

TRAINING THE CHILD MIND

Important Thing Is Quietly to Point Out to Little Ones Their Imperfections.

My youngest child is a very sensitive little fellow, throwing himself with complete abandon into everything he does, and so eager to make an impression when he speaks that he shouts everything he says. After much consideration there came to me an idea of a way to correct this, so, as a reply to a remark he made, I asked, pitching my voice on the same key that he had used, and raising it to the same degree of loudness:

"What makes you scream so when you talk?"

Quick as a flash, he answered:

"Why, I don't scream, do I, mother?" And it was true for that time, for he had brought his voice down, in reply, to a well-modulated tone.

This question and answer were many times repeated between us in the same way, with the result of a marked improvement on his part.

I have thought since that I stumbled upon an important principle in child training, to show children in varying methods, as by a mirror, exactly what their fault is. For children love the good; they have their standards of what is right and fitting that develop as fast as their limited knowledge will permit.

What Plato said of men applies to little men and women, too: "Man holds to the good and will not knowingly or willingly be deprived of it." They only need to have the good clearly presented to them so they can recognize it. It is not fair to them to assume that they are perverse, when probably the trouble simply is that they have not yet had sufficient chance to see the difference between right and wrong.—Harper's Bazar.

Advantages of Funerals.

I used to visit, when a lad, a bleak island which lies some 20 miles off the New Brunswick coast. I was once overtaken by dusk, when crossing the island, and put up for the night at a farmhouse. While the younger women were preparing supper I chatted with Grandma McKinley, then in her eightieth year, who sat in a bed-quilt easy-chair by the fire. Wishing to sustain my end of the conversation, I presumed to suggest that life must have been a bit lonely and tame in the long winter months. The old lady turned her sharp eyes upon me, detecting that my tone was a trifle patronizing, and rejoined: "Now, young 'un, you needn't pity us. There is a plenty of old folk on the island, and winter is the time when they keep droppin' off, and we just fill a picnic basket and go and spend the week, and eat and sing, and it breaks up the long spell some-thing wonderful."—Frederick M. Padelford, in the Atlantic.

Where Budget Comes From.

"Budget" is a word that should find a place in any comprehensive dictionary of slang. "The meaning of this word," writes the late William White, a former bookkeeper in the house of commons, "is a bag or sack. Formerly, no doubt, the chancellor of the exchequer used to bring down his papers, when he had to lay before the house the financial statement for the year, in a bag, green, blue or red; probably green, for that was the color of official bags until the trial of Queen Caroline in 1820. Then, because the government papers and evidence against her majesty were laid upon the table of the house of lords inclosed in a green bag, official green bags all over the country became hateful to the people."—London Chronicle.

Irrelevant.

An associate justice of the Supreme Court of Patagascara was sitting by a river.

"I wish to cross," said a traveler. "Would it be lawful to use this boat?"

"It would," was the reply; "it is my boat."

The traveler thanked him, and rowed away, but the boat sank and he was drowned.

"Heartless man!" said an indignant spectator. "Why did you not tell him that your boat had a hole in it?"

"The matter of the boat's condition," said the great jurist, "was not brought before me."—Success Magazine.

The Migratory Male.

The census shows 1,178,317 females in excess of males in Great Britain. That is the old story of a colonizing state, of a race with the wanderlust in its bone and sinew. New England to this day illustrates in the same way the effect upon a population of the migratory disposition. The men go first, the women follow, in the movement which will not come to a rest until the west and east squarely meet.

A Slight Mistake.

"He's always been growing, but of late he is getting snappish."

"Hadden't you better have him killed?"

"Have whom killed?"

"Aren't you talking about your dog?"

"No—my husband."

A Kid's Interpretation.

Caller—So your sister and her fiancée are very close mouthed over their engagement?

Little Ethel—Close mouthed? You ought to see them together!



By EDWARD B. CLARK



HE return to America of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth after their honeymoon trip abroad gave to Representative Henry S. Boutell, Republican, of Chicago, an opportunity to have considerable fun at the expense of the Democrats. It is known of course that one great political party looks to Thomas Jefferson as the apostle and prophet of the simple democratic life, and knowing this, Mr. Boutell, who apparently had been reading some ancient records, tried his best to undermine the "simple life" pedestal upon which Thomas Jefferson stands.

There were some people apparently who thought that Mrs. Longworth, who is ex-President Roosevelt's daughter, might return from her honeymoon trip abroad, where she was treated in a measure like a royal personage, in a frame of mind in which pride was dominant and that she might have lost some of her American simplicity. Representative Boutell made a speech which of course did not have Mrs. Longworth for its central subject, but he introduced matters by saying that she would return to America, "not Princess Alice, but the same modest, unassuming daughter of the president that it was her wont to be."

Mrs. Longworth came into Mr. Boutell's speech only as an incident of discourse, the Republican representative's main intention being apparently to attempt to refute the statement made by Representative Wheeler of Kentucky that the Republican party under present administration was introducing "truculent sycophancy and flunkiness" into its intercourse with representatives of foreign powers.

The Chicago Republican looked at the Democracy's Mississippi chieftain (now a United States senator), then turned his eyes to the then sub-chieftain, Champ Clark of Missouri, and said: "I wish to read a few words of Thomas Jefferson." The chieftain looked more than a bit startled. "I read from the 'Complete Writings of Jefferson,' by Ford," went on Mr. Boutell slowly. "It appears from this letter that Adams was just about to go as a business agent of Jefferson to London, and after giving him several commissions, he writes:

"One further favor and I am done; to search the Herald office for the arms of my family. I have what I have been told were the family arms, but on what authority I know not. It is possible there may be none. If so, I will with your assistance become a purchaser, having Stearns' word for it that a coat of arms may be purchased as cheap as any other coat."

"So here we have the founder of the Democratic party just dabbling, as it were, in sycophancy—not very truculent as yet."

There was no quick recovery on the part of the Democratic members from this blow, which, while directed fair at their idol, hit them hard in glancing. Finally, Mr. Sulzer, the East side statesman, recovered sufficiently to ask in what year it was that Jefferson had commissioned a man to buy the coat of arms. On learning that it was in the year 1771, Mr. Sulzer said, with an intonation that showed he had found a grain of comfort in the thought, "That was five years before the revolution."

The New York representative's consolation morsel apparently was not big enough to go round among his neighbors with an appreciable share of each. It was a bit hard to learn after many years that the man who wrote the immortal document beginning with ringing words about equality had been trying to buy something which would go to show that he was a trifle "more equal" than his neighbors; and the blow was like unto that of a bludgeon, because it was shown that the supposedly impeccable one had more than intimated that a counterfeit coat was as good as a genuine one if only it were nobly emblazoned.

The Republicans had a rare time of it over the Democratic discomfiture. When it comes to fun the galleries are gloriously nonpartisan. The humor of the thing was to the people aloft well worth the knocking of a prop from the third president's pinnacle. Things might not have been so altogether had for the cause of Mr. Jefferson and his house disciples if Mr. Boutell had been content to stop, for everybody recognizes the weakness that all human nature—even that sternly simple type—has for crests and other family gewgaws.

"Yes," said the Chicago man, "it was five years before the revolution. Now, just before the revolution, on August 25, 1775, the great founder of the Democratic party, the introducer of 'truculent sycophancy' into our national administration, wrote to John Randolph from Monticello urging a reconciliation with Great Britain, and in that letter he uses this expression:

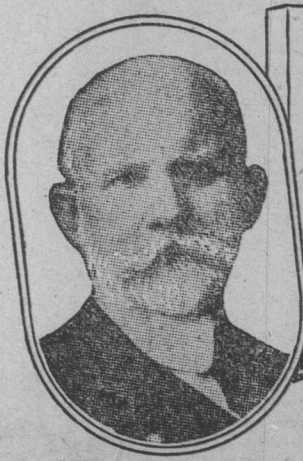
"I am sincerely one of those who would rather be in dependence on Great Britain, properly limited, than any other nation on earth, or than on no nation."

The last five words of this Jeffersonian pronouncement it would seem, if language means anything, point to a desire on the part of the Virginian Democrat that the colonies should have

WHEN THE GALLERY SEES FUN



CONGRESSMAN AND MRS. LONGWORTH



HENRY S. BOUTELL



THOMAS JEFFERSON

an ownership cable of kind connecting them with one of the over-the-sea powers.

As Mr. Boutell put it: "It seems possible that, having purchased his coat of arms, Jefferson feared that on the declaration of independence and the establishment of a republican form of government it would not be an available asset, and so he hoped that dependence would continue."

The memory of this speech dwells in congress. It was intentionally light, but it drove home the lesson that frailties of a certain kind are not confined to members of any political party.

When in the future an American citizen dies as the result of eating adulterated food that has been an article entering into interstate commerce, a coroner's jury will be justified in bringing in a verdict of suicide. In order not to be too hard on the deceased, the jury may give the cause as carelessness, but whichever of the twain the verdict be, the "recently died" will be held responsible.

The pure-food bill which passed Congress is a strong measure. Prior to its passage it was the cause of more misunderstandings, more suspicions and of more abuse of men and measures than was any other which congress thought it worth while to consider.

Representative James R. Mann of Chicago piloted the bill through the house. He was expounder and exhorter, and during the greater part of four days he held the interest of the seasoned members as a school teacher holds the interest of wide-open-eyed children to whom tales of a hitherto unknown are told—and it was tales of the hitherto unknown that Mr. Mann told to the Washington-gathered children of a larger growth.

For amazement and curiosity, for interest and indignation there was no scene of the winter in the big hall of congress like unto that enacted while the Hyde Park representative set forth his wares in bottle and in box and gave his colleagues full knowledge of the indigestible and poisonous stuff that the stomach of the American had been taking to its own all the years under the sacred names of food and medicine.

The house has upon most occasions the saving grace of taking things in part humorously. A joke saves many a situation, assuages anger and disarms the man whose tongue under stress of temper becomes a sharp weapon.

There were few jokes during the discussion of the pure-food bill. The subject was as deadly serious as were some of the "food" products displayed on the Chicago representative's desk. Once in a while the gravity was relieved by a quip, but as a matter of fact the joke of the thing was of the past—a huge joke, if a grim one, cracked by food preparers and medicine manufacturers at the expense of the stomachs and the livers of the American people.

Mr. Mann told of an American firm that had been importing rotten—yes, rotten—eggs, which, after treatment with boric acid, were sold to candy-makers and cake-bakers. Mr. Gaines of Tennessee expressed gratitude that the imports did not get into egg-nogs. The laugh was faint. Every member was thinking of the candy and the cake and stomachs of the child multitude.

The half has never been told in the public prints of the food frauds which Representative Mann disclosed in the time—often extended—alotted to him to press this bill to a passage. Some of his exhibits were ground "coffee" made of roasted beans, oats, pilot bread, charcoal, red slate, bark and date stones; cinnamon made of

sawdust; whole pepper made of taploca and lamp black; cocoa made of walnut shells and oxide, and a thousand and one other foods adulterated in a thousand and one ways.

The drinks were worse. From the exposition made in the house—and in this subject an interest deeper than any draught that he had ever taken was shown by every member—it would seem that the man who leads a friend to the bar and asks what he will have gives his friend no choice, for the bartender will set out what the spirit moves, and it seldom will move a pure spirit.

The members of congress learned by formulas presented, bearing the name and address of dealers, that skim milk masquerading as cream is a deception of babe-like innocence compared with the "pure domestic" and "fine imported" whiskies and cordials which are set forth for the damnation of a drinker's stomach if not for the damnation of his soul. The hope may be expressed, possibly without incurring the charge of vindictiveness, that in this case the curse returns to roost behind the bar.

To Representative Henry T. Rainey is due largely the fact that the bones of John Paul Jones rest in the land for which he fought. It was the Illinois Democrat who first took up the matter of the search for the commodore's remains and who started the investigation which later made General

Porter's work possible. Mr. Rainey never has been given credit in full for his share of the labor, for modesty has held him silent.

Congress at the outset did enough to discourage ten men of ordinary energy from carrying on the quest for anybody's bones. Mr. Rainey refused to be glibed out of his purpose, and although he could not induce his colleagues to take him altogether seriously, he followed the bent of his belief in other directions and now John Paul Jones rests at Annapolis.

The Illinois member introduced a resolution providing for the finding and for the removal to America of the Scotch sailor's remains. The resolution called for an appropriation of \$10,000 to pay the expenses. Then the fun began. The mockers in the house declared that the commodore was buried deep in a cemetery under million-dollar business structures on the Rue Grande Aux Belles or on the Rue des Ecluses Saint Martin or on several other rues which they could not pronounce.

Congress in its humor had the aid and Josce correspondents, who saw the rare jest in the bones search and made the most of it. And here recollection brings a blush of contrition to the cheeks of one who followed in the train. Members said and correspondents wrote that the French doubtless gladly would allow their business palaces to be undermined and toppled to ruin on the payment of \$10,000 of Yankee cash.

If Yankee cheek, the representatives said, aided by French politeness, could accomplish the purpose of building demolition, there would be small chance of separating Jones' bones with any certainty of identity from those of the French sleepers in the old cemetery. One scoffed suggested with fine irony that there might be a bit of the original Scotch skull left, and that Sidney Smith's rule might be applied to make positive the identification.

Mr. Rainey was undisturbed. He was not even moved to surrender when suggestion was made that if the \$10,000 were sent over to some French grave digger he would find the old sea dog's bones and prove their genuineness if he had to tattoo the sailor's autograph in the tibia of the left leg to do it.

It was two years on the way, but the last laugh came, and it was Mr. Rainey who had it. His colleagues made amend for their scoffing and their scolding, and now another jester of the past writes belated word of contrition.

THE COLDEST PLACE ON EARTH

What is said to be the coldest place on the globe is the region of Verkholsensk, Siberia. Here is a convict station, but during most of the year no guards are needed to keep the prisoners from running away, for in the more severe portions of the winter no living creature can remain in the open, and during the three most severe months, when the temperature sometimes falls to 85 degrees below zero, no one dares to venture out for more than a few moments at a time.

Ordinary steel tools will snap like glass, and unseasoned wood becomes almost as hard as steel. When one breathes a powder like the very finest snow falls at one's feet. It is said that there are less forms of insect life here than elsewhere in the world, and some of those found are not found elsewhere, seemingly having been created especially to inhabit such a frigid region.

Some of the signal-service officials declare that most of the severe cold waves that sweep across the North American continent have their origin in Verkholsensk. The wind blows a perfect gale almost all the time, and that discomfort, added to the low temperature, would certainly make this a very unpleasant place in which to spend the winter.

No Help.

A St. Louis traveling man, making his first trip through North Dakota, woke up one May morning to find the ground white with snow.

"For Heaven's sake," he asked the hotel clerk, disgustedly, "when do you have summer out in this country?"

"I don't know," replied the clerk, "I have only been here 11 months."—Success.

CAP and BELLS



ORCHESTRA GAVE HIM AWAY

Man Telephones Wife He Is Busy at Office, but She Couldn't Stand for Music.

"Don't wait for me at dinner this evening, dear," said Mr. Flippson when his wife answered his telephone call; "I shall be detained on business."

"Very well," she replied. "I'm sorry you can't be with us, but business is business, I suppose. Where are you now?"

"Where am I? In my office, of course. I have had a very busy day."

"It is too bad that you have to work so hard. But, tell me something, George."

"Yes, dear; what is it?"

"How can you keep your mind on business with the orchestra playing 'Every Little Movement'?"

Then he decided to go home and let business suffer.

An Appalling Excuse.

"This is the fifth time you have been brought before me this term," said the judge, frowning severely upon the prisoner at the bar.

"Yes, your honor," said the prisoner. "You know a man is judged by the company he keeps and I like to be seen alikin' to your honor for the sake of me credit."

"All right," said the judge. "Officer, take this man over to the island and tell them to give him a credit for 30 days."—Harper's Weekly.

Not Wanted.

"Now this arrangement of springs," said the demonstrator, "is such that whatever the inequalities of the road, you never feel the slightest jar in riding. There is no jolt to this car."

"Then I don't want it," replied the fat man. "I want a car that will jolt, jar, bounce, and jostle me until my waist line reappears. I want to escape that corporation tax the Supreme court has just decided to be constitutional."—Harper's Weekly.

The Annual Question.

"Well, Hawkins, old man," said Witherbee, "has your wife decided where she will spend the summer?"

"Yep," said Hawkins. "She's going abroad."

"So? And how about you?"

"Well, I don't know yet," sighed Hawkins. "I haven't decided whether to stay in town or go into bankruptcy."—Harper's Weekly.

The Peacemaker.

"I hope," said the guest, "that you and Mrs. Scappleigh will treat me as one of the family and behave just exactly as you would if I were not here."

"Not on your life," replied Scappleigh. "The fact is, my dear fellow, as long as you are here you can depend on our behaving in a fairly peaceable way."

GOOD PARTY MAN.

"Why do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Why not? Robert Louis Stevenson smoked them."

"Yes—but he went and lived on the island of Samoa while he did."

WHAT WORRIED THE OLD MAN

Peculiar Instance of Connubial Affection—Concerned More About Himself Than Wife.

A peculiar instance of connubial affection occurred some time ago in Vermont. An aged couple, who through half a century of married life had wrangled with each other, were in all probability soon to be separated. The husband was taken ill and was he lieved to be near his end. The old wife came to his bedside, and after carefully examining and taking stock of his condition, exclaimed: "Well, daddy, your feet are cold, your hands are cold and your nose is cold."

"Waal, let 'em be cold."

"W'y, daddy, you're goin' to die."

"Waal, I guess I know what I'm about."

"Daddy, what's to become of me if you die?"

"I dunno, and I don't care. What I want to know is, what's to become of me?"

Why He Quit.

"Haven't I the privilege of making suggestions to the man fixing the lawn?" she asked with tears in her voice.

"Why, certainly," he assured her. "Well, just because I made a suggestion to him he threw all his tools in the wheelbarrow in an angry manner and went away without saying a word."

"Why, what had you said to make him act like that?"

"I just asked him to plant a few nice bright dandelions in the lawn."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?



Cholly Chumpleigh—I, aw-often re train from aw-joining in a discussion, for fear of making-aw-a fool of myself, don't cher know.

Miss Cutting Hintz—One cannot paint the lily or gild refined gold.

A Dangerous Metaphor.

The poetic youth had tarried long and conversation was waning.

"I am never lonely," he observed.

"My mind is a kingdom."

"A limited monarchy?" she queried sweetly.—Answers.

The Last Resort.

"How do you suppose that aviator is going to raise the wind?"

"I suppose on a bank of clouds."

Slightly Envious.

"I suppose you are happy, with all the wealth you have accumulated?"

"There is one man I envy," replied Mr. Chuggins.

"Who is that?"

"The motorcycle policeman. Every once in a while he gets a chance to violate the speed limits without being arrested."

Truthful Man.

"You appear to have every confidence in your husband."

"Well, he is very truthful. For instance, he sent me word yesterday that he was detained down town."

"By business, eh?"

"No; by baseball."

Is This a Hint?

"Why do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Why not? Robert Louis Stevenson smoked them."

"Yes—but he went and lived on the island of Samoa while he did."

How It's Usually Done.

"I've just written a scathing letter denouncing that newspaper, calling it cowardly and spineless," said the indignant citizen.

"Did you sign your name to it?" asked the stranger.

"No—I signed it 'One Who Knows.' I didn't want the editor to know who wrote it," he replied.

His Limit.

"Could he pay his bills on emergency?"

"No; but he could on time."

His Trouble.

"Do you have any trouble with your automobile?"

"Yes, indeed, I'm constantly kept busy making peace with people who think I ought to take them riding."

Reasonable Supposition.

Big Mr. Little (truculently)—Yo, sah, am a lah, sah!

Little Mr. Biggs (diplomatically)—Uh—well, sah, considerin' yo' heft an' yo' broadness 'cross de equator, I dunuh but what dar mought be a little suppin' to dat thry, sah!—Puck.

Haughty Leisure.

"Hasn't that man a rather supercilious air?"

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne.

"What has he done?"

"Foolish question! His reason for being so supercilious is the fact that he doesn't have to do any thing."

The Cause.

"That man is a chronic kicker."

"Force of habit. He used to be going to a champion football team."