

## The Family Circle

### THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins is an average man,  
Not built on any particular plan;  
Not blest with any particular luck—  
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not 'guess,'  
He knows, and answers 'No' or 'Yes';  
When set a task that the rest can't do,  
He buckles down till he's put it through.

Three things he's learned—that the man who tries,  
Finds favor in his employer's eyes;  
That it pays to know more than one thing well;  
That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits, till one fine day,  
There's a better job with bigger pay;  
And the men who shirked whenever they could,  
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,  
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks;  
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes—  
The man who wins is the man who tries.

### SLANDEROUS AUNT MARTHA

Mrs. Tyson looked up as her youngest daughter re-entered the room after answering the bell. 'You were going to tell us, Dot, what Aunt Martha said.'

'Yes, I know. Well—'

'But first, who was at the door, Dotsy?' said Mildred from the couch, where she was nursing a headache.

'Just a foreign-looking fellow with a suit-case full of drawn work to sell. I don't suppose Aunt Martha realised how ungrateful it sounded, but—'

'There comes that plumber!' This from Jane, who had stationed herself by the window to watch for him, and she put down her sewing as she spoke. 'I'll have to go and show him about the faucet, but I'll be back in two minutes, Dot.'

'Your Aunt Martha was always plain-spoken,' Mrs. Tyson apologised, while they waited for Jane. When she returned Dot greeted her with, 'Well, Janey, good girl! You made short work of that plumber.'

'Because I was dying to know what dreadful thing Aunt Martha said.'

'Oh, it wasn't so dreadful, but—. The telephone! Sit still, Jane. I might as well go.'

A minute later she came back. 'Wrong number again! That's the third time this morning. I gave the operator a piece of my mind. Well, it was just before Aunt Martha left, after being entertained here for a whole week, too; and what should she do but volunteer the statement—'

'Here comes a special messenger up the steps,' announced Jane.

Dot whirled about in the doorway and disappeared. 'A note from daddy,' she reported; and Mrs. Tyson read aloud, 'Have to go to Hinsdale on the one-thirty train and be gone all night. Please toss the things I'll need into my bag and send it back double-quick by the boy.'

In a surprisingly short time the messenger had been despatched, and the members of the little group faced each other once more.

'I believe, Dot,' Jane suggested, with exaggerated politeness, 'that you were about to tell us something.'

'Oh, was I?' Dot treated herself to a grimace. 'Well, she said she'd had a good time, but was mighty glad to go back to the country, because we lived in such a rush here that you actually couldn't—. That's the back door-bell, as I'm alive! I suppose it's the buttermilk man, mother. Is his money downstairs?'

'Now!' Dot resumed breathlessly, dashing back

into the circle five minutes later. 'Before anything else happens! She said you actually couldn't get a chance in this house to finish a sentence, and horrid as I thought it was at the time, I declare I've made up my mind in the last half-hour that she had it exactly—. Hear that, will you? Ruthie's ring! She's home from school, and lunch isn't even started.'

### A GENTLE HINT

'When I was running a room of my own,' said a billiard player, 'the chalk disappeared at a tremendous rate, and I said to my helper: "Keep a better eye on the chalk, Jim. I'm no millionaire."'

"I know the gents wot pockets the chalk," Jim said, "but they're regular customers. I guess you wouldn't want me to offend 'em, would you?"

"Well, no," said I, "I wouldn't. You might give them a gentle hint, though. Use your diplomacy."

'Jim, I found out later, used his diplomacy that night. He walked up to one of my best patrons, who had just pocketed a piece of chalk, and he said:

"You're in the milk business, ain't you, sir?"

"Yes. Why?" the patron asked.

"I thought so," said Jim, "from the amount of chalk you carry away. The boss likes enterprise, and he told me to tell you that if you wanted a bucket of water now and then you could have one and welcome."

### A POSER

'You are the schpeaker?'

'Yes, sir, I am.'

'Vel, vot you schpeak about?'

'My subject, sir, is this: "That I never believe anything I do not understand."'

'Oh, my! Is that it? Vell now you shoost take von leettle example. There, you see that field—my pasture, over there. Now, my horse he eat the grass, und it come up hair all over he's pack. Then my sheep, he eats shoost the same grass und it grow wool all over him. And vot you think? My goose, he eats the grass too, and sure's I tell you, it comes all over him feathers. You understand dot, do you? Heigh!'

### A SLIGHT MISTAKE

The morning was an inauspicious one for the new barber, for he had just started business. But he was full of hope, and as he industriously scraped away at his customer he made the usual inquiry:

'Razor all right, sir?'

'My good man,' said the customer, 'if you hadn't mentioned it I should never have known there was a razor on my face.'

The tonsorial artist smiled delightedly. Here was a good omen indeed.

'Thank you, sir,' he said.

'No,' added the customer reflectively. 'I should have thought you were using a file.'

### THE GRUMBLER SILENCED

An American millionaire had an only daughter who was married. The father was weary of the complaints of his son-in-law in regard to the shortcomings of his wife. According to the young man, she was extravagant, ill-tempered, untidy, and, in fact, everything which a wife should not be. The father-in-law was determined to put a stop to the complaints, but he proceeded in a most diplomatic manner. 'Now,' said he to his son-in-law, 'you tell Marie from me that if I hear another word of complaint against her I will disinherit her.' This, at all events, is what we read in an American contemporary, and we can quite understand that hereafter the young lady became a model wife.

### THE LONGEST WORD

'What is the longest word in the English language?' asked Uncle Tom.