

The Family Circle

H-E-I-N-O-U-S

'An easy word!' Perhaps, but, say,
It tripped our ninth-grade genius,
Fred Thorne, who read, the other day:
'The crime was truly heenyus.'

Then Albert Morris tried his hand,
And, well, you should have seen us
Look puzzled when he failed to land;
For Al just called it heenus.

'Twas Tom McFarlin stumbled next
(Tom says his State's moun-tain-yus);
And teacher looked extremely vexed
When he pronounced it haneyus.

Ted Williams thought he had it sure,
And, anxious to outshine us,
Said glibly, with his air demure:
'Of course the right way's hienus.'

'Of course 'tis not!' then teacher cried,
In tones that always pain us;
'You stupid boys, I'm mortified:
The word is simply haynus.'

A LITTLE LESSON IN EQUALITY.

There is a patent moral in the story told by a French cure in a little village of the Dromè district. The organ-blower in the parish church, a simple fellow named Jean-Pierre, had been persuaded by some liberal 'philosophers' of the village that all men had become equal in every sense of the word.

The organ-blower forthwith proceeded to the presbytery, knocked at the door, and, on the pastor's presenting himself, began to stammer in a somewhat embarrassed style:

'Father, I—'

'Well, Jean-Pierre, what is it?'

'It is—it is, Father, that the thing appears to me contrary to the rules of equality.'

'Explain yourself, Jean-Pierre. What thing?'

'Oh,' said the organ-blower, growing bolder, 'running the bellows of the organ! It's real hard work, Father, and it's very poorly paid. Just a hundred francs a year; and M. Talbert. (this was the organist's name) gets twelve hundred. Me! I bend and shift, now to the right, now to the left, and always standing up, while M. Talbert is comfortably seated, and contents himself with making his fingers go, like this, over the keyboard. That's not what one calls equality—that sort of thing, Father!'

'Then you want—'

'Yes, Father, I want my salary raised.'

'Well, perhaps you are right, Jean-Pierre. Anyway, I'll reflect on your request.'

Several days later the cure met the organ-blower, and accosted him.

'Jean-Pierre,' said he, 'I've been talking matters over with M. Talbert. He is young, you are getting old, and he finds that the situation is not conformable to the rules of equality. Now, here is what he proposes. He'll take your place at the bellows, and you his at the keyboard, where you'll have nothing to do but "make your fingers go," being comfortably seated the while.'

'But,' replied Jean-Pierre, slightly confused—'but I don't know how to make the fingers go.'

'Oh,' said the pastor, as if greatly astonished—'oh, then that makes a difference! But who would ever have imagined that you couldn't make your fingers go just as M. Talbert does his? Why, that's point-blank opposed to the rules of equality!'

And Jean-Pierre's salary was not increased.

A SMART BOY

There is a good story told of a man who has become a most successful merchant. A few years ago he was employed as an office boy and messenger for a large firm. He was sent to collect an account from a firm which was considered very 'shaky,' and was told to get the money at all hazards. The debtors gave the lad a cheque for 250 dollars. He went to the bank at once to cash it, and was told by the cashier that there were not enough funds in to meet it.

'How much short?' asked the lad.

'Seven dollars,' was the answer.

It lacked but a minute or two of the time for the bank to close. The boy felt in his pockets, took out seven dollars, and, pushing it through the window, said: 'Put that to the credit of Blank and Co.'

The cashier did so, whereupon the boy presented the cheque and got the money. Blank and Co. failed the next day, and their chagrin can be better imagined than described when they found out the trick that had been played upon them.

HE KNEW

On one of the recent stormy nights a man was hastening home with his overcoat buttoned up to his neck. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to unbutton his coat in order to get at his watch.

Just then he saw a man of well-dressed appearance coming in the distance, and remarked to himself:

'I'll ask this gentleman the hour of the night, and to save myself the trouble of unbuttoning my coat.'

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up the man who wanted to know the time touched his hat politely and said:

'Sir, do you know what time it is?'

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undercoat, and finally pulled out his watch, while the cool wind beat against his unprotected chest.

Holding up the watch so that the light should shine on it, he scrutinised it an instant, and said:

'Yes!'

Then he passed on without another word.

THE MOST SUITABLE GIRL

The simpering, gushing, frivolous girl does not appeal to the average man who is thinking of taking a wife. She appears to be too selfish. There seems to be little concern or thought for others in her nature. Of course, there are few men who like the thoroughly and eternally serious girl. She must be one who can amuse, and who exhibits at times those feminine foibles which make a woman so dear to a man's heart. At the same time she must be capable of deeper feelings, and the girl who can combine these characteristics has by far the best chance of marrying. The practical-minded girl, as well as the serious-minded, is much sought after by men in search of a wife. A man knows a girl has domestic qualities when he hears that she makes her own frocks and thinks a thing may be as fashionable if it is inexpensive as if it is costly. If she can tell how a dinner should be cooked, whether she can cook meals herself or not; if she knows the value of ready money, and has a horror of being in debt; then he knows that, as a wife, she will save money instead of spending it lavishly and recklessly. He knows, too, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the girl who is the best sister and daughter will make the best wife.

MIXED METAPHORS

A minister said to his congregation: 'Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split.'

An orator is credited with a peroration in which he spoke of 'all ranks, from the queen sitting on her throne to the cottager sitting on his cottage.'

'My client acted boldly,' said the solicitor. 'He saw the storm brewing in the distance, but he was not dismayed. He took the bull by the horns, and had him indicted for perjury.'

A Hindoo journalist, commenting on a political disturbance, said: 'We cannot, from a distance, realise the intensity of the crisis, but it is a certain thing that many crowned heads must be trembling in their shoes.'

An old negro woman whose needs were supplied by friends never fail to express her gratitude in original language: 'You is powerful good to a pore ole 'oman like me, wid one foot in de grave an' de oder a-cryin' out, "Lawd, how long, how long?"'

No one could imagine what a speaker meant when he said, 'Biddy, diddy,' and then stopped, and after a moment of confusion said, 'Diddy, biddy,' and then, with a scarlet face and coldly perspiring brow, gasped out, 'Diddy, hiddy, biddy doo?' Then he had to sit down and rest awhile before he could say, 'Did he bid adieu?'