

The Family Circle

THE DOLL'S FUNERAL

When my dolly died, when my dolly died,
I sat on the step and I cried, and I cried;
And I couldn't eat any jam and bread,
'Cause it didn't seem right when my dolly was dead.
And Bridget was sorry as she could be,
For she patted my head, and 'Oh!' said she,
'To think that the pretty has gone and died!'—
Then I broke out afresh, and I cried and cried.

And all the dollies from all around
Came to see my doll put under the ground;
There were Lucy Lee and Mary Clark
Brought their dolls over all dressed in black,
And Emmeline Hope and Sarah Lou
Came over and brought their dollies, too.
And all the time I cried and cried,
'Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown,
With ribbons and laces all around,
And made her a coffin in a box,
Where my brother keeps his spelling blocks,
And we had some prayers, and a funeral, too;
And our hymn was, 'The Two Little Girls in Blue.'
But for me I only cried and cried,
'Cause it truly hurt when my dolly died.

We dug her grave in the violet bed,
And planted violets at her head;
And we raised a stone and wrote quite plain,
'Here lies a dear doll who died of pain.
And then my brother he said 'Amen,'
And we all went back to the house again.
But all the time I cried and cried,
Because 'twas right when my doll had died.

And then we had more jam and bread,
But I didn't eat, 'cause my doll was dead,
But I tied some crepe on my doll-house door,
And then I cried and cried some more.
I couldn't be happy, don't you see,
Because the funeral belonged to me,
And then the others went home, and then
I went out and dug up my doll again.

BERT'S GOOD SENSE

The day was very warm, with a strong wind blowing from the south-west that seemed like the breath from an oven, and which brought with it whirling clouds of dust. In the heat and glare the blue waters of the lake looked doubly cool and refreshing, and it was no wonder that a little group of picnickers had wandered down to the pier where several small sail-boats were for rent.

The old man in charge of the boats shook his head a little doubtfully when they asked for his best boat, and his eyes scanned the sky anxiously. Thunder heads in delicate tints of grey and white were beginning to show themselves about the horizon.

'Are you a good hand at managing a sail-boat?' he asked of Clare Davis, who had been making the inquiries.

'That's all right,' Clare answered, confidently; 'I've handled boats in some pretty bad weather, and never had an accident yet.'

Still the old man looked troubled. 'I'm afraid there's a squall coming up,' he said. 'We're going to get a change of wind before long, and it'll come as quick as a flash of lightning when it does come. It's always dangerous sailing on the lake on a day like this. There's been many a sail-boat capsized, and it wasn't the fault of the fellow that was sailing it either.'

'Well, I'm willing to take the risk,' Clare said lightly, 'and I guess the rest are too. Isn't that so?' she asked, turning to the others.

Some nodded, and one or two looked uncertain. Bert Hawley shook his head decidedly.

'Oh, Bert!' Clare cried, 'you're not going to back out, are you? Why, I don't believe there's any danger.'

'I'm not so sure,' Bert said. 'I know the lake, and I know that squalls come up like race-horses. I don't believe in running into danger myself unless I have to, and, another thing, I don't believe I have any right to take Margaret into danger, even if I wanted to go myself.' He smiled at his sister, who was younger than he, and who believed that what Bert said and did was about right.

Bert's stand decided the others who had been doubtful, so that the little sail-boat, as it moved away from the pier, carried only a part of the picnickers.

'I think you showed good sense,' the old man said to Bert. 'And I liked what you said about taking your sister into danger. There are a good many folks that never think of that.'

The squall did come, as the boatman had foretold, but Clare was watching the sky keenly, and handled the boat so skilfully that she was not hurt. But the party were drenched by flying spray, and chilled by the cold wind that came out of the north-east, following the squall. As the little boat came back to the pier, the girls looked frightened and uncomfortable.

'I wish we'd stayed, too!' one of the party said. At which the old boatman replied:

'Some folks are always late taking advice.'

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 actions by bringing it to a successful finish. More than half the women in the world fail, not only in important, but 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-reliance does not preclude doubt of one's infallibility, but it does mean faith to do whatever has been undertaken. A self-reliant woman does not say 'I cannot,' but 'I will,' even at the time she does not know how she will accomplish the task. But her very faith in herself is a help; she trains herself to be alert for anything that may further the end, and her self-reliance begets the confidence of others.

CHINESE CHILDREN

In China the childhood name given to an infant varies according to circumstances. If the first child has died the second is often called after a tree or an animal, in order to cheat the evil genie, supposed to be always lying in wait to destroy children. Often a baby is named after the barnyard fowl or after an idol. The evil genie does not see through the deception, and spares the child. Frequently the names chosen are imaginative and poetic. The following are examples of those bestowed on little boys:—Glittering Dawn, Pure Pearl, Budding Flower, Gleaming Star, Retired Garden, Sweet Doctrine, Eyes Like the Moon, Light Without Eclipse, etc. Girl babies are named The Father's Jewel, The Leaf, Immaculate Rose, Perfumed Petal, Velvet Corolla, Virginal Stem, Chosen Carnation, Morning Peace, Happiness Without End.

The children receive new names when old enough to study or to be promised in marriage. In the Celestial Empire children are, at a very early age, betrothed to others of as tender years, who live in neighboring villages or perhaps at a great distance. It is not customary to arrange these marriages between families of the same surname or between cousins.

The young people thus affianced never see each other, however, until the day of their real marriage, a strange custom which, though, to a certain extent, it safeguards the dignity of the marriage state, is not favorable to a good understanding between the contracting parties.

When a young affianced husband dies his betrothed is expected to remain a widow for the rest of her life. Sometimes she goes to live with his family, where, as time goes by, she adopts one or more children to console her loneliness. This continued widowhood is considered among the Chinese to be a proof of heroic constancy. At the death of the inconsolable widow the community erects to her memory a stone monument with some such inscription as 'To a Fidelity and Virtue as Boundless as the Ocean.'