

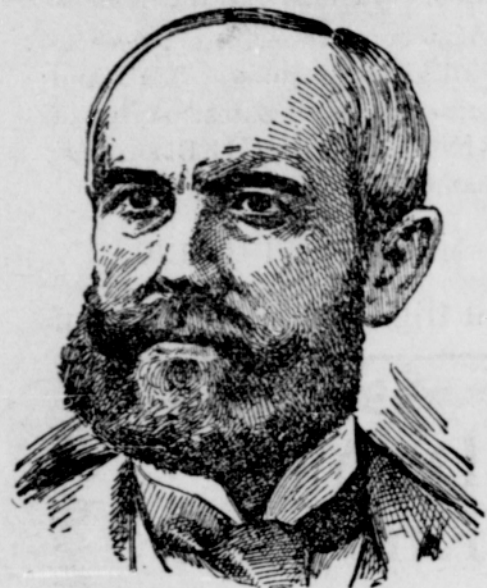
## CHILD IS A CRIMINAL.

### QUEER STATEMENT OF A MODERN EDUCATOR.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, Who Is Combating Kindergarten Fads—Too Much "Fickly Sentiment in Rearing Children Makes a Race of Weaklings.

Quite a little tempest was stirred up by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., by his expressed views on children, wherein he combats present theories and tendencies.

"Every child," says Dr. Hall, who by the way is the foremost psychologist of the country, "is a born criminal. All children are murderers. The angry child doubles up its puny fists and strikes its mother. The blow is a mere tap, it does no harm and the mother perhaps does not even feel it. But that she is not killed or severely injured is not because of lack of will upon the part of the child, but of physical weakness. In his primitive, savage state a man fought with his neighbor over a bone in a cave. His one thought was to secure the greatest possible advantage for himself. So it is among children. They have no logical idea whatever of right and of wrong. Everything is a matter of expediency. Unless Tommy is a mere mannikin, a namby-pamby little milkop, he doesn't refrain from stealing apples because his conscience troubles him. Not a bit of it; he hasn't any conscience to trouble him. If he lets green apples alone it is for one of two reasons only—he knows that his mother will whip him if he



DR. G. STANLEY HALL.

eats them, or he knows by hard experience that the pain of stomach ache more than offsets the pleasure of eating. In a child's mind the fear of punishment takes the place of moral reasoning. As he grows older by nature's processes he becomes a reasoning animal.

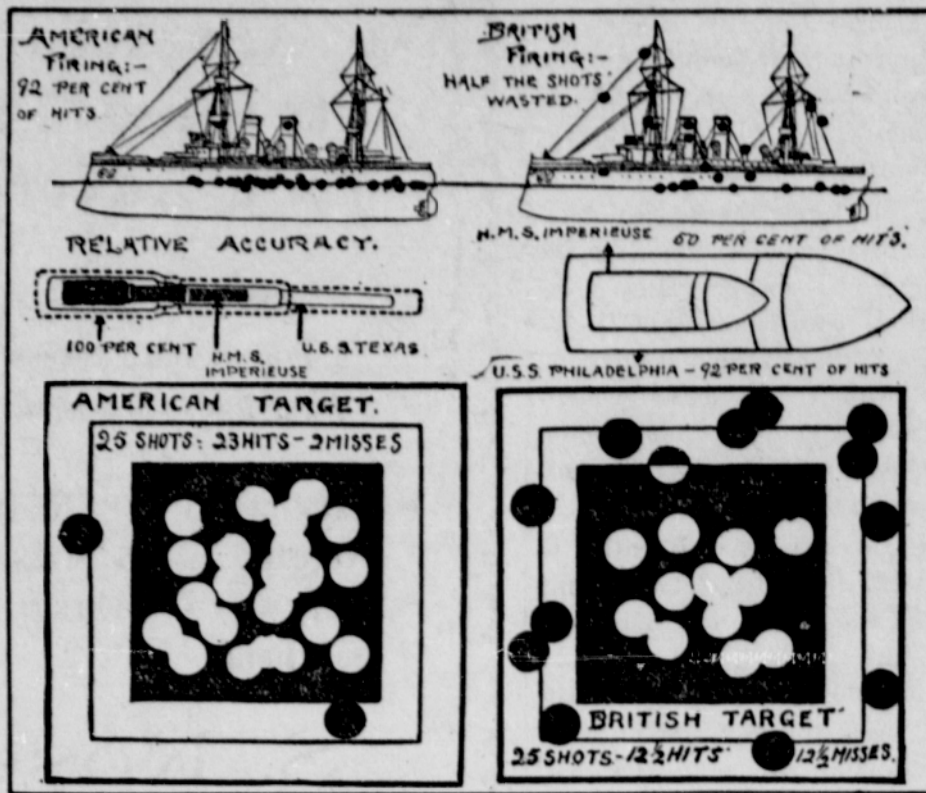
"What I contend for is the exercise of plain common sense and the acceptance of facts rather than fine-spun theories. Now, for example, the kindergarten spends a lot of time telling the club women that they must not punish their children. Oh, no, the dear little things must never hear a cross word, much less feel a smart slap. Punishment must come upon the child as the natural result of its misdemeanor. Nature, and not the mother, must administer a chastisement. I grant that this theory is all right, but I can prove by the mothers themselves that in nine-tenths of the ordinary childish high jinks it



DR. G. STANLEY HALL'S SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

won't work. Now, a child puts its tiny, tender hand on a hot stove and is burned. Not many mothers, I fancy, give their children a whipping on such occasions. Common sense tells them that the child has suffered enough, and will apply the lesson. But suppose a boy

## WHY THE AMERICAN GUNNERS ARE THE BEST.



That the marksmanship of the gunners in the American navy is the best in the world is admitted even by British experts. The accompanying chart, prepared by one of them, compares the results of target practice by the men of the United States battleship Texas, which holds the record in the American navy for 1898, and those of her majesty's protected cruiser Imperieuse, the flagship of the British Pacific squadron. The record of the American gunners is 93 per cent of hits, while that of the English is only 50 per cent.

Credit for the superior marksmanship shown is given to the greater opportunities for target practice given by the regulations of the United States navy. In 1898 we spent \$1,000,000 on target practice, while for the much larger English navy less than \$750,000 is allowed.

In the English navy there is one trial practice each month and an annual prize firing, but the allowances of ammunition are so small that the practice is small. Under the present regulations each United States war vessel is allowed fourteen opportunities for practice firing at sea. The ranges employed by the navy are from 800 yards for the small guns to 3,000 yards for the large. The speed of the ship must exceed eight knots. Under the regulations in force prior to July, 1897, each ship must be prepared as if for battle on two occasions during each year, and two prizes, one of \$5 and \$10, may be awarded for every twenty-five men who take part in the practice.

On the accompanying chart most of the American shots are seen to have struck at or below the water line, where they will do the most damage. Many of the British shots, on the other hand, are represented as striking the funnels or rigging of the vessels, where they are comparatively harmless. One reason for the greater percentage of American hits below the water line is due to the fact that American gunners fire when the opposing ship is on the downward roll, while the gunners of other nations generally "cut loose" when their opponent is riding.

plays hooky, suppose he won't carry in wood, what thunderclap is going to fall on him out of the sky? In a case like this I believe a thorough dose of Dr. Spunk's remedies is the best specific. Mothers can raise children without a kindergarten formula. Knowledge can be applied without its having been reduced to a system. Children are animals. They are dear, sweet little things, I admit, but animals just the same.

"The idea of teaching a child to turn its left cheek when it is struck on the right one! Fiddlesticks! Unless you want to make a selfish, knock-kneed weakling of him, teach him to double up his fists and strike back. Now, there would, of course, be limitations to this course. Some boys are so pugnacious by nature that they ought to be discouraged a little, rather than encouraged to fight. Generally speaking, I believe in healthy children's quarrels and fights. When I went to school in the country we all knew who could whip the rest of us. We used to stand up and fight it out for hours. I don't believe in too much tenderness. I think we are in danger of becoming over-sentimental, rather than overbrutal. Physical courage is the foundation for moral courage later in life. One is to the child and the savage what the other is to the grown and cultured man.

"One of the most effective means of discipline in reform schools is the teach-

the mind's balance. I think every boy ought to learn boxing, but I don't advocate teaching it in the public schools. We can't have everything which it may be desirable to know taught in the public schools. The system is crammed and jammed to overflowing now. Life must not be made too easy. Plenty of children nowadays, especially the children of the rich, are suffering from having too much pleasure. They are surfeited with pleasure. Their minds are filled with goody-goody sentimental stories. They will grow up to be selfish milkops. A child who has nothing to do but enjoy himself will become a degenerate, selfish man. Luxury brings decay. I believe in pain and pleasure both. Every soul needs to experience the extremes of pain and pleasure. But pain is the great educator. Hunger and cold, and a hundred other sufferings are nature's great spurs.

"I believe in punishment for children. I believe in corporal punishment in the schools. It should not be carried to excess, but the fact that an incorrigible boy knows that the teacher may whip him is a tremendous support to the teacher. I don't want to whip a boy severely, but if I am to control him I want him to know that I can give him a licking. You would break a man's leg to reset it straight, and sometimes it is necessary for the good of a child that he have his will broken. I believe in allowing children to bully and 'fag' each other at school within reason. The English have the right idea in their schools. The children there soon find out who is the master."

### Langley's Devotion to His Mother.

Prof. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, has many sides to his character. His love for children is well known, and he is frequently seen walking or driving with one of his little companions, who seem to rest him more than any other society. He has recently dedicated a poem at the National Museum to his wee favorites, and shows his sympathy and affection for them constantly and in many ways.

This eminent scientist's love and tenderness for his mother, an old lady now, whose chief pride is in her son, is equally characteristic. An article attacking one of his theories appeared some time ago in a New England daily. Prof. Langley carried it in great distress of mind to a friend to see if the many misstatements it contained could not be corrected.

"I do not care for it myself," he said earnestly, "but I am much worried for fear it may trouble my mother."—Saturday Evening Post.

### Zangwill Answers Choate.

During the February blizzard Ambassador Choate and Israel Zangwill found themselves snowbound between Boston and New York. If we may believe all accounts, the exchange of epigrams and repartee was something sparkling. Here is one of them:

"Could an apple tempt you?" said Mr. Choate, sampling the lunch counter at one of the way stations.

"I wouldn't be human if I couldn't," replied Mr. Zangwill, with a smile.

Happiness may resemble either a mountain or a molehill. It depends on the distance you are from it.

## FLASHES FUN.

Hojack—Why are you consulting the dictionary? I thought you knew how to spell. Tomdick—I do. I am not looking for information, but for corroboration.—Judge.

Knicker—When I was alone with Miss Slath in the parlor I proposed. I told her she was the light of my life. Bocker—And she—Knicker—Oh, she went out.—Judge.

Mrs. Newlyric Kelly—Have yez ever read Burns, Mrs. Grogan? Mrs. Stillpoor Grogan—Faith, and phat color would burns be if they wasn't red, Mrs. Kelly?—Harper's Weekly.

Hospital Nurse (to mangled victim of accident)—I understand that the derelict fell ten stories to the pavement. Mangled Victim (weakly)—I was under that impression.—Widow.

Bishop Gullem—Yes, indeed; I am happy to say our missionary work in the Philippines has been most successful. We recently made angels of two thousand of them in a single day.—Life.

Old Farmer—That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them? Amateur—Why, corn, of course. Old Farmer—In the ear? Amateur—Certainly not; in the mouth.—Chicago News.

"Have you an agreeable boarding-house?" "Yes, we have; every morning we have a cake-walk." "Cake-walk? What's that?" "Why, the first man at the table gets the hot ones."—Detroit Free Press.

Friend—You told me you had joined the Audubon Society; yet your new hat is trimmed almost entirely with birds and birds' plumage. The wearer of the hat—Yes, but you see these birds were all killed before I joined the society.

Teacher—John, of what are your shoes made? Boy—Of leather, sir. Teacher—Where does leather come from? Boy—From the hide of the ox. Teacher—What animal, then, supplies you with shoes and gives you meat to eat? Boy—My father.

"Seems to me I've seen your face before," said the judge, peering through his spectacles. "Yes, your honor, you have," replied the prisoner; "I am the professor who gives the young lady next door to you lessons on the piano." "Six years!" came from the judge, quickly.

Mrs. Greenleaf—Those people next door must be from the West. Mr. Greenleaf—Why, Priscilla? Mrs. Greenleaf—When our chimney burned out this morning the woman had the audacity to come and tell me that the house was on fire, without waiting to be introduced.—Chicago News.

Dude (to barber)—How much do I owe you? Barber—The same as you usually pay, sir? Dude—I don't take the trouble to remember what you have charged! How much is it? Barber—Twenty cents. Dude—Oh, but you have charged me only 15 cents before!—Humoristische Blaetter.

The Cook (entering parlor)—Ah, mam'elle, wud ye moind askin' the professor to play the hornpipe over again? The Professor (delightedly)—Ah! Ze ladies admire valre mooch my composure. The Cook—It's not that, begorra, but it's such an elegant chune to chop hash by!—New York Journal.

Billiken—What's the matter, Williken? Williken—Matter enough. You know, some time ago I assigned all my property to my wife, to keep it out of the hands of—of people I owe, you know. "Yes," "Well, she's taken the money and gone off—s-y-s-e won't live with me because I swindled my creditors."—New York Weekly.

Sunday-school Teacher (wishing to show how easily George Washington might have falsified)—Now, children, little George didn't know but that he'd be severely whipped by confessing that he had chopped down the cherry-tree. What might he have done in order to keep peace with his father? Patsy—Buried the hatchet, mum.—Judge.

At last, after many dangers, she had braved the terrors of the Chilcote Pass and had rejoined her lover on the Klondike. "Are you glad to see me?" she asked. "Do you still think I am worth my weight in gold?" "In gold?" he cried contemptuously, as he folded her to his frozen bosom. "My darling, you are worth your weight in food."—Tit-Bits.

Landlord—Is everything all right about the place? Tenant—Yes; everything seems to be in pretty good condition. Landlord—Furnace and water O. K.? Tenant—Yes, as far as I know. Landlord—Um—er do you think of moving? Tenant—No; why? Landlord—You haven't asked for any repairs for nearly three weeks now, and I can't understand it.—Chicago News.

Counsel—What is your age, madame? Witness—Forty-seven, sir. Counsel—Married or single? Witness—Single. I never had an offer of marriage in my life, and if it is of interest to the court I don't mind saying that I have worn false hair for nearly thirty years. Counsel—Hem! That is all, madam. There is no use in trying to shake the direct testimony of so truthful a woman as you are.

## THEY WANT TO TELL

These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine are constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. LIZZIE BEVERLY, 258 Merrimac St., Lowell, Mass., writes:

"It affords me great pleasure to tell suffering women of the benefit I have received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care. Upon examination he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine saved my life, and I would recommend it to all suffering women."

Mrs. AMOS TROMBLEY, Ellenburgh Ctr., N. Y., writes:

"I took cold at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good. I surely thought I would die. I was also troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as ten times a day. One day a lady came to see me and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and advised me to try it. I did so, and had taken only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work. I am now in perfect health."

"What Do You Want?"

An old Irishman was on the stand in one of the circuit courtrooms one day, and the attorney cross-examining him had a hard time to elicit any information. He worked around one particular point, and plied the witness with about a dozen questions. At last, growing tired of his fruitless examination, he asked, rather impatiently:

"Well, can't you tell me something?"

"Well, what would you like me to tell you?" asked the witness, blandly, and that floored the attorney.—Detroit Free Press.

Weyler's Forecast.

"I don't think," growled General Weyler, "that my ability as a prophet is recognized as it should be."

"What's the matter, general?"

"Well, didn't I predict that Cuba would eventually be pacified?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Modern Battle.

Said the famous general to his chief of staff: "Are the correspondents ready?"

"They are, sir!"

"Have they been informed that I have a new uniform on?"

"Yes, general."

"Have the photographers done their duty?"

"They have, sir."

"Then let the battle go on."—Boston Transcript.

Source of Great Annoyance.

First Cook (reading)—Wanted, to go to Connecticut, a first-class cook. Good wages.

Second Cook—Niver, on yer loife. Sure, isn't that where they make alarm clocks?—Jewelers' Weekly.

A single walnut tree recently felled in Cass county, Mich., was seven feet in diameter at the base. It is estimated that it will yield \$700 worth of lumber.

**ALABASTINE** is the original and only durable wall coating, entirely different from all kalsomines. Ready for use in white or twelve beautiful tints by adding cold water.

ADIES naturally prefer ALABASTINE for walls and ceilings, because it is pure, clean, durable. Put up in dry powdered form, in five-pound packages, with full directions.

LL kalsomines are cheap, temporary preparations made from whitening chalks, clays, etc., and stuck on walls with decaying animal glue. ALABASTINE is not a kalsomine.

BEWARE of the dealer who says he can sell you the "same thing" as ALABASTINE. He is "something just as good." He is either not posted or is trying to deceive you.

ND IN OFFERING something he has bought cheap and tries to sell on ALABASTINE'S demands, he may not realize the damage you will suffer by a kalsomine on your walls.

ENSIBLE dealers will not buy a lawsuit. Dealers risk one by selling and consumers by using infringement. Alabastine Co. own right to make wall coating to mix with cold water.

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N BUYING ALABASTINE, see that packages are properly labeled. Beware of large four-pound package light kalsomine, offered to customers as a five-pound package.

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