

The Family Circle

SOME TRUE MAXIMS

A resolution put in use
Is better than a good excuse.

It does not prove that you are right
To best your neighbor in a fight.

If you must cheat to win a game,
Stop playing ere you come to shame.

Men who perform the greatest feats
Look plain and common on the streets.

'Tis better far to try and fail
Than just to sit around and wail.

Don't scorn the poor man whom you meet;
To-morrow he may own your street.

You have no right to ask of Jim
A favor you'd not do for him.

Just when they think they know it all,
Wise men, like aviators, fall.

Live each day so none need weep
O'er your misdeeds the while you sleep.

THE WAY TO WIN

George had been working hard all the evening over the twentieth chapter of the first book of Caesar. At length he closed the book with a slam. 'I think I won't go to college, after all,' he said to his family.

'Why not?' asked his father, in surprise, for the great ambition of George's life had always been to go to college.

'Because the entrance examinations are so hard,' said George. 'I'd have to work and worry all this year to pass my preliminaries and then go at it again harder than ever for the finals. It's no joke!'

'That's true,' said the father, gravely, 'it isn't a joke. What will you do instead?'

'Oh, go to work somewhere,' George answered easily, as visions of money in his pocket on Saturday nights and care-free evenings without lessons rose up before him.

'Let's see,' replied his father. 'That means getting up an hour earlier every day than you get up now. It means starting in as an errand boy on a par with the boy who was blacking boots last week. It means no more afternoons to play in, except perhaps, on Saturdays in the summer. It means doing exactly as you are told all day long, or else hunting for a new job. It means staying an errand boy or a porter; or perhaps a clerk at ten dollars a week, unless you work harder than you ever had to work at school. No one makes any advance in business without hard work.'

George sighed dismally. 'It's work, work, everywhere, and I hate to work!' he said.

His father turned upon him sharply. 'If you forget everything else I have ever told you,' he said, 'at least remember what I tell you now: The man who hates work goes through life with a ball and chain dragging after him. He has a curse upon him that blasts his life. The hobo and tramps are haters of work. Sneak-thieves and thugs and worse are haters of work. So are most of the men at the bottom of the industrial scale. They hated work, and dodged it, and slighted what they had to do, and did just enough to hold their jobs, and they stay at the bottom, hating work still!'

Suddenly his father's tone changed. 'When we saw the football game at Cambridge last year,' he asked, 'do you remember the inscription on the Stadium, "Dedicated to the joy of manly contest?" Learn that "joy of manly contest" with hard work, my boy!'

'Don't run away from work, George! Don't be afraid of it! Meet it bravely, with the joy of manly contest in your heart, and day by day you will begin to find the struggle good, and out of it will come one of the supremely great and enjoyable things of life!'

George sat quiet for a time. Then his jaw closed with a snap. 'I'm going to begin right now,' he said, 'and I'm going to know what this chapter's about.'

THE MONKEY AND THE SUGAR

I remember once in India giving a tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind, and it nearly killed him. Sometimes, in an impulse of disgust, he would throw the bottle away out of his own reach, and then be distracted until it was given back to him. At other times he would sit with a countenance of the most intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling himself together for another effort at solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh, and gaze into the bottle. He would tilt it up one way and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it, try to catch it as it fell out at the bottom.

Under the impression that he could capture the sugar by surprise, he kept rasping his teeth against the glass in futile bites, and, warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump, used to tie himself into regular knots round the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar containing bananas falling from the table with a crash and the fruit rolling about in all directions. His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe, and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humbolt. Lifting the bottle high in his claws, he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth, and munched it with much satisfaction.

A MARCONI INCIDENT

Mr. George R. Sims tells of a Marconi incident in the *Referee*, for the truth of which he vouches. When the Marconi Inquiry was at its fiercest a distinguished Radical journalist gave a little dinner at a restaurant, and his principal guests were Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs. 'Just as everybody was happy and gay,' says Mr. Sims, 'a gentleman at a table in the same room called out "Marconi!" The two Ministers started. A shade of annoyance crept over their always expressive features, and the Radical journalist glared angrily in the direction of the offending stranger. But it was a perfectly innocent remark. One of the head waiters who was attending on the two Cabinet Ministers was named Marconi, and the gentleman, an old client of the house, wanted him. That was all.'

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

At night the weary doctor sat down and noted as usual in his diary the condition of his patients:—

The ragman—Picking up.
The dentist—May pull through.
The painter—More bad signs.
The miser—Barely living.
The major—Rallying.
The actor—On the last stage.
The cobbler—Mending.
The banker—Failing.
The bootmaker—Will not last long.
The barber—Saved by a close shave.
The pugilist—Striking improvement.

THE END OF THE STORY

From Germany comes this story about a novelist and an editor. The editor had ordered a story of a

Wm. INGS

DENTIST, 6 OCTAGON, DUNEDIN.

'PHONE 1807.

Less Pain, Best Attention, Moderate Fees.