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BABY'S SCHOOL

BY CHARLOTTE HANCOCK.

BABY, who is just three years old, felt very lonely the first day her brother Donny went to school. She did not know what to do, so she went and nestled up against her mother's arm. Mamma, looking down, saw a little rosy lip curled up, and two violet eyes with great tears in them ready to fall.

"Why, what is the matter with my little pet?" said her mamma.

"I want to go to 'c'ool, too," said a piteous little voice.

"So you shall some day, when you are old enough; but suppose that we play school now. I will be the teacher and you the scholar."

Baby was delighted, and her tears were dried in an instant.

"Now," said Mamma, "push a few chairs up in a row, and then come and sit down."

Baby brought the chairs, and, after placing her dolls on them, came to school herself with her pussy in her arms.

"Good morning, little girl," said the teacher.

"I have bringed my kittie," said Baby. "She is a velly dood cat."

"Well, she may stay this time if she is quiet," said the teacher. "Now I will call the roll. Mary."

"That's me," said Baby.

"Gussie, Rosio and Tessie," called the teacher.

"They's my dollies—they's here," answered Mary; "but they tan't talk."

"Oh, very well," said the teacher. "Now I will call pussy. Tee-tee."

"Pr-r-r-r-ow," answered pussy, and then she began to wash her face.

"You must not wash your face in 'c'ool," said Mary, giving pussy a pat.

Pussy stopped, and blinked her eyes as much as to say, "I won't do it again." So the lessons began.

"How many eyes have you?" said the teacher.

"One," answered Mary.

"How many noses?"

"Four."

"How many fingers?"

"A whole lot."

"What is your mouth for?"

"To eat candy."

"What are your eyes for?"

"To go to sleep with."

"What are your ears for?"

"Don't know. 'Spec's they's there to be washed."

"That will do," said the teacher. "Now you may go home to lunch, and come again this afternoon."

Mary ran over to the corner where her doll's-house stood, and made believe to get some lunch. Then she came back to school again.

"Why didn't you take your dollies home to get something to eat, too?" said the teacher.

"Oh, they t'ant eat, they's velly ill. They's got scarlet fever and whooping cough and lots of things, and dinner is bad for them."

"Oh, very well," said the teacher. "Now let us begin lessons again. You may say your letters."

"A, B, C, O, S, M, T, W," was the answer.

"What do good little children do?"

"Go to 'c'ool and bring home 'good tickets.'"

"What do bad children do?"

"Put their fingers in the molasses and get them all 'ticky."

"Now I will teach you how to count," said the teacher. "Say this after me: One, two, buckle my shoe; three, four, go to the store; five, six, buy candy sticks; seven, eight, then go and skate; nine, ten, go home again!"

Just then the cat startled them by jumping

down off of her chair and scampering after a mouse she had seen run across the floor.

"Oh, what a naughty kittie!" said Mary. "I will never bring her to 'e'ool with me again."

But Mary got a good ticket, on which was printed on one side an Indian's head, and on the other, "One cent."

When Donny came home, he said: "Baby, I think I should like to go to your school best!"



"YOU MUST NOT WASH YOUR FACE IN 'C'OOOL,' SAID MARY, GIVING PUSSY A PAT."