Let Them Help! Children Learn By Experience

● *MENTAL LIST OF POSsible activities will do much toward solving problem of naughtiness. Childish energy demands outlet, and should be put to a constructive purpose through suggestion.*

By LELIA MUNSELL

"I WISH," mourned Sue Tressel, "I had something to do. I wish Arlene didn't have the measles, or that I'd had them so I could go over and play with her."

"I expect," smiled Mother, "that Arlene wishes much the same thing. She's just sick enough to have to stay in bed, and just well enough to want something to do. Maybe you could fix something for her to do. That would give you something to do, too."

"What?"

"Arlene's mother has a little lapboard that Arlene could use for pasting. Of course, you wouldn't want a big scrapbook if you were sick, but—"

Sue's face beamed. "I'll make a little scrapbook—of some of my new notepaper," she said delightedly. "Arlene can handle that."

Mother punched the holes for her and she tied the sheets together with ribbon. Then she had the happiest kind of a time finding and cutting out pretty pictures that would fit. When she had enough, Mother said she could carry them over herself. "It will be all right to go to the door." So Sue trotted across the street with the scrapbook material and a bottle of paste.

"Tomorrow we will think of something else," said Mother. The next morning she laid out some magazines, all of them open at paper dolls. "When you're sick you like to play with paper dolls," she said to Sue.

"O, this is going to be a nice thing to do," was the smiling response. She began to sing and sang almost all the time she was cutting out the dolls and putting each doll and her wardrobe into a separate envelope. Then Mother brought a big envelope.

"When you're sick it's nice to have something to smile over. Can you read what I have written?" she asked.

Sue read:

"These dolls cannot take the measles from you, and
Dressing them all will be something to do."

After enclosing the little envelopes she trotted across the street and left them at Arlene's door.

The third morning was bright and sunny. "How about taking Arlene a bit of outdoors?" suggested Mother. "Do you know the names of the leaves of all the trees in our yard? See if you can think up a game for Arlene."

Help Children When Necessary.

After a time Sue came running in, her eyes shining, "Could I get some pieces of paper and pin a different leaf to each and let her write what she thinks their names are under them?"

Mother nodded. "So that she need not think too hard, write the names for her on another sheet of paper, but don't arrange the leaves in the same order. Tomorrow you can give her some more leaves with the name of each written underneath, and she can change the names or the leaves on her sheets if any are wrong."

Soon Sue had samples of all the leaves in the yard and was earnestly at work preparing them for Arlene.

Mother had a large envelope ready, on which she had written:

"Cut out each name and pin it tight.
Tomorrow you'll see which names are right."

Sue's mother was not only understanding, but she was wise. She knew childish energy demanded an outlet. In this instance she made use of two fundamental principles. She gave Sue an objective: to help make Arlene happy, and she led Sue to think out what to do herself.

Much of what we call naughtiness in children is lack of something to do. Let us keep our thinking caps handy and have, for ready use, a mental list of possible activities. As we use these, from time to time, let us give the children help where needed, but not to the extent of destroying their own initiative.

And let us help them to help in the things we do. It's sometimes tiresome to have them "messing around," but that is the way they learn. And we mustn't forget to appreciate the children's efforts, no matter how crude—ignore them, or criticize too harshly, and we chill their enthusiasm.

National Kindergarten Association (WNU Service.)

Chinese Shampoos

For many centuries before the West intruded upon the East, Chinese women used hair shampoos, to achieve the sleek glossiness that is the principal pride of their coiffures. Some of these shampoos were made of crushed mulberry leaves, rose and jasmine perfumed oils and "pao hua tzu"—pine tree shavings—the latter used for their resinous content and balsamic odor.

Where Dollar Mark Started

American visitors at Gibraltar remember that the United States dollar sign—$—is derived from an old Phoenician coin stamped with the two Pillars of Hercules with a scroll about them. Myth placed these pillars at Gibraltar.

Color of Flames

Fire or flame is produced when gases burn and the different gases burn with different colors. Thus the color of the flame indicates the nature of the gas that has produced it.

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA —An Unexpected Reception

By RUBE GOLDBERG

MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

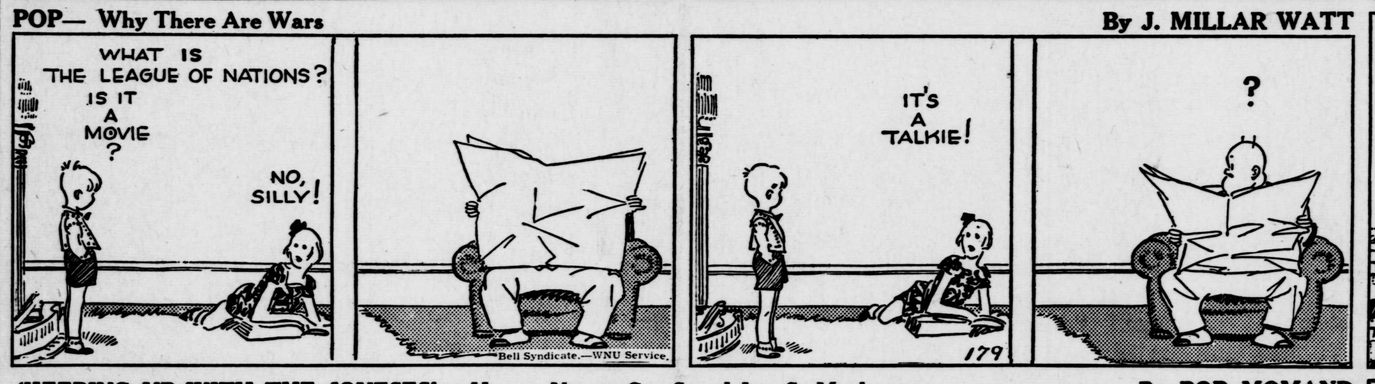
Just Like Lightning

S'MATTER POP— High Speed Avoiding

By C. M. PAYNE

POP— Why There Are Wars

By J. MILLAR WATT

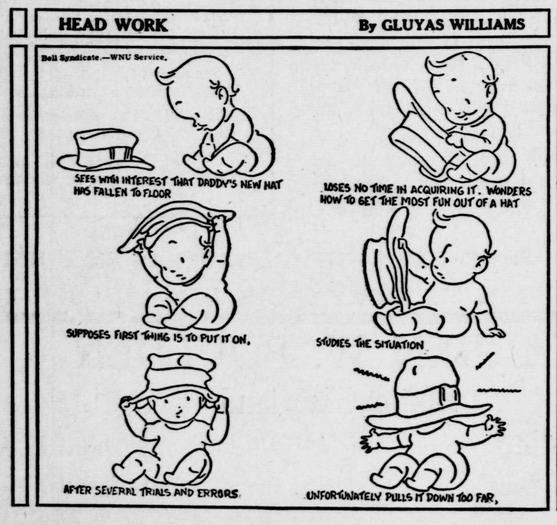


'KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES' —Human Nature Can Stand Just So Much

By POP MOMAND

HEAD WORK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



HANDY PRESCRIPTION

The report that the judges were unable to read the signature of the successful architect for the new Dundee art college recalls the classic story relating to a medical man's prescription:

After receiving the medicine, the patient used the prescription for years as a railway pass, twice as an invitation to a dance, once as an invitation to a society wedding, and later as a letter from his employer instructing the cashier to raise his salary. And in the evenings his daughter played it over on the piano!—Edinburgh Dispatch.

'Will That Be All?'

Jaysom—You know that pretty girl who works in the bargain basement?

Duff—Yes—she's a beauty.

Jawsom—Well, I took her home from a party last night and I stole a kiss.

Duff—What did she say?

Jawsom—She said: "Will that be all?"

Cheerful News

Just a Little Smile

COMEBACK

To a native of a certain section of the Southwest that is well known for its malarial tendencies, a St. Louis traveling man said:

"I notice that there is a great deal of ague hereabout."

"Yes," was the laconic response.

"That's a great drawback. It unfits a man entirely for work, doesn't it?"

"Generally it does," said the other. "Still, here on my farm, when my man John has a right hard fit of the shakes we fasten the churndasher to him and, stranger, he brings the butter inside of fifteen minutes."

Snappy Answer

Mrs. Bronson has a new chauffeur, who is very careful as a driver but not so careful about his appearance. He is not too fond of shaving.

"John," said Mrs. Bronson to him one day, "how often do you think it necessary to shave?"

"With a weak growth like yours, ma'am," replied the chauffeur, "I should say that once every third day would be sufficient."

CERTAIN PARTY

"Does Fred like parties?"

"He says I'm the only party he's interested in."

Not so Bad

Bill, a fireman, was with his mates, helping to put out a fire one blazing hot afternoon.

For six hours the brigade was toiling, the perspiration streaming down their grimy faces. At last one of them gasped: "Lummy, Bill, this is the limit, this is."

"Don't you believe it, George," replied the perspiring Bill reprovingly. "You just be thankful we ain't got to put this here blinking fire out with boiling water."

Stupid Husband

Noowed (timidly)—I don't like to mention it, darling, but there seems to be something wrong with your biscuits.

Mrs. Noowed (proudly)—That shows how much you know about biscuits, honey. The cook book says they're delicious.

Worried for a Minute

Neighbor—Come quick! Your Mary's fallen into the pond!

Farmer—What has?

Neighbor—Your wife—Mary.

Farmer—You did give me a shock. I thought you said the mare had fallen in.

Love's Labor Lost

Jack—Now that your engagement is broken are you going to ask the girl to send back your letters?

Axel—Of course. I spent a lot of good work on those letters. They're worth using again.

NEWEST THING IN HAIRCUTS

She—Well, what's the newest thing in men's haircuts?

He—Girls.

Not So Silly

Dolcini—And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?

Dzudi—Most certainly not.

Dolcini—That's a silly superstition.

Dzudi—It's no superstition in my case. My payday is Saturday.

Hit the Spot

Skjold—A slap on the back contributes to a man's success.

Bjones—Yes, if it is down low enough, and done soon enough—with a hairbrush or slipper.

Baby Talk

Little Joanny—Mother, how much do people pay a pound for babies?

Mother—Babies are not sold by the pound, darling.

Little Joanny—Then why do they always weigh them as soon as they are born?

Regained Nerve

Alford—Would you believe it? He actually ran away when they were standing at the altar.

Tom—Lost his nerve, I suppose?

Alford—No, found it again.