

The Family Circle

MOTHER'S ALWAYS RIGHT

Things go wrong and men go wrong
And times go wrong, but night
Sings in the listening ears of dream
That mother's always right.
Somehow the things she does or tries—
And that sometimes our voice decries—
Will always swing or high or low—
The very way they ought to go.

Plans go wrong, and planners, too,
And ruin brings affright;
But time brings back to me and you
That mother's always right.
She tells us this and tells us that,
We laugh a bit and scrape the mat,
And hem and haw and cough and smile—
But she's the victor afterwhile.

The best laid schemes of mice and men
So often take their flight,
But life brings back the truth again
That mother's always right.
And right because within her soul
The elements of right control:
The right for right's sake in her heart,
The base from which all actions start.

We laugh, we scoff and turn her off,
And go to face the fight,
But nine times out of ten it's true
That mother's always right.
She lives the right, my boy, that's why;
Religion of her life, the high
Unswerving principles that lead
To Christian thought and righteous deed.

A TOMATO STORY

'Have another tomato, Johnny,' said grandma, as she saw the last red slice disappear from Johnny's plate; 'I think you like tomatoes.'

'I do,' said Johnny. 'I like them raw and stewed and baked, and 'most every way.'

'I wonder if you would like them the way I ate them last summer in Wyoming?' Cousin May said. 'They are not plentiful there, and we ate them like fruit, with cream and sugar.'

'Well,' Johnny said, 'I'd just like to try them that way.'

'Why, bless the child!' grandma said. 'We'll have some for supper. That's the way we always used to eat them, but it's gone out of fashion now.'

'Didn't you like tomatoes when you were little, grandma?' Johnny asked, as he saw grandma looking at his plate with a smile in her eyes.

'No,' grandma said, 'but that's because I was a big girl before I ever tasted them. I never saw any until I was thirteen years old.'

'I can remember it so well! A pedler who came by our farm once a month, bringing buttons and thread and such like things to sell, brought the seed to my mother.'

'He used to carry seeds and cuttings of plants from one farmer's wife to the next, and they liked to see him come. He could tell all the news, too, from up the road and down.'

'One spring morning he came, and after mother had bought all she needed from his big red waggon, and he had fed his horses and was sitting by the kitchen fire waiting for his dinner, he began fumbling about in his big pockets in search of something.'

'Finally he drew out a very small package and handed it to mother.'

'"I've brought you some love-apple seeds," he said. "I got them in the city, and I gave my sister half and saved half for you."

'"Thank you kindly," mother said, as she looked

at the little yellow seeds. "I'm right glad to get them. What kind of a plant is the love-apple?"

'"Well," said the pedler, "the man who gave me the seeds had his plants last year in a sunny fence-corner."

'"The flowers are small, but the fruit is bright red, and is very pretty among the dark green leaves. You can't eat the fruit though—it's poisonous. It's something new—the man who gave me the seeds got them from the captain of a ship from South America. They grow wild there."

'So mother planted her "love-apple" seeds in a warm corner, and they grew, and the little yellow blossoms came, and after them the pretty red fruit.'

'We children would go and look at it, and talk about it and wonder if it would hurt us if we just tasted it.'

'One day mother heard us talking about it, and she called us away, and told us that, if we could not be satisfied to look at the pretty fruit without wanting to eat it, she would have to pull up her "love-apple" vines, and throw them away.'

'We knew she would hate to do that, for no one else about had them, and she was very proud of them. So we kept away from that corner, and the vine grew and blossomed, and the red showed in new places every day. The birds didn't seem at all afraid of the poison fruit, and ate all they wanted of it.'

'One day, in the early fall, my uncle came from New York to make us a visit. When he went out in the garden, he stopped in surprise. "Why, Mary, what fine tomato vines you have!" he said to mother. "Where did you get them?"

'"We call them love-apples," mother said, and then she told him how the pedler brought the seeds. But when my uncle found that we were afraid to eat them he had a hearty laugh at us, and then he showed mother how to get some ready for supper.'

'And that was my first taste of tomato, Johnny,' grandma said, 'and you shall have some the same way, with cream and sugar, for supper.'

NOT TO BE FOOLED

A Canadian woman wanted to show her Chinese servant the correct way to announce visitors, and one afternoon went outside her front door, rang the bell, and made the man usher her into the drawing-room.

The following afternoon the bell rang, and not hearing him answer it, she went to the door herself. To her surprise he was standing waiting outside.

'Why, Sing,' she asked, 'what are you doing here?'

'You foolee me yesterday. I foollee you to-day,' was his reply.

A KNOCK OUT

Insurance Agent: 'How old are you?'

Old Woman: 'Just count for yourself. My mother was born the same year the rats ate old Maggie Jeffrey's chickens, an' a bonnie flock of chickens they were. She, my mother like, was married the year after her father died, an' then I was born two years after my sister Betty.'

A CAREFUL GUARD

The rush of holiday-makers was enormous, and the railway was working at high pressure. But although they had enough rolling-stock to cope with the traffic, they had not enough guards to man their trains. There was nothing for it but to appoint porters to the position of guards until things slackened down a bit. One train in charge of such a guard was travelling at the rate of about ten miles an hour, when it came to a stiff incline. Snorting and puffing, and at times almost coming to a standstill, the engine managed to draw the train to the top.

'Had a hard job there, Tom,' shouted the driver to the guard at the next station. 'I thought she wasn't going to do it.'