

The Family Circle

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

When Fortune smiles and looks serene,
'Tis 'Pray, sir, how d'ye do?
Your family are well I hope?
Can I serve them or you?
But if perchance her scale should turn,
And with it change your plight,
'Tis then, 'I'm sorry for your fate,
But times are hard. Good-night!

HOW FRANK WON

A prize, to be used for educational purposes was offered in a school for boys. Among the contestants was a boy of seventeen named Frank Harlow. He did not succeed in winning the prize, and a day or two later, one of his schoolmates, named Harry Marks, said to him, 'Didn't get the prize, did you, Frank?'

'No, I did not,' replied Frank, cheerfully. 'Feel kind o' cut up over it, don't you?'
'No; not particularly.'
'Well, I'd hate to make as hard a fight as you made to win that prize, and then fail.'

'I don't think I have failed, Harry.'
'Well, I'd like to know why you haven't failed! Didn't George Dayton win the prize?'

'Yes, I know he won the money, but I won just as much as George in that which comes from hard study. But you know, Harry, if you will excuse me for saying it, your failure has been most marked.'

'My failure! Why, what do you mean? I didn't go in for the prize at all. I made no attempt to win it.'

'I know it,' replied Frank; and then he added: 'They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.'

'Oh, I see what you mean,' said Harry, rather soberly. 'I suppose that there is something in that.'

'There is a good deal in it,' replied Frank. 'It is so true that not one of the eighteen boys who competed for the prize may be said to have failed. All of us won the prize that comes from honest effort, and it was a pretty big prize for most of us. I thought at first that I would not compete for the prize, for I felt confident that some of the other boys were so much further advanced than I was that I had very little chance of winning in the contest. But one day I came across this verse—'

'Straight from the mighty bow this truth is driven:
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.'

'That's a fact, I said to myself, and I went straight to work and did my very best.'

'You stood next to George Dayton at the examination, too,' said Harry. 'No, Frank, you did not fail, after all.'

Harry was right. How could Frank fail to be a winner, after the honest effort he had put forth?

SELF-CONTROL

In some people passion and emotion are never checked, but allowed to burst out into a blaze whenever they come. Others suppress them by main force, and preserve a callous exterior when there are raging fires within. Others are never excited over anything. Some govern themselves on some subjects, but not on others. Very much can be done by culture to give the will control over the feelings. One of the very best means of culture is the persistent withdrawing of the mind from the subject which produces the emotion and concentrating it elsewhere. The man or woman who persistently permits the mind to dwell on disagreeable themes only spites himself or herself. Children, of course, have less self-control, and so parents and teachers must help them to turn their attention from that which excites them to something else; but adults, when they act like children, ought to be ashamed of themselves. The value of self-control as a hygienic agent is very great. It prevents the great waste of vitality in feeling, emotion, and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than allow them a mastery over us.

DO YOU KNOW

That the bayonet was so called because it was first made at Bayonne, France?

That coffee first received its name for the reason that it first came to Europe from Kaffa?

That candy was first exported from Candia?
That tobacco was so called from the island of Tobago?

That gin was invented at Geneva, and early became an important factor in the commerce of that city?

That the tarantula was a notorious pest in the vicinity of Taranto?

That cambric was made at Cambray?

That muslin was made at Mouseline?

That calico was made at Calicut?

That dimity was made at Damietta?

That milliners first plied their trade at Milan?

That the magnetic property of iron ore was first noticed in that dug in the neighborhood of Magnesia?

THE TEACHER'S PORK

A prominent educator in Philadelphia tells the following story on himself:—

In his early teaching days he had a position in a country schoolhouse in New England. The people in the neighborhood worked out their taxes by giving him board, and when there was no vacancy in the farmhouses he took a small room, while the neighbors supplied him with food. One day a young boy came running breathlessly toward him.

'Say, teacher,' he gasped, 'my pa wants to know if you like pork?'

'Indeed I do like pork,' the teacher replied, concluding that the very stingy father of this boy had determined to donate some pork to him. 'You tell your father if there is anything in this world that I do like it is pork.'

Some time passed, and there was no pork forthcoming. One day he met the boy alone in the school yard. 'Look here, John,' he said, 'how about that pork?'

'Oh,' replied the boy, 'the pig got well.'

POPULAR GIRLS

Everybody likes girls who do their best to be pleasant and courteous at all times, who do not repeat unpleasant remarks made about you by other girls; who, although they cannot boast of a spare penny, always look neat and nice; who are lavish with their smiles, and are sorry when they are obliged to frown; who look out every day for the happy things of life; who try to jump over all the little ridges that break up the smoothness of their path; who are happy because they make people about them see the sunshine; who always have a good word for everybody; and who appreciate the fact that the world was not made for them alone, and who do not always expect the best it has to offer.

STIFF EXAMINATION PAPER

An amusing periodical got up by the boys of one of the great public schools gives a capital skit on the style of examination papers frequently presented for the torture of pupils. Here are a few examples:—

'Supposing the River Ganges to be three cubits in breadth—which it isn't—what is the average height of the Alps, stocks being at nineteen and a half?'

'If in autumn apples cost fourpence a pound in London, and potatoes a shilling a score in spring, when will greengages be sold in Paris at three-halfpence each, Spanish oranges being at a discount of 5 per cent?'

'If two men can kill two brace of partridges in going up the right side of a rectangular turnip-field, how many would be killed by five men and a terrier pup in going down the other side?'

'If a milkmaid, 4ft 10in. in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk out of every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's name, age, and the occupation of her grandfather?'

GAVE HER A SURPRISE

'The brute!' exclaimed the bride of a year.

'Have a cup of tea,' said her fondest friend, 'and tell me all about it. What has he been doing now?'

'You know I told you he has been encouraging me in learning to cook; has praised my nice little dishes, takes me to the theatre as an occasional reward, and so on.'

'No good ground for a separation in that, I imagine,' said the dearest friend, with slight sarcasm.

'Your sympathy is worse than your tea,' retorted the bride, who was obviously out of sorts. 'But I am going to tell you, anyway. Not long ago he promised me a surprise if I would turn out a nice dinner, cooked all by myself, from soup to coffee. Last night I did so. Everything pleased him.'