THE CHILD'S WORK

By Angelo Patri.

Work is a most important side of education. Without it there can be no real growth of mind or body. By work I mean a job that a child can do with his hands and mind, work that demands effort, work that leaves things a bit different and a bit better than before it was done. It is this hunger to better things about him that makes man better than the animals.

The country child has a fine opportunity to do this sort of work. He has the world in his arms each morning when he rises. He can build, he can help young things to grow, he can experiment and he can judge the merits of his work as no city child can.

The country child ought to be given tools, good tools that are suited to child size and weight, not adult's tools, and certainly not the tin-and-cast-iron sort that crumple up under use or crack at a sharp blow. For both boys and girls, (I should make scant if any difference between the "work' 'of a boy and that of a girl), there ought to be spades, rakes, hoes, a light wheelbarrow, a stout wagon a watering can, a trowel; there ought to be a couple of good hammers a saw, a plane, a screw driver, a good knife and a fine pair of scissors. The family flivver will complete the equipment and with such an outfit the children can work their way to any new heaven or earth they see fit.

I am taking for granted that the parents of the children know the difference between work that is educative, work that is drudgery and child labor. Child labor is another name for child murder in my vocabulary. There is a vast difference in giving a child a job for which he is responsible, a task that calls out all his intelligence, all his ambition, all his eager desire to create, and putting him to work twelve or even seven hours a day in a field.

Let the children experiment a bit. Even when your experience tells you he is going to come to grief, try to give him a chance to learn right now so it will cost him the less later on. If there is a teacher in the school who is willing to help him experiment, welcome the help for the boy. We learn by trying new ways—even if they fail, we learn something and children need every bit of knowledge they can get.

Keep faith with the youngsters. If you make a business arrangement with twelve-year-old son or daughter, stick to it as religiously as you would if it were old man Thompson who wouldn't abate one nickel if it meant your ransom. Remember: you are educating the children, not working them and your business dealing with them lays the basis for theirs in the years to come. Your treatment of them shapes and moulds their viewpoint of all relations with people for their lifetime. You wish them to be successful and you wish them to be happy. They will be both if you give them a chance to work intelligently, reap the rewards and accept the responsibility.

This matter of sharing responsibility is one of the finest opportunities on the farm. Take the child into partnership as soon as he is old enough to know that the hen he cared for raised a flock that brought in twelve dollars, of which two per cent., twenty-four cents, is his. Help him use that money wisely; some of it for the education fund; some of it for giving; some of it just for FUN. For in considering work, make sure you keep a space for fun. If you do that wisely, the day wil come when the child will draw no line between his work and his fun. They will be almost alike in spirit and in quality. Then you will have a splendidly educated adult, the sort that makes Canada a light in the world.

Little Miss Hillary Walker

Aged two years, who has arrived in Toronto, unaccompanied, from her late home in Birkenhead, England. She reached Montreal on the White Star liner Doric and upon her arrival there was taken in charge by Canadian National officials, who looked after her on her journey from Quebec. The little girl is now with her aunt, Mrs. Alfred Roberts, of 458 Balliol Street, North Toronto. The baby's father, John Walker, died from the effects of the war a year ago in August. Her mother being incurably ill it was decided to send the child to her aunt in Toronto. She was a great favorite with the passengers both on board ship and en route to Toronto from Quebec.

Mouth Organ Music.

Mouth organ music was sweet as we lay
In the cool old mow on the scented hay;
Those long, long, rainy afternoons,
Brother of mine, when your tinny tunes,
Muffled by hands not overly clean,
Rang out over meadows—
And tree-tops green!

Over the meadows, then, we could see
The dim stream winding, that meant to be
A part of the ocean! So we, one day,
Over the hills and far away,
Would go by the pleasant road that led
To the Wonderful Places—
Of which we read!

The dreams we dreamed in the old hay-mow,
Brother of mine, are over now!
So let us dream we are boys again,
Small boys dreaming of being men;
Boys on a rain-dim afternoon,
One with a mouth organ—
Playing a tune!

—Harry Lee.

A Famous Hymn Composer.

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Doctor of Music, London, England, born in 1823, and died in 1876, is to-day probably the favorite composer in the Christian world; and yet comparatively few people (even musicians) know his name. This fact has been tested several times in social and church gatherings of many demoninations by first taking a vote as to whether sacred or secular music is the more popular. Sacred music invariably gained the vote, with hymns as the preference in this class. Then by asking those present to name their favorite tunes, an average of four out of ten were for Dr. Dykes' music, which easily places him in the foremost rank of all composers who ever lived.

On looking over the Sunday papers it is a rare thing to find a church program, of any denomination, without at least one of his hymns on it. To mention a few of his writings will convince readers that the foremost position was earned by this great, good man. He was beloved by everybody; and his funeral service at Durham Cathedral was one of the largest and most solemn ever held there.

"Lead Kindly Light," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "O Jesus Thou Art Standing" "Our Blest Redeemer," Hark! Hark! My Soul," "O Paradise," "Art Thou Weary?" "I heard the Voice of Jesus Say," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Days and Moments Quickly Flying," "Eternal Father Strong to Save," "Day of Wrath, O Day of Mourning," "Hark the Sound of Holy Voices," and over one hundred others in every Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian Hymnal published in the English language, flowed from his consecrated pen.

Dr. Dykes was, for many years, Rector of St. Oswald's Church, Durham, England, a small chapel under Durham Cathedral, which was only used on week days by the divinity students of the University; so Dr. Dykes spent most of his Sundays at St. Peter's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, fourteen miles away, where, it can be easily understood, under his guidance was the finest choir in England, for hymn singing. His power of intensifying the beauty, solemnity and grandeur of the words was wonderful. His instructions were, "Put your whole thought and sincerity into the words, and the music will take care of itself," and this will be found to be the very foundation and true key-note for making our grand hymns appeal directly to the minds and hearts of all earnest listeners, as well as singers; sending the congregations home with the feeling that, as Bishop McLaren of Chicago once remarked, he "felt better after the service; that the intense sincerity affected him, so that he could preach better"; whereas, careless, thoughtless, frivolous singing so depressed him that he could not collect his thoughts sufficiently to bring them out as forcibly and distinctly as he would wish.

THE MESSAGE OF ONE GOOD HOME

"I want you to clean up that island," was the royal order. It was a formidable job for a young man of twenty-odd years. . . .

One day the young mayor-judge called together his council. "We must have trees," he said; "we can make this island a spot of beauty if we will!" But the practical seafaring men demurred; the little money they had was needed for matters far more urgent than trees.

"Very well," was the mayor's decision—and little they guessed what the words were destined to mean—"I will do it myself." And that year he planted one hundred trees, the first the island had ever seen. . . .

He planted trees each year; and, moreover, he had deeded to the island government land which he turned into public squares and parks, and where each spring he set out shrubs and plants. . . .

Within a few years so many birds had discovered the trees in this new island home that they attracted the attention not only of the native islanders but also of the people on the shore five miles distant, and the island became famous as the home of the rarest and most beautiful birds.

After he had been on the barren island two years he went to the mainland one day, and brought back with him a bride. It was a bleak place for a bridal home, but the young wife had the qualities of the husband. "While you raise your trees," she said, "I will raise our children." . . .

One day when the children had grown to man's and woman's estate the mother called them all together and said to them. . .

"As you go out into the world I want each of you to take with you the spirit of your father's work, and each in your own way and place, to do as he has done: make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it. That is your mother's message to you."

The first son to leave the island home went with a band of hardy men to South Africa, where they settled and became known as the Boers. Tirelessly they worked at the colony until towns and cities sprang up and a new nation came into being: The Transvaal Republic. The son became secretary of state of the new country, and to-day the United States of South Africa bears tribute, in part, to the mother's message to "make the world a bit more beautiful and better. . . .

So they went out into the world, the girls and boys of that island home, each carrying the story of their father's simple but beautiful work and the remembrance of their mother's message. Not one from that home but did well his or her work in the world; some greater, some smaller, but each left behind the traces of a life well spent.

And, as all good work is immortal, so to-day all over the world goes on the influence of this one man and one woman, whose life on that little Dutch island changed its barren rocks to a bower of verdure, a home for the birds and the song of the nightingale. The grandchildren have gone to the four corners of the globe, and are now the generation of workers—some in the far East Indies; others in Africa; still others in America. But each has tried, according to the talents given, to carry out the message of that day.

"Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it."

THE HEART OF THE BUDDHA

By Albe Jean

Translated by William L. McPherson

Gisele Clarigny approached the mantlepiece in amazement.

"Who put that statue there?" she murmured.

A hairy hand, with a platinum ring on its little finger, pushed aside one of the curtains and M. Clarigny, who had been awaiting his wife's return, advanced to meet her.

"Don't you like my Buddha?" he asked.

Gisele made no answer. She looked distrustfully at the gouty god, whose swelling stomach weighed down on his parted thighs, while an enigmatic smile distended his little mouth, lifted his cheek bones and folded his eyelids on his half-closed eyes.

"I wanted to give you a surprise," M. Clarigny continued. "But I seem to have made a poor choice. One might think that this Buddha displeases you."

"Well—yes," the young wife confessed. "He makes me afraid."

The husband laughed loud and disdainfully.

"You are not going to claim that my Buddha has the evil eye?"

Gisele shook her head. A strange sense of discomfort oppressed her, and her tense nerves registered a vague mnac which semd to issue mysteriously from the image of the fat god crumpled up on his pedestal.

Lucien d'Aulnoy entered the room unannounced.

"Ah! you have a new acquisition," he cried.

"How do you like it?" asked M. Clarigny.

"It is all right as a statue of Buddha. But, between us, he has an unsightly head."

Gisele clapped her hands with joy.

"Bravo, Lucien! We are of exactly the same opinion."

At that moment a servant came to report the arrival of two engineers whom M. Clarigny was expecting.

"Say that I will see them at once."

At the door Gisele's husband smiled at the charming couple which his wife and the fragile Lucien d'Aulnoy made.

"Beware of Buddha!" he recommended. "His heart is very sensitive. If I may give you a piece of advice, it is: 'Don't irritate him, my friends.' "

As the sound of M. Clarigny's footsteps died away in the corridor Lucien shrugged his shoulders.

"He is trying to intimidate us with his Buddha," he burst out.

Then, while his left hand applied a violet colored handkerchief to his yellowish face, he slipped his right arm around Bisele's waist.

The young wife, all in a tremble, disengaged herself.

"Oh, Lucien!? Here? How imprudent! It seems to me that something is going wrong."

But Lucien only laughed.

"Decidedly, my dear, your nerves have been upset for several weeks past. It is time to carry out our plans."

"To go away," the young wife murmured.

"Yes, to go away. To go away together. To take you away from the surroundings in which you are enmeshed. To deliver you from the authority of a brutal husband who terrorizes you."

"But when, then? When shall we start?"

Lucien pointed to the god.

"Aren't you afraid that he will tell your husband the day and the hour?" he said banteringly.

"When?" Gisele entreated.

"Be at the Lyons station, before the sleeping car gate, next Tuesday at 7.30 p.m."

The following Tuesday when Gisele was about to leave her sitting room to pack her traveling bag she found the door locked.

She turned the knob, pushed against the frame with her shoulder and knees, but all in vain.

Thoroughly alarmed, she decided to ring for the servants and get them to release her.

She went toward the mantlepiece to press the electric button, but suddenly she halted, deterred by the strange look on the face of the Buddha. A vengeful irony filled the obese god's half-closed eyes.

A minute later the key turned in the lock and the young wife hurried to the door. M. Clarigny stood in her way.

"You will not go out," he ordered rudely.

Gisele then discovered with horror that her husband's cuffs were stained with blood and that long, fresh cuts ran across his dueling hand.

"Let me pass. Some one is waiting for me."

"It isn't true. No one is waiting for you. No one is waiting for you now," answered M. Clarigny. "There is no need of being in a hurry. If you go to the Lyons station, before the sleeping car gate, at 7.30, you will find nobody there."

"But who—who told you?" groaned the wife.

"He did."

The husband's index finger pointed to the Buddha with his unchanging smile.

"That doesn't surprise me. I knew well enough that he would bring me bad luck."

The young wife flew at the statue and toppled it off the mantlepiece.

Vanquished, the god fell to the floor and broke in pieces.

"What is that? What is that?" A round metal box issued from the statue's belly and rolled to Gisele's feet.

"That? That is a microphone connected with my study." M. Clarigny calmly explained to his wife. "A microphone which amplified every word which you and Lucien said in your tete-a-tete. It did not miss a syllable. Hearts of statues are more faithful than women's hearts."

Method of Coloring Stainless Steel Found.

A method of coloring stainless steel has been discovered by Miss Griff, a woman engineer of Birmingham, England. The process is mainly applicable for decorative purposes, and is useful in such articles as door plates, ornaments, buckles, buttons, furniture and fireplace panels. The coloring is applied by hand, and is then baked.

The patented process will be shortly on the market as a commercial proposition.

New World in France.

The French Academy has decided to admit the word "manucure" into the French language. The word, though in general use, in that form, has not hitherto reached dictionary rank, and the six "immortals" present at the meeting (Marshal Joffre was one) spent some time discussing whether the English form "manuicure" (which is also in use in France) should be adopted, but eventually agreed on "manucure" as being nearer the Latin original. The word "manipulate" is to come up for discussion soon.

Ole Bull.

Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the rapt musician stood;
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen till he caught
Confession of its secret thought. . . .

Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed;
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed. . . .

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast;
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivalled name,—
"Antonius Stradivarius."

—Longfellow. (Tales of a Wayside Inn.")

To Treat His Eyes.

"I'm going to that young lady doctor to have my eyes treated."

"Is she that pretty?"

Bamboo Clothing.

London is attempting to popularize clothing made from woven bamboo. Tailors say the cloth is suitable for general use and can be made at much lower rates than cotton or woolen fabrics.

Old Cyclist's Long Ride.

At the age of 62, Mr. J. York, a Northampton racing cyclist, rode 200 miles in 13½ hours.

Throw Out Clutch at Corners.

Always throw out the clutch when rounding a sharp corner. It has a beneficial effect upon the tires.

The House the Captains Built.

They built my house, the Captains
Who brought home China tea,
While in Zion's beauty
And looking out to sea.
They built the neat, dark cupboards
Where wives could keep their milk,
They paneled great, cool parlors
Where wives could creak in silk.

They knew the world their clippers
Went round and round again;
Their mantels were a marriage
Of India and Spain.
They knew the sins and cities;
And so they built their wives
White and quiet gables
For cool and quiet lives—

Elms to cast the shadows
On roses and bricked walks,
Wide lawns for the children
And the hollyhocks,
Ladder-backs and feathers
Soft as clouds for sleep,
A key as big's a mountain
Their treasure-house to keep.

Children, morning-glories,
Breakfast bowls, and grace;
Churches are less holy
Than this holy place.
I think there is less wisdom
In all that books can tell
Than in the ancient captains
Who built my house so well.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin in Youth's Companion.

The Same Willingness—

—To spend the evenings together after the wedding would save some homes.

—To work that won the war will go far toward winning the peace.

—To take advice as to take more pay would improve many a man.

—To listen to opinions as to express them would improve our popularity.

—To admit mistakes as to look for them would save a lot of trouble.

—To smile for the home folk as for company would make a happier world.

—To settle down to work as to blow up over insults would save many good jobs.

Genesis of Sing Sing's Name.

The name Sing Sing comes from the Sin-Sinck Indians, original inhabitants of the region in which the prison now stands.

Deep Problem.

Policeman—"Wot are yer standin' 'ere for?"

Loafer—"Nuffink."

Policeman—"Well, just move on. If everybody was to stand in one place, 'ow would the rest get past?"

The Political Job.

"What you doing for a living?"

"Oh, just loafing."

"Didn't know you held a political job."

Securing Music Under Difficulties.

Of the two hundred and forty-seven men of the name of Bach who were known as musicians, there were over fifty who were distinguished as composers and performers. In that part of Germany where most of these quiet, home-loving people lived, they had been for generations so prominent in local musical affairs that the town musicians were known as "the Bachs," even after there had ceased to be any of the name among them.

But of all the Bachs, John Sebastian was "The" Bach. He is generally known as simply "Sebastian," for the name "Johann" is found constantly in the family that to use it alone would fail to distinguish the particular "Johann" that was meant. Out of the twenty-three most prominent Bachs, the first name of sixteen was "Johann," and six of them were labeled as "Johann Christoph." But there was only one "John Sebastian," and it is an incident in his early youth that we here relate.

At the age of ten years, little John Sebastian lost both his parents and was taken from Eisenach to Ohrdruff, where he made his home with his elder brother, one of the "John Christophs." The little fellow had begun his musical study with his father, and now continued under the tuition of his distinguished elder brother. Even at this age his great genius began to manifest itself, for he would come to his lessons with his music learned by heart. Soon he began to aspire to higher and more difficult music than his teacher would allow him. It seems that John Christoph had laid away on the upper shelf of a certain cupboard a manuscript volume of pieces by Buxtehude, Frohberger, Pachelbel and other noted composers of that day, and this book the little Sebastian modestly requested to be given him for study. His brother curtly refused and locked up the cupboard. But the young seeker after knowledge was not to be so easily defeated.

Determined to gain possession of the coveted treasure, he one night managed to get his hand through the openings of the latticed cupboard door, and, rolling up the manuscript drew it out. Then for six months he would utilize the moonlight nights copying the music, and each night would again place it back in its proper place. But at the end of that time his nocturnal occupation was discovered, and the brother was cruel enough to confiscate the results of his hard labor, and, it is said, burned it before the boy's eyes.

Women as Scientists.

Eighty-seven women employed by the Government at Washington are scientists, according to the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, after an investigation. There is an excellent opportunity, it was said, for women of scientific equipment. In the Department of Agriculture are 14 women chemists. Four of these, in the Bureau of Home Economics, are studying home problems. One is investigating the problem of extracting nitrogen from the air.

A baby alligator creeping out of its shell. Some may imagine that alligators begin life like frogs or toads, but they belong to the oviparous creatures, as it is said all living creatures once did in the earliest ages, and as all creatures in some respects still do.