

Concerning a few of the Extra Moral Influences of a Ladies' College on a Small Boy.

(Taken from life.)

THIS name was Thomas and he was ashamed of it. When I first knew him he was a short, thick set, bullet headed, rough haired, scolding, snarling boy of ten, immensely popular with all the boys of his native town of Jump Off; the captain of his hockey and football teams; the leader in all the boyish games of his neighborhood—prisoners and peelers, and hi-spy. As the result of these games he became thoroughly acquainted with the geography of all the back yards of the district—which knowledge was fully taken advantage of later on as you will read. Not far from his home was a grand "Ladies College" to which came all the fair daughters of the state—who did not go elsewhere—not that this purveyor of knowledge to young ladies, at all interested our hero at this period of his career. No "she" that lived had any attraction for him, except, possibly his mother, who, good soul, lived apparently for the special purpose of being lectured—by him. For all other feminines he had the most profound contempt having a number of sisters, and every small boy knows what a useless poor sort of a thing a young sister is—almost worse than a big one. His favorite costume was a blue jersey, blue serge knickerbockers, a belt, and boots and stockings, when compelled to wear them. Thomas I regret to say was not addicted to the bath habit in spite of years of strenuous effort on the part of his parents. It had even been known that his father had gone up from the dinner table and freely used a nail brush on his neck and still Thomas would not, or seemed as though he could not, acquire the habit. To sum it all up Thomas was just a young animal, or as his sisters put it, a young beast; his father, a young ———. Well never mind, but in the inmost recesses of her heart, his mother thought him just about right. Time flies on apace, the winter goes by—summer is come again, when a most extraordinary thing happens, Tom is seen in the afternoon with a white collar on—and this without a word