

The Family Circle

THE BOSS : BY THE OFFICE BOY

When things go easy, he just saunters round
At ten o'clock or so; then reads his mail,
Dictates some half a dozen letters to the girl,
Tosses us each a word, or maybe two,
Looks at the paper, lights a good cigar,
'Phones to a friend, and then goes out to lunch.
And I go home and say to maw—' Gee whizz!
I hate to work, I wish I was the Boss!

But my, when things go wrong! Maybe a strike,
Or prices down, or some bank goes and busts,
Then ain't he Johnny-on-the-spot at eight!
Then he don't take no time to read the news,
Nor eat his lunch, but keeps us all a-jump.
Then he shoots letters at the girl till she
Gets flustry red spots on her cheeks; and makes
Even old Chief Clerk hustle; you know him,
That fat one, with the sort of double chin.

And me—why, I'm greased lightning when he calls.
And when night comes, then he looks kinder pale—
And anxious like, and yet so full of fight,
I get a sort of aching in my throat
Like something choked me, when I looked at him,
And I go home and say to maw—' Gee whizz!
Bizness is tough. I'm glad I ain't the Boss!

—Exchange.

WAIT ON YOURSELF.

'Where's my hat?' cried Kate; 'I can't find it.'
'Why can't you?' asked Mrs. Gordon. 'No. one
wears your hat but yourself.'

'But I must have mislaid it.'

'Then find it. Your eyes are as good as mine or
your brother's.'

'I think someone might help me,' complained Kate.

'I do not agree with you,' replied her mother firm-
ly. 'I think you are old enough and big enough to
wait on yourself.'

'Why, I'm sure I do, mamma,' cried Kate, remon-
stratingly. 'I do all of my own sewing and I take
care of my own room.'

'Yes, and every morning you ask Mary to bring
you the dust-pan or the broom, you send Harry after
needles and cotton, and someone in the house is con-
tinually running errands for you.'

'It doesn't do any harm to be obliging, I'm sure,'
said Kate, with a fretful shrug. 'I do favors for
other people.'

'You occasionally do a service for one of us that
we cannot very well do ourselves,' replied Mrs. Gor-
don, drawing Kate to her side; 'but that is not
what we are talking about. We should all be agree-
able and obliging, but that is no reason why you
should call on others to do a service you can do as
easily yourself. If you grow up depending on others,
you shall lose that self-reliance which renders life
successful. Do you remember your cousin Louis?'

'The one lost at sea?'

'Yes. I am sorry to say he was a very bad boy.
He was pampered so that he came to regard every
one as little better than a servant, and he finally be-
came so helpless that he could hardly do the simplest
thing without assistance. When he was left an orphan
he led a miserable life. He could not earn a living,
because no employer would stand his idleness and im-
pudence, and had he not been drowned, I think he
would have turned out dishonest.'

'O, mother, and do you think—I—'

'By no means, dear, I am only putting the lesson in
its strongest light. Don't forget it, and—wait on
yourself.'—S.H. Review.

THE WAY TO PACK

Mr. Bowerman and his wife left for the country
yesterday. One could tell that their trunks were
not over half-full, as they were pitched into a luggage
van with a crash. They began packing a week ago.
When the subject was broached, he said he preferred
to pack his own trunk, and he didn't propose to take
a month to do it, either. All he intended to take
was an extra suit, and he should throw that in any-
where.

It struck him that he'd better put in an extra pair
of boots as a foundation, and he flung them in the

corner with his clean shirts. The shirts didn't seem
to fit very well, and he supported them with a pair of
trousers. Then he stuffed his Sunday-coat pockets with
collars and cuffs, and found a place for it; and the
balance of his clothes just fitted in nicely.

'The man who takes over ten minutes to pack a
trunk is a dolt,' said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed
down the lid and turned the key.

Mrs. Bowerman had been at hers just seven days
and seven nights, and when her husband went up-
stairs at ten o'clock she sat down before the trunk
with tears in her eyes.

'You see how it is,' she explained, as he looked
down upon her in awful contempt. 'I've got only
part of my dresses in here, to say nothing of a thou-
sand other things, and even now the lid won't shut
down. I've got such a headache. I must lie down for
a few minutes.'

She went away to lie down, and Mr. Bowerman
sat on a couch and mused—

'Space is space. The use of space is in knowing
how to utilize it.'

Removing everything, he began repacking. He found
that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a
quart-jug. A freshly-starched lawn dress was made to
take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown hol-
land fitted into the niche she had reserved for three
handkerchiefs, and her best bonnet was turned bottom
up in its box and packed full of underclothing. He
sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack a
whole bed, when she returned, and said he was the
only real good husband in this world, and she kissed
him, as he turned the key.

'It is simply the difference between the sexes,' was
his patronizing reply.

When Mrs. Bowerman opened that trunk last night—
But screams and shrieks could avail nothing.

THE APPRECIATIVE WORD

This old world would be a happier place if we made
it a habit to tell our friends of the nice things we
hear about them. We all know how pleasant it is
to hear things of that sort. The employer who ap-
preciates and occasionally praises the work of his em-
ployee gets far better results than the one who never
takes the trouble to recognize the well-meant efforts of
those whom he employs. It is so in every kind of
work. The mistress who praises work well done earns
the affection and willing service of those she employs.
Do not praise where no praise is due, but keep your
eyes open, and you will find something praiseworthy in
almost every one.

SORRY SHE SPOKE

A few days ago two young women hailed a Wel-
lington tram-car, entered it, and found only standing
room. One of them whispered to her companion:

'I'm going to get a seat from one of these men.
You take notice.'

She looked down the row of men and selected a
sedate gentleman who bore the general settled appear-
ance of a married man. She sailed up to him, and
opened fire:

'My dear Mr. Green! How delighted I am to meet
you. You are almost a stranger. Will I accept your
seat? Well, I do feel tired, I heartily admit. Thank
you so much.'

The sedate gentleman—a total stranger, of course—
looked, listened, then quietly rose and gave her his seat,
saying:

'Sit down, Jane, my girl! Don't often see you
out on a washing day. You must feel tired, I'm
sure. How's your mistress?'

The young lady got her seat, but lost her vivacity.

SUCCESSIVE CONSTANCY

General Sir Alfred Horsford, once in authority at
Aldershot, believed in an army of unmarried men, and
invariably turned a deaf ear to privates who were in
love and who wished to take wives. When Horsford
was in command of a battalion of the rifle brigade,
says Sir Evelyn Wood in his recent entertaining
volume, 'From Midshipman to Field Marshal,' a soldier
came up to him for permission to marry.

'No, certainly not,' was the curt reply. 'Why
does a young man like you want a wife?'

'Oh, please, sir,' said the soldier, 'I have two
rings ('good conduct' badges) and five pounds in the
savings bank, so I am eligible, and I want to marry
very much.'

'Well, go away, and if you come back this day
year in the same mind, you shall marry. I'll keep
the vacancy.'