

The Family Circle

DO IT

If you've any task to do
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

ROSALIND AND THE TURKEYS

Next Wednesday is papa's birthday,' said mamma. 'What shall we send him, Rosalind?' Rosalind shut her eyes and wrinkled up her forehead, and thought and thought and thought. She and mamma were at grandfather's farm in Maine, and papa was in Chicago. What should they send him for a birthday present? Suddenly she clapped her hands. 'Let's send him a picture!' she cried. A picture of me!

'I'm sure that would please him very much,' said mamma.

'A picture of me,' continued Rosalind, 'in my new white dress, and my daisy hat, and my widest sash, and my shoes with the silver buckles!'

'I will take your photograph, Rosie,' said Uncle Kent.

'Oh, no, no,' objected Rosalind. 'I want to go uptown to the photograph man in the funny little house on wheels.'

'Uncle Kent can take very fine pictures,' said grandfather.

'But he isn't a really truly photograph man!' cried Rosalind. 'This is for papa's birthday, and is very important!'

'That settles it,' said Uncle Kent. 'You must certainly go to a "really truly photograph man." I didn't realise quite how "important" it was.'

So that afternoon Rosalind put on her white dress and daisy hat and blue sash and buckled shoes, and started for the photographer's.

Grandfather's turkeys were strutting grandly around the yard. There were twelve in all—one large, handsome gobbler that had taken a prize at the county fair, and eleven fine turkey hens. Rosalind loved to feed them, and even the fierce looking old gobbler would eat from her hand, and follow her all around the yard. She had named them after the months of the year. She called the gobbler 'January,' and the hens after the other eleven months.

'Gobble, gobble, gobble,' said January, stepping forward quickly, as Rosalind came out of the house. April pecked at her hands, and July and August pecked at her skirt.

'No, my dear turkey friends,' said Rosalind. 'No more corn to-day. Go away, January. I'm going to have my picture taken. Shoo-shoo-shoo, my dear turkey friends!'

Rosalind skipped happily down the long lane, and, turning out upon the State road, started village-wards.

Soon a team came along, the driver of which looked at her curiously.

'I wonder if he sees the buckles on my shoes?' thought Rosalind.

Then she met the rural delivery wagon, and the post-man looked at her and smiled.

'I think most prob'ly he likes my hat,' said Rosalind.

Then she passed a cottage, and several people came to the windows, and they, too, were smiling. At the railroad crossing the old gateman grinned

broadly, and from an automobile whizzing by in a cloud of dust came peal after peal of laughter. At last she reached the village, and here, too, every one looked at her, and every one was smiling.

In front of the post-office about twenty men and boys were waiting for the mail. When they saw Rosalind they laughed loudly and nudged each other, and pointed—pointed at something behind Rosalind.

Then at last Rosalind turned, and there, close behind her, marching proudly along in single file, were the prize gobbler and his eleven wives!

'Gobble, gobble, gobble,' said January, solemnly, and the crowd shouted with laughter.

Poor Rosalind! She gave one look at the turkeys and one look at the crowd, then turned and started for home, forgetting all about the picture for papa.

'Gobble, gobble, gobble,' said January, turning also, and leading his flock after her.

Rosalind reached home at last, hot and tired and dusty, and told her story tearfully.

'It was so embarrassing,' said she. 'I never want to go uptown again, not even to get my picture taken for papa. I'm never going to the post-office again nor past that old gateman. And oh, I'll never never give those horrid turkeys any more corn!'

And for two days the barnyard fowls looked in vain for Rosalind.

The third morning Rosalind found a package beside her plate at breakfast time. What could it be? She opened it eagerly, and there, in a red leather frame, was the prettiest picture!—a picture of a little girl in a white dress, with a hat covered with daisies and a sash and buckled shoes. And behind this little girl were twelve handsome turkeys!

'Oh, oh!' cried Rosalind. 'It's me! and January and February and March, and all the other months. Who could have taken it?'

'Well,' said Uncle Kent, 'I happened to be near the post-office when you came along, and I happened to have my camera fixed for a snapshot.'

'It's the loveliest picture!' said Rosalind. 'And I know papa will be so interested in grandpa's turkeys!'

'Take it right up to the post-office,' said mamma, 'and it will reach Chicago in time.'

'Yes, I'm going to,' said Rosalind, 'just as soon as I've given my dear turkey friends some corn.'

'Gobble, gobble, gobble,' said January loudly when he saw Rosalind coming.—Children's Magazine.

THE BOY KNEW HIS BUSINESS

'Little boy,' exclaimed the portly lady, 'you ought to be at school, instead of trying to work a lift.'

'I'm not trying to work it,' was the answer; 'I'm working it. And if you wish to ride, I shall be happy to accommodate you. So far as any obligation to be at school is concerned, allow me to remind you that this is a legal holiday, and I am exempt from attendance at an institution where, I am pleased to say, I am at the head of my class.'

'You have no business trying to work that lift, anyhow.'

'For what reason?'

'Because you are too young to know anything about it.'

'Madam, allow me to reassure you. This lift is worked by hydraulic pressure, the principle relied on being—that water exerts pressure in proportion to the height of a column rather than in proportion to the diameter. In making use of this characteristic, water is admitted into a cylinder, the pressure being regulated by the use of valves, and a stable equilibrium being made possible by an ingenious system of counterpoises. I could go further into the minutiae of this particular machine, which, of course, has its variations from other models,' he added, as she gasped in astonishment; 'but I doubt if you could follow the technical terms whose use an accurate description would necessitate. But I wish to assure you that if, after what I have said, you think you know more about this lift than I do, you are at perfect liberty to step in and take its management out of my hands.'

SPEAK GENTLY

Kind words are more plentiful than persistently kind and gentle voices, and yet love loses much of its power when the voice is sharp and hard. Try, therefore, most earnestly, to acquire the right tone in speaking, and guard yourself carefully from falling into