

The Family Circle

HOW TO TELL THE TIME

I've jes' learned how to tell the time,
My mother teached me to;
An' ef you think you'd like to learn,
I guess I might teach you.
At first, though, it's as hard as fun,
An' makes you twist and turn,
An' mother says that they is folks,
Big folks, what never learn.

You stand before the clock, jus' so,
An' start right at the top;
That's twelve o'clock, an' when you reach
The little hand, you stop;
Now, that's the hour, but you've got
To watch what you're about,
Because the hardest part's to come—
To find the minutes out.

You go right back again to where
You started from, an' see
How far the minute han's away,
Like this—you're watchin' me?—
An' when you've found the minute hand
You multiply by five,
An' then you've got the time o' day,
As sure as you're alive.

They's folks, I know, what says that they
Don't have to count that way,
That they can tell by jus' a glance
At any time o' day;
But I don't b'lieve no fibs like that,
Because ef that was true,
My ma would know it, but she showed
Me like I'm showin' you.

AN ADVENTURE WITH LIONS

A writer in the *Catholic Standard and Times* tells the following thrilling story of an adventure with lions in South Africa:—

A mechanical engineer named Smith found himself literally 'up a tree' one day. He was cycling along the line of a South African railway extension. On reaching the spot where the line crosses the Umfuli River, he found, as the bridge is not yet erected, that he would have to go round by the deviation and cross at the railway drift. This necessitated wading through the river and carrying the bicycle. On reaching the level again he put his machine down in order to resume his boots and socks, and, feeling rather fatigued after his exertions, stayed for a brief rest. While enjoying the rest his attention was drawn by a troop of very fine sable—two magnificent bulls and three cows—making their way up from the other side of the river in the direction of a fringe of forest beyond. Feeling sufficiently refreshed, he picked up his machine preparatory to starting again for Gadzima, where he wished to reach before it became dark. The next moment Mr. Smith received a shock which he will not forget for many a long day. About fifty yards away and slightly to his right were three lions, so intent on stalking the sable that they were not looking in his direction.

It was an awkward position, to say the least, and for a brief space he stood like one petrified, but, although his limbs for a moment were numb, his mind was active enough. The largest of the three was a large black-maned lion, the second was a lioness, while the third was an almost full-grown cub. The latter was the first to observe Mr. Smith, and, uttering a low growl, made for the unhappy man, who, dropping his bicycle, stayed not on the order of his going, but went for a friendly tree at top speed. He had just time to notice that the parent lions had started in the wake of their young hopeful, the sight, as may be imagined, only serving to accelerate his pace. The tree was but a short distance away, but to the hunted it appeared a mile, expecting every second to be struck down. It was destitute of branches for about ten feet up, and how he managed to climb it at all will forever remain a mystery to him. Just as he thought himself safe, however, there was a terrific roar behind him, and he had an uncanny feeling that he was being dragged off the tree. The lion, outstripping his mate in the chase, had made his spring, missing his quarry by a few inches only. Even as it was, his huge claws tore away the greater part of Mr. Smith's trousers and inflicted several fairly deep scratches—a narrow escape, indeed. Exhausted and pant-

ing, trembling in every limb, with the perspiration streaming out of him, he managed to draw himself up into comparative security, and here for nearly an hour he remained in this dreadful position, while the baffled lion, now joined by the lioness, raged below, every now and again making frantic springs, when their fetid breath came so unpleasantly near as to almost bring on nausea.

At first Mr. Smith could not understand what had become of the young lion, which went for him first, and but for the fact that he was not in a position to appreciate the humor of the thing, he witnessed a sight which must have been comical in the extreme, though to it alone he is firmly convinced his life was due. It seems that Leo junior stopped half way to examine the bicycle, which had been flung down hastily, with the result that the front wheel was left revolving. This arrested the young lion's attention, and, like a child with a new toy, he turned aside to examine this curious phenomenon. Cautiously giving it a pat with one of his huge paws, which only made it go round faster, his wonder increased, and he sat down on his haunches regarding it with a puzzled air, and not for some time did he join the parent couple at the foot of the tree, but not until he had 'mouthed' the machine considerably and twisted the handlebar. During the tenure of his unpleasant perch Mr. Smith cast many wistful glances in the direction of his double-barrelled gun, which was strapped to his bicycle, but it might as well have been a hundred miles away. He cast his eyes about in order to discover some place of retreat so soon as the lions should retire, and, to his great joy, saw a hut some three hundred yards away. Just before dark his captors began to pay less attention to him, and, scenting the sable again in the vicinity by aid of a strong breeze, they left after about three-quarters of an hour, to the extreme relief of their unfortunate prisoner. After waiting for about half an hour, until everything was quiet, he cautiously descended, and, not daring to go back for his gun, fearfully made his way to the hut referred to, making quick sprints from tree to tree. There was no roof, and the hut was but a flimsy structure, but, after making the entrance as secure as possible, and kindling a big fire, he soon dropped off to sleep. At daybreak he was able to resume his journey, eventually reaching Gadzima and Salisbury little the worse, beyond a very natural nervous shock, for his thrilling experience.

DOING ONE'S BEST

The habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character. It affects one's bearing, one's self-possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity; he is not easily thrown off his balance; he has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face, because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy into everything; that he has had nothing to do with shams, and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, of being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency; the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give souls satisfaction which a half-hearted, slipshod worker never knows. When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done, and all his faculties say 'Amen', to what he is doing, and give their unqualified approval to his efforts—this is happiness, this is success. This buoyant sense of power spurs the faculties to their fullest development. It unfolds the mental, the moral, and the physical forces, and this very growth, the consciousness of an expanding mentality and of a broadening horizon, gives an added satisfaction beyond the power of words to describe.

WHAT HE WANTED

'What I want,' declared a gentleman to an applicant for a situation, 'is a man who can cook, drive a motor, and look after a pair of horses, clean boots and windows, feed the poultry and milk a cow, and do a bit of painting and paper-hanging.'

'What kind of soil 'ave you got 'ereabouts, sir?' asked the applicant.

'Soil! What's that got to do with it?'

'I thought perhaps if the soil was clay I could make bricks in my spare time.'

WHAT?

Little Tommy is for ever asking questions.

'You'd better keep still, or something will happen to you,' his tired mother finally told him one night. Curiosity once killed a cat, you know.'

Tommy was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: 'Say, mother, what was it the cat wanted to know?'