

The Family Circle

A RIDDLE IN VALUES

The river said: 'While I lie in my bed
I run and I dance and I sparkle bright;
And, though my mouth is far from my head,
I sing a sweet song by day and by night.
A deposit is mine, and two banks also;
I make the fields rich, but I'm poor as a crow.'
The tree, smiling, said: 'I stand straight through each
fall.
I leaf, yet I'm here, and my trunk ne'er goes;
A bark I have, but I never can call;
I have arms, but no hands, and a foot, but no toes.
My brains are of wood, and my leaves are thick,
Yet I'd suffer quite keenly if touched to the quick.'
The clock then ticked: 'Unto all it is plain,
Though no one can see it, I've got a good head;
I've wheels, 'tis true, but I'm perfectly sane;
I never look blue, though I'm quite often read.
I have no moral sense, but I'm ever right,
I own not a tongue, but I speak day and night.'

FAULT-FINDING GIRLS

Have you ever heard a group of girls discussing a newcomer in the office or shop? The chances are they pick out every possible flaw in looks and dress and manner. It would have been just as easy, and far better for the future characters of the critics, to have been on the lookout for good points. Most people have more virtues than faults if only we weren't most of us so blinded by old critical habits that we can't see them. Some time, when you find yourself seeing the shortcomings of relatives and friends, stop short and ask yourself if you haven't ways of your own which are just as open to criticism. It is most unfair to criticise other people's actions unless you know all the circumstances. The chances are if you were in their places you would do no better.

The habit of finding fault with places and things, which most girls have, ought to be nipped in the bud. One girl can ruin the pleasure of a whole party just by pointing out the flaws everywhere. What if things aren't just to your liking? You won't make them a particle better by calling attention to them, and you will make others uncomfortable by doing so. Train yourself to see the bright side and to make the best of things. If you can't get a rosy view keep quiet. And don't always have a 'but' in your pleasures. Get all the small joys you can as you go along. Don't go side-stepping after the disagreeables. Some of them will come of course, but you needn't go to meet them. By learning to keep your eyes on the good and pleasant in people and situations, you will make it easier to grapple with the inevitable disagreeables.

A BOY'S CHANCES

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, who, twenty-five years ago, was a grocer's errand boy, and whose faithfulness recommended him to the higher employment which led to his present position on the heights of wealth and influence, gave a little talk to the boys of a trade school some time ago. Said he:—

'There were ten boys employed by a concern once, and one night the manager said to his subordinate: "Tell the boys they are to stay a little longer to-night—tell them they are to stay until 6 o'clock. Don't tell them why. Just tell them that and watch them." So this was done, and when 6 o'clock came around there was just one boy who was interested in his work and was not watching the clock to see what time it was. That boy was the one the manager wanted, and he was taken into the office. And as he continued to manifest the same interest in his work, he was promoted, until at last he got a very responsible place.

'Then there was another boy. He began carrying water, and he did it so much better than any other boy, seeing to it always that the men had good water, cool water, and plenty of it, that he attracted attention to himself. He was taken into the office, where he became in time superintendent and then general manager, and he is now the man that is at the head of the Carnegie Company, with thousands of men under him. As a boy he did more than the ordinary run of boys did, and so attracted attention; and that was the secret of his first step upward.

'I was in a bank down-town the other day when a newsboy came in and sold the banker a paper. After he had gone out the banker said to me: "For two years now that boy has been coming in here at the time I told him to come—2 o'clock. He does not come before two or after two, but at two precisely. He has sold me a paper every week-day in that way when I have been here without a break. He sells for just one cent., its price. He neither asks more nor seems to expect more. It is a cold commercial transaction. Now, a boy that will attend to

business in that way has got stuff in him. He doesn't know it yet, but I am going to put him in my bank, and you will see that he will be heard from.'

FIDO AND THE LADIES

Once upon a time a Paderewski recital was given in Symphony Hall, in Boston. The house was packed to the doors, mostly with women and young girls, all supposedly musical enough to sit through a programme of over two hours in length with both pleasure and profit to themselves.

A small girl, whose efforts on the piano were regarded by her admiring family as decidedly unusual, sat with her mother not more than ten rows back of the platform. For her the especial delight of the afternoon was that Paderewski was to play a certain little Chopin prelude which the small girl had herself studied and played assiduously.

She owned a Skye terrier which was not of a musical temperament. He would sit beside the piano stool while she practised and accompany her with a low, mournful growl. Of all her pieces the little prelude seemed to irritate him most. That may have been partly because she played it oftenest and loudest. Whenever he heard it, his soft, protesting growl turned to a howl of agony.

As the concert proceeded the small girl was greatly horrified at the remarks of two large, prosperously-dressed women beside her. They were evidently more interested in Paderewski's hair than in his hands; in his looks than in his music. They whispered through the numbers about their neighbors and their hats, but brought themselves up every little while to murmur: 'Oh, how beautiful!' when the audience applauded.

Fortunately, they kept still while the longed-for prelude was given. The small girl scarcely breathed. It was so wonderful to hear the very same notes that she played.

At the end the clapping was tumultuous, and Paderewski repeated the piece. That was the most wonderful thing of all, and the small girl sat as if entranced. As the last note sang its way into the stillness of the great hall, the woman next to the little girl turned briskly to her companion.

'Well,' she said, 'I liked that better than the last piece, if they did applaud the other one so tremendously.'

The other woman was studying her programme. The next thing to the prelude was a set of Brahms' Variations.

'Yes,' she said with satisfaction, 'I always like variations better than I do preludes, anyway.'

'Mamma,' said the small girl, leaning over in huge disgust, 'Fido would have known it was the prelude both times!'

THE CULPRIT

The examiner wished to get the children to express moral reprobation of lazy people, and he led up to it by asking who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return?

For some time there was silence, but at last one little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own experiences, exclaimed, with a good deal of confidence:

'Please, sir, it's the baby.'

FORGOTTEN SOMETHING

One night while the cadets were in camp the captain was showing some novices how to wrap themselves up in their blankets so as to obtain the best possible comfort. He took great care in giving the instruction and seeing it carried out, and was about to leave them lying very cosy when an old farmer, who had watched the proceedings and did not believe in coddling boys, called out to him: 'Hey, mister, ye've forgot something.' 'Forgot something?' 'What have I forgotten?' asked the captain. 'You've forgotten to kiss them,' came the reply.

AN EASTER INCIDENT

It was in the year 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were passing over the continent of Europe and conquering all that came in their way.

It was Easter morning, and the sun shone brightly in Feldkirch, a little town situated on the Ill river, just within the borders of Austria. The Ill flows into the Rhine.

Quite early on this morning there suddenly appeared on the heights above the town to the west the glittering weapons of 18,000 French soldiers, the division under the command of General Massena.

There was a hasty assembling of the town council, and it was decided that a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and a petition for mercy.

In the midst of all the confusion of the hurrying to and fro and the anxious consultation the old dean of the church stood up serene as was the morning, with no thought of fear in his brave Christian heart.