

The Family Circle

GRANDMOTHER AND ME

Grandmother dear is a very old lady;
Grandmother dear can't see.
But when she drops things or loses her spectacles,
Grandmother's eyes are—me.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady;
Sometimes she never hears;
But I always run when the postman comes ringing—
I can be grandmother's ears.

Grandmother dear likes the house all tidy,
Everything dusted and neat,
So I work with my little red broom and my duster—
I can be grandmother's feet.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady;
Can't walk, and can't hear, and can't see;
You never could tell, though, the fun we have playing—
Grandmother dear and me.

WHEN SUSIE WAS READY

'Good morning, Mrs. Babcock! Is Susie ready?'
'She's upstairs, dear, dressing. You didn't expect to find her ready on time, did you? You know Susie too well for that.'

Mrs. Babcock's laugh ended in a sigh, and Rose laughed, too, as she ran up the stairs.

'Poking along as usual!' she cried, gaily, throwing open the door of Susie's room after a hasty knock. 'Were you ever known to hurry?'

'Oh, there's plenty of time!' said Susie, serenely. She was brushing her hair before the mirror with her usual leisurely air. 'Do sit down, Rose. I never could see the use of getting into a flurry just to be ready half an hour beforehand.'

Rose laughed and subsided into a chair. Then she caught sight of a glove thrown across the white bedspread, with sewing materials conveniently near. 'Something the matter with your glove?' she questioned.

'Yes, there's a button off, and one of the forefingers is ripped a little. Would you mind fixing it for me, Rose? Oh, thank you!'

By the time the brown locks were smooth and in place, Mrs. Babcock came into the room. 'You haven't many minutes to spare, my dear.'

'Oh, I guess there'll be plenty of time, mamma! Will you get me my dotted swiss? I think it's in the wardrobe in the hall. And I want a fresh ruching basted in.'

Mrs. Babcock, returning with the white dress over her arm, found her daughter thoughtfully scrutinising a pair of shoes.

'They really must be cleaned, mamma. I had forgotten that it rained the last time I wore them. I wonder where Arthur is?'

'I'll see, Susie; though it is entirely wrong to have left them for the last moment.'

Mrs. Babcock disappeared hurriedly, and a minute later a fresh-faced boy dashed up the stairs, seized the muddy shoes and rushed away to clean them, his manner indicating that it was not the first time he had been called on in such an emergency.

'Is your cake ready to take?' asked Rose, knowing, from long experience, that the question was not uncalled for.

'Oh, dear! I completely forgot about it. Rose, run to the head of the back stairs and ask Mary to put it in a box and put tissue paper around it, so it will carry well.'

Rose obeyed. Mary, stopped in the midst of ironing a white shirt-waist, set her iron on the stove with a thump, and rushed to attend to the neglected cake.

The time was getting short. Mrs. Babcock helped Susie into the white dress and buttoned it. Arthur came running upstairs with the polished shoes in his hands, and, gallantly going down on one knee before his sister, slipped on the shoes and tied the laces firmly. Rose stood holding the hat and mended gloves. Mary appeared breathless, with a neat package in her hands.

'That's everything, I guess!' Susie declared with a satisfied glance about her. 'Oh, a handkerchief, mamma! Good-bye, everybody!'

Seated in the car a few minutes later, she spied a clock in a neighboring steeple, and turned on her friend, triumphantly.

'Well, Rose, we are not late! I told you there was no reason to hurry! I knew I could be ready in time!'

And then she wondered why Rose laughed.

DON'T BE TOO FUNNY

Some girls take a particular pride in saying smart things. It would be far better for them to cultivate the faculty of saying kind things. Smart sayings sometimes hurt people. It is very hard to love a person who is always ready to make fun of something or somebody. 'Kindness is the word'—particularly for girls. The following words from one of our exchanges are apropos:—The habit of making laughable analogies between a person's actions or words and something either humiliating or vulgar, is not uncommon nowadays. The wag, proud of his applauded keen perception, and glorying in his ludicrous comparisons between persons and things, can be found anywhere; in fact, there are few places without such a pest. In every cheap theatre, the 'wit' is the show; in every social club, the 'wit' is the life of the place; and on every street corner the loquacious wit is not ashamed to show his ill-breeding and shallowness. Nothing can be said or done in his hearing that will not provoke a 'witty' saying or a clever comparison.

HE WANTED TO KNOW

A real estate firm had lots for sale in a new suburban addition. The young, enthusiastic member was writing the advertisement, eloquence flowing from his pen. He urged intending purchasers to seize the passing moment.

'Napoleon not only met the opportunity, he created it!'

The senior partner read this line in the advertisement slowly and carefully.

'This fellow Napoleon,' he observed, quizzically, 'what's the use of advertising him with our money?'

TIT FOR TAT

It is never wise to intrude one's prejudices upon the general public, since there is everywhere someone capable of taking up such prejudices and turning them to ridicule. Nowhere is this more true than in the case of strangers in country towns, for nowhere does ready wit find expression more freely than under such circumstances.

The following story is related of a certain lawyer named Ratcliffe, who was famous in his circle for his scepticism and his hatred of religious things. One time this Mr. Ratcliffe had occasion to go to St. Albans, to take testimony in a law case in which he was engaged. He amused himself during the proceedings by continually alluding to the town as 'Albans,' instead of St. Albans.

Presently one of the local lawyers present asked:

'Why do you call this place "Albans"?'.

'Because I don't like saints,' said Mr. Ratcliffe.

'Oh!'

Nothing more was said on the subject, but by-and-bye the work being completed, the lawyer rose to take his departure.

'Good-bye, gentlemen,' he said to the three or four St. Albans men who were present.

'Good-bye, Mr. Cliffe,' they all answered at once.

'What do you mean by calling me Mr. Cliffe?' he exclaimed.

'Why, we don't like rats,' said one of the St. Albans men.

THE THREE PORTRAITS

In a convent school in Italy, a very vain and conceited girl was being educated. Nature, or rather God, had endowed her with rare beauty, but instead of thanking her Creator for so glorious a gift, because of it she despised her less beautiful companions.

Times without number had she been reproved for this serious fault, but to no purpose.

Her parents, who fondly loved their child, being anxious for her future welfare, had recourse to a stratagem.

On her birthday they sent her three little parcels, on each of which was marked a number. No. 1 on one parcel; on another No. 2; and on the other No. 3, thus indicating the order in which they were to be opened.

On receiving the presents, Mary (for such was the girl's name) ran hastily to her little room to open the parcels. When