

The Family Circle

THE BEST HOUR

'Get down on the floor here, daddy,
Get down on the floor and play.
And that is the song my baby
Sings to me at close of day.
Get down on the floor and tumble,
Get down with me, daddy, do;
Get down on the floor now, daddy,
Me 'ants to sit down on you.'

Then overboard goes the paper,
And down on the floor goes dad;
And onto 'him clammers baby,
And baby is more than glad;
And daddy's a horse and waggon,
Or daddy's a ship at sea,
And rolls with a little baby
As happy as she can be.

'Yea, rolls with the babe and tumbles,
And grumbles, and haws, and gees,
And always a dimpled baby
With rounded and dimpled knees
Sits perched aloft unfearing,
And laughing with childish glee
As the daddy ship goes tossing
And tumbling across the sea.

And, oh, but that ship is careful,
The waves may foam and curl,
But never the ship goes plunging
Too much for the baby girl,
And never the horse gets fractious,
Or plunges or jumps aside
So much as to mar the pleasure
Of the wee little girl astride.

Oh, good is the hour of gloaming,
When labor is put aside
And daddy becomes a horsey
A wee little girl may ride;
Or daddy becomes a plunging
Big ship on the stormy seas,
And is guided and captained onward
By a baby with dimpled knees.

FRED'S FAILING

'Sue,' said her brother, 'I wish you would sew up the glove where you mended it before. It's all ripping out again. You didn't make a good job of it.'

'I sewed it well enough,' said Sue, inspecting the glove, 'but I guess I didn't fasten it thoroughly enough at the end. That's where the trouble came. Yes, I'll be thorough with it this time.'

'"Thorough" is a good word,' said mother. 'A great deal of the trouble in the world arises from the lack of it.'

'Yes,' said Sue. 'While we are talking about it, Fred, I want to remind you that you didn't fasten that bracket in my room thoroughly the other day. The screw on one side came out. There was a little vase of flowers on it. It fell down and was smashed. The water spoiled half a dozen or so of books that were on the table under it.'

'Too bad, Sue; I'm really sorry. The next thing I do for you, you'll see I'll do it thoroughly.'

'The same to you,' said Sue, with a smile, as she handed him his glove.

'I wish you would run and close the side gate,' Fred, said his mother. 'Nora did not fasten it thoroughly when she came in, and it's swinging loose.'

'Another "thorough,"'

'I'll close the gate,' said Fred. 'I'm just going out to rake up the leaves in the yard. It will be a good day's work, I tell you—well worth the quarter father's going to pay me for it. But, I want the quarter, so I'm glad to do it.'

'Let it be thorough work,' said mother; 'no neglected corners, no leaves left among the bushes.'

Toward night Fred raised himself from stooping in a corner and leaned on the broom he had brought to neatly supplement his work with the rake.

'Whew! my back aches, and my hands smart. But I think I've made good, honest work of this. Mother,' he called, 'please come out here and look. There, now—you don't see any slighted spots about here, do you?'

'It is beautifully done,' said mother. 'I fancy the grass and bushes look eager to grow with such encouragement. But how about that corner over there?'

'Oh, that is my pile of leaves. Of course, they are not going to stay there. I'm tired and want to go in and read, so I'm going to wheel them away in the morning.'

'Is that "thorough"?' asked the mother.

'Yes, as far as it goes. There's not a bit of harm in leaving them till the morning.'

In the night a strong wind arose. Fred looked from his window in the morning to see with great vexation the leaves he had so carefully gathered swept in every direction over the lawn.

'Well, there's another day of my vacation gone. I suppose it served me right.' Without a word of complaint, he went over the ground again. Mother came out as he was wheeling away the last load of leaves. He looked up at her with a rueful smile, saying:

'"Thorough" is a pretty good word, mother.'

WHAT MEN THINK OF FLIRTS

No man admires a flirt; no man cares for a girl or woman who is willing to trade pride for flattery. The girl who flirts thinks she is very wise, and that she is making a great hit with the fellow with whom she flirts. She would have a very different idea of the matter if she could know his real opinion—if she could hear his account of the incident as he tells it to the 'other fellows.' There is no such thing as a 'harmless' flirtation. No person may put his finger in the fire without getting the mark. No girl can indulge in a flirtation without being considered 'cheap' and 'shallow.' The fact that the other girls do the same thing is no excuse.

YOUR REMNANTS

Cardinal Gibbons has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was a guest of a layman friend, Frank Murphy, in Roland Park, Baltimore's most beautiful residence suburb. In the Murphy home is a butler of Mrs. Partingtonian proclivities, and on the church dignitary's former informal visits to the Murphy home its mistress had been under the necessity of reminding the obtuse servant that the distinguished guest was to be addressed always as 'your eminence.'

On the present occasion, when the Cardinal rang the bell, the man of impassive countenance answered, received the card, and, turning, announced to Mrs. Murphy, 'Please, mum, your remnants has come.'

No one enjoyed the joke more thoroughly or laughed more heartily at it than did the genial Cardinal himself.

A SYMPOSIUM

'What is the secret of success?' asked the Sphinx.

'Push,' said the Button.

'Take pains,' said the Window.

'Never be led,' said the Pencil.

'Be up-to-date,' said the Calendar.

'Always keep cool,' said the Ice.

'Do business on tick,' said the Clock.

'Never lose your head,' said the Barrel.

'Do a driving business,' said the Hammer.

'Aspire to greater things,' said the Nutmeg.

'Make light of everything,' said the Fire.

'Make much of small things,' said the Microscope.

'Never do anything off-hand,' said the Glove.

'Spend much time in reflection,' said the Mirror.

'Be sharp in your dealings,' said the Knife.

'Find a good thing and stick to it,' said the Glue.

'Strive to make a good impression,' said the Seal.

HIS REVERENCE HEARD

Father O'Hara had a telephone put into the presbytery in connection with the church, parochial school, etc. (says an American paper). Pat, Father O'Hara's handy man, was instructed in the use of the instrument, and the same day he heard the telephone bell ring as he was busy dusting the church pews. Hurriedly taking down the receiver, he was pleased to hear Father O'Hara's gentle voice asking him a question about his work. Pat, in answering, remembered that his reverence was a great way off, and consequently screamed at the top of his lusty voice into the transmitter.

'I don't understand you, Pat,' came his reverence's voice.