

The Family Circle

A SEWING SONG.

Oh, it's thread and needle and thimble too.
It's wax and scissors and emery, too.
Oh, wonderful, wonderful things I'll do,
With my thread and needle and thimble, too.

I'll make a bag for my own mamma;
I'll hem a 'kerchief for dear papa;
And a doll I'll dress for our little wee Bess.
With a frock and mantle and petticoat, too.

Oh, it's cutting and basting and hemming, too.
It's stitching and felling and gathering, too.
There's really no end to the things I can do
With my cutting and basting and gathering, too.

And oh, what pleasure to sing and sew.
And feel I am helping mamma, you know;
And still more pleasure, beyond all measure,
When work is finished and off I go.

WHAT COUNTED.

'What have you girls found in the paper that is so interesting?' asked Ethel Downing indifferently as she entered the room where half a dozen of the Academy girls had gathered for a fudge party. 'It must be something tremendously exciting, judging from the way you're all huddled over one paper.'

'Interesting? Well, I guess so.' This from Rita Turner, who emerged from the arm of girls on the davenport, holding aloft a copy of the *Daily Record*, the leading newspaper of the neighboring city. 'I'll read it out loud, girls, and save the strain on your eyes.' Turning to Ethel she explained, 'We've just discovered that Doris Grey has won a ten dollar prize for a letter describing her vacation experiences. The letter is published to day, and that is what we were all trying to read.'

Standing in the middle of the room, Rita read the letter, a brightly written account of a camping trip that had been full of interesting and unusual experiences.

'I don't wonder she got a prize,' was the comment of one of the girls on the davenport. 'She makes it all seem so real that you almost imagine you're there with her.'

'Oh, I don't know,' came Ethel's indifferent voice like a dash of cold water. 'I don't see anything so very wonderful in it. Rita and I had just as interesting experiences last summer when we took that house-boat trip down the river. Either one of us could have written just as good a letter.'

'Well, perhaps we might,' laughed Rita. 'But we didn't, and that is where Doris, with her ten-dollar prize, has the advantage over us.'

Several weeks later, when the trees of the campus were no longer gay in green and gold, but tossed their bare branches to the biting wind, in Rita's room a little group of girls had gathered to talk over the accident that had disabled Martha Ann, the faithful laundress.

'It wouldn't have mattered half so much if I had sprained my wrist,' mourned Becky Adams, with a rueful glance toward the closet, where her daintiest white dress hung. 'What will poor Martha Ann do this winter without our work, and what will we do without Martha Ann?'

'Hadh't we better get up a little fund?' suggested Rita. 'I'll give two dollars. I'd like to give more, but my allowance is getting pretty low.'

The other girls generously pledged what they could spare from allowances that were getting low as the end of the term approached.

'I'm not sure that I can spare even a dollar,' Becky confessed in some confusion. 'But perhaps I can do something else. I'll let you know to-morrow.'

The next afternoon Becky was able to report with shining eyes that she had found a temporary place for Martha Ann in the waiting-room of Dr. Easley, her dentist.

'He has been talking about putting somebody in to look after the waiting-room,' Becky explained, 'though he wasn't really sure that it was necessary. Martha Ann can manage all right, even if her wrist is sprained, and I coaxed him to give her a trial. Even if he doesn't keep her permanently, it will tide her over till her wrist is strong again.'

'Good for you, Becky! That's better than chipping in a dollar.' 'Won't Martha Ann be pleased?' Becky flushed happily at the girls' praise.

When the little informal meeting broke up, Rita and Ethel, who were special chums, strolled off down the corridor together.

'Becky is quite set up over what she has done for Martha Ann, isn't she?' Ethel suggested. 'It's nothing so remarkable, though. I'm pretty sure that I could have got Martha Ann a place of some sort in the Gift Store. You know Mr. Janes, the head of it, is an old friend of my father's.'

In spite of the weeks that had passed, Rita's answer was very much the same that it had been the afternoon of the fudge party. 'But you didn't do it, Ethel, and Becky did. And that is what will count with Martha Ann.'

THE PRINTER AGAIN.

Here is a story that was heard during the interval at a promenade concert at Queen's Hall by an American visitor to London:—

A concert agent had sent to the printer the programme for a big concert he was organising. At the last moment a very great personage died. The programme was already in type and the proofs passed, but as soon as the news reached him the agent decided that Chopin's 'Funeral March' must be included as a sign of respect among the items performed by the orchestra.

He telephoned to the printer to ask him to make the addition.

'I want you to add one more item,' said the agent. 'Can you manage it?'

The printer said he would try.

'What do you want to add?' he said. 'Not much, I hope.'

'No, no, not much,' said the agent. 'I only want you to put in at the beginning of the programme "Funeral March, by Chopin." And he carefully spelled Chopin so that there should be no mistake.'

'All right,' replied the printer, 'I think we can just manage it.'

The agent heaved a sigh of relief, but when a copy of the programme was thrust into his hands on the night of the concert his hair stood on end. His message, it appeared, had got a bit addled over the telephone, and at the beginning of the programme the horrified agent discovered that the printer had made the concert open with—

'A few remarks by Chopin!'

LIFE IN ALASKA.

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. London *Truth* prints a story of one party of prospectors who owe their lives to a dog.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped. Day after day they had worked their way forward, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp and two of the number, accompanied only by a dog, should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

For days the two men wandered, until nature succumbed, and they lay down, weary and exhausted. Their faithful companion clung to them, and the warmth of his body was grateful as they crouched low with the bitter, ice-laden wind howling about them.