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The Kindergarten Journal, Vol.1 No.3

Elizabeth Harrison

J.N. Crouse

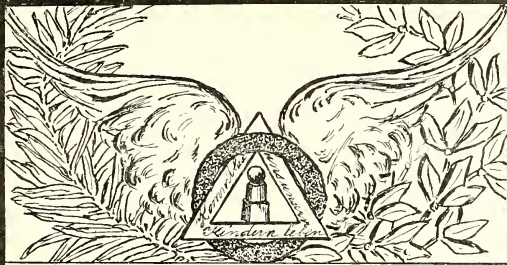
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Autumn 1910

Price Ten Cents

Kindergarten Journal

BEING a continuation of news-letters sent to members in Nineteen-four and Nineteen-five, inspired by the success of the Alumnae Annual of Nineteen Hundred, and successor to the Alumnae News.

Published Quarterly

Forty Cents a Year

By Mrs. Todd Lunsford and Mrs. Florence Capron. (Under the auspices of the Chicago Kindergarten College Alumnae Association.)

Office, 1200 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Vol. 1

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No. 3



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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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3. It must be written on one side only of the paper.
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5. All contributions for this department must be in the office of the Kindergarten Journal one month before the regular date of issue.

* * *

We are enabled to make this offer of prizes through the generosity and interest of Miss Harrison, who hopes to see THE KINDERGARTEN JOURNAL some day take a worthy place in the educational field; and Miss Caroline Harris, President of the Alumnae Association of the C. K. C. for 1909-1910; and Miss Netta Faris, Principal of the Cleveland Training School.

The judges of this contest will be Miss Harrison, Mrs. Emma A. Beebe and Mrs. Robins.

* * *

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The Kindergarten Journal

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 MRS. FLORENCE CAPRON } - - - - - Editors

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Prayer

*Heavenly Father, guide our foot-steps
All the happy hours of light;
Heavenly Father, guard and keep us
Through the dark, mysterious night.*



See "MOTHERHOOD IN INDIA"

The Little Hero of the Coal Mine

Adapted by Laura Ella Cragin.

CHILDREN, do you know where we get our coal? From way under the ground, and men who are called miners, have to go down there in the dark and dig it out for us to use. Boys, also, help in this work and it is of one of these boys that I want to tell you to-day. His name was Jim and he was always bright and happy, even though he did have such hard work to do.

One day the overseer, the man who directs the miners about their work, asked Jim to take a letter to Mr. Lloyd, who owned the mine. Jim was very glad to do this errand, so he took the letter, climbed into the basket, in which the miners go up and down, and soon reached the top. He then ran across the fields to Mr. Lloyd's house. As he came near it, he met Fred, Mr. Lloyd's little boy, just about his own age, who took him to his father. "It's a boy from the coal-pit, Papa," Fred said, and then he ran off to join the boys on the lawn, with whom he was playing.

Jim held out the letter in his little black hand and said, "The overseer asked me to bring it to you, sir." He pulled off his piece of a cap and held it in his hand, for he wanted Mr. Lloyd to see that his mother had taught him to be polite, even though he was only a little boy from the coal mine.

"Very well, my little fellow, come in, while I read it," replied Mr. Lloyd. "Or no," he added, as he saw how black and sooty Jim was from the coal dust, "will you wait here on the porch, I will not keep you long."

Jim waited a few minutes and then he ran down the steps and threw himself on the grass. You children who can see the blue sky and the sunshine and all the beautiful things out-of-doors at any time, can never know how wonderful everything looked to Jim, who had to stay in the dark mine all day long. He looked up at the clouds floating across the sky and then towards the hills which rose in the distance. The garden about Mr. Lloyd's house, with its lovely roses and other flowers, its beautiful trees, and its fountain, throwing a spray of water into the air, seemed like fairyland to little Jim. He watched the birds twittering in the branches; the bluebirds, orioles and red-headed woodpeckers, and he laughed as a black-eyed squirrel ran past him and raced up a big oak tree that stood near. "I suppose the Garden of Eden was something like this," thought Jim, for his mother used often to tell him interesting stories from the Bible.

He looked down at himself and thought how different he was from this beautiful clean place. His ragged shirt and his trousers were covered with soot and his face, hands and bare legs were all black as black could be. Some pretty little girls were playing in the garden and Jim watched their white dresses, flying curls and bright ribbons. Then over in the field, the boys were having a fine game of base-ball. "If I didn't look like such a lump of soot, I'd go and watch 'em," thought Jim.

Just then a little girl prettier than any of the others came out on the porch and beckoned to him. Off went his hat again. "It's my birthday and I have a party and Papa said I might give these to you," she said, as she handed him a plate of ice cream and cake and some oranges.

Do you know, children, Jim had never tasted ice cream in all his life and as he was hot and tired, you can just think how good it looked! "I thank you so much," he said, laughing all over his black face.

He ate the ice cream and cake and put the oranges in his pocket to take home to his mother and just then Mr. Lloyd called him into the library. "Please give this letter to the overseer, Jim," he said, "and here is some money for your trouble."

But Jim could hardly answer as he was looking at the books which were all about the walls. He had never seen so many, for in his little home they had only two, the Bible, and the primer, out of which he was trying hard to learn to read at night. "How nice it must be to be a gentleman and have all these books," thought Jim. Then he put the letter in his pocket, thanked Mr. Lloyd for the money and ran down the lawn.

Just as he came near the baseball field—swish! the ball whizzed by him away outside the ground. Away went Jim after it and quick as a flash he caught it and threw it straight into the hands of the pitcher. "A good throw," shouted the boys, "come and join us."

Fred, Mr. Lloyd's son, who was nearest him, came up to urge Jim to play. "Never mind the soot," he said, as Jim looked down at his clothes.

"No, I can't stop," said Jim, "for I must take this letter to the overseer, but oh, how I wish I could!"

As he ran on, he just longed to play ball with those nice boys. Sometimes he had played with the miners but they used such bad words and were so rough and cross to little boys that it wasn't much fun to have a game with them. "It's a fine thing to be a gentleman," again thought Jim. He knew, now that he had seen Fred, just what kind of a boy his mother wanted him to be.

Soon he came to the little shanty where he lived and there was his dear mother watching for him. The miners' homes were only one room huts near the mine and in front of them was yellow clay on which the coal was dumped. Jim had to go down into the mine at five o'clock every morning and he did not come out until after dark. Down there he saw only the long black tunnels with coal; coal everywhere and the miners moving about, with their little red lamps stuck in their caps. But this was a holiday for Jim, as he had been given the errand to do, so his mother had cooked his dinner early and she told him he would have time for a wash before he went back to the mine. How good the water felt, and it was such fun to come white again and not be a little black boy all the time!

As he sat down to his dinner, his mother asked him to tell her of all that he had seen. She was quite lame and could not work and had no one to take care of her but Jim. But he loved her dearly and

was always glad to work for her. He had so much to tell her of the beautiful house, the garden with the roses, the birds and fountains, the sunshine and blue sky that he could hardly eat his dinner. He told her, too, of the dear little girl who brought him the ice cream, of the large room filled with books and of Fred and the other nice boys. "Oh, Mother, I wish I was a gentleman," he said. "I do wish we might leave the coal-pit."

His mother bent over and kissed him and said: "Mother wishes she could give all the ice cream and books in the world to her dear boy. But now it is time to go."

Jim put the little lamp in his cap, took his pick and kissed his mother good-bye. As he went down, down in the basket into the great dark mine, he thought of the garden where the roses grew, the birds sang and the sun shone all day long.

It was eight o'clock before he was ready to come up. He had been working in one of the narrow tunnels all by himself, for one of the things that makes the lives of these boys so hard is that they have to be so much alone. If a boy can laugh and talk with other fellows, he doesn't mind hard work so much, but when he is alone, hour after hour, he has to whistle and try hard to be as cheerful and bright as Jim always was. Now at eight o'clock Jim was at last ready to come up. The coal mine where he worked was dug in long tunnels, all starting from one place where the shaft was sunk. The basket ran up and down this shaft and it was only there that the miners could get out.

Jim trundled his wheelbarrow along the dark passages, which were lit only by the little red gleam that the lamp in his cap threw before him. As he turned into the long tunnel which led to the shaft, he noticed a very curious smell. There is so much danger in the mines that even the boys learn to watch very carefully. Jim stopped and drew a long breath, so he could smell better. Something in the air choked him and filled his eyes with tears, and as he went on, it became hotter. He left his barrow, jumped over a great pile of coal that lay in his way and ran to the end of the tunnel. A thick smoke drove him back, for the wooden sheds at the foot of the shaft were on fire. But the basket still hung there and Jim had only to step into it, pull the rope and in five minutes he would be safe in the open air again. He caught the rope, put one foot in the basket and then he stopped to think. The men—one hundred and eighty of them—were all in the tunnels and knew nothing of their danger. Soon the fire and smoke would kill them all, if they were not told of it.

But what could he do? If he went and told the people outside and they tried to put the fire out with water, the steam, rushing through the tunnel, would kill the miners. Jim knew well all these dangers. "But they may be a mile away," he thought, "and if I go and tell them, I may not get out myself."

The fire blazed about him and grew hotter every minute. "I can't die and leave Mother," cried poor little Jim, shivering with fear. "Who will take care of her?" But the next moment he took his foot out of the basket. "I must tell the men," he said, "God will take care of Mother." Then he took a long breath, asked God to help

him and ran past the fire down the long tunnel.

An hour after that a group of white-faced men struggled through the long tunnel to the place farthest from the fire. "Here it is nearest the top," they said, and they began to try to dig their way out with their picks and shovels. Some made a wall of mud and ashes to keep the fire away from them. All night long they worked, while the fire came nearer and nearer. They were too tired to dig much longer and they feared they must die. Little Jim, for whom they all tenderly cared, lay quite white and still.

Suddenly they heard a noise like thunder above them, then another and another. Their friends had heard them trying to get out and were digging down to them. Oh, how glad and thankful they were! Soon the noise grew clearer, they could hear the voices of their friends and neighbors and then the ground broke over their heads and the air and sunlight streamed in. As the pale half-dead men were lifted out, the crowds, who had gathered about the mine, cheered and cheered. One of the miners staggered to his feet. "We are all here," he said, "and we are all alive, except this boy. It's Jim. He saved us and he's dead."

"Oh, I hope not," said Mr. Lloyd, "give him to me."

He took poor sooty little Jim in his arms very tenderly and carried him to one side. "Do not call his mother yet," he said. Then he opened Jim's shirt and rubbed him and gave him something warm to drink. "Call her now," he said, and there was Jim sitting up in his arms. He was trembling and was very weak but his blue eyes were as bright as ever and he was trying to cheer, as he waved his little cap. Oh, I wish you could have heard the people then, children! It was like thunder the way they cheered.

Every one pressed about Jim, each longing to take him. But Mr. Lloyd kept him in his arms, while his mother held his poor little burned feet. Then Mr. Lloyd spoke loudly so all might hear him. "I did very wrong not to have more than one shaft in my mine where you men could get out. I will rebuild it and sink other shafts, so such a dreadful accident may never happen again. If it had not been for Jim, you might now all be dead and I should feel that I had killed you. But Jim has saved you all and now I want to say that my home shall be his and his mother's as long as they live. As I take care of my own son, so I will take care of Jim."

So little Jim went to the beautiful house to live among the books, the birds and the sunshine and he was always the same helpful, happy little boy he had been when he worked in the coal mine.

[Note.—When I was a little girl, it was a great joy to me to curl up in a cosy corner and bury myself in an old scrap-book of my father's. One of my favorite stories was this one of the brave little boy who risked his own life to save that of others. It was called "The Coal-Pit Boy" and the author's name was not given. In recent years I have often told the story, finding that children always heard it with the same delight it gave me in those early days. I have now adapted it for children of the Kindergarten age and am glad to share it with a wider circle.—L. E. C.]

Kathleen's Visit to Fairyland

Prize Story

Cordelia Olmstead

(Age 13)

It was a hot, sultry day in August and Kathleen had been lying in the orchard under the trees, reading the "Blue Fairy Book," and had just finished "Snow White" and "Red Rose" when looking up she saw, yes, she was not mistaken, a little fairy perched on the petal of a wild rose.

He tilted his head to one side and looking straight at Kathleen said:

"So you're one of the children who do not believe in fairies, are you?"

"Who said I didn't believe in fairies?" snapped Kathleen, who, I am very sorry to say, was often snappish. The fairy laughed softly.

"Who, indeed?" he said. Then as if to drop the subject asked, "Have you ever seen fairyland?"

"No, and I don't know as I care to," replied Kathleen, picking up her book and preparing to go to the house.

"Come now," said the fairy, whose name was Nip, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Children often say things they do not mean; but wouldn't you like to come with me and see fairyland?"

After some hesitation Kathleen consented.

"Is it very far?" she asked. "I'm afraid it's too hot to walk a great deal."

"Will you allow me," asked Nip, "to perform some magic?"

Kathleen, inwardly quaking, told him he might and was surprised to find herself growing smaller and smaller until she was no larger than Nip himself.

At Nip's bidding she climbed up into the rose with some difficulty and then taking Nip's hand they went down into the rose.

"I will take you to see the queen first," said Nip, "and if she asks you any questions I advise you to answer them truthfully." That was all, but it was enough to let Kathleen know that truth was respected as much in fairyland as it is any other place.

The queen's palace was like a large rose. As for the queen herself, Kathleen had never seen a prettier person anywhere than Queen Rosebud, and when asked by the queen if she believed in fairies, she said simply, "I didn't believe in them so much before but I do now, with all my heart."

Then the queen said to Nip, "Take her to the 'Faults.'"

Wondering, Kathleen followed Nip, who stopped before a large building marked "Faults." Inside it was like a postoffice, only the boxes were marked with names instead of numbers.

The "fault" master gave Nip a bunch of keys and directed him to a box marked "Kathleen Armstrong." It was no sooner opened than several bees flew out and Kathleen cried out with pain when they began to sting her, but at Nip's word they settled back in the box where

Kathleen could read their names. One was "Impatience," another "Laziness," another, "Temper," another, "Jealousy," and another, "Unkind Remarks." Kathleen blushed as red as a peony and decided then and there that she would try at least to overcome those faults. Nip next took her to the school where a number of fairies were with difficulty learning, instead of the A, B, C's, the names of all the different kinds of flowers.

Then Nip took Kathleen to his own home and introduced her to his own family and after having a lunch with them, Nip took Kathleen to the bottom of the rose down which they had come and just as she was going up she woke up to hear her mother calling her.



LULLABY

Sleep, my little one, sleep
The fairies will their watch keep
They'll laugh and dance and sing for you
They'll tell you pretty stories, too.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.



The children in a foreign kindergarten had been taking up the finger family, and after having named each finger on the hand appropriately, the director had made quite a game of seeing how quickly the children could hold up the right fingers to indicate the various members of the family. One day, as she was returning late in the afternoon from a tour of calls, she met one of her little pupils out alone and at quite a distance from her own home. "Why Susie," exclaimed the director, in some surprise, "where is your mother?" Before you could say "Jack Robinson" Susie's thumb shot up, while the smile on her face seemed to say, "You didn't catch me this time."



A small boy who had just begun the study of hygiene, came home at the end of his first day and said: "Auntie, I am studying theology." "Why," exclaimed his Auntie, "You must be mistaken," "No," he insisted, "I am studying theology. I am sure I am." "Well tell me what it is about, dear," said his Aunt. He promptly responded, "It's all about your insides."

Motherhood in India

Mrs. D. C. Churchill,
American Marathi Mission, Ahmednagar, India.

THE condition of a large majority of the children in India is not unlike that which prevails in any slum district in one of our large cities. The boys and girls have no home in any real sense of the word. They have a shelter, comfortable or wretched according to the circumstances of their parents, where they sleep at night, and where food is obtained when hunger drives them in. The rest of their waking hours is spent on the street and in school. Brought up in superstition and dense ignorance of everything pertaining to their well being, or even the most ordinary rules of sanitation, if any refining or uplifting influences are to be brought to bear upon them, they must be found in the kindergarten. The teacher realizes that she must assume the responsibility of the parents in physical, mental and moral discipline.

A class for mothers, while strongly desirable, is not easy to form. Many of the mothers are out working all day at unskilled but hard manual labor, such as working in the fields, breaking stones for the road or carrying earth and stones for building purposes. The only problem they can grasp is how to eke out a mere existence. Anything further than that has no place in their limited horizon. Most of them are busy with home duties and the care of younger children or assist their husbands in their trade. To get them all together at a regular time, would be a hard feat to accomplish.

But there is a way to reach the mothers through the children which has a far-reaching influence. Curiosity will at first draw the individual mothers to the kindergarten. In case of many this deepens into interest and they will come again as often as they can make an opportunity to do so. The idea of gentleness being able to accomplish what heretofore was only made possible by blows and sharp words is a totally new one. The sunshiny atmosphere, the keen interest of the children, their eagerness to learn, their tractability, is a revelation. The idea of imparting knowledge or impressing a truth by means of an interesting story has in it food for thought.

When the children bring home a few seeds and try to cultivate a small garden, the possibilities of enjoyment in beauty close at hand and not hard to obtain, awakens a conscious desire for the beautiful whose very existence was before unsuspected. The Christmas songs and stories bring home to the parents the real meaning of Christmas as many a sermon would not do and, perhaps for the first time in their lives, the true significance of the verse "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is revealed to them when their children, with excited smiles bring to them their first present, painstakingly and laboriously made in the class room "For Mother."

What is true of the influence of the kindergarten here, is even more true in foreign countries. It is a beacon light not only to the children but to their parents as well. It teaches, uplifts and sweetens,

first the children, through them their mothers, and in natural sequence the home itself.

The kindergarten is still in its infancy in India. Only a few have been established and the work to do is overwhelming. As the idea develops and strengthens, the ability to reach the mothers by means of clubs, or in other ways better adapted to their needs, will also increase.



AN OLD STORY

Anna Kapples.

'Twas only a little sunbeam
That came to earth one day;
But the world seemed all the brighter
For that one small, cheerful ray.

'Twas only a tiny raindrop
That dropped from out the sky;
But it cheered the anxious farmer
For it showed that rain was nigh.

'Twas only a wee, wee flow'ret
That peeped from out the ground;
But it told that spring was coming
And spread joy all around.

'Twas but a kind word spoken,
Yet it chased away a tear;
And brought the sunshine to the face
Of a little playmate dear.

'Twas but a tiny acorn
That to a great oak grew;
'Tis but the old, old story,
And yet 'tis ever new.



Miss Laura E. Cragin contributes the following anecdote: In my story hour last winter there was a bright little fellow of four. One day he suddenly asked me: "Miss Cragin, do you know that God is a spirit?" Wishing to find out what he knew I asked: "What is a spirit, John?" "A spirit," he promptly replied, "is a comet with a star at one end and a long tail at the other!" This certainly confirmed me in my opinion that it is unwise to give children ideas beyond their comprehension. This was the same little boy who said one day: "Miss Cragin, if you have anything jokable for us, I am all ready to laugh."

Mother's Department

[There has been such a steady asking for the Journal to open a department devoted to the "real mothers." These real mothers say "we read much about dealing with the child in the kindergarten, but please remember that one child in the home is often more difficult to manage than the same child surrounded by fifty children in the kindergarten. Please write something for us." Hence our "Mothers' Department."]

Nature Study for Little Folks

Jessie Davis.

The study of nature is rather a broad subject. In general it includes a study of all phases of the created world. Nature is the outer world in which we live. We are born into this world of nature, are a part of it, are dependent upon it for everything we do, so that naturally it forces itself upon our attention. The study of nature, therefore, is a very old subject, being as old as man himself.

Nature study began when men began to observe and wonder about the things they saw happening in the world around them. They saw and noted the movements of sun, moon and stars. They noted the changing seasons, and learned how to prepare for these changes. They found out what plants and animals were good for food, and learned how to obtain them. They learned how to take care of these plants and animals. This study of nature had its influence on all their work. Men began very early to learn how to use nature's forces, materials, and how to apply and measure both forces and materials so as to begin to master them. The work of mankind is a product of the study of nature.

In this early study of nature, men observed the phenomena of nature, but they did not know nature's laws. They believed the cause of every change in nature was a god who could do whatever he pleased, and who was not bound by any law. So, although men knew a good deal of *what* happened in the world of nature, they knew little or nothing of *why* it happened.

Development of Scientific Study. For thousands of years, as long as man lived in or near his primitive home, this remained his attitude toward nature. He received things from nature as from the hand of a god, without questioning how they came. But, although nature provided for man, yet he was also forced to make some effort to provide for himself. Every time man migrated, he was forced to conquer nature, to some extent, in order to make a new home for himself. This is why, that, out of the great stream of migration which flowed over Europe, out of the great struggle which man there carried on with the forces of nature, there finally arose a study of nature's laws. The sciences had their birth, not in Asia, the cradle of the human race but in Europe; born of man's struggle with nature. No doubt, even in Asia there were many indications of the coming sciences, but their definite development began in Europe.

Indeed, it is only within the last four hundred years that their great progress has been made. It is really only the nineteenth century which has received the name of the scientific century.

So men began, slowly at first, to study causes and effects in nature. They began to find out that they could themselves control nature to some extent through a knowledge of her laws. They began to separate nature into her various phases, and to study each phase separately. Each phase of nature gave rise to its own science. And in its turn, each science has given rise to many divisions of itself. Scientific study is a study of the details which go to make up the whole. It corresponds to the specialization which is being more and more carried out on all lines of work.

This scientific study is revolutionizing all man's life and work. It is teaching him so to use the forces and materials which nature furnishes, as gradually to transform both nature and man from a wild to civilized state. Instead of yielding to the forces of nature, man has harnessed them, making them serve him. Instead of receiving food, shelter and clothing directly from nature, man controls nature, making her produce what he needs. Scientific study has brought about wonderful changes in man's way of living. It has taught man to provide for himself a better world in which to live. Through it he is domesticating and protecting the world of nature; not only plants and animals but the very soil.

Last of all has science sought to discover the beginnings of life itself. The science of Embryology has taught us if not the source of life, at least much about its development from its simplest beginnings. It is, more than any other one science, responsible for the great interest which is now being shown in Child Study. It is responsible, to some extent, for the maxim that the development of the child parallels the development of the race.

The Child's Point of View. This study of the beginnings of life, while it may help us to study the child, is not a child's study. If it is true that the child develops as the race develops, then the child's interest in nature is not the scientific interest. Yet the germination of seeds is frequently taken as the point at which to begin Nature Study with little children. The whole educational world has had its interest so aroused in this study of embryology that, with great enthusiasm, it has been begun, not only in the Primary grades, but even in the Kindergartens.

Yet primitive man did not begin at this point. It has been the last, not the first, phase of the study of nature. The little child begins where primitive man began, with a simple interest in and wonder about the world of nature. Moving things attract his attention; he watches, and later imitates them. Through imitating them he soon begins to wonder as to the cause of their movement. Really he is then beginning to study nature for he is beginning to find out what is happening in the outer world. He begins to observe and participate in the *life* of nature.

What the child needs is not instruction about nature, but an opportunity for his own natural interest in the world about him to develop. He naturally interprets other life by his own. Older people can best help children by taking this same viewpoint. They should

cultivate in themselves, and so in the children, a love for and a sympathy with living things. This sympathy is never developed by pulling living things to pieces. We can teach a little child nothing important for him to learn by letting him pick to pieces a germinating seed. He will learn much more by planting the seed and watching it grow. The collecting of insects is not at all helpful to young children. Rather should they watch the habits of these insects. The child should be taught to respect life. He may watch it, but not touch it, and especially not destroy it. Only the scientific specialist is justified in destroying life for the higher purpose of protecting life.

The following outline is intended to so organize Nature Study as to give place to all its phases:

I. POINT OF CONTACT.

Likeness between the Child's life and life in Nature.	Family Life	{ Parents and Children Home Activity
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II. POINT OF DIFFERENCE.

Unlikeness between the Child's life and life in Nature.	Scientific Study	{ Classification of Fam- Habitat. [illes. Habits.
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III. POINT OF DEVELOPMENT.

Relationship between the Child's life and life in Nature.	Domestication	{ The Call of Life. Protection. The care of animals and plants should lead to greater care of hu- man life.
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I. The child first begins to understand Nature by seeing it in the light of his own experience. His own deepest experience is that of family life, his mother's and father's love and care. All babies need to be taken care of so their earliest experiences relate to this care. The little baby does not understand this care nor why it is given; but he *feels* it and depends upon it. So, when he sees the mother cat and her kittens, or the little birds in the nest, he is greatly interested, and says "Baby baby." A child in Kindergarten once said, "The sun is the papa, the moon is the mamma, and the stars are all their little children." The wave of satisfaction which swept over the entire circle of children, showed that the sentiments of all had been expressed. So deeply does this fundamental experience enter into a child's feelings, that it is a recognized characteristic of childhood to impute life and the family relationship to inanimate as well as animate things. A child will say, "This is the papa stick, this is the mamma stick, and this is the little baby stick," if he has three sticks of varying sizes.

Then, too, the child likes to see the home where the baby animal lives. He is delighted if he can put his hand in a nest and feel how soft and round it is. Because of his own experience of a home, he at once recognizes the purpose of the nest and hole homes of animals. A distinction may here be made between what a child may touch and what he may not touch. He should freely touch that which is inanimate; but, for the most part, should be taught only to look at that which is animate. Whenever he is allowed to touch any living thing,

he should do it very gently. And this care is far more for the sake of its effect upon the child than upon the animal.

What animals do interests the child. Because he can do many things, can move about, he is attracted by the activity of living things. He likes to run and jump as the animals do, to put out his arms and fly with the bird, and wishes he could swim with the fish. Whatever he sees other living things doing, the child, too, wants to do. By imitating their activity he enters into a sympathetic relationship with life in nature, and so comes, *unconsciously*, to understand it, which is always the first understanding.

So the child begins to understand life in nature by expressing it in terms of his own life. And is not that most truly understanding it? Are not the *fundamental* experiences of the child and all other living things the same?

The little child, up to the age of six or seven at least, does not need scientific study. What he does need is the opportunity for observing and participating in the life of nature. His own experiences help him to understand other life in all its fundamental aspects. He needs no other help, except a sympathy from the older person who should adapt herself to his standpoint. This sympathy should show itself in encouraging the child's observations, in giving him good opportunities for acquainting himself with nature, and in answering his questions from the standpoint that all life in nature in its simplest needs, is like human life.

II. When, later, the child begins to observe the difference between himself and other life, we should not begin with what may be called scientific investigation, but with what may be called scientific observation. Scientific investigation, the taking of things apart, should never be used by the child on living things. The proper field for the little child is the inorganic not the organic world. All inorganic things the child may pull to pieces without injury to life. But when he investigates the living thing, he destroys the very thing he wishes to find out, and thus defeats his own end. On the other hand he may use scientific *observation* without harming life.

1. Through observation, aided by pictures, the child now begins to classify the different well-known animals and plants into families. He begins thus, not with *details*, but with general resemblances.

2. He may learn, also through the help of pictures and stories, where these animals and plants live.

3. In the same way he may learn something of their habits.

This gives a good general scientific knowledge which will be of service in understanding the life of nature. How many grown people possess it?

III. Man has domesticated and taken care of nature. He has called animals and plants around the home, rescuing them from a wild state, and improving them. The child possesses this same instinct. Life calls to life. Because the child is alive, he is interested in other living things, and longs to have them and care for them. He, too, needs to protect life.

[Note. In subsequent papers this outline will be worked out in its details, showing just how these points may be, and to some extent have been, carried out in a simple way. Ed.]

Occupations for Wee Folks in the Home

Mrs. E. A. Beebe.

Perhaps you will think because I am a great-grandmother, I should be able to tell all mothers and grandmothers just how to occupy young children, but remember it is forty years since I have lived in the home with little folks. During these forty years there has been such constant study of the child and his needs, there must have been much advance in this direction. Nevertheless, I want to tell you a few simple things that will be of benefit and within the reach of every mother, whether rich or poor.

The first bit of advice I would give, is to let the child under three years find its own occupation, the parent supplying such simple material to work out its self activity, as can be found in any home. A very few things will suffice; a bag of clothes pins on wash day, a bit of dough on baking day, the darning egg or a string of buttons on mending day, etc., will occupy little hands and content little minds for many minutes at a time.

As the child develops he will need more help, as his ideas often run ahead of his manual dexterity. Even after three years of age, I think simple materials are the best; a pair of round pointed scissors, a supply of newspapers and a place that may be littered with the scraps. Let the cutting at first be without direction. You will find that gradually the child will want to make something, and then your aid and suggestions may come in to help carry out an idea. Do not balk at anything you are asked to cut. If you can not do it without drawing or tracing then is a good time to introduce a soft lead pencil and plain paper. A little later a paste-pot will come in play.

Bear constantly in mind that you are to be only an aid to the child in his development. The aim should be toward independent self-activity.

Study your environment and if there is any play place out of doors for your child, make all the use possible of it. Pebbles, sand, twigs, leaves, dandelions, daisies, etc. are fine material. A tub of water,—a barrel cut down to about one-fourth its height so there is no danger of the child falling in,—makes a good play place for sailing boats and learning by experiment the general properties of water. If living near a stream, small fish, snails, turtles and tadpoles may be put in the water to be watched and studied. A fifty-cent load of sand will pay for itself fifty times over. Interest in a box of Hennesey blocks never wears out until the child is in his teens.

Do not introduce kindergarten material in the home. The novelty will be worn off before the child goes to kindergarten. I especially advise this for the reason that the home materials are adequate for the little ones and most suitable as they belong to the home atmosphere. Another reason is this, the unskilled use of kindergarten materials makes it much more difficult for the kindergartner to arouse the interest of the child when he comes to her at four years of age.

My last word is my most important. Remember that all children like to occupy themselves helping mother, and there can be nothing better for them. It takes some patience at times, but it pays.

OUR MOTHERS

A. K.

Who loves you with a love most strong?
Who loves you when you're right or wrong?
Who loves you hard and loves you long?
Your Mother.

Who first looks to the needs of all
Before her own to mind she'll call?
Whose work is large, wants are small?
Your Mother's.

Who rises often in the night
To see if you are sleeping tight,
To see if everything is right?
Your Mother.

Who kisses every aching hurt
In spite of grime and soot and dirt?
Who is to every cry alert?
Your Mother.

Who does the hundred little things,
The trying tasks each new day brings,
While cheerily her sweet voice sings?
Your Mother.

And when you've grown to man's estate
And have achieved a glorious fate,
Whose joy is sure to be most great?
Your Mother's.

In joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
One heart remains unchanged, you know;
One heart is yours, where'er you go.
Your Mother's.

So here's to Mothers, yours and mine,
Yes, here's to them in every clime;
Today, tomorrow, for all time,
Here's to Mothers.

The National Congress of Mothers

Elizabeth Harrison

The 14th annual meeting of the National Congress of Mothers called together about one thousand of the finest women with whom I have ever come in contact. They were from all states and territories of our Union, and, judging from their faces and such conversation as I had with some of them, they are not only dead in earnest in the great work that they have undertaken but they are also alive to the practical problems involved in this work as none but mothers who have brought up families of children can be.

By this I do not mean in any way to discount the great work which has been done and is being done by kindergartners, philanthropists and social workers who are not mothers, as insight always means more than mere experience in life, but when insight and experience are joined there comes certainly the most vital grasp of any subject. And these mothers have, most of them, met with experience which a woman who has not had the responsibility of children in all phases of life can not have had. We can help mothers in their solution of many problems which child nurture brings forth, but we can never take the place of the mother in the solution of these problems.

One had but to meet these women in the halls and waiting rooms of the hotel, or to look them in the face as an audience to realize how thoroughly alive they were.

The progress which the Mothers' Congress has made is a striking illustration of what women can do when awake to their responsibilities. As I looked over the audience which filled the auditorium of one of the large churches of Denver on Sunday afternoon, June 12th, my thoughts went back to those early days when in 1894 Mrs. John N. Crouse came to me with shining eyes and her face aglow with a new thought, and said, "What would you think of our calling together a Convocation of Mothers here in Chicago for the discussion of problems pertaining to the home and family life?" At first the idea seemed to me almost Utopian, but after an animated discussion of the possibilities I consented to our trying it and forthwith announcements were sent out broadcast and eminent specialists were hurriedly induced to talk on the subject of the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of children.

A few days before the Convocation was to open Mrs. Crouse came home after a day of interviewing newspapers and arranging for railway reductions, etc., and said, "I believe we are going to have such a large audience that I have engaged an extra hall for the overflow meeting in case it should be needed." Her husband and I laughed at her enthusiasm and told her that she must be satisfied if our College Hall was half filled, for the idea was wholly new, and that most people would be skeptical upon the possibility of any real good being accomplished by it. However her faith was stronger than ours and she held to it that the mother-heart need but to be called upon and it would respond. On the morning of the opening of the Conven-

tion, she went down to the hall an hour before the time for me to go. I was to give the opening address. When I arrived, you can imagine my surprise and the inner rebuke of lack of faith which I felt as I saw the assembly hall and entrance halls were packed even to the stairway, and it was with great difficulty that I made my way through the eager throng of women to the platform. The overflow meeting was held in the other hall that Mrs. Crouse had engaged and that evening the largest assembly hall in Chicago was engaged for the Convocation.

It was such a great success in interest as well as in numbers that it was repeated the next year by another Convocation at which Mrs. Burney, of Washington was present and after an earnest conference with Mrs. Crouse and myself she enthusiastically said, "This thing ought to be a national affair," and with a heart aflame with love for humanity and faith in the future of the cause she returned to Washington and interested Mrs. Phoebe Hearst in the movement and forthwith organized the National Mothers' Congress which has not ceased to grow in numbers, importance and practical significance from that day to this.

At this fourteenth Convocation, at which I have just spoken, there were speakers from almost every line of work with child life. Judge Lindsay spoke of the value of the Juvenile Court and of what mothers could do to prevent the necessity of criminal courts for children.

Mrs. Orville Bright spoke of the Great Need of Closer Relationship Between Mothers and Teachers, and of the Wonderful Progress which Parents' Associations (thereby including fathers as well as mothers) had made, Illinois being to the front in this movement.

The Deans of six women's colleges spoke on the changes that were coming in woman's education, due to the fact of the awakening to the importance of the mother element in the world's education.

Hygiene and physical welfare were also discussed.

Reports from the various delegates were enough to have changed the most hardened pessimist into a glowing optimist as state after state reported growth and interest and enthusiasm in this great work of the mother-heart.

My own address was on the subject of "Our Nation's Need of Moral Conservation of Its Human Resources."

I came from this gathering with an added enthusiasm for the great work which lies before the kindergartner in the future and the broadening out of the fields of work which she hereafter will be called upon to fill. I wish, with all my heart, you might, every one of you, have been there and have seen and felt the wonderful work that is being done for the children of humanity.



National Story Teller's League

“He who promotes the happiness
of a little child for half an hour
is a fellow-worker with God.”

* * *

The League was organized last March. At that meeting Miss Harrison gave a talk on the Growth and History of the Story Teller's League movement. Miss Fayth Smith of the Chicago Public Library spoke at the May meeting on “The Story in Relation to Sunday School Work,” dwelling on the religious and ethical stories, and gave a list of books for Sunday school workers. At the June meeting, the last of the season, Mrs. Gudrum Thorne-Thomsen took as her topic the value of the story as art literature. Her subject was “The Educational Value of the Story.”

* * *

The program for the coming season is most attractive. Bible heroes, which take up the boy heroes of the Old Testament, being the topic for October and story lists will be given. Thanksgiving stories come in November and they will be classified under the three headings of the universal celebration of Thanksgiving, symbolic Thanksgiving and Biblical stories of the harvest. The December meeting will be devoted to the Christmas thought, Santa Claus stories, symbolic stories and the Christ-child stories being on their program.

* * *

The Chicago Branch of the National Story Teller's League will meet in the Blue Parlor, Handel Hall, at 40 East Randolph Street, at four o'clock, the first Tuesday in every month, and its object is to encourage and develop the art of story telling in the home, school, library and play-ground. No person is eligible to membership who is unwilling to take an active part in story telling or any work essential to the usefulness of the League.

* * *

The officers are:—Honorary President, Miss Elizabeth Harrison; President, Miss Georgene Faulkner; Vice President, Mrs. W. S. Underwood; Secretary, Miss Frances K. Wetmore; Treasurer, Mrs. H. M. Leyda; Librarian, Mrs. C. G. Lumley; Executive Committee, Miss Mary L. Sheldon, Mrs. E. C. Knapp, Dr. Jessie B. Dodds.

* * *

“The child takes each story as a
conquest, grasps each as a treas-
ure and inserts into his own life
for his own advancement and instruct-
tion, what each story teaches and shows.”

Froebel.

[Note. The remainder of the year's program will appear in the winter number of the Kindergarten Journal. Ed.]

Materials of the Kindergarten

[Address delivered by Patty Hill before the Kindergarten Club of Chicago on April 22, 1910.]

Miss Hill said in her introduction that she would attempt to give some of the different uses of material in the kindergarten at present. The following is a synopsis of her remarks:

In order to do this adequately, she said a glimpse into the early use of materials is necessary. In going back to Froebel the marvel is that he, in the newness of the work, succeeded as well as he did in the introduction of materials. The difference between Froebel and others who have used materials in educational work is that Froebel has a connection or sequence between materials. Every gift mirrors its predecessor and suggests its successor. Children should get this relationship in the use of the individual gift. This idea of sequence should mean a look into the steady progress and meaning of materials. In the work of the early kindergartners skill in the use of the individual gift was developed instead of a growth in ideas, a growth in the meaning and significance of materials and in an interpretation of the outside world thru these materials. Early sequences only suggest good use of materials in and of themselves. Moreover, in order that little children might get geometric values, the teacher had to give these thru imitation or dictation. The materials, the ends, and the process were dictated by the teacher. Self-activity was at its own funeral. The responses were all alike. The mistake in this use of Froebel's idea of sequence is not to be laid at his door. He in no way denied the objectivity of the world—materials were to him a sort of divine obstruction. The only way that the child's self-activity can be enriched is by meeting and conquering these obstacles. Froebel again, loved play and wished for art.

A re-action against this error in the use of sequence was brought to life thru child study and genetic psychology which gives a new insight into play. The first result of this re-action was the use of materials for illustration and free play. Materials were merely a medium of expression and were treated too lightly. Too much attention was now paid to ideas and not enough to materials, the medium of ideas. In the first instance, the end was ideas, materials were idols. In the second, the end was ideas, materials were disregarded.

The two greatest modern contributions of value in the effort to get away from these mistakes were those of Dr. Dewey of the "Chicago School of Education" and Dr. Mac Vannel of Teachers' College of Columbia University. Dr. Dewey says that the child's activities with materials were blind—his is an appeal for the freedom of the child to know what he is to make. Dr. Mac Vannel on the other hand says that the materials themselves become stimuli to expression. Dr. Dewey would say to suggest making a play-house and then give the child the materials. Dr. Mac Vannel would first give the child the materials and see what they would suggest to him. He would let children respond in their own ways to the material and then the

teacher select best responses and suggest to the group—again he would let experimentation take place and again expressions would vary and a new selection result.

With little children Dr. Mac Vannel's method is best; with older children when the material is new, Dr. Mac Vannel's method; with older children when the material is known, Dr. Dewey's method is better.

Dr. Mac Vannel's method has some excellent points. The element of variation is splendid—in the moral world there is no morality without two ends; in the world of science there is no evolution without variation; in the aesthetic world there is no art without choice. His sequence is the best we have ever seen. The social co-operation developed is a fine point. His method may be criticized as follows: It counts on a slower emergence of ideas from children than experience would justify. It implies that suggestions from material leave the child free while suggestions from older people do not. In reality ends coming from older people if they are childlike are just as welcome as ends from material or other children. It tends more to arrangement and design than to representation and industry. So much selection and criticism sometimes kills out the play-spirit.



The golden rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

“September,” by Helen Hunt Jackson.

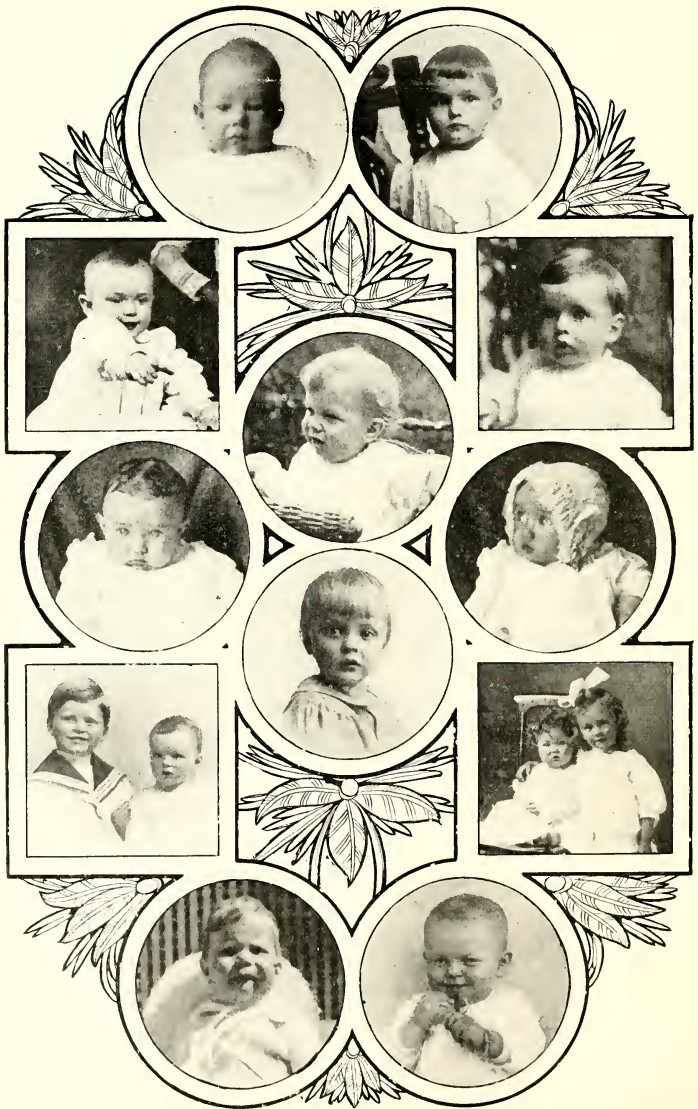
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There is a pleasure in the pathless woods
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Men the less, but Nature more.

“Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,” Byron.



SOME OF OUR COLLEGE BABIES

Personal Mention

Edna Baker.

OUR COLLEGE BABIES.

The latest addition to the College family is the little daughter of Mary Martindale Noyes, '95. She made her appearance in August, 1910.

Another College daughter arrived on June 25th, 1910, in Orange, New Jersey. She has a most attractive little mother in Nell Besse, '07. Her father, Mr. W. B. Patrick, is the proudest man in Orange, so they say.

Morton Yoder, Jr., the small son of Edith Morton Yoder, '00, is now a year and a half old.

Marguerite Farabee Templeton, ex-'06, has a little son ten and a half months old, and the picture of health. They recently moved from New York to Philadelphia.

Ruth Anderson Miller, '01, has a little daughter, from whom we received the following letter:

Dear Kindergarten Journal:—Last summer I cut my eye teeth in Florida, one stomach tooth in Indiana, and one in New York. When you say Kindergarten, I know what that is. My mother had one for five weeks for me last spring at Ormond-on-the-Halifax. I was two and a half, most of my little friends were three, and one big boy was past four. We had a good time, and closed with a picnic on the beach. We are spending this summer in Philadelphia where I am enjoying the music, parks, and "zoo." Lovingly,

ELIZABETH WILLSON MILLER.

Robert Williams, Jr., of Kansas City, is the four-year-old son of Florence Ross Williams. His father is a physician.

Charlotte Hormel Stewart, ex-'05, is living on one of the famous fruit ranches in Yakima, Washington. She is the ideal mother of four children, a boy and three girls.

Rogers McVaugh celebrated his first birthday on May 30th. Mrs. McVaugh, (Elizabeth C. Skinner, '98.) writes: "He seems a very strong baby, and is as good as gold. I often think he has more sense than his mother, though I am supposed to have had quite an experience in child nurture. He is always jolly and seems to find life very agreeable." Mr. and Mrs. McVaugh have been living in her old home town in Hudson, New York, since June and contemplate buying a fruit farm in that vicinity.

Jane Dale Power, ex-'07, is the mother of two small sons, William Whiteman Power, Jr., born October 27, 1908, and John Dale Power, who came December 6, 1909.

Princess Bridge Trowbridge, '04, has two children to present to the alumnae, one of whom she hopes will be a kindergartner. The elder is a boy, sixteen months old; the younger, a girl of four months. The boy walked at twelve months and has a tooth for every month.

Mattie McMinn Schlundt, '93, writes: "We have lived eight years

in Columbia, Missouri. Mr. Schlundt is professor of Physical Chemistry in the State University here. We have two little daughters, Anna eight years old, and Esther, five. About a year and a half ago, we moved into a new home on the outskirts of the city. Here the children are learning many of Nature's secrets, and their joy in this intimacy with all living things is unbounded. Every year my grasp of Froebel's principles becomes more vital; and next to the care of my own family, I consider it my life-work to give these principles to other mothers."

Elsie Ayres Riddle, '99, has a beautiful little boy of four and a half, and a little girl of three. She married Judge Harry Riddle of Denver, Colorado. Two of our Chicago Alumnae, who were west this summer, came back with many anecdotes of Mrs. Riddle's children, and lead us to believe that they are unusual, even among exemplary College babies.

This from Carrie Newell Pierce, '05, who has two bright little girls: "Every once in a while I hear a solemn echo from C. K. C. announce, 'The child develops as the race developed.' A few nights ago the echo was stronger than usual when Mary Adelaide (up far later than usual) saw the new moon and cried, 'O, Mamma, the moon has his mouth wide open. How will he ever get it shut?' Is there not a very similar Indian legend?"

"Sandy, whose real name is Arthur Andrews Holbrooke,"—to quote from a recent letter of his mother, Bertha Andrews Holbrooke, '96, "is a red, white and blue lad of four and a half and where he got his red hair and blue eyes, nobody knows. He has not quite decided yet whether to be a coachman or a doctor; but the hours spent with a discarded bag of Dr. Holbrooke's and the number of times he 'telephones to our stomachs' with an old stethoscope shows an inherited tendency. He will start to Kindergarten this fall. Herbert Sunny Holbrooke is a little over two. He might well sing, 'My brother is a funny one, he makes me laugh the whole day long, with all his funny ways;' for he doubles up over Sandy's antics. Both boys respond quickly to music. Sandy's musical memory is rather marked, and it is hard to puzzle him with even four or five notes of any song that he has heard. Every night after I tuck him in, I play to him at least a bit from Beethoven's Andante from the Pathétique, Mozart's Duetto from Don Juan, and Schubert's Rosamonde. These sound rather formidable, but it gives Mother's fond heart an extra glow to hear her boy quite unconsciously singing one of these to himself while doing other things. Of course, these three melodies will be added to slowly and definitely. The days are so short and the world so bursting with joy and beauty!"

Flora Mowbray Porter, '97, and her sixteen months' son, Hugh, spent two weeks *alone* on their yacht, Iroquois, which was anchored in Pentwater Bay, Michigan, "Daddy coming for Saturday's and Sunday's." The small boy investigated the boat from stem to stern, and they both had a delightful, restful time.

William Ross McConnell, whose arrival we chronicled in the July issue of the Journal, is now four months old. "I am just like all other mothers," writes Jeanne Ware McConnell, "this being my first, I

arrogantly think I know all there is to be known concerning babies. Living through a few nights of the colic brings wonderful knowledge. Anyway, this one thing I do know, that you do not really begin to live yourself until you begin to foster this little new life. "Vicarious motherhood" sounds well enough when you know no better, but wouldn't you love to tuck a wee little boy into bed every night, and watch him pop his eyes open in the morning and then see him smile?

"I have discovered that good kindergarten training is the finest preparation in the world for motherhood. And I am putting all my training into good, practical use in my new calling. William already shows preference for kindergarten songs; and though the dye may be slightly injurious to the "tum tum," he sucks first Gift balls—in an unconscious effort to absorb its psychosis.

"My young son weighs sixteen pounds, and sleeps from 8 p. m. until 7 a. m. Did you ever hear of so good an infant? He has never been rocked to sleep nor nibbled a pacifier, but sucks his thumb most unscientifically."

Todd Lunsford, Jr., was born April 9, 1907, and at the age of three years and six months wears five year old clothes, from which one may judge he is sturdy. He answers to the name of Junior and is "a regular boy."

A vivid imagination invented two playmates, Dodie, an older sister and Dosie, a teensy weensy sister, during the months spent in Chicago last winter where he had no playmates of his own age. Since moving to Charlotte, Mich., where he lives in a neighborhood of children, there being sixteen in the block, and vast out of doors spaces for play, he seldom remembers Dodie and Dosie.

His strongest characteristics from a kindergarten standpoint seem to be: logical order, at the age of twenty months, a set of hollow blocks when first seen were scattered upon the floor and he deliberately made them into the completed whole, one inside the other, before he played with them; correlation of new objects with those already known,—for instance his first pin wheel became at once a wind-mill and pumped water like one seen the preceding month; a good musical memory, as he quickly learns to recognize many of the kindergarten melodies when played upon the piano; and lastly a delightful play spirit. Many of the games given the children in kindergarten seemed to me then to be forced upon the children. Since I have seen Junior invent for himself those same little games I have become over again a convert to kindergarten methods, realizing what kindergarten does for the children, and grateful for what the kindergarten training did for me in teaching me how to observe and understand my child.

Ruth E. Beyer, '96, gives the following inspiring description of the home of a certain C. K. C. mother whom she visited this summer:

"To one trained to feel and to meet as an opportunity, the demands of child life, it is very painful to see the average mother in the home, so often governed by the child's whims and whinings, allowing her motherhood to mean drudgery. In grateful contrast to this, as observed during a recent visit, the home of a certain C. K. C. mother stands out as nearly ideal. There was a sense of strength and satisfaction, and a renewing of old ideals as I saw this mother, quietly, but

promptly and firmly, deal with every situation as it arose with her children in a way which scored a point for character building. The thoughtfulness, resourcefulness in play, and the self-control already manifested by her two small children, give great promise for the future.

“This incident seems to me a good illustration of the trained mother’s quickness to utilize an opportunity to awaken real reverence and religious feeling. Three and a half year old Wilbur was standing on a high rock in the mountains beside his mother. The mother called Wilbur’s attention to the beauty and grandeur which surrounded them and said, “God made the mountains and plains, the blue sky and beautiful clouds, and God loves the beautiful things he has made.” “And does God love little boys, too?” Wilbur asked. “Yes,” said the mother. Neither spoke for a moment, then Wilbur said, “Mamma, are you saying prayers?” “Yes, dear,” said the mother. “Then I want to say prayers, too,” replied Wilbur, and he knelt down there and said a little prayer of thanks to the loving Father.’”

* * *

MARRIAGES.

Elizabeth Davol, '97, on Monday, September 12, 1910, at Orgunquit, Me., to Mr. John Francis Strauss of New York.

Clara Margueretta Hendrickson, '01, on Monday, July 25, 1910, to Mr. Herbert Staples Hill, Bucksport, Maine.

Charle Hazel Besse, ex-'07, on Wednesday, September 7, 1910, to Mr. P. Allen Parsons, of East Orange, New Jersey.

Jennie Maria Church, '07, on Thursday, July 21, 1910, at Neahawanta, Michigan, to Mr. Robert John Edwards of Denton, Texas.

Margaret Evelyn McCook, '08, on Wednesday, August 17, 1910, at Denton, Texas, to Mr. John Haynes Eades of Frederick, Oklahoma.

Helene Gerrish Williams, '08, on Wednesday, August 17, 1910, at Fulton, Illinois, to Mr. Frank Allen Lowry.

Alice Glendon, Normal '09, on Wednesday, August 17, 1910, at Chicago, Illinois, to Mr. Alfred Robbins.

Anna Koppel, '08, on Sunday, September 4, 1910, at Cleveland, Ohio, to Dr. Leo Wolfenstein.



Editorials

The Kindergarten

Its Importance as a Life Foundation Cannot be Overestimated.

By Elizabeth Harrison, Principal of Chicago Kindergarten College.

"I don't know none of 'em," was the only answer that could be forced from little Mickey when he alone was captured and the rest of "the gang" had escaped. Neither threat nor bribe could force the little fellow to betray his comrades, Judge Ben Lindsey tells us in his tender and pathetic story of a poor little 9-year-old street arab.

Then the story goes on to relate how, with a little kindness, some real justice and absolute truthfulness the now famous judge (then unknown beyond his own immediate precinct), won the child's confidence and used that same brave loyalty to help save a great cause in a serious crisis.

It is but one of many stories that could be told of the once-in-a-while saving of the precious stuff that lies buried in the heart of young children, and which ordinarily goes to waste for lack of right guiding and wise nurture.

* * *

If the kindergarten did nothing else educationally—and it does much, as I hope to show later—the fact that it takes the love and loyalty and vivid instincts of childhood and directs them along right channels would be enough to justify its existence and to demand its support by public funds.

If our city councils can devote money for cleaning the streets, can they not also vote money to keep the minds of the children free from the pollution which the streets and alleys bring to idle children? If our county boards can spend money on mending roads, can they not spend money in mending the methods of county schools which allow the younger children to loll about in their seats three-fourths of the school day for lack of something better to do?

* * *

I do not wonder that many country boys grow up shirking work. Look in upon half the country schools and see how little use is made of childish energy and the childish longing to be doing something. When will we learn that the most priceless resources to be "conserved" lies not in our forest lands nor in our coal mines, but in the early childhood of our nation?

The kindergarten has awakened some tens of thousands of thinking men and women to the realization that much educating, much developing, much saving of time and effort can be done by utilizing the two precious formative years before the ordinary school age of six.

It ought to awaken hundreds of thousands of parents and teachers until there is no school in the land without its kindergarten class, if not its kindergarten room.

When will some millionaire who wishes to leave his money to help humanity turn his thoughts toward helping the helpless little children to get a better start in life, instead of helping strong, able-bodied men and women to go forward with their fifth, sixth and sometimes seventh year of graduate study in order that a Ph. D. degree may be conferred upon them?

I have no grudge against higher education—the broader and deeper the culture one can assimilate, the better. But the waste, the awful waste, that I see going on all the time in the misdirected energies of childhood, in the low, even dull ideals that are set before young souls, make me cry out in their behalf—for they cannot cry out for themselves.

* * *

The kindergarten lays the foundation for ready concentration of mind on the after studies of the schoolroom. The child learns to concentrate his will and his thoughts upon the clay he is modeling into the form he wishes to make, or upon the blocks he is building into shape to suit his taste; so, too, he concentrates in his play as he personates bird or stream or butterfly, or even man, with childlike love of imitation playing he is a baker or carpenter or blacksmith. But the kindergarten lays foundation for far deeper things than habits of concentration.

Again, one is told that the kindergarten teaches the little foreign-born children the language of our country much sooner than the older brothers and sisters can acquire it, and that it helps the American-born child to express himself more readily in his native tongue. All this is true, but the kindergarten lays a foundation for more important things than mastery of language.

Again, enthusiasts concerning the brotherhood of man, as, for example, Jacob Riis, will point to the kindergarten as the starting point for the development of that great civic virtue of social fellowship in as much as community life and community helpfulness are a part of the daily life of the little immature world of the kindergarten. "Group reaction" and "social whole" are real experiences in the kindergarten, not abstract terms, as they too often seem to be in our adult life.

But even this is not the highest claim of the kindergarten to be called the foundation stone of right education. It awakens and quickens in each child a consciousness of his power to do, and therefore begins the training of his individuality of his real inner self.

* * *

In all this world there is nothing so valuable, so far-reaching in its effects upon character or in its power to influence others as is this inner consciousness of the self. I know this sounds psychological and vague to some of the readers of this article, but who are the strong people? Are they not the people who know their own minds, who know that they are responsible for their lives, who, if they are not satisfied with their outer condition, know that by their own effort they can change those conditions? Where do we find the rich, full lives that it is a joy to come in contact with? Are these lives the result of accumulations of bank accounts?

Some of the dreariest people I have ever met are among the richest in stocks and bonds. Are they the people who have traveled the most? Who has not been bored by the empty chatter of the globe-trotter? Are they the people who have had educational opportunities? One has but to recall the pedant and the bookworm to answer that question.

Are not the leaders of mankind the men and women who have felt the deepest, willed the most, thought the clearest? In other words, are they not the people whose inner lives are rich and full—so full that they overflow in sympathy, interest and real service to all with whom they come in contact?

This is the deepest claim of the kindergarten to be the foundation of the new education of our day, which is trying to build up character rather than to merely impart information. It awakens the feelings, the will and the thought of the child in simple, child-like ways, and then in the little community life which it furnishes to a group of children of nearly equal ability it turns this awakened power to the social service of that community.

Is not this the true foundation that education should lay?

—Reprinted by request from the Chicago Sunday Record-Herald.

* * *

Does Nature Study Help Children to Study Nature?

If one may judge from articles which have of late received publication in leading magazines, there is a growing doubt in the minds of many people as to whether we are giving our children the right kind of a scientific education. Does Nature Study, as it is taught in many schools, really help children to study nature? The general beginning of Nature Study at the present day seems to be with the study of Embryology and the lower forms of life. As the child himself is nearest that stage of life, it has perhaps been thought that it is the stage he is best able to comprehend. He has an investigative nature, let him investigate and pull to pieces seeds, plants, and even, sometimes, animals. Little children are given seeds just germinated, and required to find the different parts of the seed. Undoubtedly this method makes the child analytical and critical; makes him destructive of life, as it teaches him to catch and kill insects; leads him to look at the small rather than the large; and, above all produces dissatisfaction, because, no matter how far he carries his investigations, he never seems to reach a conclusion. The results, so far, do not seem to be commending themselves.

It is time the educational world comes to the conclusion that nothing is to be accomplished by beginning with this method of Nature Study. Undoubtedly it has its place, and a valuable one; but it is not at the beginning of the study of nature. Rather is it the latest development of scientific study, and its place is only in the laboratory of the specialist. The little child needs to be taught to keep his hands off of living things, and, instead of investigating to see how they are made, he should watch them to see what they do.

The Futurity of the College

Mrs. J. N. Crouse.

That this College has a great future before it, we, the members of the faculty, you, the members of the Alumnae, and the students whom we are welcoming to-day, one and all of us believe. In stating the grounds of my belief I would say: First, our work is based on the eternal verities; second, our students and graduates are propagandists; third, the fact that we have been able to surmount obstacles in the past seemingly beyond our power, gives us courage to believe that we can do even more in the future; and fourth, there are few institutions that have so strong and loyal a constituency.

Are there any obstacles in our way? Yes, many of them. If there were not I should say close the doors to-morrow. No educational institution is growing that is not constantly meeting new problems and heroically mastering them. Is there lack of money for conserving, enlarging and perpetuating our work? There is not a dollar. Are we discouraged on account of this? Not in the least. When people with large means know more of our work they will feel it a pleasure to help us.

The greatest barrier to our progress is that we do not take a large enough view of our life and our work. We think too much about non-essentials and forget that there is a great world beyond that needs us. I speak with all earnestness when I say that every Alumnus of this College should be not simply a good kindergartner but she should be a center of influence in her locality. I have in mind one of our graduates who upon going into a new suburb, soon had the Woman's Club of her town interested, had a Bible class in one of the churches, and best of all had a thriving Mothers' Class. To say nothing of the young women who were naturally attracted to one so full of life. The world needs more just like her.

So far I have spoken only of the work needed in our own country, but who will carry the gospel of childhood to other countries? There is nothing so much needed in our own or other lands as young women who have prepared themselves to do a large work and who are willing to do it. We should have a station at Hawaii, one in Japan, in London, in Berlin, in Paris, in Rome; who of you will go when money is forthcoming for any one of these stations? Let *extension* be our watchword in the future. We must have more young women to train, more kindergartners at work, more mothers interested. We have everything to encourage and nothing to discourage us.

We need two armies, one composed of intelligent, sympathetic women whose hearts and souls are already in the work; and another army preparing for service to fill their places as they go out of the school room into the home. Let us never cease asking the Lord to bless us and our families and give us hearts big enough to reach out to all the world, and help us to grow out of our little selves into our larger selves.

Hamilton Mabie once said in speaking to us of the kindergarten that we were in the dawn of a new era, and so we were, then; but the dawn is past, the mid-day is here and people are asking, "What is this

thing that the world is thinking and talking so much about, that enough interest has been aroused to incite people of wealth to give of their means to extend the work?"

This brings me to the most important point to be considered for the future of our College; a permanent home for our work, not a room, not a hall, not a floor, but a *building*; one which will do credit to our mission in the world. I can see it rising before me now, substantial in appearance, beautiful in architecture, commodious in quarters and adapted to the new and enlarging features of our work.

Do you say who will give it? I know not the name of the man or woman, but I am *sure* that we shall have it. There is a necessity for it and there is money waiting to be given. These two things must be brought together. According to our faith and *works* will it be unto us.

* * *

An Appeal for Help

Dear Kindergarten Workers:

In this day and generation it seems good to think that we are again being led, by a little child, into all that makes for beauty of life and spiritual growth.

And as we more and more realize the unity of life, we grow to feel the need of developing the normal religious nature of the child. Those of us who, for years, have been working blindly, to find the simplest, most natural method of developing the child's faith in God and in His beautiful providence, now hope that in your new enterprise, you may make a place for such teaching, and leadership as we all need.

The religion of a child is, and must be kept, such a simple, natural thing. Its growth and expression should be so spontaneous and sincere, that we must break away from the traditional methods, yet not swing too far away and become frivolous and irreverent.

Perhaps the attempts at graded Sunday school material and methods have really been more successful in the lower grades than anywhere else, yet who that has used them but will confess how far they fall short of meeting the actual needs of the child.

To have a really educational standard, and yet not to follow too slavishly the public school or kindergarten methods; to find stories and occupation which shall truly cultivate the child's religious nature, without making the Sunday morning hour a kind of pious Monday kindergarten is still difficult, and far from having been wrought out in any course of lessons I've yet found.

But with a medium of exchange, with trained leaders, and sincere study of the subject, without prejudice and without fads, can you not add to your magazine a religious or Sunday school department, which shall be of value to mothers who feel competent, or are forced by necessity, to teach their children at home on Sunday; and also a help to teachers, many times untrained technically, but willing to serve both their heavenly Father and these His little ones, in developing the

sense of relationship and love which must exist if the coming generation is to maintain the highest ideals of life?

CARRIE B. PROUTY.

* * *

This, and other communications recently received, impress us once more with the fact that, though much has been and is being accomplished by many thoughtful students of child nature in the upward movement as regards the child's needs in the Bible school, still there are many open questions on the subject. One earnest worker in a large eastern church writes us: "It seems to me that we need a definition of 'Sunday Kindergarten.' It has come to be that in almost every Sunday school where there is an infant department, that it is called the Kindergarten Department. I have tried to be consistent in my own work but I own to being very hazy on the subject."

It is our earnest desire to be able to help in this great work. In our December Number, we will publish a list of helpful books for those who are teaching in the Sunday Kindergarten and for the use of mothers at home. In time we hope this may become a valuable department in the *Journal*.

The Editors of The Kindergarten Journal.



PUT FLOWERS IN YOUR WINDOW, FRIEND

Put flowers in your window, friend,
And summer in your heart;
The greenness of their mimic boughs
Is of the woods a part;
The color of their tender bloom
Is love's own pleasing hue,
As surely as you smile on them,
They'll smile again on you.

Put flowers in your window, when
You sit in idle mood,
For wholesome, mental ailment,
There is no cheaper food.
For love and hope and charity
Are in their censor shined,
And shapes of loveliest thought grow out
The flower loving mind.

Author Unknown.

Chicago Kindergarten College

There was a large and enthusiastic summer school at C. K. C. this summer. It was composed almost entirely of teachers; grade, high school and normal. The students were delighted with the organized hand work, and were most anxious to have this work given in the summer institutes in their own states.

* * *

In addition to the summer school here, almost our entire faculty spent a portion of the summer in conducting a summer school at Winona in connection with Winona College. The course was so successful that it has been decided to hold another summer school at Winona, in addition to the six weeks at C. K. C.

Miss Harrison spent a very busy summer. After lecturing at

* * *

Denver and Cleveland, she taught for six weeks in the summer school at C. K. C. Then she went to Winona for two weeks, where she lectured to classes of between 250 and 300. After a short rest, she went to Muncie, Indiana, and gave four lectures. Here again the classes of teachers numbered 300.

* * *

On September 8th a reception was given at the College to prospective students and old students. There were seventy-five present. Mrs. Crouse spoke of the rapid growth in kindergarten work, the growing interest and demand for its extension, and the increasing number of college students who are taking up the work. Miss Davis gave Uncle Remus stories, after which simple refreshments were served.

* * *

The College opened Thursday, September 20th with a large enrollment, and an unusually fine class of Freshman students. In the opening address, Mrs. Crouse spoke upon the difference in sentiment regarding kindergarten work now and some years ago. It has been only a very few years, she said, since leading educators have thought it worth their while to give time and thought to kindergarten. Formerly they looked upon it as a pastime rather than as a part of the educational system. When the National Education Association met in Brooklyn, New York, several years ago, Miss Harrison aroused the first interest ever shown by that body in the subject by presenting a paper, entitled "The Scientific Basis of Kindergarten." There has been a marvelous change in the position of educators since that time. President Elliot, who was formerly opposed to the kindergarten, two or three years ago took for the subject of a lecture "The Kindergarten." Dr. Harper told Mrs. Crouse shortly before he died, that he should not rest until he had a kindergarten department in connection with Chicago University.

Miss Harrison has been engaged to edit a series of books entitled "Mothers' Kindergarten Series" published by the Lewis Publishing Company of St. Louis. The series will contain books by Miss Harrison herself, Miss Davis, Miss Woodson, and Miss Wetmore, besides several others who have had the splendid training in psychology under Dr. Snider. The kindergarten world needs this defining and clearing up of its mists and traditions.

* * *

The College, in addition to the new correspondence course for mothers, will have a Mothers' Class once a week. There will be lectures by physicians on the care of children, lectures by Miss Harrison on the philosophy of the kindergarten, and classes in handwork, stories, and games.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold went abroad in June. They spent most of the summer in France. They took a cathedral tour into Normandy, tracing out the churches where the Norman architecture develops into the Gothic. They next spent two weeks in Touraine, studying the chateaus of the French Renaissance. From there they went to Paris, where they lived with a French family, just between the University of Paris and the Musee Cluny in the heart of the Latin quarter. While in Paris, they visited the headquarters of the Impressionistic school of painting; i. e., the picture galleries of Durand-Ruel. M. Ruel invited them to visit his house and see his private collection. They had the unusual privilege of seeing some of Claude Monet's greatest paintings, which are not, as a rule, on exhibition to the public. From Paris they went to Picardy, where they visited Pierrefonds, which is the best preserved and most impressive mediaeval castle in France.

* * *

Miss Wetmore gave two weeks of lectures at the Winona Summer School in Indiana. During August she visited Mary Bruce in her beautiful Southern home at Moundsville, West Virginia.

* * *

Miss Nina Kenagy, who was to have been the College representative at Winona and teacher of primary methods during the twelve weeks summer school, after six weeks of most successful work was compelled to return home on account of illness. Miss Mabel Osgood substituted for the last half of the term, most efficiently.

* * *

Miss Harrison had a delightful three weeks rest on the coast of Maine in September. Miss Woodson improved the time during her absence, in moving their household effects from Austin to the South Side, where they have a cosy little flat within twenty minutes' ride of the College.

Pratt Institute

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Judging from letters received from graduates, greatly exaggerated reports must have been published in the papers regarding the fire in the School of Fine and Applied Arts. The fire originated in an electric wire connected with the street circuit and used only when our own electric light plant is not in operation. The fire burned out four rooms and damaged several others. Owing to the slow-burning construction, the heavy plank floors and asbestos covering in the buildings, the fire was confined almost wholly to the third floor front. To illustrate,—an office of the school on the floor above, within six feet of where the fire originated, was not even smoked. This office contained the valuable lantern slides used in the art lectures and these were not injured. None of the records of the School were damaged. Sixteen rooms and offices were not damaged at all and many others were only smoked, requiring repainting.

* * *

Owing to the fact that the fire occurred at the end of the summer vacation and to the fact that it always takes time to adjust insurance before reconstruction can begin, the time of opening of the Art School was advanced two weeks until October tenth. All other Schools of Pratt Institute opened at the regular time.

* * *

Miss Harrison lectured at the School of Kindergarten Training during September. The beautiful Kindergarten building is situated at some distance from where the fire took place, so of course was not injured. It occupies a building on the corner of Willoughby Avenue and Ryerson Street, and is especially planned to meet the needs of the school, complete equipments for its special work being provided, including the necessary facilities for nature study and the study of art. It contains rooms for the children as well as for the training school, is well heated, and has an abundance of light and fresh air. Attached to the building is a garden for the use of the children.

* * *

Students have access to the Institute Library of 90,000 volumes, to a special collection in the School of five hundred carefully selected books, to art collections and exhibits, to the gymnasium, including its baths and swimming-pool, to the tennis grounds, clubs and social gatherings.



The teacher had just defined the word anecdote, explaining that it was a synonym for tale. "Now give me a sentence using the new word," she said to the class. After a pause one little fellow's hand was raised, and being asked to speak, he said, "A cow is an animal with four legs and an anecdote."

Fort Worth Kindergarten Training School

The Kindergarten Training School of Fort Worth was organized in September, 1900, by the Fort Worth Kindergarten Association. It became known as the Fort Worth Kindergarten College in 1903, and in 1907 was on such an excellent basis, and of such high grade, that it was placed upon the list of approved Kindergarten Training Schools by the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Texas.

* * *

The college, now entering its eleventh year of existence, does so with the great advantage of being under the auspices of the Board of Education of Fort Worth and is a regular part of the public school system.

* * *

During the past ten years sixty-one students have been graduated. The course includes in its two years of training, an equal length of daily morning practice with the children. Many of the graduates remain in the South, teaching in Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana.

* * *

The sessions this year extend from September 19 to December 23, and from January 2, 1911 to June 2.

* * *

The present faculty consists of five instructors:—J. W. Cantwell, superintendent, Lecturer on Paidology; Miss Cora Chamberlin, principal, Kindergarten, its History, Meaning and Application; M. H. Jones, History of Education; R. T. Ellis, Psychology; and Miss Matilda Williams, Child Literature and Ethics.

* * *

Admission requirements are similar to those in all accredited schools, with an entrance condition which provides for a probation of six weeks, at the end of which time if the applicant is not considered eligible for Kindergarten work, she is asked to withdraw from the class and the tuition refunded. The school gives a diploma bearing the seal of the state upon completion of the senior year of work.

* * *

The officers of the Fort Worth Kindergarten Training School are:—President, Mrs. William Capps; First Vice President, Mrs. E. A. Waters; Second Vice President, Mrs. H. H. Cobb; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George Armstrong; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. L. Norris; Treasurer, Mrs. J. E. Burton.

Grand Rapids Kindergarten Association

"I believe that no love, no life, goes ever from us; it goes as He went, that it may come again, deeper and closer and surer, to be with us always, even to the end of the world."

One of the beautiful things about the Grand Rapids Kindergarten Association is its loyal memory to Lucretia Willard Treat, who organized the Association, and mothered the Training School for thirteen years. Mrs. Treat acquired her own kindergarten training under Miss Susan E. Blow, and her first six years of teaching were passed in St. Louis. Her work in Chicago was first in a private school, next as director of the kindergarten department of the Loring school. It was during this period that she became associated with Miss Elizabeth Harrison in the Chicago Kindergarten College.

From the time she organized the Training School in Grand Rapids one felt that all her previous work had been preparatory to that of training, lecturing and organizing, for she established and strengthened training schools in many parts of the United States and lectured before kindergarten workers wherever and whenever her help was needed. Probably her greatest work was among the young women she gathered about her in her own training school. Here her intellectual attainments, force of character, and clear discernment of human nature, made of her a spiritual mother, a motherly friend; an educator of heart and mind.

The course of study in the Grand Rapids Kindergarten Training School includes three years of study; a certificate course, a diploma course, and in the third year the post graduate and normal courses.

The summer term, a two months' session, is so arranged that one may, in time, complete any of the above courses, or simply take elective studies.

Co-incident with the organization of the Training School, there was organized an association of mothers, whose influence for child study has been far-reaching, wholesome, and of steady normal growth. After several years the mothers combined into a formal club with officers and an outlined program for the year, and with the privilege of the quarters of the Training School the club has enlarged its usefulness and extended a delightful hospitality. The history of this mothers' Froebel club records not only regular meetings, but evening receptions where game-time has been interspersed amid the social formalities and joined in heartily by fathers, brothers, sons and professional men. Young and old have studied, and played "games," led by the dear "Mother," Mrs. Treat, and since her passing into the Larger Life, by her loyal students and followers.

* * *

"At her side girls grew purer, men nobler,
And all through the town,
Children were gladder
Who pulled at her gown."

Book Review

Now and again some book comes to the Journal's table that it is a pleasure as well as a duty to call to the special attention of Journal readers. Such a book is "Some Great Stories And How To Tell Them," by Richard Thomas Wyche, President of the National Story Tellers' League. It is a work in small compass but large in its usefulness for parents, teachers, kindergartners and all others having to do with the development of the child mind. The book, which is dedicated to the young people of America, gives the reader a clear conception of the function of the folkstory and the myth in the childhood of the individual and of the race. The first chapter deals with the origin of story telling. Its antiquity and its primitive usefulness are impressively shown. The teller of stories was, from the dawn of human society, the teacher, the historian, the moralist and the singer of songs. It was the sagaman, the seald and the minstrel of old, who handed down to us the civilization of our fathers, before the art of printing made their office less important than it afterwards became to the grown-up.

But however well the man and woman of today may be able to do without the blending of nature, humanity and religion which the great stories of the past embody, the heart of the child is still the heart of an earlier age and his mind demands and will best receive his first lessons in the world's lore, in story form.

Mr. Wyche dwells at some length upon the need that the teller of stories shall himself or herself feel deeply the dramatic possibilities and psychological significance, of the story being told. The great stories, the master songs of a people are such because they embody spiritual insight into the fundamental truths of life and only those who perceive the truth and are endowed to give it picturesque and convincing utterance can ever be effective as story tellers. While it is probably true that the teller of stories is born rather than made, still anyone who aspires to the task will find a careful perusal of the book of great value because of its many helpful suggestions. One's spiritual grasp of the story, any real story, will be much strengthened by the author's practical advice, based as it is so largely upon his experience.

Transcriptions of Beowulf and the Arthurian Legends are given and the book closes with a suggestive chapter of the Great Teacher who taught upon the shores of Galilee two thousand years ago.

"Some Great Stories and How To Tell Them," by Richard Thomas Wyche; Newson & Co., Publishers.



Chicago Kindergarten College

1200 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

MRS. J. N. CROUSE }
ELIZABETH HARRISON } - - - - Principals

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Wednesdays from 10 to 12

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cians on the care of
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Miss Harrison on the
application of kinder-
garten principles to
the home training of
children; Classes in handwork, stories and games.



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A STUDY OF CHILD NATURE	-	-	-	Elizabeth Harrison
CHRISTMAS TIDE	-	-	-	Elizabeth Harrison
BEAD STRINGING	-	-	-	Elizabeth Harrison
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