

The Family Circle

TO A LITTLE MAID

How should little maidens grow:

When they're ten or over?
In the sunshine and the air,
Wholesome, simple, fresh, and fair,
As the bonny daisies blow,
And the happy clover.

How should little lassies speak

At this time of living?
As the birds do, and the bees,
Singing through the flowers and trees,
'Till each mortal fain would seek
Joy her lips are giving.

How about her eyes and ears

At this stage of growing?
Like the clear, unclouded skies,
Not too eager or too wise,
So that all she sees and hears
May be worth the knowing.

And the little maiden's heart?

Ah! for that we're praying
That it strong and pure may grow;
God who loveth children so,
Keep her from all guile apart,
Through life's mazes straying!

LAUGHING WINIFRED

'Isn't it too funny!' Winifred leaned against the wall to have her laugh out. 'I can't keep my face straight when she opens her mouth. How in the world does she get her verbs mixed up in that queer way?'

'You know, she has been in this country but six months,' Pauline suggested gently. 'I think she speaks English very well when you take that into account.'

'Perhaps she does,' Winifred admitted carelessly. 'But anyway, it's fun to hear her. If I were her roommate, I shouldn't do a thing but laugh all day.'

'Don't let her know you are laughing at her,' warned the more thoughtful Pauline.

'Oh, she won't notice. She's the slow sort that never notices things,' Winifred returned. 'And it's lucky she is, or otherwise she'd be my mortal enemy.' She walked away humming a tune, and it was not until supper that it occurred to her that there might be two sides to the question.

The girls in Miss Graham's school who were studying languages did not look forward to their supper with unqualified anticipation. The girls who took German sat at 'the German table,' and were not supposed to make any remarks during the meal, except in the language. The French table was on the other side of the dining room, and at this the conversation was all in French. Winifred sat at the German table, and when she took her seat that night she found that the flaxen haired foreigner, whose accent had seemed so amusing earlier in the day, was her right-hand neighbor.

Winifred's German vocabulary was somewhat limited, and it was not till she had done some thinking that she ventured to ask her new neighbor, Lena Saeker, how she had enjoyed her first day at the school.

For a moment Lena stared, as if she had not quite understood. Then suddenly her fair cheeks flushed, and she hastily replied in smoothly-flowing German which fell musically on Winifred's ear, though she could not understand all the words. The teacher, Miss Roberts, spoke from the end of the table, when Lena had finished.

'We are very fortunate in having Lena with us,' she said in German. 'Her fine accent will be a great help to us all.' And for the rest of the supper hour Lena had so many questions to answer that it was a wonder she found time to eat.

Nor was that all. As Winifred left the dining room she heard an animated conversation going on between Miss Roberts, the German teacher, and Miss Wallace, who taught French.

'Can't we make arrangements to divide that remarkable Lena?' Miss Wallace was asking eagerly. 'It isn't fair that you should have her all the time. You know, she has an excellent French accent, and she would be a real inspiration at my table.'

Winifred did not hear Miss Roberts's answer. She was thinking how she had laughed that morning at the peculiarities of Lena's English accent, and the memory

made her uncomfortable. She could not help feeling that if Lena had not been too polite, she might have had her share of laughter that day.

A RECIPE FOR BOY-SPOILING

Parents are often advised in regard to the proper upbringing of their children. It is not often that a writer gives instructions as to the best means of spoiling a boy, but this we find lately has been done by a correspondent in a home weekly. Here are the directions:—

Let him have plenty of spending money.

Allow him to choose his companions and never ask who they are.

Give him a key and permit him to be out at nights and get home when he pleases.

Make no inquiry as to where and with whom he spends his leisure moments.

Have him to understand that money and manners are substitutes for morality.

Teach him to expect pay for every act of helpfulness to others.

Let him believe that it is a disgrace to exercise at the end of a hoe handle, so long as he or you can pay a man to take that exercise.

Show him that you have no faith in churches or teachers.

Teach him and train him thus, and if he doesn't go to bad 'twill not be your fault.

A PROGNOSIS

It was at a children's party during the Christmas holidays. The youngsters had just done more than justice to the luxurious spread provided by their hostess, and games were now the order of the evening.

'Now, children,' said she, 'we will play the zoo, and each of you must represent a different animal.'

Then going to a little girl, she asked:

'Now, Carrie, what are you going to be?'

'I'll be an elephant.'

'And you, Reggie, what are you going to be?'

'I'm going to be a lion.'

'And what are you going to be, Hilda?'

'I'm going to be a tiger.'

Then, crossing to the other side of the room, the hostess, noticing a youngster sitting all alone, asked:

'And what are you going to be, Tommy?'

'P-please,' was the halting reply, 'p-please, I—I'm going—to be sick.'

TOMMY'S APPLE LESSON

'I don't see why Jamie and I may not play with Harry Barnes, father; I am sure he is not so very bad,' Tommy urged. 'We will try to make him better. Can't we play with him? Please, father, I don't see how he can harm us.'

Without saying a word, Tommy's father took four large fine apples, put them on a plate, and placed a badly speckled apple in the centre, then he set them in the cupboard. Tommy watched him closely, and wondered why; but his father only said, 'Wait two weeks, Tom, and then we shall see why you should not play with Harry Barnes.'

Mr. Brown always kept his word; the boy knew that he must wait two weeks. At the end of that time, Tommy again asked his father if he could play with Harry. Again without a word, Mr. Brown went to the cupboard and brought out the plate of apples. The good apples were bad, just like the one in the centre. The boy was surprised, and his father examined each apple carefully, looking puzzled.

'Should not four good apples make one bad apple good?' he asked. 'I fear, Tommy,' he added, 'that apples and boys are somewhat alike. One evil companion will destroy four good ones. Do you see, now, why I do not want you to play with Harry Barnes?'

Tommy's face was very red. 'I think I do not want to play with him now,' he said, manfully.

GOOD ADVICE

The following ten rules, made by the famous writer of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, should be learned by heart by you:—

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.