

The Family Circle

GOOD-NIGHT

'Papa, tiss me dood-night?'
 Why, bless you wee heart!
 I could kiss you good-night
 Till the dark curtains part,
 Letting in the broad day;
 Or hold your wee form
 Through the long hours of sleep
 Just to kiss you good-morn.

The night has come down
 And it finds you undressed,
 Snuggled close in my arms
 Like a bird in its nest.
 I've recited the 'piggies'
 To all your wee toes,
 And have kissed you—
 Now how many times do you s'pose?

'Papa, tiss me aden?'
 Dear, you know papa will!
 The lush grasses sleep
 On the south sloping hill.
 And the trees are asleep,
 Oh, my pink bud and white,
 But still you're awake,
 And I've kissed you good-night.

Papa's real good-night kiss
 Dear, will find you in bed,
 When your dimpled arm pillows
 Your dear yellow head,
 And your eyes are fast shut,
 And your red lips a-pout
 Like love's gates ajar
 For a kiss to steal out.

And no one may know
 What your father feels then,
 As he stoops o'er your couch
 Just to kiss you again.
 God keep you forever
 From sorrow and blight!
 May angels watch over
 My darling! Good-night!

SADIE'S PRESENTS

'Next week—that is, on next Wednesday—will be my birthday,' said Sadie Moreland reflectively.
 'You will be fifteen,' replied Aunt Alice, looking up at her from her knitting—'almost a young woman.'
 'Father and mother don't seem to think so,' sniffed Sadie.
 'Don't they treat you with sufficient consideration?' asked Aunt Alice, turning her head to conceal a smile.
 'No, they don't,' answered Sadie, decidedly. 'They treat me like a child, and when I ask for anything I am told that I am too young, or they laugh at me. I think it a shame.'

'So you want to be a young woman. Well, now, what would you do if you had your own way?'
 'I would get anything I wanted,' replied Sadie quickly, 'and I'm going to begin now.'
 'Dear me!' ejaculated her aunt.
 'You know,' went on Sadie confidentially, 'Uncle Henry sent me ten dollars on my last birthday, and I feel sure he will repeat the gift. That's twenty, and I have nearly two dollars saved up. Now only this morning I asked papa what I should do with my savings, and he said I might do anything I pleased. So I am going to spend it on myself.'

'For something useful, I hope,' ventured Aunt Alice.
 'For something I want,' rejoined Sadie, half-defiantly. 'First I'm going to get a red silk umbrella with a Dresden ball handle. Then I'll get a morocco pocketbook—'
 'You have a nice one now.'
 'I want a stylish one. Then I want a reefer tie and a hair-ribbon, and—and—oh, I have quite a list of things I am going to buy.'
 'Will you spend all your money?'
 'Every cent. Nobody will give me the presents I want, so I'll buy them for myself.'

'It is a great deal of money to spend on frivolity in these hard times,' said her aunt quietly.

But Sadie affected not to hear, and sitting down at her father's desk, began to write with some ostentation, and here Aunt Alice wisely said no more.

That night at supper Mrs. Moreland came in late. 'I am completely fagged out,' she remarked, as Mary, the eldest daughter, poured out the tea. 'I have visited twelve families this afternoon, and I am sure I had no idea such destitution existed.'

'I encounter instances of distress every day,' said Mr. Moreland, 'and it pains me to think that I cannot relieve all the deserving cases.'

'If every one would do their share,' observed gentle Aunt Alice, 'it would not be so hard for the few.'

It would not be hard for anyone to give assistance,' assured Mrs. Moreland earnestly, 'if we could force ourselves to do without luxuries while our neighbors are starving.'

Sadie thought her mother looked at her particularly, and it made her uneasy. This feeling was increased when her father continued, with emphasis:

'I can't see how anyone can be so heartless as to squander money when it might be put to use in actually saving lives.'

As the conversation ran on in this strain, Sadie spent a very unhappy half-hour.

But it rather aroused her resentment than otherwise. 'I just believe Aunt Alice told,' she said angrily; 'but I don't care! It's my money, and I can do what I please with it. Nobody thinks I ought to have anything nice.'

So when Uncle Henry's present of a ten-dollar note came the next day, she put it in her purse and went down town to shop.

'I'll not take all my money,' she decided. 'Ten dollars will be enough for one day.'

But somehow Sadie did not see anything that exactly suited her. Everything seemed outrageously high-priced, and Sadie came home with nothing but a twenty-cent hair ribbon.

The next day Sadie asked Aunt Alice to accompany her.

'To-morrow is my birthday,' she explained, 'and I haven't got my presents yet.'

Aunt Alice willingly consented, and the two set forth after school hours. The first thing they looked at was an umbrella, price four dollars.

'This is just what you want,' said Aunt Alice.

Sadie was looking at a glass globe in the aisle, that bore a sign—

'Remember the Poor.'

'I don't believe I really want an umbrella,' she replied in a low voice, and Aunt Alice followed her out of the store.

This experience was duplicated in several other stores. Sadie either bought nothing or contented herself with some economical trinket; so that when they returned home the total purchases amounted to only two dollars.

After supper that night Sadie drew her mother aside and put something in her hand.

'For the poor,' she said. 'It is my birthday present.'

Mrs. Moreland took five dollars from the little roll. 'Give according to your means, daughter,' she said, kissing her fondly; 'I have watched your struggle against self, and never was a present more worthily bestowed.'

A PLEASING MANNER

It is a curious fact that nothing plays a greater part in a woman's career than a charming manner. Yet nothing is taught and cultivated less. To be gracious without being patronising on the one hand or too gushing on the other, all this requires cultivation and is not attained in a day. That illustrative attribute known as charm is still more difficult, if not impossible, to achieve. It is not inborn and not to be acquired, strive as we may ever so hard. Certain it is that this charm is the most to be desired of all the good gifts the fairy godmothers have to bestow. Beauty may fade and riches may fly away and health and youth be swallowed up by the years as they pass; but that charm will ever remain, more potent, more soul-satisfying than beauty and riches and even youth itself. How often does not one see this exemplified in society by the popularity of some woman who apparently possesses little or nothing to justify such success and who nevertheless is courted and admired and of whom everyone says, 'Isn't she charming?' You agree that she is, and wonder why. Other women you know, better-looking, younger, better-dressed—and yet they lack just something which attracts others. What is it, you ask yourself, and you come to the conclusion it is something which, for want of a better name, you call 'charm.'