

THEIR TWO WAYS ...OF TEACHING

"Susie," said George, "I found that cat curled up in the bathtub again, and I won't stand it. I hate cats."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked his sister. "If you and the servants would only remember to shut the door when you come out of the bathroom, Malta would soon get out of the habit of sleeping in the tub."

"I'll fix her," said George. "I'll teach her a lesson. See if I don't."

"You must not do anything to hurt her. Remember that all the rest of us are fond of Malta. Mother would not forgive you if you harmed her pet. Don't forget, George, that you and I are in charge of her as well as of the rest of the household while mother and father are away."

It was rather an odd fancy that Malta had taken to spend her leisure hours in the bathtub.

When she was ready to take her ease in the tub, she did not linger by the way, but made a leap to its edge and, without a pause, another down into the tub. She was not one of the cautious ones that look before they leap, and George set his trap assured that Malta would certainly fall into it.

He turned the water on until the bottom of the tub was covered to a depth of four or five inches. Then he sat down in the bathroom and waited till Malta came along to take her usual

nap. She came, made her usual leap into the tub and in a second was scrambling out again, squalling, dripping, terrified.

Now was her terror lessened by the dreadful caterwauling and scolding that George set up behind her.

She went flying through the sewing room and out through the door at the head of the front staircase, striking in her wild leaps a stand whereon sat a dignified parrot. A screaming Polly and a clattering stand went tumbling down the stairs together.

By the time they reached the bottom they were accompanied by the fragments of a handsome bracket and bust that ornamented the landing.

Meanwhile Malta continued her flight into her absent mistress' bedroom. Here she knocked over a small table with a valuable china vase that stood on it, together with other bric-a-brac. By the time Susie had arrived to pick up the pieces Malta had disappeared.

An hour or two later she was found curled up inside her mistress' best winter bonnet in the depths of the closet. What the velvet and feathers looked like after their wet crushing may be imagined.

"Never mind," said George, gazing ruefully at the destruction. "Malta has been taught a lesson anyhow. I'll bet she will never trouble that tub again."

"It was rather a costly lesson, though," said Susie demurely. "We can hardly afford \$50 a lesson for cats."

Rather costly and rather fleeting as well. For a few days Malta did not venture near the tub, but the memory of her tribulations soon faded, and she took possession of it again.

"It is my turn now to teach Malta a lesson," said Susie as George stormed and threatened. "I will try my way, and we shall see which is better."

She began by trying to keep the bathroom door shut. That was the simplest solution of the trouble, but with a careless boy and several servants going in and out for water this could not be done. Malta was on the watch, and the moment the door was left open she leaped to her favorite place.

Then Susie, who was also watching, at once lifted her out and set her down in the entry, shutting the bathroom door.

"Naughty Malta!" she cried. Then she picked her up again and carried her into the sewing room, where, gently stroking her, she read a serious lecture on the naughtiness of her bathtub ways. Malta's gentle eyes were fixed mournfully on her young mistress' face. She knew she was being scolded, but she did not know for what.

But after a few days of similar treatment Malta began to connect the scolding and the bathtub. She loved Susie and did not want to displease her. So from the moment that this idea that the tub and the scolding went together found place in her little brain Malta deserted her favorite haunt. She could not even be coaxed to enter the bathroom.

Which way of teaching a lesson do you think was the better?—Helen Harcourt in Philadelphia Times.

WHEN AMY RAN AWAY

When Amy was a little girl, ever so much smaller than she is now, she had the very bad habit of running away from home.

Of course this put mamma to a great deal of worry and trouble. As soon as she missed the child she would fly from room to room, out to the stable and up and down the street, calling loudly, "Amy, Amy, Amy Brooks!"

Then Bobby Shafto, the parrot, all green and gold and red and blue, rocking on his perch in the nursery corner, would take up the call—"Amy, Amy, Amy Brooks!"—till between Bobby's clatter and her own distress mamma was almost distracted.

But when Amy was at last found mamma would lead her quietly to the nursery, away from the beautiful grass and birds and sunshine, take off her pretty clothes, wash the soiled hands and face, put on the white ruffled nightgown and lay her in the little bed. She never scolded Amy, not a word, but just left her alone to think over her naughtiness all by herself.

But Bobby Shafto didn't approve of these mild measures. He thought Amy needed a good hard scolding, so he made up his mind to give it to her.

"Amy, Amy, Amy Brooks!" he would cry. He peered all about the room, making believe he didn't see the grilse in the crib.

Suddenly he would fix his eyes upon her and scream out loud and shrill: "Oh, here she is! Here she is!" After that he would stand solemnly blinking at her till Amy grew very tired of his big bright eyes.

Then all at once he would burst into the very worst scolding he knew anything about, speaking every word with a slow, distinct jerk.

"Do you see this—whip? Now—will you be—a good—boy?" he said. Whether it was due to Bobby Shafto's scolding I cannot say, but pretty soon Amy would begin to be a little bit sorry, and then she would grow a little more sorry and then more sorry still, till at last she would sit up in bed and call mamma in a very choky voice.

How glad mamma always was to go to her little girl, cuddle her close and listen to the whispered words:

"I'm sorry, mamma, and I won't run away again, never, never, never!"

At last she grew old and wise enough to keep the promise, and Bobby Shafto forgot his little speech, because he had no more reason for scolding Amy.

And Papa Brooks grew to be not only a big but a very good girl, and then he bought her a bicycle.

It did not take the active child long to learn to ride it. Soon she was flying over the smooth roads as lightly as a bird skims through the air.

And then—and then all at once Amy ran away with her wheel, or perhaps it would be better to say that the wheel ran away with Amy. Down Walnut hill it took her, faster and faster, till where the road turns at the bottom of the hill over went she and the wheel together, striking on the sharp stones.

By the greatest good chance papa was passing with a pony cart. He picked her up in his strong arms, carried her home, laid her on the nursery bed and sent for Dr. Roberts.

The good doctor examined her very gently and found that two bones in her leg were broken just above the ankle.

Amy was a very brave child, but she had to cry and cry hard while he set the broken bones back into place and adjusted the awkward splint.

No one thought of Bobby Shafto, green and gold and red and blue, sitting on his perch in the corner, watching them with eyes so curious he almost stared them out of his head. He was quiet because he was so busy thinking.

"What does all this mean?" said Bobby Shafto to himself. "Here's Amy crying with might and main. Here's Amy undressed and put to bed in the middle of the day. What does it all mean? Ha, ha! I know! Bobby Shafto knows! They can't fool Bobby Shafto! Amy's been running away again! That's what's the matter! Amy's been running away again! Ha, ha, ha!"

Then he ruffled up his feathers and went on thinking. And, oh, how angry he grew!

"And here's Mamma Brooks kissing and petting the bad, bad child instead of giving her the scolding she deserves!"

All this thought Bobby Shafto till he couldn't stand it one minute longer. He gave two or three shrill cries to attract attention, and then, loud and clear, began the old scolding:

"Amy, Amy, Amy Brooks! Oh, here you are! Do you see—this—whip? Now—will you be—a good—boy?"

Amy stopped crying and began to laugh.

"Oh, papa, Bobby Shafto thinks I've been running away!" she said.

"Well, haven't you?" answered papa, laughing too.

And then they all laughed together. Amy and papa and doctor and mamma.

And with that the bones began to mend, and they mended and mended, till at last they were as good as new.—Emily J. Langley in Youth's Companion.

Keeps His Promises.

A quaint story is told of little Prince Eddie of Wales. A lady who was sitting in the room with him referred to him as "a very promising boy." Prince Eddie, who did not understand the expression and what it meant, looked up from his play and exclaimed, "But I never make a promise unless I am sure I can keep it—indeed I never do!"

HOW AH GRIM MADE A TWO BAGGER

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When Ah Grim, the baby giant, burnt his hand, he cried so hard that his tears produced a river "that ran through a neighbor's yard, and to save the nearby houses 'Papa' Jack made haste to call, 'Cry no more, my tottles wootsle; you shall have a bat and ball. When the ball at last was ready to be batted, bounced and thrown, it was larger than a pumpkin and as hard as any stone.'



It was made of solid rubber, wound with miles of worsted yarn, and the ball was quite a wonder; it was taller than the barn. When Ah Grim, the baby giant, gave the ball a playful knock, Bang! it went against two houses with an awful, awful shock, and the houses fell to pieces, folks around in terror fled, and without a bite of supper poor Ah Grim was sent to bed.

Cigarettes and Learning.

Principal H. F. Fiske of the Northwestern academy at Evanston, Ill., says that recent competitive examinations in his school have shown that only 2 per cent of the cigarette users in the school have been able to reach the first grade, whereas in the fourth or lowest grade the percentage of such smokers is 57. In an address to his students he advised all who have the cigarette habit either to quit it or quit the academy, agreeing to refund tuition fees to those who chose the cigarette in place of the academy.

It has been stated that in the Kokomo (Ind.) schools 400 pupils out of 1,800 were two years behind in their studies as the result of smoking cigarettes.

About Cats.

Cats make the most careful toilet of any animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves like the cat, wetting the dark, India rubberlike ball of the fore foot and the inner toe and passing to the face and behind the ears, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

Fined For Bad Grammar.

A New Orleans school has adopted a very unique way of correcting the bad English used in the schools. There is placed in the center of the schoolroom a little iron bank. For every three errors in speech the one guilty of them must put a cent in the bank. A large record book is kept on the desk near the bank, and every time a mistake is made the exact phrase used, the time of the mishap and the name of the offender are placed on a line in the book, something like the following:

I fear him. Julia —, 10:23 a. m., Jan. 17.

She done it. Hazel —, 1:34 p. m., Dec. 20.

I haven't saw her. Mabel —, 8:45 a. m., Feb. 2.

This puts the pupils on record and has proved to be a very effective plan. Some of the pupils put in a nickel at a time so that they will have fifteen errors to their credit. They feel safer if they are on the good side of the bank. Strange to say, nobody complains or contests the right to fine. The money collected goes toward the purchase of books for some other general benefit.

A LITTLE GIRL'S TEAM OF GREYHOUNDS



Orpha Kurtz, the eleven-year-old daughter of Jacob Kurtz, who lives at York, Pa., is the proud owner of a novel team. Deuce and Dawn are fleet footed greyhounds that were broken to harness three years ago. They pace or trot at the will of the little driver, convey her to and from school and take her on shopping tours.

THE "SNUGGLETY BUG."

No doubt you have heard of a place that is "snug." And perhaps you've been told of the "bug in the rug." And if that is so you'll all like to know that this tale is about the warm "snugglety bug."

The "snugglety bug" is a cozy old soul. But he hides himself often down deep in a hole. Where he's doubtless a snooze in a pair of old shoes.

For he must be confessed that his habits are droll.

The "snugglety bug" likes the warmth of the sun Or the freight cheerfulness when daylight is done.

He dislikes bare walls. And he finds splendor falls On his snug sense of comfort and notion of fun.

There's a name that of this funny bug goes by, my dear, And he lives in all homes where there's comfort and cheer.

If he lives, dear, with you, You can prove my words true. For his nickname's "Content." He's a guest without peer.

Stuart Robson as a Boy. Stuart Robson, the actor, was a page in the United States house of representatives when a boy. At that time Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Calhoun were in the house, and United States Senator Gorman of Maryland was then a page in the senate. Robson tells a story about Mr. Gorman as follows:

"Mr. Gorman was a playmate of mine in Baltimore. I remember him as a quiet, reserved sort of chap. I remember, too, he took up a collection among the boys for an old apple woman who had a stand in the lower rotunda of the capitol. Some accident had befallen her. A fellow page wouldn't give anything. Gorman had words with him and afterward licked him well. Twenty years thereafter I visited the Maryland penitentiary, and there I saw the boy who had got the drubbing serving out a life sentence for murder, and Gorman was then a United States senator."

Robert Toombs of Georgia got Robson his pageship, though Henry Clay and Jefferson helped him not a little. He preserves a letter written him by Jefferson Davis in answer to one that he wrote Davis thanking him for his efforts. It reads:

My Dear Boy—Toombs did it, but I am glad you appreciate a supposed favor. In gratitude is a vice which the vilest is incapable of attributing to himself.

Filling a Closed Glass.

We have two plain glasses of even size. Their rims, if put on top of one another, apparently close hermetically. When we pour any fluid, preferably water, slowly over the top of the two glasses (as shown in figure) we expect

to see the water run over the sides of both glasses to the table. However, this will not be the case. The water expands on the top of the upper glass, drips down its sides and collects in the inside of the lower glass. Both glasses must be rubbed dry before the performance.

A Charming Hostess.

Dame Nature's a generous hostess. Her board is spread with the best. And none she sends away empty. Who is even one day her guest.

Her house you'll find in the country. Her minstrels are birds and brooms. Earth and sky are her pictures. And an ever-ready hand is her boon.

With warm, ungrudging smiles She welcomes each new comer. We all have an invitation. Let's wait till the summer.

A ROUGH DIAMOND.

The Big Hearted Little Bookmaker Who Did the Job For Jimmy.

A New York merchant called to a little bookbinder to give him a lesson. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of his guild and plaited his beard down under the merchant's feet.

Therefore he could get his brush a set another large boy ran up and, calmly pushing the little one aside, a tale:

"Here, you go sit down, Jimmy." The merchant at once became impatient at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying and snatched the newcomer to clear out.

"Oh, that's all right, boss," was the reply. "I'm only going to do it for him. You see, he's been sick in the hospital for more than a month and can't do much work yet, so he boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can."

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the merchant, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "The boy and as he looked up the pelted, plaited face could be discerned, even through the grime that covered it. 'He'll do for me if you'll let him.'"

"Certainly. Go ahead." And as the bookbinder plied the brush the merchant plied him with questions. "You say that all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves and Jimmy gets out they turns in and helps him."

"What percentage do you charge him on each job?"

"None," replied the boy. "Don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep?"

"But your life I don't keep none. Ain't such a sneaky?"

"You give it all to him?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give me what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any fellow sneaking it on a boy!"

The shine being completed, the merchant handed the urchin a quarter, saying:

"I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep a dime, and give the rest to Jimmy."

"Can't do it, sir. It's his customer. Here you be, Jim."

He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself—a veritable rough diamond. There are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts, under their ragged coats.—Presbyterian.

A Novel Game.

Here's a game that is played every one who plays it makes a cornucopia of fun, still, it is played in the small ends large, consisting of pieces of twine through which pieces of string and all such things are passed.

Through one cornucopia strings are then two feet apart as tight as can be across the room, fastening the ends to either wall.

The strings should be high enough from the ground to enable you to play into the cornucopia. The object of the game is for two people to stand at the end of the strings and blow into the large openings of the cornucopia to see which can get one across the room first.

It takes a person with a good pair of lungs to send one the length of the string by one blow.

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