

The Home

A Lever for Public Comfort

Herbert Spencer has said that good nature becomes a crime among Americans. Americans who study their countrymen realize that this is too true. Good nature and laxity are two entirely different things; the one is a virtue, the other is a vice. Laxity is good nature carried to the point of vice.

We know that good nature not controlled by conscience and judgment in a wife and mother means untrained children, careless servants, extravagant management, and the usual accompaniment of untidiness. The good nature of the many becomes the annoyance, the burden, of the few. We have as a result indifferent public officials and servants. It is a mistake to suppose that the burden of life is lightened by enduring indifference, impudence, imposition, injustice, from clerks, porters, servants, or from any person who is paid to perform certain duties. The moral effect is bad for the employee. He is a better man when held to the strict performance of his duties; his moral degeneration begins when he finds that he can still receive his wages while he renders indifferent service. We are morally bound, if we would reduce the sum total of discomfort, to do our share toward exacting the full measure for which we pay—not arbitrarily, but justly.

The good nature which is controlled by judgment secures the measure of service for which it pays, and helps to bring up the moral average of the race.



The Problem of the Small Boy

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

There comes a time in the experience of every boy's mother when she feels a most vivid sympathy for that traditional hen whose theories of life and conduct were so violently shocked at seeing her progeny take to the water.

Neither mother, whether human or feathered, is prepared for the sudden development of the little creature of her love and care into an independent being, who for the moment seems to have no further need of her.

The duckling, blissfully unconscious of the maternal solicitude expressing itself in excited and repeated "cluckings," lightly skims over the seductive pond; and the small boy, having aspirations towards the masculine diversions of the street, unimpeded by a nurse's supervision, eludes her vigilance when he can, and faces outraged justice with a declaration of independence which for vigor and force has not been outdone in those which history records.

The boy has a real grievance. The nurse, generally tactless and unsympathetic, is no longer able to minister to his enjoyment in any way, he having outgrown her resources in that line; and she represents to him merely the restraining arm of the law, who is detailed as a spy upon his actions, which are reported if they tally not with her ideas of good conduct. When one reflects that a torn or soiled jacket would probably be more heinous in her eyes than the telling an untruth—to some one else—we can appreciate somewhat the reason for the child's antagonism to her espionage and authority. The growing sense of manhood within his small self also protests against being "in leading-strings" which he is made to feel like a strait-jacket. The teasing of the other boys about his subordinate condition is usually the last drop that fills the cup of his wrath to its overflowing.

The young never realize their immaturity. The boy's conception of danger being limited to wild beasts or Indians on the war-path, he feels himself perfectly qualified to take care of himself, while the mother in imagination sees the mangled body of her child brought home on a shutter, the

victim of a runaway horse or the yet more dreaded "trolley," and she has visions of evil men luring her boy away with tempting promises to extort a ransom, or to trade on his beauty or brilliant talents. The contaminating society of the chance acquaintances of the street is a more real danger.

A certain thoughtful mother, who has an intuitive perception of boyish needs, set herself to find a solution of this domestic problem, with the most gratifying results. She found that among the students at the theological seminaries there were several manly young fellows who were obliged to eke out their college expenses by tutoring. She had herself brought in contact with them, and, selecting the one who pleased her most, she proposed that instead of teaching he should assume the charge of half a dozen little boys, during three afternoons of each week, and take them out-of-doors for a frolic. The remuneration was to be one dollar "per capita" for each afternoon, exclusive of the trifling incidental expenses. The advantage to health of the outdoor life and activity for a student was at once perceptible. The boys were all children of mutual friends, whose home training might be trusted, and the young tutor was to see fair play, teach them outdoor sports, and make them enjoy themselves. Never was plan more delightfully realized. The boys formed themselves into a little club, with name, officers, and by-laws, which conferred a new and pleasing sense of importance and maturity. The tutor was inexhaustible in resource for the children's amusement. In winter he made arrangements for coasting and tobogganing at a place on the outskirts of the city, where they also had famous snowball fights and made snow statuary. He taught them both ice and roller skating, shinny, baseball, and football. When a ball-game was to come off, those who had distinguished themselves by good behavior were privileged to invite a friend, to make up the required number—with the result that a second boys' club was speedily formed of the occasional guests, which occupied the remaining afternoons that the popular young tutor had at his disposal.

He took the boys over a school-ship, and from the top of some of the new "sky-scrapers" showed them the relative positions of the suburbs of their city. On rainy days they would sometimes visit that portion of the Metropolitan Museum devoted to natural history, which was prolific in suggestion for story-telling, for it became quite the accepted custom for the boys to expect some thrilling tale of adventure while they tramped to and from their destination. An exhibition of historical wax figures furnished other topics for entertaining talks, in which they accumulated interesting information while they thought themselves being merely amused. Silk, paper, and hat factories offered other resources for instructive entertainment, and once they visited a great publishing house and saw how their favorite young people's magazine was printed. Some days, when the weather was unusually disagreeable, this devoted young man would take the little fellows to his own room, and there divert them with plays, games, and puzzles, the entertainment concluding with a feast of apples, bananas, and peanuts, which was greatly relished.

As the spring advanced, delightful excursions were made in the neighborhood. They visited the Statue of Liberty, and sailed down to Staten Island to enjoy the delights of a country walk in the sweet spring sunshine. They were taught to row on the Central Park lake, and had little races in rival boats. In the kite season they were shown tricks of kite-flying known only to the initiated, and went to the swimming-baths, where they disported themselves like ducks, and almost learned to swim.

They scorned to ride inside an omnibus when the mild weather came, and scrambled to the top, where they sang college songs and were "as merry as grigs."

Of course all the boys were making collections of stamps, and the tutor always had a few desirable ones which he used as rewards of merit.

Long tramps in the Park gave opportunity for a little botanizing. It did not require much knowledge in order to interest them—the young tutor was no marvel of learning, but just a sunny-tempered, manly young fellow whose

own boyhood was not so far away that he had forgotten its tastes and feelings, and with the sincere, conscientious desire to please his little charges as well as to be worthy the trust reposed in him by their anxious and doting parents.

Such a pleasant industry would be a boon to many an impecunious young student. The time spent out-of-doors in somewhat active exercise, the change of thought and occupation from the society of books to that of the merry, innocent little lads—who repay any effort for their enjoyment with such enthusiastic affection—all would have a beneficial effect upon mind and nerves, while the friendship of the parents might prove of great service at the outset of a career.



An Evident Need

Dear Outlook:

You have led the patrons of your valuable paper to infer that you can give almost any information on any subject in which the public is interested, so I take the liberty of writing you.

Do you know of any institution, supported by wealthy, kindly disposed persons, for the training and restriction of young girls about sixteen, homeless, wayward, whose tendency is downward unless there is a restraining power over them, where they can be taught to be useful and watched over until they can go out in the world strong enough, morally, to earn their own living? The young girl to whom I refer has been kept to this time from evil, but the lady has failed financially, so she is not able to keep her longer, and would like some place of safety for her.

Yours truly,

MRS. G. T.

The above letter is one of several that have been received at this office this year. It shows plainly that one of the greatest needs of our civilization at present is some sort of a training-school and home where girls, with or without parents, who cannot be controlled at home, may be received and trained. It would be very much wiser to have a number of these training-schools and homes than to have a big institution. Take any of the towns about New York. There are money enough and ability enough in any suburban town about New York to build and maintain a home where young girls of from twelve to eighteen should be received and trained for household service. Hundreds of girls go astray because they are ignorant, not because they are naturally bad. There comes to mind now a story told by one of the slumming brigade of the Salvation Army, which is but the epitome of the life of thousands of girls in New York. Mr. Brander Matthews's story in a recent number of "Harper's," "Before the Break of Day," epitomizes the story again of thousands. The story told by the captain of the slumming brigade, an English woman whose kindly face was also one showing good judgment, was, in brief, this:

She heard the cry of a baby shortly after she had moved into a house where her battalion had begun its work. The cry of the baby was so pitiful that she found it impossible to sleep. She dressed herself and went through the house until she found the room from which it came. This proved to be a back room at the top of the house. She opened the door. On the floor was a little baby, two months old; not far from her lay its mother, in a drunken sleep—a mother about eighteen years old. In the corner of the room, also in drunken slumber, were three sailors. This angel of mercy picked up the little crying baby, carried it to her own rooms, woke up one of her companions, and had the baby fed and cared for. She went back to the home of sin and ignorance, made a fire, boiled the kettle and made coffee, and then sat down to wait for the drunken sleepers to awake. The men woke first. She gave them the coffee, and then said: "Now you can't come here any more, for I am going to protect this woman." They protested, but she stood her ground and said, "You never can come here again. I mean to watch over this young thing." At last they saw that she meant what she said, and left, and she sat down again to wait for the little woman to awaken. After she had been fed and had her hair combed, and clean clothing had been given her, this expression of

God's love for humanity, in the form of a woman, cleaned up the dirty, poverty-stricken home, and asked no questions of its ignorant mistress. She made her understand that she was a friend, and that she meant to protect her from herself, and the story of that little broken life came out. She did not know who her father was. Her mother had been a drunkard, and nobody had taught her to work. She tried to get work in factories, but she hated being shut up indoors, and at last she had met the fate that was but the natural outcome of her unprotected and ignorant childhood and girlhood. Two years before she had become in name, though not in fact, the wife of one of the roughs of the neighborhood, who, at the time this story was told, was serving out a term of imprisonment for burglary at Sing Sing. The little crying baby was not his child, and the one terror that hung over its mother was that he would kill her when he got out of prison and found her with this baby. The girl was perfectly ignorant of life except as it is lived within a radius of three or four blocks in the very heart of the slum region of New York. She could not use a broom, she could not wash dishes, she actually did not know how to make a fire so that it would burn. She became the ward of the battalion of the Salvation Army. They supported her, taught her to do housework, and finally taught her how to sew, and had her taught how to bind shoes, going back and forth with her from her work. She adored her baby, a lovely boy. At the expiration of the term of imprisonment her husband was met at the Grand Central Station in fear and trembling. Her first words were: "John, there's a little baby at home, and it isn't yours." He pushed her from him. He was a giant in strength; she was a tiny, frail woman, who in figure and expression was childlike. And then he took her back to his heart and said, "You were but a baby yourself when I left you." The couple were married, and to-day are in New York, happy, honest, thrifty.

This woman was redeemed, and the family life redeemed, because she was taught how to make a home. Such a training for home-making would mean not merely the redeeming of the individual, but the foundation for a family life that would promise health and prosperity. Slowly the philanthropic world is learning that the true palliatives for the sufferings of the poor are tenement-houses built on healthful plans—plans that pay due attention to sanitation and hygiene—and the education of girls in the homely arts of home-making.



Table for Boiling Vegetables

The following valuable table of time for the boiling of vegetables will be of use to many cooks:

Asparagus, 15 to 20 minutes.	Oyster-plant, 30 to 60 minutes.
Beans (shell), 1 to 2 hours.	Parsnips, 30 to 45 minutes.
Beans (string), 2 hours.	Peas, 15 to 20 minutes.
Young Beets, 45 to 60 minutes.	Potatoes, 20 to 30 minutes.
Cabbage, 30 to 45 minutes.	Spinach, 20 to 30 minutes.
Carrots, 40 minutes.	Squash, 20 to 30 minutes.
Cauliflower, 30 to 45 minutes.	Tomatoes, 15 to 20 minutes.
Green corn, 5 to 8 minutes.	Turnips, 2 to 3 hours.
Onions, 30 to 45 minutes.	



The Vacation Fund

The contributions to this Fund have been so generous this year as to support both Cherry Vale and Craigville—that is, to meet every expense not met by the money paid for board by the girls. It has been stated here frequently that there are working-girls who can meet all the expenses of their vacation; there are many more who could, if they kept their wages for their own use; but, if they did, the burden on our charitable institutions would be much greater, as well as the demands on the public funds. Their wages support homes that shelter little brothers and sisters, sick fathers and mothers; their wages keep the family together when father and brothers are out of work. A group of girls in one club (girls of about fifteen) came with

fifty cents each to pay two weeks' board. It was all they could give, and even that meant going without things they needed, but they wanted to pay all they could. Cherry Vale and Craigville are both filled with happy girls whose burdens are dropped for at least two weeks.

Received since January 1, 1894, and previously acknowledged, \$3,796 38	
Berkshire, North Adams, Mass.....	10 00
A. C. and C. B. C., Englewood, N. J.....	10 00
S. B. M., New London, Conn.....	10 00
Nemo.....	2 00
E. M., Minneapolis, Minn.....	1 00
Three Friends, Binghamton, N. Y.....	10 00
E. H. W., Dolgeville, N. Y.....	5 00
Comfort Cottage, Wianno, Mass.....	10 00
Baby Agnes Warren, Reading, Pa.....	1 00
S. B. I., Fair Haven, Conn.....	1 00
G. F. M., New York.....	10 00
A Friend, East Orange, N. J.....	3 00
Ithaca, N. Y.....	5 00
Class No. 8, Congregational Sunday-School, Cadillac, Mich..	2 00
L. H. P., Pomona, Cal.....	3 00

Total..... \$3,879 38

Please make all checks payable to The Outlook Company.



A Strange Nation

Doubtless the boys and girls who read *The Outlook* have noticed recently many references to the Mosquito nation. The Mosquito country is on the eastern shore of Central America, and extends a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles. Originally the Mosquito natives were cannibals. Ferdinando Columbus, the son of Columbus, discovered them, and he tells us that "in all respects they were very rude, eating human flesh, and devouring their fish raw as they happened to kill them." They are a very hardy race, of great endurance, and have held their own against the attacks of Honduras and Nicaragua.

A Spanish slave-ship was wrecked on the coast. The Mosquitos and these slaves became one nation, and are known now as the Sambos, which is the original of the name that we frequently hear applied to the negroes among us. As early as 1710, some planters from Jamaica, Englishmen by birth, came to these shores, having heard of the agricultural wealth. The Sambos became themselves slave-traders, capturing the Caribs on their own frontier and selling them to the Jamaica planters. It is claimed that many English officials became wealthy because of the aid they furnished to this traffic. It is said that one British consul at Bluefields made himself very popular with the Sambos by conferring upon them the titles of general, major, and captain—designations that for a time meant a great deal. He was rather too generous with these gifts that cost him nothing and which he had no right to confer, and he had then to confer greater titles, so that many of the ignorant blacks appeared under the cognomen of dukes and earls, and later still he was compelled to name a king. The king was presented with a silk hat, a red coat, and a shirt, a brass crown of huge dimensions, and an enormous broadsword. The Sambos greatly enjoyed their new dignity.

The greatest animosity exists between the Caribs and the Mosquitos. Even a few years ago a Carib who went into the Mosquito country and settled was killed when he returned to his own. The country is very fertile. The natives raise bananas, sarsaparilla root, cocoa, and vanilla. They do not know the value of the value of, and are therefore poor. They are poor business men, and actually receive but very little of the money which their products bring. They live in thatched sheds of palmetto. These dwellings are about six feet high at the very eaves. They have no chimneys, and when the cooking is done indoors the inmates all have sore eyes. The natives make a very nice hammock, and a canoe which they call "pitpans." They weave a grass-cloth out of the rubber plant, and make harpoons. Their language is not understood by the surrounding tribes. Their lagoon or harbor is about forty-five miles in length, surrounded by shores covered with the most beautiful tropical vegetation. Fish abound.

There is a bar across the harbor which can be crossed only by vessels of very light draft. This was well understood by pirates of the olden times, and when they were pursued they knew they were safe after they had crossed this bar.

The principal river of this country is the Escomdido, which flows into the lagoon. On the south bank of this river is the town of Bluefields, the residence of the man who was made king, and of the British consul. About one hundred and fifty white people live in this town. Strange to say, Bluefields is considered healthy, and the fevers that are known to exist on the Isthmus are not known at this point. Close to the ground the pineapple and cactus grow, and the banana-trees and cocoanut-palms grow so thickly overhead as to make a shed. The principal occupation of boys, a correspondent tells us, is to climb to a crotch in one of the cocoanut-trees (which frequently grow to seventy-five or one hundred feet in height) and suck the cocoanut-juice. It is said that these Sambo boys climb the trunks of these trees as a lineman ascends an electric telegraph pole. Frequently, it is said, the boys have fights while up in these trees, and use the cocoanuts as missiles. People passing in the street beneath must be careful. Such titles as the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of York, Disraeli, and other noted names are quite common among these negroes. England and the United States have the greatest representation of white people in the Mosquito country. Lord Nelson, one of the Mosquitos, is said to be very friendly to the white people. This man had heard of the United States and Mexico, and asked very intelligent questions about their large cities. The people of this strange country are said to be of a very happy temperament.



The Mystery of the Lockman Granary

By William Murray Graydon

In Two Parts—II.

"Tell your folks," Ike said, "that you're going along with me to the cabin to-night to set lines for eels. I'll spread the news over our way, and it won't be a lie, because that's just what we'll do. Only we'll slip back here to the granary about ten or eleven o'clock, and if the thief comes he'll be trapped."

Mart and Van thought the scheme a good one, and after discussing it a little longer Ike went home.

The "cabin" was a brush shanty that the three lads had built a year before over on Stony Creek, and here they would frequently spend a night, running their lines every hour or so for eels and catfish.

Van spoke of the proposed trip at the dinner-table, and Mr. Lockman gave a ready consent.

"You're welcome to go, boys," he said, "and I reckon it won't do any harm to let the granary alone for one night—especially at this short notice. Don't say anything outside, though."

"Be sure you bring something home in the morning," added Tucker Green. "I've a hankering for fried eels for breakfast."

"It depends on how they bite," replied Mart, "but we'll do our best."

"The fishing ought to be good," Van said; "there was a shower this morning."

Greatly to the relief of the boys, the conversation took another turn, and they were spared closer questioning. All afternoon they worked in the harvest-field with their father and Tucker Green, and after supper they went to the run at the foot of the orchard, and caught a number of minnows with a dip-net.

It was nearly twilight when they started off, carrying lines, a paper of lunch, and a pail containing the live bait. Ike Tarbell joined them at his front gate, and they quickly trudged the mile and a half to Stony Creek.

In spite of the thrilling work that was to come later, they were eager for fishing. They built a fire in front of the shanty, and stretched their lines across the creek by