

The Family Circle

REX AND RAGS

Rex Crouse, he lives across the street;
 He's rich as rich can be.
 We're awful common, an' that's why
 He dasen't play with me.
 His father is a millionaire,
 Pa works fer Mister Crouse,
 They call their place a residence,
 But ours is just a house.

He's got a game of indoor golf,
 A printin'-press fer boys,
 A steam-engyne, a phoneygraft—
 I never seen such toys!
 But he is tired of 'em all;
 He'd ruther come an' play
 'I spy,' or swing on our back gate,
 When his ma goes away.

An' when she leaves him with his nurse
 He slips across the street,
 An' takes his shoes and stockings off,
 'Cause I'm in my bare feet.
 An' asks fer 'lasses on his bread
 To eat, the same as we.
 His ma don't know what's good to eat—
 That's what he says to me.

He likes my hat; so when we play
 I always trade with him,
 Though his is new an' mine is just
 A crown an' half a brim.
 He says he doesn't like his name,
 He wishes he had one
 Like mine. That's 'Rags.' An' so I call
 Him 'Peanuts' just fer fun.

He says that I'm the very best
 Of all the friends he knows,
 An' that our house is lots more fun
 Than anywhere he goes.
 An' when we play 'Pretend,' an' each
 Can choose what one we'd be,
 I always play that I am him,
 He always plays he's me.

Then when his nurse or mother calls,
 He says to us, 'O dear!'
 An' always waits a little while,
 An' 'tends he didn't hear.
 An' then he puts his shoes back on
 To fix up like he was,
 Because he dasen't play with us,
 He dasen't, but he does.

— Youth's Companion.

TIMOTHY'S CHOICE

You might have seen by Timothy's expression that he was angry. His father had sent him to work hoeing because farm workers were scarce that year, and because his dollars were almost as scarce as the hands.

Timothy could see his father in the brook meadow doing the work of two men, but this was not consolatory. Timothy had planned to spend the Saturday afternoon viewing a base ball game.

Every time a gush of the fresh wind brought him the bursts of cheering from the ball field Timothy's anger grew. He kept regretting more and more that he had not spoken the word which would have permitted him to see the game. His father had not positively ordered him to work. He had said, 'Just as you please, Tim. You have a choice of opportunities—one to see the game and one to do a good turn to me.' And somehow Timothy had made his choice.

When, however, a wagon dashed by and a young man tossed the stump of his cigar at Timothy, crying, 'One strife on you!' Timothy threw down his hoe and reversed his choice. Why should he not see the game and do the hoeing after supper? He climbed the fence scurried down the road, and in two minutes came back again. After all, he had promised to do the hoeing. A faint crackle, an unlicking tongue of flame stopped Timothy as he was astride the fence.

The smouldering cigar stump thrown by the passing stranger had fallen at the edge of a huge rick near the barns and outbuildings of the farm. The dry rick had caught at once; the flames were spreading, and his father and the hired man were far away.

With a gasp of fear, Timothy jumped from the fence. His coat was lying on the ground. He caught it up and ran for the nest of fire. He was in time. He beat and stamped the fire out. Panting, he stopped a moment, looking at the black patch. What if he had not come back? What if he were now cheering and shouting at the ball game?

Timothy picked up his hoe and returned to work. His face was no longer sullen; it was serious. Suddenly he looked up and turned toward the distant unconscious figure of his father.

'Dad,' he said aloud, 'I'll never think of breaking my word again!' 'Youth's Companion.'

GOOD BREEDING

The well-bred girl remembers never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be. Never to resent a supposed injury until she knows the views and motives of the author. Never to enter into a discussion with any enthusiast or person much older than herself. Never to jest so as to wound the feelings of others and to say as little as possible of herself and those who are near and dear to her. Never, if possible, does she lose her temper, and she learns to speak with calmness and deliberation, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

JOHNNY'S DEBUT

A seven-year-old orator made his debut in front of a large audience at an entertainment the other night. His deluded but loving family, who had egged him on to this sacrifice, were mostly with him in the dressing room.

'Now, Johnny,' said his mother, 'be sure you make a nice bow.'

'And let your hands fall easily by your side like this,' and his father struck an attitude.

'Are you sure you know your piece?' asked his sister.

'Yes,' said Johnny, and he recited the first two lines:

'I wish I had a little dog,
 To pat him on the head.'

'That's right; he'll do splendidly,' remarked his mother. 'You'll go on in a minute now, and we must get into our seats. Don't you be scared a bit, Johnny.'

'Whoth theared?' asked Johnny.

Then somebody was pushing him forward, and he saw a lot of faces, not one of which he had ever seen before, and it was lighter than any electric searchlight he had ever seen.

'Speak up now,' said the manager. And Johnny, in a strange, hoarse voice, said:

'I wish I had a little pat,
 To dog him on the head.'

(Roars of laughter. Frantic demonstrations on the part of Johnny's family.) He began again:

'I wish I had a little pat,
 To head him on the dog.'

His father rose in his seat; that added to Johnny's confusion. Again the brave boy essayed:

'I wish I had a little dog,
 To head him on the pat.'

Then a weary family took Johnny by the hand and led him home.

A WOMAN'S ALPHABET

- I will be :
- Amiable always.
- Beautiful as possible.
- Charitable to everybody.
- Dutiful to myself.
- Earnest in the right things.
- Friendly in disposition.
- Generous to all in need.
- Hopeful in spite of everything.
- Intelligent, but not pedantic.
- Joyful as a bird.
- Kind, even in thought.
- Long-suffering with the stupid.
- Merry for the sake of others.
- Necessary to a few.
- Optimistic, though the skies fall.
- Prudent in my pleasures.
- Quixotic, rather than hard.
- Ready to own up.
- Self-respecting to the right limit.
- True to my best.