Giving Our Children a Good Start

Medical Inspection in Schools is a Public Health Measure Worthy of the Support of Every Progressive Citizen—France Was the Pioneer and Began it Nearly Ninety Years Ago.

Medical inspection of schools is the health supervision of school accommodation and school children, for the purpose of maintaining a high standard of vitality, and in order that physical or mental defects may be noted early in life and the proper treatment applied to remedy them.

The medical inspection of schools is not a new idea. The pioneer in this department of public health work was France, which in 1833 passed a law which required the school authorities to provide for the sanitary condition of school premises and for the expert supervision of the health of children. For forty years France was alone in this work and it was not until 1867 that Germany took the matter up.

Great Britain did not commence medical inspection of schools until 1891. It was tenth in order of time among the countries which adopted it. At that time the work was undertaken only in London and did not spread to the other great cities until later. The first medical inspection of schools in Canada was undertaken in Montreal in the year 1906.

There are two sides to the medical inspection of schools. They are:—

(1) Examination of buildings.

(2) Examination of pupils.

In the examination of buildings the doctor or the nurse makes a thorough scrutiny of the following:

Drainage.

Lavatory facilities.

Ventilation.

Heating.

Lighting. Suitability of and placing of the seats.

Arrangement of the cloak-rooms.

All other matters likely to have a bearing upon the health of the children.

During the inspection a watchful eye is kept for any conditions that may be favorable to the development or spread of contagious disease. The seats are noted to make sure that they are suited to the size of the children. The lighting and the placing of blackboards is examined to see that they are so placed that there is no fear from reflected light and that they are close enough to the children using them that there may be no eye strain.

The physical examination of the pupils is necessarily a most important side to medical inspection of schools.

The purposes of the examination are two: Firstly, for the pupil's own benefit, in order to note physical defects of hearing, vision, mentality, vitality or other matters affecting the child's growth and progress.

Secondly, in order to see that the child is not the carrier of infections or contagious diseases which would be of danger both to himself and the other children of the school.

The examination of children is usually made by the Doctor and the public health nurse, and if possible, with one of the parents and the teacher in attendance. Clothing is not removed without the parents' presence or consent. Examinations are made for defective vision, defective hearing or breathing, defective tonsils, teeth, and in order to see that the child is properly nourished.

It is unnecessary in this short article to tell the various aspects of these defects, but as an illustration, defective sight may be mentioned. Many children are short-sighted or long-sighted and their daily endeavors to read print of books or writing upon blackboards is the cause of great physical discomfort.

A careful examination by trained experts would reveal such defects. Suitable steps could then be taken to correct them. This would improve the child's progress, increase its happiness and assure greater efficiency in mature life.

Other defects are sometimes found in children, namely: Heart disease, affections of the lungs, malformations of the hands, feet or limbs, nervous affections, and defective mentality. To let a helpless child grow up without discovering and attempting to remedy such defects is imposing upon it a serious handicap in the life struggle and laying upon it the burden of many unhappy years that might be avoided by proper attention and care.

Health inspectors of schools are not generally made among pupils over the age of 15. In large cities, the inspections are undertaken by nurses and doctors together, both of whom are thoroughly trained in this branch of work.

In country places, where the system of medical inspection of schools is adopted, it is usual for a doctor to spend only part of his time in this work. If a doctor is not employed the examination is made by a properly trained and qualified nurse, who calls the attention of the parents or the family physician to observed defects that should receive attention.

From the many other arguments in favor of periodic medical inspection of schools we select the following:

(1) It teaches and encourages health habits in the child. (2) The close contact of children in school makes the spread of contagious diseases comparatively easy and regular medical inspection enables the school authorities to detect disease early and to prevent it spreading. (3) Medical inspection of schools helps to impress upon the community the fact that it is part of its duty to provide wholesome school environment for all its children.

"Home."

Home is the place where a man can rest,
Home is the spot where life's joys are best,
Battle for glory and strive for gain,
Stand to the ache and the hurt and pain,
Rise or fall, but at last your feet
Will come once more to the little street
And the wide swung door and the sheltering roof,
Which are hatred and malice and envy-proof.

There, if only your heart is kind
Faith that shall last to the end you'll find,
There is bravery, day by day,
Standing with you as you fight your way;
There are the smiles that shall cheer you on,
Smiles that live when the world's are gone;
There, though all in the world revile,
Abide the trust and the praise worth while.

Under the roof where your babes were born
There is no corner that harbors scorn,
Search it through and there's no one near
Who views your toil with a bitter sneer;
Never a doubting heart that stands
To mock the strength of your weary hands,
Oh, the world may laugh and the world deride,
But the eyes of your loved one's glow with pride.

Home at night with the setting sun,
Whether the battle be lost or won!
Home, away from the teeming crowd,
And the joust for gain with its noises loud,
Back to the spot where the clamors cease
And the gentle rooms that are sweet with peace,
Home to laughter and mirth and bliss
And faith that is sealed with an evening kiss.

—Edgar A. Guest.

In spring it is invest; in fall it is harvest. The harvest is the culmination of the investment of a season's endeavor.

Boy of 14 Never Has Shed a Tear in Life.

The case of a boy of fourteen who has never shed a tear is described by The London (Eng.) Daily Express. This is the rare record of a Camberwell boy, Bernard Waites, who has never been known to cry and has whimpered only once.

"I have never seen his eye moisten since the moment he was born," said Mrs. Waites to a reporter. "He had most of the baby ailments that bring tears, and has since had his share of bumps and bangs like any other boy.

"Every means has been tried to make him cry. Bigger boys have tormented and excited him, mocked and jeered at him, told him sad stories, and even stuck pins in him—without drawing the suspicion of a tear. He whimpered once for about half a second when his father cut his corn too low."

This fourteen-year-old tearless boy has an exceptionally strong and well-knit frame. He is well over 5 feet 3 inches in height. He has the muscles and sinews almost of a man, lisps like a child, and still has seven of his first teeth uncut. He began to talk only when he was twelve years old.

"He has more than the normal boy's share of feeling, intelligence and understanding," said Mrs. Waites, "and I am convinced that a good burst of tears would cure him of his 'queerness,' backwardness, and restraint. I would sell my home to see him cry."

A Tough Bird.

A young country minister, noted for his jollity, was dining at a farmhouse one Sunday and when his plate of roast chicken was passed to him, he remarked facetiously:

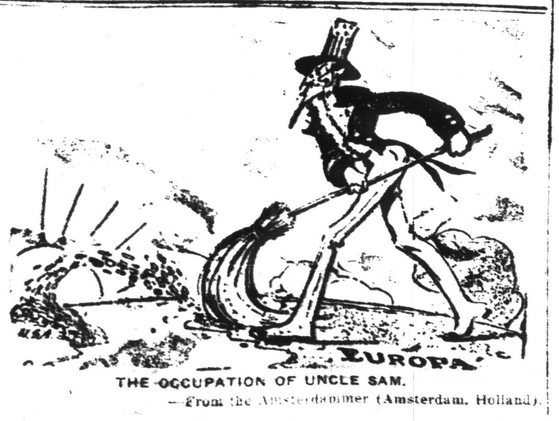
"Well, here's where that chicken enters the ministry."

"Hope it does better there than it did in lay work," rejoined the bright boy of the family.

Wanted to Know.

"Mother," said Archie, showing her a letter he was writing, "should I put a comma after this word or a pyramid?"

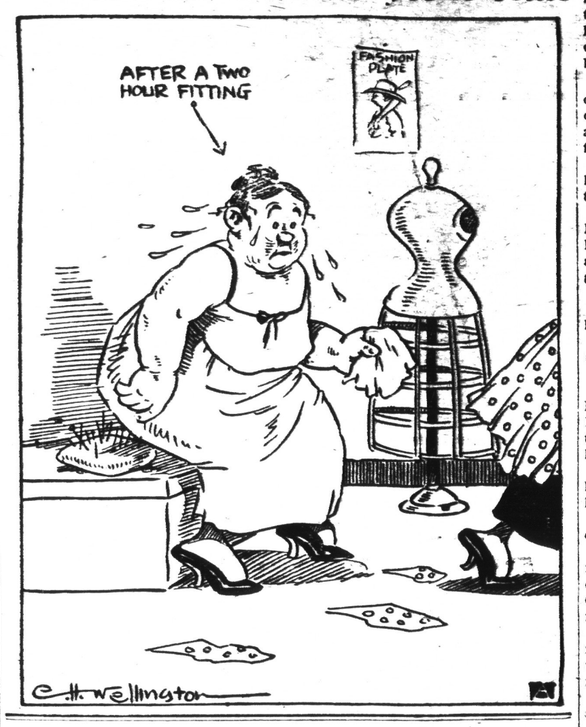
It's a good time to spray the brooder house now. Try an ordinary whitewash spray to which has been added five per cent. of some good tar disinfectant.



THE OCCUPATION OF UNCLE SAM.

—From the Amsterdammer (Amsterdam, Holland).

—and the worst is yet to come



SOME GIRLS ARE LIKE THAT

By Frank H. Williams

Folks said Charlie Montgomery got his automobile in this way: From a dealer in second-hand parts he bought a peck of bolts, from another a bushel of odds and ends, a tire or two from this one and a clutch from another one. Then he assembled the parts one evening with the aid of a hairpin and a vivid imagination. His wheezing, gasping, twitching, groaning automobile was the result.

Charlie simply grinned at this—he had a very pleasing grin—said folks were absolutely right, that this was exactly how he got his car, and went about his business. Charlie's principal business at that time was the courting of pretty Dorothy Smith. But this business wasn't going as well as his secondary business, which was that of contractor.

Charlie had a rival, a very dangerous rival. This rival was Henry Moorehouse, good-looking and possessed of a large amount of money left to him by his father. Furthermore, Henry had a high-powered car, an established position in local society, a pleasing personality and plenty of time. No wonder he made such progress in his efforts to win Dorothy's affections.

Of course the rivalry between the two men aroused a lot of interest among the friends of the three. Particularly did it arouse a great amount of sympathy in Mrs. Malone, with whom Charlie boarded, and who had mothered him since the death of his parents, when he was but a tiny youngster.

"Don't let good-looking, lazy Henry Moorehouse get your girl," counseled Mrs. Malone. "I'd never have a smile left in me all my life if you let her get away."

"I'm not going to let her get away," grinned Charlie.

"Well, then," went on Mrs. Malone, "drop everything else and court her the way Henry Morehouse does. You can afford to do it—you can afford to drop everything for a while and spend all your time courting her. You can afford to get a new car, too—that old rattle-trap of yours is a disgrace to the city."

"No I can't," responded Charlie thoughtfully. "And, besides, that wouldn't be the way to win her."

"It wouldn't, huh?" cried Mrs. Malone. "Every girl wants her sweetheart to give her a lot of attention and have a fine car and be well dressed and everything."

"Yes, some girls are like that," said Charlie. "But I'm not going to court her that way. I'm going right ahead the way I'm doing right now."

Mrs. Malone threw her hands up.

"Well," she said with great resignation "you're the one that will suffer—not me. If you can't see what's the right thing to do then no amount of talking can make you see it."

"Yes, that's right," grinned Charlie, and patted Mrs. Malone's shoulder affectionately. He didn't say it, but he knew that if he lost out Mrs. Malone would suffer every bit as much as himself, no matter what she said to the contrary.

So Charlie climbed into his sway-backed excuse for an automobile, tortured it into activity and bounced around to Dorothy's home, for the purpose of taking her out for a ride.

Dorothy greeted him with a smile.

"I see you still have Asthma with you," she commented, pointing to the automobile.

"Yes," said Charlie, "and she seems to be coughing better to-day."

"That's good," said Dorothy. "She sounded quite bad yesterday and I was afraid her one remaining lung was about gone."

At this they looked at each other and laughed and Charlie's heart began to pound furiously, as it always did whenever he was with Dorothy.

Presently they began coughing and bouncing down the street, laughing gayly to themselves. And as they continued on their way Charlie smiled a bit to himself.

"I'll have to tell Mrs. Malone all about it," he said to himself. "It's too good to keep, but just for the time I'm going to keep it a secret—a secret with myself."

That evening when Charlie went home he was smiling happily, so happily that Mrs. Malone noticed it and smiled at him in return.

"I take it you saw Dorothy to-day," said Mrs. Malone rather slyly.

"You take it correctly," Charlie replied.

"And did she, perhaps, promise to be Mrs. Montgomery?" queried Mrs. Malone.

"No," said Charlie. "I didn't ask her that important question to-day."

Mrs. Malone shook her finger at him solemnly and sorrowfully.

"I'm mighty afraid," she said, "you are going to lose her. Just this afternoon I saw her going up the street with that Henry Moorehouse in his big new car and they were all dolled up like a million dollars. He was probably taking her to a tea party somewheres. That's what you ought to be doing, taking her around to parties and things instead of to the movies and such like. All girls like parties and fine clothes more than anything else in the world."

"Yes," said Charlie, "some girls are like that."

"If you say that again," remarked Mrs. Malone quite savagely, "I'll turn you out of house and home and never let you darken this house again."

But Charlie simply laughed at her.

It was some few days after this that Charlie gave Mrs. Malone an address while they were eating the evening meal together.

"I wish you'd come to this address to-morrow afternoon about 3 o'clock," said Charlie, "there's something out there I want to show you."

Mrs. Malone gazed at the address with great curiosity and then at Charlie with equal curiosity.

"What is it?" she demanded. "What are you going to show me?"

"That 's a secret," laughed Charlie. "You come out to that address to-morrow afternoon and you'll see."

Mrs. Malone tried ineffectually several more times to get Charlie's secret from him, but he was adamant.

So the next afternoon found Charlie at 3 o'clock, arrayed in soiled overalls, standing on the verandah of an incompleted little house looking at the car line expectantly. In the driveway at the side of the car stood Charlie's relic of a machine and under the machine some one was sprawled and busily tinkering with it.

At last Charlie gave a little grunt of satisfaction and walked down to the car line. Mrs. Malone had just got off and was looking around rather hazily for the address.

"Righ up here," said Charlie, taking her by the arm and guiding her up toward the house.

Then, suddenly, he stopped dead in his tracks. A big, high-powered car had just stopped in front of the house and a very carefully dressed man was getting from it.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said Charlie.

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Malone.

"Nothing much," said Charlie, "but this ought to be good."

It was good!

The man alighting from the car was Henry Moorehouse. Charlie and Mrs. Malone met Henry right at the entrance to the walk leading up to the house.

"I was told that Miss Dorothy was here. Is she?" demanded Henry, stiffly.

"Yes," said Charlie. "Dorothy," he cried.

An overalled, rather grimy little figure crawled from under Charlie's car. Henry gasped and ran up to her. Charlie and Mrs. Malone followed rapidly.

"Dorothy," cried Henry, "have you forgotten that afternoon reception at the Brown's? You were to go with me!"

An expression of annoyance came to Dorothy's face.

"No, I'm not going!" she exclaimed. "I've hated those things all my life—dressing up all the time and going to parties. Charlie is the only person who's let me work around with his car and—and help build a house the way I've always wanted to. And I'm just having a wonderful time!"

"You're helping Charlie build this house?" cried Henry aghast.

"It's all right," said Charlie. "It's OUR house. We were married this morning!"

Dorothy came shyly to Charlie and he put his arm around her.

"You—you really like this?" cried Henry, indicating Charlie's old car and the half-completed house with a wave of his hand.

"I love it!" cried Dorothy.

For a moment a look of intense amazement came to Henry's face. Then, without a word, he turned and walked away.

"You see," Charlie shot after him, "some girls are like that!"

Charlie turned, grinning, to Mrs. Malone.

"You don't mind my telling him that do you?" he asked.

"I'd have wrung your neck if you hadn't!" cried Mrs. Malone happily.

The Orthographic Bear.

One winter's evening after tea
The pleasant thought occurred to mea
To go and see what I could sea

Upon the mountain side, although
The mountain winds did rave and blough,
And all the trails were blocked with snough.

So, putting on a pair of skis,
A helmet, lest my ears should fris,
And moccasins for greater eis,

A Mackinaw and French capote,
Three sweaters and an overcote,
I started, muffled to the throte.

It was a crazy thing to do;
Full in my face the storm winds blo,
And swift the stinging hailstones flo.

Before I reached the mountain side
All wish for exercise had dide.
"Enough is far too much!" I cride.

Panting, I sank beneath a bough,
And breathed a most emphatic rough
To make for home and do it nough.

But underneath me then and there
The snow heaved up into the aere!
I'd sat down on a hungry bere!

They sleep all winter, so 'tis said—
But this one hadn't gone to baid,
Or else his wish for sleep had flaid.

He didn't stand on etiquette—
With visage that was stern and sette
He floundered at me through the wette.

I promptly sought the tallest tree,
Dropping my last remaining skee;
The bear came expeditiouslee.

He reared his body to its height
And then, with teeth prepared to beight,
Began to climb that tree outreight.

I do not feel I ought to wait—
The hour, you see, was getting lait.
Down from a branch I tumbled strait.

He saw me though, that bear accursed,
And reached the ground in one fine bursed—
Quite rapidly, although strea fursed.

I headed home the shortest route,
The bear, a persevering broute,
Followed as fast as he could scoute.

As o'er the forest snow we flew
Between lay still a yard or tew,
That was the utmost he could dew.

'Twas an exhilarating chase,
I fortunately won the rase,
And slammed my door in bruin's fase.

—A. B. de Mille.

Taking His Medicine.

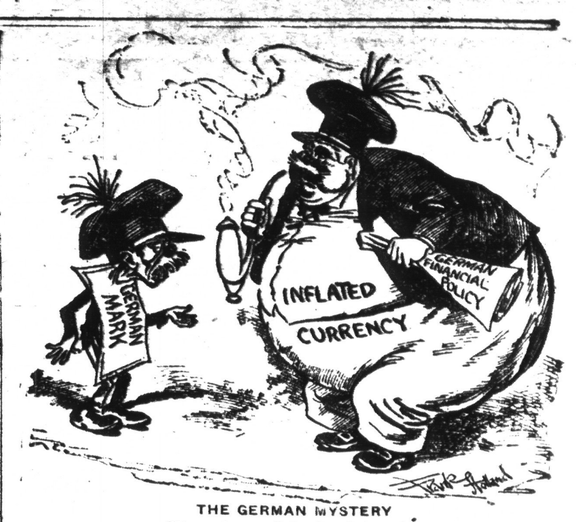
Brown—"I'm sorry to see you so unwell. Have you seen the doctor?"

Smith—"Yes, I'm having three baths a day."

Brown—"Whatever for?"

Smith—"Don't know; doctors orders. He gave me some medicine and told me to follow the directions on the bottle, which read, 'One tablespoonful to be taken three times a day in water.'"

Jumping out of bed immediately on awakening in the morning has a bad effect on the action of the heart in many cases.



THE GERMAN MYSTERY

"It puzzles me," the Fat Fritz cries,
That you should daily shrink in size,
While I get fatter, strange to say,
And more balloon-like every day."

—Reynold's Newspaper (London).

When You Speak Greek

How many languages do you speak Unless you are a professional interpreter, or have lived abroad a good deal, you will probably reply, "One, of course; English." But English is composed of dozens of other tongues—in fact, you cannot say even the simplest thing without using a number of foreign words. Let us visit your house and see how many languages we need in order to describe it.

Opening the gate, we enter the garden, a word meaning an enclosure, which comes to us from the old Vikings. The porch is a Latin word; so is the vestibule, which originally was the place where Romans left their vestments, or overcoats.

The parlor is derived from the French word parler, to speak. It is the place where you talk to your friends. The dining-room also is French, but the drawin-room is English. The word is really withdrawing room, the room to which people withdraw after dinner.

Some women have their own little dens which they call boudoirs—French again! Boudoir means "a sulking place," and it was the room to which the lady of the house retired to pout away her ill-humor when she was feeling that she hated everybody. We call a recess in a room an alcove, thereby using an Arabic word meaning an arch.

The kitchen is Latin; scullery is certainly not an Eiglish word, but it is doubtful whether it was the place where the Romans put their trays, or that where the Vikings swilled their pots. The larder is a French word, meaning bacon-store.

The staircase is German. At the top of it is the passage, a French word, meaning "space for moving to and fro." Often we call it a corridor, thereby using a Latin word meaning "running-about-place." The Romans gave it this name because their children used it as a playground, though we prefer to keep ours in the French nursery.

The lumber room—really Lombard room—is the place where the Lombards, the great Italian bankers of the Middle Ages, kept their papers. We may give it also the German name, garret, or the Greek name, attic. Greek temples were built with a triangular structure above the pillars at either end, hence the name is given to the room with a pointed ceiling at the top of the house.

We build our houses of French bricks and roof them with slates, a German word meaning "split things." The chimneys are Greek. The gutters that collect the rain-water are French, whilst the water-spouts that carry it away are Swedish.

Icelandic windows keep out the wind, and at night we draw down the Venetian blinds. These, by the way, came to Venice from Spain, where they were called "Jealousies." The jealous Spanish husband kept his wife in seclusion. She was not allowed to draw up her blinds, but she might peep out through the slits between the laths.

When you speak of a verandah you are talking pure Persian, as you may launch out into German by calling it a balcony. The bay windows in front of the house come from Baiae, the health resort which was to Rome what Brighton is to London.

If your brain begins to whirl at the thought of all the tongues that you speak, you can put on your Hindustani pyjamas, jump into your German bed, lay your Scandinavian head on the Latin pillow and the Saxon bolster, pull up the Gothic sheets, the French blankets, and the Danish eiderdown, turn out the Greek lamp, and seek the Latin solace of Saxon sleep!

Names That Are Words.

Either in their complete form or through derivation proper names have again and again lost their capital letter and personal significance and have become common words in common use. Every living language grows and that is one of the minor but most interesting ways in which ours has grown and indeed is still growing.

The names that have been used as common nouns have a wide range. Science honors its men of genius in such words as watt and marconigram; fashion, drawing alike from romance and history, has given us juliets, romeos, bluchers and wellingtons in foitwear, tams in headgear, and spencers cardigans and raglans to clothe the figure.

In some of those cases the reason for the new-coined word is obvious; in others it either is not clear or has been forgotten. The easy and convenient juliet, it is true, is not a romantic article of attire; yet Shakespeare's most romantic heroine, lightly enfolded in whatever was mediaeval for kimono, slipping out from her bedroom upon a chilly stone balcony to gaze at the moon, would certainly have found a pair a wise and comfortable precaution against sniffles. Wellingtons and bluchers, high boots of military style, were quite naturally named for two famous contemporary commanders in the Battle of Waterloo. The loose, capelike raglan was a style that Lord Raglan, British comander in chief during the Crimean War, favored, and it came finally to bear his name. The cardigan jacket, or cardigan, a homely forerunner of the sweater of to-day and well known to our mothers and grandmothers was named for another officer of the same war—Lord Cardigan, who led the charge of the famous Six Hundred at Balaklava. No less familiar in our grandmothers' day, though introduced somewhat longer ago, was the term spencer, which means a short, jacketlike garment, feminine in its final form, though it originated with the sterner sex in the day of the great dandies when in matters of dress that sex was less stern and more frivolous. A certain Lord Spencer, being provided by his tailor with a long tailed coat that he found to be awkward and unbecoming, resorted to the heroic remedy of simply cutting off the tails himself. The abbreviated garment, worn with an air of entire confidence and self-satisfaction, caused a commotion, but people immediately approved and imitated it, and "spencers" became "all the rage."

A recent word of the toilet is the verb "to marcel"; anyone who has newly acquired a "marcel wave" is less often mentioned as having had her hair waved than as having it marcelled. The Marcel from whom the term is derived was a hairdresser in Paris fifty years ago; he made a great fortune from his process and retired to the country.

A grim contrast to those frivolities is the story attached to the origin of that powerful appliance, the derrick, which is said to have been named for Theodoric, a soldier who served under the Earl of Essex. Theodoric committed a crime and was sentenced to death; but he was pardoned on condition that he would turn hangman and hang twenty-three other malefactors. He complied and seems to have adopted permanently the trade of executioner, for it was he that later in London executed his old commander. But neither from a gallows nor from a derrick did Essex swing to his doom. He was beheaded.

Rippling Rhymes
by Walt Mason

SUITABLE WORK.

How happy is the man whose task has all the charm he'd dare to ask! He spends the long hours chasing rats or pasting hair on wooden cats, all day he teeters to and fro, and when at eve the whistles blow, he sighs and says, "So help me, John, the happy day's already gone! How sad that one must quit his chores to spend the night in useless snores! I grudge each hour that bids me rest, and leave the tasks I love the best!" Oh, work is better far than play to any glad, enchanted jay who thus enjoys the craft he plies, and views his job with loving eyes. But of a thousand only one looks on the work he does as fun; the most of us are prone to hold that life's a fizzle, harsh and cold, since we must fashion horseshoe nails, or grind out pomes and dippy tales, or sell canned pumpkin in a store, or peddle milk from door to door. We think the world is upside down, since plutes go riding through the town in gay and shining limousines, while we must work to earn our beans. How many grievous ills would slide, if we could view our work with pride, consider idleness a crime, and hate to know it's quitting time!