

GLIMPSES into the MIND of a CHILD

The only glimpses one gets into the real mind of the child is through the expressions it uses, the questions asked, and the suggestions made when it is prompted through healthy curiosity or through a sudden realization of the meaning of something. The distinction must be made between these almost unconscious outcroppings of the mind and the more frequent questionings of the child when it wishes to hear itself talk, to attract attention, or to "set smart" in the presence of company.

It is the mother, for she sees the child the more constantly, and therefore the more often, when its mind is absolutely free from outside suggestion, who has the best opportunity for looking at this mind through those clearer windows of unconscious expression. Probably all small children's minds operate similarly, but it is rarely that the mother is a clear enough student of the psychological to grasp the meaning of these expressions, or methodical and thoughtful enough to set down a record of them. One mother, however, has done so, and, although we would call this particular child precocious, overbright, and nervous, we will assume that his thoughts are the thoughts of childhood the world over, and some of these expressions from the mother's diary, which seem to us probably will be the most common to all children, although not spoken by many who think them, are these:

I came into the world, mamma, because I loved you so much.
I wish I was your dress, then I could be always near you.
Is the ceiling a floor turned upside down? Is the pavement the floor of out of doors?
Where is the night gone? Under the world, is it?
You shouldn't spank little boys; it's cruel; you should tell them not to do it again, but not spank them.

What Is Heaven's Sky?

When I fly like a bird and go up to God, will there be another sky there and another God above that? If not, what will there be instead of sky?

When I'm a bird (i. e., an angel) will Pausan (his dog) be a bird, too? Or, if not, how will he get to heaven? Paws don't fly.

When I'm a bird I shouldn't let the thunder come near you. Where does the rain come from? The other side of the world? And does their rain come from here?

Will the next row I make be the old row come back again or will it be a new row? (Shouting.) Has that little row reached the other one yet?

Shall I walk on the moon when I'm in heaven?

Where is last summer gone? Or will next summer be last summer come back?

What is that Dustman that throws dust in children's eyes? And what does he do with the other things besides dust, paper, and cat's dinners, and other rubbish?

He—"How can we go to heaven if we die on earth?"

Mother—"It isn't your body that goes to heaven. It's your spirit, that part of you that thinks."

He—"O, I know, my brain."

Is God making country when he is not making people? I know why it would be wrong for a lady to have two husbands. It is because it would be greedy.

He watching burnt papers fly up the chimney—"Where do the papers go to?" Mother—"Into the air, I suppose."

He—"Why not to heaven? Or isn't there a heaven for papers?"

He—"Did God make the angels?" Mother—"Yes." He—"How was it they were singing when he was born?"

He—"I used to wish to get big, but now I don't." Mother



This is God's house, isn't it? What a lot of people come to see him!

Will you be called Dearly or Darling? Dearly's silver and Darling's gold. I'd better call you Darling.

He—"Will you please let me have a picture of Our Lord's Father to hang above my bed? I want to know what he looks like."

Mother—"You've seen him in a picture, leaning from the clouds above Our Lord." He—"I remember now. An old gentleman." Mother—"He is represented like that because he is God the Father. He is much more beautiful and wonderful than we can imagine." He—"I see. He's better than his photographs."

He—"Why do trees live so much longer than us?" Mother—"Because the natural duration of their lives is longer."

He—"Haven't they a good life, always in the open air? And the beautiful leaves and the birds come to them. When they're old do they suffer?" Mother—"I think not. I hope not." He—"Do they mind us climbing them?" Mother—"Not unless we break a bough. That would be like breaking a limb." He—"They don't mind us taking a leaf, do they? For if they did I shouldn't do it. But I think it's only like when I have my hair cut."

He—"Is there any way of escaping from this world?" Mother—"Only by dying." He—"Your mother has escaped, hasn't she?"

Why is it I can't see the wind, or the voices of the people talking, or my own voice?

"Ducks Weren't Drowned."

When all the world was drowned ducks weren't drowned, were they?

He—"What do people look like when they are dead?" Mother—"People don't die; they are born again." He—"What's that word, death, for then?" Mother—"It only

means that we go to heaven." He—"But what do we look like? What's left of us when we go to heaven? Skin and all that?"

(To his mother)—You are as beautiful as a rainbow. You are as beautiful as a holy person.

I'll give you gold brushes for a Christmas present. Silver is for gentlemen. Gold sounds like a lady—doesn't it?

People get tired of everything, except mamma.

He—"Can Protestants and Catholics go to heaven?" Mother—"Yes." He—"Why are there Protestants and Catholics, then?"

FROM NEAR AND FAR.

SEA MINE EXPLODING.



The fearful force of the explosion of a submarine mine is told by the ascending column of water.

DIVING ON A BICYCLE.



A daring English bicyclist made several thrilling dives from bluffs and piers at Eastbourne. The camera caught him as he was descending after riding off a high pier.

FOX'S FOSTER-MOTHER.



The young fox was reared by the cat, who is his companion in the child's lap.

SHRIMP FISHERS.



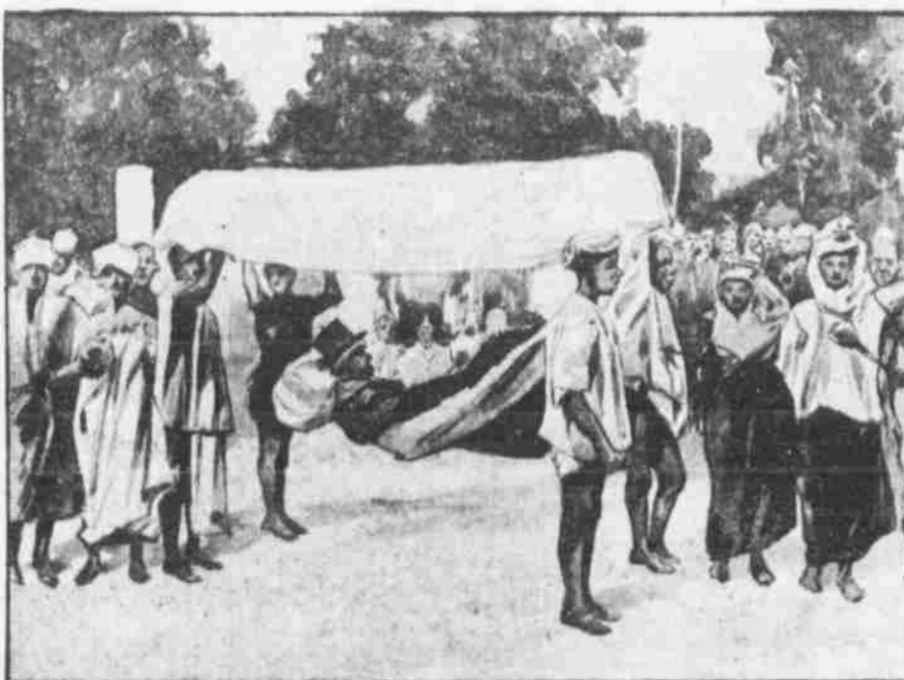
Ten million pounds of shrimps are caught annually on the German coast. Most of them are netted at depths of thirty or forty feet, but a great many men and women still earn a living by gathering shrimps from the flat beaches at low tide.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



Where is the old fisherman?

QUEEN MESSI RIDING IN STATE.



The paramount chief of the Krims of Africa affects anklets and a silk hat while being carried in a hammock to court functions. Queen Messia is the fashion maker of equatorial Africa and the women of her court imitate but never equal her. Her hammock bearers are of the nobility, the strongest men of her tribe.

RUSSIAN GIRL.



The old local costumes are still worn in many parts of Russia. There is great variety in them, but rich embroidery and an imposing head-dress of some sort are common to all. This girl is from the north of Russia. The southerners, and especially the Cossack women, are much more gorgeously attired.

PRECIOUS PIG.



The Breton peasant looks upon his pig as his fortune, for pork sells at fifteen cents a pound all through France, and there is a great demand for it because of the high price of beef and mutton.

CABBAGES.



The porters of the market place in Paris carry, strapped on their backs, great baskets full of garden produce. Often you see a man with a load of cabbages that is bigger than himself.

SCHOOL GIRL PRODIGY.



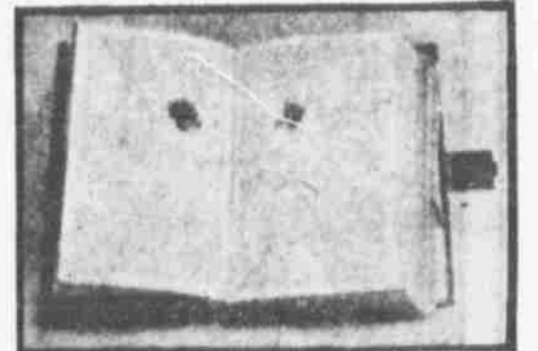
Violet Firth, a 12 year old English girl, has written a volume of verses of which over 3,000 volumes have been sold.

WIDOW'S WEEDS.



French mourning costumes are proverbially coquetish, but the widow's weeds which were worn in Rouen in the early part of the last century were frivolous as springtime flowers.

BIBLE THAT SAVED A LIFE.



Capt. Daniel Ellis, an Englishman, who served in the Confederate navy during the American civil war, carries a Bible which saved his life. A bullet was imbedded in the book, which he carried over his heart.

INTERIOR OF A SUBMARINE BOAT.



The picture shows a French boat, and the French terms are easily translated even if you don't know French.