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The Case of Wm. Jas. Sidus, 11

WM. JAS. SIDUS, AGED 11

There has just been admitted to Harvard Wm. James Sidus, aged 11.

This boy is not a freak nor a phenomenon. He is the result of an experiment by which his father, Prof. Borus Sidus, of Brookline, Mass., has sought to prove some of his theories. Prof. Sidus is a psychologist. That is, he is a student and expert on the human mind.

Sidus had a theory of "latent energy" of the mind. He believed that just as the athlete has a "second wind," and just as the body rallies under severe strain, permitting new and extraordinary exertion, so the human brain is capable, if called upon to do so, of rising to almost any task and test. And this not only without harm, but with actual benefit to the mind.

Sidus believes that there are two great faults with our school system. First, education is not begun early enough, and second, that children are "taught" rather than "educated."

To "teach" is to cram a fact or a definition or a date or the name of a letter or the word c-a-t into a baby brain. To "educate" is to permit and encourage the child-brain to learn automatically by encouraging the reasoning powers. This sounds a little dense, but perhaps we can make it plain. Sidus took his baby boy in hand when he was less than 2 years old. He started three separate lines of development. First was taught a love of play and physical exertion; then Mrs. Sidus was assigned the duty of giving the child a full normal dose of Mother Goose, fairy tales and all the babble and prattle of nursery days. The father, then, each day sought not to teach the child anything, but to lead him to discover for himself some fact and the relation of that fact to other facts.

The first course gave the child a sturdy body and made him a lover of outdoors and an expert in all childish games. The second course kept him a "baby" and stimulated his imagination. The third gave him facility in handling that most wonderful of all tools—the reasoning brain.

Never in his life has he been told, in answer to a question, that he "wouldn't understand." Never has he been told a thing is true "because father says so." Never has he been given a false or slovenly answer in reply to his childish questions. Each time the little mind reached out—whether to ask, "How big is the sun?" or "Why does the kitty have a tail?" a careful, truthful answer has been given. Sidus found that the "foolish questions" which his boy asked were the same that all children asked, but he saw in them the groping of the awakening mind, and sought to give them direction, purpose and relation.

The result was that the child, not being held down to the alphabet, "learning to count 10" and a few vague and unrelated facts about the things he saw about him, was as easily interested in history as he was in Mother Goose. He didn't "learn to count 10," but he learned, by playing dominos, the relation of numbers (not figures), and his mind was permitted to discover for itself that twice two makes four.

They found that a simple book on chemistry was as interesting to the child when he first began to read as was "Alice in Wonderland." Not only as interesting, but as understandable.

There are a lot of things which we think a child is too young to understand. So we won't explain them. The child, however, is as much interested in a locomotive as he is in a cat, and what interests him he can understand.

You don't believe it, do you?

Well, this Sidus boy went to school when he was 6 years old. He entered the first grade, as usual, and by noon had been sent up to the third grade. In six months he had passed through seven school grades, and he didn't study any more, if as much, as did his fellow pupils. Indeed, it is doubtful if he really had to study as other children understand the word. He read the text books through and understood them. To "study" in the common acceptation of the word is to mentally tear the book up and store its statements, definitions and dates—understood—in the head. This is purely a parrot's method.

When the Sidus boy was 9 years old he was ready for Harvard. They had had to take him out of school for a couple of years because he was physically a little child (and mentally, too), and he could not endure the discipline, the sitting still and the dull routine of high school. He was, in fact, the mischievous, restless little shaver of 7 or 8 years.

Remember, this is no bulging browed "Johnny Boston-beans." It is just a healthy child who has been taught that he has a mind and how to use it.

Prof. Sidus says that modern school methods tend to repress children and to stunt their minds by holding them down to certain "easy" subjects. This, says Sidus, gets the child mind into a groove and destroys its courage, its originality and its power for independent thought. It makes the brain merely a receptacle for information, rather than a producer of knowledge and thought.

PROF. SIDUS HAS AT LEAST GIVEN US SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

While New York churches are denouncing Tammany from the pulpit Tammany is giving away flour and fuel. Anybody can guess the answer.

More money and fewer resolutions would seem to be a sagacious change of tactics on the part of the friends of De Lara.

Put your fingers in your ears quick! Fowler has defied Cannon once more.

Mr. Furth should keep a card index of all the nice things that are not being said about him, for future profitable reference.

In comparison with the strong gentleman now sojourning in Africa President Taft is a vocal molly-coddle.

Sooner or later water is going to becomes important enough in Georgetown to be an argument.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No first class phonograph is ashamed of its record.

The sunlight of happiness seldom falls upon a shady reputation.

Even a slow witted man may eventually get next in a barber shop.

Turn about isn't fair play when the peroxide blonde becomes a brunette again.

The man in the moon is the only chap who seems to thrive on a highball.

One thing every woman is willing to undergo is a new bonnet.

The talkative seamstress occasionally loses the thread of her discourse.

Some of his Satanic majesty's lieutenants go about handing out free advice.

To render marriage a success the husband must be patient and the wife a martyr.—Chicago News.

KANSAS KARL (OR) Tricked by Love

(Editorial Announcement: In the recent bold robbery of a bank at Eudora, Kas., by Karl Ross Bullock, an 18-year-old boy, of Lawrence, Kas., and the shooting of an officer who pursued, the facts were so much like the usual blood-and-thunder dime novel that The Star commissioned E. W. Wheeler, the famous author of Wild West stories, to write this true Kansas incident just as it would appear in a "yellow-back" story. Mr. Wheeler has called his thrilling story "Kansas Karl, or Tricked by Love." He undertook the commission willingly, because he believes that there is a powerful lesson in the story from real life for all boys to be honest. Karl Bullock made good his escape after the robbery and shooting, but Annie Blankenship, his sweetheart, says she hopes he will yet be captured.—Editor.

BY E. W. WHEELER.

CHAPTER I.

"Though you're poor, I love you still."

"How dare you?"

It was the vibrant, indignant voice of a beautiful 17-year-old girl who spoke. She was standing, a pretty figure of rage, in the Kansas twilight, at the threshold of her home. On the other side of the gate stood Kansas Karl, our hero, his eyes flashing. The girl continued:

"How dare you suggest that we get the gold to start life on by becoming a robber? Never! The young man who marries me must be honest, though poor."

"But, Annie," interrupted Kansas Karl, as his spurred shoes scraped the gravel uneasily—for he plainly had some great event on his mind—"think what it means! Here we are both poor. I can do anything for you—rob a bank if necessary—to get money on which we'll have a cosy little cottage built for two. But, Annie, if you say no, I suppose," and here there was a tone of uncertainty in his voice—"I suppose we'll have to always be poor."

"Poor it is then," the girl said bitterly.

But Kansas Karl, the bold boy bandit, turned resolutely up the road from the home of Annie Blankenship in Lawrence.

CHAPTER II.

"Press on, police; I defy you."

The golden October harvest moon was hanging like a ball of fire over the level Kansas landscape. The beautiful shade trees of Lawrence stirred only faintly in the lingering dusk. As the rays of the superb moon shone on them, their giant branches, flecked out in autumn's bright colors, seemed to Kansas Karl, as he left his fiance's home, to be silently beckoning a message to him.

He stopped.

The night noises were the only sounds heard in the lonely spot. He stood, undecided, then went rapidly to the main street of Lawrence. "I'll do it!" he muttered to himself.

He entered a second-hand store, where two shining 45-calibre revolvers glistened in the gaslight.

"Hello, Ed," he said, as his old friend, Deputy Sheriff Edward F. Woods, greeted him at the entrance.

A moment later there was a rush past the bold Kansas deputy sheriff. A boyish figure sped rapidly down the street, brandishing proudly the shining firearms.

The second-hand dealer rushed after him, but stopped at the sight of Woods.

"I've been robbed," he said, simply.

"Enough," cried the bold sheriff. "I will run down the thief."

And Kansas Karl, running to the Santa Fe railroad yards, stopped long enough to hiss back at the pursuing crowd:

"Press on, police; I defy you!"

CHAPTER III.

"Your money or your life."

A red lantern waved like a ghostly thing in the Santa Fe yards at Lawrence. The Golden State limited panted like a live monster awaiting that signal. There was a rush of tired air out of the brake pipes, a long grunt from the engine, and the train was off. As the brakeman swung himself aboard the palatial Pullman at the end, he spied a figure crouching on the rear platform.

"Who are you?" he asked, roughly.

"Who am I?" the answer was repeated.

"Yes! Who are YOU?" the brakeman said again.

The figure sprang up. In each hand was a shining revolver.

"Kansas Karl, the boy bandit!" he exclaimed, in a tone of triumph.

* * *

"But are you sure, Ed, that the kid's the thief?"

"Of course I am," said Deputy Sheriff Edward F. Woods of Lawrence to the Eudora State bank cashier, E. E. Wilson.

He had no time to say more. Against his temple he felt the cold muzzle of a revolver. Cashier Wilson looked down the long muzzle of the other.

"Yes," repeated Cashier Wilson, "who are YOU?"

"Kansas Karl, the boy bandit!" Your money or your life!"

The words smote like steel. In a trice Wilson and Deputy Woods were hustled into the vault, and the steel doors clanged behind them.

Kansas Karl stuffed a large roll of crisp yellow-backed bills into the bosom of his flannel blouse—$1,000 in all—and sped rapidly away. He had robbed for love.

CHAPTER IV.

"The policeman may be dead, but my love will never die."

"Wa'al, I reckon as how that there kid must be right pert smart to make that there clean haul; an' he's good on his footwork, too, to be a-gittin' away in this red brush kentry so easy."

The speaker was Officer Pringle—Bill Pringle—and he was leading a trusty Kansas posse into the wild brush country near Lawrence. All his men were tried and true. Somewhere in the bushes there lurked Kansas Karl.

"As I was a-sayin'," continued Officer Pringle, who was togged out in buckskins and heavily armed, "that there kid——"

"HALT!"

The posse started back surprised. Before them stood a stern young figure, in either hand a revolver.

"Who be you?" asked Officer Pringle.

"Kansas Karl, the boy bandit!

Starting forward, a shot struck Pringle, and he placed his hand to his throat, where the bullet of Kansas Karl had found its mark. As the posse stopped, Kansas Karl disappeared.

He gave only one last look at his victim, and muttered:

"The policeman may be dead, but my love will never die!"

And that was the last seen of Kansas Karl.

This story teaches that it is better to be honest than to be a boy robber, because honesty always pays.

Kansas Karl, though bold for his years, lost the girl of his heart.

KARL ROSS BULLOCK, THE BOY BANK ROBBER, AND THE SHOOTING OF OFFICER PRINGLE AT EUDORA, KAS.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

It's so hard to save money because it's so easy not to begin just yet.

A girl can invite a man to ask her to go some place and make him think he did it.

The great satisfaction of an argument is how you contend for all the things you know aren't so and dispute all things you know are so.—New York Press.

MINSTREL MIDGETS.

"Hello, Eph! Whah you' bin' all evenin'?"

"Ah bin tryin' to find out when a ton am not a ton."

"Why, Ah'm surprised at yo' densification. A ton am not a ton when it am a ton ob coal."

"Well, den, why am de letter R got a chance to jine de cahpentah's union?"

"Becaze Ar-kan-saw, hee-hee-hee!"

"Ouah Jo-jo-faced basso confoundo will now sing 'Locked in de Stable Wif de Sheep.'"

STAR DUST

Josh Wise Says:

"Th' fac' remains that many who talk too much do too little."

Perhaps at his brother's ranch President Taft found a mule willing and able to carry him. If so, 'twill be a rebuke to those effete, disheartened Arizona mules.

Servant (who has been sent to chastise a stray cat for stalking chickens): I—couldn't—catch 'im—mum—for the nearer I—got to 'im—the further 'e got away.—London Punch.

If Prof. Todd goes up 10 miles to observe Mars, can the planet be depended upon to meet him more than half way?

I had written to Aunt Maud,
Who was on a trip abroad,
When I heard she'd died of cramp,
Just too late to save the stamp.
—London Punch.

Seems that those Eskimos told a whaling captain that Cook had found the pole. That, evidently, was while the gumdrops still lasted.

"We attended church yesterday morning."

"Why, did your newspaper boy miss you, too?"—Life.

Whether Mr. Crane is now an ex-diplomat depends upon whether he ever was one.

The more they "show up" Judge Gaynor, the more it looks like he would make the kind of a mayor New York usually has to put up with.

Magazine has a story entitled "Why Tammany Wins." Quite unnecessary waste of words. Tammany wins because it holds the stakes.

He: I was right, but I suppose I'd better give in.

She: I was wrong, but it won't do to admit it.—Red Hen.

Listen. Aren't there some words you run across in reading which sort of grate on you? The writer of this column has a grouch against quite a number of words, many of which are in quite common use. But somehow he cannot like them. He admits that this is largely unreasonable, but the fact sticks that he can't bear them. Here are a few:

Pictorially.
Eulogizing.
Melodist.
Furport.
Exceedingly.

What words don't you like?

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Other Reduso styles at—
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60-inch by 3-yard 16-point Nottingham Curtains, in neat border effects; suitable for wide windows; Arabian color only. Per pair $2.50

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BLANKETS

$1.25 COTTON BLANKETS, in white, gray or tan; about 6 of each color; per pair..85c
$1.75 COTTON BLANKETS, in white, gray or tan; five and six of each color; per pair $1.25
$2.50 WHITE COTTON BLANKETS, 11-4 size; shell stitched, heavy edge; per pair $1.65
$3.50 WHITE COTTON BLANKETS, 12-4 size; wool finished, extra large; bound with silk tape; five pairs in stock; per pair $2.15
$5.00 WHITE WOOL BLANKETS, 11-4 size; nicely finished and bound with silk tape; three pairs in stock; per pair $3.35
$4.00 GRAY WOOL-FILLED BLANKETS, 10-4 size; seven pairs in stock; per pair $2.85
$4.75 LIGHT GRAY WOOL BLANKETS, bound with silk tape; ten pairs in stock; per pair $3.15
$7.00 DARK GRAY ALL-WOOL BLANKETS, large size and extra heavy; per pair $4.85
$7.50 MOTTLED GRAY ALL-WOOL BLANKETS, bound with tape; four pairs in stock; per pair $5.00
$8.00 EXTRA HEAVY ALL-WOOL BROWN BLANKETS, bound with wool tape; six pairs in stock; per pair $5.00

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Less than one dozen of each pattern in stock.

$1.50 WHITE COTTON-FILLED COMFORTS, both sides covered with silkoline and stitched; double bed size; each 95c
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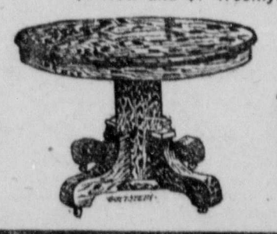

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