

First Class in "Mind the Baby"

SOME months ago the University of Missouri started a course in baby-tending, the object of which was to teach the fair co-ed of that institution the proper way to care for the babies they might some day bring into the world. The idea worked out so successfully that other institutions have followed suit, and college girls throughout the country are enthusiastic about the new course. It is so much better to be getting "credits" for fondling a baby than to be "boning" at dry psychology.

In England, however, the work has been carried even further, and not only the girls' colleges, but even the girls' schools have organized "mind the baby" classes. It is all very well to teach young college women these things, but the English educators are saying, but it is far better to teach it to young high school girls, who, it may be supposed, may have more chance of supplementing the instruction received at school with the practical experience they may acquire at home in the care of their little brothers and sisters.

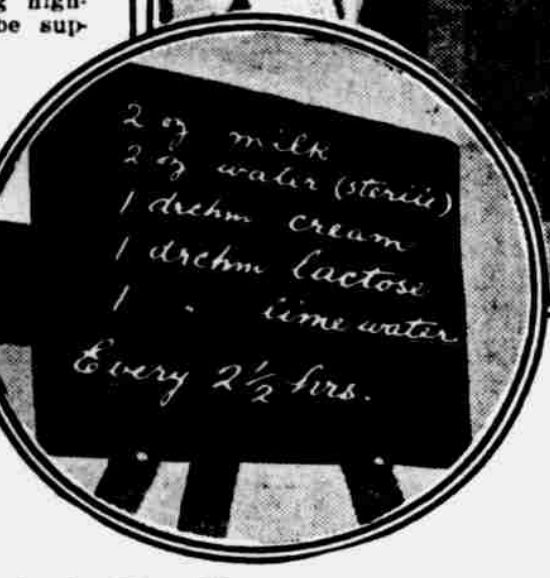
At the High Cliff School for Girls at Scarborough, England, a first class in "mind the baby" was recently organized, and has proved very popular among England's future mothers. A special house was devoted to the purpose, for, besides learning how to mind the baby, the young ladies are also initiated into the art of cooking, bed-making and other household duties, and these various courses require plenty of room. The girls at this school are from twelve to fifteen years old, and that, it is believed, is the right age at which the duties of a mother should be imparted to them.

As in the case of the University of Missouri course, real live babies are used for the purpose of instruction, the mothers of the neighborhood cheerfully loaning their youngsters to the school, in the knowledge that they will be properly taken care of by the director of the class.

Among the things that the girls

are taught are the proper way to prepare baby's bottle, how to bathe him, how to hold him, how to put him to sleep, how to make his clothes and dress him, and how to distinguish between his various cries—the cry of pain, the cry of hunger and the cry of just pure cussedness.

In the nature of things it will be many years before these young girls will have a chance to put this valuable instruction to a test with their



In the First Class in "Mind the Baby" the Essentials of Baby's Meal Are Thoroughly Gone Into.

Teaching Twelve-Year-Old Schoolgirls How to Wash the Babies They May Some Day Bring Into the World.

How Young School Girls Are Being Taught the Proper Way to Care for Babies

talities list among infants is so great, but that it is not greater."

At the baby-tending class in the Domestic Science Department of the University of Missouri cleanliness is the first thing preached to the co-eds. The nursery must always be clean, or if there is no nursery, the baby's immediate quarters must be immaculate. Everything about it should be washable. A feather duster should never be allowed in the same room, or anything that can catch and hold dust.

Articles that cannot be washed with a damp cloth. This to avoid unhealthful dust and the germs dust carries.

Fresh air is of as much importance to the baby as food. There is too much fear about it catching cold. A baby who is kept in a room with hot air is far more likely to catch cold when it is taken out of doors than one accustomed to being in a room with fresh, cool air. The nursery should be thoroughly ventilated at least twice a day. This can easily be done while the child is being taken out in the street or fresh air and should be admitted to the nursery. Children deprived of fresh air at night are more sensitive to colds than others. A live to "sniff" in the night is not too cold, the window furthest from the baby's bed, may

"The supposed young millionaire bought an airplane just before he was declared bankrupt."

"That was a perfectly natural proceeding."

"How so?"

"Most people do buy airplanes before they go up."

"Aw, your mine is nothing but a hole in the ground."

"A hole in the ground may be valuable, my friend. Suppose you owned the New York subway?"

RETRIBUTION By Marion Bower

IT was during one of those native risings in German South Africa that a force of regular troops, just landed at Walvis Bay, was dispatched up-country to Windhoek, and then onward to suppress—or to try to suppress—a tribe and its chief, who were out in open rebellion, murdering, burning, destroying all that they came across.

A detachment from this main force, under Helmut von Zickermann, with a nigger guide, had been sent to push still further into that waste of desert, which stretching toward the Kalahari country, grows more desolate and more barren with each step.

A native was the cause of this second expedition. The savage represented that he belonged to a tribe at enmity with that in rebellion, that he had been caught by his foes and so ill-treated (and he showed wounds and half-healed in corroboration of his story) that the wish for revenge had brought him to the German camp, prepared to lead the Germans straight to the kraal of the revolted chief.

The information—if it was true, and the General in command, an authority on tactics, but new to the wilderness of South Africa, decided that it must be true—was exceedingly valuable.

Nothing so effectually brings the native to heel as to surround his kraal and to drive off his cattle. The loss of his lives he regards with equanimity. Experience has taught him that the European will feed his miscellaneous women-folk better than he would himself and then return them, exactly, when peace is enforced, he has leisure to require their attention on his meagre patch.

The detachment under Major von Zickermann obeyed the summons for special duty cheerfully enough, but when they had been toiling through a waste without a single distinguishing feature—as far as their unaccustomed eyes could see—for days, in the blackness of a peculiarly dark night, the nigger guide disappeared.

It was about an hour before dawn when von Zickermann was aroused to hear this news. He stood, when he was sure that there was no mistake, his great frame stiff, upright, his head thrown back, his eyes, the steel-blue eyes of the Prussian, turned to where he looked for the first streaks of pale light on the horizon. And, as he watched, he was obliged to own to himself that it would have been wiser to have taken the advice of the settler, Frank Bridges, who had marched with them as a volunteer, and tied the nigger up each night. He had also to admit that he, a German officer, the product of the finest military training in the world, had been duped by an ignorant savage without so much as the proverbial string of beads for a covering.

But these humiliating considerations were soon thrust aside by another. It was certain that the detachment could not locate the rebels' kraal without a guide. It was equally certain that it could not stay where it was. True, if

very variations of temperature became a torture in themselves.

"Himmel!" muttered the lad from Berlin as he awoke, unrefreshed, to reflect what was before him. "Are we not like rats in a trap caught?"

It was the first open expression of despair. But what one youth only had ventured to whisper in the morning others—and the seasoned soldiers among them—would be saying, and saying aloud, before the sun went down.

Frank Bridges heard, and he stroiled over to the other side of the larger and stood with his face turned to the east, his eyes staring before him as if he saw some great, some momentous thing which was hidden from the others.

Whatever might have been his meditations, they were suddenly cut short. In the hot, breathless stillness there came a sharp, cracking sound.

Bridges turned about. He was in between the wagons in a moment; the Major's heavy frame came lumbering behind him.

Bridges knew, von Zickermann knew, what they would find there.

The two were right.

They bent over what had been but a moment before Ludwig Korte.

The soldier, on active service, had died by his own hand.

The settler looked at the officer. The two pairs of eyes met. Both men knew what this meant. Both men knew that they were face to face with a new horror. Demoralization had set in, and not even disease itself is more contagious.

Ludwig, with his stripes, with his flaxen-haired "Braut" awaiting him had done in this early morning, another would do to-morrow, then another.

"We must bury him ourselves," muttered von Zickermann, drawn at last to partnership with the volunteer he had treated disdainfully, whose very presence he had resented, because, in this extremity, he knew instinctively that if it came to a last stand, he would find this bearded Colonial shoulder to shoulder with him.

But how can we account for a man missing? Frank answered in return to the Major's suggestion.

The big man groaned.

"Summon two men for fatigue duty," he commanded, shortly.

Ludwig Korte—all that is, which remained of Korte—was covered over in the soft soil; but the consequences of his surrender remained, and they were exactly what von Zickermann had looked for.

In the quick, brief twilight of that same day, another fever-stricken soul went out with a bullet through his brain. The Major gave the word for every man who could stand to parade before him almost before that little wreath of blue smoke had drifted into the still air.

Then, with his baggage wagons behind him, with his detachment, unshaven, unwashed, for the most part in their shirt sleeves, with eyes unnaturally large, with their frames lean from hunger, with the sun blazing from the horizon about to dip below the horizon on the west, he addressed them.

"Kamaraden!" appealed this great man, and he spoke not as the commanding officer, but as a friend to a friend, with a note of urgency in his voice and with a driven look overmastering the fierceness in his eyes. "Kamaraden, you are men, not cowards. The soldier who takes his own life wrongs not only himself, but those he leaves behind. We require all our strength, and already two have failed us. Kamaraden, I beseech you, for the love of yourselves, for the sake of the Fatherland, because you!"

He stopped short, pulled up by the very thing he had been pleading to prevent.

Another shot cracked into the stillness, another man fell forward, went down to the ground with a dull thud.

Instinctively von Zickermann's glance flew to Bridges. He was confronted with that before which he was powerless, he had before him an emergency of which there was no precedent in the drill book.

"Gott in Himmel!" he whispered, caressing all his helplessness.

Then Frank Bridges stepped up, facing the Major; between them was the dead man, lying face downward, one arm outstretched, the revolver that had slipped away as the grasp of the fingers relaxed lying a few inches further on the ground.

"My time has come," began the Colonial slowly, distinctly; and even the apathetic men who were so broken that they could see a comrade die with indifference raised their heads, for the settler was speaking German, and such German as they were able to understand.

"It is my turn now," this bearded man in the nondescript garments went on, "I propose to leave the camp to-night, to trek back to the base and to bring help to you."

An announcement effectually aroused those who heard it. The majority, who accepted the words as they were spoken, felt a new hope spring in them, but von Zickermann, shaking with fever, let fly an oath.

"Are you mad?" he demanded. "Are you mad?"

The settler shook his head.

"You know better than any of us what is before you," the high, feverish tones expostulated. "You know what it would mean if the niggers were to catch you, and who has been so sure as you that the blacks were about, and who has insisted on the need for sentries as you have? Men, and now their captain appealed straight to the knot of listening soldiers, 'men, when the niggers have a white prisoner to dispose of it sometimes takes that poor wretch twelve hours to die.'"

The words and all the horror they implied struck home. A sergeant dropped on the sand with a groan, a great fellow began to curse stolidly, the lad from Berlin twisted himself between the knees of those in front and reached out for the revolver lying on the ground.

Bridges anticipated him, picked up the weapon, discharged the remaining barrels by one into the air, and then threw it to him. He turned and looked significantly at the Major. von Zickermann saw the glance, started, bent forward, peered insistently with a new wonder and a new bewilderment into the bearded face.

The two stood thus measuring each other with their eyes.

Next Bridges faced about and looked from man to man of the weary group.

"Leave us," he said, as if it were his to command, "Major von Zickermann and I must settle this matter together."

For sheer astonishment there was a moment's pause. Next von Ravelburg, the Major's adjutant, there was a moment's pause. Next von Ravelburg, the Major's adjutant, there was a moment's pause. Next von Ravelburg, the Major's adjutant, there was a moment's pause.

and the German officer were left, with the useless figure lying face downward between them, and the dead man's hand night staring out of the waste toward them.

It was Bridges who spoke first.

"If this is not stopped every man but you and the Herr Hauptmann and I will shoot myself," he began.

von Zickermann nodded sullenly.

"You are responsible for the men under you, Herr Major!" the settler said.

The officer nodded again.

"You know that I, and I alone, know enough of the country to have a chance of getting back to the base."

"Yes," and the one word wedged itself with a hiss from between von Zickermann's clenched teeth.

"You know that if I summoned the men and said that you would not let me go, they would defy you, and your authority."

"What are you coming to?" flashed out the German officer.

"To this," rejoined Frank Bridges, taking no notice of the contempt in the other's voice, on the other's face. "To this. I am in command now, not you; that the force will obey me, not you; that it is for me to speak, and for you to acquiesce or be silent."

The big man leaned forward.

"You want to make terms?" he cried scornfully. "You want to make conditions?"

"Yes," returned the settler. "I do want to make conditions, and you cannot refuse to accept them. You have no choice but to accept them, or you will be left here, alone, unarmed, without even so much as a compass."

"They are these," answered Bridges. "That you set out to-night with me as soon as it is dark, that when you have ridden side by side with me for one hour, you pull up. I will ride on. I leave you to make your way to the base or to return to this laager—if you can. But I leave you, alone, unarmed, without even so much as a compass."

"A greenish sudor suddenly showed between the red sun-blisters on his cheeks.

It would mean certain death—a lingering death of slow starvation unless—"

"Unless," he choked, he could not prevent it—"unless," he resumed, "the niggers came across me."

Bridges acquiesced with a movement of his head.

The great man took out his revolver, held it out.

"Shoot me down; will that not satisfy you?" he asked.

The settler pushed the weapon away. "Do you want to join him?" he asked, and he referred to the dead man at their feet.

The two waited facing each other. Already the greenness was over the sky, over the waste.

"Man," gasped von Zickermann, "have you no mercy?"

Bridges shook his head.

"Why," he dashed out, in a torrent of pent up passion finding expression in these words, "should I have mercy on you, Helmut von Zickermann?"

The cry, the voice, the use of the first name, arrested the soldier.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, and then as he looked again he suddenly changed the form of his question. "Who are you?" he cried out.

The bearded Colonial smiled very slowly.

"Is it so long ago," he demanded, "that you have forgotten Bonn, the Garrison there, your friend Franz Zwickermann?"

The Major started. In this God-forsaken spot, with the ocean rolling between him and the lovely town by the Rhine, where two years of his young manhood had been spent, retribution had come up with him. He heard again—he had heard it so often for years—Franz saying to him that he loved Pauline; that Pauline loved him. They were brother subalterns, he and Franz. Both of them knew that there was no chance

of Franz obtaining his Colonel's permission to make Pauline his wife, for she was with me, and every officer's wife must bring him a certain 'dot.' Moreover, he was not his equal in position. Both men knew that if Franz married her it would entail expulsion for him from his regiment from his family.

"Nevertheless," von Zickermann had questioned, for he heard the determination in the voice speaking to him.

"Nevertheless," echoed his comrade, his friend, "I mean to marry Pauline. You will keep my secret, mein Jungfer?"

von Zickermann had promised, and even as he promised he knew that he meant to break his word. He loved Pauline himself.

The very next morning the Colonel called on Zwickermann, informed him that the regiment could not be disgraced by a mesalliance, that he must give up Pauline or resign his commission. The lad resigned on the spot, his family disowned him, he disappeared; but the treachery did nothing to profit the man who had betrayed him. Pauline, alas, and then also, and then also, von Zickermann sought her, he never learned what had become of her.

As this came back to Helmut von Zickermann, he turned suddenly to the man beside him.

"Who are you?" he cried out.

"Then," Franz Zwickermann, came the quick answer.

The big man heard, understood. Vengeance had sought him out, had come up with him. He could not be the justice of it. He stood silent, while the darkness grew closer and closer. He was no coward when it came to the deed, and now that he had to pay he would not whine and he would not squirm.

"I acquiesce in your decision," he said quietly, firmly, "but on one condition."

"And that is?" thrust in the settler.

"Kamaraden, you tell me, if you know, what has become of Pauline."

"She is my wife."

"And," went on the major, "has she been happy? Swear to tell me the truth; has she been happy, man? I have never forgotten her; I have never loved another woman as I loved her. Tell me, has she been happy?"

"Yes," answered the man, who was once Franz Zwickermann. "Yes, Pauline has been very happy."

"Kamaraden," flashed out von Zickermann, "I will not leave you an hour after we set out to-night; I will ride by you until we are within sight of safety, or die fighting by you. I wronged Pauline once; I wronged you, Franz Zwickermann. I do not ask your pardon. No words could make atonement for such an offense as mine was. But I offer you—and Pauline—deeds. I will ride by you; I will see you safe or die over you, and then—"

"And then?" hoarsely whispered the man who was listening.

"I will turn back into the waste. I will ride out to die alone. But I shall die as I never thought to, for I shall have done something for Pauline at last."

He ceased; he turned about. He had said all there was to be said.

In five minutes more the full blackness of the night would have come and they would set out.

As he, Helmut von Zickermann, stood, as he waited, he knew that the settler had come up to him, was standing close to him.

"Mein Alte," choked the man who had been so grievously wronged. "Mein Alte, we will go together—it is true, we will go together; but we will not part. I joined your expedition because I was sure you would not ride back into the waste for you."

At first von Zickermann did not understand.

"Pauline would not have us part," the other went on. "Do you understand? Pauline would not have us part. I joined your expedition because you commanded. I waited, because I knew you just now to prove to Pauline, had become; and now I say, come back

Will Flying Make Us Happier?

By J. P. Sars, M. D.

SPECULATION as regards the effect that aviation may have upon man in the coming centuries is of great interest. Where the question of the effect that life in the rarier atmosphere will have upon the physical man has been sufficiently dwelt upon, the change which this bodily transformation may produce upon the mind seems to have been overlooked.

Is it not possible that human happiness may be discovered in aviation? The question seems a trifle obscure at this juncture, BUT—physical and mental conditions coordinate. We have been told by scientists that life in the air may change our physical makeup. This would mean therefore a corresponding change in the mental man. This metamorphosis in the physical man may mean that we develop a double process of breathing, like birds. The enlargement of the heart, another effect presupposed by scientists, may result. The eye, it is said, will increase its perspicacity and obtain astonishing brightness, and the body may become covered with a soft down to protect it from the colder atmosphere, while the legs will probably diminish in size.

But it is upon the enlargement of the lungs and the possible development of the double breathing system that one may be led to deduct that humanity may be thus gradually led from their cold, dull, earthly unhappiness, to the joyous, warm, pulsing impetuosity which is so admired in birds.

May we transformists here find their limit to human perfection? Then, of course, the question resolves itself into another, "What then?"

The lungs of birds communicate with cavities placed throughout the body, even to the bones, according to Milne-Edwards. This system is to make lighter the body while giving vigor and activity for flight. But, saying that a superabundance of energy is not needed, the enlargement and extension of the breathing apparatus to a certain extent will be a more than probable result from centuries of flight. Oxygen will thus come into more immediate contact with the blood and the result will be a warm, joyous feeling, which will resolve out of the race the happy humans that Nature evidently intended them to be.