

## Teaching Self-Reliance

**T**HERE is an old saying that it is easier for one father to take care of ten children than it is for ten children to take care of one father. However this may be, it is certainly much easier for most mothers to wait upon their children than it is to teach them to care for themselves. Consequently, this important duty is often shirked and the children grow up without even the faintest idea of self-reliance.

It is no longer the fashion for girls to be of the clinging vine type, or for boys to be effeminate, and the mother who would have self-reliant, womanly girls and manly, capable boys must begin to train them in babyhood.

For instance, when the child is offered a toy, do not place it in the outstretched hands, but let the tiny fingers reach out for the object which is quietly held before him. In other words, let the baby's mind be self-active, and let him do his own thinking from the first.

A mother has the right to fondle her baby, and besides this helps to establish a sympathy between the two. However, it is not always possible for the mother to lay aside other duties to devote herself solely to the child, and he must learn to do without the petting, if necessary, and be self-reliant.

When he begins to creep or walk, it is only right to encourage and reassure him, but do not seem to help him. It will be better for him not to know that a pair of loving arms will be outstretched to catch him at the first danger signal. If he once gets this idea into his head, he will depend upon others all through his life, unless he has so many hard knocks later on that he conquers the inclination.

A normal child can amuse himself by the hour if he is left to himself, which proves that the majority of children are naturally self-reliant if they are permitted to be so and are encouraged in this trait of character.

"Come and build a castle for mother out of your blocks," says the wise mother who wishes to divert a fretful child. Johnny is delighted with the suggestion and proudly builds a castle, block by block. Then she praises him and he is satisfied.

On the other hand, the mother who loves her child just as well, but who lacks tact, says, "Come and let mother build a castle for Johnny out of the blocks." They sit down on the floor and mother builds the castle, which pleases the child immensely. As soon as this task is completed, he wants mother to build another, and if she does not do so he pouts and perhaps screams and kicks until he gains his point.

After that he knows just how to manage his mother and he depends upon her to amuse and entertain him to suit his pleasure.

"I have never even buttoned my own shoes," said a young woman recently, who was suddenly left penniless. Then she added, "How can I earn my own living? My father simply would not permit me to wait upon myself, or sit myself for anything, for he was so sure that my future was provided for."

As soon as the child is old enough to button his own garments he should be taught that it is a manly thing to do. Furthermore, he should be provided with his own toilet conveniences and taught how to care for himself properly, without depending upon the nurse or mother for everything.

All mothers cannot afford to employ a nurse for their children. Then, too, there are those who will not do so, because they prefer to care for their children themselves. Such mothers will find their burdens materially lessened if their children are grounded in habits of self-reliance and helpfulness, which means that they will not only be good, but good for something in later life.

It is a great mistake for a mother to wait upon her children for every little thing they desire. It makes a slave of the mother and tyrants of the children. If, instead of the mother running to their assistance every time they cry, "Where is my hat?" or "Where is my doll?" they are gently but firmly told that they must be responsible for their own things, they will soon learn to rely upon themselves more.

Nor should parents always decide questions for their children by an emphatic "Yes" or "No." Children should be taught to use their own judgment in matters which they can comprehend. The mother may offer suggestions as to why it is not a good plan for Mary to play in the snow when she has a cold, and then appeal to the judgment of the child, who will usually decide the matter for herself in the right way.

Or the mother may give Mary an object lesson by offering her a choice of two ways of action, the child to assume the responsibility of that action. In this case the mother must make the child understand the subject thoroughly by a careful explanation, at the same time instilling into the child's mind the idea of thinking and acting for herself.

In addition to this the child should be taught that she is a perfect whole, and that her brains were given her to use just as much as her hands were. The mother will also make her understand that she has no right to wear others out in thinking and deciding questions for her which she must learn to decide for herself. But at the same time she should be taught to seek advice from older people and to listen respectfully to their opinions; and then, after thinking over the matter in question, to rely upon her own judgment in deciding it.

Only self-reliant people can be happy and self-respecting. Any right thinking person will admit this, but that does not follow that all self-reliant people are happy and self-respecting. There are many other things that go to make up life. But if a child's life is allowed to unfold naturally in the sunshine of love and watchfulness, he will develop into a self-reliant character, and will of necessity be both self-respecting and happy.

MRS. REBECCA HAMPDEN.

## How We Fought the Turk

(Continued from Page Four.)

—It was the Macedonian portion. They did not pause, however, but charged, and were met by 1,000 Turks drawn up in fighting line with artillery to back them. Our men were glad to withdraw from that murderous fire with only ten killed or wounded. Now let me tell what the other thousand Turkish regulars who composed the garrison were doing inside.

The eight confederates who were to raise the people about them came out into the streets shortly after dark. They were the three men who came to us at Belitza and five others—Ivan Urookoff, an American educated youth; his brother and their three uncles. Macedonian mothers will tell their children of Ivan Urookoff hundreds of years hence.

As I have said, these eight armed men came out in the street. They looked up one way and saw the torches of Turkish troops at that end; they looked the other way and again they saw soldiers. They came to a cross street, and at both ends were more Turks. The garrison had been alarmed—soldiers surrounded the city. At first they intended to return to hiding, but then they saw flames leaping up about them and Turks were running about with torches. Then came a roar of conflagration, screams of women and children and hoarse yells of men. They saw Macedonian women burst through doors of flaming houses and they saw Turks hack them down with swords.

"They are massacring our women!" shouted Urookoff. "Let's fight, boys!" And they did. They reached a stone watering trough in a public square, climbed inside and opened fire. All were cool, unerring shots, and they did not waste their ammunition. They had dynamite, too, and hurled it among the Turks where it would do the most harm. For a while they had the soldiers in a panic, but remember, it was ten men against 2,000, for none of the townsmen had dared come out.

For two hours young Urookoff and his

brother and his three uncles and their three friends stood off the soldiers. As was afterward known, between them they killed forty-seven and wounded almost 100, and their dynamite wrecked the barracks. But finally they determined to cut their way out—six of them—for Urookoff's brother and one uncle were dead. They dashed into the Turkish lines, fighting hand to hand, young Urookoff shooting with his Colt's revolver.

Three got away, but the Urookoff men were all killed. The survivors said Ivan could have escaped, too, but he remained fighting over the dead bodies of his uncles, his ammunition gone, but using the butt of his gun. There the Turks cut him down.

As we afterward learned, their bodies were thrown into the public square next day and beaten beyond recognition. Over 100 of the townspeople were killed, too, but mostly burned, for, after setting fire to a house the Turks barricaded the doors from outside. Half the Macedonian part of the town was burned.

Now comes the saddest, but inevitable part. Next day all the Macedonians in town, men as well as women and children, were made to walk by the five mangled bodies of the Urookoff boys and their uncles. Each one was made to gaze upon them by the Turks. Among the women came the mother of the two Urookoffs and sister of the three uncles. They made her stand by the bodies of her two sons and her three brothers, but she could only recognize them by the shirts she herself had sewed for them, now torn and blood-soaked. The Turks jeered her, but the bodies might have been stones for all the emotion she showed. She looked the Turks full into their faces and not a tear dimmed her eyes. Then she was allowed to go home to her five small children. It impressed even the ignorant Turkish soldiers, for they insulted her no more.

But to come back to the evening before. There we were, on the ridge of the Rilo mountains, with 2,000 homeless women and

children, waiting for the rest of our men. We expected twenty-five men from Banako—they were to have joined in the attack on Mehomia from the south. Five men of that band showed up; the rest were killed. They had literally walked through the Turkish forces. The men who had guarded the passes showed up next, unhurt, except Tsoncheff's men. They had successfully held Predal pass against 2,500 Turks from Djumaya, who came in answer to a telegraphic call sent before our men had cut the wires. A Bulgarian spy had informed the Turkish commander at Mehomia of our plans. When Tsoncheff heard that the attacks on Mehomia and Bachevo had failed, he fell back and joined us, having lost only four men.

I shall never forget the Razlog valley as I saw it that morning just before dawn. The flames from the three burning towns shot up in fiery pillars, sending mountainous billowy masses of spark-charged smoke rolling eastward. The sky was one lurid glare of blood red, lighting our paths up on the mountains even, so that the trees and rocks about us glowed a dull red. We could hear the low roar of the flames, with here and there the crash of falling timbers.

Then came dawn. We were resting on the ridge, ready to descend on the Bulgarian side. The sight that presented itself was infinitely more heartrending than the carnage of the night before. There were the 3,000 homeless women and children, watching their homes in flames. There were old women who looked apathetically on the misery about them, too stunned to realize it as yet. Some sat with their heads on their knees, others sobbed, shivering, half naked. Children clung to their mothers. Some had carried up their belongings. I saw one small girl sobbing to a doll she had pressed to her breast. One woman still carried an old violin—what she meant to do with it was impossible to tell, but it probably meant more to her than we could see. The most pathetic were the old men and women, their gray hair disheveled, gazing in bewildered peevishness about them, or weeping quietly but bitterly. Then I looked about among our men and I saw more than one choking back unsuccessfully the same emotions I felt.

A bugle call brought all us bandmen to our feet. We got the women up, and then continued our march to Bulgaria and safety. Of the suffering that our poor women endured the next two days I cannot write. Many did not reach Rilo monastery across the border with us. But every man on that march then became, if he was not already so, imbued with a hatred for Turks that only death can end.

IVAN M. RADOULOFF.

## A Soft Answer

Mr. Pecksniff—I must say, Mr. Naybor, I'm quite surprised at you. Why are you watering your garden today?

Mr. Naybor—Simply because the plants need it.

Mr. Pecksniff—But don't you know this is the Sabbath?

Mr. Naybor—Of course, I know it; but the plants don't.—Philadelphia Press.

## Carpenter's Letter

(Continued from Page Twelve.)

the helpful friend of our empire. As you know one of the most important events in Japanese history since the time of the restoration was the conclusion of treaties whereby Japan gained a foothold of perfect equality with all other nations. This marked an epoch in the history of international relations between the east and west, and no nation did more in assisting Japan to bring it about than the United States.

"You have been singularly fortunate," continued the minister, "in your representatives to my country, and as I call them to mind, names stand forth which I am sure will always have a foremost place in the history of Japan. Commodore Perry, Townsend Harris, John A. Bingham and others I might mention are names to conjure with in my country, because they represent in its fullest sense that considerate and helpful kindness that has always been shown in the conduct of the United States for Japan. I feel certain that as American enterprise extends farther and farther across the Pacific to those countries which now offer the best fields for its energies, the industrial, commercial and financial interests of the two nations will be woven more and more closely together. That this result may not be long delayed is, I can assure you, the ardent wish of the great mass of my countrymen."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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