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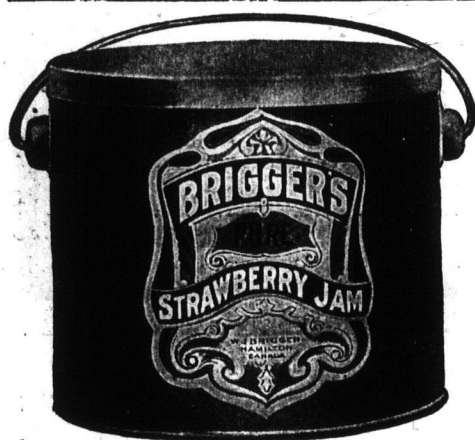
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Woman and the Home.

The Little Worn Out Shoes.

By Aloysius Coll

The little worn out shoes—what trips
To Wonderland they made
Before they quit the little feet,
And many a roguish raid!
What journeys to the flowers and bees,
The garden and the well!
What racing to the orchard trees,
When golden pippins fell!

When birds awoke the sleepy dawn,
And gave a voice to morn,
Went gladly forth the dancing shoes
That now are still and torn;
And, the sun hidden in the West
By shadows dark and deep,
The little shoes came home to rest,
The little feet to sleep.

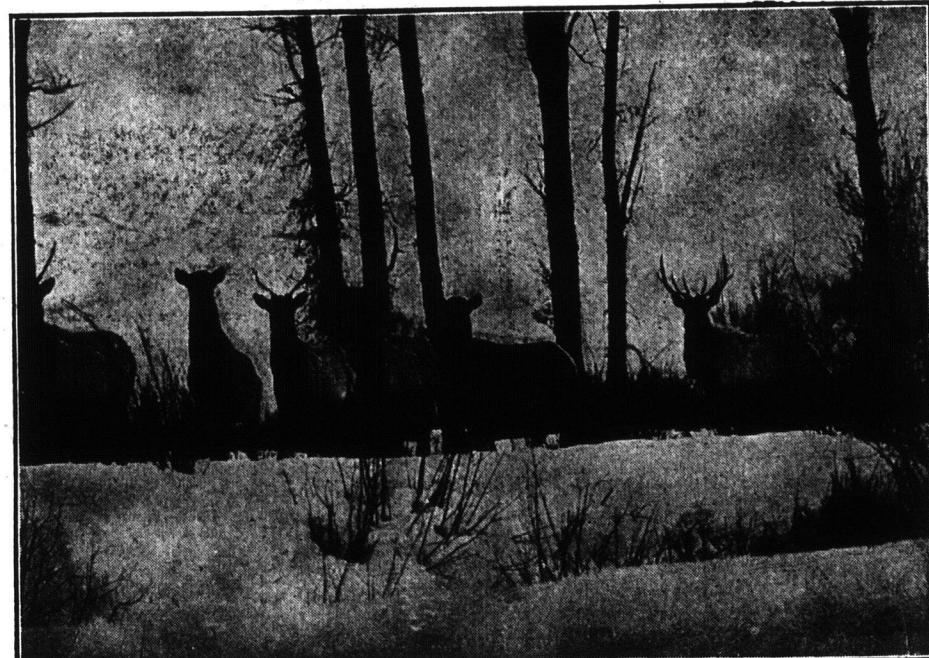
All day they tripped a double tune
Of music on my ear,
Which brought the heaven down, they
Seemed

So like the angels near.
Ah! melody of broken chords,
Ah! fancy come in vain,
The little pegs are turned to swords,
The patter into pain.

The little worn out shoes—what tours
To reach the Elfin Hill!
What visits to the Faerie Folk
And Giant Hollow!—till

Children are seldom rude to grown persons unless some time familiarities of an injudicious nature have occurred between them. It is not necessary to be stiff and cold with a child in order to retain his respect. We may play and frolic with him without incurring any inconvenience, if we use the same tact and discernment we exercise toward other acquaintances. It takes time for children to become acquainted; they have the same reserve and dignity that belongs to their elders, and added to these is the shyness of one new to social usages.

Mothers sometimes thoughtlessly expose their little ones to the curious observation of strangers by dressing them too exquisitely. There is always a temptation to treat a pretty, picturesque-looking child as a doll. When nature bestows beauty and gives to us a tiny creature with starry eyes, silken curls, and rose-leaf skin, we delight to array it in cunning garments of velvet and lace, and surmount the beauteous head with a mass of ribbon and towering plumes. How knight-like is the boy of five in his dainty frilled shirt and velvet knickerbockers, how enchanting his baby sister in her flowing, lace-ruffled skirts, with the gleam of a gold chain on her snowy neck! Who can refrain from petting and flattering them, or hide the admiration aroused by their grace and loveliness?



Manitoba Elk.

So weary grew the little feet
They scarcely left the hints
Of their light presence, soft and sweet,
So delicate the prints.

O baby shoes, O worn out shoes,
Why do you linger here,
Each little peg a sword for me,
Each little bead a tear?
Ah! well you guess the little feet
At last have turned to go
A way for you too far and fleet—
A way you cannot know.

The Child as a Plaything.

By Florence Hull Winterburn

The love of playthings does not die out when a person is grown up, and a little child is the most interesting plaything one can find. It is easy to forget that the little thing is an individual, and that what is sport for us may be hurtful to him. Sometimes, from sheer idleness, a visitor will essay to draw out the demure child whose bright eyes have been fixed upon him, and eliciting frank replies to remarks that would justly have been considered impertinent if addressed to another grown person, become desperately offended.

Yet it was his own fault if he was unceremoniously treated. He chose to make a jest of one whose self-possession was easily shattered and whose excitement might make rude. It is easier to start fun of this sort than to put a stop to it.

But if we read the hearts of our playthings we might be shocked to see the amount of vanity and selfishness our stupid flattery arouses.

Not long ago at a kindergarten entertainment I was much puzzled at the singular demeanor of a little daughter of a friend, who had appeared previously an agreeable, retiring sort of child. She was "dressed to death," and was frightfully conscious of her clothes. Constantly making nervous, fluttering movements, she fell into such strange poses when standing that I wondered why I had never before noticed that Mary was humpbacked. Not until the next day, when she appeared again in her ordinary school dress and her ordinary manner, could I convince myself that all her bending and posturing were the result of pure affectation and not of deformity.

There are children with enough strength of mind to keep their simplicity under the bewildering influence of gorgeous apparel. But the test is too hard. When we treat such mites to indulgences only befitting old shoulders we overburden them. If we could adorn our living statues with flowers and jewels to gratify our own tastes, without their being aware of it, the harm would be slight. But this is not possible. So we should exercise commonsense, and content ourselves with freshness and simplicity, or else render our dear little ones liable to all the evil of pride of heart and injudicious notice from strangers.

There is, however, another tempting bait held out to those who like children