

# The Family Circle

## A RECIPE FOR SANITY

Are you worsted in a fight?  
Laugh it off.  
Are you cheated of your right?  
Laugh it off.  
Don't make tragedy of trifles,  
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—  
Laugh it off.  
Does your work get into kinks?  
Laugh it off.  
Are you near all sorts of brinks?  
Laugh it off.  
If it's sanity you're after,  
There's no recipe like laughter—  
Laugh it off.

Century.

## A BAD HABIT

Johnny was a great brag. A brag is a boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort and exclaim: 'Pooh! That's nothing! Who couldn't do that?'

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sitting-room. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came strutting in. He took a chair by the table, and began reading "Robinson Crusoe."

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, saying: 'Look at my drawing. I did it to-day in school. Isn't it good?'

'Pooh! Call that good! You ought to see the one I drew. It beats yours all hollow.'

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother, and, going to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing.

'I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe,' she said, hoping to revive her brother's drooping spirits.

'Pooh!' sneered Johnny, 'you needn't try to draw, for girls can't make even a straight line.'

It was not long before Mr. Boaster left the room for a few moments. When he came back everything seemed to be going on as when he left. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing, and Joe and Alice were busy with their lessons.

'At last I have finished my hem,' remarked grandma, folding the napkin she had been hemming so industriously.

'Pooh!' said mamma, contemptuously; 'that is nothing. I have done two while you are doing one!'

The children looked up quickly, for who would have believed she would have spoken so? It was not like her to do so.

Grandma picked up another napkin and began hemming it, but said nothing.

'Papa, look at my examples, please. I have done every one of them, and haven't made a single mistake,' said Alice, crossing the room to where her father was sitting before the open grate fire.

'Pooh! That's nothing,' replied her father, not even taking her paper to look at it. 'You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was your age.'

Poor little Alice was greatly astonished to hear such a discouraging and boastful remark from her generally kind father; and she was about to turn away when he drew her near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought the smiles to her face.

For a few minutes no one said anything, and work went on as before. Johnny was deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's adventures, and the other children continued their studies.

'My flowers look so well. I believe the geraniums are going to bloom again,' remarked mamma.

'Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers all winter long, and you have only had a few blossoms in the whole winter,' said grandma, contemptuously.

'What was the matter with everybody?' thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such a humor as they were that evening.

When papa remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocer's and been weighed that afternoon, and that he 'tipped the beam' at one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and that was doing 'pretty well' for him, mamma said, crossly: 'Pooh! You call that do-

ing pretty well? Old Mr. Denson weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and no one ever heard him bragging of it.'

Everybody laughed; papa shouted, it was such a surprise; and grandma got up and left the room to keep from choking with laughter.

Johnny saw them all look at him, and after a minute or two began to 'smell a mouse,' as the saying goes.

'Papa,' said he, 'what are you all laughing about? Is it at me?'

'Well, we are not exactly laughing at you. We thought we would try your way of boasting on our accomplishments, and see how you thought it sounded; but mamma spoiled our game before we had finished it.'

Johnny looked rather sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered whether he was as disagreeable as the other folks that evening when he boasted of what he could do or had done. He was forced to admit that boasting sounded very unpleasant, and he resolved to break himself of the habit. How much better it would have been if he had never learned to boast, but had always been deferential and courteous to his associates.

## ON HER DIGNITY

'I understand,' said the dignified English matron, 'that your father made his money in—in trade.'

'What do you mean?' asked the American heiress.

'That he amassed his wealth by buying and selling commodities that the common people needed.'

'He did nothing of the sort!' retorted the angry heiress. 'I want you to understand that papa did not work a lick for a cent. of his. He made it every bit by skinning people with watered stocks. I guess that's just as easy money as the kind that you inherit, isn't it?'

## GOOD MANNERS

There is no better evidence of ill-breeding than the practice of interrupting another in conversation while speaking, or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does it, nor continues conversation long with a person who does it. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed, or declined by the former, without even suspecting the cause. A well-bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If you wish to judge the good breeding of a person with whom you are but little acquainted, observe him, or her, strictly in this respect and you will not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent or easy one may appear, this practice proves the absence of true politeness. It is often amusing to see persons priding themselves on the gentility of their manners and putting forth all their efforts to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all in this particular. Refined and graceful manners are worthy of the most careful cultivation.

## AN HONORED QUEEN

She doesn't wear a costly crown, decorated with precious stones, such as most queens are usually supposed to wear (says 'Dumb Animals'). She doesn't sit upon a great throne nor hold a scepter in her hand. She doesn't drive out on sunny days in a handsome carriage, but surely the Queen of England herself was not more jealously guarded, more tenderly watched over or more carefully shielded and cared for from babyhood to maturity than this little Queen. And it is doubtful if Queen Victoria ever had more loyal subjects or a more faithful retinue of servants to wait upon her than this same little Queen. Indeed, I think there are very few sovereigns whose subjects are as loyal and true to them as the busy inmates of the hive are to Little Queen Bee. Little Queen Bee is a very wonderful creature. She manages and controls a whole hive full of many hundreds of busy, buzzing, bustling little fellows who never seem to think there is any time in this world in which to be idle, for as soon as the first warm days of spring come they hasten out from the hive, where they have kept themselves so closely during the winter months, and go to work gathering the honey from the flowers with all their strength as though it were the last day they had for getting honey, instead of there being a whole summer of long sunshiny days before them in which to gather their winter store.