

The Family Circle

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW

To be a little girl of ten
Seems nice enough—to boys and men.
I wonder if they've ever tried
To argue from the other side?

I don't suppose they'd ever guess
The stiffness of a starched white dress.
I wonder how they'd like the hooks,
Let alone the way it looks.

They'd never sit at home and sew
And watch their brothers come and go.
I should not even like to say
That they would bear it for a day.

They do not know how hard it seems
To be a girl still in one's dreams.
To feel that one can never be
A drummer boy or go to sea.

Our brothers say we're hard to please
Because we long for things like these.
They think it is a pleasant life
To wait until you're some one's wife.

When I'm a wife I'll gladly sit
At home and cook and sew and knit,
But there's a lot of waiting when
You're but a little girl of ten.

Our brothers do not seem to know
That waiting can be very slow.
You see, they've never really tried
To argue from the other side.

—'Westminster Gazette.'

TELESCOPE LESSON

Uncle Jack was stretched in the Morris chair, reading. He looked up to nod pleasantly when Anna came in, and then lapsed into his book again, but Frances dropped her sewing and greeted her sister with a fire of questions:

'Tell us all about your afternoon. Who did you see, and what did they say? Why, Ann, you look tired to death and about as cheerful as an owl! Must have been a lovely tea. I needn't feel badly about not going, I judge.'

The lines across Anna's forehead crinkled up into a laugh.

'Do I look so mournful? I didn't know it. It was a lovely tea, and I enjoyed every minute, only just at the last I met Louise Delmar, and she was telling me all about what hard times she is having at school. She says Miss Olden is so disagreeable.'

'That's funny,' interrupted Frances in astonishment. 'Julie likes her ever so much. She was telling me yesterday how kind she is to the slow girls, and what a nice way she has. She thinks the school has improved decidedly since Miss Olden came.'

'Louise thinks the opposite—says it is running down all the time. Oh, Katherine Waite brought her cousin with her to-day, the one she has been expecting.'

'Did you like her? Julie called there and said she was a dear—so bright and cordial.'

'I thought she was very attractive, but Louise whispered to me that she hoped we wouldn't be disappointed in her—she wasn't sure she would wear well.'

'Why, Louise never saw her before, did she?'

'No, but she thinks a great deal of first impressions, you know.'

'H'h!' sniffed Frances. 'So do I, but I'd rather have my own than Louise Delmar's. Did the girls talk about the lecture course the clubs are going to have? Julie thinks they are promising to be fine. She has persuaded several people to buy tickets already.'

'Oh, yes most of them were enthusiastic—caught it from Julie, I guess. But Louise doesn't think she will go. She says lectures hardly ever turn out as you think they will, and she is afraid the clubs will be sorry they undertook it.'

Uncle Jack had not been reading much for the last ten minutes, after all. Now he drew himself up from the Morris chair and went over to the library table. Opening a drawer, he took out a small telescope and carried it to the window.

'Come here a minute, girls,' he said, pulling out the glass and adjusting the focus. 'Look through this, Anna, and tell me what you see.'

'I see houses and trees and sky—oh, and a little bird 'way up on that top bough! How near and big it makes everything seem, doesn't it?'

'It is your turn, Frances.' Uncle Jack passed the glass to her. 'Now let's turn it around. How do things look this way?'

'How strange! They are so little—as if they were miles and miles away!'

'Yet they are not really changed at all. It is just in the way you look at them.' Uncle Jack smiled as he shut up the glass. 'Do you know, your two friends, Louise and Julie, make me think of the two ends of this telescope. One talks everything down. At least, that is what I should judge from what you repeated of their sayings. Am I right?'

The girls looked at one another thoughtfully.

'Yes,' said Anna, slowly, 'I believe you are, though it never came to me in that way before. Julie always does see the good side of people and plans and talks about it, and Louise—well, I know I never feel quite as pleased with anything after I've been listening to her.'

'It is pretty dangerous business, this talking down,' went on Uncle Jack. 'We fall into the habit half unconsciously, sometimes. We would not do wilful harm for the world, but we let a criticism slip out and an impression is made on some mind that it may take a long time to remove. We may do a great injustice to people by speaking slightly of them to others, and many a plan has been made a failure when it might have been a success if it had not had cold water thrown on it by some one who acted like the wrong end of the telescope.'

'Fortunately, it is just as true that a pleasant word about somebody lingers in our ears and prepares us to like them. Enthusiasm is catching, too, and if you want a good plan to succeed, the best way is to say all the good and encouraging things you can about it—talk it up! If you want your school or your church, your teacher or your pastor, to be popular, talk them up.'

'But, Uncle Jack, suppose you really don't like the people?'

'Better keep still then. Other folks may like them if you do not prejudice them by speaking. Besides, there is another kind of "scope" that brings out beauties we never would see without it. Do you remember how the bit of pollen I showed you the other day looked like common yellow dust till we saw it under the microscope, and then it turned into a tiny, beautiful flower? If we looked at people through the love microscope oftener, hunting for something lovable, we might find qualities to tell of that we never suspected were there.'

'Lecture over, and I'm off down town!' shutting the table drawer with a snap. 'Good-bye, my little telescopes. Don't forget that a good many people may be looking at things through your lenses, and be sure to show them the right end. Talk up and not down.'

THE HUMORS OF THE SCHOOLROOM

The humors of the schoolroom are many and varied, and the labor of teaching is often brightened by flashes which illumine the daily task of directing the young idea how to shoot. Examination papers are often unconsciously very funny. In a recent test in physiology the pupils were asked to describe briefly the heart and its functions, or work. One of the answers received read:

The heart is a comical-shaped bag. The heart is divided into several parts by a fleshy partition. These parts are called right artillery, left artillery, and so forth. The functions of the heart is between the lungs. The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.

Here are a few definitions given by some school children:

'Etc. is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do.'

'The equator is a menagerie lion running round the centre of the earth.'

'The zebra is like a horse, only striped, and used to illustrate the letter Z.'

'A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box.'

HE WANTED NEW PARTS

'My brother bought a motor here last week,' said an angry man to the salesman that stepped up to