

The Family Circle

SUCH IS LIFE

She could sing and she could play,
She could dance from night till day,
She could while the hours away,

So 'tis said;
She could skate and she could paint,
She could play the patron saint,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't
Make a bed.

She could walk eight miles a day,
And play tennis charmingly,
Flirting in a saucy way,

Little Scamp!
She could drive and play baseball,
She could make a stylish call,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't
Clean a lamp.

She could swim and she could row,
She could always have a beau,
And I'm sure that we all know
That she was shy.
She could laugh and she could prance,
She could play a game of chance,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't
Make a pie.

She could etch and write a book,
She could varnish with a look;
She could win by hook or crook,
I confess.

She could scold and she could flout,
She could cry and she could pout,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't
Make a dress.

She could talk of church affairs,
But knew naught of household cares;
Still I'm sure that none compares
With sweet Nan.

Even if she couldn't bake
Bread and pies and angel cake,
She enraptured and she captured
A rich man!

PATTY'S REWARD

'Good morning, Miss Barton.' The manager of the grocery department in the great city store paused outside the Van Marsden's Cocoa booth, smiling at the little one on the inside. 'This is surely a festive array; is it in honor of your reception day, Patty?' and he bent to inhale the fragrance from a bouquet of sweet peas on the corner of the counter.

'Yes, Mr. Lee,' Patty Barton laughed, looking up from the Haviland chocolate pot she was rubbing till it shone. 'Have you any idea how many I served last Monday? No?' as Mr. Lee shook his head. 'Nearly two hundred.'

'There's always plenty of folks ready to sample free things,' Mr. Lee observed. 'We'll doubtless have a big crowd again to-day.'

'That's why I got up early this morning to gather my flowers,' Patty remarked, glancing with a satisfied little air at the bouquets of roses and sweet peas adorning the counter. 'I love to make things pretty for my guests. Last Monday there was one dear old lady who said she hadn't seen a country rose for ages, and—'

A hurried 'Excuse me, Miss Barton,' from the manager interrupted the story, and he hurried away to answer a telephone call.

Left alone, Patty hummed a low song and continued her preparations of beautifying the booth and putting it into readiness for those whom she chose to call her 'guests.'

Not every girl employed in the department grocery store took quite the same view of the work whereby she earned her daily bread as did Patty Barton, who put heart and soul into her work and gave of her best.

In return, many were attracted to her booth, and she had her regular customers who often came out of their way to buy of her. There were those who considered it a privilege to rest a minute beside the cocoa booth, and while partaking of the sample cup of delicious cocoa, grew all the more refreshed by the sight

of Patty's smiling face. Truly, if the customers had been her real guests, Patty Barton could hardly have treated them more graciously.

'I beg your pardon, are you serving cocoa this morning?' Patty, bending to take a fresh supply of lump sugar from under the counter, raised two slightly flushed cheeks and saw a broad-shouldered, elderly gentleman looking down at her from the other side.

'I'm sorry; it isn't quite ready.' Patty looked at the gentleman with an interest of which she was not aware. He was—of course he was, his accent denoted it—from the country which prepared and exported the cocoa she sold. 'I've been so busy arranging the flowers and we rarely have customers so early. If you don't mind waiting a few minutes, I'll hurry.'

The gentleman seated himself on one of the stools provided. 'You consider Van Marsden's cocoa good?' he asked, looking appreciatively at the flowers.

'The best in the market, sir,' Patty promptly replied. 'We sell more of it than of any other kind.'

'Because it is cheap?'
'It is cheap in the long run,' Patty replied. 'It really costs a few cents more per pound to buy than other cocoas, but it goes farther. Now, I'm going to make it. That is another virtue it possesses—it is easily made. If you have the water boiling hot, and a little cream, you can't fail to serve a delicious cup of cocoa.'

'You are enthusiastic,' the gentleman observed smilingly, watching Patty's nimble fingers as they went assuredly about their task.

'Indeed, I am, sir. But it makes a difference when you know you're handling the best production in the market of the article you're selling. One lump of sugar or two, sir?—they're small, you see.' Patty stood with the cup in hand and smiled with charming hospitality on the old gentleman.

'Two, if you please.'
When the gentleman had drained the last drop he set the cup down and said slowly: 'It is, indeed, the most delicious cocoa I have ever drunk. Thank you very much. I shall not buy any to-day. I am a traveller and do not wish to be encumbered with packages, but I shall carry away with me a very pleasant remembrance of your pretty booth with its flowers and everything so attractive and neat.'

Patty's cheeks flushed. 'You are very kind, sir,' she said. And as he lifted his hat and walked away, Patty added to herself, 'He's such a nice gentleman. It's lovely to meet with people who take an interest in you and your work.'

Much to Patty's surprise, shortly before the store closed for the day, Mr. Lee paused beside the booth and handed a flat package to her. A minute later Patty looked with happy eyes upon a photograph of the broad-shouldered elderly gentleman to whom she had served cocoa early in the morning, and read underneath, 'To Miss Patty Barton, with John Marsden's best wishes.' There was something else beside—a thin slip of paper that also bore the signature of the great merchant, and which sent a wave of relief and thankfulness surging through Patty's loving heart when she thought of all the cheque meant for the little mother at home trying so bravely to make ends meet.

'It—it is too much!' Patty gasped to the manager.

'It is for faithful and willing service rendered,' Mr. Lee replied. 'Mr. Van Marsden was much pleased with your booth, Miss Barton. He said it was only occasionally he found his interests looked out for as you are looking out for them.'

'Thank you for telling me,' said Patty. 'But I did it for love of the work, not for gain,' she murmured, as she hurried away—and mother!

Patty's feet could not move fast enough now. How glad she was she had served with 'good measure'!

SELF RELIANCE

To be able to meet an emergency in life, no matter what it may be, is a form of self-reliance that every woman should train and develop herself for. It expresses itself in an ability to make quick decisions, and having done that, acting without doubt and hesitation, straining at every point to justify the action by bringing it to a successful finish. More than half the women in the world fail, not only in important, but in trivial things, because they are afraid. Necessity in some form obliges them to make a decision, and of their obligation to this they have no doubt; but as there is always the possibility of another way being better than that decided upon, they lacked self-reliance. They were not sure of themselves, either of their ability or wisdom, and neither is strengthened. Self-re-