries.

Then she devoted an hour in the silence each day to asserting success for her child.

But the boy was bored with the books; and he was the dullest pupil in music ever known; and after three years his discouraged music master advised the mother to waste no more money on her son's musical education, but to give him opportunity to develop his taste for athletics. Thereupon the mother decided there was no truth in Mental Science, or the theories about the divine power in each soul to be what it willed to be. But the woman had not used good sense.

Wit is a gift, like music, poetry and painting.

A sense of humor lacking, it is difficult to train or direct a mind to see the merry or absurd or comical side of things.

It would be impossible to teach a boy born with a mechanical genius to compose oratorios or epics. It would be a waste of time to try.

Just so it would be folly to try to train the serious or philosophical mind to humor.

Let each human being grow into the best of his own kind. Train him along natural lines—that is the way to educate.

Common sense is quite another thing. It can be cultivated by teachers and parents in children who do

not seem to possess it in any degree. But first, the parents and the teachers must possess it—and few do.

I have seen a dreamy, visionary, improvident and extravagant boy trained into practical prudence, thrift and economy by the persistent guidance of an uncle he loved, and who loved him.

The brain cells were entirely re-made in the course of a few years of constant association with the uncle.

Fear is self-consciousness, sometimes, sometimes an anaemic condition, sometimes the result of false education.

The child that never hears stories about the "dark," who never reads "Little Red Riding Hood" and other ear-itching tales, and who has not been nagged and scolded by its parents in the effort to make it a perfect child, is not liable to feel fear on slight provocation.

The old theology, with its absurd and blasphemous stories of lakes of hell-fire for the children of unbelievers and an avenging and frowning God, did much to awaken fear in children and render them nervous and timid.

I have heard mature men describe the nights of horror they passed as little children after listening to one of the old-time sermons and the awful terror of death which such pernicious teachings inculcated. A mother who, during the nine months preceding her child's birth, lives in fear of poverty or death, or who is in terror of a drunken or cruel or unkind husband, marks her child with a timid and easily frightened nature.

I have seen a child of two or three years who was given to hours of hysterical weeping without any apparent cause. But the cause lay in the fact that the mother lived with her husband's family, and the baby was unwelcome to all, as the father was dependent financially on his parents.

Yet such an unfortunate birthmark can be educated out of the child by a cheerful and kind and wholesome environment.

While the great talents cannot be educated into a human being, all the unworthy and unfortunate traits can be educated out and the great virtues awakened by persistent efforts on the part of associates, guides and teachers.

A man who wrote good, strong

prose, and who was a devout believer in the power of the will to achieve anything, wasted precious time and energy in a determination to be a poet.

He studied all the laws governing verse; and he put large, virile ideas into correct mechanical form. Yet he was unable to produce one line of poetry.

All he wrote in verse left his readers cold and unstirred, and even worse than that, man—of his would-be poems jarred like discords in music, even though they "scanned" according to rule.

But the divine something was not there.

He had mistaken his vocation.

In our application of the great law of the power of the will to achieve results we must employ reason and logic.

We must use this law along the line of least resistance.

Finding where our strongest powers lie and our best abilities we should turn our whole intellectual and spiritual batteries in that direction. Think, study, meditate, affirm, pray and work to attain desired results in the undertaking for which we are fitted by nature. The man who is color blind and unable to distinguish shades and tones easily may overcome this misfortune to a great degree by patient practice in studying colors. But he should never seek a position on trains or ships, where the observance of signals is an important part of duty; nor should he try to become a pilot. In neither field could he gain honors.

Children should be watched as they develop into thinking beings and their tastes and tendencies should be carefully noted by wise parents and instructors. Then every effort should be made according to old and new thought methods to encourage the growth of the very best qualities and to eliminate by lack of use all undesirable traits and propensities.

By encouraging words and by forceful silent thought vibrations the most unpromising child may be helped to grow into what wise parents desire. But the WISE parent never desires the impossible. He does not try to make a mechanic out of a musical prodigy; nor a musical prodigy out of a born mechanic who is stone deaf.

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The blouse with a yoke is to be much worn this spring and this one also includes the new rolling collar and vestee that makes an important feature. It is very attractive and very charming and can be made from a great many different materials, yet, at the same time, is extremely simple. The Japanese sleeves are no trouble whatsoever to make and the whole blouse can be put together with great ease. This one is made of white cotton crepe with vestee and collar of tango yellow and is worn with a tunic skirt. Such a blouse can be utilized for every material from silk to simple cotton voile.

For the medium size will be required 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 36 or 1 1/2 yard—44.

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HIGH FINANCE
Harry, a bright youngster, was told by his mother that she would give him five cents for a dozen pins rescued from the floors, thus preventing her year-old-babe, who was just beginning to creep, from finding them. "What will you do with the money when you earn it, Harry?" he was asked by a neighbor. "With the first five cents," said Harry, promptly, "I will buy a paper of pins and scatter them all over the house." — In National Monthly.

FRECKLE-FACE

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Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.
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Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advertisement.

ENOUGH LEFT OVER

Mrs. Ives had entertained her bridge club, and as she had to prepare considerable food having gotten her hand in, she decided to invite a few people to whom she was indebted, for the next evening.

She made out her list of guests, and sent her little daughter Eleanor to deliver the invitations. Eleanor's first stop was at Mrs. Jordan's. She gave the invitation and as she was about to depart, Mrs. Jordan said:

"Why, Eleanor, I'm afraid your mother is undertaking too much, after having had the bridge club last evening."

"Oh, I guess not," replied the child. "I heard her tell father this morning that there was stuff enough left for three parties." — In National Monthly.

A RELIGIOUS MAN

"Say, ma!" said Willie, "do you know I think that that ash man that comes and dumps our ashes every week is a real good Christian man?"
"Why so?" asked his mother.
"Well, yesterday he came to Mrs. Smith's house next door and picked up their wooden barrel and raised it over his head and was about to dump it in his car when the bottom came out and ashes fell all over him."
"My how terrible," said Willie's mother, "and what did he do?"
"Oh! he just sat down in the gutter and told God all about it." — In National Monthly.

BABY'S NAME

It was an eventful day for Rose the day her little sister was born. She was delighted and took no pains to conceal her great joy. At the same time she felt a great increase of age and

dignity, and announced to her mother, at the first opportunity that she no longer wished to be called "Rose" but by her own name—Frances.
"We called you Rose, dear, when you were a baby," said her mother, with an indulgent smile, "because you were so fair and sweet that you reminded us of a rose. Can you not think of some flower that your little sister resembles?"

Rose curled herself up at the foot of her mother's bed and meditated deeply for a few moments then she went over and took a peep at baby sleeping peacefully in her crib.

"I think we might call her cur-rant," said the little tot.—In National Monthly.

THE LITANY OF ROSES

For that my roses knew the scathe,
For women writ in silver rime,
I thought me but a women wrath,
A dead leaf on the winds of time.
Yet gallantly, with head unbowed,
With fingers deft as any fay's,
From flax, silk fine, I wrought a
For the gay comrade of my days.
I swathed him in it, fold on fold,
And set a candle at his head,
Then over him, so wan and cold,
The litany of roses said,
I scented naught, from April's flower,
Thorny and pale, a rose's ghost,
To red, red blooms of royal dower,
That dare the falling of the frost.
"Pray, roses all, for love in death!"
My heart said if I spake no word;
Sudden I felt a catching breath—
Love in his ceremonies strongly stirred.
"Love and his rose die not of frost."
He laughed within his sheltered close—
For—you had passed and lightly tossed
Within my hand a real, red rose,
—Martha McCulloch-Williams, in June Ainslee's.

TWO WAR VETERANS BURIED

funeral of the former was held from his late home in Market street, the Rev. H. H. Potcher officiating. At the funeral of Mr. McFarland, in the United Brethren Church, West Marietta, the Rev. Mr. Funk was the officiating clergyman.

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