

The humorist, Robert J. Burdette, under the title of "Little Way Down Street" has portrayed the traps which lie in wait for the boy who is allowed out at nights, by the indulgent parent, and it has been suggested to place his sketch in the hands of teachers who happen to be labouring in a community where such temptations tend to counteract his influence. Elsewhere it has been issued as a Morning Exercise Help, and as such it is reproduced here:—

My boy, you came in rather late last night, and when your mother asked where you were, you said: "Down street." Then she wanted to know where about down the street, and you said: "Oh, just a little ways."

Now I don't think you meant to lie to your mother; whenever a boy comes home late at night and is afraid or ashamed to tell just where he has been and what he has been doing, I know as well as he does, and his mother knows, and everybody who knows anything about boys, knows that he has been down street.

But more than that, my boy. I know that he has been a long way down street, a long, long way. Have you a map of your route last evening? No! well, never mind; sit down here and we'll make a map in a minute and see how far a boy travels when he leaves home after supper, and goes just down street a little way, and does not get back till ten o'clock.

Here is your home, this bright little spot like a star on the map. The sweetest, purest, safest place this side of heaven; where from father to baby, they love you better than all the rest of the people in the big, wide world.

Now from here, the streets all have a down grade, when you sneak out after dark. See how far you are from respectability when you reach this corner where you loafed—eh? Well, I'll say loitered if you prefer it, last night. Here are the fellows you were with. Sweet gang for your father's son to loiter with, isn't it? It's a long ways from your respectable home, from your father's friends and your mother's guests to this corner down street, now isn't it?

Then, look on the map, my boy, see how far it is from manliness and decency. Two ladies hurried past, friends of your mother. Thank heaven they did not see you, for you slunk back into a dark doorway, feeling like the sneak that you were. As they passed by one of the loafers shouted after them an insulting remark. Your cheeks burned in the dark at that. Did not your home and sisters seem a thousand miles away, just then?