

The Family Circle

BETTER LAUGH

If you feel like bein' blue,
Better laugh;
Sighs won't bring sunshine to you—
Better laugh;
You can't conquer fate with frowns
In a fight of fifty rounds;
So in' all yer ups an' downs
Better thing to do, by half,
Is jist to laugh.

When yer burden's hard to bear,
Better smile.
Howlin' ain't no cure for care—
Better smile.
When luck don't come jist your way,
Keep your heart up, grin and say,
'Things 'll take a turn some day,'
Better'n grumblin' all the while
Is jist to smile.

ELEVENTH HOUR FOLKS

'Edith Brayton wants to help in getting up the sale. She said she belonged to a club that had a sale in the town she used to live in, and she says she'd like to help.'

Polly pursed her mouth into a round something that looked more like a no than a yes, and her friend Louie regarded her curiously.

'You don't want her?' she exclaimed, 'I thought you'd be pleased.'

'There are six of us now, and that's enough,' said Polly. She had been the leader in the plan of getting up a sale to help endow a bed in the children's hospital. 'Six is enough. She did not add that if the credit of the undertaking were divided up among seven girls there would be less for each one, but that thought was in her mind.

Polly remembered very well the day she changed her opinion. It was the afternoon when Rose brought word that her cousin was not going to make the hand-painted ornaments for the fancy work table, and the other girls had similar discouraging reports to bring. Lucy Atwood, whose sister was to sing, announced that she had a sore throat, and did not believe she would be able, and Josephine Briggs declared that she never would dare to deliver the recitation she had learned especially for the occasion.

It was only by accident that Edith Brayton dropped in at the home where the six girls were meeting, and found Polly in tears, and the others discussing giving up the undertaking.

'Give it up,' cried Edith. 'Oh, that would be a pity! Things always seem so much worse than they really turn out you know.' Then she stopped herself and blushed. 'I didn't mean to interfere,' she said, 'only I remembered it was just this way with the sale we got up in the town where I used to live.'

Louie looked at Polly defiantly. 'I wish you'd come in and help us,' she said. 'For you know something about it, and we don't.'

'Oh, won't you help us?' cried the other girls, all but Polly.

And she said, falteringly, 'It's a shame to ask you now, when we've made a fizzle of it ourselves.'

But Edith smiled at her brightly as she answered, 'Of course I'll help! But I don't believe it's going to be a fizzle.'

And it wasn't. The way the seventh girl worked was an inspiration to the other six. Nothing discouraged her, for she would not be discouraged. Her head was full of plans, which she knew would work because she had tried them. And when the sale came off two weeks later it netted quite a sum for the hospital.

Edith was very modest about her share in making it successful. 'I don't deserve any credit,' she said, 'for I didn't come in till the eleventh hour.'

But Polly answered with a squeeze of her hand: 'Some eleventh-hour folks do more than those that have been at work all the time, and as for the credit, I guess there's enough of that to go around.'

Polly as well as the hospital babies had profited by the sale.

THE TONGUE

One of the ancients was once asked, 'What is the tongue?' 'All that is best and all that is worst,' he replied. The tongue is the noblest faculty man possesses; through its means he holds communion with his fellow-creatures, and maintains with them all those relations which are both a necessity and the charm of life. It is by means of the tongue, that key of the mind and heart, that the soul reveals its thoughts and feelings and gives forth those tones so full of melody, power, and sweetness, that radiate around her and make her a centre of attraction for other minds. But, alas! the tongue is also the most active instrument for propagating sin and falsehood. It is a channel for some through which all the foulness of the heart pours forth; the interpreter through whom all earthly passions speak—such as pride, hate, wounded jealousy, revenge, and impurity! Or it is the quivering leaf perpetually agitated by the breath of a changeable, inconstant and vain-glorious wind.

PAID FOR SILENCE

Every safe manufacturer has attached to his staff expert locksmiths, whose duties consist in opening safes which have got out of order. Many of the accidents to safes occur from the gross carelessness of their owners, and at times the honest safe-crackers enjoy a quiet laugh at the expense of a group of bank officials or the proprietor of some important establishment.

Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a London safe-maker requesting that a man be sent at once to his place of business, a town about fifty miles from the city. Upon reaching his destination, the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment, and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned affair, which locked with a key, and which contained the safe and books of the concern, could not be opened.

The man examined the lock and then the key, opened his kit, took out a bit of wire, and began to dig a mass of crumbs, dust, and lint out of the key. Then he inserted it in the lock and, when the proprietor with a sickly smile looked up, turned the implement and opened the door.

'What's your charge?' asked the manufacturer.

'Five guineas,' replied the expert.

'Does anyone know you are in town?'

'No.'

'Well, then, here are six guineas,' remarked the manufacturer. 'I'll give you a guinea extra if you'll take the first train back to London without telling anyone the price I've paid to have a man dig dust out of a key for me.'

PALINDROMES

This word (remarks the *Ave Maria*) comes from two Greek roots meaning 'to run' and 'back'; and the palindrome is, accordingly, a word, a verse, or a sentence that runs back, or reads the same either from left to right or from right to left. 'N. A. Noonan' and 'Yreka Bakery' are examples of palindromic names; and the classic supposed address of the first man to the first woman, 'Madam, I'm Adam,' is a palindromic sentence. Other examples of phrases or sentences possessing this peculiarity of reading the same backward and forward are: 'Name no one man' 'Rail as a liar,' and 'Red rum murder.' While it is quite possible that some solemn-visaged, matter-of-fact readers of this paragraph may declare that making palindromes is merely another method of murdering time, less serious young folks may still derive innocent recreation from the effort to make a few; and there is little danger that the matter will become such a fad as to constitute in any home circle a 'live evil.'

FOR THE GIRLS

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play, or sing, or paint, well enough to give pleasure to their friends, but the following 'accomplishments' are within everybody's reach:—

Shut the door and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.