

father's garden is always a size larger than any you can describe to him.

One of the first words he articulates is "more," with the spirit of an age of biscuit combines and chewing gum trusts.

His grasp is the boast of the evolutionists; they tell us it is second only to that of the orang-outang.

His appetite for sugar is inordinate and so persistent that science has been forced to sanction the craving.

The biggest thing about him is his heart, if you can find it, and know how to take its dimensions.

You needn't expect him to keep "in his place," unless he has a place, and has grown fairly familiar with it.

He makes it a matter of conscience to investigate the use of things, and practically test their utility.

He abounds in queries, his interrogation points being the chief cause of the compiling of encyclopedias.

He is quick to detect the fraudulent.

His perceptions are unerring.

In research he is deep and diligent.

His memory is mercilessly retentive.

His vivid imagination readily supplements an imperfect knowledge.

Nothing suits him so well as to be happy.

When he smiles there is a suggestion of the glories of dawn: when his brow darkens and his eyes grow moist, the air becomes portentous.

He is naturally honest. When he has to scramble up as best he can he doesn't evidence a "bringing up." Just as though a rose that grows wild could hang out more than five petals.

When he's good, he's the dearest thing on earth, when he's bad—he's truly shocking.

TOPSY.

