

WEST SHORE BOYS AND GIRLS

By Emily A. Kellogg.

A SECOND GIANT KILLER.

There was once a small boy, but his name was not Jack.
And he hadn't a bean stalk at all;
Yet he "hitched his hatchet" with sturdy hack,
Which helped him to climb a high wall.
Now, the name of that hatchet can any one guess?
A giant he killed with it, too!
The name of the wall which he climbed was success,
The giant he conquered was slothfulness,
And work was the hatchet that slew.—*Wide Awake.*

Johnny and I went to see the professor. I thought it was queer to call him "professor," but Johnny declared it was all right. He said—

"I don't care who a man teaches; if he teaches something extra fine and makes his pupils learn, I call him professor."

"You don't care *whom* he teaches?" I said. "But these pupils are not *who*; they are only *what*. They are not *folks*."

"Humph!" responded Johnny. "I only wish half the folks I know had as much sense and behaved as well as these horses."

"You're right about that, Johnny."

But all this talk came after we had been to "the show," for a show it was, and a good one, too. It opened with a view of a school house. The horses came trotting in, one by one, with soft, felt hats tied down over their heads and school bags dangling from their mouths. At the professor's word these docile pupils formed into class.

"Bucephalus," he cried, "take my hat and bring me a chair."

The order was obeyed. A brown beauty, named Prince, at the master's word took his place upon the platform to act as monitor, but, neglecting duty, was soon in disgrace, and was to be chastised. But friendly Mustang knelt at the master's feet and begged for mercy for his comrade, who thus gained forgiveness. What interested Johnny and me was to perceive that while Prince seemed to be disobeying his master he was really obeying him. He had been taught to go through these tricks of disobedience and to do just the contrary of the word given. Johnny thought that this implied considerable reasoning. We had quite a little discussion, between the acts, on the moral effect of being taught to disobey, and both concluded that it was not the best training for boys.

Brutus came in tardily, with the guilty air of a delinquent. It transpired that he had played truant the day before. He was called up by the master, upon whom he tried all his wheedling arts, without avail. To see him coax and rub his head against his master's breast, in mock affection, was a lasting lesson.

"I declare," said Johnny, "I shall never again try such tricks upon mother without thinking of Brutus. I never saw before how silly and mean it looked. You are an old hypocrite, Brutus, and I've been another, lots of times."

Independent Brutus was sent to his place, but managed to slip around behind the master, and, reaching up his head, with his nose turned the hands of the clock to shorten school hours and bring twelve o'clock sooner.

Johnny has a little deaf, mute cousin, whom he often visits at the excellent school where such unfortunates are educated. Johnny has been greatly delighted with the wonderful results of the wise training there given. He was, therefore, specially interested in Caesar, the deaf horse, who had been taught a sign language, which stood him in stead of the spoken word. At the professor's request different people in the audience gave the verbal orders which the master interpreted by means of signs. Johnny became wildly enthusiastic as Caesar went through his evolutions, turning right or left, backward or forward, in a circle or a figure eight, as desired.

"It is equal to the deaf and mute school, isn't it, auntie? In fact, I think I would rather undertake to teach boys like Cousin Rob than deaf and dumb horses like Caesar. But, see, they have brought on a set of musical bells. Each horse is finding his own bell. It is a wonder they do not want to tune them, as other orchestras do"

"Listen, Johnny; what are they playing?"

"Why, it is the 'Last Rose of Summer,' isn't it? How well they keep time with the piano!"

"They do, indeed. It is a marvel. How could they ever learn it? Did you ever notice, Johnny, how well everything goes off when each one tries to do his own part and lets the others alone? I have tried to train boys

and girls for exhibitions, and had hard work with it, for each one thought he had to attend to somebody else. The professor would never in the world have succeeded with these horses had each one not learned to attend strictly to his own duty and let others' alone."

After that followed a series of remarkable and interesting pantomimes. The court scene showed judge and jury, the prisoner in the dock, and witness on the stand. Two lawyers argued the case, with fore feet on their desks and with books open before them. After the charge from the judge the jury retired for a few moments, when the foreman returned with the verdict of "not guilty" displayed on a card. At the judge's order the equine sheriff released the prisoner, who gave expression to his gratitude in bows to judge, jury and audience.

The military drill was marvelously near perfection. Seventeen horses went through intricate evolutions. They formed in double column, then in platoons of fours, wheeled to right and left and formed a hollow square. They obeyed the orders of "company front," "about face," "shoulder arms," "present arms," in a way to put to blush many a proud company of militia. Their capture of flag and fort was ably done. With soldierly bravery and precision each in turn fired the cannon, thus greatly demoralizing the imaginary enemy.

On the way home I was telling Johnny of a book which I wanted him to read—an autobiography of a horse. It is called "Black Beauty," and is for sale by the American Humane Education Society, Boston. It costs only twenty cents, postpaid. I should be glad to have all my girls and boys read it, and am sure that it will enforce the lessons which Johnny and I learned at the show—lessons of sympathy with, and kindness toward, our dumb friends. Yes, and of humanity also, for when we consider the faculties with which we have been endowed and the privileges of education which have been granted us we feel that our attainments have been small compared with the "professor's pupils."

How many of you would know just how to make our nation's flag, if you had it to do? Could you make it without a pattern? Do you know how many stripes to put in it, and in what order to arrange them? Do you know the proportion between length and breadth? Do you know how far the blue field extends, how many stars has there been and how many there will be next fourth of July? It is worth studying up.

The true way to get a start in life is to take the first chance of getting into the race.

We must take what we can get if we hope finally to get what we want.

Give your tongue more holidays than you do your eyes and ears.

One of the great things in life is to get started.

TALKS AT HOME.

I. MY ONLY CONSOLATION.—My only consolation in being unable to meet you young people face to face is that as long as I suffer this deprivation I shall not see any of you chew gum.

I rode down a few days ago in the car with three young girls. They were bright, jolly, good-hearted girls, obedient and attentive to their mother who accompanied them. They were not unmindful of the comforts of their fellow passengers. A lady boarded the car and took a seat opposite to them and with her back to the driver. They promptly and kindly offered to exchange seats with her. When they left the car they were thoughtful enough to carry all the bundles. The oldest one waited to give her mother a helping hand although she had already burdened herself with the heaviest basket.

But—they chewed gum all the time. They chewed it patiently, cheerfully, persistently and aggressively. They opened their lips, too, with every chew. They turned the cud vigorously in the sight of all beholders. They smacked audibly. It was too much! Do you wonder that I gave a sigh of relief when they left the car?

Do you know that it was the duty of those young girls to be pretty and agreeable in my eyes? I had to look at them, and it was unkind to make themselves so unseemly. They were also permanently injuring their good looks. You have been told that evil passions and bad temper will in time draw ugly lines upon the face. Do you not easily see that the twisting and pulling of the muscles used in gum chewing will give a coarse, uncomely mouth? Unladylike habits and coarse manners do not well become true-hearted and right-minded girls. Let such take note!