

## The Family Circle

### PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES

The spider wears a plain brown dress,  
And she is a steady spinner;  
To see her, quiet as a mouse,  
Going about her silver house,  
You would never, never, never guess  
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill  
In all her life had stirred her;  
But while she moves with careful tread,  
And while she spins her silken thread,  
She is planning, planning, planning still—  
The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay,  
With eyes down-dropt and tender,  
Remember the old proverb says  
That pretty is that pretty does,  
And that work does not go nor stay  
For poverty nor splendor.

'Tis not the house and not the dress  
That makes the saint or sinner;  
To see the spider sit and spin,  
Shut with her walls of silver in,  
You would never, never, never guess  
The way she gets her dinner.

— Catholic Citizen.

### TWO SIDES OF IT

For a whole week before the Grantleys' picnic Mollie was on tiptoe with delight. The Grantleys were such lovely people, and she had so longed to know them. Mollie's mother, watching the girl's happy face, thought proudly that Stella Grantley was not a bit sweeter or prettier than Mollie. She guessed folks would see it if they were not blind.

Mollie, dancing into the kitchen, Tuesday afternoon, found her mother ironing a white shirt-waist suit.

"Oh, mother," she said, reproachfully, "I was going to do that!"

"I thought mebbe you wouldn't get back in time," her mother answered.

"It was ever so good of you," Mollie returned, absently. "Mother, I've just thought—don't you suppose I could make some of those little spice cakes before breakfast? I know nobody else would have anything like those."

"Why, I guess you could," her mother answered. "And stuffed eggs and chicken sandwiches and olives," Mollie counted off triumphantly. "I'm not expected to carry so much, but I wanted people to know what things my mother can make. Besides, I do so want them to ask me again."

"I shan't think much of them if they don't," her mother declared. "Then I'll make the cakes before breakfast."

"That's 'cause you're mother," Mollie laughed, kissing her. When she came down to breakfast, however, the cakes were all ready. Mollie did not seem greatly surprised; she was, in fact, already dressed in her white suit. At nine the buckboard came, and mother at the back door watched her ride away. There was not any girl so pretty as Mollie.

The day was one triumph for Mollie; she was quick and adaptable and added much to the fun, and her sandwiches and spice cakes were voted unsurpassable. That was in the morning. In the afternoon the sky darkened suddenly, and the horses were hurriedly put into the buckboard; there was an eight-mile ride before them, and but two umbrellas in the crowd. And then Mollie had an inspiration.

"Drive into our barn," she begged. "We can all have supper there. I won't promise you very much"—dimpling prettily—"just hot biscuits and honey, but it will be better than losing half our day," and, after a little hesitation, the others accepted her offer.

At four Mrs. Bennett saw the load of young people drive into the yard. Five minutes later the house was overrun with girls, whom Mollie was arraying in dry clothes, while Mrs. Bennett was hurrying about the kitchen making biscuit and salad.

"I knew you wouldn't mind," Mollie whispered. That night in a dozen different homes the talk was of Mollie—how thoughtful she was and how unselfish, and what a lovely hostess. In Mollie's own home a tired woman, washing the last of the supper dishes, was thinking with dismay of the dresses that would be in the next week's wash.

"But girls will be girls," she said, tenderly.

### NEEDLESS DELAY

What is more vexing than needless delay? Some little things need to be done. On it depends the doing of a dozen other things, all of which must wait until the first thing is accomplished. Thus, sometimes a little thing which might be done in an hour or a day hinders other matters which are of great importance, and wastes time which is of utmost value.

Persons who desire to be useful in the world should learn to do things promptly. Delay is often disobedience. It is better to refuse to undertake a thing than to undertake it and delay and dally until the hindrance becomes ten times as grievous and injurious as a direct refusal would have been at the beginning. If one man says he will not do a thing, perhaps someone else will do it; but if one says 'I go,' and goes not, he not only fails to do the work himself, but he prevents others who would have done it and causes an amount of trouble of which we frequently have no conception. My good friend, be prompt. What you undertake, accomplish. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

### QUIET WOMAN GETS BEST PLACE

Other things being equal, the quiet and reserved business woman who, though friendly with all, says comparatively little while engaged in business, is the one most likely to reach the top of the ladder. Nor need opportunities for sympathy and kindly assistance to fellow toilers be laid aside.

There are men who must have some one to talk to, who exact sympathy and advice from all who come near them, who, failing a patient wife or a tender mother, will insist that the stenographer, book-keeper, or other feminine employee reap the worry harvest of all their troubles.

Talk only when you must, and then to the point, is a good and safe rule for all business women to follow. A woman's wit and her social instinct often lead her into mistakes that her common sense should correct sharply. Retain the merry heart, the joyous outlook, the friendly impulse always if you would keep young and of value to yourself, and your fellows, but sternly repress any tendency to social chatter downtown.

### RUNAWAY RALPH

"I won't stay here another minute, so there!" pouted little Ralph Perkins. "There's always something horrid to do next. In the morning I must get up if I'm ever so sleepy, comb my hair, and bother with shoestings and necktie that are most sure to get into knots. It's just the same all day; if grandfather doesn't ask me to do an errand mother is sure to want the chickens fed, or a basket of apples, or some wood, or something! I'll go where a boy can have a little fun, and I guess every one will miss me."

So filling his pockets with ginger cookies and some doughnuts which grandmother was frying, he said: "Good-by, grandmother; I'm going away to find a real jolly place. I'm tired of living on a stupid old farm."

"Good-by, dearie," smiled grandmother. "Come back to Thanksgiving dinner, and eat some of my pumpkin pie and turkey."

"Why-ee!" thought Ralph, "grandmother doesn't care at all; but I guess my mother will be sorry that she made me work so hard."

Mother looked surprised when the eager little boy told his story.

"Very well, Ralph," she said, as she kept on sewing; "only look out for snakes and spiders and cross dogs; when it gets dark be sure you find a dry place to sleep. Good-by."

"She never even kissed me!" thought Ralph, dolefully.

"Better take along some of these apples, my boy," called grandmother from the orchard. "You'll get hungry by and by."

"Ralph's going to run away!" cried his sister, Amy. "Oh, goody! Now I can have all the cup eustards."

"Amy is really glad I'm going," thought Ralph, slumping the gate, and nobody seems to care much. Running away did not seem such a grand frolic after all.

Just at dusk, a tired little fellow crept softly through the hedge of lilacs, around the grapevine to the piazza, and made a wild rush for mother's arms.

"I couldn't find a good place to sleep, mother," he sobbed, "There wasn't any fun; folks were cross