

touch the pedals, and read the newspaper before he knows his letters.

If you rub his head the right way, pat him on the back, and give him all the plum preserve he can eat, he'll turn into a cherub; if you tell him he's a bother and you wish he'd go away, he'll look ugly and snarl.

You can depend on him keeping his feet still when his mouth is full, or he's listening to a bear story.

As a rule he is not studious, but if you tell him anything worth hearing, he'll listen.

It suits him to have his mental pabulum well seasoned and flavored. When temptingly prepared and ready to hand, the amount he actually appropriates is surprising.

He seems to thoroughly respect your opinion of him. Tell him he's the noisiest boy on the street, and he'll sustain his reputation bravely.

If he steals pie and you give him a spanking, he'll probably steal more pie, just to see how pie tastes without a spanking.

His instincts are well nigh infallible. You may feign a polite courtesy towards him, but if your feelings are not the most generous possible, he'll look defiant at you.

He learns to throw stones at birds, when he sees them in his mother's bonnet and his sister's Sunday hat.

If there's a good prospect of mercy being shown him, he won't tell a lie.

He illustrates perfectly nature's law of inertia. Once set in motion, there is need of a resisting force to reduce him to a state of rest.

He has a contempt for corporal punishment; his intuitions tell him it's out of date.

Like all amateur artists, he has a tendency to exaggerate—especially in word painting. The squash that grows in his