

The Family Circle

WHO IS SHE ?

Perhaps you know the little girl
Who's always losing things;
Her head is in a constant whirl—
Her property has wings.

She's very sure she puts away
Each article in place,
But when she wants them they're astray,
And thus begins the chase.

'O, mother, have you seen my hat?
It's nearly half-past eight,
I thought 'twas earlier than that—
I'm sure I shall be late!

'And where's my coat? I hung it there
Upon that hook last night,
Well, yes, perhaps 'twas on the chair,
Or under it—you're right.

'Some pixie hid my books there. No,
I'm sure it wasn't I;
Hat, coat, gloves, books—a kiss! And so
I'm ready now. Good-bye!

What work and worry she could spare
Herself, and others, too,
By just a little thought and care,
Now, can this girl be you?

A KITTEN'S PUZZLE

Grandma was sorry she ever thought of giving the black kitten to Janey and Carolyn, when she learned that they quarrelled about its name. Janey wished to name the kitten 'Midnight,' because it was so black. Carolyn insisted upon calling it 'Jetty.' The only fact about that kitten upon which the little sisters agreed was its color. It was unquestionably black.

Janey wished the kitten to be fed on nothing but milk and begged to keep its bed in the kitchen. Carolyn tried to teach the kitten to eat everything, even oranges; she was glad mother said it must sleep in the woodshed. It did seem as if the little black kitten made more trouble in the family than anything that had ever happened—even measles. Mother threatened to send the pretty creature back to the farm to live with its mother cat and grandma and grandpa.

While mother, father, grandma, and grandpa were feeling so bad because Janey and Carolyn quarrelled about their pet, no one stopped to think that the kitten was much troubled himself. You see, he didn't know whether he was Midnight or Jetty. Sometimes he thought he was Midnight, and liked nothing but milk to drink; again, he was sure he was Jetty, who preferred bits of beefsteak for dinner. It was extremely puzzling. One day something happened that never had happened before.

Said Janey: 'It's name is Midnight, I tell you.'

Said Carolyn: 'And I tell you its name is Jetty.'

The kitten had listened to this many times before; but, when Janey made a face at Carolyn, and Carolyn that very minute made a face at Janey, the kitten fled.

One day passed, two days passed, and the kitten failed to return. Janey waited with fresh saucers of milk. Carolyn waited with a feast spread on the woodshed steps.

At last Janey cried. 'I am afraid something has happened to our dear kitten,' she said. 'Oh, if it will only come back, we will call it Jetty!'

'Don't speak of it,' answered Carolyn. 'If the sweet thing ever comes back, I shall be too glad to call it Midnight. I am afraid it has been killed by dogs.'

'Or run over by an automobile,' wailed Janey.

'And it is all our own fault,' persisted Carolyn. 'If we had even said, "Come back, kitty, kitty," that day, I believe it would have stayed at home.'

'Instead of doing that,' moaned Janey, 'I called, "Come, Midnight, Midnight, Midnight," and it mewed and ran fast.'

'Yes,' added Carolyn, 'and when I called "Come, Jetty, Jetty, Jetty," it mewed and ran faster than ever. I believe that kitten knew more'n we supposed.'

'Oh, I often saw the little thing wash its face and think at the same time,' admitted Janey.

One moonlight evening, when Janey and Carolyn were sitting on the front steps with their arms around each other, who should come walking up the garden path but one black kitten followed by a second black kitten! Midnight and Jetty had come back home, but which is which neither Janey nor Carolyn knows to this day. All they do know is that grandma's kitten from the country came home with a twin so exactly like himself that even grandma can't tell which one is the farm kitten.

The kitten himself knows which one he is, because once in a great while, when Janey and Carolyn talk over the past and agree never to quarrel over anything again, one kitten winks at the little girls. Before Janey and Carolyn get over their surprise, the kitten quickly has a game of 'tag' with his twin, and three seconds after that no one can tell which kitten winked, because they both look so exactly alike and so pleasant.

Perhaps all kittens would do nothing but purr cheerfully and never mew if they lived with such loving little sisters as Janey and Carolyn have been ever since their kitten left home long enough to think of a way out of his puzzle.

SPELLING AND PRONUNCIATION

The name of the German poet Goethe has always been a stumbling block in English pronunciation. It is said that Goethe street in New York is mispronounced forty-seven different ways by conductors and others.

A recent Goethe pronunciation story tells of a certain confusion of tongues when the executive board of the Dulverton Women's Club was in session. The secretary had just handed to the treasurer a printer's proof of the club's calendar.

'If we're to have it this week,' she announced, 'he says they must be notified at once of any errors or changes. I told him we'd call him up and let him know.'

'Here's an error,' said the member who was looking over the treasurer's shoulder. "'Gooth's Faust." Gooth isn't right, is it?'

The secretary stepped hastily to the telephone.

'Hello—yes—I want Mr. Snow; Snow's printing office—yes—O Mr. Snow—it's very nice, and we're very much pleased, but there's just one little mistake—Gooth for Gothe. Second page, second paragraph. "Gooth's Faust." It isn't Gooth's, you know. Oh, did you? Well, you were right; it certainly is wrong. No, not Schiller. It isn't that kind of a mistake. Faust really is Gooth's, only he is Gothe. Yes, quite natural. I'm always getting them mixed myself. Just change Gooth to Gothe, if you please—Goth—Goth—what? Yes, of course I will; G-o—wait a minute, I've begun wrong. G-e-o—no, it's George I'm thinking of. Well, if you've got a dictionary it'll be somewhere in the back—Hello—what? Oh, well, you'll have to do, then! I've just told Mr. Snow there's an error in our club programme; it ought to be Gothe, and it's Gooth—yes. Gooth—I mean Gothe—Goth—Goth.'

She turned to the others. 'I can't make him understand. Mr. Snow was called away, and it's that new person in the office.'

Madam president rustled to the telephone.

'Page two, paragraph two. Please correct Gooth to Gertha.' (The secretary started and blushed.) 'Yes, Gertha—Gertha—well, I can't say it any plainer—'

The vice-president broke in. 'That's the German pronunciation, isn't it, and not exactly usual? Perhaps if you said it in English—'

With an air of stately abnegation, the president handed her the receiver.

'Change Gooth to Goty,' ordered the vice-president, briskly. 'Goty—Goty's Faust—you must have