

sense of dignity and decency imbued in man—they were without it. I did my best to humanize them, but found my labor thrown away. I did get them to learn *rosa, rosa*, but that was only by threatening not to allow them to see a pig killed unless the first declension were repeated. They made booby-traps for me. They sewed up the legs and sleeves of my pantaloons and coat. They made me apple-pie beds. They put the soap into the toe of my boot. They gummed together the pages of the grammar. They put gunpowder into the candle. They cut up hair very fine and strewed my nightdress with it. Lastly, they mimicked me. Their parents, so far from reprimanding them, laughed at these frolics and regarded them as exhibitions of daring originality.

I have always held that moral suasion is a far better vehicle of education than the cane, but doubt whether moral suasion is of any avail where the moral sense is dormant or non-existent. I believe that, just as Nature has provided the auditory sense with an organ, the ear, and the olfactory sense with an organ, the nose, and the sense of sight with an organ, the eye, so she has fashioned an organ for the reception of moral impressions, connected by a nerve with the brain. She has developed this organ into some prominence, no doubt to show how primary and important the moral sense is. She has withdrawn from it all arteries, and has invested it in a delicate network of highly sensitive nerves, to make it serve much as the drum to the ear. The waves of sound beat on this latter and resolve themselves into ideas in the brain; so precisely the pulsations of the cane on this other organ are rapidly transformed into a moral idea, and as such impress itself on the mind.

I tried very hard to do my duty. I tried to get these boys to study. I tried to lead them to look to higher things than pig killing and rat hunting. I tried to infuse into them a sense of honor. But I found in them none of the material of which the Tommies are made. I was drawing my salary and doing nothing for it. I had not got these boys to say "horse" instead of "hoss," or to use pocket handkerchiefs instead of the back of their hands. At length the climax arrived. These urchins made a dummy, which was intended to bear, and did bear, a striking likeness to myself. It could hardly do other, as it was invested in my new suit of clothes, not yet paid for. What with the mud with which it was pelted, and the general rough usage it received, my best Sunday suit of clothes was utterly ruined. I told Mr. Clodd plainly that I would no longer teach such unruly cubs as his sons, and I left the situation. As a man of honor I first paid the tailor for the spoilt suit, and then found myself with ninety-five cents in my pocket.

I received no thanks for my pains, no recognition that I had done my utmost. The blame was thrown on my head. I did not understand the temperament of the boys; I made no allowances for their exuberant vitality; I was exacting, stiff and ungenial. I felt that these wretched louts must come to bad ends; they were the raw clay out of which the villainous Harries are molded. I have lived to see them grow up. My predictions have not been

realized. They are now rough, sporting young men, with good incomes, farming good estates, and farming them well; and the gallows to which I had consigned them does not seem destined to suspend them.

When I left Mr. Clodd's I reviewed my conduct; and then I felt that I had acted throughout in the conscientious spirit of Tommy. I had striven to do good to these wretches, and I had striven to do my duty, and to do it thoroughly. The result was my dismissal, with ninety-five cents in my pocket. Now, had I been Harry, how different would have been my conduct, how different my situation! I would have winked at the boys' misconduct, excused their mischievous pranks, allowed them to shirk lessons, praised their gallant spirits to the father and mother, assured them that genius lurked behind all their exuberant play of spirit, allowed them to go on in their brutal pursuits unreprieved, without an effort to elevate them, have reported their sallies of wit to their parents, and I would have had my salary raised, my position in the house secured, and a future opened to me among the marriageable girls of means who frequented the place.

On leaving Mr. Clodd's I was appointed principal of the district school, which was managed by a board of trustees. Some of the farmers on the board took my part against the Clodds, of whom they were envious; and so, out of spite to the Clodds, and because I could be secured cheap, gave me the vacant situation.

When offered the school I hesitated about accepting it. It was not that my pride suffered; it was that I misdoubted my powers. My self-confidence had received a rude shock in the house of the Clodds. I had believed firmly hitherto in moral suasion, and had disapproved of corporal punishment. My views on this point were disturbed. You can make a racer run with a word of praise and a pat, but not a donkey. I had had to do with a well-bred youth, and had managed him with perfect success. I had tried the Clodds, and had failed. Should I succeed with children of still another class? My diffidence, and my strong Tommeian sense of honor, forced me to accept the principalship conditionally. My tenure of the post was to be terminable at the end of the quarter, without notice on either side. I felt that, should I fail, I would be unable to continue in the situation for three months more with justice to the children, the trustees and myself.

I found the school in a neglected and utterly unsatisfactory condition. The assistant teacher and the late principal had played into each other's hands, giving each other half holidays alternately, coming unpunctually in the mornings, and cutting the hours short in the afternoons, spending their time together gossiping in the class room, leaving the classes under the charge of scholars. This I stopped. The result was that I made an enemy of the assistant, and he went about among his friends and acquaintances making complaints and stirring up a party against me.

I discovered that several of the children did more scratching than scribbling. Thereupon I laid in a supply of carbolized soap, at my own expense, and a fine-tooth comb, and began operations with vigor. What a storm this raised! The parents of the urchins I had combed and carbolized came to me, livid with fury, and dared me to touch their children's heads again. Those with the dirtiest brats were the most indignant. Never before had it been insinuated that their little ones were not so clean that you might have made a meal off them. Why were they to be combed and carbolized, whilst the sons