

The Family Circle

STAND UP STRAIGHT

There's the finest little motto
For the boy who wants to win,
For the boy who's fighting bravely
In the war 'gainst wrong and sin;
'Tis a motto for the bravest,
And will conquer sure as fate;
It will give your arm new vigor,
Try the motto, 'Stand up straight.'

Hold your head up; look the fellows
In the eye with honest glance;
Thoughts and words and deeds straightforward
Better are than shield and lance.
In the years that stretch before you,
There for you all good things wait,
If in mind and heart and practice,
Yours the motto, 'Stand up straight.'

LITTLE 'DUTCHY'

He was not a Dutchman at all, for he had never seen the country of the Netherlands. And anybody who knows anything about it will tell you that a true Dutchman must be born in Holland, and that to be born in Germany no more makes one a Dutchman than to be born in Ireland makes one a Frenchman.

However, his name was Hermann—a little fair-skinned, white-haired boy with a wide mouth, blue eyes, high forehead and features that betrayed a German ancestor, dressed, moreover, in a style that gave him the appearance of being a little old man rather than a young boy; with a flat green cap, a short blue jacket, a long black vest, and wide, shapeless trousers. And they called him 'The Little Dutchman.'

Being at once the youngest and the smallest in the office, diffident and yielding, a stranger to that independent self-assertion which is generally born in an American boy, it is not strange that he was the office drudge and an object of amusement and derision.

It mattered very little that he was willing and obliging—was he not a Dutchman?

So thought the boys whom an accident of birth had denied a native accent, as they laughed immoderately at his broken English.

Now, it happened one day that Hermann, busily engaged in filing away letters near the door of the manager's room, overheard this conversation:

'Mr. Rule,' said the manager.

'Sir?' answered the clerk.

'Here is a telegram that must go at once. See that it is copied and taken to the office without delay.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Be sure that it goes promptly; it is very important.'

'It shall be sent immediately, sir.'

But far be it from the dignity of a chief clerk to perform the service of this kind when there are inferiors to be commanded.

Glancing around, his eye fell upon an inspiring youth who was bending his whole energies of mighty talents to the execution of a comic picture upon a piece of blotting-paper.

'Here, Chester,' exclaimed the chief, in a peremptory tone, 'copy this telegram and send it right away. Don't wait a minute.'

Thus abruptly disturbed in his absorbing occupation, the aspiring youth took the piece of paper with a fiery impulse to throw it back to the chief clerk's face, but, thinking better of it, he sullenly arose and proceeded to take an impression from it in a copy-book with an iron press.

While slowly and unwillingly performing his duty, another and a younger boy, returning from an errand, came near.

'Here, Tom,' said the aspiring youth in his turn, 'take this telegram to the office.'

'Why don't you take it yourself?' returned Tom.

'Because I'm busy. Hurry up, now; there's no time to lose.'

Not less did the younger boy resent the elder's swaggering assumption of authority than had the elder that of the chief clerk. Wherefore he deliberately took off his hat, sat down before his desk, and coolly said:

'Who was your servant last year?'

The chief clerk had already returned to his desk at the other end of the office, and paid no attention to this interesting conversation. But the aspiring youth, still rankling with the thought of the superior manner in which the chief clerk had addressed him, and still further enraged to see that his own authority was not respected, slapped the telegram down on the desk before the other boy and exclaimed:

'You'll take that to the office or I'll know the reason why.'

'You were told to take it and you'd better do it,' retorted the younger boy.

'Well, I've got something else to do' (the tail of the monkey in the comic picture was not finished) 'and I tell you to do it.'

At this moment the clock struck twelve. Work stopped as if by magic. Office boys and clerks disappeared as if drawn by a magnet—the magnet of dinner.

Even the chief clerk vanished, and the disputants, without coming to any definite conclusion, passed out together, wrangling as they went, and left the important message on the desk.

And there Hermann, a few moments afterwards, found it.

He was too ignorant—'green' the boys would have said—to carry the message to the manager, who was still in his private office, and doubtless supposed that the telegram had been sent long ago; he was too conscientious to ignore it. Had he not heard the manager order it to be sent immediately, as it was important? And as it was left (as he presumed by accident, for he had not heard the recent debate), was it not his duty to take the message to the office.

He did not stop to think about it, but ran with it to the office of the telegraph company, after which he went back to his frugal meal; and when the meal was finished and the noon hour was over he was sent out upon another errand.

Meanwhile the other boys, whose guilty consciences had made them miserable, were quietly and anxiously hunting for the missing telegram, an uneasiness that was not rendered lighter by the voice of the manager asking:

'Mr. Rule, did you send that telegram?'

'Oh, yes,' replied Mr. Rule with alacrity. 'Chester copied it at once.'

'Chester,' continued the manager, 'did you take that telegram to the office?'

Chester approached with a shame-faced air.

'I—I copied it.'

'I asked whether you took it to the office?'

'No—No, sir.'

'Why not?'

'I—I told Tom to do it.'

The manager's anger was rapidly rising.

'Tom!'

'Sir?' Slowly.

'Did you send that message?'

'No—sir,' more slowly still.

'What did you do with it?'

'I—left—it—on—the—desk,' very slowly indeed.

Never before had the office seen the manager in such a temper. Even the chief clerk received such a dressing down as he had never had before, and as for the boys, they were completely overwhelmed.

While he was in the midst of this indignant censure the little messenger returned.

He stood for a moment irresolute, frightened by this exhibition of the manager's anger. But, catching the meaning of it, he came forward and told the manager what he had done.

'Do you mean to say that you found the message and took it to the office yourself?' inquired the astonished manager.

'Yes, sir.'

'And why did you do it?'

'I did think it was right. I heard you tell Mr. Rule to gorry un' send it right away, un' I did it.'

'Without anybody telling you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'My boy,' said the grateful manager, 'you have saved us perhaps a thousand dollars. A boy who will do his duty whether anyone tells him or not will be a worthy man some day, if he lives. I will see that you are properly rewarded for your faithfulness. As for these,' pointing to the two crestfallen lads, 'if they are ever again guilty of such stupidity, obstinacy, and neglect, it will be the last time here; they will be discharged.'

Thus brought to the manager's notice, Hermann rapidly advanced from one position to another. He soon began to improve both in attire and in language.

More and more responsibility was placed upon him. His thorough honesty, industry, and willingness, and interest in the business commended him to his employers' favor and made him valuable to them. Until at last Hermann, the 'Little Dutchman,' outclassed all the other clerks and became manager himself.—*New World*.

FORGET IT

There are thousands of things in life which were better forgotten than remembered. There is nothing to be gained by cherishing a spirit of hatred—it is worse than un-Christian, it is foolishness. There is nothing in remembrances for the purpose of retaliation except harm to the one so doing. It has been well said that revenge doubles a grievance—it spreads ill will. The mean man has no power to hurt you by despicable conduct, and there is no better way of curing him than to let him see and feel that in his demeanor he is injuring himself more than any one else.