

The Family Circle

KETTLE TALK

'I don't feel well,' the kettle sighed, The pot responded, 'Eh? Then doubtless that's the reason, ma'am, You do not sing to-day. But what's amiss?' The kettle sobbed, 'Why, sir, you're surely blind, Or you'd have noticed that the cook Is shockingly unkind. I watched her make a cake just now— If I'd a pair of legs I'd run away!—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How she did beat the eggs. Nor was that all—remember, please— 'Tis truth I tell to you— For with my own eyes I saw Her stone the raisins, too! And afterward—a dreadful sight!— I felt inclined to scream!— The cruel creature took a fork And soundly whipped the cream! How can you wonder that my nerves Have rather given way? Although I'm at the boiling point I cannot sing to-day.'

HIS WORD

'The teacher asked Bob Warren only once,' the new boy reflected as he went home.

An offence had been committed at school, and the principal was making a searching inquiry. Some of the boys had been taken out for a lengthy interview, but they put only one question to Bob Warren: 'Do you know anything about it?' 'No,' Bob had answered, and no more had been said.

And the new boy knew just why. He, too, would have believed anything Bob said. 'That's a reputation worth having,' he said to himself very seriously.

A few days later the school was gathered for an evening jollification at the home of one of the class.

'Is that ten?' said Bob, as the clock struck. 'I must go.'

'Just one minute, Bob, till we finish this game,' they begged.

'I promised to start home at ten,' said Bob.

'But a minute won't make any difference.'

'Not much,' agreed Bob laughingly, but he was reaching for his cap.

Then came a jeer that hurts the average boy so. 'Before I'd be such a baby as to be tied down to going home at exactly ten! Did they send a nurse after you?'

Bob flushed, but he was a boy not easily ruffled. 'I'll go and see,' he said, and with a smiling 'good night,' he was gone.

Bob Warren valued his word too highly to sacrifice even a five-minute fraction of it. He valued it so much that the jeer that wounded his boyish dignity could not move him. And at this time, when he was fifteen, he had so long honored his word that it was a matter of instinctive habit with him. It would have taken a decided wrench for him to do anything different.

And—though very likely he didn't realise this—he was building up the most valuable capital with which to start out in his life's work. The habit of absolute truthfulness is worth more than a great fortune of money, than much knowledge, than influential friends.

And only one person can give you this great gift.

THE ASSISTANT TYPEWRITER

The office-boy looked over his book at the typewriter with an ambitious glance. How fast her fingers flew over the keys! What wouldn't he give if he were as beautiful and accomplished as she!

'Miss Garble!' shouted a voice from the inner room. 'Please come and take some letters.'

The young lady gathered her skirts together in a hurry and went into the inner room. The office-boy put his book down for a moment. Then, stealing cautiously to the door, he listened. She was safe in there for a quarter of an hour. Going to the typewriting machine, he sat down and quietly, very quietly, touched the keys. Then he raised the carriage. The result seemed gratifying, for he continued to place his fingers here and there without regard to spacing or capitals. The rustle of a dress made him start up and resume his accustomed seat. Miss Garble sailed in and sat down at the machine.

'Miss Garble!' Again did the young lady arise.

'I want you to take the letter you are writing to Brown and Robinson's as soon as you have finished it.'

'I have just done the letter, sir.'

'Well, sign it on the machine and take it down at once.'

Miss Garble sat down, put in 'Yours very truly, So-and-So and Co., per G,' addressed an envelope, folded the sheet of paper up without looking at it, and enclosed it. Then she went out.

An hour later Miss Garble returned with an answer from Brown and Robinson.

'Miss Garble!' again called the boss.

'Yes, sir.'

'Did you write this letter to Brown and Robinson?'

'Yes, sir.'

'At my dictation?'

'I did, sir.'

'Will you please look at it?'

Miss Garble took the letter and read:

Messrs Brown and Robinson,—Gentlemen—Will you kindly send us a cheque during the day for goods received, as we have to meet a heavy bill? I don't care for the b—oss, he's a lobster & I like Miss Garble she's a gem.—Yours very truly, So-and-So and Co. per G.

Miss Garble turned red. Then she glanced in the direction of William. Mr. So-and-So noticed her glance. William was engrossed in a book.

'William!' said a stern voice.

The boy slammed the book down and went into the inner room.

'Did you touch Miss Garble's typewriting machine this morning?'

William gasped for a reply.

'You asked me this morning,' went on the voice, 'if you could have the day off on account of death in the family. You can have the day off, William, and you need not return until every member of your family is dead and buried.'

FRIENDS

We should never let a friend go out of our lives if we can by any possibility help it. If slights are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them be quickly set to rights. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure lightly to be thrown away. And yet many people are not careful to retain friends. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies, and kindnesses which cost so little, and yet are hooks of steel to grapple and hold our friends. Some drop old friends for new ones. Some take offence easily at imagined slights, and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties. Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friends. Some are incapable of any deep or permanent affection, and fly from friendship to friendship, like birds from bough to bough, but make no rest for their hearts in any.

THE LAUGH CURE

Laughter induces a mental exhilaration.

The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only save you many a doctor's bill, but will also save you years of your life.

There is good philosophy as well as good health in the maxim, 'Laugh and grow fat.'

Laughter is a foe to pain and disease and a sure cure for the 'blues,' melancholy, and worry.

Laughter is contagious. Be cheerful and you make everybody around you happy, harmonious, and healthful.

Laughter and good cheer make love of life; and love of life is half of health.

Use laughter as a table sauce; it sets the organs to dancing, and thus stimulates the digestive process.

Laughter keeps the heart and face young and enhances physical beauty.

Laughter is nature's device for exercising the internal organs and giving us pleasure at the same time.

It sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth and glow to the whole system.

It expands the chest and forces the poisoned air from the least-used lung cell.

Perfect health, which may be destroyed by a piece of bad news, by grief, by anxiety, is often restored by a good, hearty laugh.

A jolly physician is often better than his pills.

THE MOVERS

There is a fine point to the story of the old Quaker and the 'movers.' Good old Broadbrim was one day driving to a distant town, and as he was jogging along quietly he met a man driving a van loaded with household effects. Greetings were exchanged in country fashion.

'I see thee is moving, friend,' said the Quaker.

'We had to,' replied the man, gruffly. 'We had to get out of the neighborhood. Such a contemptible meanness as we found in that place could not be matched in the world.'

'Friend,' commented the old man gravely, 'thee will find the same wherever thee is going.'

A little farther up the road he met another man, also a 'mover,' driving his load of furniture.

'Thee is moving, friend?' again the Quaker observed.