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A SMILE AND A MORAL.—"What the cartoon is to the dwelling in which we live, that Harvard is to the local habitation of the human spirit." Thus writes a well-known Radical writer.

**TYKE**

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER.

**R**OBERT WALSHINGHAM SMITH paused thoughtfully just inside the gate. Half-a-dozen important things called urgently upon him for attention: the funny gray bugs underneath the flat stone at the side of the front steps; the nice little puddle where the garden hydrant dripped; the hydrant itself, with the possibilities it offered of getting yourself nice and wet and cool all over; the broken outside cellar-door, with its wobbling springiness and the chance it offered of getting another scar on his chin.

None of these urgent employments, however, seemed to fill his immediate need, because there was nothing very good to eat connected with them. It had been nearly an hour since he had devoured that big red apple right after luncheon, and he was beginning to feel the pangs of starvation. Now, over at the Brainerds', three houses away, were three young ladies and no children, and they never failed to give him all the delightful things that his own hard-hearted mother denied him, ranging from candy and pickles to pastry. To the Brainerds' he would go.

It took three attempts before, standing on tiptoe, he could make one pink forefinger lift the gate-latch, but the feat was finally accomplished, and he toddled outside, happy and care-free now that the weight of decision was off his mind. He felt impelled to sing as he stamped down the sidewalk, and he did so. His song bore no resemblance to any melody that was ever set to notes, consisting of a series of tuneless "la-la's," but it was sweet music to his own ears, and also to those of his mother, who sat at the window keeping a careful eye on him.

At the gate of the Brainerds' he turned promptly in, and Mrs. Smith settled down in her chair with a sigh of relief. He would be taken care of now for the afternoon, and when he went to sleep one of the Brainerd girls would bring him home, loving his pink, round cheeks, and his Cupid's-bow mouth and his long, brown lashes, and his chestnut brown hair, all the way. Mrs. Smith smiled, her heart full of content, as she thought of him in that house, where he was an ever-welcome lord and master, and she was thankful that it was so, for it would allow her more time for the saleable fancy work that was being turned out by her deft fingers.

They had need to be deft, those fingers; for since her husband had been squeezed out of his business by a "soulless corporation," which, failing to buy him out at a ridiculous price, had calmly proceeded to break him, there had been a very serious scramble in the cheerful Smith household to pay rent and to still the clamour of the butcher and grocer.

As for Robert Walshingham, however, worry never came his way. Even now he was merely nonplussed when, on arriving at the door of the Brainerds', he found it closed and all the house still. He reached on tiptoe to the door-bell and gave it a whirl. He waited patiently for almost an entire second; then he whirled it again, again, and again. He pounded on the door; he invited in turn, and in very insistent tones, Coeezba and Msh'get and Caffrin to open and let him in.

There are, perhaps, two-and-a-half-year-olds who would have ended up with screams and kicks and final sobs, but not this one. Diogenes himself was no more profound philosopher than the hope and pride of the house of Smith. Finding that the door would not open, he turned to emulate the performance of that famous general who marched his army up the hill and marched it down again. He started back home with great equanimity. It was barely possible that his mother might forget and give him

more than one occasion when she was especially busy.

But outside the Brainerd gate a new and wonderful diversion offered itself. A white dog, young enough to be playful and old enough to be a confirmed tramp, bounced up and poked his cold muzzle into young Mr. Smith's hand. Young Mr. Smith jerked his hand away and stumbled back two steps, where he stood at rigid attention, his stomach drawn back as far from danger as possible.

His acquaintance with white dogs was very limited, and had always been conducted at a distance prescribed by decent caution. In the present exciting juncture he opened his mouth very wide and round. He had not yet decided what was coming out of his mouth. By way of compromise, he emitted a series of "ha-ha-ha's" that strained his face and made it quite red, holding his middle, meanwhile, with both hands. He believed that he was laughing, but it was a very, very nervous glee, and could be thrown into either channel by the merest trifle. The junior Smith could cry, if necessary, understand—quite lustily, too.

The dog, with wise understanding, helped him out. It crouched on the ground before him, its muzzle between its front paws, its beady eyes upturned to him, and wagged its tails most invitingly. Still the audience leaned forward, his mouth wide open, his face red, and his hands on his stomach, making sounds of very dubious classification. The dog sprang up and turned a funny little half-somersault on the side of his head and one shoulder. The sole spectator felt relieved. The dog rolled over on his back and let his four paws wave. The strain was over. Robert Walshingham Smith laughed, a shade too boisterously, it is true, but still a real laugh. The dog rolled to his feet and capered. He gave two short, mild barks, carefully repressed so as not to frighten anyone, but calculated, on the other hand, to inspire great confidence.

"Bow-wow!" replied Sir Robert promptly. "Nice doggie. Doggie won't bite. Wobbit; doggie like Wobbit. Ya-a-a-s."

Gratified by the sound of the voice, the dog licked young Mr. Smith on the hand, and young Mr. Smith patted the dog on the head. Emboldened, the dog licked the youngster's face. Resenting the familiarity and feeling his confidence wholly restored, the youngster "biffed" the dog on the ear. That settled it. They were friends, and had no further suspicions of each other.

II.

He was a fine dog, that fellow. He was better than a doll, because you didn't have to move his legs and arms for him, or pinch him to make him squeak. He was better than a two-and-a-half-year-old human playmate, because he did not always want to shriek for the identical thing that you wanted.

For instance, he would grab up a stick and run a few steps with it, then lay it down. When you went to pick it up, he would grab it and run a bit farther and lay it down again; but maybe that time he would let you get it and let you run on ahead, and would try to grab it out of your hands, and by-and-by you would let him have it because it was only a stick, anyhow, and you didn't want it—that is, till the dog got it; then you wanted it. Moreover, if you tugged and tugged and tugged, and pulled his ears and his tail and the scruff of his neck, and pounded him in the eye, and finally took the stick away from him, he never cried—not he. He simply wagged his tail and barked, and was ready to do it all over again.

That was a fine game, and it took them several blocks away from the house where Mrs. Smith sat calmly content in her work, secure in the knowledge that the Brainerd girls were petting and coddling the youngster and spoiling him, and getting his stomach out of whack, and teaching him bits of choice new slang for them to laugh at when he repeated it, and loving him half to death.

The grab-the-stick-and-run game lost its novelty after a while, but no inquiring person of two and a half years of age is ever at a real loss for entertainment. Young Mr. Smith, the white dog barking eagerly affectionate circles around him, was enjoying to the full his first independent trip into the world.

And such a pleasant world this was! There were cool little side-streets and broad, shady avenues to wander down, and at last, after nearly two hours of trudging, there opened up before the two travellers a most delightful big park, where birds were singing in the waving branches of the trees and where the black shadows of the leaves wove in and out, on green patches of sunny grass.

As they turned into the park a squirrel scampered away and sprang from the ground, half-way up a tree trunk, with the dog barking like mad below it. A butterfly flitted just ahead of them, and there were others farther on, while the drone of bees filled the sleepy air. There were beds of bright flowers; there were inviting benches, there were playing fountains and a cool, sweet breeze that made Robert Walshingham Smith suddenly conscious that he was very tired, an annoying condition, because he knew that now in a short time he would have to begin to fight off sleep—bateful sleep that made one miss any number of things that might be going on.

In one of the smooth, white driveways stood a quiet automobile, and a man wearing a leather cap and a very black face was doing something or other with delightfully dirty-looking tools. The junior Smith would have liked very much to play with some of those tools, but the outlook did not seem promising. Though he stood quite close, the man paid no attention to him, except once when he scowled. He seemed angry, and the explorer had little use for angry people.

A little way off, up near the fountain, another man sat on a bench. He, too, had on a leather cap, but his face was clean and his clothes were clean, and, what was more fascinating, than all, he was feeding peanuts to the squirrels. Robert could smell those peanuts from afar. The squirrels were very tame, and came quite close, but when they caught sight of young Mr. Smith's travelling companion they disappeared as if by magic. The man turned to see what had whisked them into thin air, and his eyes fell upon wee, small Robert Walshingham Smith.

"Hello, Tyke!" said the man.

"Hello, man!" replied young Mr. Smith with equally hearty cordiality.

Notwithstanding his prompt response, young Mr. Smith stood off and made a thorough inspection of the stranger. He was a very large man with twinkles in and around his eyes, and his heart was in the right place. Robert could see clear to his heart without the least bit of trouble, and there was nothing whatever the matter with it. After one gets a little way past two and a half years old, one loses that wonderful faculty, but the junior Smith had it in a marked degree. He immediately liked and trusted the big man very much.

Moreover, the big man had peanuts, and the pangs of starvation that sud-