

# The Family Circle

## THE YEARS.

You are growing so fast, little girl of mine,  
And you tell me you want to grow;  
But the years, you'll find, have a way un-  
kind,  
And they take as well as bestow.  
They give you fruits from the Knowledge  
tree,  
And a woman's grace and charm;  
But you lose your seat on your Daddy's knee,  
And your Mother's sheltering arm.

You are getting so tall, little girl of mine,  
And you're proud of the fact, I know;  
But the things you gain will be half in vain,  
So much that is fair must go.  
And the wisdom and stature may pleasant be,  
But the thorn their bloom that harms,  
May lie in the loss of your Daddy's knee  
And your Mother's sheltering arms.

You are child no more, little girl of mine,  
And the years have changed you so;  
And my heart is sad, though it should be  
glad,  
With a grief you cannot know.  
For one shall woo you away from me,  
Allured by your maiden charms,  
And lonely will be your Daddy's knee  
And your Mother's sheltering arms.

—LACIA MITCHELL.



## DAD TAKES A HAND

### A SIMPLE MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Home lessons have had a good deal said for and against them, but, apart from their educational advantages or drawbacks, it never occurred to me that they could be invested with a humorous aspect which would make them richly precious, were it not for a story I heard related recently of a little girl who took a sum home and, unable to solve the problem, appealed to her father for assistance.

After vainly trying to help her young daughter, the mother said: "John, dear, would you mind seeing if you can work out this problem. I've tried and tried, but it won't come right."

John laid down his paper and smoothed a place on the library table. Mrs. John brought in a well-thumbed arithmetic, an exercise-book in which were many leaves covered with figures, and a pencil. The school-girl followed with firm confidence in her father's ability to make all hidden things clear.

John read the problem: "If a lion can eat a cow in four hours, and a bear can eat the same cow in six hours, and a tiger can eat the cow in eight hours, and a wolf can eat the cow in eleven hours, how long will it take the wolf to eat what is left of the cow after the lion has been eating for two hours, the bear an hour and twenty minutes, and the tiger three-quarters of an hour?"

"Oh, it is a ridiculous thing, anyway," said John; "but I'll do it in a jiffy. Why don't they give children sums these days with some sense in them. When I was young we had to find out how many cubic feet of

wood there were in a pile of a certain size, and how much a stone wall of a certain size would cost at so much a foot, and other things of some practical value. But this is bringing the whole Zoo into one's house, with tigers, bears, wolves, lions, cows."

John's snort of contemptuous indignation could be heard all over the house.

"I tried to work out the size of the cow, because all cows are not the same size," said Mrs. John, humbly, "but I am afraid mathematics are a little out of my line now. I'm horribly rusty, though one time I loved problems in arithmetic."

"But the size of the cow has nothing to do with it," said John, jutting out his chin in a very characteristic manner. "It is plainly stated here that the lion can eat the cow in four hours. The size of the cow doesn't matter any more than its color. Now here is a cow," and he laid a pencil down on the library table, while his young daughter gazed at him with round eyes of admiration. "Now first we'll put down sixty and multiply it by four."

"What do you want to multiply sixty by four for?" said Mrs. John. "It doesn't say anything about sixty in the example."

"I know it doesn't," he said testily, "but we have to reduce the whole thing to minutes before we get at the real basis of the arithmetical question."

"How can you reduce the cow to minutes?" chirped in Kathleen.

"Kathleen," admonished her father, "you had better keep quiet if you want this example worked. Now," he continued with dignity, "having reduced the four hours to minutes, we put down 240 minutes as a basis to work upon. Now, if a lion can eat a cow in 240 minutes, in two hours, which would be 120 minutes, he would eat half the cow, and now we come to the bear."

"Our teacher worked it in her head," observed his daughter, "but she didn't use any minutes. She just set to work and worked it, but I forget how she did it."

"It does not make any difference what your teacher did," said her father pompously. "The only way to work this problem is to get at the bottom of it, and that's minutes. Teachers are very wise, but they don't know everything. Now there is half a cow left for the bear. The bear eats in an hour and twenty minutes, which is 80 minutes. To eat his half of the cow would take 180 minutes, so we put down the fraction eighty one-hundred-and-eightieths. Then we go on to the tiger."

"What is the eighty one-hundred-and-eightieths for?" asked Mrs. John anxiously, whilst Kathleen chirped in again to say that her teacher had never once used those figures.

"Don't get ahead of the figures," said John peevishly. "You wait till it all comes right. The tiger can eat the cow in eight hours, which is 480 minutes. He begins where the bear left off, and eats for three-quarters of an hour, which is 45 minutes. So we put down forty-five four-hundred-and-eightieths here, and go on to the wolf."

"But how much of the cow is left for the wolf?" asked Mrs. John.

"You are always in too much of a hurry except when you are dressing," observed her husband. "I've worked these problems before, and I know exactly how to go about it. Where were we? Oh, yes, at the wolf. He eats the cow in eleven hours, which is 660 minutes."

"But," said Mrs. John, "he has only to finish the remains." "Our teacher never used any minutes at all," observed Kathleen again, "she said we should do it in our heads."

"If I'm going to do this sum," said her father with some warmth, "I'm going to do it my way, and if you don't want it done my way, why, do it your way and I'll go back to my paper. I'm not doing the thing for amusement, for I've had a hard day's work and I'm tired. But I'm willing to do it for you if I'm allowed to do it the right way. I've worked these examples before your teacher was born. The trouble is that you talked so much, the both of you, that I forgot to find out how much of the cow was left when the bear got through. Now, where is that sheet of paper with the bear's eating time on it?"

"I wouldn't work at it any longer," said his wife after seeing her daughter to bed. "You're tired, and it's not important. You'd better read your paper."

But John's blood was up dealing with these carnivorous animals. "I'm going to finish it if it takes me the whole night. If you didn't want me to finish it, you had no business to start me on it." Mrs. John went to bed and at twelve-thirty her husband's entry aroused her. "Did you work it, John?" she asked sleepily. "Certainly," he said. "It was as simple as clockwork. The wolf never got near the cow at all. How could he, with a lion and a bear and a tiger standing around? And they talk of modern methods!"—*Loreto House, Catholic Herald of India.*



## ROSARY TIME IN IRELAND.

'Tis Rosary time in Ireland,  
And looking across the years,  
A picture unfolds before me—  
'Tis dimmed with a mist of tears;  
For sure it lacks gorgeous setting,  
No wealth of color it boasts,  
But Rosary time in Ireland  
Is envied by angel hosts.

Ah, never was rank, or station,  
Or fame of glorious deeds,  
As dear as this scene in Ireland,  
When mother took down the beads;  
And readily would I barter  
The trophies the years have won,  
To kneel by that hallowed fireside  
When the day's rough task is done.

I care not for stately temples—  
Or glamor for service grand;  
I'd rather one prayer in Ireland,  
For isn't it God's own land?  
The smell of the turf for incense,  
And Love for the sacred light—  
Ah, Rosary time in Ireland,  
My heart is with you to-night.  
—From *At the Gate of the Temple*, by  
REV. D. A. CASEY.

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