

# PALLADIUM SHORT STORY PAGE

## 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-eds of that institution the proper way to care for 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.

"How do you get that boy of yours up so early in the morning?" "I take his book away from him and make him go to bed just at the point where Nick Carter is sinking steadily into the haunts of the Black Hand."

Lawyer—In this will you really insist upon being buried at sea?

"Yes. You see, my wife says that when I'm dead she's going to dance on my grave."

"Lend a hand, Hiram, and help ketch the selectman's pig."

"Let the selectman ketch his own pig. I'm out of politics for good."

Applicant—Did I understand you to say that you accommodate 200 persons at this hotel?

Hotel Proprietor—No, I said this hotel had capacity for 200.

Bunker—I was fool enough yesterday to tell that doctor of yours that you sent me.

Hill—What difference did that make?

Bunker—He made me pay cash.

You have none of the things left which you enjoyed as a youth, have you, Uncle John?

"No," said Uncle John, who is a successful man. "I swapped them off as I went along."

astic 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, 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 the school are from twelve to fifteen years old, and at 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



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

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

own babies, but in the meantime many of them find plenty of opportunity for practise right in their own homes, where they may handle their little brothers and sisters according to "up-to-date" methods when mother's away, if not when she's

in the course of this instruction the girls are taught the first principles of hygiene and physiology, particularly concerning the process of nutrition and the essentials of food. Why baby requires so much milk per day, and why the milk must be up to a certain standard is impressed upon their minds, and this part of the course alone must be productive of a lot of good, for it is tolerably sure that the young ladies will carry home a lot of this valuable information and insist upon applying it.

"We can't get to the mothers as we would like to," declared the director of this school, "and that is why we think it of the greatest im-

portance to reach the future mothers. Although the girls are very young, the lessons they receive will stick to them for life. After they have been taught how to hold the baby in the correct manner, for instance, it isn't likely they will forget it.

"Again, when they are told why they must be particularly careful of the baby's fontanel, the soft spot, as it is usually called, they are old enough to understand the wisdom of the advice, and they may be expected to heed it ever afterward.

"Then we teach them how baby should be put to sleep, why his back should always be supported in early life, why it is wrong to jump him up and down, especially after he has had his meal, why only toys of rubber or ivory should be given to him and what the youngster should not be allowed to eat.

"When it is considered what little instruction of value the average mother of to-day received along this line the wonder is not that the mor-

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

tality 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 surroundings must be immaculate.

Everything should be washable. A feather duster should never be allowed in the same room, or

anything that can catch and hold dust. There should be no article that cannot be cleaned with a damp cloth.

To avoid unhealthful dust and the germs dust

should be attended to at once by a good physician. Do not believe the doctor who says that there will be time in the future to correct bad habits. He may not be thinking of the fees he will collect from the ill caused by false breathing, but he certainly does not know what he is talking about.

The proper way for a baby to lie is on its stomach. That is the way all young animals lie, and the kinship of the child's body to the rest of nature's creations must be recognized.

It is time enough to think of the soul when that has been given a chance. A baby has two forms of exercising, primitive, of course, like all the rest of it—crying and kicking. The first exercises the lungs; the second the body.

Loosen its clothes and let it kick and roll all it wants to. Let it cry, too, when the crying is healthy.

The hungry cry and the pain cry are easily distinguishable from the normal cry.

Never force a baby to walk. He will walk when he gets ready, which is when his bones and muscles are strong enough to bear him.

When carrying a baby change him from one arm to the other, so that he may learn to use and exercise both arms equally.

be left open and a screen placed to avoid draughts.

Gas stoves should never be used in the nursery.

The co-eds are taught that the first essential is to make the baby breathe correctly—through his nose.

If a child sleeps with his mouth open, this fault can be corrected by gently tipping his head downward.

It will soon learn, unless there are nasal obstructions, and then these should be attended to at once by a good physician. Do not believe the doctor who says that there will be time in the future to correct bad habits. He may not be thinking of the fees he will collect from the ill caused by false breathing, but he certainly does not know what he is talking about.

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"so your old sweetheart is going to be married?"

"Yes."

"Who is the happy man?"

"There's lots of 'em."

"Why, she can marry, but one."

"That's what I mean."

"I want to ask you for a bit of advice," said the inquisitive man.

"What is it?"

"I want you to put yourself in my place and mind in yours, and tell me how 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?"

As the dawn broke, Von Zicker-  
mann addressed his men and made the decision known to them. From that minute the spirit went out of the band; they marched wearily, while they did a shorter distance each day, they began to cast away articles of accoutrement, at first surreptitiously, then all but openly.

It was in vain that their Major, that Von Ravelsburg, the young captain with the laugh in his eyes, first threatened, then punished, and finally appealed to the men under them. Frank Bridges had come to have more influence with the detachment than had the commanding officers.

The weary, footsore, sun-blistered, half-blinded men had discovered that if any one could lead them back to safety, it would be this settler, who saw signs that escaped their eyes, who heard sounds which left their ears deaf, who showed them when there was game about, and how to prevent the quarry escaping.

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Nothing so effectively brings the native to heel as to surround his lair and drive off his cattle. The loss of his cattle 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 being enforced, he has leisure to require their attention on his mealie 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 bigger 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 night 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

"Kameraden," 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. "Kameraden, you are men, 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 strode forward to the other side of the laager and stood with his face turned to the east, his eyes staring before him as if they saw some great, some momentous thing which was hidden from the others.

Instinctively Von Zickermann's glance fell to Bridges. He was confronted with that before which he was powerless, he who had been a 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. Kameraden, I beseech you, for the love of yourselves, for the sake of the Fatherland, because you!"

Bridges turned about, and he strode forward to the other side of the laager and stood with his face turned to the east, his eyes staring before him as if they saw some great, some momentous thing which was hidden from the others.

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

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