

The Family Circle

WHERE THE SMILES ARE KEPT

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
'Twould open I know for me.
Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would gather them every one
From nursery, school, and street.
Then folding and holding I'd pack them in
And turn the monster key;
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

AN UNRECOGNISED HEROINE

Ethel—very tall, very slender, with beautiful blue eyes—sighed wearily. She leaned her head against the back of the most comfortable chair in the room, raised her arms and rested her hands on her head, and crossed her pretty slippered feet on the hassock. There can be no doubt she was comfortable, according to a contributor to a Chicago journal.

Ethel liked to be comfortable. With her agreed Bess, who had the loveliest brown eyes in the world. Both liked to be comfortable—and so did their brother Harold, who is noted for a certain immaculateness in the details of his apparel.

'A cup of tea would be refreshing, right now,' remarked Ethel, with a note of languor in her tone. 'I haven't been doing a blessed thing but look over my ribbons and laces. But just the same, I'm tired as can be.'

Then Bess, with the loveliest brown eyes, nodded approvingly and said:

'Wouldn't it go to the right spot? I'm sure Dorcas won't mind brewing a pot—she brews such delicious tea.'

'Would you mind, Dorcas?' Ethel asked languidly.

Dorcas, which is not the true name of the other girl, but which becomes her plain and honest little face, rose and tossed a pair of Harold's cuffs she had been repairing on the table.

'No, I don't mind,' she replied. 'Will you have the tea served here? And will you have crackers or cake?'

The restful pair quickly made the unanimous decision that the tea should be served 'here,' in the cozy library—it was so much less trouble for them to have a small table jostled up beside them than to gather up their skirts, spoil their attitude of repose, and take a walk into the dining-room.

As soon as Dorcas was out of the room Bess said, 'What should we do without Dorcas?'

'Do without Dorcas?' echoed Ethel, in mimic tragedy tones. 'I shudder to think. Without Dorcas you and I would have to wait on ourselves.'

'Imagine it!' said Bess.

'I can't,' Ethel frankly replied. 'Probably we are lazy, you and I. Somehow, doing things doesn't seem to trouble Dorcas. She doesn't mind. It seems perfectly natural to her.'

'Well, I'm not built that way,' said Bess, laughing lightly. 'I've got to be waited upon. If I do things for myself I'm frazzled out and don't enjoy them.'

'Me, too,' said Ethel.

Then both comfortably waited for Dorcas' appearance with the tray of refreshments.

Of course the tall, slim girl and the other one with the lovely brown eyes had their refreshing tea, and Dorcas, a smile on her plain, honest face, joined her sisters over the teacups.

One wonders if this little incident is not typical of what is happening in many other households, where

a Dorcas with a 'plain, honest face,' gives patient service to her more beautiful sisters and her exacting brother; a Dorcas who is supposed 'not to mind' services for every member of the family.

Undoubtedly she says she 'doesn't mind'—which is very pleasant for her sisters and brothers, since they 'mind' very much when there is any service to be done.

The general opinion of her kindred is that this gentle servitor never experiences a sense of aversion, never feels faint with the monotony of responding to calls, never yearns for relief in the turn of the lane that fetches up at being 'tended' instead of 'tending upon.'

But is it true that to the good and true Dorcas 'nothing at all matters' that savors of work and care? That she yearns to be the packhorse of the family?

THE RETORT ROYAL

In his article upon 'The Character of King George,' in the Coronation Souvenir number of *The Throne and Country* Mr. Fredrick Annesley gives a remarkable instance of the King's ready wit of an unusually dry order. Specimens of his prompt repartee have occasionally been chronicled in the Press, but here is an anecdote which has not hitherto been recorded in type. When King George arrived in Bombay in November, 1905, a large number of members of the Civil Service, the British and Indian regiments quartered in Bombay, and the Royal Indian Marine were presented to his Royal Highness. Amongst the number was a veteran of the Uncovenanted Service. The old fellow, in his starched white uniform, looked as dapper as the Admiral, so when he was presented the Prince smiled upon him, which emboldened the veteran to trot out his pet grievance on the spot.

'How d' you do?' said the Prince, as he shook hands with the greybeard.

'Very well, thank yer, yer rile 'ighness. I hope you're the same.'

'Yes, thanks,' said the Prince. 'I hear you've had fifty years in the East. I must say you don't look so bad on it.'

'Not me, yer rile 'ighness, I'm all right thank God, and very comfortable. Only, yer see, yer rile 'ighness, our position is a little bit invidious. We uncovenanted men aren't what we orter be. It's our wives as feels it. We are socially ostracised; we are cut off from communion with our fellow men and women; we are placed apart—'

'My good fellow,' promptly replied the Prince, 'shake hands once more. We are, indeed, brothers in distress!'

A SWEET VOICE

'O father, I wish I could sing! It is so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club to-day, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father, too. I'd give anything if I could, but there's no use wishing. There isn't any music in me.'

'Is that so,' asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. 'Well, perhaps you can't sing. But don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me, it is full of music.'

'Why, father, how can you say so?'

'Almost every evening,' answered the father, 'when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh, and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday, I heard that voice saying, "Don't cry, Buddie; sister'll mend it for you." Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week I heard it telling Mary, "I'm sorry your head aches. I'll do the dishes to-night." That is the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice!'

QUAKER 'HOWLERS'

Past and Present, the Friends' School Magazine, publishes some amusing blunders which have been noted in examinations at the society's schools. An undergraduate, many will be interested to learn on the authority of staid young students, is (1) a person not up to the mark; (2) a lower class of board school. Other