

The Family Circle

SUCCESS

A youth who longed for future greatness,
Dreamed of doing deeds of fame,
Of success and great achievements
Adding glory to his name.

From her pinnacle so lofty
Fortune dazzled him with smiles,
Filled him with vain aspirations,
And enraptured by her wiles.

Beckoning she led him forward
Gaily waving banners bright;
Floating 'Happiness' above him;
But in vain he reached its height.

Now she pointed, smiling coyly,
To the glittering banner 'Wealth,'
Which, though he sprang quickly toward it,
Vanished seemingly by stealth.

But farther on enchanting Fortune
Proudly waved the banner 'Fame,'
Clutching space instead of Honor,
He grew weary of the game.

Bravely now, he turning backward,
Resolved to no more duty shirk;
Happiness and fame, and riches,
Were all found through magic 'Work!'

—Exchange.

A MAN IN THE MAKING

The story of Skaggles is very simple, but it goes straight to that spot in the heart that is always waiting to respond to the brave and sweet things of life. Skaggles was not his name. Some one gave him that title the third day after he took the job. It was finally curtailed to 'Skag.' When he first came to the office he fitted like a mouse's tail in a well; but he had an old look—the look of a burden beyond his years. He was wan and pale, and his nose was red every time he came in from the weather. His shoes and stockings were ventilated beyond endurance to anybody except a boy.

But Skag was a faithful worker—at first. Bright and early he swept the office and dusted the desks—that is, used the duster—and by 8 o'clock he was over in his corner, his hair plastered back and his face washed, save for the high-water mark about his neck.

But by degrees Skag's enthusiasm over his new position languished. The clerks complained of unemptied waste-baskets and dusty desks. It was also noticed that Skag's clothes were daily growing more shabby, his hair longer, his shoes more run over, and it was evident that his mind was not on his work.

A reprimand from the 'boss' had the desired effect. He became more punctual, took more interest in his work, seemed cheery, and sometimes whistled a little. But Skag's work was spasmodic. It was not long before he was as bad as ever. His work lagged, he was slow about getting around mornings, and his interest—outwardly, at least—was of the wooden Indian variety. The crowning and final test of endurance on the part of the office force came when he went to sleep in his chair.

'Skag, come here!'

It was the boss. Skag shuffled into the manager's private office, and sat on the edge of a chair, nervous and fidgety. The boss did not speak for a minute—his way of impressing a culprit.

'Skag, this thing has gone far enough! You are not paying attention to your work. Look at the dust on my desk—it's frightful. This is Monday. I'll give you just one week. Saturday winds you up unless you come out of that trance. That's all.'

Skag sniffed and shuffled back to his chair, where he tugged at the seam on his trousers and gazed vacantly out of the window.

The next morning the office fairly glistened, and all through the week his work improved. The stenographer even discarded her work sleeves, her desk was so clean

But no one noticed that Skag's face was growing thinner and his eyelids more drooping.

Saturday night, after 5 o'clock, Skag stayed and cleaned up the office. He would be that much ahead when Monday came.

Monday morning the office was as clean as a Dutch kitchen, but there was no Skag. Noon arrived, and still no Skag, at which the boss waxed wrathful.

'Jones, go up to the kid's house and see what the trouble is. Tell him if he can't get here by 2 o'clock, he needn't come at all.'

When Jones returned, he went into the manager's private office and closed the door. Later he came out with a long sheet of paper in his hand. The boss had headed the list with 25 dollars.

'What brought it on?' asked the stenographer.

'Exposure, and not enough to keep body and soul together. The kid's been sitting up nights with her for a month. Funeral's Wednesday.'

Skag is still working. He wears a new suit, and the high-water mark round his neck has disappeared. And they do not call him Skaggles now. They call him by his right name.

GENUINENESS

There is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere, genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be—that you are really a different person from what the world regards you—you are not strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy and warps your conduct. If there is a mote at the bottom of your eye you cannot look the world squarely in the face. Your vision is not clear. Everybody sees that you are not transparent. There is a cloudiness, a haze about your character, which raises the interrogation point where you go. Character alone is strength, deceit is weakness, sham and shoddy are powerless, and only the genuine and the true are worth while.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

The English language will lend itself, when used by an ignorant person, to illustrating Dogberry's phrase, 'Comparisons are odorous.'

An English nobleman had imported two emus with the hope of breeding from them, and as he was to be away from his estate, gave orders that the greatest care should be taken of the lady emu, if she produced the desired egg or eggs. The egg was laid, but the lady declined to 'sit.'

The steward, however, was an ingenious man, and thought of a substitute, announcing the interesting event to his master in the following terms:

'The emu has laid an egg, but we were in a great difficulty, as she would not sit on it. I did what I thought was best, and in your Lordship's absence I have placed the egg under the biggest goose on the estate.'

A PUZZLING PROBLEM

A certain merchant of the East left in his last will and testament seventeen horses to be divided among his three sons. The first was to receive one-half, the second one-third, and the youngest a ninth part of the whole. But when they came to arrange about the division, it was found that to comply with the terms of the will, without sacrificing one or more of the animals, was impossible.

Puzzled in the extreme, they repaired to the Cadi, who, having read the will, declared that such a difficult question required time for deliberation, and recommended them to return in two days. When they again made their appearance, the Judge said: 'I have considered your case, and find that I can make such a division of the seventeen horses among you as will give each more than his strict share and yet not one of the animals be injured. Are you content?'

'We are perfectly content, O Cadi!' was the reply.

'Bring forth the seventeen horses and let them be placed in the court,' said the Cadi.

The animals were brought in, and the Cadi ordered the groom to place his own horse with them. When this had been done, he ordered the eldest brother to count the horses.

'There are eighteen in number, O Cadi!' he said.

'I will make the division,' responded the Cadi. 'You, the