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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 replying, 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 Plate 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 Bazaar.

Advantages of Funerals.

I used to visit, when a lad, 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 Grandpa McKinley, then in her eightieth year, who sat in a bed-guilt 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, an' eat and sing, and it breaks up the long spell somethin' 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.

Irrelevants.

An associate justice of the Supreme Court of Patagascia 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 growling, but of late he is getting snappish."

"Hadn'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 fiancé 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 flunkeyism" into our intercourse with representatives of foreign powers.

The Chicago Republican looked at the Democratic 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 house 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 have 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 trueulent 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 rear 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 counterpart 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 afloat well worth the knocking of a prop from the third president's pinnacle. Things might not have been so altogether bad for the cause of Mr. Jefferson and his house disciplines 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, "I 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

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 allowable 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 is, the "recently died" will be held responsible.

The pure-food bill which passed Congress is a strong measure. Prol to its passage it was

the cause of more misunderstandings, more suspi-

cions 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 ex-

pounder 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 saying

of taking things in part humorously. A

joke saves many a situation, assuages anger and disarms the man whose tongue under stress of time becomes a sharp weapon.

There were few jokes during the discussion of

the pure-food bill. The subject was as deadly

as some of the "food" products dis-

played 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 eggnogs. 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—allooted 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

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