

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

SUPPOSE.

Suppose you keep a diary of the hurtful things you say
And the heedless deeds you're doing in the turmoil
of the day;

Suppose you keep a diary of the selfish things you do,
Don't you think that it would help to make a kinder
man of you?

Suppose some wintry evening when you're sitting all
alone,

You could read your careless speeches, and recall the
bitter tone

That had hurt a brother's feelings as the past came
in review,

Don't you think that it would help to make a gentler
man of you?

If you wrote down every meanness that in haste you're
guilty of,

Every little selfish action, every thoughtless kick and
shove

That you gave a slipping brother, as your tail you
you hurried through.

Don't you think that it would help to make a better
man of you?

TEDDY AND HIS POSTMAN FRIEND.

One morning, a few days before Christmas, Teddy
Andrews and Carroll Smith were playing in the street
in front of Carroll's house. They each had a roller
skate apiece, and by holding on to a broomstick each
boy was trying to skate on one foot.

It was lots of fun, and they were clear around the
block when Teddy saw some white papers in the grass
close to the sidewalk.

'Two letters and a little package!' he cried, pick-
ing them up. 'The postman must have dropped them
for they've got stamps on them and haven't been
opened.'

'Oh, that one's a Christmas gift! Quick, let's see
what's in it!' said Carroll, trying to take it out of his
hand.

'No, we daren't! 'Tisn't ours,' answered Teddy,
pulling back.

'It is ours if we find it, isn't it?'

'Not when we know it's the postman's. Which
way do you suppose he went?' Teddy ran down the
street as fast as he could go.

Now he wanted to see what was in that package
just as much as Carroll did, but he was an honest boy
and he knew it would not be right to open it.

By and by he caught up with the mail carrier, and
he cried, all out of breath, 'Wait, postman: you have
dropped something!'

When the carrier heard that he stopped quickly
and began looking at his bags running over with
bundles. Sure enough! there was one with a loose
string, and from it the letters were slipping out. He
looked almost scared as he asked, 'Where did you find
them?' Then he went back slowly over the block to
see if he had dropped any more, and Teddy helped;
but no more were found, and, thanking the boy, he
hurried on his round.

When Christmas morning came, Teddy found a
little box among the mail at his house with just his
first name on it. Inside there was some nice candy
and a little note which said, 'Merry Christmas to my
honest little friend. I might have lost my job if it
had not been for you.—Postman.'

WHAT THEY ARE.

'What,' inquired the Sunday school teacher of her
youthful pupils, 'what are divers diseases?'

Bashful or ignorant, the scholars clung tenaciously
to the doctrine that little boys should be seen and not
heard.

'Come,' pursued the teacher, 'can't any of you
tell me?'

Then Johnnie's arm shot up.

'Well?' asked the teacher.

'Please, Miss,' answered Johnnie, 'water on the
brain.'

FAMILY FUN

TRICKS, ILLUSIONS, AND INDOOR AMUSEMENTS.

(Special to the N.Z. TABLET by MAHATMA.)

A Balancing Feat.—A little juggling introduced
among some sleight-of-hand tricks almost invariably has
a good effect. Here is a little bit of pretended jugglery,
which may be worked as a clever 'sell' simply to raise a
laugh. The feat consists of balancing 'end on' a num-
ber of match-boxes (full or empty), and 'topping-off'
with some other article even more unmanageable, such
as a billiard ball or an egg. To appreciate the diffi-
culty of this just try it with eight empty match-boxes,
and you will be surprised how very unlikely you are
to succeed in it. The secret is, however, ludicrously
simple. The boxes are really placed in such a manner
that they cannot fall. In placing the first box in the
right hand you stand with the right side of your body
to the audience, so that the back of the hand masks the
bottom of the box. The next box is now built on the
first, end to end, and in seeming to adjust it carefully
on the lower one, the middle finger of the left
hand pushes the drawer down about one
and a half inches. This necessarily pushes out the
drawer in the bottom box to the same extent, but
the back of the right hand prevents the spectators see-
ing it. By the same ruse the rest of the boxes may be
balanced, and if any heavier object is balanced on
the top it rather makes the whole affair steadier than
anything else. In unbuilding the boxes, the left
hand should reach up to the topmost one—apparently
the object being to steady them—and at the same time
the right hand should exert pressure upon the drawer
protruding from the lowest box, and shut up all the
boxes in one motion, the left hand assisting in this by
pressing down upon the top box by way of resistance.
They may then be dropped all over the place to show
they are separate and not faked in any way. If the
sell is to be given away at the most critical moment
of the supposed balance a slight shake is given to the
whole erection, causing the affair to lean in a beautiful
curve over the performer's shoulder, in which condition
the structure may be carried from the platform.

The Spanish Prisoner. The performer needs for
this a small piece of paper and a box of matches. The
paper he rolls into a small ball, telling the company
that it represents a Spanish prisoner—a dangerous
prisoner, so dangerous that the authorities found it
necessary to enclose him in a cell with four strong walls.
He illustrates this by making a square with four
matches enclosing the pellet. Then he continues:
The prisoner, however, was so dangerous that this was
not sufficient, and it was necessary to have four warders
—one at each corner of the cell—to see that their
prisoner did not escape. The warders are then repre-
sented by four more matches placed one at each corner,
and the narrative continues: The four warders having
been on guard all day, it was necessary for their wives
to bring them food. The four wives are next repre-
sented by another four matches, one being placed beside
each warder. Once more the story goes on: The
wives, however, could not carry all the food, so they
had to bring four donkeys, laden with parcels. The
matches are again added, but this time only three, and
the performer pretends to continue, saying: Now we
have the prisoner, the four walls, the four warders, the
four wives, and the four donkeys. By this time one
of the onlookers is sure to have pointed out that there
are only three donkeys. The reply is 'The fourth place,
sir, is reserved for you.'