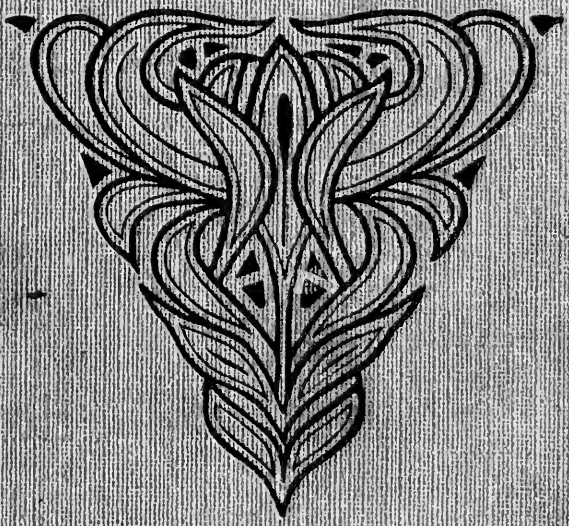
GOOD MANNERS AND RIGHT CONDUCT

McVENN



BOOK ONE

D·C·HEATH & COMPANY
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Alexander G. Thomas

GOOD MANNERS AND RIGHT CONDUCT

BY

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PRINCIPAL OF TRAINING DEPARTMENT
PHILIPPINE NORMAL SCHOOL, MANILA

Book One

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TO THE TEACHER

THE sentiment in favor of a more systematic training in morals in our schools has been growing for some time. We teachers can no longer disregard this fact. An intelligent response must be made to the demand which this sentiment has presented. The plan for definite, continuous training along this line is a matter of the highest importance, inasmuch as the results to be secured are vital in the development of society as well as of the individual.

In planning such a system the following essentials should be borne in mind:

The teacher must be in the highest possible degree what he wishes his pupils to become. If you wish to teach your class to be helpful, a spirit of eager service must characterize your own actions. If you ask, "How shall I teach my class honesty?" the answer must always begin with "First, be honest yourself," thus showing them by your life what honesty is.

The aim should be to establish in your pupils the habits of thought and of conduct that will make them helpful members of society. To do this they should be made to practice helpfulness in the school, to have a sense of responsibility for the general good; to feel a sense of personal injury when some wrong interrupts the smooth working of the school, and of pride in the successful carrying out of the various school activities whether by the school as a whole, by individuals, or by groups.

The children should be studied carefully with a view to finding out along what line you need to exert your greatest efforts to bring about the desired results. For example, if a spirit of selfishness seems to rule the class, then until that is in a measure broken up, plan your lessons with a view toward inculcating habits of generosity and helpfulness by the practice of working in groups, the members of each group having a definite result of their coöperative labor to look forward to — an end which requires not one or two but every one of the members to accomplish. This places a certain share of the responsibility for the result on each one. If one neglects his duty, it may be pointed out not only that the result suffers but also that the work of the faithful ones has been in vain.

Training should be begun early, and should be continued through all the grades. Strive to encourage righteous impulses and discourage unrighteous ones.

Teaching should be chiefly by the indirect method. The formal, didactic method should for the most part be avoided. The virtues with their consequent rewards, the vices with the punishments which naturally follow them, may be introduced to the children in an interesting way through fairy tale, myth, fable, legend, stories of heroes, biography, and history, by no means neglecting incidents in the daily life of the home, school, and community. Bring the child into genuine sympathy with the incident or story. He will then appreciate its importance as a moral force and the lesson will sink into his mind.

The principle that abstract notions, such as truth, courage, and others, can be learned only by practice should be kept constantly in mind. For example, a child may be given an instance illustrating truth, he may be talked to about the

notion, he may even be able to talk about it in a perfectly proper way; however, until he is actually brought to the point where he must choose between the true and the false, and voluntarily chooses the true, he has absolutely no working knowledge of the notion, truth. When the opportunity of choice presents itself, see that conditions are such that the choice of the right is made easy and that of the wrong, difficult. If this is done, the probabilities are that the child will choose truth and so make a start in the right direction. After the child has gained some strength of habit in making the right choices, gradually less care in arranging conditions need be taken.

As regards the *time* to be given to Manners and Right Conduct, and its *place* in the program of school studies, it is recommended:

(1) That the book be placed in the hands of the pupils as supplementary reading material; that one reading period a week be allowed for talks on conduct-story material assigned. In these conversations, question and answer should play a large part.

(2) That the picture studies be taken in connection with grammar and composition as a basis for oral work.

The short dialogues illustrative of manners may also be taken as oral work in connection with grammar and composition.

(3) That courtesy be a matter of everyday concern, instruction being given as lapses occur.

Any general deflection or marked rudeness tending to bring criticism upon the school may be taken up by the teacher during the time set aside for opening exercises.

(4) That the longer dialogues be reserved for special programs.

This series of books is placed in the hands of the teachers in the earnest hope that the material may be helpful in planning for our schools an effective system of training in Good Manners and Right Conduct.

HELPFUL BOOKS FOR THE TEACHER

Character Building in School	Jane Brownlee
Ethics for Children	Ella Lyman Cabot
Conduct as a Fine Art	N. P. Gilman and E. P. Jackson
Ethics for Young People	C. C. Everett (Ginn)
The Making of Character	John MacCunn
Moral Education	Edward Howard Griggs (Huebsch)
Primer of Right and Wrong	J. N. Larned (Macmillan)
Systematic Moral Education	John King Clark
Prose Every Child Should Know	Mary E. Burt (Doubleday)
How to Tell Stories to Children	Sara Cone Bryant (Houghton)
Stories to Tell to Children	Sara Cone Bryant (Houghton)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Four things a man must learn to do —
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry van Dyke.

CLEANLINESS

"They that wish to be clean, clean they will be."

GOOD MANNERS AND RIGHT CONDUCT

CLEANLINESS

It is very easy to keep clean. Let us make up our minds that we will keep clean, — clean in body, clean in dress, and clean in habit.

How shall we keep our bodies clean? By bathing often and using plenty of soap and water. Bathing once a week is not often enough in hot weather. Clean boys and girls bathe the whole body at least once a day.

Cold water alone will not do the work. *Plenty of soap* must be used. Water cannot cut grease and dirt — even soap used with *cold* water will not always do it. Hence, hot water and soap should be occasionally used—at least once a week — to insure cleanliness. Care should be taken to follow the hot bath by a cold plunge, or a shower, to prevent taking cold. A very simple and interesting experiment will show that water used without plenty of soap cannot make you clean:

Wet a bit of absorbent cotton with alcohol and briskly rub the skin in one spot (the chin, about the nostrils, the back of the neck, or even a protected portion, as

the upper arm) for a moment. You will be astonished to see how much dirt you can get off a spot that you had thought clean.

The face and neck should be washed more frequently; the hands, many times a day, and always before eating. The finger nails should be cut often (do not bite them) and should be kept clean.

Our nostrils, through which we breathe, collect much dust every day. So it is necessary when we bathe to wash out the nostrils in order thoroughly to cleanse them of this dust and other obstructions. Carry in your pocket a fresh handkerchief and use it when necessary.

The teeth should be carefully brushed with a tooth-brush and water every morning on rising. The mouth should be rinsed after each meal and any particles of food that have lodged between the teeth should be removed with a silk thread, a quill, or a wooden pick — never a metal one. Do not rinse the mouth or pick the teeth at the table or anywhere else within sight of anybody.

The ears, too, require special attention. They should be kept clean both inside and out. Can you give two good reasons for this? Do not pick at the ears with a stick or quill, as you may injure your hearing. Use only a soft cloth with soap and water, rinsing well.

The scalp should be kept very clean by frequent washing, and the hair free of lice by a little kerosene well rubbed in once or twice a week. Let the oil remain on the scalp and in the hair some hours or over-

night. Then wash the scalp and hair well. Another way of getting rid of this plague is to saturate the hair and scalp with alcohol. Then wrap the head in a thick towel for a couple of hours to keep the fumes in. This will kill all vermin, and leave the scalp and hair perfectly clean. No washing is necessary after this treatment.

Girls should either braid the hair or otherwise tidily arrange it instead of letting it hang loosely over the shoulders.

Boys' hair should be kept short — the shorter the better. A mop of hair hanging over the eyes looks very untidy, and is not cleanly.

All sores should be kept thoroughly clean and carefully bandaged. Can you give two good reasons for this?

NOTE. — *Treatment for dhobie's itch:* The itch is cured easily by bathing the sores with soap and water and applying a weak carbolic solution or a saturated solution of salicylic acid, this being followed by a thorough greasing with sulphur ointment. This treatment is best given just before going to bed. These medicines should be found in any drug store.

The itch is usually seen first on the hands. If you find you have it, cure yourself at once. The disease is very contagious and you have no right to endanger others. You must learn to help protect your neighbors. Unless you learn how to do this, you will never become a good citizen.

Do not hawk, snuffle, or cough in company. If you have a bad and troublesome cold in your head or throat, say "Excuse me, please," and leave the room quietly

without explanation. Go beyond sight and hearing. When you can return comfortably, do so without making any remarks about your absence.

The four "nevers." Take them deeply to heart:

1. Never spit out of the window or upon the steps or the floor of any building. Never spit on the floor of any carriage or car. Promiscuous spitting is unsanitary and disgusting. It is practiced only by the careless and the ignorant. You know from your study of sanitation many good reasons for this "never"; and by being careful you can make your country a much better place to live in, — another way of helping to protect your neighbors.

2. Never breathe in another person's face. This is very impolite as well as dangerous to health. Try not to eat onions and garlic or other ill-smelling foods on school days, or when going into any company. Your friends dislike to see you coming when you have an offensive breath.

3. Never explain, in case of personal necessity, why you wish to leave the room, or where you wish to go. Say simply, "Please may I leave the room?" or "Excuse me, please," and go without further speech.

4. Never scratch the head or any part of the body when in company. This is a most offensive habit. Exercise a little self-control. Do not allow yourself to scratch.

Your clothes may be old and worn, but that is no reason for their being dirty. Remember that "Cleanliness is next to godliness" and old clothes that are clean

look much better than new clothes that are dirty, although there is no disgrace in soiling hands, clothing, or body if the nature of one's work requires it. There is a difference between being merely soiled and being filthy. Many honorable occupations soil the hands and clothing; but there is no excuse for permitting one's person to go without attention from day to day.

Rise early, take your morning bath (a handful of coarse salt left overnight in a basin of water makes a fine solution for a brisk rub-down to begin with, if you are afraid of taking cold), put on fresh clothes, comb your hair, clean your nails and teeth, eat your breakfast, and away. Get an early start so that you may arrive at the school grounds before bell time.

When we have learned to keep our bodies clean, and to start out in the morning in clean clothes, we must learn to keep things around us clean and in order. Do not throw paper or fruit seeds or orange rinds on the floor or out of the windows. Put all such useless things into a waste basket kept for that purpose.

Keep your books clean inside and out. Cover them. Do not mark them up. Do not dog-ear them.

Never scribble on walls, desks, or blackboards with pencil or chalk. Never whittle school property. All these acts speak of general carelessness and make even new buildings look run down and neglected. When the visitor sees these marks he knows that the boys and girls are careless. They have not yet learned to take proper pride in the appearance of their surroundings. The Government has provided you with the building

in which you study. The Government is supported by the people — your parents among them. When you destroy or disfigure Government property, your act is a very foolish one, for you are willfully injuring your own property.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. The necessity for an all-over bath.

   (Lead up to this by looking at the skin through a magnifying glass, and noting the pores. Tell why they are there; what happens if they are closed. Tell of the impurities left on the surface when the perspiration evaporates.)

   How often do you take an all-over bath? Necessity of daily bath. Use of soap.

2. The necessity for clean clothing.

   Why is it necessary to change undergarments every day, and other clothing frequently? (Two good reasons.)

3. Clothing and self-respect.

   How do you feel when your clothing is clean? Do you like to sit next to a dirty boy or girl?

   The following paragraphs from *Good Health*, by Frances Gulick Jewett, show the general feeling of the cleanly person toward the uncleanly.

I have a ten-year-old niece in the fourth grade of a grammar school, and she calls one of the boys in her class "that smelly boy." Yesterday she said: "I hate to stand near that smelly boy at the blackboard." What she said simply shows the difference there is in children as well as in grown people. Some are clean and some are unclean; some are washed all over, and some are washed in spots; some look as if they had used wash cloth and towel so vigorously that every pore of the skin is clean;

others are so dingy round the neck and ears that it seems as if they hardly know what soap and water will do.

Indeed, some people give the impression of being clean, while other people, in spite of fine clothes, are betrayed by the odor which tells us they are not clean.

Is it strange then that washed people do not like to have unwashed people around? The fact is they so thoroughly dislike having them near that they can't help showing their objection sometimes. Of course this hurts the feelings of the unwashed; still, if they are bright enough, they will see what the matter is, adopt the habit of bathing regularly, and join the army of the clean.

4. Special care of face, neck, ears, and nostrils.
5. Clean teeth.

When you eat corn and fish or other food, what happens to the particles that lodge in the teeth? What do you use to clean your teeth? How often do you use it? When?

6. Clean nails.

If you do not keep your nails clean, what gets under them? Where does it come from? If you scratch a sore with black finger nails, blood poisoning may result. Are your nails black? Are they too long? Do you bite them?

7. Care of sores.

Why should sores be kept clean? Why bandaged?

8. The forming of habits.

When we repeat an act many times, we finally are able to do it easily without thinking, and it becomes a habit. Combing the hair, washing the face, cleaning the teeth and nails early in the morning, are good habits. Can you name some other good habits? Is it easy to form a habit?

Why? Is it a fine thing to have good habits? It is difficult to break up a habit. How can it be done? We do not wish to break up good habits, but some boys and girls, as well as grown-ups, have bad habits, so we must learn to break up bad habits.

9. The spitting habit.

What kind of habit is this? Give two good reasons for your answer. Do you like to walk or talk with anybody who has the spitting habit? Have you the spitting habit? How are you going to break it up?

10. Hawking, snuffling, coughing.

Are these pleasant sounds? Do you like to hear them? Do you have any of these habits? Is a bad cold a good excuse for your annoying your friends? What should you do? What say? Where go? Should you talk about your ailment?

11. The four "nevers."

Can you tell what they are? Do you always heed these four cautions? Which one do you find most difficult to heed? Do you like to talk with anyone who has been eating onions?

12. Cleanliness of surroundings.

Is our classroom floor clean? Are there any papers or pencil shavings lying about? Are the corners well swept? Are the blackboards kept clean? Are the desks in order? Are umbrellas and hats properly hung up? Are you proud of your school? How do you help to keep it looking nice? Do you ever throw papers out of the window? Do you throw orange peel about the yard? What do you do with such useless things?

PERSONAL BELONGINGS

THERE are certain useful toilet articles that every girl and boy should own.

1. *A comb.* — Have a personal comb. Take the same care to keep this comb clean that you do to keep your head clean. Never allow any one else to use your comb, and never yourself *touch* or *use* another's comb. Contagious scalp diseases are passed from one to another by the use of a family comb.

2. *A toothbrush.* — Have your own toothbrush. Cleanse it frequently with alcohol or listerine and keep it in a light, airy place so that it may not become musty. Do not permit anyone else to touch it. You take even greater risk in using another's toothbrush than in using his comb.

3. *Towels.* — Have an individual towel. Towels used commonly by a number of persons help in spreading skin diseases and dreadful forms of eye trouble, some of which lead to blindness. Never use another's towel.

4. *Soap.* — Have your own cake of soap for the same reasons that you have and guard your own towel. Never use another's soap.

These articles are essential to cleanliness; and if you wish to *keep clean* and *well*, they must be objects of individual ownership. Guard your rights in these personal things jealously; and in the same measure that you would have your own personal belongings respected,

you must respect the personal belongings of others. Let "Hands off" be your motto in respect to another's toilet articles.

TOMÁS

Tomás was very untidy. He did not like to keep himself clean. His mother tried to teach him not to put his fingers in the jam. She wanted him to comb his hair and to keep his hands and face and shirt clean. But Tomás did not care.

His teacher talked to him. But he spilled the ink, dropped his books on the floor, and had mud on his feet just the same as before. He did not care.

One day he was more careless than ever. His mother was discouraged, so on that day she did not try to have him do better. His teacher was discouraged, and she did not seem to see how untidy he was. He did just as he wanted to do all day, and no one talked to him about it.

When Tomás went to bed he wondered if they would stop trying to have him keep clean and be tidy. He hoped so.

He went to sleep. Before long he thought he was playing in a muddy place and was getting his hands and face and shoes as dirty as he pleased. He was having a good time.

Then he heard some one talking. The sound came nearer. He looked up and saw three strange men. He

had never seen them before, but he seemed to know their names.

They were Clean One, Tidy One, and Helping One. As they came nearer they saw Tomás. He was ashamed a little, so he pretended to be asleep. He hoped they would go away, but they did not.

"See that dirty boy," said Clean One. "Let us take him over where the pigs are. He will like them for playmates."

"No," said Tidy One. "Let us cover him over with mud and leave him here. He will like that better." Then Tidy One began to scrape up mud so as to put it on Tomás.

But Helping One said, "That is Tomás, the boy that is untidy and does not keep clean. Let us wash him and comb his hair. He needs it, and he won't do it for himself."

So they took him to the brook and scrubbed his face and his neck and his hands. They scrubbed him so hard that he smarted, but they got him clean. Tomás kept his eyes shut. He did not like to be washed as if he were a baby.

Then they combed his hair. It was matted and there was mud in it. They did not comb gently, but they did it thoroughly.

Then Helping One said, "Tomás's mother, and his father, and his teacher, all want him to keep clean. He will not do it. We must help him. We must come every day when he is asleep and scrub him and comb his hair."

It all seemed so real that Tomás was afraid that they would. And the only way to prevent it was for him to do these things for himself. And he did.

— *Selected.*

UNWRITTEN LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he quickly selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly.

"He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were

carefully brushed, his hair in good order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than for all the fine letters he can bring me."

[Dramatize this little scene, making up the questions of the business man and the boy's answers, and putting in all the action mentioned in the story.]

THE INFLUENCE OF A CLEAN FACE

A CHILD, coming from a filthy home, was taught at school to wash his face. He went home so sweet and clean that his mother washed *her* face. When the father came from his work and saw the improvement, he washed *his* face. The neighbors who called in saw the change and washed *their* faces, until all the people in that street had clean faces; and the next street copied their example, and the whole city became clean because one schoolboy washed his face.

— THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE.

TOM, THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney sweep and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town in a cold country where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep. He could not read or write, and did not care to do either, and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the lane where he lived.

Tom and his master, Mr. Grimes, set out one morning for Harthover Place, where they were to sweep the chimneys. Mr. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom walked behind with the brushes.

Soon they came up with a poor Irish woman, trudging along with a bundle on her back. She had a gray shawl over her head, and wore a crimson skirt. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore; but she was a very tall, handsome woman, with gray eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks. She walked beside Tom, and asked him where he lived, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman.

At last they came to a spring, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began. There Grimes stopped, got off his donkey, climbed over the low road-wall, and knelt down and began dipping his ugly head into the spring; and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irish woman helped him. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped quite astonished, and said, —

"My! Master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will you again, most likely. It wasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smithy collier-lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said Tom.

"Come along," said Grimes. "What do you want with washing yourself?"

Grimes was very sulky, and he began beating Tom.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irish woman.

Grimes seemed quite cowed, and got on his donkey without another word.

"Stop," said the Irish woman, "I have one more word. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember."

Tom swept many chimneys at Harthover Place, — so many that he got very tired and lost his way in them; and he came down the wrong chimney, and found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

The room was all dressed in white; white window-curtains, white bed-curtains, white chairs, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there.

The next thing he saw was a washstand with pitchers and basins, and soap and brushes, and towels, and a large bath full of clean water. And then looking toward the bed he held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had

ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold.

"She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist and tried to rub the soot off. "Certainly, I should look much prettier, if I grew at all like her."

And looking around, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little, ugly, black ragged figure with bleared eyes, and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a dirty little fellow want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself reflected in a great mirror.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears with shame and anger.

Under the window spread a tree, with great branches and sweet white flowers, and Tom went down the tree like a cat, and across the garden toward the woods.

The gardener, mowing, saw him and threw down his scythe and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairymaid heard the noise and jumped up and gave chase to Tom. Grimes ran out and gave chase to Tom. The ploughman left his horses and ran on to give chase to Tom.

Tom ran on and on, and when he stopped to look around, he said, "Why, what a big place the world is"; for he had left the gardener, the dairymaid, Grimes, and the ploughman all behind, and was far away from Harthover.

Through the wood he could see a clear stream glancing. Far, far away, the river widened to the shining sea; and this is the song Tom heard the river sing:

Clear and cool, clear and cool
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Then he fell asleep and dreamed that the little white lady called to him, "Oh, you are so dirty; go and be washed"; and then he heard the Irish woman say, "They that wish to be clean, clean they will be," and all of a sudden he found himself half asleep and half awake, in the middle of the meadow, saying over and over again, "I must be clean, I must be clean."

— Adapted from *The Water Babies*, by CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

JULES BRETON (1827–1906)

A LONELY, level field lies bright in the glow of the rising sun. It extends to the horizon where some low trees and the roofs of a few dwellings may be seen.

In the foreground is a single figure, — a young peasant girl. She stands erect, with head raised, lips apart, all action arrested, every muscle alert. Her posture tells us as plainly as words could that she is listening. She hears the skylark singing his morning song high in the air, and she feels the beauty of the song. She stops her work to listen. She stands very still so that she may

hear every note. The skylark's song has helped to make her work seem lighter, because it has made her heart glad. Has the sight of a beautiful tree or the wild note of a bird ever spoken to your soul in this way?

This picture hangs in the Chicago Art Institute. One morning a bright little girl went into the Institute, walked up to one of the caretakers there and said: "Sir, I want to see the very prettiest picture in the whole building." The guard was too busy then to go with her, and she wandered on alone past picture after picture. Finally she stopped, and when the guard went upstairs, he found her standing in front of "The Song of the Lark." Her head was thrown back in imitation of the girl in the picture, and she was singing at the top of her voice. As he came up, she stopped to say, "I have found it myself, sir, the very prettiest picture of all. I like it because it makes me feel so happy that I want to sing just as the girl in the picture is doing."

The artist, Jules Breton, was a countryman of Millet, and like Millet he painted many pictures of French peasants.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the girl doing?
2. Where is she?
3. What has she in her hand?
4. What time of day do you think it is? Why?
5. To what is the girl listening?
6. Where is the bird? How can you tell?
7. Tell the story of the little girl who wanted to see "the very prettiest picture in the whole building."

THE SONG OF THE LARK

From the painting by Jules Breton

OBEDIENCE

Obedience is the key to every door.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

OBEDIENCE

OBEDIENCE is the corner stone of government, whether of the family, the school, the town, the state, or the nation. Without it you can have no school. Show by your prompt and businesslike way of doing things that you have learned how to obey. Take up the suggestions and carry out the plans of your teacher promptly, cheerfully, and enthusiastically.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Importance of obedience.

   Why is it important and necessary?

2. Everybody has to obey.

   Why must we not talk aloud in class? Whom must we obey in school? Why? What would happen if everybody did as he pleased in class?

   Did your father and mother have to obey their parents? Did your grandfather obey? Does your teacher have to obey? Suppose she went to sleep or did not teach you; what would happen?

3. Prompt, cheerful obedience.

   Do you like to be commanded to do things? Try to do things before it is necessary to be commanded. Sometimes do more than is asked.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT

ONCE upon a time there were four little rabbits. Their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter. They lived with their mother in a sand bank, underneath the root of a very big fir tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. Luna's garden. Your father had an accident there; he was put into a pie by Mrs. Luna.

"Run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail were good little bunnies. They went down the lane to gather blackberries. Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight to Mr. Luna's garden and squeezed under the gate.

First he ate some lettuce and some French beans. Then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

Round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. Luna!

Mr. Luna was on his hands and knees, near the cabbages. He jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was frightened. He rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He ran as fast as he could. I think he might have escaped if he had not run into a gooseberry net and been caught.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears.

Mr. Luna came up with a sieve. He tried to put it on top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out, rushed into the tool shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a good can to hide in if there had not been so much water in it.

Mr. Luna was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed — "Kertzschoo!"

Mr. Luna was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon him. Peter jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. Luna, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath, and trembling with fright. He was very damp with sitting in that can, and he had not the least idea which way to go.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity-lippity — not very fast, and looking all around.

He found a door in a wall, but it was locked. There was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

He went back toward the tool shed. Suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe — *scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch.*

Peter crouched underneath the bushes. As nothing happened, he came out, climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. Luna, hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter. Beyond him was the gate.

Peter got down off the wheelbarrow very quietly. He started running as fast as he could along a straight walk behind some bushes.

Mr. Luna caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him until he got home to the big fir tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking.

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed. She made some bitter tea, and she gave a dose of it to Peter.

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

— Beatrix Potter (*Adapted*).

ORDERS

Eugene Taylor had spent the afternoon in picking the ears of green corn from his home garden patch. He had worked hard during the season and his field had repaid him with an excellent crop of which he had a right to be proud. In the garden he had six large baskets of ears ready to be marketed early the next morning. He did not know how he would carry his crop to market, but was waiting to ask his father if he might borrow his neighbor's wagon.

"Eugene," said his father when he came home from work in the afternoon, "bring your baskets of corn and place them in the shed on the side next to the tool house. You'd better do it to-night."

Eugene went to work with a will. He was not at all lazy, and although the baskets were heavy, he asked no help, but finally had all the corn near the door of the shed.

He went in and looked around.

"I wonder why father wanted me to put the baskets on the side next to the tool house. They will be much safer on this side next to the wall, and I shall not have to carry them so far."

Instead of following exactly his father's directions, he did what he thought would be the easiest way and placed the baskets in a neat row along the wall on the side farthest from the tool house.

Early next morning he was called from his breakfast

by hearing an automobile rush through the gate and up the driveway to the tool house. He ran out to find his friend, Charles, who carried goods for the paper factory.

"Your father asked me to come around for your corn this morning, Eugene. I started a little early so that I would have time to take it down to the market on my way. It won't cost you a cent, but you must hurry or I shall be late to my work. Come on and load up."

Eugene rushed into the shed and began tugging a heavy basket across the length of the shed to the tool house door. Charles looked in.

"You don't mean to say you have your corn way over there! I told your father to tell you to have it right here by the door ready to load. I can never wait for you to load from there. Good-bye!"

"Oh, wait! I'll hurry," called Eugene, but Charles was far away down the road and did not hear him.

Eugene sat down ready to cry. Here his father found him.

"What's the matter? Charles said he would take your corn to market." Then, looking about, "Whew!" he whistled, "I told you distinctly to put the baskets near the tool house. Why didn't you do as you were told?"

"I thought this would do just as well" — Eugene began.

"You thought!" exclaimed his father. "This was the place for you to obey and let other people do the thinking. There is an old saying, 'What you have not

in your head you must have in your heels,' so set your heels to work and get that corn to market. There's the wheelbarrow."

Mr. Taylor went off to his work and left Eugene to wheel his corn to market, basket by basket.

After his sixth basket was safely marketed and he was marching home with his empty wheelbarrow, his tired heels advised him to break off his habit of saying, "This will do just as well," and substitute a habit of following exactly the orders of those who have a right to give them.

Whether he followed this wise advice or not is another story.

"He who has never learned to obey can never hope to command."

— *Selected.*

OBEDIENCE

If you're told to do a thing,
  And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
  Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
  Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
  Must be prompt and ready.

— Phœbe Cary.

CLIMBING ALONE

"HERE, wind," cried an impatient voice, "come and help a friend in trouble, will you?"

"Certainly," replied the good-natured wind, and on arriving at the front of the cottage he found a long branch of a climbing rose striving to get loose from some bands which held it fast.

"Oh! help me, do," it said, "help me to pull out this provoking nail that I may get free."

"Nonsense," said the wind, "that nail is there to train you properly, so that you may grow up a beautiful rose, covered with white blossoms."

"Just as if I didn't know my way up the wall without any of these stupid nails and strips of cloth," exclaimed the rose angrily.

"Well, but even if you know your way — and I'm not so sure of that — I doubt your having strength to climb without any help."

"I don't care. I don't choose to be tied," cried the impatient branch again. "And if you don't help me get loose, I'll tear away the nails myself."

"Have your own way, then," answered the wind sorrowfully, and with a little force he bent the branch forward until the nail was drawn from the wall and the rose dropped to the ground.

A heavy shower fell that night; it bent the untied branch down to the ground.

"That delicious shower has done us all good," cried every blade of grass, every flower, every tree.

"It has not done me much good," muttered the foolish branch as it lay stretched on the soaking ground, splashed all over with mud.

"Well," remarked the wind, "what do you say now to a few nails and a few shreds of cloth to keep you up out of the mud?"

"I don't choose to be tied," the rose answered obstinately. "It is not at all great or grand to be tied up and nailed up. The sun isn't nailed up!"

"Why, my friend," cried the wind, "nothing that I know of in the whole wide world is more obedient than the sun. A time to rise and a time to set are given to it day by day; day by day a path is marked out for it in the heavens, and never does it stray from its appointed course."

For an instant the rose branch felt foolish. Then it said sulkily, "Leave me alone, if you please," and the wind went away.

"Friend," said the branch another day to the wind, "I can sometimes get a glimpse of the rose tree high above me and when you move by me I smell its blossoms, and I haven't a blossom or a bud upon me. I want to be beautiful and grow to the top of the wall."

"Take my advice then," said the wind, "and next time a kind hand fastens you up, don't break loose again. The rose tree would never have been anything but a straggler in the mud if it had not been for these many bonds."

"Then lift me up, good friend, lift me up against the wall."

"Nay, that I cannot do, but I will do what I can." Then the wind went off whistling loudly. It went to the drooping ash and knocked its branches against the window-pane, until the man who lived in the cottage came out with a hammer and some nails, saying, "There must be a creeper loose somewhere," and he looked about till he saw the poor rose branch trailing piteously in the mud.

"It wants a nail terribly," he said. So he lifted it up and fastened it against the wall, and the bough clung humbly to the supports.

"Oh! what would I not give to be pure and white and sweet like the roses above me," it cried, "as I might have been if I had not been falsely proud."

The next night a gentle shower cleansed and freshened its soiled leaves.

Time went on and lo! one summer morning there hung upon the branch a cluster of blossoms, pure white and very sweet.

"Would you not like me to draw out all those 'provoking nails'?" asked the wind in mischief one day. But the branch only loaded her old friend with fragrance, answering playfully:

"What! and let me down into the mud again? No, thank you."

— Mrs. Margaret Gatty (*Abridged*).

THE WONDERS OF THE JUNGLE

The Midnight Pool

I SHALL tell you all about the wonders of the jungle. The jungle is the place where elephants, bears, lions, tigers, leopards, and many other animals live.

In fact, jungle really means a wild place; that is, a place where trees and bushes grow quite wild, so that men never cut down the trees or clear away the bushes. That is the natural home for all sorts of animals.

Now I am going to tell you about the wonderful way in which they live there with their families, as we do in our homes; for the Papas and Mammas among the animals are just as fond of their children as ours are. So you must *imagine* that you are going into the jungle with me, so that I can show you everything. You see, it is just like a game of pretending, that we are going to play.

There is actually a place in the jungle in India where you can see a great many kinds of animals at once. So you must *pretend* that you and I are sitting and watching the animals, while I tell you all about them.

First, I must tell you that it is midnight, and all the animals are coming to a stream of water to drink. This stream is a river about twice as wide as a large street in your home town. We are sitting on the bank, behind the bushes, on one side of the stream, and the animals are coming to drink on the bank on the other side. We can peep quietly through the leaves and watch the

animals. Almost all wild animals drink at midnight, so we shall see them now.

Where will the animals come from? You see the stream before us; well, on the other side of it is the jungle, where the animals live. Right in front of us we see a gap in the jungle close to the bank. That gap was made by elephants by beating down the bushes with their feet. They made it long ago to come to the water, and now they use it every night. In fact, it is known among the jungle folks as the Elephant Path, for no other animal would dare to use it before the elephants did.

The elephants, being the biggest of all animals, are the lords of the jungle, so they have the right to come first to drink. They are also the wisest of all animals. The elephant is the only animal that can think out a trick for itself.

First let us watch the elephants as they come to the river through the gap in the jungle.

See! They come one at a time, one behind another, for the gap is not big enough for more than one at a time. The elephant is so big that it can get through the jungle only in this way.

First come a number of bull elephants. They are the Papa elephants; you can always tell them by the huge tusks they have. The bulls come first, in case there are any enemies waiting to hurt their children, for then the bulls can drive off the enemies.

As each bull elephant comes through the gap, you see him turn to our right, which is *down* the stream — that

is, the way the water flows. You see the first one walk along the bank that way, and the second comes after him, then the third, and so on.

But why do they walk along the bank? To make room, of course, for all their friends who are still coming from behind. In this way about a dozen bull elephants come ahead of all the others.

After them you see the cow elephants, also in a line, one behind another. They are the Mamma elephants, and nearly every one of them has a baby elephant trotting in *front* of her. The Mamma elephant always tells her baby to toddle in *front* of her, for a tiger sometimes wants to pounce on the baby from the side, grab it quickly, and carry it away. But he cannot do it if the baby is right in front of its Mamma.

As the Mammas reach the bank, each with her baby, you see them also walk along the bank down stream in a long line.

After all the Mammas and babies have come, you see another set of bull elephants coming out of the jungle. Why? Because some enemy might try to attack the Mammas and the babies from the *back*, so these bull elephants are there to guard them. You see, the Mammas and the babies are *always in the middle*, and safe from all harm.

When all the elephants have reached the stream, they stand in line and face the water. All these elephants belong to *one herd;* you can count about a hundred. A herd of elephants is really a *republic*, and has a President who is the wisest bull in the herd.

The elephants choose their President, and make laws and keep order in the herd. They choose some strong bulls among them to act as *policemen* in the herd, and catch and punish any naughty elephant who becomes a *rogue;* if two elephants start quarrelling and fighting like naughty boys, the police elephants have to catch and punish both of them. The President has to lead the herd every day when they go in search of food, so that they will have plenty to eat.

And in the jungle, as there are other elephant herds and sometimes two herds find the same feeding ground, and then start quarrelling and fighting as to who found it first, it is the duty of the President to keep his own herd away from the two that are fighting, and not mix in the fight in any way.

The President gives the signal for them to begin drinking; he does this by dipping his trunk into the water. Then the second one sees him do it, and does the same; in that way each elephant higher up the line sees that the next one below him has started drinking, so he too does the same. Soon they are all drinking.

But why does the President have to give the signal to begin? Why is it that any elephant, anywhere along the line, cannot start drinking, just as he or she pleases? Think!

Because if any one along the line started drinking too soon, he might muddy the water for those that stood *below* him along the line, because the water flows down that way. But if the lower ones drank a little before, it would not matter if they *did* muddy the water, for the

higher ones would still have clear water to drink. That is why the lowest one drinks first, then the next, and so on up the line. Is not that very wise, and very fair to all?

The Law of the Jungle

Hush! Here come all the animals! The buffaloes, the blue deer, the red deer, the wild pigs, the hyenas, the wolves, the red dogs, and many others. Watch and see how each kind of animal comes; it is not always in the same way. The moon is now shining clear above the trees, and we can see a long way up the stream.

See the buffaloes! They come a little above the elephants. But they do not come one behind another in a line, like the elephants. They come three or four together. They also have beaten down the bushes there years ago, to make a drinking place, and it is wide enough for three or four of them to drink at the same time, side by side.

But why must they drink three or four at the same time? Because the buffaloes are like a body of soldiers, one row behind another. Sometimes twenty or thirty rows make up a herd. We see only the first row drinking now, but soon we shall see the others behind.

And why do the buffaloes come like a body of soldiers? Because they are afraid of their enemy — the tiger! Once upon a time the buffaloes lived scattered about, and many of them got eaten by the tiger, one at a time. Then those that escaped from the tiger became wise;

they joined together like a body of soldiers, so that they could beat off the tiger.

But now let us watch the first row drinking. They are all bull buffaloes, the Papas of the herd; you can tell that by their huge horns, a yard long on each side of the head. You see how the buffaloes stand side by side, so that their horns almost touch one another. That is the way the buffaloes have marched to the stream from their feeding place — horn to horn. Why? Because no prowling tiger can get past those horns.

Watch the first row as it finishes drinking; the whole row wheels around to the side like soldiers. Then the buffaloes that have had their drink march to the back of the herd, and stand there in a row facing the jungle.

Meanwhile the second row in the front has stepped to the water to drink. These also are bull buffaloes. When they finish drinking, they also wheel, march to the back of the herd, and there stand behind the first row. In this way four or five rows of bulls drink, one after the other, and go to the back of the herd.

Next come about a dozen rows of cow buffaloes and their calves, or children. You see again, like the elephants, the Mammas and children among the buffaloes are also in the middle, safe from all harm.

Then at the end there are four or five rows of bull buffaloes again to guard the Mammas and the children from enemies in the back.

But wait a moment! Before the buffaloes go away, a most wonderful thing happens. Do you see that timid little shadow creeping in by the side of the buffaloes?

She is a blue deer, a very timid lady indeed, for she knows that a tiger is waiting in the high ground behind, to catch her.

So she hides in the bushes, and waits for the buffaloes to come to drink. Then as the buffaloes come to the water, row after row, horn to horn, she tries to creep in toward them; she even tries to creep in *under* the horns of the buffaloes, knowing that there she will be quite safe from the tiger. It takes her a long time to reach the buffaloes in that way, without being caught by the tiger.

But do you see the wonderful thing? The buffaloes wait a little for her! They take a little longer to drink, to give her a chance to reach the water by their side. Like the brave knights, they feel proud of helping a lady.

Now see! The blue deer also has finished drinking. She goes away with the buffaloes, under their horns. They all reach the jungle again. She looks carefully: the tiger is watching her, but he dares not come too near. She sees where he is — then suddenly she gives a leap — another leap — and another — quickly! The tiger leaps after her — but she leaped first! She is gone! She is safe!

The tiger is furious. He stands a moment before the buffaloes, growling with rage. But the bulls in front of the herd paw the ground and rattle their horns with one another. They are going to charge!

But that tiger does not wait for the charge of the bull buffaloes. He does not want to be trampled into a mess

under their hoofs, or cut up into pieces with their horns. Instead, he sneaks away, growling. He sneaks back to the stream, to wait for some other weak animal.

So, you see, the jungle folks are in many ways just like us, for a brave man always helps a lady or anybody who needs his help.

But now let us watch the stream higher up.

Here come the wild pigs.

The wild pigs drink in any fashion, and go off in any fashion — just as they like. They trust to luck or to the sharp tusks of some of the boars to guard them from danger. But they have not learned enough yet to do things in proper order.

Meanwhile other animals have also come. The moon is now quite high in the sky. A band of shadows in the moonlight seems to fall upon the water. It is a pack of *red dogs;* they have come boldly, as they are afraid of nothing. For if a hungry tiger attacks them, the whole pack will jump on the tiger and tear him down.

So the red dogs are not afraid as they come flocking to the stream.

The red dogs are the last of the animals that come in a bunch. Now you see other animals coming one by one. A sneaking shadow there! It must be a *hyena.* That is an animal that eats what remains from some other animal's supper.

But hush! Here is a red deer coming carefully to the water. This animal is much bigger than the blue deer, and more able to take care of herself. But, still, she comes very quietly, looking to right and left to make

sure that the tiger is not just in that place. She reaches the water and starts drinking. But do you see how her ear is bent to the side? The red deer is listening most carefully, even while she is drinking!

But look, look! The bush behind the deer parts very slowly, and a huge yellow form crouches there! It is the tiger!

He is not near enough to jump on the deer; so he takes one step forward — as softly as a cat!

But the deer has heard the footfall! For she can hear even a leaf when it falls to the ground. And in that one second, even while she was drinking, the red deer has turned and leaped to the side. The tiger has also leaped at the same time, and he aimed at the place where the deer *was*. But the deer has just left that place, and the next second she gives another leap, like a flash, and gets out of the tiger's reach.

The tiger stands where he leaped, and growls with rage. He knows it would be no use chasing the deer, as the deer can run much faster. Then, as he did not get any supper that night, he can at least have a drink. So he drinks and goes away, still growling.

But before we leave the place, I want you to remember something, — that is, *The Law of the Jungle*, which is not written down in a book, like the laws of men.

The Law of the Jungle says that as the elephants are the lords of the jungle, they shall drink *first;* but they must be careful to drink *down the stream*, so that all the other animals may have a place higher up, where they can get *clear water to drink.*

And that law has never been broken, for many thousands of years, among all the different sorts of animals.

But with men the laws among the different sorts of people, called nations, are often broken because some of them want all the best things and the best places, and do not care if they muddy the water that their neighbors have to drink.

So, my dear children, we can learn many things from the animals, even how to be better men and women when we grow up.

— Abridged and adapted from *Wonders of the Jungle*, by PRINCE SARATH GHOSH.

LESSONS GLEANED FROM "THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE"

FROM the stories about the jungle folks we learn that even the wild beasts of the jungle have to observe certain laws of conduct in their dealings with one another.

Boys and girls have much finer feelings, higher thoughts, and greater reasoning power than the creatures of the jungle. So we expect something more of them — that warmth of the human heart that makes us forget ourselves and leads us to think of and respect the rights, the comfort, and the pleasure of others.

Here are some of the lessons that we may learn from "The Law of the Jungle."

1. Necessity of obedience to law:
   (*a*) Lawless individuals make a lawless community.
   (*b*) The character of the community depends upon the character of its individual members.
2. Cleanliness; Moderation; Regularity (time for work and time for rest).
3. Self-reliance. Depend upon yourself for support.
4. Respect for the opinions of superiors and elders.
5. Fight your own fight. Don't drag others into your quarrels.
6. Respect for the privacy of the individual.
7. Consideration for others.
   Don't be noisy or boastful about your work.
   Give others a chance to get their share of things.
8. Be merciful.
   Do not destroy life uselessly.
9. Do not take advantage of those weaker than yourself.
   Do not be greedy; divide the spoils.
10. Respect for public property.
    Theft, a serious crime.
11. Respect for private property.
12. Respect for authority.
13. Obedience. There can be no real law and order without obedience.
14. Consideration the strong *owes to* the weak and helpless.
15. Protection and defense due to the mothers and children in the family.

HELPFULNESS

HELPFULNESS

At School

You are all anxious of course to see your school one of the best schools in the country. How can you help to make it so?

You can help by being *punctual* in attendance. This is an easy matter. There can be no good excuse for your arriving late at school. Do not do it, except in unusual cases where the best of reasons can be given.

It is often the one who lives nearest to the school that starts out at the last minute and soon forms the habit of getting into the room breathless, just after the others are seated. This won't do. Cultivate the habit of being *on time*, whether you are going to school or to a picnic.

You can help by being *regular* in attendance. Irregularity puts you behind in your work, and affects the record of the school.

You can help by being *orderly*. Pass into, out of, and around the room in a quiet, orderly manner, *lifting the feet*, walking erect and without jostling. You are responsible for the appearance of your desk, the floor beneath it, and the aisles on either side of it. Put all bits of paper and pencil shavings into a waste basket kept for that purpose. Pass to and from the basket without disturbing the class, or if there is a monitor

appointed to pass the basket up and down the aisles, be prompt in putting your trash into it. Do not stack up books on top of the desk. Keep the desk clear for the work in hand. Put your hat and umbrella out of the way of both teacher and classmates. Never leave a hat on or in the desk, or lay an umbrella across the top of the desk, or hang it from a door knob or a chalk tray. Have a place for everything and see that everything is kept in its place. Observe order in coming to and going from school. Use the walk or path in coming into or leaving the yard. See that the school yard has an orderly appearance so that you may take pride in it. Unsightly weeds and the disorder of scattered papers are a reflection upon the boys and girls. These weeds and papers seem to say to all passers-by, "See how careless the pupils of this school are!"

You can help by being *quiet.* There must be quiet in the schoolroom. This does not mean silence and inactivity. It means opportunity for busy hands and heads to go about their work undisturbed. It means no studying aloud, no restless shuffling of feet, no talking, no disturbing your neighbor. Never speak without permission. If you wish to speak, indicate it by raising the hand, and wait quietly until your request is either granted or refused. Do not raise the hand and speak out at the same time, and never interrupt a recitation by waving the hand or snapping the fingers to attract attention. Do not be constantly asking for something. Go quietly to work in a business-like way.

Quiet, Orderliness, Regularity of Attendance, and

Punctuality as well as Obedience are necessary to the making of a good school.

AT HOME

You can help at home by being obedient, kind, thoughtful, courteous, cheerful, and orderly.

You can help by taking good care of your clothes and your books, which your parents have taken great pains to secure for you.

You can help by having a place for everything and putting everything in its place. Have a place for your hat, coat, shoes, books, pencils, paper, and ink, and always put them in that place. This is one way of helping your mother, as well as a good way of saving time. Much time may be lost in looking for a book or a pencil which you have mislaid.

FOR DISCUSSION

The School.

Are you helping the school by being punctual and regular in your attendance?
Do you help by being orderly and attentive?
Do you prepare your lessons carefully?
How can you help in the yard? on the stairs?
Do you take good care of school property?

The Home.

Do you take good care of your clothing and books?
How is orderliness a help?
How is cheerfulness a help?

The Neighborhood.

How can you make the neighborhood in which you live a pleasant one?

How can you help in the care of trees and grass plots?

How can you help to make your street quiet and orderly and attractive?

Do you ever throw papers or garbage into the street?

Do you play noisy games on the street moonlight nights?

What games can you play that will not interfere with the comfort and the rights of others?

Do you have the respect of all the people in your neighborhood? Why?

General.

Who can tell the story of the lion and the mouse?

Sometimes you are the lion, sometimes the mouse. When is this true?

Have you ever seen cases of this kind in the schoolroom; in some kinds of work at home? in play on the school ground?

No one is too small or too weak to be helpful. If we work together and each one does well the little he is able to do, we can overcome great difficulties.

WHICH LOVED MOTHER BEST?

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell";
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep."
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

— Joy Allison.

Was John a thoughtful boy?
Was Nell a helpful child?
What kind of a girl was Fan?
Which one are you like? (Give reasons for your answers.)

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST

One beautiful evening I was sitting on the rock wall that guards the land about the Bay. The sunset had been beautiful. I became interested in a group of people — men, women, and children, who were fishing some distance away. They were gathering shellfish very industriously. Farther away still, was an old woman alone. She seemed feeble and very poor, but she was working away, paying no attention to her neighbors. Suddenly a cry arose from the group.

Looking about to see what caused it, I found that the sky behind us had suddenly clouded over and that one of the sudden storms that frequently come up on the coast was rapidly approaching. The group of fishers heeded the warning cry of one of their number, and began at once gathering together their cans of fish. The old woman at a distance did not see the storm behind her, and remained quietly watching her fish. One child of the group tried to delay the others, saying that she would run to warn the old fisherwoman, but she was hurried away to shelter, with the words, "She can take care of herself."

I called to her but she was deaf and did not hear me. Before I could reach her the storm struck her prostrate and swept her little can of fish into the sea. She was unable to rise and it was with difficulty that she finally was taken to safety.

If the warning had been given her when the storm was first seen, all could have reached shelter. No responsibility was felt for her because she did not belong to the group. — *A True Story.*

1. Were the members of this group good citizens?
2. Give reason for your answer.
3. Was the action of the group a neighborly one?
4. What would good citizens have done under these circumstances?
5. Do you wish to be classed among good citizens?
6. Then what must you do when you see some one in danger or needing help?
7. Will this be true even if the one needing help is a stranger?
8. Give a rule that is good to follow at all times.

A HOME SONG

I TURNED an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."
Yes, that is true, and something more;
You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.
But every house where Love abides
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home,
For there the heart can rest.

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE FIRST STEP

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814–1875)

HERE is a familiar home scene. It is so natural that we feel just as if we belonged to the group of people in it. The scene is full of love and tenderness. The tiny toddler appeals to every warm heart as he stretches out his little hands and takes his first step toward his father's coaxing arms. He has no fear. Love calls him. He wants to go, and he has faith in the strong guiding arms of his mother.

Some years ago Miss B—— was showing this picture to a kindergarten class of foreign children in the city

of Chicago. The children were from the very poorest homes. They understood only a little English, and could speak but a few words. So Miss B—— said very little, but held the picture so that all the children gathered about her might see it well and enjoy it. Some time passed. All was quiet. The little faces glowed with pleasure as the full meaning of the picture came to them. Suddenly the silence was broken. An earnest little tot in the front row burst out with:

"Papa says, 'Come' — Mamma says, 'Go' — Baby *love*" (hugging herself and rocking her little body to and fro).

And so that little girl saw and felt and in her simple way expressed the true spirit of the picture. This was a great tribute from the heart of a child to a great artist.

QUESTIONS

1. In what country is this scene laid?
2. What people are represented here?
3. Do they look like hard-working people? Why?
4. What signs of work do you see?
5. Is this a rich or a humble home?
6. Is it a happy home?
7. What makes a home happy?
8. What other pictures by Millet do you know?
9. How is this picture different from the others?
10. To what country did Millet belong?

TRUTHFULNESS

"Truth is mighty and will prevail."

TRUTHFULNESS

"Truth is honest, truth is sure;
Truth is strong and must endure;
If thou wert wrong, be still the same —
Speak the truth and bear the blame."

It is not always easy to speak the truth, even when we know it. Sometimes we are tempted to lie, especially when we have done wrong and think we can escape punishment by telling a falsehood. But it is much harder to cover up our wrong-doing by lying than to confess the truth. We may injure others by lying, but we can never do them half the injury that we do ourselves; for we are forming a bad habit that will grow stronger as we grow older and will make us despised among men.

What do you think of a boy who dares to speak the truth under all circumstances? You admire him, don't you? Yes, we all do. We say of a boy who dares to do this, "He has moral courage"; and we feel that we can trust him.

Habits of truthfulness grow as we grow in knowledge and courage. Do not think that because you have been untruthful you must remain so. Truthfulness is a habit. Cultivate it by constant effort. Do not lie at all, even in a joke. Speak the truth fearlessly, and be known as a pupil of moral courage. You will enjoy

a double reward: a feeling of happiness within yourself; the respect and admiration of your schoolmates, friends, and teachers.

"When at once the truth you've told,
Away with all your sadness;
The sense of having done what's right
Must fill the heart with gladness."

A LITTLE MORO[1] GIRL'S VICTORY

I AM going to tell you a true story of a little girl who learned to tell the truth, and told it even when she thought that the truth would bring punishment.

Josefa was a little Moro girl who had neither father nor mother. Her parents were killed in a raid, and she was brought to Manila to live in a large house with many other orphan girls. A kind American teacher took care of them. She worked very hard to make them obedient, honest, and truthful; but she was often sad to find them disobeying, telling lies, and taking things that did not belong to them. In this wrong-doing Josefa was very often the leader.

At last the teacher offered a reward for good conduct. Once a week she picked out five or six of the best little girls and took them to the market with her. This was great fun for the little orphans, and each one tried very hard to be good so that she might be chosen to help in

[1] The Moros are Mohammedans who live in the southernmost islands of the Philippine Archipelago.

the marketing; but many months passed and Josefa was not chosen, for her stubborn heart found it very difficult to obey.

One Saturday morning, as usual, the teacher called all the little girls into her room and began to choose her helpers, calling them by name: "Maria, you may go; you may go, Pia; and you, Paz; and you, and you," naming others; and finally she named the little Moro girl.

Josefa stepped out of line and went up to the teacher. She stood erect with her hands behind her back, and looking her squarely in the face, said fearlessly, "Miss Frances, you remember that tree you told us not to climb — not to break the limbs? Well, I climbed it. I broke a limb."

The little Moro girl lost her ride to the market that day, but she had told the truth and felt better; and she had gained the confidence of her teacher.

QUESTIONS

1. Over whom did Josefa gain a victory?
2. Give instances of when it is not easy to speak the truth.
3. How can the habit of truthfulness be formed?
4. What is best to do after wrong doing?
5. How does the telling of falsehoods injure the one who tells them?
6. What do we think of a truthful child?

"Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save;
Falsehood is a coward knave,
From him turn thy steps in youth."

PEASANT TRUTH

ONCE, in the land of Sicily, there lived a peasant who was so upright in all his dealings that he came to be called Peasant Truth.

Now the king of Sicily had some fine sheep and goats of which he was very proud. When he heard of Peasant Truth, he said:

"A man who would never tell a lie is the very man I want for the royal shepherd."

So the king sent for Peasant Truth and said:

"I give you the care of the royal flocks. Take special care of one goat, one sheep, and one little lamb that I will show you."

Peasant Truth, as you may believe, was very proud to care for the royal flocks. Every Saturday the king had him come to the palace to report upon the condition of the flocks. All went well till one of the courtiers grew jealous of Peasant Truth and plotted to do him harm.

"Does your Majesty think that he who is called Peasant Truth would never tell a lie?" asked the courtier of the king.

"I would risk my kingdom on his honesty," said the king.

"Then will I wager my place at court that he will lie to your Majesty next Saturday," said the courtier.

"And if he lies to me next Saturday, then will I raise your rank at court," said the king.

The jealous courtier then went home to talk things over with his wife.

"Leave it to me," said the wife. "It will be easy enough to make that peasant lie."

So next day she dressed herself like a queen, in robes of silk, and in her hair she placed a great diamond star. Then she went to the hills. She found Peasant Truth sitting under a tree.

"You are the shepherd of this flock?" she asked.

Peasant Truth jumped to his feet and bowed low before her.

"What may your Highness want of me?" he said.

"I wish a little lamb," said the lady. "Pray give me this yearling by your side."

"Alas!" answered the shepherd, "that I cannot do. The little lamb belongs to the king."

"My longing for it is great," said the lady. "I have set my heart on it. I want it more than anything else in the world."

"But I cannot give you what belongs to the king," said the shepherd.

At this the lady began to weep; and the shepherd felt so sorry for her that he said:

"Take the little lamb."

Then the lady took the little lamb; and that night, at the court, the courtier and his wife made merry over a roast of royal lamb.

On the hills, the shepherd was very sad.

"What shall I say to the king on Saturday?" he thought. "I will tell his Majesty that the lamb is

well. No, that will not do. I will say that a wolf came and carried it away. No, I cannot say that. Oh, how can I look the king in the face and tell a lie?"

On Saturday the king, as was his custom, sent for Peasant Truth.

"How is my goat?" asked the king.

"The goat is very well, your Majesty," answered Peasant Truth.

"And how is my sheep?"

"Good Sire, the sheep is well. It frisks and eats."

"And how is my little lamb?"

"O Sire," said Peasant Truth, "a fair lady with a blazing star in her hair begged me for the little lamb. And, forgetting my plain duty to my king, I gave it to her. I have, O Sire, done grievous wrong!"

Peasant Truth looked to see an angry king, but the king only smiled.

"My wager's won!" he said. "I forgive my truthful peasant."

Then, turning to the jealous courtier, the king said sternly:

"You have lost your place at court. I wish near me only those who delight in the honor of others."

— JOHN G. SAXE (*Adapted*).

"What does a man gain by telling a lie?
He is not believed when he tells the truth."

— ARISTOTLE (B.C. 284–322).

WASHINGTON AND THE SORREL COLT

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S father had taken a great deal of pride in his fine horses, and his mother afterwards took similar pride in them. She had several young horses that had not yet been broken, and among these was a beautiful sorrel that was very high-spirited.

No one had been able to do anything with it. Everybody said it was very vicious, as everybody is apt to say of a horse that is full of life and vigor. George Washington was determined to ride this colt and tame it, for he believed that there was no finer animal on his mother's plantation.

Early one morning, with some other boys as helpers, he set out for the pasture where the young horses were grazing. It was no easy matter to catch the sorrel colt, but this was finally done, and a bit was put into its mouth. Then, as the other boys stepped aside, Washington sprang upon its back.

The frightened, maddened animal was away with a bound. It tried to throw its rider, but Washington kept his seat and pulled on the reins. The animal reared and plunged, it leaped and ran; but its rider never once lost control of it or failed to bring it back to the place from which it had started.

As if determined not to be mastered, the colt at last sprang high into the air. Then with a groan it fell to the ground, dying. The violence of its struggles had burst a blood vessel.

Soon afterwards, the boys heard the call to breakfast, and all went together to the house, wondering what they should say about the colt.

"Well, young gentlemen," said Mrs. Washington, "I see that you have been out to the pasture. How are all the colts looking? They tell me that the sorrel has grown fast and is a beautiful animal."

The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. The mother saw that something was not right, and she spoke again.

"Did you see the sorrel colt, George?"

"The sorrel colt is dead, madam," answered George. "I killed him."

And then he told the whole story.

At first his mother flushed with anger, just as he himself often did; and then, like him, she controlled herself and listened quietly to the end.

"Very well, my son," she said. "I see that it was not altogether your fault. While I am sorry to lose the best colt on the plantation, I am pleased that you are brave enough to tell me the whole truth about it."

Washington's mother taught him many lessons and gave him many rules. It was her own character which shaped his and prepared him for his great career. She taught him to be truthful, not so much by precepts as by her own truthfulness.

— Horace E. Scudder.

HONESTY

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an Honest Man.

— GEORGE WASHINGTON.

HONESTY

HONESTY is very closely bound up with truthfulness. Generally, honesty has to do with acts; truthfulness, with speech or the withholding of it when silence gives a false impression.

The act of stealing is dishonest. The denial of the culprit is untruthful; so, too, is his silence when he is given a chance to confess.

A pupil may be dishonest in both play and work. Your work should be thorough. No matter what work you are given to do, you should always do your best. Suppose you are told to sweep the schoolroom. Are you doing honest work if you sweep only the aisles and not beneath the desks? Are you doing honest work if you leave the corners dirty, or sweep all the dust and trash behind the door?

You should speak the plain truth. You may show dishonesty by being silent when you should speak. Never let another be blamed for your fault. If you have done wrong, say bravely, "I did it," and take your punishment like a man. It takes courage to do this. But you feel so much better after it is all over, that you are well repaid. Besides, your friends, schoolmates, and teachers admire your courage and respect you more. None of us likes a coward.

If you make a trade with a schoolmate, it is not honest to take a cent's worth more than you give.

Cheating in school, as in copying answers from your neighbors or peeping into the book when the teacher is not looking, is not honest. No boy or girl with a sense of honor will do it. Remember, you are not getting ahead of the teacher when you do this. You are not harming him, you are harming yourself. How? You lose the confidence of your teacher, and soon your companions will be afraid to trust you.

It is just as bad to cheat on the playground. It is dishonest to cheat in order to win. When choosing who is to be "it" by counting, count fairly. For a game like "Hide and Seek," if "it" is to count to a hundred by ones, he should not count by fives, shouting "one hundred" before those who are hiding are ready. That is unfair play. Win, if you can honestly, and play by the rules of the game. That is the fun of it. If you cheat, no one will want to play with you.

Watch yourself. Be honest with yourself and with your playmates in every little act.

Here are a few vital points to be remembered:

1. Do not take anything that belongs to another.

2. If you find a knife, a pencil, a bit of jewelry, some money, or anything else, do not call it yours; try to find the owner.

3. Do your own work. Do not copy from the paper of a classmate.

4. Always do your best work. Do not shirk.

QUESTIONS

1. How can school boys and girls practice honesty?
2. What is thoroughness?
3. Is it right to accept large pay for little work?
4. Is it honest to ask twelve centavos for a mango when it is worth only five or six?
5. Is it honest to have two or three prices for a thing?
6. How can honesty be put into stone walls, or houses, or bridges?
7. How can honesty be put into washing, sweeping, or cooking?
8. When we are tempted to do wrong, what is that something inside of us which speaks to us? Conscience. This still, small voice has been called the voice of God speaking to us.
9. Why does conscience speak to us? Is it a friend or an enemy?
10. Are you honest because it pays or because you feel better to be honest? "Honesty is the best policy" is not the best reason for practicing honesty.
11. Do you like to be watched? Do you like to have your teacher play the policeman?
12. You would rather be trusted, wouldn't you? What can you do to make your teacher trust you?
13. Can your class be trusted? How do you behave if your teacher leaves the room?
14. For whom are you getting an education? Do you want it? Why?
15. Can your father buy an education for you as he can a book or a coat? Is it honest to waste your time and his money?
16. How does a boy or girl show that he or she is honest? What about the face and eyes?

THE LOST PURSE

SCENE I — A street.

CHARACTERS

Mr. Valdez *Mr. Soto*

[Mr. Valdez, coming down the street, picks up a purse.]

Mr. Valdez. Some one has lost a purse. I will see if his name is inside. (He looks into the purse.) No, here is a ten-dollar bill, but no writing.

It is a good purse — (turning the purse over in his hand) — good brown leather, new and clean. And this red lining has seen but little wear. I will take the purse to the Justice of the Peace. He will find the owner and return it to him. (He goes to the Justice of the Peace.)

[Mr. Soto comes slowly down the street, looking at the ground as if searching for something.]

Mr. Soto (meditatively). I had it a few minutes ago. I must have dropped it near here. And it had a ten-dollar bill in it. (He walks up and down, looking along the street.) It surely is not here. And yet, it is here that I must have dropped it. Some one has picked it up. I will go to the Justice of the Peace.

SCENE II — The office of the Justice of the Peace.

TIME: Half an hour later.

Mr. Valdez *Justice of the Peace* *Mr. Soto*

[Mr. Valdez and the Justice of the Peace are talking. Mr. Soto enters.]

Mr. Soto (aside). Ah, I see, some man has found my purse. I will say to the Justice of the Peace that my

purse contained two ten-dollar bills. The fellow will be afraid, and will give me a ten-dollar bill of his own.

(Aloud.) Your honor, within the hour I have lost a purse.

Justice of the Peace (hiding the purse under his hand). This man has just brought in a purse. What kind of purse was yours?

Mr. Soto. A good brown leather one, Sir, and lined with red. It had seen not ten days' wear.

Justice of the Peace. And it had money in it?

Mr. Soto. Two ten-dollar bills — no other money.

Justice of the Peace (holding out the purse). What you say describes this well. Is this the purse?

Mr. Soto (taking the purse). That is the purse, your Honor. (He opens it and looks inside.) But, your Honor, in my purse there were two bills. Here I find but one. The other has been stolen from me. This man must have taken it.

Mr. Valdez. Your Honor, I found the purse in the street. I opened it to find the owner's name. I found only one bill in it; and, your Honor, I brought the purse straight to you.

Justice of the Peace. Let me see the purse. (He takes the purse, looks into it, then turns to Mr. Soto.) Do you think that anyone who wished to steal would have left one bill here? And would he have brought the purse to me?

You say your purse contained two ten-dollar bills. This purse contains but one. Therefore it does not answer to the description of the purse you lost. I will

give it back to the finder, till the right man comes to claim it. (He gives the purse back to Mr. Valdez.)

Mr. Soto. But, your Honor —

Justice of the Peace. Silence.

Mr. Soto. But —

Justice of the Peace. Silence. The case is decided justly.

FRANKNESS

General Lee in a letter to his son said:

"You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and I take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with anyone, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of anyone. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor."

FRANKLIN'S LESSON ON THE VALUE OF TIME

Dost thou love life? Then, do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of! — FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN not only understood the value of time, but he put a price upon it that made others appreciate its value.

A customer who came one day to his little bookstore in Philadelphia, not being satisfied with the price demanded by the clerk for the book he wished to purchase, asked for the proprietor.

"Mr. Franklin is very busy just now in the press-room," replied the clerk.

The man, however, who had already spent an hour aimlessly turning over books, insisted on seeing him. In answer to the clerk's summons, Mr. Franklin hurried out from the printing office at the back of the store to see what was wanted.

"What is the lowest price you can take for this book, sir?" asked the leisurely customer, holding up the volume he had chosen.

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt reply.

"A dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar for it just now."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work and get a dollar and a quarter."

The man, who seemed to be in doubt as to whether

Mr. Franklin was in earnest, said coaxingly, "Come now, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is your lowest price for this book."

"One dollar and a half," was the grave reply.

"A dollar and a half! Why, you just offered it to me for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, and I could better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

Without another word, the crestfallen purchaser laid the money on the counter and left the store with his book. He had learned not only that he who squanders his own time is foolish, but that he who wastes the time of others is a thief.

BE TRUE

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

— HORATIO BONAR (1808–1889).

THE PIED PIPER

SCENE I — The Mayor's office.

The Mayor (alone at his desk). How to get rid of these rats — that's the question. The people are losing patience. They are all complaining. If I don't find a remedy soon they'll send me packing. What to do, I don't know.

[He puts his elbows on the desk and buries his face in his hands, as if troubled and in deep thought. After a time the silence is broken by a sharp rap at the door.]

The Mayor (straightening up, startled) — What's that? Another rat? Every sound makes my heart go pit-a-pat. (Another rap at the door.)

The Mayor (looking relieved). Come in.

The Piper (entering, oddly dressed, and carrying a flute under his arm). Good morning, Sir. I hear that you are troubled with rats in this town.

The Mayor. I should say we are. We are just about eaten out of house and home.

The Piper. I can get rid of them for you.

The Mayor. You can? How? Who are you anyway?

The Piper. Men call me the Pied Piper. I can draw after me anything that walks, or flies, or swims, by the melody of my pipe. (He fingers his flute fondly.) Will you pay me a thousand dollars if I rid your town of rats?

The Mayor. Anything — anything you want. I don't believe you can do it; but if you can, I'll give you a thousand dollars.

The Piper. All right, it's a bargain.

[Exit Piper. His pipe is heard behind the scenes, and a sound as of skurrying rats.]

SCENE II — The Mayor's office.

[The Mayor at his desk. Piper enters.]

The Piper. I have finished my work, Sir. I have rid the town of rats for you.

The Mayor. Well done. We will celebrate in honor of the event, and you shall be our guest.

The Piper. Thank you. That's all very nice, but first, if you please, I should like my thousand dollars.

The Mayor. What do you mean?

The Piper. You surely remember your promise.

The Mayor. H'm — er — ahem. You mean that little joke of mine? That was a joke, of course.

The Piper. I do not joke. My thousand dollars, if you please.

The Mayor. Oh, come now, you know very well it isn't worth a dime to play a little tune like that. Call it fifty and let it go at that.

The Piper. A bargain is a bargain; for the last time, — will you give me my thousand dollars? No trifling. I can't wait.

The Mayor. No, fellow. You are growing impudent.

The Piper. Then you'll be sorry. I can pipe in another fashion for folks who do not keep their word.

The Mayor (swelling with importance). Blow your pipe till you burst. You can't frighten me. Do your worst.

[Exit Piper. Three women rush in wildly.]

First Woman. Stop him, stop him, Mayor!

Second Woman. He is taking our children!

Third Woman. Oh, oh! He will drown our children in the river!

Mayor (running out). I'll pay him, I will. Here, here, take your money.

Scene III

Little Lame Boy. Oh, how dull it is in our town since my playmates left me. But no child could help following the Piper when he played like that. The music told of a wonderful country where the bees had no stings and horses had wings; and just as that beautiful land was one step away, the mountain closed on my playmates, and I was left alone.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail."

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

CATCHING THE COLT

With star in forehead, silver tail,
And three white feet to match,
The gay, half-broken, playful colt
Not one of us could catch.

"I can," said Jack, "I'm good for that";
Then he shook his empty hat.
"She'll think it's full of corn," said he;
"Stand back, and she will come to me."

Her head the shy, proud creature raised
As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
Then down the hill, across the brook,
Delaying oft, her way she took.

Then stepping softly, and with movement quick,
She hurried on, and then came back.
"Ho! ho! I've caught you!" then said Jack,
And put the halter round her neck.

By and by came another day
When Jack was wishing for a ride.
"I'll catch that colt the very same way, —
I know I can," said he with pride.

So, up the stony pasture lane,
And up the hill he trudged again;
Then to the colt he said, "Come, ho!"
And shook his old hat to and fro.

"She'll think it's full of corn," he thought,
"And easily then she will be caught."

"Come, Beck!" he called; and at the sound
The restless creature looked around.

Soon, with a quick, impatient kick,
She galloped far away from Jack;
Then underneath a tree she stopped
And leisurely some clover cropped.

Jack followed after, but in vain;
His hand was just upon her mane,
When off she flew as flies the wind,
And, panting, he pressed on behind.

Down the steep hill, the brook across,
O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
Round and round the field they passed,
Till breathless Jack fell down at last.

Then, vexed, he threw away his hat, —
"The colt," he said, "remembers that
There's always trouble from deceit;
I'll never try again to cheat!"

— MARION DOUGLAS.

ST. MICHAEL AND THE DRAGON

GUIDO RENI[1] (1575–1642)

IN one of the chapels just inside the door of the church of the Cappuccini, in Rome, hangs the beautiful picture of "St. Michael and the Dragon" painted by Guido Reni.

[1] Pronounced *Gwee'do Ray nee.*

If we wish to understand this picture we must know something of St. Michael. The story of St. Michael is a very old one. It comes down to us from the legends and doctrines of the East. Both Jews and Christians give St. Michael the chief place among heavenly beings. It was Michael whom God chose to drive Satan and the rebellious angels from heaven. From remote time he has been thought of as warring against the Spirit of Evil.

Many artists have chosen this conflict as a subject for a picture. They always represent St. Michael as young, beautiful, and triumphant. The Evil Spirit is represented by a dragon or a half-human figure lying prone on the ground. St. Michael is on the point of piercing him with a sword or of chaining him to a bottomless pit. The victory of the good over the evil is always made very clear.

The beautiful St. Michael of this picture stands with his left foot on the head of the beast. His right hand is raised and grasps a sword ready for the downward thrust. The left hand holds the chain. Many art critics agree that this head of Guido's St. Michael is one of the most beautiful in art. It reflects all the graces of one who loves truth. It tells of a mind that holds pure and noble thoughts. It bears the beauty of youth and at the same time shows perfect calmness.

This is not a physical struggle. If it were, the beast would surely win, for he has large, strong muscles. This is a question between good and evil — right and wrong. We see that there is a greater power than brute force — the power of the spirit. St. Michael has that power of

ST. MICHAEL AND THE DRAGON

From the painting by Guido Reni

the spirit and so wins in the struggle without violence. St. Michael symbolizes truth, sincerity, noble thoughts — the spiritual nature — all that is best in man. The beast symbolizes the lower nature — envies, jealousies, evil thoughts. Here then we have truth conquering the evil in the world. We each have it in our power to master the lower nature. Let us try. This great picture should be an inspiration to us.

KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY

A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money. — RUSKIN.

KINDNESS

WHAT IS THE REAL GOOD?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood:
"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," the seer; —
Spake my heart full sadly;
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

— JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A LARGE part of our life is the life of feeling. If our hearts are right and our feelings good, our words and acts will show it. Kind words and kind acts show good feeling. If we wish to form the habit of kindness, we must practice kindness, just as we must constantly practice speaking English if we are to form the habit of speaking it correctly.

We can show kindness in hundreds of little ways. A cheerful word or a bunch of flowers to the sick, a helping hand to the weak or old, a kind word to a stranger, a little time spent with a lonely, homesick school fellow — all these little acts make the doer happy and, at the same time, brighten the lives of others. When you have formed by practice the habit of doing little kindnesses you will have learned the true meaning of:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." — *Bible.*

THE NEW PUPIL

One chilly, stormy morning, several years ago, a number of boys and girls were standing around in a little country schoolhouse. It was still early and they had not gone to their seats.

They talked and laughed and took but little notice of a new pupil who stood apart from the rest. Now and then they cast side glances toward her, and one or two stared rudely; but nobody spoke to her.

It was the little girl's first day at school, and she was very homesick. She wished she was with her mother and could have a good cry. A tear was trembling in her eye, but it did not fall, for just then something happened.

All at once the schoolroom door flew open, and a bright-eyed girl came in. She brought good cheer to the schoolroom which it had not known before. All the children seemed glad to hear her merry "Good

morning!" Then she saw the little stranger who was shrinking back in a corner and just ready to cry. "Good morning," she said sweetly, taking a step toward her.

The new pupil brightened up, and answered, "Good morning," very timidly.

"Chilly, isn't it?" said Brighteyes. Then she opened a little bundle and out rolled a ripe banana; then, with a smile, she offered half of it to the new pupil, saying, "Do you like bananas?"

The heart of the timid stranger was so full that she could not answer. But as she took the gift she softly whispered, "Thank you." Never before had she tasted a banana half as good as this, it was so sweet and mellow.

"My name is Flora," said Brighteyes.

"My name is Mary," said the stranger.

"Wouldn't you like to sit by me?" asked Flora. "The desk next to mine is vacant, and I'm sure our teacher, Miss Low, will let you."

Mary thought that she would like this plan. So the two girls were already friends, and they talked happily till school began.

"Where is Mary Roberts?" asked Miss Low. But before Mary could answer, she saw the child at the desk where Flora had placed her.

Miss Low smiled. "Ah! I see that you are well cared for," she said.

Afterward, Flora often said that she had won her dearest friend, Mary Roberts, with half a banana. But don't you think that it was something besides the banana?

— *Adapted.*

KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY

The great demand is on people's hearts rather than on their purses. In the matter of kindness we can afford to be generous whether we have money or not. The schoolboy may give it as freely as the millionaire. No one is so driven by work that he has not time, now and then, to say a kind word or do a kind deed that will help to brighten life for another. If the prime minister of England, William E. Gladstone, could find time to carry a bunch of flowers to a little sick crossing-sweeper, shall we not be ashamed to make for ourselves the excuse, "I haven't time to be kind"?

— *Selected.*

THE CALABRIAN BOY

Last evening, while the teacher was giving us the news of poor Robetti — who will be compelled to walk on crutches for a time — the principal entered the classroom with a new pupil, a boy with a brown face, black hair, big black eyes, and with thick eyebrows which met between his eyes. He was dressed in dark clothes with a black leather belt around his waist.

The principal, after whispering into the ear of the master, left the boy with him. He looked at us with

his big black eyes as though he were frightened. Then the master took him by the hand, and said to the class:

"You must congratulate yourselves. To-day there enters the school a little Italian boy, born at Reggio di Calabria, more than five hundred miles away from here. You must love your brother who comes from so far. He was born in that glorious country which has given to Italy many illustrious men, that still gives her strong workers and brave soldiers; where there are great forests and high mountains; one of the finest parts of our land, inhabited by people full of talent and courage. Do love him in a way that will make him forget that he is far away from the place where he was born. Show him that an Italian boy, no matter in what Italian school he may be placed, will find brothers there."

After saying this, he arose and pointed out on the wall map of Italy the place where Reggio di Calabria is situated. Then he called "Ernest Derossi," the one who always gets the first prize. Derossi stood up.

"Come here," said the master.

Derossi left the bench and went and stood by the desk opposite the Calabrian boy.

"As the first in the school," said the master, "give a welcome to your new companion, the welcome of a boy of Piedmont to the son of Calabria."

Derossi embraced the Calabrian boy, saying with his clear voice, "Welcome!" and the latter kissed him on both cheeks with impetuosity.

All clapped their hands.

"Silence!" cried the master; "one does not clap hands at school"; but one could see that he was happy; the Calabrian boy was also happy. The master assigned him his place and accompanied him to his desk; then he said:

"Remember what I am about to tell you. In order that a Calabrian boy might be at home in Turin, and that a boy of Turin be welcome in Reggio di Calabria, our country fought for fifty years and thirty thousand Italians died. You must respect each other, love each other, and anyone who would offend his classmate because he was not born in our province would render himself ever unworthy to raise his eyes when the flag of our country passes."

As soon as the Calabrian boy was seated in his place, his neighbors presented him with some pens and a picture, and another boy from the last bench sent him a rare Swedish postage stamp.

— From *The Heart of a Boy*, by EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

I STUDIED my tables over and over, and backward and forward too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head,
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."
For I thought of my doll and — sakes alive! — I answered, "Mary Ann!"

— Anna M. Pratt.

THE CHEERING EFFECT OF SYMPATHY

A beautiful story is told of the conversation Lincoln had with a company of ladies who had called at the White House. It was at a time when he was much discouraged, and when his mouth "looked as if it never smiled." Many of the visitors wished that they had not come. Just then a little Quaker lady said something to him, and at once a great change came in his whole appearance.

"Friend Abraham," she said, "thee need not think thee stands alone. We are all praying for thee. The hearts of the people are behind thee, and thee cannot fail. Yea, as no man was ever loved before does this

people love thee. Take comfort, Friend Abraham, God is with thee; the people are behind thee."

"I know it," he answered; and his voice trembled. "If I did not have the knowledge that God is sustaining and will sustain me until my appointed work is done, I could not live. If I did not believe that the hearts of all loyal people were with me, I could not endure it. My heart would have broken long ago.

"You have given a cup of cold water to a very thirsty and grateful man. I knew it before. I knew that good men and women were praying for me, but I was so tired I had almost forgotten. God bless you all."

— *Selected.*

BELGIAN TOTS THANK WILSON

PRESIDENT Wilson is always ready to sympathize with those who have met with misfortune. An exchange of letters between the President and two little Belgian children in Brussels brings out strongly this side of his personality:

"*Dear Mr. Wilson:*

"Thank you very much for the good bread. The poor people in our villages were starving, for they had nothing to eat. But now that you have sent over to our dear little country a big provision of wheat, both rich and poor can live. Thanks to the Americans.

"Best love and wishes from little

"PUSSY DESPOELBERCH."

Pussy's brother added the following:

"I join in with my sister in thanking you, too, for it is jolly good bread, enough to satisfy any schoolboy's hunger."

In reply the President sent the following letter in his own handwriting:

"Your letter touched me very deeply, and I thank you for it with all my heart. It makes me very happy to think that what generous Americans have done to relieve the hunger and distress in your country has brought you the help you needed and given you a little happiness in the midst of these terrible days of war. I hope that you will grow up to be strong, to do the work that will have to be done in the days of peace that are coming.

"It would be a great pleasure to me if some day I might see you both, when those happier times have come.

"Your sincere friend,
"WOODROW WILSON."

— *National Humane Review.*

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND WORTH LOVING

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend — till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying —
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go —
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow,
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

LAST evening, I went to the girls' school building, next to our own, in order to give the story of the boy from Padua to Silvia's teacher, who wanted to read it. There are seven hundred girls in this school! When I arrived, they were just coming out, all happy on account of the vacation of All Souls' day, and something beautiful took place before my eyes.

In front of the door of the school, on the other side of the street, a chimney sweep stood, leaning with his head on his arm against the wall. He was a very small lad, all black in the face, with his bag and scraper, and he was crying and sobbing as though his heart would break. Two or three of the girls of the second grade approached him and asked:

"What is the matter with you? Why do you cry in this way?"

But he did not answer and kept on crying.

"But tell us, why do you weep?" repeated the girls.

Then he raised his head from his arm, showing the face of a baby, and said, weeping:

"I have been in many houses to sweep the chimneys and earned thirty soldi; but I have lost them, they slipped through a hole in my pocket," and he showed the pocket which had a rip in it. He further said that he did not dare go home without the money.

"The master will beat me," he sobbed, and again dropped his head on his arm, as though he were in deep

despair. The girls stopped a moment and looked at him sorrowfully. In the meanwhile, other girls had gathered around him, rich and poor, with their satchels on their arms. One, who had a blue feather in her hat, pulled from her pocket two soldi and said:

"I have only two soldi; let us make a collection."

"I also have two soldi," said another dressed in red; "we will be able to find thirty among all of us," and they began to collect, calling aloud: "Amalia! Luigia! Annina! A soldo! Who has any soldi? Here are the soldi."

Some of them had soldi with which to buy flowers and writing books, and they gave them. Others, smaller ones, gave some centesimi, and the one with the blue feather collected everything and counted in a loud voice:

"Eight, ten, fifteen"; but more was needed. Then, one of the largest of them appeared; she looked like a young lady, and gave a half-lira, and all began to cheer her. Still five soldi were lacking.

"Now some of the fourth grade are coming, and they have some," said one.

Those of the fourth class came, and the soldi fell down in a shower. They all hurried forward eagerly. It was a fine sight to see that poor chimney sweep in the midst of those girls, dressed in so many different colors; it looked like a whirl of feathers, ribbons, and girls. The thirty soldi had been collected, and more were giving; the little ones who had no money would make their way among the larger ones, throwing him their bouquets of flowers in order that they might give something. All of a sudden the janitress came out crying:

"The signora directress." The girls scampered away on all sides like a flock of birds, and, at that moment, the little chimney sweep was seen standing alone in the middle of the street, wiping his eyes. He was happy with his hands full of money, and he had in the buttonholes of his jacket, in his pockets, and on his hat, bouquets of flowers, and there were some on the ground at his feet. — From *The Heart of a Boy*, by EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

OUR KIND OF A MAN

THE kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists:
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears;
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,
And the widow's prayer goes up for him;
The latch is clicked at the hovel door
And the sick man sees the sun once more,
And out o'er the barren fields he sees
Springing blossoms and waving trees,
Feeling as only the dying may,
That God's own servant has come that way,
Smoothing the path as it still winds on
Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

PASS IT ON

HAVE you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on!
'Twas not given for thee alone,
Pass it on!
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears —
Pass it on!

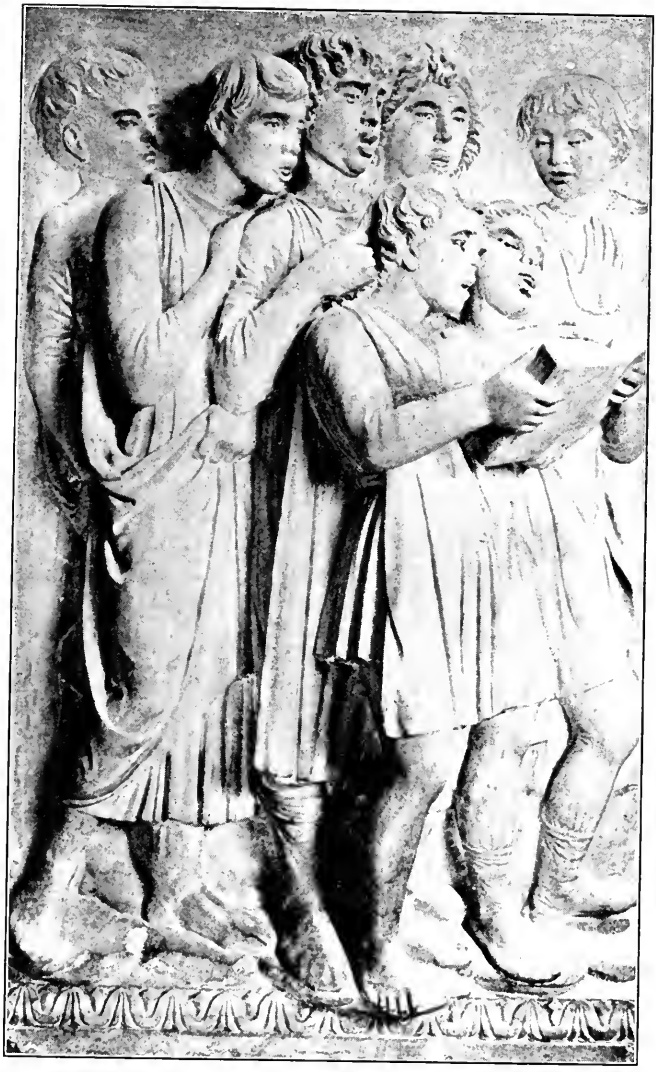
— HENRY BURTON.

SINGING BOYS

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA (1400–1481)

NOTICE the lifelike movement of the "Singing Boys" — the leader marks the rhythm with his hand; one beats time with his foot as he sings. All are eager and earnest, — intent upon the music as they pour forth their song of praise and thanksgiving. They seem really to breathe and move.

They look so natural that it is hard to believe they are carved in marble. They were chiseled by Luca della Robbia, a famous Italian sculptor. Luca did this work about five hundred years ago. He had been commissioned to adorn the organ loft of the new cathedral in Florence. So he chose the 150th Psalm of the Bible for his text, and set about illustrating this text in a



SINGING BOYS

From the sculpture by Luca della Robbia

marble frieze for the singing gallery. During nine years of hard, happy work he carved upon the surface of the marble ten wonderful panels depicting singing and dancing children. This band of choristers forms one of those groups. They are molded true to life — just such boys as Luca in his daily rounds must have known and loved.

Don't you think this a very appropriate subject for the adornment of an organ loft?

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Kindness — a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand. — JAPANESE SAYING.

BE good to the dog, the cat, the horse, the carabao, the goat, the pig, the chickens — all animals about the home. Treat them kindly and see that they have plenty to eat. Do not tease or beat or chase or stone them. Have only as many pet animals as you can afford to feed well. It is a mistaken kindness to let animals live that must suffer from hunger and neglect. When your dog has puppies or your cat has kittens, do not keep them all. As soon as the young animals are old enough to be separated from the mother, see if any of your friends would like them. Do not give them to anyone who will not treat them kindly. If you cannot sell them or give them to kind people, then *mercifully* kill those you cannot care for.

Think Before you Strike Any Creature that Cannot Speak

"A merchant traveling on horseback accompanied by his dog dismounted for some purpose, and accidentally dropped his package of money. The dog saw it. The merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther, bounded in front of the horse and barked louder and louder. The merchant, thinking the dog had gone mad, drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant

discovered his loss and rode back, he found his dying dog lying there faithfully guarding the treasure."

The following little story is not so painful, but adds force to the thought: Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

"When I was a boy, and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer, and was given a span of horses to plow with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head to keep him from rising while he whipped him, 'to break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said, 'There's something wrong here; let him get up, and let us examine!' He patted the colt, looked at his harness, and then said, 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was, and but for that neighbor we should have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm because he lay down when he couldn't breathe.

"Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, and cannot tell you.

"Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak." — S. P. C. A.

QUESTIONS

1. Tell about the merchant and his dog.
2. Tell about the colt that lay down in the furrow.
3. What are you asked to remember?

OUR DEBT TO ANIMALS

THINK of what we owe to animals. Some of them, such as sheep, goats, pigs, and chickens, supply us with food.

Horses toil for us patiently through life.

The dog is man's companion and faithful friend. He guards the house day and night. He loves and cares for the children. He never deserts his master, but follows him as cheerfully to a humble home as to a rich one. He asks in return only kind words and the leavings from his master's table.

The cat keeps the house free from mice and frightens off the rats. With her contented purr she makes the home seem more cheerful.

Birds are beautiful as well as useful. They are helpful. They destroy many harmful insects and so save our trees for us. Their graceful, airy flight delights the eye. Their tuneful notes please the ear. A country without birds would seem a dull, lifeless place.

Since all these creatures do so much for us,— so much to make our lives comfortable and happy,— we should always give them kind words and kind treatment. We should give all domestic animals plenty of proper food at regular times. We should see that they have access to a good supply of fresh, clean water. We should provide shelter for them: shade trees where they may escape the burning midday sun during the hot dry season; sheds where they may find protection from

the piercing blasts of winter and drenching rains of the autumn season.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

[Florence Nightingale's early days were noted for kindness to animals, and when she grew older she studied human diseases. Her name is known all over the world, because of her splendid efforts for the sick and wounded.]

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was born in Florence, Italy, in 1820. Her father was a rich Englishman and he was careful to have his little girl well taught. Florence was clever and bright, and learned her lessons well. From a child she was good and kind to the poor people who lived near her English home. At quite an early age she began to read about diseases of the body; for she wished to help those who were ill and had not so many comforts as she had.

Her first patient was a dog. His name was Cap, and he was a good collie that helped the shepherd bring in the sheep. One day Cap was hurt, and the shepherd feared that the poor dog's leg was broken and that he would have to be killed.

When Florence heard this, she went to the shepherd's cottage with a friend and found the dog in great pain. She knelt down and patted him, while her friend looked at his leg. He knew a good deal about dogs; so he was able to tell her that the bone was not broken, and that with care and rest, poor Cap would soon be quite well again. Then Florence asked what could be done to ease him.

"Bathe the leg with hot water," said her friend; and at once Florence put a kettle on the fire, and when the water was hot, she bathed poor Cap's leg. This gave the dog so much ease from pain that in a short time he was licking her hands and wagging his tail, which, of course, was his way of saying "Thank you."

When she was older, Florence took a great interest in hospitals. She was not content with seeing how such places were managed in England; so she went abroad, and for some time worked in a hospital in Germany.

After that, a great war between England and Russia broke out in 1854, and thousands of English soldiers lay sick, wounded, and uncared for. Florence Nightingale took out a band of brave women to nurse the soldiers. Many of the men never spoke of her without a prayer that God would bless her for the good work she did.

Night after night she passed through the wards, carrying a lamp in her hand. She spoke a kind word to one, eased a bandage for another, and cheered others who were sad. One dying boy, it is said, wanted to see her pass, so that he might be able to kiss her shadow as it moved across his pillow.

When the war was over, the people made her a present of a very large sum of money, all of which she gave away to found the "Nightingale Home" for the training of nurses. Although often ill herself, she always did what she could to help the sick and suffering, and she won the respect and love of all by her noble work.

Queen Victoria thought so much of Florence Nightingale that she wrote herself to thank her. In 1908 King Edward sent her the Order of Merit. This high honor comes to only a few men and women who have done some very great work; and Florence Nightingale was the first woman to receive it.

—Mary Hancock (*Adapted*).

The Cross of the Order of Merit

THE HORSE

On one of the most traveled roads, just outside of the great city of London, England, at the foot of a hill is hung this sign:

THE HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER

Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not,
In the stable forget me not,
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not,
With sponge and brush neglect me not,
Of soft, dry bed deprive me not,
When sick or cold, chill me not,
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And, when angry, strike me not.

To which should be added:

With tight check-rein check me not,
My eyes with blinders cover not.

Mankind can never pay the debt it owes to the horse. Without the horse we should be compelled to ride behind mules or oxen or to go on foot. Horses are now found in most parts of the world, toiling in man's service, receiving in return only simple food and water, with shelter from the weather.

Horses, like human beings, are sometimes sick and sometimes well, sometimes strong and sometimes weak. They live, when kindly treated, thirty to forty or more years; but, like human beings, they require plenty of wholesome food and water, also regular exercise, fresh air, sunlight, and clean stables. Their stomachs are small, and to keep them in health they should be fed and watered often. Some persons are very cruel to their horses by letting them go a long time without food and water. Some persons give their horses so little to eat that they become very thin and weak.

It is a great cruelty to a horse to tie his head back with a tight check-rein, for he cannot breathe so freely, nor draw a load so easily. Many horses suffer great pain and become diseased because of their cruel check-reins. If a boy had to draw or push a heavy cart with a bit in his mouth fastened to his back, which pulled his head so far back of his shoulders that he could not lean forward, then he would know what a horse suffers with a tight check-rein. A check-rein, if used at all, should always be so long that when a horse draws a heavy load up a steep hill, he can put his head down as far as he would put it if he did not have a check-rein.

Some people, when their horses become old or sick or lame, sell them for a small sum to cruel men who beat them, kick them, starve them, and otherwise abuse them. Then the poor horses have a hard time until they die. A good horse that has worked faithfully for his master until he is worn out ought never to be sold. When he has become too old to serve a good and merciful master, he should be killed in a merciful way. This can be done in one instant by shooting him just in the middle of the forehead, where the shot will penetrate the brain most easily. The Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals publishes a little book that shows how horses and all other domestic animals may be killed in a merciful way.

Learn and try to remember (1) that the strongest part of the horse is just behind his shoulders, and the rider who leans forward in the saddle tires his horse less than one who leans back; (2) that when, because of old age, the teeth of horses do not properly chew the food, they can often be put in good condition by horse doctors; (3) that it is just as cruel to keep a horse in his stable for days without exercise, fresh air, and sunshine as it would be to keep a boy in the house several days without exercise, fresh air, and sunshine; (4) that it has been found by experiments in Great Britain that horses that work hard six days in the week will last much longer and do more work in a lifetime, if permitted to rest every seventh day; (5) that if you want to be kind to horses, always refuse to ride

behind a horse that is sick or lame, or that seems to be poorly fed and weak.

Dare to be kind and true,
Give each dumb thing its due.

— S. P. C. A.

HOT-WEATHER RULES

1. LOAD lightly and drive slowly.
2. Stop in the shade if possible.
3. Water your horse as often as possible. So long as a horse is working, water in moderate quantities will not hurt him. But let him drink only a few swallows if he is going to stand still.
4. When he comes in after work, sponge off the harness marks and sweat, his eyes, his nose and mouth, and the dock. Wash his feet but not his legs.
5. If the horse is overcome by heat, get him into the shade, remove harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge him all over, shower his legs, and give him one ounce of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, in a pint of water, or give him a pint of strong coffee warm. Cool his head at once, using cold water, or if necessary, chopped ice, wrapped in a cloth.
6. If the horse is off his feed, try him with two quarts of oats mixed with bran, and a little water; and add a little salt or sugar. Or give him oatmeal gruel or barley water to drink.
7. Watch your horse. If he stops sweating suddenly, or if he breathes short and quick, or if his ears droop, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of a heat or sun stroke and needs attention at once.

8. If it is so hot that the horse sweats in the stable at night, tie him outside. Unless he cools off during the night he cannot well stand the next day's heat.

— *New York Women's League for Animals.*

THE PRAYER OF A HORSE

TO THEE, MY MASTER, I OFFER MY PRAYER

FEED me, water and care for me, and when the day's work is done provide me with shelter: a clean, dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you.

Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going uphill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you mean; but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Examine my teeth when I do not eat. I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

And finally, O my master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve, or sell me to some cruel owner; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way and your God will reward you here and

hereafter. You may not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen. — *Selected.*

CÆSAR IS DEAD

CÆSAR, the favorite dog of the late King Edward VII, is dead. Many recall this famous little wire-haired fox terrier that followed directly behind the coffin at the King's funeral. Cæsar had been for years a most devoted friend of the King and went with him everywhere. The dog wore attached to his collar a silver medal, inscribed: "I am Cæsar, the King's Dog."

After the death of the King, Cæsar was inconsolable, and for several days refused all food. He recovered his spirits after a time, and became as much attached to Queen Alexandra as he had been to the King.

WHY DO YOU LOVE YOUR DOG?

BECAUSE

1. He doesn't *talk back* to you.
2. He *thinks* whatever you do is all right.
3. You don't have to make *company* of him.
4. He eats what's set before him and *asks* no questions.
5. He will *follow* you to the end of the earth.
6. He *never sulks* when you mistreat him.
7. He tries to *please* you.
8. You have no rival in his *affections* — his *love* is all yours.
9. He *respects* your moods.
10. He never *tells* you his troubles.

11. He never pries into your *secrets*.

12. He is *polite* and *thanks* you with his tail for every kind word you see fit to give him.

13. He will *fight* for you.

14. He *misses* you when you are away.

15. He *rejoices* when you return.

16. He is *faithful* unto death.

17. He *does* what you tell him without knowing why.

18. He is *jealous* of the attention you show other dogs.

19. He *trusts* you to the uttermost with a *faith* that is wonderful, blind, inexplicable.

— *New York Women's League for Animals.*

FAIR PLAY

CHARACTERS

Andrew *Louis*

[Andrew on his way to school meets Louis, who is throwing stones at some goats by the roadside.]

SCENE I

Andrew. Good morning, Louis. Aren't you the fellow that said you wanted to see fair play?

Louis. When do you mean?

Andrew. When those city fellows were having a little skirmish yesterday.

Louis. Yes, I always like fair play.

Andrew. Do you call it fair play to throw stones at helpless creatures that have no hands to throw back again?

Louis. They are only goats.

Andrew. But goats have rights as well as boys —

or men. They are in their own field, interfering neither with you nor with anyone else, and you have no more right to throw stones over there than that billy goat has to jump over the fence and butt you.

Louis (putting both hands in his pockets). I like to see them huddle together and run; they look so comical.

Andrew. Do you? Well, you have both hands in your pockets; suppose, now, that you couldn't take them out! How would you like to have me pelt you with stones?

[Louis hangs his head and makes no reply.]

Come, aren't you going to school?

[They walk on together a little way in silence.]

Louis. Andrew — you are a queer one. If any other fellow said such things to me as you do, I'd get angry.

Andrew. Would you? I am glad you don't get angry with me, Louis, because I like you. You are always square, so far as boys are concerned; no mean tricks about you, and you never bully little ones or girls. If you are going to pitch into a fellow you take one of your own size; but don't you think you are rather hard on animals?

Louis. I don't know but I am; I never thought much about it. I never thought they had any rights before.

Andrew (opening his arithmetic). Have you done all these examples?

Louis. There are three I can't do.

Andrew. Which three?

Louis. The last two and the fifth.

Andrew. I have done the last two, but I can't see through the fifth; that's a sticker. I will help you with the last two if you like.

Scene II

[A day or two later. Andrew on his way to school. Louis comes out and joins him.]

Andrew. Good morning, Louis.

Louis (as he stoops to pick up a stone). Good morning, Andrew.

[He throws the stone at a bird in a tree near by.]

Andrew. Is that fair play, Louis? How would you like to have a great cannon-ball come whizzing past your head now?

Louis. Really, Andrew, I didn't think what I was doing. I have got into such a habit of throwing stones — trying to see how well I can aim, you know— that half the time I don't know that I am doing it.

Andrew. Set up a target somewhere in a safe place and throw at that, but don't make targets of living creatures that can suffer pain.

[They walk on in silence for a while.]

Louis. Andrew, I suppose you'll say that taking birds' eggs isn't fair play.

Andrew. Of course it isn't. Would you like to go home to-day and find that some thief had been in and stolen your most valued possessions? Would you now — honest?

Louis. No, I shouldn't.

Andrew. Isn't it about the same thing? Only I don't know that we have any possessions quite so valuable to us as a bird's eggs are to her. They seem to be about all that she has.

Louis. (thoughtfully) That's so.

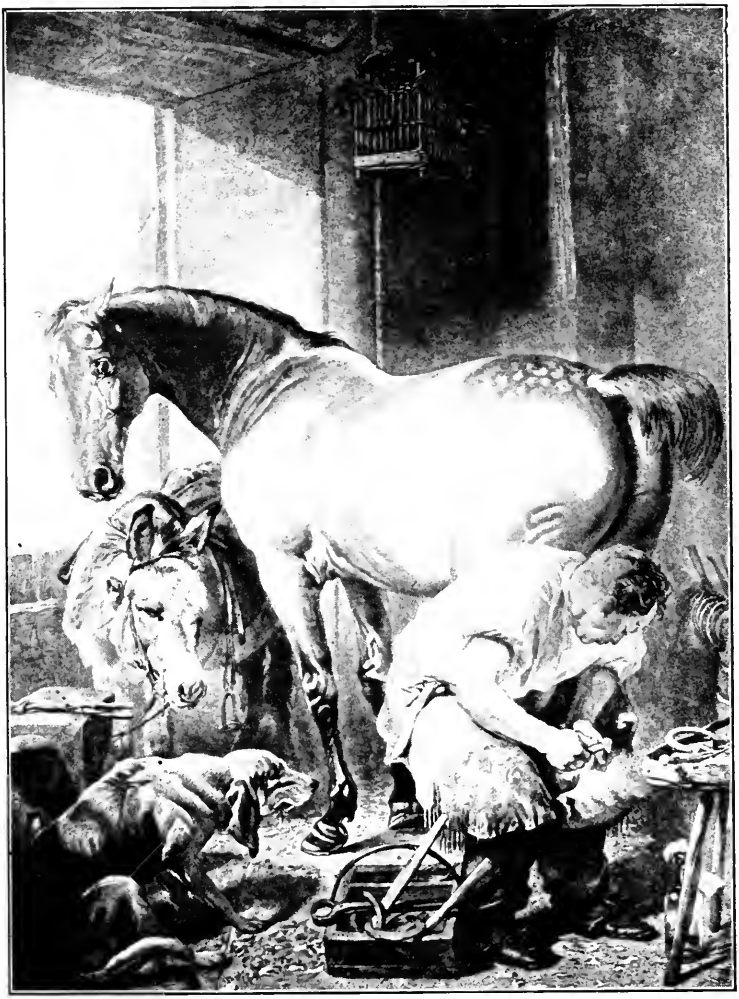
SUGGESTION TO THE TEACHER. — Arrange a *Pet Day* on some Friday afternoon. Invite the pupils to bring their pets to school. Appoint judges to decide which pet shows the best care. Then decorate the owner of that pet with a blue ribbon. Make the children understand that to be decorated in this way is an honor.

SHOEING THE BAY MARE

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER (1802–1873)

THIS is a shoeing scene in a quaint country smithy in England. Every eye is turned on the blacksmith at his work. Betty, the mare, is the one chiefly interested; and her face seems to say, as she turns her head to look at the smith, "What is going on there?" The donkey looks interested too. He moves his ears forward to catch the sound. The shaggy little fellow seems to say, "I know how it feels to be shod, my friend; and I sympathize with you." Laura, the bloodhound, with long, drooping ears, holds her head well forward as she intently watches every move of the smith.

Betty is a high-spirited, handsome mare. She has ideas of her own. She does not like a halter or a bridle, and will not permit anyone to tie her to a post while she is being shod. She knows how to behave without being



SHOEING THE BAY MARE

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer

tied. What a beautiful, glossy coat she has! And the sunshine makes it appear even more glossy. That shows that she is well fed. Her master takes good care of her. He sees that she is kept clean and comfortable.

The strong smith holds Betty's hoof in his leather apron. His body is braced for his work. He is fitting the new shoe carefully to Betty's hoof. This manly smith takes pride in his work, and goes at his task cheerily. He is content in helping these gentle animals. I think they love him, because they show no fear. They trust him.

QUESTIONS

1. Who painted "Shoeing the Bay Mare"?
2. What was his nationality? (He was English.)
3. What was he called? (He was called the "Poet painter of animals.")
4. Name three other pictures painted by him.
5. What scene is shown in this picture?
6. What is the setting?
7. What is the central point of interest?
8. Name as many points of beauty in Betty as you can.
9. Compare Betty with some horse that you know.
10. Does this smith love animals? How do you know?

RESPECT AND REVERENCE

RESPECT AND REVERENCE

RESPECT

You must first learn to respect yourself. When you feel respect for your real self, you are unwilling to do a mean thing. You wish your parents, your teachers, and your friends to think highly of you; and you understand that they cannot think highly of you unless your every act is honorable. Moreover, if you wish your friends to feel respect for you, you must show courteous consideration and respect for them, and for their rights.

Especially should young people reverence old age without regard to station, dress, or sex. They should do this for their own sakes as well as for the sake of those who begin to feel that they are in the way in the world.

You will probably be old some day; and, naturally, you will wish to be respected. Consider, then, the feelings of the old while you are young. Be kind. Lend a helping hand to the old and feeble. Listen respectfully when they speak, and be thoughtful of them always. No really great man ever fails to show this consideration.

The following incident is told of President Cleveland:

In 1896, on the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Princeton University, the graduates of former years came from far and near for a reunion. President Cleveland reviewed the long line of alumni as they marched by: the class of '96 with its hundreds of shouting young fellows, the class of '95, the other classes in order down through the 90's, the 80's, the 70's, the 60's, etc., the ranks growing thinner according to the age of the class. As the gray-haired veteran representatives of the noble old college passed the reviewing stand, President Cleveland uncovered his head as a token of respect for old age, and remained uncovered in the chilly night air until the last man had slowly filed by. This was a beautiful tribute of respect, and it was a lesson in politeness that all young people might well learn.

All oriental peoples, particularly the Japanese and the Chinese, have from remote ages felt and shown great respect for old people; and the world to-day points to China and Japan as models of behavior in this regard. Young Americans must take care not to be outdone by the Chinese and Japanese in showing consideration for the aged.

Here follows a pleasing incident which shows what a self-respecting young Filipino is capable of:

It was May in Manila, toward the end of a hot day. The Bagumbayan drive was thronged with all sorts of vehicles from caretelas and rumbling trucks to victorias, screeching automobiles, and clanging electric cars. On

the west side of the drive stood a timid old woman in wild confusion, wishing to cross to the other side but fearing to venture, and protesting excitedly by voice and gesture against all the assurances of her younger companion.

Just then there came along a young man in a spotless white suit, — apparently a student from either the Normal or the High School. He saw the old woman's plight — a woman as old as his own grandmother. Without a moment's hesitation that fine upstanding student put one strong young arm about that poorly clad, feeble old figure and took her hands in his as if to give her confidence. Then carefully, patiently, looking first to the right and then to the left, he threaded his way in and out among the vehicles to the opposite side of the drive with his charge. There he landed her safely.

I watched him as he raised his hat to her with the same respect that he would show to the finest lady in the land, and turned and went modestly about his business as if nothing unusual had happened.

That young man would be worth knowing. I should like to have him for a friend. He would make a good friend and a kind neighbor. He thinks right. He feels right. He acts right. He put himself in that old woman's place, and knew how she felt; and he knew how he would wish to see his own mother or grandmother treated if she were in the same situation.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

THE woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad of the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last one came of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hands on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was — "God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!"

EXERCISES

1. Describe the old woman.
2. Why did she wait so long at the crossing?
3. Why did many children pass without offering her a helping hand?
4. Why was she "so timid, afraid to stir"?
5. Why should the "gayest laddie" pause to help her?
6. Why "whispered low"?
7. Why did he not fear the jeers and taunts of his companions?
8. Why was "his young heart happy and well content"?
9. What reason did he give the boys for his act?
10. How did the aged lady show her appreciation?
11. Give instances in which you have known young people to be kind to older people.
12. Why should young people be respectful and kind to older people?

THE COCONUT SHELL

How sharper than a serpent's tooth is man's ingratitude!

CHARACTERS

Inocencio, a small boy.....A pupil.
Inocencio's Father .....A pupil.
Inocencio's Grandfather, very old .....A pupil.

Scene I

[Grandfather sits alone at a rough table with a coconut shell half full of rice and a bone spoon before him.]

Grandfather (shaking his head sadly). It has come to this (pointing to the bowl)! A bit of rice in a coconut shell. And I must eat alone in the kitchen! Oh, the pity of being old (sighing), when my own son thinks me a burden and turns against me.

Inocencio (running in gaily). Come, Grandpa, come. (Taking him by the hand.) The tapers are all lighted. The procession is almost here. Let's go to the front windows.

Grandfather. Bless you, child, yes. I'm glad *you* don't forget me. You are my only comfort.

[Inocencio looks up with a smile and leads his grandfather out.]

Scene II

[Inocencio sits alone whittling at a coconut shell.]

Inocencio (holding up his work and looking at it admiringly). Almost finished! A pretty good shape, too.

Father (entering and watching the boy unseen). Well, my son, you seem to be busy. What are you making?

Inocencio. A bowl, Father, for you.

Father. A bowl for me? What should I do with a bowl like that?

Inocencio (earnestly). Why, eat out of it, Father, when you get old like Grandpa. (He goes on with his work.)

Father (aside). "Curses like chickens come home to roost." This from my own son! A hard lesson surely. But from this day I shall treat my father as I would myself like to be treated.

(To Inocencio.) It is getting late, my son. We will find Grandpa. I must ask his forgiveness. We will give him a comfortable chair at our table and the best of everything we have, always from this time. (They go out.)

MADONNA OF THE ARBOR

DAGNAN-BOUVERET (1852——)

A LONG, leafy arbor forms a beautiful setting for this Madonna. The branches of the fine old trees interlace overhead. The bright sunlight filters down and lights up the tree trunks. It beams on the face and shoulders of the Madonna and on the tiny form of the infant Jesus, and brings these two interesting figures into strong relief against the dark background.

The Madonna is coming toward us clad in the coarse white garb of a French peasant. Her face shows tender mother love, and bears a trace of sadness. She clasps the Christ-child close to her. We see only the little body wrapped in swaddling clothes and the back of the tiny head as He snuggles down against His mother's shoulder.

The artist is French, and so chose for his setting a French scene, and for his model a French peasant in French costume. From the simple scenes about him he has drawn a beautiful picture of tender, dignified motherhood.

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the setting for this Madonna.
2. Describe the dress of the Madonna; of the Christ-child.
3. Name the artist, and give his nationality.
4. Where did the artist find his models? (He found them among —— —— ——.)
5. Describe the expression of the mother's face.
6. Describe her manner of holding the child.
7. How much of the Christ-child can we see?
8. Can you recall the picture of another Madonna? Compare this picture with that as to (1) setting, (2) dress, (3) position of the mother, (4) manner of holding the child, and (5) the expression of the face.

MADONNA OF THE ARBOR

From the painting by Dagnan-Bouveret

COURAGE AND SELF CONTROL

COURAGE AND SELF CONTROL

WINNING

It takes a little courage
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination
If you want to reach a goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern-set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,
There's no rosy road to fame,
Life, however we may view it,
Is no simple parlor game;
But its prizes call for fighting,
For endurance and for grit,
For a rugged disposition
And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

You must take a blow or give one,
You must risk and you must lose,
And expect that in the struggle
You will suffer from a bruise.
But you mustn't wince or falter,
If a fight you once begin,
Be a man and face the battle —
That's the only way to win.

— *Selected.*

THE DOASYOULIKES

[This is for the girl or boy who is afraid of work. He does as he likes always, and does not want to obey. He grows up undisciplined and is of very little use in the world because he has never learned to do by doing.]

THE Doasyoulikes came away from the country of Hardwork because they wanted to play on the Jew's harp all day long.

The Doasyoulikes were living in the land of the Ready-made, at the foot of the Happy-go-lucky Mountains, where flapdoodle grows wild; and if you want to know what that is you must ask Peter Simple.

They sat on ant-hills all day long, and played on the Jew's harp; and, if the ants bit them, why they just got up and went to the next ant-hill, till they were bitten there likewise.

And they sat under the flapdoodle-trees, and let the flapdoodle drop into their mouths; and under the vines, and squeezed the grape-juice down their throats; and, if any little pigs ran about ready roasted, crying, "Come and eat me," as was their fashion in that country, they waited till the pigs ran against their mouths, and then took a bite, and were content, just as so many oysters would have been.

They needed no weapons, for no enemies ever came near their land; and no tools, for everything was ready-made to their hand; and the stern old fairy Necessity never came near them to hunt them up, and make them use their wits, or die.

— Abridged from *Water Babies*, by CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A LITTLE DUTCH HERO

[This little story shows how even a very small boy may sometimes be of great service to his town. This is a case of the mouse helping the lion.]

HOLLAND is a little country of Europe where the ground is lower than the level of the sea, instead of higher as it is in our country. Long ago the Hollanders saw that the water would run in and cover the land and the houses if they did not do something to keep it out. So they built great thick walls all round their country to shut out the sea, just as Filipinos build little walls of earth all round a rice paddy. Those walls protect the good crops, the houses, and even the people. Their walls are called "dikes," just as rice-paddy walls are called "dikes"; but those walls are really great, high banks, and they are as wide as a road — not small and low like rice-paddy dikes. In that country even small children know that a crack or a hole in one of their dikes is a fearful thing.

Once a little boy named Hans lived in that country. One day Hans took his little brother out by the dike to play. They went a long way off where there were no houses, only flowers and green fields. Hans climbed up on the high dike and sat down; the little brother was playing at the foot of the bank.

Suddenly the little brother called out, "Oh, what a funny little hole. It bubbles."

"Hole? Where?" said Hans.

"Here in the bank," said the little brother. "Water's in it."

"What!" said Hans, and he slid down as fast as he could to where his brother was playing.

There was the tiniest hole in the bank — just an air-hole. A drop of water bubbled slowly through.

"It is a hole in the dike!" cried Hans. "What shall we do?"

He looked all around; not a person or a house was in sight. He looked at the hole. He knew that the water would soon break a great gap. The town was far away — if they ran for help it would be too late; what should he do?

Suddenly a thought came to Hans. He stuck his little forefinger right into the hole, where it fitted tight; and he said to his little brother:

"Run, Dieting! Go to the town and tell the men there's a hole in the dike. Tell them I will keep it stopped till they get here."

Dieting knew by Hans's face that something very serious was the matter, and he started off as fast as he could run. Hans, kneeling with his finger in the hole, watched him grow smaller and smaller as he got farther and farther away, until he was only a speck; then he was out of sight. Hans was all alone, squatted on the ground with his finger tight in the bank. He could hear the water, slap, slap, slapping on the stones. It seemed very near.

By and by, his hand began to feel numb. He rubbed it with the other hand; but it got colder and more numb,

colder and more numb, every minute. He looked to see if the men were coming; the road was bare as far as he could see. Then the cold began creeping, creeping, up his arm; first his wrist, then his arm to the elbow, then his arm to the shoulder; how cold it was!

Soon it began to ache. Ugly little cramp-pains streamed up his finger, up his palm, up his arm, till it ached way into his shoulder, and down the back of his neck. It seemed hours since the little brother went away. He felt very lonely, and the hurt in his arm grew and grew. He watched the road with all his eyes, but no one came in sight. Then he leaned his head against the dike, to rest his shoulder.

As his ear touched the dike, he heard the voice of the great sea, murmuring. The sound seemed to say, "I am the great sea. No one can stand against me. What are you, a little child, that you try to keep me out? Beware! Beware!"

Hans's heart beat in heavy knocks. Would they never come? He was frightened. And the water went on beating at the wall, and murmuring, "I will come through, I will come through, I will get you. I will get you, run — run — before I come through!"

Hans started to pull out his finger; he was so frightened that he felt as if he must run forever. But that minute he remembered how much depended on him; if he pulled out his finger, the water would surely make the hole bigger, and at last break down the dike, and the sea would come in on all the land and houses. He set his teeth, and stuck his finger in tighter than ever.

"You shall not come through!" he whispered. "I will not run!"

Just then he heard a far-off shout. Far in the distance he saw something on the road. The men were coming! At last, they were coming. They came nearer. He could make out his own father and the neighbors. They had pickaxes and shovels. They were running and as they ran they shouted, "We're coming; take heart, we're coming!"

The next minute they were there. When they saw Hans with his pale face, and his hand tight in the dike, they gave a great cheer, — just as people do for soldiers back from war. They lifted him up and rubbed his aching arm with gentle hands. They told him that he was a real hero, and that he had saved the town.

When the men had mended the dike, they marched home carrying Hans high on their shoulders, because he was a hero. Even to this day the people of that town tell the story of how a little boy saved the dike.

— *Selected.*

QUESTIONS

1. Where did this little hero live?
2. How does Holland differ from other countries?
3. Compare the dikes of Holland with rice-paddy dikes.
4. Why do the people fear a leak in a dike?
5. How did Hans stop the leak until help came?
6. How did he suffer in doing this?
7. Why do we call him a hero?
8. Would you like to be called a hero?

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY"

SCENE — The schoolroom

Mr. Hart..... Teacher

Flora
Rose
Robert
Joe
Peter
Sam
Paul
Rufus
Elmer
And others
..... Pupils

Mr. Hart (entering his schoolroom and finding it in disorder). Ah, it seems that I have interrupted your pastimes. This sudden unnatural stillness is quite oppressive. Pray go on just as if I were not here. (No one stirs.) Well, why don't you go on? Why don't you throw that crayon, Robert, as you were intending to do?

Robert. Do you order me to throw it, sir?

Mr. Hart. By no means. I asked you to do as you would if I were not present. Would my absence make it right for you to throw it?

Robert. N-no, Mr. Hart, but I was not the only one; the others were —

Mr. Hart. Never mind about the others; we have already expressed our sentiments on the courage and

honor of throwing blame upon others. They will undoubtedly speak for themselves.

Joe. I threw crayons, Mr. Hart.

Peter. And so did I.

Sam. And I.

Mr. Hart. That is very well so far; "open confession is good for the soul." Does anyone else wish to relieve his mind?

Paul. I drew that picture on the blackboard, but I intended to erase it before you came back.

Mr. Hart. And you think, I suppose, that intention lessens your offense. I await further acknowledgment that anyone has to make.

Rufus. I called on Elmer to make a speech.

Mr. Hart. Yes; and, Elmer, did you respond?

Elmer. No, Mr. Hart. He and the rest of the boys are all the time nagging me, — all except Wright. He tried to keep order while you were away, — he and some of the big girls.

Mr. Hart. Wright and the "big girls" deserve and hereby receive my hearty and sincere thanks.

Flora. I am sorry to say, Mr. Hart, that *all* the "big girls" are not altogether blameless; I for one am not. I confess and apologize.

Rose. And I wish to do the same.

Mr. Hart. That is the most honorable thing you can do now, except to resolve not to offend again. Well, (looking around), if there are no more confessions, I will now hear any further excuses or explanations that anyone has to offer.

Joe. We only thought we would have a little fun, we didn't think there was any harm in it as long as you were not here. We couldn't do much studying, you know.

Mr. Hart. Why not?

Joe. Because — because there was so much noise. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Hart (joining in the laugh). If all your fun was as funny as that, you must have enjoyed yourselves!

Peter. But do you really think, Mr. Hart, there was any harm in our having a little fun as long as you were not here to direct our work?

Mr. Hart. Fun is a most excellent thing. It is good for the body, for the mind, for the heart. Laugh and grow fat. Be jolly and long-lived. No one likes fun better than I do. But no good thing, even fun, is good at the wrong time and in the wrong place. The time you have given to it this morning belonged to *work.*

You say "*We* wanted a little fun." Who are the *we?* It seems some "tried to keep order." They wanted the time to study and they had a right to it. Your fun, therefore, was of the kind that injures or annoys others.

Flora. Mr. Hart, we need your presence here, not because we fear your punishment but because we are afraid of displeasing you.

Mr. Hart. Still, the principle is the same, for my displeasure is a punishment to those who care for it. I believe you all do care for it, and for this time it shall be your only punishment, — at least the only one *I* shall inflict.

But I wish to say that I have more than ordinary reason to be displeased. Have you forgotten our last talk? What was its subject?

Several Voices (in subdued tone). Honor.

Mr. Hart. Your lowered voices and your downcast eyes show how you think you have illustrated that subject this morning. Does the man of honor need a policeman to keep him to his duty?

Character is a structure that is slow in building; but it is all the more solid when built. But may I not hope that the practical lesson of this morning may do something to strengthen the principle of Honor in this school?

By Edward P. Jackson
Abridged and Adapted.

SANDY AND PIPPA

Sandy is a brave little yellow kitten. He never whimpers and cheeps like "the broken-hearted little beast" in the Jungle Book. He never tries to run into the middle of the room, for he is only seven days old and his eyes are not open. But he makes up his mind to feel his way around the side of the room, leaning against the wall, and he does it. He wants to find Pippa, the big, yellow dog, and cuddle down in her curly neck as she lies on the rug. His mother stuffs him with milk until he is hard as a baseball. He licks her face and then he starts bravely forth, and when he gets there Pippa noses him and tumbles him on the floor and says "You brave little kitten."

— *Selected.*

BONNYBOY

BONNYBOY'S father was a carpenter. His name was Grim Norvold, and there was scarcely anything he could not do. He could take a watch apart and put it together again. He could mend a harness. He could make a wagon. He loved work for its own sake and was ill at ease when he had not a tool in his hand.

From the time Bonnyboy was old enough to sit or crawl in the shavings, his father gave him a place under the turning bench and talked or sang to him while he worked. And Bonnyboy, in the meanwhile, amused himself by getting into all sorts of mischief.

To teach Bonnyboy the trade of a carpenter was a task which would have exhausted the patience of a saint. If there was any possible way of doing a thing wrong, Bonnyboy was sure to hit upon that way. But he persevered, was always cheerful, and of good courage.

When Bonnyboy was twenty years old, his father gave up his attempt to make a carpenter of him. A number of sawmills had been built along the river down in the valley, and the old rapids had been broken up into mill-dams, one above the other. At one of these sawmills Bonnyboy found work. His business was to roll the logs on the little trucks that ran on rails and to push them up to the saws. He worked with a will and was happy in the thought that he had at last found something that he could do. When his father saw him swinging his ax so that the chips flew about his ears, he would

murmur to himself, "My poor lad, clever you are not; but you have that which the cleverest of us often lack."

There were sixteen sawmills in all, and the one at which Bonnyboy was employed was the last of the series. They were built on both banks of the river, and were supplied with power from artificial dams. In these dams the water was stored in time of drought and escaped in a small race when required for use.

Then came the great floods. The mill-races were kept open night and day, and yet the water burst like a roaring cascade over the tops of the dams, and the river bed was filled to overflowing with a swift, tawny torrent. Bonnyboy and a gang of twenty men were working as they had never worked before in their lives to strengthen the dams. If but one of them burst, the whole immense volume of water would rush upon the valley. The village by the lower falls and every farm within half a mile of the river banks would be swept out of existence.

Bonnyboy and his comrades were ready to drop with fatigue. It was now eight o'clock in the evening, and they had worked since six in the morning. The moon was just rising behind the mountain ridges, and the beautiful valley lay, with its green fields and red-painted farmhouses, at Bonnyboy's feet. It was terrible to think that perhaps destruction was to overtake those happy and peaceful homes.

Bonnyboy could scarcely keep back the tears when this fear suddenly came over him. In the village below, men were still working in their forges, and the sound of their hammer blows could be heard above the roar of

the river. Women were busy with their household tasks. Boys were playing in the streets.

Bonnyboy had been cutting an enormous tree to prop the dam. He had hauled it down with two horses, one of which was a half-broken gray colt, unused to pulling in a team. To restrain this animal had required all Bonnyboy's strength, and he stopped to wipe his brow with the sleeve of his shirt. Just at this moment a terrified yell sounded from above:

"Run for your lives! The upper dam is breaking! Save yourselves, lads! Run to the woods!"

The other men lost no time in obeying the warning. But Bonnyboy, slow to understand as always, stood still. Suddenly there flared up a wild resolution in his face. He pulled out his knife, cut the traces, and leaped upon the colt's back. Shouting at the top of his voice, he dashed down the hillside at a breakneck pace.

"The dam is breaking! Run for the woods!" The wild colt flew like the wind, leaving farm after farm behind it, until it reached the village.

"The dam is breaking! Run for your lives!" cried Bonnyboy, with a yell which rose above all other noises. In an instant all was in the wildest commotion. Shouting men, shrieking women, crying children, barking dogs — but above all the ominous, throbbing roar as of a mighty chorus of cataracts! It came nearer and nearer.

Soon there came deafening creaking and crashing; then a huge rolling wall, and then a chaos of cattle, lumber, houses, and barns, whirling and struggling upon the destroying flood.

It was the morning after the disaster. People encamped upon the hillside greeted each other in thankfulness. For many were found to be living who had been mourned as dead. Mothers hugged their children with tearful joy, and husbands who had heard through the night the cries of their drowning wives, finding them at dawn safe and sound, felt as if they had recovered them from the very gates of death. When all were counted it was found that but very few of the villagers had been overtaken by the flood. The timely warning had enabled nearly all to save themselves.

And who was it that brought the tidings that snatched them from the jaws of death? Nobody knew. He rode too fast. And each was too much startled by the message to take note of the messenger. But who could he have been? Was the rescuer an angel from heaven? Just then a lumberman stepped forward and said:

"It was Bonnyboy, the carpenter's son. I saw him jump on his gray colt."

— Adapted from *Boyhood in Norway*, by H. H. Boyesen.

Questions

1. What kind of a man was Bonnyboy's father?
2. What was his trade?
3. Why was he discouraged about Bonnyboy?
4. What did he mean when he said that Bonnyboy had "that which the cleverest of us often lack"?
5. How did Bonnyboy help the people in the valley?
6. Did he take any risk in doing this?
7. Did he think of himself?
8. May we call him courageous? Why?
9. Do you think his father was proud of him?

HOLY NIGHT

CORREGGIO[1] (1494–1534)

THIS picture tells us the divine story of the first Christmas night. It takes us back to the humble scene and we hear the glad tidings just as the good shepherds did when they came down from the hills to worship at the cradle of a tiny infant.

Lying in a manger on a pallet of wheat straw is the Christ-child. A brilliant white light radiates from the Child and glorifies the scene. It shines full upon the face of the happy, tender mother as she kneels beside the manger; it dazzles the shepherds, and the shepherdess who stands near by puts up her hand to screen her eyes; it reveals the angels of the heavenly host, and fills the cave with a wonderful light.

Compare these shepherds with the helpless infant and the gentle mother. How strong they are — how weak is the tiny baby. The shepherdess has brought a gift of two turtle doves. Near her are the two shepherds. The young man has thrown his head back and is gazing in rapt attention at the angels hovering above him while he fondles the dog at his side. The old herdsman has raised his hand to his head and stands bewildered in the presence of the Christ-child. In his strong left hand he grasps the great staff that has helped him on the way in his long journey.

We see many touches of real life in the picture: the

[1] Pronounced *Cor red'jo.*

simplicity and naturalness of the shepherds; the happiness and tenderness of the Madonna; the joy of all. But the artist has not forgotten the divine side. We have noticed the radiant light and have thought of its meaning. The wheat straw of the pallet has a meaning too — the bread of life; and the meek and innocent dove is always the emblem of the Holy Spirit.

The joy and beauty of it all is emphasized by the heavenly host as they sing *Gloria in Excelsis*.

This is one of the world's great masterpieces, and though painted by an Italian master it is now owned by the German government. It has an honored place in Dresden in the same gallery where the Sistine Madonna may be seen.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the effect of the light upon the scene?
2. Why does the light radiate from the Child?
3. Why do we feel that it is a very strong light?
4. What emphasizes the weakness of the infant?
5. How has Correggio brought out the tenderness of this subject? the simplicity? the joy?
6. Of what is the wheat a symbol?
7. Of what is the dove a symbol?
8. What are the angels singing?

HOLY NIGHT

From the painting by Correggio

WORK

Life's masterword is Work. With this magic word in one's heart, all things are possible. It is the touchstone of progress and the key to success. — WHITE.

WORK

I AM glad a task to me is given
To labor day by day;
For it brings me health, and strength, and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say,
"Head, you may think; Heart, you may feel,
But Hand, you should work alway."

— L. M. ALCOTT.

WHAT is the object of work? The chief object of work is self-support. Nearly everyone must work in order to live. Boys and girls at school are living upon the labor of their parents. In many cases your parents are poor and are working very hard, early and late, to earn the money to keep you in school. Often they do without things they would like to have in order to clothe you, board you, and buy your books. They do this gladly as they look forward with hope and pride to the day when you will be able to earn an honest living.

How can you ever repay such unselfish love? Let me tell you. By work, whole-souled work — doing the very best you can every single day. Have an aim. Go into training for some trade, business, or profession so that when you have completed your school course you may hold your head high among independent, self-

supporting men. This is a duty you owe to yourselves and to your parents.

Every girl, as well as every boy, should have special training in some line of work, so that she may be able to support herself, if necessary. If a girl is needed at home, that is the place for her, but she should know how to make the home more pleasant by her presence, and she should learn how to assist her mother intelligently.

RUSKIN'S ADVICE TO GIRLS

RESOLVE to do every day some work that is useful. Learn first the economy of the kitchen: the good and the bad quality of every common article of food, and the simplest and best mode of its preparation. When you have time, help in cooking and learn how to make everything as nice as possible. Learn the sound qualities of all useful stuffs, and make everything of the best you can get. Every day, some little piece of useful clothing sewn with your own fingers as strongly as it can be stitched; and embroider it or otherwise beautify it moderately with fine needlework, such as a girl may be proud of having done. You must be to the best of your strength usefully employed during the greater part of the day, so that you may be able at the end of it to say, as proudly as any peasant, that you have not eaten the bread of idleness.

— JOHN RUSKIN.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Every one who is well likes to work. Do you like to work?
2. What is the difference between work and play? When we play, we amuse ourselves for the present; but we work for the future.
3. Why is work necessary?
4. If your father did not work, what would become of you?
5. No one need be ashamed of work. All honest work is respectable.
6. Do not work only because you expect pay. Do not watch the clock.
7. How should we always do our work? Do you do your work neatly? Is your work at the blackboard and on paper always done as neatly as you know how to do it?
8. "He who does not work shall not eat." — *Bible.*

THE BURIED TREASURE

ENRICO PERBONI owned an olive orchard. He had three stalwart but lazy sons. Enrico tended his olive trees with but little help from his idle sons.

Any morning before the sun was high, he could be found upon the hillside, propping the young trees or pruning the old ones; or digging about the roots, loosening and stirring the soil; or, in harvest time, with a score of neighbors to help him, picking the firm, round fruit.

And any afternoon, toward sundown, he could be found on the hillside, resting in the orchard shade.

Here he would lie and gaze across the hills of his beloved Italy — across to where the blue of the distant mountains met the blue of the sky. Slowly his eyes would wander back over hills gray-green with olive trees, to a nearer hill slope where, in the midst of its vineyards, the monastery stood. He could hear the vesper bell calling the monks to prayer.

"Now they will rest from their labors," he would say to himself, thinking how, early and late, the monks had been working in the vineyards. Only constant care — turning the soil and pruning the vines — had made the monastery grapes the finest in all Italy.

Then Enrico would look at his own hillside, at the old trees with their gnarled and twisted branches, that had borne fruit so many years; and he would sigh to think that he was growing old and could no longer give them all the care they needed.

"Ah, yes," he would say with a shake of his hand, "if my sons would only work as I have done, what a yield there would be from this olive slope!"

There came a time when Enrico no longer worked among his olive trees, a time when he, too, could rest — the long, long rest — from his labors.

His three sons gathered to hear the reading of his will. "I bequeath to my sons my olive orchard and equal shares in the treasure that lies buried therein" — so it was written. The three sons stared at one another in astonishment.

"Treasure! Treasure buried in the orchard!" they exclaimed excitedly. "If we set others to digging

there, our treasure may be found and stolen from us. No, we must work in the orchard ourselves until we find it."

So the sons divided the orchard into three parts and began to work as they had never worked before. From tree to tree they went, digging carefully around the roots of each, and even in the spaces between the rows, until they had upturned the soil of the whole orchard. But no treasure could they find.

That year, however, a strange thing happened. The olive trees bore so heavily that it was necessary to support the limbs. Never was such a harvest of olives seen before! The three sons sold them at a good price, and the third that each received seemed to him a fortune in itself.

As they were dividing the money, taking each his share, one of them said suddenly:

"Verily, our digging has brought us treasure! Our father was very wise."

And year after year they dug in the orchard, as their father had done before them. And year after year the orchard yielded its treasure.

— *Adapted.*

QUESTIONS

1. How do you care for your garden at home or at school?
2. Why do you dig and turn the soil?
3. Is your garden productive?
4. What was the *treasure* in Enrico's orchard?

"Nothing without labor."

TRUE BLUE

CHARACTERS

Louis	*Fred*
Carrol	*Sidney*

[A group of three boys, Louis, Carrol, and Sidney. A fourth, Fred, at some little distance, starting toward home.]

SCENE: The street
TIME: At the close of school.

Louis (calling to Fred). We want to get up a ball game to-morrow afternoon. Can you come over and play?

Fred. I wish I could, but I've got to work to-morrow.

All. At home?

Fred. Yes.

Louis. O fudge! They'll let you off.

Fred. But the work must be done, and I promised to do it. It would hardly be fair to go away and leave it for somebody else to do. "Come, Duke" (to his dog). (He goes off whistling.)

Carrol. Fred is a curious fellow. If he has made up his mind to do a thing he'll do it, no matter what you say to him, and no matter what else is going on.

Sidney. And to see him fussing over a lame dog, or calling down somebody that has been stoning a stray cat, you'd think him a soft-hearted goose; but meet him in a wrestling match or on the ball ground, and you'll change your tune; he can give and take hard knocks as well as anybody.

Louis. He is a first-rate ball player. I wish he would come to-morrow.

Carrol. He's a peaceable fellow, too, — he would never get up a quarrel with anyone on his own account; but did you see him lay Oscar Butler flat to-day at recess because he tripped up that little lame boy?

Sidney. Yes, and served him right, too. Oscar is a great bully, but I don't think there are many boys in our class who could have done it. Oscar is two years older, and pretty stout.

Louis. There's nothing priggish about Fred, either. He works like a steam engine over those hard problems in arithmetic, and digs away over his sentence work, and when he's done them all, he'll help a friend over the rough places.

Carrol. Yes, and he would rather keep a promise than go out for an afternoon's sport, so we shall have to get on without him at to-morrow's game.

[They disperse.]

I am a mere farmer; my talk is all of fuafua and tuitui and black boys, and planting and weeding, and axes and cutlasses; my hands are covered with blisters and full of thorns; letters are doubtless a fine thing — but give me farming in the tropics for real interest. Life goes on in enchantment.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

I WISH I WERE

ONE summer morning a fairy awoke so late that the dew was all gone from the flowers and he had to run down to the brook to get his before-breakfast drink. And after he had had his drink he discovered he was too late for honey, too; he could not find a speck of honey, not even one taste. You see the fairies usually get up so early that they can eat all the honey they want long before the bees start from their hives.

But on this particular morning the lazy little fairy had slept so late that the bees had been round and eaten all the honey — every scrap — and that made the fairy so cross that he did not even remember that he might stir around and hunt for something else to eat.

He sat down at the foot of a tree intending to sulk all day long; but before he had more than started sulking a parrakeet came by.

"Good morning, Friend Fairy!" said the parrakeet cheerfully. "Isn't this a fine day?"

"No, it's a very bad day," said the fairy crossly, "and I wish I were a mango!"

"What a funny wish for a fairy to make!" said the parrakeet, laughing. "If you change into a mango, I'll eat a hole in you."

"Then I won't be a mango," replied the fairy crossly, "for I don't want a hole eaten in me! I'll be something else."

The parrakeet laughed and flew away just as a big toad hopped out from behind a tree.

"Good morning, Friend Fairy!" he croaked. "Isn't this a fine day?"

"No, it isn't," said the fairy crossly; "and I wish I were a spider!"

"What a funny wish!" croaked the toad. "Don't you know that spiders have to work very hard and spin a web before they can crawl on it through the air? But I hope you do change into a spider: I'm looking for spiders this very minute, and if you become one, I'll gobble you up!"

"Then I won't be a spider," said the fairy, "for I don't want to be gobbled up. I'll be something else."

The toad laughed and hopped away, and the fairy was left alone to sulk.

"I don't know what I want to be," he sighed fretfully. "This is such a horrid world — no dew, no honey, no nice wishes! I think I'll be a star."

"A star?" exclaimed a soft little voice by his side. "Would you be a star and leave this beautiful world — all the flowers and birds — to live up in the bare sky?"

The fairy turned and looked. There, near by, was a tiny ant tugging away at a big grain of sand.

"Do you think this is such a fine world?" asked the fairy. "I should think you would hate it. You have to work all the time."

"To be sure I do," replied the ant proudly. "That's the reason I like to live. Working is the jolliest and most interesting thing in the whole big world. Didn't you know that? It's true." And the sturdy little ant picked up his burden and started away.

Left by himself the sulking fairy began to feel very foolish and very sorry. He remembered the flower bud he ought to have opened long ago and he thought of the sunbeams he should have helped.

"What I should be wishing for," he whispered to himself, "is work. And then I should hunt around and answer my own wish."

Slyly he slipped around a tree to open a buttercup bud he was sure he had seen there. And as the flower opened, what do you suppose he found? A drop of sweet, fresh honey all ready for him to eat!

As he sipped the honey and planned what to do next, a cardinal bird hopped by.

"Good cheer! Good cheer, Friend Fairy!" called the cardinal. "Isn't this a fine day?"

And the happy little fairy called back, "A fine day for working, indeed it is!"

— Clara Ingram Judson.

THE QUAILS

Ages ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest in India. They would have been happy if they had not been in great dread of their enemy, the quail-catcher. He used to imitate the call of the quail; and when they gathered together in answer to it, he would throw a great net over them, stuff them into his basket, and carry them away to be sold.

Now, one of the quails was very wise, and he said:

"Brothers! I've thought of a good plan. In the future, as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then all lift it up together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to the plan; and the next day when the fowler threw his net, the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush, and escaped. While the fowler tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home.

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband:

"Why is it that you never catch any more quail?"

Then the fowler said:

"The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later, one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers, as they alighted on the feeding ground.

"Who trod on my head?" angrily inquired the quail that was hurt.

"Don't be angry. I didn't mean to tread on you," said the first quail. But the brother quail went on quarreling.

"I lifted all the weight of the net; you didn't help at all," he cried.

That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net over those that came together. They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help one another lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into his basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.

— *A Legend of the Jataka.*

QUESTIONS

1. What would it mean for the home if all the members of the family worked together as the quails did at first?
2. What would it mean for the school if all the pupils worked together with the teacher?
3. How would it help your baseball team? Explain.
4. How would team work help in your literary society?

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN

THE wagon rolled into the yard with a load of large, plump, golden-cheeked pumpkins.

"Now where shall we put them?" asked Rollo.

"Yonder, on the grass, is a good place," replied Jonas. "Pile them up and we will leave them for a few days to dry in the sun."

Jonas began to unload the wagon; he rolled the pumpkins toward Rollo, who piled them on the grass.

"Here's a green one, Jonas; shall I pile it up with the rest?"

"No," said Jonas, "it will not ripen. It is good for nothing but to give to the pigs or to make a Jack-o'-lantern."

"A Jack-o'-lantern!" said Rollo. "What is a Jack-o'-lantern?"

"Did you never see one?" asked Jonas.

"No," said Rollo; "what is it?"

"Why, you take a pumpkin and scoop out all the inside; then you cut eyes and nose and mouth in it. At night you put a candle inside and carry it out in the dark, and it makes a great grinning face of fire."

"Oh, Jonas, may I make one out of this green pumpkin?"

"Yes, you may. First bring the pumpkin to me; I will mark it for you."

Rollo brought the pumpkin, and Jonas, taking out his knife, marked a circle just below and all round the stem.

"There," said he, "that is for the cap. Now you must get a case-knife and make a deep cut all round this mark; then the cap will come off if you pull it by the handle. Then dig out the inside with an old iron spoon, leaving the shell about as thick as your finger."

Rollo got the knife and the spoon. Then, seating himself on a log in the yard, he proceeded to make his Jack-o'-lantern, while Jonas went off to his work in the garden.

Before Rollo had quite completed his plaything he became tired, and concluded to leave it a little while and go and look for Jonas.

"Well, Rollo, have you finished the Jack-o'-lantern?" asked Jonas.

"No," replied Rollo, "I was tired; so I thought I would come and help you work and ask you to tell me a story."

"I do not think of any story just now, but I can give you some advice."

"Very well," said Rollo, "give me some advice."

"I will tell you two rules my old schoolmaster used to teach me, — one for work and one for play. His rule for work was this:

'Work once begun
Must always be done.'"

Rollo laughed at hearing this rule and asked if all the old master's rules were in poetry.

"His second rule," continued Jonas, "was for play. It was this:

'When you have done your play,
Put all your things away.'"

"I think that is an excellent rule," said Rollo; "for children often lose their playthings by leaving them about when they have done playing. I never leave my things lying about."

"Indeed!" said Jonas. "Where is your Jack-o'-lantern? Have you put that away?"

"No; but that is not finished yet."

"Then you have broken both of my old master's rules. You have left your work unfinished because you were tired of it, and you did not put away your playthings when you had done with them. Now let us go home."

They walked toward the house.

"Rollo! Rollo! see there!" exclaimed Jonas as they came in sight of the yard. Rollo looked up and saw the old white cow eating up his Jack-o'-lantern.

Rollo picked up a stick and ran after the cow shouting, "Wheh, there! wheh!" as loud and fiercely as he could.

The cow seized another large mouthful and ran off shaking her horns and brandishing her tail.

"The ugly old cow!" said Rollo, picking up the remains of the pumpkin. "My Jack-o'-lantern is all spoiled. I will get some stones and stone her."

"Stone her! Stone what?" replied Jonas coolly. "Stone the cow?"

"Yes, of course," answered Rollo; "that ugly old cow!"

"Why, what is the cow to blame for?" said Jonas.

"To blame! Why, she has been eating up my Jack-o'-lantern."

"I do not think the cow is to blame," said Jonas; "but somebody is to blame, and I can tell you who. If you stone anybody, you had better stone him. The person to blame is the boy that left the Jack-o'-lantern on the log, and thus let the cow get it."

"I think," added he with a laugh, "that if my old schoolmaster had known of this case, he would have made a good story out of it to illustrate his two rules."

— From *Rollo's Vacation*, by JACOB ABBOTT.

PLAY

The child without a playground is father to the man without a job.

PLAY

It is a mistake to think that play is akin to idleness. Play has its value just as surely as work has a value; and, if you wish to make of yourself the best possible man or woman, you must know how to play a good clean game as well as how to do good work. Good hard play is restful after study. It exercises the muscles and makes us grow strong. It makes us quick to see and quick to act, it brightens the mind, and puts us in tune for work again.

Learn every rule of the game. Enter into it with spirit, and always do your best to win. Never play in a careless, slipshod fashion. If you do, there's no fun in the game for you, for your playmates, or for the spectators. For instance, in running on a fly don't stop or slacken your pace because you think the ball is going to be caught.

Do not try to show off in play: if you serve as an outfielder in a baseball game, do not, after you have caught a ball, hold it up boastfully before the eyes of the crowd, and, meantime, let the runner steal a base. If you are guarding a base, do not affect to catch the ball with both hands, then suddenly drop one to the hip as if posing for a picture, and reach for the ball with one hand. The chances are you will miss it and lose points for your side.

On the other hand, attend to business; do not pose. Forget yourself; throw yourself into the game and play for points for your team. If you have not learned how to play well, learn at once; for you will never be able to do your best work until you have learned how to play a thoroughgoing game. A man never amounts to very much as a man who, as a boy, never enjoyed good hard play.

But play does more than strengthen muscles and sharpen the mind: it gives you a chance to learn many lessons in politeness and right conduct. Always play fair. Taking advantage of another who does not know the rules of the game, or playing some sly trick unseen, is dishonest. In a relay, do not try to get off before the starter gives the proper signal; or sneak off, if you are a slow runner, and let a swifter boy take your place; or, on the other hand, if you are swift, do not take the place of a sneak. If you are present at roll call and numbered for "attendance," stay until all events are finished, unless excused by the manager, and play your part the best you can. Play to win honestly or to lose without shame.

In the treatment of opponents you have opportunity to show the most gentlemanly quality — consideration for others. Politeness, or the lack of it, is shown: (1) In the way you meet your opponents before the game opens; (2) in your attitude toward the umpire; (3) in rooting; (4) in cheering; (5) in your attitude toward injured opponents.

Do not make the mistake of regarding your opponents

as deadly enemies who come to overthrow you by unfair means. In the case of a visiting team, meet them more than half way in friendly fashion. Remember that any team is at some disadvantage on strange ground, and try to make them feel at home. Regard their visit as a favor, treat them as respected guests, and enter into the game in the spirit of friendly rivalry.

During the progress of the game, do not be impudent to the umpire or dispute his decisions. The umpire's task is a hard and thankless one. He means to be fair and he generally is. Such expressions as "Rotten," "Partial," "Crooked," "Bum" are ungentlemanly in you, prove nothing against him, and serve no good purpose.

Rooting adds life and enthusiasm to a game, and when confined to encouraging your own team it is a good thing. But it should never be employed to annoy or discomfit the other side; and under no circumstances should it be reduced to personalities such as "Spider Legs," "Fatty," "Oh, there's too much beef in you, you can't make it," etc. In volley ball it is quite common to hear home-team sympathizers (or *vice versa*) shout, "Out! Out!" and "Let it go!" whenever the ball passes into the opponent's territory, — probably because they have not the wit to think of anything else to say. This is pointless as well as disconcerting.

Cheering, like rooting, may serve a good end or a bad one. There are times when cheering is altogether out of place: cheering at an opponent's mistakes is in bad taste; and cheering when an opponent is injured is the

worst possible display of a cruel, selfish nature. Cheering at such a time should be farthest from your thoughts. Rather think what you can do to help the sufferer. Run to him, help him up, assist him off the field, get water, or a doctor, if necessary; but do not cheer. There are times to cheer, however. Cheer to encourage your team. Cheer at the end of the game — for your own team, and for your opponents. No matter what the result of the game is, both teams should do this: — cheer for themselves and for each other. This is courteous and promotes good feeling.

If feeling runs high among the spectators, as it sometimes does, against the visiting team, the two teams should meet and leave the field together arm in arm, or in other friendly fashion. This is an easy and genial way of satisfying the crowd that all is well.

In preparation for games, remember that things won't manage themselves. Appoint as manager some business-like boy who has iron in him and who always does on time what is given him to do. He will see that everything necessary is on hand and in readiness for all events before the visitors arrive.

Every event should be begun on time, whether all the contestants are there or not. Don't keep your visitors waiting.

Good, hard play, then, tempered by fairness, courtesy, self-control, and consideration for others, will improve your body, your mind, and your conduct.

VALUE OF PLAY

"I DO not know of any better way to teach a boy to be honorable and straight than to give him a chance to play with his comrades. In the playground he learns without any suggestion of rebellion against instruction and precept and preaching. He learns it because he does not want anybody else to cheat him, and is 'down' on the boy that does not play fair. And in the long run, because he is 'down' on the boy that does not play fair, he will establish standards of conduct which we must maintain in the community and particularly in our great cities. If there is one thing that we need more than another, it is the constant emphasis among our citizens of that spirit of fair play, that willingness to give and take, that generosity in defeat and that lack of assertiveness in victory which we identify with true sport, and which is learned best of all in childhood upon the playground."

— CHARLES E. HUGHES, former Justice of United States Supreme Court.

PLANTING POTATOES

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814–1875)

NOTICE the beautiful spring sky and the great furrowed plain, stretching away to the village faintly outlined through the midday haze. See the two flowering apple

trees in the foreground. All these — the sky, the plain, the distant village, and the trees — make a most natural setting for this planting scene.

How real the old trees seem! They have looked upon many such a planting and have offered their shade to many a tired peasant. What in nature can be more friendly and helpful than a fine tree?

Do you see the happy baby and the donkey resting beneath these trees? The faithful donkey has carried out from the village the tools and seed potatoes, and perhaps the little baby too; and when night falls he will trudge back to the village with his load.

But it is upon the movement of the two rugged peasants in the foreground that the eye rests longest. They are the center of interest. With what care they do their work. How well prepared the ground is. The patch must be their own. The French peasant is never satisfied or happy till he has a piece of land to call his own, no matter how small it may be. Then he spares no pains to work it well. He knows that the soil gives generously only to the hand that tends it well. He has cleared this little patch by hard labor. With a clumsy spade he has turned the soil from dawn till night. Now he is sowing the seed.

The man and his wife are planting. The man plunges the hoe deep into the soil; in a moment he raises it. The woman drops two seeds and the man covers them at a single stroke, and they pass on. Over and over again they repeat this action, smoothly and rapidly, and with machine-like exactness.

PLANTING POTATOES

From the painting by Jean François Millet

This family came from the little village before sunrise. It is now past noon, and they have kept at this planting with scarcely a pause. These are heroic, self-respecting types. They are not afraid of work. They are thrifty and painstaking. They will surely be rewarded with a good crop.

The artist, Millet, was himself a peasant. He had himself turned and re-turned the soil under the scorching rays of the sun. So he really understood and could sympathize with the laborers of his country.

QUESTIONS

1. Where is the scene of this picture?
2. What is the setting?
3. What time of day is it?
4. What season of the year is it?
5. What things in the landscape help us to answer No. 3? No. 4?
6. Describe the peasants; their action.
7. Name the artist.
8. Name four other pictures painted by him.
9. Why was he able to paint peasants so true to life?

LOYALTY TO DUTY

LOYALTY TO DUTY

George E. Waring (1833–1898)

George E. Waring was an engineer, a farmer, and a patriot. He spent the greater part of his life in making his country a better and safer place to live in by making it more healthful. He made constant war against overcrowded houses, filth, foul pools, rubbish and dead animals in the street, and poor drainage.

He began his life work in the early 50's as a lecturer on scientific farming and an engineer. He managed a famous farm in New York, where he learned many valuable lessons. Later he graded, drained, and planted Central Park, the beautiful pleasure ground of New York City. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he went as a volunteer, and in a few months became a colonel of cavalry. After the war, he worked hard for ten years learning more about managing land, stock-raising, and drainage both for the farm and for the town.

He became known for his thorough work, and when a bad epidemic of yellow fever broke out in 1878, he was called to Memphis to clean up the city and put in better sewers there. He did his work so well that Memphis has been free of yellow fever ever since.

Colonel Waring was finally sent at the head of a commission to look into sanitary conditions in Cuba and make plans for cleaning Havana. On returning to New

York from one of these inspection trips for the Government, Colonel Waring died suddenly of yellow fever — the very disease from which he had saved so many.

The New York *Press* spoke of him as "the apostle of cleanliness and the scourge of dirt."

At the time of his death the Philadelphia *Inquirer* said: "No man met death more heroically or more patriotically than did Colonel Waring. The glory that is lavished on those shot in battle is worthily placed, but the hero who went to Cuba to fight yellow fever in order to save the lives of an army of men is justly worthy of every tribute that a grateful people can bestow."

— From *Life of Col. Geo. E. Waring*, by Dr. Albert Shaw.

WARING AND HIS "WHITE WINGS" AT WORK

In 1895, Colonel Waring was chosen head of the street-cleaning department in New York City. The streets were filthy, and the narrower and more crowded they were, the filthier they were. Colonel Waring decided that the whole trouble came from mixing politics with street cleaning. He saw that both overseers and sweepers were appointed as a reward for votes, — because they had voted as somebody wished them to, not because they were good workers. Colonel Waring decided to "put a *man* instead of a *voter* behind every broom." Lazy and careless workers were dropped, while all that were willing to do faithful work stayed.

The streets grew cleaner. Men who did the sweeping began to respect themselves and to take pride in their work, and the street-cleaning department of New York City became famous.

The sweepers were called Colonel Waring's "White Wings" because their uniform was a loosely fitting white duck suit with a white helmet to match. The suit was generally changed twice a week, oftener if necessary, so that a street sweeper always looked tidy and clean.

Public-school boys and girls were proud of their clean city and made up their minds to help keep it clean; so they started street-cleaning clubs. Each club reported once a week to Colonel Waring, telling what they had done to keep the streets clean, and telling where they saw people breaking any street regulation. Here are three notes sent in to Colonel Waring by different clubs:

Dear Sir: While walking through Broome Street Monday, at 7:30 P.M., I saw a man throwing a mattress on the street. I came over to him and asked him if he had no other place to put it but there. He said he did not know any other place. So I told him in a barrel, and then he picked it up and thanked me for the information I gave him. I also picked up 35 banana skins, 43 watermelon shells, 2 bottles, 3 cans, and a mattress from Norfolk Street.

—METROPOLITAN LEAGUE.

I saw a man eating a banana. He took the skin and threw it on the sidewalk. I said to him, "Please, sir, will you be so kind as to pick it up," and he said, "All right."

—JUVENILE PROGRESS CLUB.

To Col. Waring: Extinguished a bonfire on 5th St. between Ave. C and D.

—INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE.

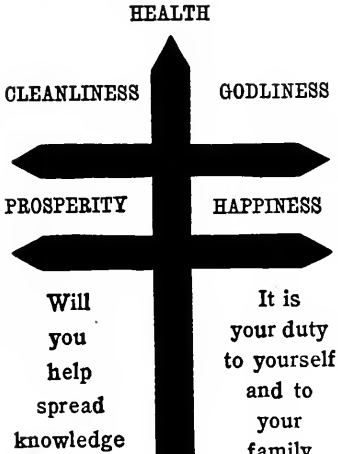
PLEDGES

NEW YORK boys' and girls' clubs use this pledge:

We, who soon are to be citizens of New York, the largest city on the American continent, desire to have her possess a name which is above reproach. And we therefore agree to keep from littering her streets, and, as far as possible, to prevent others from doing the same, in order that our city may be as clean as she is great and as pure as she is free.

We might have some such pledge in our school. We might go further and add the pledge to fight against tuberculosis: *Tuberculosis spreads; we will check it.*

Here follow the appeal, the creed, and the pledge of the Philippine Islands Anti-Tuberculosis Society.



I BELIEVE

IN HEALTH and in the HEALTHFUL PURSUIT of PROSPERITY and HAPPINESS.

I BELIEVE

That TUBERCULOSIS is responsible for a great measure of POVERTY, UNHAPPINESS and GENERAL INEFFICIENCY among the Philippine people and I BELIEVE in the FIGHT AGAINST this, our WORST ENEMY. While I am in HEALTH

I AGREE

To JOIN IN THIS FIGHT to the best of my ability.
To LIVE IN CLEANLINESS.
To BREATH GOD'S PURE AIR DAY and NIGHT in all seasons.
To SLEEP WITH WINDOWS OPEN.
To AVOID SPITTING on SIDEWALKS and FLOORS.
To keep my BODY NOURISHED with the BEST FOOD I can obtain.
To try to get my relatives and friends to JOIN THE FIGHT AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS and faithfully to observe these rules.

Some other pledges that show that you recognize your duty to the community in which you live:

I will protect the property of others as I would my own.

I will not injure any tree, shrub, or lawn.

I will promise to be a true and loyal citizen.

NEIGHBOR MINE

A street-cleaning song sung at one of the mass meetings of New York boys and girls:

THERE are barrels in the hallways,
Neighbor mine;
Pray be mindful of them always,
Neighbor mine.
If you're not devoid of feeling,
Quickly to those barrels stealing,
Throw in each banana peeling,
Neighbor mine!

Do not drop the fruit you're eating,
Neighbor mine,
On the sidewalks, sewer, or grating,
Neighbor mine.
But lest you and I should quarrel,
Listen to my little carol;
Go and toss it in the barrel,
Neighbor mine!

Look, whene'er you drop a paper,
Neighbor mine,

In the wind it cuts a caper,
Neighbor mine.
Down the street it madly courses,
And should fill you with remorses
When you see it scare the horses,
Neighbor mine!

Paper-cans were made for papers,
Neighbor mine;
Let's not have this fact escape us,
Neighbor mine.
And if you will lend a hand,
Soon our city dear shall stand
As the cleanest in the land,
Neighbor mine!

AMERICA

Every American boy and girl should know every word of "America." Every one who enjoys the protection of the American flag should know it, and be able to join in the chorus when it is his privilege to take part in a patriotic celebration.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, — thee,
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, — to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

— S. F. Smith.

MANNERS

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them.

— WILLIAM WIRT.

MANNERS

THE highest form of good manners is to forget oneself and think what will make another happier or more comfortable. This is the true courtesy that springs from an unselfish heart. Such a heart may be the rich possession of the poorest girl or boy. We show this unselfishness in our respect and consideration for others; in little acts of kindness, in courteous forms of speech and behavior.

By constant practice, the exercise of good manners may become so easy and natural to boys and girls that manners will seem a part of their very growth. Let us all then practice good manners until they seem easy and natural to us. We must remember that boys and girls are often judged by their manners when they least expect it, just as grown-ups are.

When we see a man who is always courteous we call him a gentleman. If we notice his lack of courtesy we say that he is ill-bred. Certainly, no boy or girl wishes to be called ill-bred. Let us then practice this "finest of fine arts."

We must read what has been written about good manners; and we must observe the manners of well-bred people. Then we must put into constant practice what we have learned from reading and from observa-

tion. In school we are every day preparing for our life as men and women in the great world outside of the school. Let us then give earnest attention to the little courtesies of life and so fit ourselves for the wider circle of social duties in which we shall later play a part.

Outward forms change with the social customs of society, but the laws which govern the moral obligation of a boy or girl to a neighbor and to the community in which he lives never change.

THE GENTLE FOLKS OF CORN

Did you ever chance to see them,
All those gentle folks of corn,
Who bow from morn till evening,
And from evening until morn?

How they bow and bend and curtsy
With the music of the breeze,
Which whistles all their tunes to them,
And rustles in the trees.

How polite they are and stately
As they bend and dip so low,
Like ladies in the minuets
Of long and long ago!

— Katherine B. Owen.

CONDUCT AT SCHOOL

ADDRESS your teacher by her or his own name, never as "Teacher."

Do not say simply, "Good morning," but "Good morning, Mr. Roddy," upon entering school in the morning; "Good afternoon, Mr. Roddy," upon meeting him in the afternoon; "Good-by, Mr. Roddy," upon leaving. Remember that being tardy at school is annoying to the teacher and disturbing to the class, and when one arrives at school late he has no right, on entering, to disturb either the teacher or the pupils by a greeting or otherwise.

"Better three hours too soon than one minute too late."

A plain "Yes" or "No" to one older than yourself is discourteous. It sounds harsh and rude. Soften it by adding some little word or phrase; as, "Yes, sir," "No, Mother," "Yes, I think so," "Why, yes," "No, madam," "Yes, Father"; or use the name of the person addressed, as "Yes, Mr. Peary."

It is not the best usage to say "Yes, Miss," "Yes, Mrs.," or "No, Mr." "Yes, ma'am" may be used in home or school circles; but outside of home or school circles use "madam" instead of "ma'am." It is not usual to call a girl "Miss" until she is sixteen or eighteen. It is hardly thought necessary to address a young man as "Mr." until he has attained his full growth. No school boy or girl should expect to be addressed by

other than the first name, unless the pupil is of advanced age. It is no discourtesy on the part of the teacher to address any pupil, old or young, by his Christian name.

Do not interrupt one who is speaking, either by raising the hand or by speaking; and never, under any circumstances, snap the fingers to attract attention.

Be helpful in cleaning blackboards, in opening or closing doors and windows, in lifting benches, chairs, or other heavy objects when necessary, in picking up things accidentally dropped, in passing materials. Do not wait to be asked, but be quick to see and "lend a hand."

In cleaning blackboards raise as little dust as possible — be sure the eraser is clean and that the dust is not blown into anyone's face. In shifting benches be sure to hold them free from the floor. Dragging them makes an unpleasant sound and also racks them.

When a visitor comes to your schoolroom, place a chair for him if you sit near the front of the room, and offer him a book, indicating the place of the lesson as you do so.

It is unkind to laugh at the mistakes of others. You yourself make mistakes sometimes, don't you? Do you like to be laughed at when you misspell a word or make an awkward blunder? No, of course not. Don't you think, then, it would be a good plan, when your friend or schoolmate makes a mistake, to "put yourself in his place" and imagine how you would feel under the same circumstances instead of laughing at him?

Be kind to the unfortunate. Do not tease a timid, foolish, or half-demented boy, or laugh at a deformed school fellow. If you are sound in mind and body, be thankful; and show your thankfulness by treating the afflicted kindly.

If your fellow-pupil is a hunchback or a cripple, be careful not to mention his deformity. Try to have him enter into your sports as much as possible and make him forget his misfortune.

Curb your curiosity. Do not look in at windows where class meetings or teachers' meetings are being held. If you are a member of the class, go in and take your place among your classmates. If not, keep at a respectful distance until invited to enter.

Peeping through keyholes is another and much worse way of gratifying one's curiosity. No boy or girl who has any self-respect will do this. It is prying into the private affairs of others. It shows a tricky, mischief-making disposition that is held in contempt by all honorable girls and boys.

Never look over another's shoulder to see what he is reading or writing. Curb your curiosity and maintain your self-respect.

Boys should remove hats on entering the school building; on leaving the building they should not put on hats until they have stepped *outside* the outside door. Hats should not be worn in the corridors. Failure to observe this little courtesy shows one of four things: (1) Lack of respect for teachers and schoolmates, (2) ignorance, (3) laziness, or (4) carelessness. And no boy who takes

any pride in his behavior wishes to plead guilty to any one of these charges.

Pass into the library quietly. Do not saunter around, whisper, talk; or visit. If it is necessary to move the chair you choose, *lift* it as you do so instead of dragging it back from the table. Every move should be made with the greatest care so that you will not disturb your neighbors. Seat yourself as promptly and quietly as possible. Do not tilt back in your chair. This is hard on the chair and is not a good position for work. Do the work or reading that you have planned, and when you have finished, leave the room as quietly as you entered. Remember always that "Silence!" is a rule of the library.

Close doors quietly. Never allow a door to slam through carelessness. Keep hold of the knob and turn it in your hand until the latch catches. Do not leave a door half open behind you to be later closed by the wind with a bang.

In opening, closing, and adjusting window panels go about your work with the greatest care, and as quietly as possible.

Always knock at the door of a private room before you enter, even in your own home among the members of your own family; and then wait until you are invited to enter before doing so. We have no right to intrude upon the privacy of anybody — friend or stranger. We should announce our presence courteously by knocking and then wait for an invitation to enter.

BORROWING

The borrower is servant to the lender. — Bible.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

— SHAKESPEARE.

CARRY with you to school your own paper, your own pencil, your own eraser, your own knife, your own books. When each pupil does this, there is no necessity for either borrowing or lending; everyone can work quietly and undisturbed without loss of time. Do you like to be disturbed in the midst of your writing by some neighbor who wishes to borrow your eraser? No? Well, then, think how the boy in front of you must feel when you interrupt his work to borrow from him.

Repeat the golden rule. Bear in mind that this rule applies to the most trifling, as well as to the most important, acts.

SCHOOL PROPERTY

THE money of all the people has gone into the making of comfortable buildings for your benefit. It is expected that you will care for and protect this property and take the same pride in its fine appearance that you would if it were your own. This is asking very

little of you in return for all that the Government has done and is doing for you.

Do not mark or mar the school building in any way. Do not write on walls with chalk or pencil yourself; and do not, when it is in your power to stop it, allow any other boy or girl to do so. If you see anything out of order or in need of repair, correct it if you can. If not, report it at once to the proper authorities and help to make it right.

Take as much care of school supplies as if they were bought with your own money. Do not waste paper, pencils, or chalk that is furnished by the Government. Be careful to return all unused supplies. Do not appropriate any public property, however slight its value.

MEETING A QUESTION YOU CANNOT ANSWER

a. Because you do not know the answer.

I

Mr. Bagley. . . . . The supervising teacher.
Carmen. . . . . Pupil.

Mr. Bagley. What is the abbreviation for *superintendent*, Carmen?

Carmen. I do not know, sir. (Looking up at Mr. Bagley.)

II

Mr. Miller. . . . . The teacher.
Donald . . . . . Pupil.

Mr. Miller. What is a hydroplane, Donald?

Donald. I do not know, sir. (Looking up at Mr. Miller.)

b. Because you do not understand what is meant.

I

Mr. Barclay.....Teacher.
Manuel.....Pupil.

Mr. Barclay. Manuel, can you chin the bar four times?

Manuel. I do not understand your meaning, sir. (Looking Mr. Barclay squarely in the face.) Will you please explain?

II

Mr. Moore.....The supervising teacher.
Victor.....Pupil.

Mr. Moore. By what firm is your father employed, Victor?

Victor. I do not understand your meaning, sir. (Looking Mr. Moore squarely in the face.) Will you please explain?

c. Because you did not hear distinctly what was said.

Miss Lake.....The teacher.
Charles .....Pupil.

Miss Lake. You may go to the board, Charles.

Charles (who has not heard well). Pardon me, Miss Lake. Will you please repeat?

[Miss Lake repeats the direction.]

The attitude of the pupil in these dialogues is quite as important as the words — if not more so. Look directly at the questioner. Do not hang your head as if ashamed, turn your back, or look off in an opposite direction. No pupil should be ashamed because he cannot answer a question. Even an older person does not expect to answer every question put to him. Look up frankly and speak out truthfully.

If you cannot answer *because you do not know the answer*, say truthfully, "I do not know," *not* "I do not understand." If you cannot answer *because you do not know what the questioner means*, say that you do not understand his meaning, and *not* that you don't know. If you cannot answer *because you fail to hear distinctly*, politely ask the speaker to repeat what he has said.

PASSING IN FRONT OF A PERSON

Do not pass rudely in front of anyone. If necessary to pass in front say, "Excuse me, please"; or, "Please excuse me"; "Pardon me."

I

SCENE: The schoolroom.

Mr. Snow.....The teacher or a pupil.
Dick.....A pupil.

Dick (approaching Mr. Snow, pausing and facing him). Please excuse me, Mr. Snow.

Mr. Snow. Certainly, Dick. (As he passes.)

II

SCENE: At the moving picture theatre.

[Three strangers sitting in a row. James must pass in front of them to reach a vacant seat.]

James (addressing strangers as he is about to pass). Pardon me.

Strangers (making as much room as possible). Certainly.

James (passing carefully). Thank you.

III

SCENE: A school entertainment.

[Chairs closely set. Room crowded. Martin comes late. He waits at the door until the speaker *has finished*. He spies a seat in the middle of a row and goes in during the applause.]

Martin (approaching people occupying end seats in the row). I am sorry to disturb you.

[Strangers rise to let him pass, and simply bow politely.]

Martin. Thank you.

MANNER OF REFUSING OR ACCEPTING ANYTHING OFFERED

Jesse. Will you have a glass of water?

Mary. No; I thank you. (Refusing.)
Yes; thank you;
or,
Yes; if you please. (Accepting.)

MANNER OF ASKING A FAVOR

(*a*) *John.* Miss Cook, will you please select a recitation for me?

Miss Cook. I shall be very glad to.

(*b*) *Herbert.* Will you please pronounce this word for me, Tom?

Tom. Certainly; *or,* I am sorry I cannot.

(*c*) *Josefa.* Will you please lend me your knife to sharpen my pencil, Philip?

Philip. Certainly;

or,

With pleasure;

or,

Let me sharpen it for you.

RETURNING TO THE OWNER AN ARTICLE DROPPED

In offering a knife, pencil, or other pointed instrument, always present the blunt end.

I

Scene: School yard.

Sarah, who dropped her handkerchief.
Frank, her classmate, who found and returned it.

Sarah. I wonder where my handkerchief is. I can't find it anywhere. (Looking around.)

Frank (taking off his hat). Is this the handkerchief you are looking for? I found it lying on the ground.

Sarah. Oh, yes; thank you. (Bowing and smiling.)

Frank. You are quite welcome. (Lifting his hat as he bows and goes away.)

II

Rose (walking very fast and thinking she will be late to school, does not notice that she has dropped her pen).

Burt (seeing the pen, picks it up and overtakes her). Good morning, Rose. (Taking off his hat.)

Rose. Good morning, Burt.

Burt. I believe you dropped your pen on the road.

[Giving her the pen.]

Rose. Thank you, Burt. I had not missed it.

Burt. You are welcome, Rose.

[Lifting his hat as he turns to go.]

III

Two classmates, *Mary* and *John*.

[Mary is searching for her pencil. John enters the room.]

John (taking off his hat). Good morning, Mary.

Mary. Good morning, John.

John. Have you lost something, Mary?

Mary. Yes; I have lost a pencil. But I do not really know whether I dropped it on the street or here.

John (looking about carefully). Ah, here it is, Mary, by the door. You probably dropped it as you came in. (Picking it up and handing it to her.)

Mary. I thank you very much.

John. You are welcome. (Both go to their seats.)

IV

Albert, walking along, loses his knife.
George, walking behind, sees it fall and picks it up.

George. Excuse me, Albert. This knife belongs to you. I saw you drop it. (Handing it to him.)

Albert (in surprise). There must be a hole in my coat pocket. (Feeling in his pocket.) Yes, sure enough! Where did you find it?

George. I found it on the ground near the gate.

Albert. Many thanks, George. I should be very sorry to lose this knife.

George. You are welcome.

V

Wilbur. Good morning, Miss Gray.
[Taking off his hat.]

Miss Gray. Good morning, Wilbur.

Wilbur. Excuse me, is this handkerchief yours?
[Offering it.]

Miss Gray. Yes, thank you. Where did you find it?

Wilbur. I found it in the road. I was too far behind when you dropped it to call to you.

Miss Gray. Oh, I was very careless. I put the handkerchief in my book and it must have fallen out.

Wilbur (lifting his hat). Good-by, Miss Gray.

Miss Gray. Good-by, Wilbur.

CONDUCT AT HOME

Honor thy father and thy mother. — Bible.

Your father and your mother are your best friends. They love you and care for you. You love them and you are obedient, but that is not enough; you should take care to be just as polite to them as to strangers. You should delight in serving and helping them. You should be polite, too, to your brothers and sisters.

Say "Good morning" to the other members of your family every morning; and on going to bed say "Good night."

On leaving home to go to school say "Good-by" to your father and mother. When school is dismissed go home at once unless you remain at the request of the teacher; and on reaching home let your parents know that you have returned.

Say "Please" or "If you please" when you ask for something; "Please pass the bread, Mary." "Father, I should like some more gravy, if you please." "Please, may I go to Anna's house, Mother?" "Will you please lend me your knife, Alfred?" Answer, "Certainly."

Do not pass rudely in front of anyone. If necessary to pass in front of a person, say "Excuse me, please," or "Please excuse me."

Never quarrel or wrangle with the other members of your family.

Speak kindly to servants.

You should help different members of your family in every way possible. How can you help your mother? your father? your little sisters or brothers? your big sisters or brothers? the servants?

You should never remain seated when an elderly person enters the room. Rise and remain standing by your chair until the older person is seated. It is not necessary to offer your chair unless there are very few unoccupied chairs in the room, or unless you have the most comfortable one.

When older people are talking, never enter into the conversation unless your elders ask you to do so.

Be polite to a caller or guest at your home, and always offer him a seat when he enters the house.

If you want to help make your home a happy place, always try to be cheerful. Don't grumble even when you don't feel well.

QUESTIONS

1. How can you honor your father and your mother?
2. When we do wrong how are our parents disgraced?
3. Would you like to have others think your parents are polite?
4. When we are rude or unmannerly, people think we have not had proper home training.
5. A ten-year-old boy met his mother on the street and tipped his hat to her. Why?
6. He also took her parcel and carried it for her. What did the girls say? What did the boys think?

GREETINGS

I

SCENE: The home.

[Early morning before breakfast.]

Helen. Good morning, Mother.

Mother. Good morning, Helen.

Helen. How did you rest last night, Mother?

Mother. I slept soundly all night, thank you, in spite of the wind.

Helen. You didn't hear me go downstairs, then. I'm so glad.

Mother. No, what was the trouble?

Helen. The hens were restless and noisy; and I was afraid there might be thieves about. They are apt to come stormy nights, you know.

Mother. Yes, dear, that is true. We must ask Tom to make an inclosure for the chickens so that we can lock them up nights.

Helen. I am sure Brother Tom will be glad to do the work. It will give him a chance to show us how much he has learned about carpentry at the trade school.

Mother. Let us go out and speak to him now. He is at work in his garden.

II

[Greeting the owner of a house when sent as a messenger.]

Mr. Root.....A pupil.
Frank.....A pupil.

[Frank, outside, knocks at the door. Mr. Root, rising from chair, opens door.]

Frank (removing hat). Good morning, Mr. Root.

Mr. Root. Good morning.

Frank (offering a letter). Mr. Pardo sends this letter. He would like an answer, please.

Mr. Root (taking the letter). Wait a moment, please.

[Motioning toward chair.]

[Frank sits quietly. Mr. Root reads letter, writes a short answer, and hands it to Frank, who rises to receive it.]

Frank (going at once). Good day, Mr. Root.

Mr. Root. Good day.

[Frank passes out, putting on his hat as he steps outside the door.]

RECEIVING A VISITOR

I

Mr. Terry, visitor.....A pupil.
Alvin.....A pupil.

[Mr. Terry knocks at the door. Alvin goes to the door.]

Alvin (bowing slightly). Good afternoon, sir.

Mr. Terry. Good afternoon, my boy. Is this Mr. Manley's house?

Alvin. Yes, sir; he is my father. Would you like to see him?

Mr. Terry. Yes, please. Is he in the house now?

Alvin. Yes, sir; he is in his room. Come in, please, and take a chair. I will call him.

Mr. Terry (as Alvin goes out). Thank you.

II

Emily, a friend. . . . . Visitor.
Honoria . . . . . Hostess.

[Honoria sits reading. A knock is heard. Honoria goes to the door.]

Emily. Good morning, Honoria.

Honoria (offering her hand and leading her friend in). Well, this is a surprise! Such a distance on a rainy day, too. How did you come?

Emily. By automobile — at the end of a seat where I caught all the drippings. Just look at my dress!

[Shaking out her sleeve and laughing.]

Honoria. Never mind. We'll soon fix that. Come to my room and change your dress. I think one of mine will fit you. We can easily dry and press yours for you.

Emily. Thank you, Honoria. I'm afraid I am putting you to a great deal of trouble.

Honoria. Not at all, Emily. I am so glad to have you here.

[Taking her friend out to her room.]

MARKETING FOR THE HOME

CHARACTERS

Grocer and *Mrs. Andrews.*

Grocer. Good morning, Mrs. Andrews.

Mrs. Andrews. Good morning.

Grocer. What can I do for you this morning?

Mrs. Andrews. Have you any fresh eggs to-day?

Grocer. Yes (showing the eggs), I just received these. I know they are fresh.

Mrs. Andrews. How do you sell them?

Grocer. At sixty cents a dozen.

Mrs. Andrews. Isn't that rather high?

Grocer. No, not for this season. Besides, they are fine, large eggs, you see.

Mrs. Andrews. I see they are. Well, I'll take six.

Grocer. Is there anything else to-day? We have some very good apples and fine bananas at thirty cents a dozen.

Mrs. Andrews. I'll take a dozen bananas, please, and a pound of sugar. That is all.

[Grocer puts the purchases into a package and hands it to Mrs. Andrews.]

Mrs. Andrews (handing him 80 cents). That is right, I believe.

Grocer. Yes, 30 cents for eggs, 30 for bananas, and 20 for sugar — 80 cents. That is right. Good day. Call again.

Mrs. Andrews (going). Good day.

MANNERS AT THE TABLE

Eat at your table as you would eat at the table of a king.
— CONFUCIUS.

MORE than twenty centuries ago a wise old Chinese philosopher recognized the importance of fine table manners when he cautioned his countrymen always to eat as if in the presence of a king. He saw that if they were to have good table manners they must practice them daily at home.

We shall do well to follow his advice and eat always at home as if in the company of some great personage, in this way keeping up the daily practice of the very best table manners. Then we shall feel at ease and know how to behave at table when we eat in the home of a friend or a stranger, at a ball or a banquet.

When called to a meal, go at once. Tardiness at table shows carelessness and a lack of consideration for the hostess. Take your seat when the lady of the house takes hers, and rise when she gives the signal. If it is necessary to leave the table before the meal is over, ask the one presiding to excuse you, saying "Please, may I be excused?" or "Please excuse me."

Be careful not to jar the table in taking your seat. Sit erect — not too close to, nor too far from the table.

You may place the napkin in your lap when you first sit down.

Keep your hands quietly in your lap until served. Do not handle your knife or spoon, or drum on the table, or fidget.

Every movement at the table should be made as quietly as possible. Moving the feet, leaning upon the table, or rattling knives, forks, and dishes shows ignorance of table manners.

Show no impatience to be served. Never be in a hurry. Take your time. There should be no reaching after things on the table. Politely ask some one to pass the dish; as, "I would thank you to pass the olives," or "Will you be kind enough to pass the salt?" or simply "Please pass the dessert."

When anything is offered, say "Thank you"; when declined, say "No, I thank you," or "Not any, I thank you."

Do not be selfish. It is very ill-mannered, when there is any choice of food, to pick over everything on the plate to get the largest or choicest piece for yourself.

The elbows should be kept near the sides. Do not raise or spread them in cutting meat or other food.

Eat slowly. Do not fill the mouth too full. Chew your food well, and *chew it with the mouth shut.* Do not smack the lips in eating sweets or other foods. When eating soup, take it from the *side* of the spoon, quietly. Do not draw in the breath and make a hissing sound when doing so.

Eat with either a fork or a spoon. There are two good reasons for not eating with the fingers: first, it does not look well; second, it is not cleanly.

Did you ever stop to think how much dust and dirt the hand picks up in a day? In this dust are often many disease germs. When these germs are carried to

the mouth by the fingers, trouble begins. These germs are so tiny that you cannot see them with the naked eye; and washing the hands with plain soap and water does not always remove or kill them.

There is a proper, graceful way of handling knife, fork, and spoon. We should try to learn the best way of doing this by carefully observing some one who does it properly.

The *knife* is used for cutting up the food and for buttering bread; *it should never be put into the mouth.*

The *fork* is used for carrying food to the mouth. It should not be overloaded. Raise the fork to the mouth with the right hand so that the fork will be nearly parallel to the mouth.

It is not the correct thing to crook the elbow in eating so as to bring the fork around at a right angle directly opposite the mouth.

The *spoon* is used in stirring sugar into tea, coffee, or other drinks. It is used, too, in eating ice cream, puddings, stewed fruit, and some fresh fruits — as the orange — or for any dishes too soft to be handled conveniently with a fork. When using the spoon, do not fill it too full; and be careful not to put it too far into the mouth.

The individual spoon provided for your special use should be used only to dip into the food that is on your own plate, in your own saucer, your own cup, or your own glass, as the case may be. It should never, under any circumstances, be dipped into food that is placed on the table as common supply for all, or into dishes

that are passed from hand to hand, or passed by a servant. At picnics and dances where many are being served, some careless people pass their spoons directly from their mouths into the common supply of preserves, jelly, custard, or other sweets. Such a custom is very unsanitary and may result in passing disease from mouth to mouth.

If there is not a spoon in the dish from which you desire a helping, the proper thing to do is to ask for one, and when the spoon is brought and you have served yourself, leave the spoon in the dish.

Make this a law of the table: *Do not do or say anything at table that may be unpleasant to others.*

Do not wipe your mouth on the edge of the tablecloth, or on the corner of a napkin left folded on the table.

Always wipe your lips carefully with your napkin before drinking from a glass; and swallow the food in your mouth before beginning to drink. While drinking do not throw back the head and tip the glass as if greedy for the last drop. Do not look through the glass nor over the top of it at your table companions. When you have finished drinking, again use your napkin to wipe your mouth.

No well-bred person uses a toothpick at the table, or a fork or a pin in place of a toothpick. It is very bad manners to run the tongue around in the mouth to dislodge particles of food from between the teeth, or to rinse the mouth while drinking.

If a dish is broken, a glass of water overturned, food dropped upon the cloth, or any other accident occurs, we should not appear to notice it. It would be unkind.

to attract attention to the unfortunate guest who is already feeling embarrassed.

Choose lively, interesting topics for table talk. Cheerful conversation is good for digestion. Never speak at table of unpleasant things such as sickness, death, funerals, or bad news. Reserve all disquieting topics for some other time. Do not speak of boils, seasickness, or any other nauseating topic. Talk about such subjects completely destroys the pleasure of the meal.

"Do nots" in connection with table manners:

1. Do not come to meals with dirty hands or face, and uncombed hair.
2. Do not jar the table in taking your seat.
3. Do not be selfish in selecting food.
4. Do not eat fast.
5. Do not draw in the breath when eating soup.
6. Do not fill the mouth too full.
7. Do not smack the lips.
8. Do not open the mouth in chewing.
9. Do not wipe your mouth on the edge of the tablecloth, or on the corner of a napkin left folded on the table.
10. Do not rinse your mouth at the table.
11. Do not pick your teeth or put your fingers in your mouth at the table.
12. Do not speak of disagreeable subjects at the table.
13. Do not make gestures with knife, fork, or spoon.
14. Do not leave the table until the hostess gives the signal.
15. Do not leave the table with food in your mouth.

CONDUCT TOWARD STRANGERS

Staring.

Staring and gaping at strangers and following them about are the worst of ill manners on the part of children, and very annoying to the stranger. He naturally thinks that the boys and girls who do this have had no training either at home or at school. He blames both their parents and their teachers. He thinks their parents must be very ignorant, and their teachers careless or indolent. Their parents and their teachers can ill afford this criticism. By such rude behavior, boys and girls cast a reflection upon the friends who are doing the most to help them. If you have this provincial habit, do your best to correct it. Correct it for the sake of your parents, for the sake of your teachers, for your own sake, and for the good name of the community in which you live.

Peering into things.

In case an automobile stops in your town, do not crowd around it, climb over it, or finger it. Keep at a respectful distance, and go quietly about your own business as usual. Let the stranger see that you have had proper training; that you know and practice courteous behavior.

Impertinence.

Do not call out, even playfully, to strangers. It often sounds impertinent when not so intended, and

impertinence is unpardonable. You should show all strangers every respect and consideration. Then they will carry home with them a favorable impression of you and your community.

GREETING A STRANGER

If a stranger addresses you, never hang your head, look off in another direction, pretending not to hear, or stare blankly. Look at him frankly and answer his salutation.

How to greet a stranger is illustrated by the following dialogues, which are to be acted by the pupils.

I

Mr. Rose.....The teacher.
Stranger.....A pupil.

[Mr. Rose is supervising the games at recess time. The stranger arrives.]

Mr. Rose. Good morning.

[Pupils look up respectfully and then continue playing.]

Stranger. Good morning. I should like to see the supervising teacher, please.

Mr. Rose (walking a few steps with the stranger and pointing). He is in the schoolhouse. You will find him in the office, to the right of the door as you enter.

Stranger. Thank you.

Mr. Rose. You are quite welcome.

II

Stranger.....A pupil.
James.....A pupil.
Mr. Fuller.....The teacher.

[Recess time. Mr. Fuller watching pupils at play. A stranger enters the gate. He addresses a group of boys engaged in top spinning.]

Stranger. Good morning, boys.

Boys (lifting hats). Good morning, sir.

Stranger. Is your principal about? I should like to talk with him but I do not know him even by sight.

James (stepping up to him). Yes, sir. He is watching the indoor baseball players. I will take you to him.

Stranger. Thank you. (They start off. The boys resume their play.) You have a fine playground here. How do you keep it in such good condition?

James. We boys are responsible for its upkeep. We take turns in doing the work, and we all take pride in its fine appearance.

Stranger. Your work speaks well for you.

James. Thank you. There is our principal, Mr. Fuller, now, the one in the gray suit facing this way.

[Said as soon as he catches sight of principal, so that the stranger may be prepared to meet him.]

Stranger. Yes, I see. Thank you for your trouble.

James. No trouble at all, sir. I'm glad to help you.

[He addresses the principal as they come up to him.]

Mr. Fuller, here is a gentleman to see you.

[James withdraws at once as the gentlemen greet each other. Pupils continue play. No one stops to stare.]

III

[Pupils at play.]

Stranger (coming into schoolyard). Good afternoon, boys.

Boys (lifting hats). Good afternoon, sir.

Joe (stepping forward). Can I do anything for you, sir?

Stranger. Yes, thank you. I should like to know where to find your teacher.

Joe. He is in the garden, sir. I will take you to him.

Stranger. Thank you. (Walking off with Joe.)

IV

[George and Fred walking together meet a stranger.]

Stranger. Good morning, boys.

Boys (lifting hats). Good morning, sir.

Fred. Can I do anything for you, sir?

Stranger. Yes, thank you. Can you tell me where Mr. Atkins lives?

Fred. Yes, sir. He lives in the small house next to the church.

Stranger. But I am a stranger here, and do not know where the church is.

Fred. In that case, we will take you to Mr. Atkins'. My friend and I happen to be going in that direction.

Stranger. Thank you. (Going off with the boys.)

V

SCENE: The school corridor.

The Stranger, a teacher from another town.....The teacher.
The Pupil, a fifth-grade girl.....A pupil.

The Pupil (addressing the stranger as she sees her walking back and forth in a perplexed way). Good morning. Can I be of any assistance?

The Stranger (smiling). Yes, thank you. I should like to see the principal, if he is here at this hour.

The Pupil. I think he is here. He always arrives early. If you will come with me, I will take you to his office. (They walk together toward the office.) This is the principal's office. There he sits at his desk.

The Stranger (bowing). I thank you very much.

The Pupil (smiling as she turns to go). You are welcome.

VI

SCENE: The street.

Mr. Roberts, a stranger in town.....A pupil.
Mr. Sams, a resident of the town.....A pupil.

[The two men meet.]

Mr. Roberts. Good morning, sir. Can you direct me to the school principal's house?

Mr. Sams. Yes, certainly. (Pointing.) Walk straight ahead to the first street corner; then turn to the right; the principal lives in the third house from the corner, on your right.

Mr. Roberts. Thank you. Your directions are very clear. I am sure I can find the place. Good day.

Mr. Sams. Good day.

RESPECT

WELL-TRAINED young people show due courtesy to ladies, elders, superiors, and government officials on all occasions.

When an elderly person or a superior enters a room in which a young person is occupying the easiest chair, the younger should give the chair to the elder. Simply offering it is not enough.

Never allow yourself to keep a seat while old persons, no matter who they are, are standing. You should always open the door for them and assist them in every possible way.

In making inquiries at a friend's house, you should not forget to ask after the older members of the family; and you should always remember them in invitations.

In conversation, even when people are tiresome, we should show good breeding by listening politely and attentively.

Never contradict your elders. Give them the preference in everything. If they have peculiarities, remember that you have peculiarities too; and that the peculiarities of old people are not a proper subject for criticism or mirth. Only a heartless boor will under any circumstance make fun of the old in any way.

An old person should be always spoken of, or to, by his or her full name.

In cars and in public places, your elders or ladies should not be allowed to stand. Young people ought to give up their seats, promptly and cheerfully, with some such pleasant speech as, "Have this seat, please."

In school and in crowded places, such as the theater or the church, "Room for the ladies" is a good motto for boys to observe.

A polite boy always takes off his hat on meeting a lady or an elderly person whom he knows. He helps them in carrying parcels, in finding the way, in crossing the street, in getting into or out of a carriage, on or off the street cars or trains, and in other little ways.

If our hearts are right, we feel sympathy and respect for the old. If we follow the golden rule and treat them as we should like to be treated, perhaps when we are old the young will treat us kindly and be thoughtful of our comfort.

MEETING A LADY OR ELDERLY PERSON

I

SCENE: The schoolground.

Mr. Dale, the supervising teacher. . . . . The teacher.
George. . . . . A pupil.

George (lifting his hat). Good morning, sir.
Mr. Dale. Good morning, George.

II

SCENE: The street.

Miss Judd.....The teacher.
Charles.....A pupil.

[Miss Judd on her way to school; Charles overtakes her.]

Charles (lifting his hat as he comes up). Good morning, Miss Judd.

Miss Judd. Good morning, Charles.

Charles. Let me carry your package, Miss Judd. (Reaching to receive it.)

Miss Judd (handing him the package). Thank you.

Charles. You are welcome. (They walk on together.)

III

SCENE: A sitting-room.

Stanley.....A pupil.
Ambrose, Stanley's guest.....A pupil.
Mrs. Alvis, Stanley's grandmother.....A pupil.

[Stanley and Ambrose chatting.]

Stanley. What did you think of the entertainment last night, Ambrose?

Ambrose. I enjoyed it very much, especially the male quartette.

Stanley. Yes, the boys sang some lively songs, and they entered into the spirit of the music, too.

[Mrs. Alvis enters. Both boys rise. Ambrose remains standing by his chair. Stanley advances to place a comfortable chair for his grandmother.]

Mrs. Alvis. Good afternoon, boys.

Ambrose. Good afternoon, Mrs. Alvis.

Stanley. Good afternoon, Grandmother. Here is your favorite chair near the window.

Mrs. Alvis (smiling and seating herself). Thank you, Stanley.

Stanley. You are welcome, Grandmother.

[Both boys resume their seats *after* Mrs. Alvis is seated.]

Ambrose (politely). We were just speaking of the school entertainment as you came in, Mrs. Alvis. Did you attend?

Mrs. Alvis. Yes, I did; and I found it very interesting.

Stanley. I am glad to hear you say so. The teachers as well as the pupils worked very hard to make it a success.

[Servant enters.]

Servant (very quietly to Mrs. Alvis). Tea is served, Madam.

[He goes immediately.]

Mrs. Alvis (rising and addressing Ambrose). (Both boys are on their feet at once.) You will join us at tea I hope, Ambrose.

Ambrose. Thank you, Mrs. Alvis. I shall be pleased to.

[All go out to the dining-room, Mrs. Alvis leading the way.]

IV

SCENE: A busy street corner in town.

A Very Old Man.....A pupil.
Felix, a school boy.....A pupil.

Old Man (asleep on bench; wakes up suddenly, dazed). Where am I? (Looking about.) A strange place! Strange faces! My boy — where is he? The market — yes! But where is that?

Felix (going up to Old Man). You seem to be in trouble. Perhaps I can help you.

Old Man. Ah, yes, you are kind. Perhaps you can. (Passing his hands over his face as if to brush away cobwebs.)

Felix. Where do you live?

Old Man. I live down at the salt mine with my son.

Felix. And where do you wish to go?

Old Man. I want my son. He left me here to rest hours ago and went to the market. It is very late. He does not come.

Felix. Oh, no, it is not very late. It only seems so because you have been asleep, and it is cloudy. Come with me. We will go to the market and find your son.

Old Man. You are a kindhearted boy. I am very grateful to you.

[They go off together.]

PRESENTING AND RECEIVING A GIFT

If you receive a gift by mail or by messenger, the courteous thing to do is to write a note to the sender as soon as possible, expressing your thanks.

If you send a gift to a friend, by mail or otherwise, you should send a note with it.

I

[Amelia's birthday. Her friend Ann gives her a present.]

Ann. Good morning, Amelia.

Amelia. Good morning, Ann. (Shaking hands.)

Ann. I wish you many happy returns of the day.

Amelia. Thank you very much, Ann.

Ann (offering a small package). Here is a little gift in remembrance of the occasion.

Amelia (accepting). Oh, thank you. (Opening the package and taking out a book.) How nice! "The Pig Brother"! I am so glad to have these good stories. It is very kind of you to remember me.

Ann. It is a pleasure, Amelia.

II

Miss Isaac.....The teacher.
Irene.....Miss Isaac's pupil.

Irene (overtaking Miss Isaac, with a bunch of sweet peas). Good morning, Miss Isaac.

Miss Isaac. Good morning, Irene.

Irene. Here is a bunch of sweet peas for you, Miss Isaac. (Handing her the flowers.)

Miss Isaac. How kind of you, Irene! Both the white and the pink! Where do you find such perfect blossoms?

Irene. I gathered them in our garden. The vines have spread all over our back wall.

Miss Isaac. Thank you ever so much.

Irene. You are quite welcome, Miss Isaac.

III

Miss White.....The teacher.
Florence.....The pupil.

Florence. Good morning, Miss White. I wish you a merry Christmas.

Miss White. Thank you, Florence. A merry Christmas to you, too

Florence (smiling her thanks). I have brought you this basket of California fruits as a little Christmas remembrance.

Miss White. Thank you very much, Florence. How delicious those big oranges look! I appreciate your kindness in remembering me.

Florence. It is a pleasure, Miss White. I am so glad they please you.

CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. — Bible.

CONSIDERATION for others is the basis of all true courtesy. All well-mannered persons show consideration for others. *Consideration* means careful thought; that is, you must have the will to do for others the things that you would like to have others do for you; the will to say to others the pleasant and courteous things that you would like to have others say to you. Forget yourself. Think of others at home, at school, and in public.

Do not block doorways, hallways, stairways, or sidewalks. Remember this is a rudeness that arises from thoughtlessness; others have a right to pass that way. How do you feel when somebody blocks the sidewalk so that you have to step out into the street in order to pass? You think that "somebody" rude, don't you? Make up your mind never to be guilty of such rudeness yourself.

When two groups of people meet on the sidewalk, care should be taken in passing. Let us suppose that Maria and Martin walking together on a narrow sidewalk meet Ada and Raymond. Martin should move to the right and drop behind Maria; Raymond should move to the right and drop behind Ada, as they move forward, meet, and pass.

It is proper always to turn to the right on meeting a person; but if you find it necessary to pass a person, keep to the left in doing so.

If it is necessary to carry an umbrella, be careful not to strike the eyes, faces, or hats of passers-by.

When walking, throw back the shoulders, throw out the chest, and lift the feet. Scraping the feet along the ground is boorish and suggests that one is not accustomed to wearing shoes. Walk straight ahead; do not zigzag from one side of the road to the other. If you are walking with a companion, keep step with him unless you find it awkward to do so.

In all public places we must consider the courtesy we owe to others. We must consider, too, the respect we owe to ourselves and do nothing which we may later regret, or of which we may be ashamed.

Avoid loud and boisterous conduct and conversation in public places. Only a very rude person speaks in a tone of voice louder than necessary.

If you attend a school program, a concert, or other entertainment, go in good season. By entering after the performance has begun, you disturb the enjoyment of the audience and greatly annoy the speaker or singer. If you are obliged to be late, wait at the door until the performer has finished, then slip in quickly and quietly during the pause between the numbers of the program.

Talking or whispering during a performance is a breach of good manners. You should go to an entertainment to listen. Otherwise you have no right there.

In applauding, clap your hands, but not too noisily. It is rude to applaud boisterously. We can show our appreciation without being boisterous.

Do not make the mistake of applauding too soon.

Sometimes a thoughtless person begins the applause before the performer has finished, and others follow. In this way the finest passages of an address, the most skillfully produced tones of a violin, or the sweetest notes of a singer are drowned. This is a mistaken way of showing one's appreciation of a fine performance; and it is very disconcerting to the performer. Wait until you are quite certain that the soloist has uttered the last note, that the musician has struck the last chord, before applauding. Then you may show your satisfaction in a proper way and, at the same time, give pleasure to the one who has exerted himself to entertain you.

Hissing, whistling, and stamping the feet are indications of boorishness or ignorance and are always out of place at an entertainment.

It is not the custom of well-bred people to eat peanuts or chew gum or anything else on the street or at a cinematograph or other entertainment, or in any other public place.

At the railway station, at the cinematograph, at the post office, at the bank, or at any other business place, do not crowd and jostle your neighbor or attempt to push in ahead of him at the window. Such conduct is disorderly. It is apt to distract and confuse the clerk. Remember that but one person can be waited on at a time. Take your place in an orderly way behind the person who arrived just ahead of you and, in line, quietly await your turn. By doing this, you will get better and more rapid service; you will be showing consideration and respect for those about you; and you

will, at the same time, be behaving in a manner becoming a lady or a gentleman.

Do not allow yourself to yawn in company. Yawning makes one appear very stupid. If you are tired and sleepy, go to bed, or else go out into the fresh air and walk off your sleepy spell.

Do not sneeze in public if you can help it, and never sneeze loudly. Usually, when you feel the desire to sneeze, a heavy pressure with the finger just above the upper lip will relieve you. If you must cough or sneeze, lift your handkerchief to your mouth or nose. Why?

When in company do not scratch the head or any part of the body. This habit stands next to the spitting habit as one of the most offensive of bad habits.

A SPECIAL LESSON FOR GIRLS

If in travel on a train, in a street car, or in any other crowded public conveyance, a gentleman or a boy rises to offer his seat, you should accept it courteously. Thank the gentleman *audibly* — not under your breath; and show by your manner that you appreciate his kindness. Do not drop into the seat as if it were your right, without a word or even a bow. Such conduct belongs only to an ill-bred, ignorant girl.

Never fail to thank your brother or any other boy for any little attention, such as carrying your book or relieving you of a parcel.

Be quick to say "I thank you" to anyone — stranger, friend, or servant — who picks up for you a fan, a

handkerchief, a pencil, or other object that you have dropped.

Always be courteous. Never accept the most trifling favor in silence.

A SPECIAL LESSON FOR BOYS

1. Do not stand with your hands in your pockets. It makes you look very ungainly.

2. Keep you coat buttoned.

3. Polite boys will not gather in groups on the streets or in other public places and stare at or make remarks about passers-by. If two boys meet who wish to converse with each other, instead of stopping they should walk along together.

4. Boys should rise when ladies enter the room and stand until the ladies are seated. They should open the door for ladies leaving the room.

5. A polite boy never neglects to be polite to his mother. If he walks with her, he carries any parcels she may have. If he meets her, he takes off his hat to her.

6. When walking with a lady, always carry her books or parcels.

7. Always take *off* your hat when you meet a lady whom you know. Touching the hat is not enough. You should not salute a lady as a soldier does an officer. If you are walking with a friend who meets a lady of his acquaintance and salutes her, you also should take off your hat.

8. When a lady accidentally drops anything on the street, any boy who is near, whether an acquaintance or not, should pick it up and hand it to her.

Boy. Allow me. (Presenting the article.)

Lady. I thank you very much.

Boy. You are welcome. (Lifting his hat as he goes away.)

Never neglect to lift your hat on going away, even if the lady forgets to thank you.

9. Always take off your hat as you enter the school building, a church, a theater, your home, or any other building.

10. Never put on your hat in the house. Wait until you step outside the door.

11. On entering an office, public or private, to see a friend, if the person in charge be present, do not fail to greet him first. If your friend is at the time under the orders of a superior, first get permission from the proper person before approaching him. Do not go to an office merely to visit. Your business should be urgent to warrant interrupting another at his work. When you have finished your business leave immediately.

A GENTLEMAN

[To be memorized.]

I KNEW him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale,
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge, and mill, and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can;
For in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same;
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

— MARGARET SANGSTER.

SCHOOL HABITS

A Creed for Workers

I BELIEVE in:

1. Being regular in attendance.
2. Getting to school on time.
3. Keeping clean.
4. Keeping the finger nails clean.
5. Being quiet in school.
6. Helping others.
7. Respecting the rights of others.
8. Observing little acts of courtesy.
9. Removing my hat before entering a room.
10. Lifting my hat when I meet my teacher.
11. Not passing in front of others unless it is necessary.
12. Saying "Excuse me, please" when I must pass in front of others.
13. Saying "Thank you" when I receive a favor.
14. Not blocking doorways or hallways.
15. Taking my turn — not crowding.

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