

The Family Circle

A CURE FOR THE BLUES

What! Moping just because the skies
Are dull and dark and gray?
Dejected, long-faced, just because
The rain beats down to-day?
Why, bless you, child. It doesn't help
To let the tears drip, too,
Just wipe your eyes and look around
For some good work to do.

There's nothing helps when you are blue
Like helping set things right,
Kind service fills the darkest day
With sweetness and with light,
And when you're feeling out of sorts
The very wisest plan
Is to find out what others want
And help them all you can.

So look around and study up
Some helpful thing to do;
You'll find that cheering others' lives
Will brighten life for you.
Look up the real unfortunates,
And ease their aches and pains,
And while you feel you're doing good
You'll never know it rains.

THE BRAVEST GIRL

'Elsie is the bravest girl I ever knew,' said Norah. 'They are tearing down the old bridge and she walked right across on one of the string-pieces this morning. It's awfully narrow and it shook every minute, but she wasn't scared a bit.'

'What did she do it for?' asked Uncle John, looking up from his newspaper.

'Oh, just for fun, to show that she wasn't afraid.'

'I don't think that was brave at all,' said Uncle John decidedly. 'Suppose the string-piece had broken and she had fallen into the river? She risked her life for nothing.'

Norah turned on him in surprise.

'Why, you thought Jessie Hayes was brave when she ran in front of the trolley-car after that baby. She risked her life, too!'

'Yes,' said Uncle John, 'that's the point exactly. She did it for something—to save the baby. But Elsie had no reason like that; she crossed the bridge just to show off. Do you see the difference?'

'I suppose so,' Norah admitted reluctantly; 'but Jessie was awfully afraid. She told me it seemed as if she couldn't do it, only she knew she had to.'

Uncle John nodded.

'And she did it. The brave man is the man who is afraid and doesn't run.'

Tom was on the couch, buried deep in a book, but apparently he hadn't missed anything, for he bobbed up now to say:

'The bravest girl I ever saw was in our room at school last week. She knocked a plaster cast off Professor Jacobs' desk while he was out of the room and it smashed to bits. It was an accident, not even careless, but we knew he would never understand—he never does. The girls are afraid of Professor Jacobs, and Nell got as white as a sheet. We were sorry for her, and John Stuart spoke up and said: "Don't say a word about it, Nell. The Professor need never know who did it. If he asks too many questions I'll say it fell off—it did, you know, when you hit it. I'm not afraid of him." Nell looked him squarely in the eyes and said, "Well, I am, but I never hid behind a lie yet. Thank you, just the same, John!" And when Professor Jacobs came in she just marched up and told him without waiting to be asked. He gave her a good scolding, too, just as we knew he would. I call that plucky. She was only a little slip of a girl, you know.'

'I guess girls are as brave as boys any day,' flashed Norah. 'I don't know a girl who wouldn't have done the same thing.'

'So you see, little girl,' said Uncle John, patting Norah's hand, 'there are different kinds of courage, and the kind that does foolhardy or dangerous things for nothing stands pretty low down in the scale.'

'And the kind that does right things when it's hard stands pretty high up,' said Norah softly.

TOO CLEVER

'Let me do the shopping this week, my dear,' said Mr. Knowall firmly, 'and you will see the difference in the expense. That baker of yours, for instance, only allows you six buns for sixpence. I shall get seven—watch me.'

Round to the baker's went Mr. Knowall.

On arriving, he pointed at a pile of buns on the counter and said fiercely: 'I want seven of those buns for sixpence.'

'But—'

'No buts, please. I want seven of those buns for sixpence. Here is the money. Put them in a bag.'

The girl hesitated, and finally took the sixpence, handing over seven buns in exchange.

'See, my dear,' said Mr. Knowall to his wife. 'I knew I could do it. Here are the buns. Seven for sixpence.'

'Yes, dear,' cooed Mrs. Knowall; 'but those are halfpenny buns!'

A GOOD TALE OF THE LAWYERS

'On one occasion the Zoo Gardens required some expenditure of money, and Judge Ross, being chairman of the committee, repaired to the Bank of Ireland, where the account of the society was kept, to ask Mr. Macmorragh Murphy, the secretary of the bank, for a little temporary overdraft until the subscriptions came in at the beginning of the year. The bank secretary naturally inquired what collateral security the Zoological Society proposed to offer; to which his Honor Judge Ross replied, "Simple deposit of two Royal Bengal Tigers and a Boa Constrictor!" Here is another. Colquhoun, a well known member of the City and County Conservative Club, told us that he had had a rough time when getting examined in connection with a life-annuity. "The doctor," he said, "asked me at least fifty questions; had I had this disease; had I had that disease; until he tired me out. At last he said: "I have only one more question to ask you, Mr. Colquhoun; what do you usually drink?" "And what did you reply?" I queried. "Oh," said Colquhoun, "I simply said: Whatever you're taking yourself, doctor."'

HENRY IRVING'S VERY DEAR FRIEND

Mr. Rasmay Colles tells some good yarns in his new book, *In Castle and Court House: Being Reminiscences of Thirty Years in Ireland*. Here is one of them:—'My friend, John Fergus O'Hea, the artist, told me a rather amusing story of Irving. When Irving paid his first visit to Ireland, he was called on by O'Hea, who wished to make some lightning sketches of the great actor. Having made a few thumbnail sketches, O'Hea asked: "May I ask, Mr. Irving, if you can give me a photograph? It may assist me in completing these sketches." "Certainly," replied Irving, choosing a couple of dozen photographs of himself, "you can have which you like." O'Hea chose a photograph, and then, as he was taking leave, said: "Will you add to your kindness, Mr. Irving, by signing this photograph?" "With pleasure," said Irving, and, taking up a pen, he wrote across the foot of the photograph: "To my very dear friend—" he paused, and, turning to O'Hea, asked in the charming manner which all lovers of Irving will recall with a sigh, "What name did you say?"'