

The Family Circle

SING A SONG

If you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of real or fancied wrong;
In spite of the doubt, if you'll fight it out,
And show a heart that is brave and stout;
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,
You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers
That the world denies when a coward cries,
To give to the man who bravely tries;
And you'll win success with a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you sing the song as you go along,
You'll find that the busy, rushing throng
Will catch the strain of the glad refrain;
That the sun will follow the blinding rain;
That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky;
That the stars will come out by and by;
And you'll make new friends, till hope descends
From where the placid rainbow bends;
And all because of a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you plod along!

A MISCHIEVOUS PAGE

Court pages seem to have been forgiven a good deal of mischief, if we are to credit the annals of European courts. The thought suggests itself that the high dignitaries were at times weary of etiquette and magnificence, and were secretly grateful to an audacious youngster for creating a diversion.

One day an important official of France, who went often to Versailles, was waiting in an anti-chamber for the coming of the king. He leaned back in his chair and rested his head against the tapestry on the wall. A page slipped up behind him, and with a great pin fastened the official's wig to the tapestry. Just then some one cried, 'Here's the King!'

Up jumped the official, leaving the wig hanging to the tapestry, and confronting the king with bare head. He was not at all disconcerted, and said gravely, 'I did not expect to have the honor of saluting your Majesty to-day in the guise of a choir-boy.'

The king repressed a smile, and at once recognised the incident as the work of a page. He insisted upon knowing who was the guilty one, and then ordered him not to appear before him until he had begged the official's pardon.

The page retired after receiving his orders. At midnight he decided to execute them. He galloped away on horseback to the residence of the official, and waked the household and the whole neighborhood, declaring that he had a message from the king. The official got out of bed and put on some of his court garb in order to receive the king's messenger properly.

At last the page was ceremoniously admitted to his presence. Then the boy said, 'Sir, I am here at the king's command. I have come to beg your pardon for pinning your wig to the tapestry.'

'Sir,' replied the official, calmly, 'you need not have made such haste.'

Then the page retired with much bustle and ceremony. He appeared before the king the next morning, and was promptly asked if he had done as he was told. He answered that he had, as many witnesses could testify. When the king was told how the page had executed his orders, he shrugged his shoulders and said, 'That is just like a page.'

A COMPLETE CHANGE

Mrs. Emberson did all the cooking, washing, mending, and other housework for her family of five. Among her other duties was the making and baking of five loaves of bread three times a week, for Mr. Emberson and the growing children had hearty appetites.

At last Mrs. Emberson decided she must have a vacation.

'I feel,' she told her husband, 'that if I had to stand up to that bread-board and make one more batch of bread I should drop dead. I've got to have a change.'

Mr. Emberson was more than willing. He had often urged her to take a rest. It was decided that she should pack up that very day and go to visit her younger sister in Kansas.

'Now, Laura,' said Mrs. Emberson, as soon as she had got into a loose house dress and dropped into an easy chair, 'I've come to rest and visit. I'm sick and tired of housework, and I don't want even to hear it mentioned.'

'All right,' said Laura, laughing, 'you can depend on me. I've always wanted you to rest and let somebody else take the work and worry for a little while.'

At dinner the second day Mrs. Emberson said to her brother-in-law, 'John, do you like baker's bread?'

'No,' confessed John, 'we don't any of us like it, but Laura has so much to do that I insist on buying the bread.'

'You bring home some yeast this evening,' said Mrs. Emberson, 'and I'll make you some home-made bread.'

Two weeks later, when Mrs. Emberson returned home, her husband was delighted to see how fresh and rested she looked. Nevertheless, he tried to speak severely:

'Now see here, Martha, I thought you went for a rest and change. Laura wrote that you had been baking bread for them ever since you got there. I'd like to know what change there was in that.'

'Oh,' and Mrs. Emberson laughed happily, 'it was a change of bread-boards!'

MODERN FASHIONS CONDEMNED

A well-known New York correspondent abroad for her paper, interviewed in Paris, the Worth brothers, sons of the famous Monsieur Worth, who made the fashions for exclusive folk for so many years, and whose sons still carry on the establishment. The first M. Worth had an international reputation for originality and grace of design in women's clothes, and it is said his mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders. In speaking of the present fashions, Jean, the designer of the present firm, said:

'Many things really influence fashions. Certain modes of dressing prevalent to-day reflect the changes in women which are taking place—the greater freedom that they have, for instance. Then, too, habits and customs are more lax at present, and in consequence there is a certain extravagance, a lack of modesty in dress.'

'A short while ago,' he went on to say, 'the Pope wrote an open letter condemning women's dress, and some one came to ask me what I thought about it. I did not say much at the time, but I will tell you now that I quite agreed with the Pope. I deplore certain freak fashions because of what I know has inspired them and because they have no beauty. However, I do not mean to say that all women demand them. On the contrary, we have customers, women of great taste and refinement, who dress exquisitely, yet who change their style very little from year to year. They do not move with the crowd. They keep to just what suits them, with certain modifications.'

SEIZING AN OPPORTUNITY

'Children are not to be called stupid just because they fail to notice things and grasp opportunities that appear plain to their elders,' writes a school teacher. 'Show a three-year-old child a picture of a person without arms and the child will not notice anything wrong with the picture. A six-year-old child will notice it.'

'I teach one of the lower grades in a public school. The other day I had the class in arithmetic put down the Roman numerals from one to twelve. To my great surprise the most backward child in the room was first