

The Family Circle

DO IT

If you've any task to do
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

DICK WHITTINGTON

Most boys and girls have heard, in song or story, play or pantomime, of the famous Dick Whittington, thrice London's Lord Mayor, and of his equally famous cat. The most commonly known version of his story is that he came to London friendless and alone, save for a cat, to which he was very much attached. He sought vainly for employment for a considerable time, but at length found work as a scullion in the household of one of the merchant-lords that were so common in London during the reigns of the Lancastrian kings.

It seems that his master was in the habit of trading with the natives of Africa; and it was customary for each person in his employment to send, with the skippers of his vessels, some article which might be exchanged for gold dust, ivory, or the like. Poor Dick was urged by some of his fellow-servants to send his cat; but, getting up early one morning, he escaped from the house with the intention of shaking the dust of the capital from his feet.

In Cheapside he sat down to rest; and as he sat the bells of the church of Saint Mary-le-Bow rang out. To Dick they seemed to say:

Turn round, Whittington—turn around,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London town.

Dick returned to his work, and consigned his cat to the skipper of the next vessel of his master that sailed for Africa. In the port to which the vessel came there was a plague of rats and mice. Cats there were none, so that the skipper netted a considerable amount of valuables by hiring out the cat of the scullion. Some accounts say the cat was sold for commodities so valuable that Dick was shortly taken into partnership by his master, and later married his daughter.

Such is the legendary story of Whittington. Sober history tells us that such a personage really existed; that he was thrice chosen chief magistrate of London; that during his third mayoralty he entertained with great magnificence King Henry V. and his consort, Catherine of France. He also established several charitable foundations, one of which was a 'God's House' for thirteen poor men.

In the manuscript constitutions of the Mercers' Company of London, it is laid down that all the inmates of this almshouse 'shall say each morning a 'Pater Noster' and an 'Ave Maria' to God and Maiden Mary.' Such prayers were to be offered to God for the happy repose of the souls of Sir Richard Whittington and his wife Alice; and the orisons were to conclude with the words: 'God have mercy on our founders' souls and on all Christians!'

The 'cat' that popular legends connect with Whittington is thought really to have been a ship which bore that name, and by trading with which he acquired an immense fortune. He was knighted by Henry V., and died in 1423.—'Ave Maria.'

MODERN PHILOSOPHY

A word to the wise is resented.
Where there's a will there's a lawsuit.
Fools rush in and win—where angels fear to tread.

Misery loves company, but company does not reciprocate.

Love is romantic. Matrimony is decidedly a matter of fact.

When we hear of other people's troubles it reconciles us to our own.

We never know how good we are going to be until the opportunity has passed.

If you bestow a favor forget it, but if you receive one it is wise to remember.

Happiness is the greatest of tonics, the best of cosmetics, and the envy of dyspeptics.

OBEYED INSTRUCTIONS

A shoemaker in the city of Dublin, getting on well in the way of business, became proud. One day there were a lot of customers in the shop, when the shopboy came in to say that the mistress bid him say dinner was ready.

'What's for dinner?' asked the shoemaker.

'Herings, sir,' answered the boy.

'All right,' said the shoemaker, but when he went up to dinner he reprimanded the boy for not mentioning something decent and big, telling the boy in future always to mention a good feed when there were in people in the shop.

A few days after the boy came to say that dinner was ready.

'What's for dinner?' asked the shoemaker.

'Fish, sir,' answered the boy.

'What sort of fish?' asked the shoemaker.

'A whale, sir,' answered the boy.

KEEPING YOUNG

How to keep young is one of the questions of perennial interest to the feminine mind. Amelie Rives, the noted author, who is said to look like a girl in her teens, recently told of her reply to a physician who wrote her to send him the secret of what he called her perpetual youth. 'I wrote back that he must consider the cost,' she said. 'It is a cost that few of his fashionable patients would make, for I rise early, ride or walk in the country roads, live close to my books, see few people, and retire at 10. What fashionable women could endure my life? I remember thinking about it one winter morning, when I was walking alone, the crisp, crackling snow under my feet, the fairy outline of a gossamer frost revealing every twig of bush and tree, and I was so invigorated and happy I could have whistled like a boy with delight. But if I had been a woman of fashion I couldn't have endured the silence, the empty distances, the quiet; why, a woman of fashion would die in my place, and I am quite sure that I should in hers.'

PRIEST AND PICKPOCKET

Father Groach, a London priest, repeats this story, told him by the late Father Kaye, prison chaplain:—

'During his stay as a guest of the country one of Father Kaye's "children," a well known pickpocket, gave his reverence such instructions as to the methods of the fraternity as to secure him from ever being a victim.

'Some years afterwards Father Kaye met his former instructor, who inquired if he remembered and observed the methods of precaution imparted to him. The good Father replied that he did, and that though he had often been hustled, he had always managed to hold his own.

'Arrived at the Houses of Parliament—they were crossing Westminster Bridge—the now reformed but still skilful pickpocket offered the Father his watch, saying: "Here you are, Father; I 'pinched' it as we were talking of olden times in the middle of the bridge." When Father Kaye recovered from his astonishment his friend had gone, but the watch was safe.'

MISTAKES OF WOMEN

One of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea or anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money, she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he is right. Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider dollies.