

The Family Circle

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

You are going to do great things, you say—
But what have you done?
You are going to win in a splendid way,
As others have won;
You have plans that when they are put in force
Will make you sublime;
You have mapped out a glorious upward course—
But why don't you climb?

You're not quite ready to start, you say;
If you hope to win,
The time to be starting is now—to-day—
Don't dally, begin!
No man has ever been ready as yet,
Nor ever will be;
You may fall ere you reach where your hopes are set—
But try it and see.

You are going to do great things you say,
You have splendid plans;
Your dreams are of heights that are far away—
They're a hopeful man's;
But the world, when it judges the case for you,
At the end, my son,
Will think not of what you were going to do,
But of what you've done.

BOYS THAT SUCCEED.

"A new boy came into our office to-day," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife.

"Because the very first thing that he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will yet change your mind about him."

"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I do not think so."

Three days later the business man said to his wife: "About that boy you remember I mentioned two or three days ago. Well, he is the best boy who ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began to work he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned to him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me and said: 'Mr. —, I have finished all the work. Now what can I do?'"

"I was a little surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question: 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned to him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."

PRECEPTS FOR BOYS.

A very successful teacher of boys gave six "re-members" to his pupils:

First—That a quiet voice, courtesy, and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.

Second—That roughness, blustering, and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

Third—That muscular strength is not health.

Fourth—That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

Fifth—That the labor impossible to the boy of 14 will be easy to the man of 20.

Sixth—That the best capital for a boy is not money, but a love for work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.

DEFINITIONS OF "HOME."

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human back finds shelter in the time of storm.

Home is the blossom of which Heaven is the fruit.

Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance and which is ruled by justice, mercy, and love.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

The best place for a married man after business hours.

Home is the cosiest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and our deepest sorrows.

The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

PROOF READING.

The proof reader often has to make corrections of a mechanical kind, in all but the very best of copy. (says *Printers' Exchange*). Sometimes, however, he trips up. The following instance, which is absolutely authentic, is probably the worst in history, because it not only changed the meaning of the sentence in which it stood, but of the entire article in which it appeared.

Rev. Washington Gladden, several years ago wrote an article in one of our most firstly first-class magazines, "Nameless here Forevermore!" in an effort to reconcile certain differences between the Catholic Church and the Protestants. It was a very delicate subject, and was treated with the greatest care. In conclusion, Dr. Gladden wrote somewhat as follows:

"It is hoped the preceding irenical remarks will serve to somewhat clear the situation."

The proof reader changed "irenical" to "ironical," and so it appeared in the magazine. The unfortunate result of this change can be better imagined than described.

RULES FOR PEDESTRIANS.

The Assistant-Secretary of State for Oregon, U.S.A., received the following from some wag, who suggested that it be enacted into law:—

Pedestrians crossing streets at night shall wear a white light in front and a red light in the rear.

Before turning to the right or left, they shall give three short blasts on a horn at least three inches in diameter.

When an inexperienced automobile driver is made nervous by a pedestrian, he shall indicate the same, and the pedestrian shall hide behind a tree until the automobile has passed.

Pedestrians shall not carry in their pockets any sharp instrument which may cut automobile tyres.

In dodging automobiles, pedestrians shall not run more than seven miles an hour.

Pedestrians must register at the beginning of each year and pay a license fee of five dollars for the privilege of living. There shall be no rebate if they do not live the entire year.

Each pedestrian before receiving his license to walk upon the streets must demonstrate before an examining board his skill in dodging, leaping, crawling, and extricating himself from machinery.