

The Family Circle

HOME AGAIN

I know some grown-up people
Who say they're fond of boys,
But when you go to visit
You mustn't make much noise.
They have a splendid garden,
With beautiful flowers, but there!
They don't like boys to pick them,
Because they're all so rare.
They have some chairs with cushions
That look like velvet moss,
But they aren't meant to sit on,
Or lean against, or toss.
They have some things in cabinets
All fixed up spick and span,
'For careful boys' to play with
(The boy who dares to, can!)
They're always kind and pleasant
As ever they can be;
They've spent a whole long fortnight
Just entertaining me.
I guess I like my family.
The best of any one;
And when you've been a-visiting,
The coming home is fun!

THE GIFT OF GOLIATH

'I am sorry, dear,' said mother, 'but it's been a hard year, you know, and we must have the money.'
Davy choked back a sob, for there were tears in mother's voice. 'Never mind, mother,' he said. 'I'll get along some way.'

Mother went back to her work. Davy sat down in the window. Of course it was all right. But whatever should he do without Goliath? Goliath was only a turkey. But when a little boy has nothing else to pet—well, a turkey isn't so bad. And such a turkey! White, plump, and bristling with importance from his earliest days—a regular giant of a turkey, Mr. Mason had said.

'Let's call him Goliath, father,' Davy had said. Davy—never quite strong, like Ben and Dan—read a great deal, and his head was full of Bible stories.

From the time Goliath was named, he seemed, somehow, to belong to Davy. The two were always together. Goliath ate from Davy's hand. Then many of the turkeys had been taken sick—Goliath among the rest. Davy had carried him into the house and given him the best of care. Goliath got well, but many of the other turkeys died. That was why there were so few for sale this year. Goliath was by far the fattest and finest every way, and there were father and mother and Ben and Dan and Davy to feed and clothe and keep warm. Of course Goliath must do his part. He must be killed. Davy's tearful thoughts followed the big turkey to the city. It was a big place, he supposed, with many stores and houses and people and schools and books. Just here it was that a big thought came into Davy's head. It took a front seat there, and wouldn't leave.

The next day Davy went out where the turkeys lay waiting to be packed. Quickly he recognised Goliath. Davy took a piece of folded brown paper from his pocket. With a piece of string he fastened it around Goliath's neck.

'What you doin', Davy?' called father from the barn.

'Just giving Goliath a letter to take to the city,' said Davy. 'It's all right. I've told mother. You can read it, father, but please don't take it off.'

Davy went slowly back to the house. Wonderingly, father read the letter. He didn't take it off. Instead he added an extra knot to Davy's three hard ones.

Three days later, Goliath lay in the great roaster in Grandma Burton's cheery kitchen. In the parlor were all the Burtons. First, there was Grandpa Burton, the little round, rosy, bustling old butcher. Then there was Grandma Burton, almost as round and rosy. Then there was Papa Burton, the little, plump, pink-checked, bustling young butcher, and there was Mamma Burton, herself as plump and pink-checked as a peach, and there were five plump, pink little Burtons. The biggest little Burton was just big enough for his first real birthday party with an iced cake and eight pink candles. The littlest little Burton

was too little yet for any name except Baby. He crowed and kicked in Mamma Burton's lap. Mamma Burton unfolded a piece of wrapping paper. It was Davy's letter. Safe and sound, Goliath had brought it straight to—Grandpa Burton's butcher shop, and Grandpa Burton had brought it straight home to Grandma Burton.

'Listen,' said Mamma Burton. Then she read:

'Dear Man or Woman Who Buys My Turkey,—

'This is Goliath. He belongs to me. We love each other very much. I've taken good care of him ever since he was little. But this is a hard year for us farmers, and we've got to sell him. I shall be awful lonesome without Goliath. So I'm writing this letter to say won't you please, whoever gets Goliath, send me a story book with pictures in it? I can't do much but read, and there's only mother's Bible. Most any book will do, but I would like "Robinson Crusoe," if it don't cost too much.

'Respectfully yours,

'DAVY MASON.'

'Bless his precious little heart,' said Grandma Burton. Grandpa Burton wiped his glasses. Papa Burton wiped his eyes.

'I've got lots of books,' said Bobby.

'So've I,' said Dolly.

'Me's dot books,' said Don.

'Boo-oo,' cooed Baby.

'I'll tell you what,' said Mamma Burton, 'let's every one of us, from Grandpa down to Baby, send Davy a book.'

Such selection of books as followed! Such buying of books! Such packing of books! Such sending off of book!

Away off in the lonely little farmhouse among the hills Davy waited. And one day the box came.

It almost seemed that the little old house couldn't hold the joy inside it. The doors banged merrily. The windows danced and rattled and sparkled. Down on the floor among the precious books sat Davy. Of such riches he had never dreamed—'Robinson Crusoe' in red, 'Rip Van Winkle' in blue, and half a dozen others, all fresh and new, with crisp leaves asking to be read.

Out from 'Robinson Crusoe' fell a little note. It was written by Mamma Burton, and signed by all the Burtons except Baby. It read:

'Dear Davy,—Goliath has brought your letter straight to us, and we're all so glad you thought to write it. If you're half as happy when you get these books as we are when we send them, we'll be satisfied. And some day, Davy Mason, you must come and make us a nice long visit.'

Davy hugged the letter. Then he hugged 'Robinson Crusoe.' 'Dear old Goliath,' he said.

THE BIG 'I' IN ENGLISH

Did it ever occur to you (asks an exchange) that it might seem egotistical for you to write of yourself with a capital 'I' instead of using the small and less obtrusive one?

The English use of the capital 'I' is one of the oddest features of the language—to a foreigner. If a Frenchman writes with reference to himself he makes 'j' (the French equivalent of 'I') with a small 'j.' So with the German, who may use capitals to begin every noun; he always uses the small 'i' in writing 'ich.' The Spaniard avoids, as far as possible, the use of the personal pronoun when writing in the first person, but he always writes it 'yo,' taking pains, however, to begin the Spanish equivalent of our 'you' with a capital. In English it is surely big 'I' and little 'you,' as the old saying has it.

HER CONFIDANT

As one grows older it seems harder and harder to enter into the plays and fancies of the children around us, even if they are our very own. There are mothers who have such busy lives that any exertion that is not absolutely necessary is really an impossibility, but many are too lazy mentally and physically to keep in touch with their children, mothers who wail about that their children do not give them their confidence.

No child who had absolute confidence in her mother ever went very far wrong. One cannot help being struck by the lack of sympathy between the average mother and daughter or father and son, especially as the children grow up, and the fault seems to be largely with the parents. They are so apt to be the parents, not the friend and companion to whom the