

What One Girl Did

A writer in the Ladies' Home Journal tells the following story to illustrate what may be accomplished in gaining one's object where faculty and pluck are combined:

One morning at the shop of Madam G., a fashionable Boston milliner, there appeared a shabby, eager, wistful-eyed girl asking for work.

"You may have a job immediately," said the busy forewoman, "if you want to carry hat-boxes around town." The girl flushed. "I think I have a talent for millinery. I'm willing to begin as an apprentice."

"So are thousands of other girls; we have more apprentices here now than there is work for. We need nobody but an errand girl. The wages are four dollars a week."

"I'll take the job," said the girl quickly.

For seven weeks the unending tramp went on, through rain and snow, yet it earned scarcely enough to buy the poorest food and the plainest clothes. After Christmas, when business became dull, and only a worker or two were retained to fill stray orders, even the errand girl began to have leisure moments.

"Here," said the forewoman one morning, "you seem to be the one idle person around here. Try putting the ribbon on this hat; it's a bargain order, and not of much account."

The fingers of the little errand girl trembled with excitement. Sometimes, during the luncheon hour, she had twisted cast-off finery into bows, but now—to have ribbon—fresh, new and crisp, to work upon—she could scarcely believe it. An hour later she carried a finished hat to the milliner. "Who helped you with this?" asked the woman quickly.

"Nobody."

"Nonsense; it takes a professional to make such a bow as this."

The forewoman turned to the madame.

"This is a four-dollar hat, but it's worth eight now. Not one of our trimmers could improve on this bow."

"Give little Cochrane something else to do," advised the madame. "Find out if this was more than an accident."

A few years later Mary Cochrane gave up the highest salaried place in the millinery shop to establish herself as a professional bow-maker. She was wise enough to realize that she could not do everything herself; she engaged a reliable business woman, a saleswoman, a seamstress, a milliner and a designer of novelties to help her in the bow-shop. The only work she attends to is knotting into graceful quirks every sort of fabric. There you can purchase a jaunty bow-trimmed hat, a stock, sash belt or hair ornament, like nothing else in town.



Not Till Then

When cherries grow on apple trees,
And kittens wear lace caps,
And boys their sisters never tease,
And bears wear woolen wraps,
When all the nursery dolls and toys
Begin to dance and play,
Then little girls and little boys
May lie in bed all day.

When donkeys learn to sing and dance,
When pigs talk politics;
When London is a town in France,
When two and two make six;
When drops of rain are little pearls,
When coal is clear and white,
Then little boys and little girls
May sit up late at night.

The Brook's Work

One day a little brook tumbled out of its spring home on the side of a mountain and fell down, down, to a plain below. At first it was startled, but when it saw the same blue sky smiling down, and felt the same warm sunshine on its bosom, it felt quite at home in its new surroundings, and paused to listen to the voices all around.

"There is work to do," whispered the trees, as they rocked the leaf buds in their cradles.

"There is work to do," chattered a squirrel, as he whisked up a tree with his food.

"There is work to do," hummed a bee, as she flew with her load of honey straight for the hive.

"There may be work for me to do," said the little brook, so it started downward on its course.

Sometimes it ran so fast that it

seemed to be flying away with the little white clouds overhead; then again it crept slowly under overhanging branches of the large trees, hiding from the sunbeams, and came forth dancing and laughing to play with them again.

The birds came to drink and to bathe, and sang sweet songs with the little brook as it went merrily on its way.

Once it found a dam that some boys had made. It was fun to leap over. But and set a little waterwheel turning at the same time.

While working and playing, the brook grew so large that cattle, horses, deer, and other large animals came to drink and to stand in its cool waters. It even carried children along in rowboats where they wished to go.

Farther on the brook leaped over a great mill dam that men had made. It was so very large now that it could carry heavy logs to the sawmill. There, too, it turned a great water wheel and sent a saw flying to make the logs into boards and lumber. Bushels of corn and wheat were found waiting to be ground, so it gave the miller's wheel a turn as well.

The brook was now so very large that it was called a river. Nothing seemed too hard for it to do. Great steamboats were carried along as easily as tiny leafboats could be carried when it was smaller.

One day the river found itself slipping into the ocean, where it seemed as if it might be lost altogether. It sighed for its own mountain home, so very far away, when a fairy sunbeam whispered, "Dear River, look upward, see the blue sky and the sun

watching you still; they love you and will never let you be lost."

She had scarcely ceased speaking when the sunbeam fairies threw down a multitude of golden chains to lift the river into the sky, higher than its mountain home, and there it may find other work to do.

Experience Teaches

"Can any little boy," asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

"I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. "Lakes are much pleasant-er to swallow when you fall in."

Dog and Kitten

The servant man of a family took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog went with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it back to land.

A second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it, and when for the third time the servant tried to drown it, the dog was resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home with it, and deposited it before the kitchen fire.

From that time the dog kept constant watch over the kitten. The two were inseparable, even sharing the same bed.

A Juvenile Philosopher

The kite can't top an' marble time, they come along in spring;
An', golly, good old baseball time commences then, by jing!
Once more a chap can get outdoors an' make a little noise—
I tell ye what, the springtime is the best time fer the boys.

But summer brings the fishin' time, the swimmin' time comes then,
An' cherry time an' berry time, they're with us on't again;

A chap can have a good time then without the aid of toys—

I tell ye what, the summer time's the only time fer boys.
But fall, it brings the nuttin' time, an' that's a lot of fun;

An' winter brings the skatin' time, when all the chores is done;
An' winter has the sleighin' time, an' heaps of other joys—

An' I guess 'most any time of year's a good time fer the boys!

Eight Golden Rules

1. Stick to the truth. Simply and truly do what is right upon all occasions.

2. Try to be kind and forgiving, both to your friends and to your foes.

3. Watch against anger and do not give way to it.

4. Deny yourself indulgences, especially in laziness.

5. Speak no evil under any circumstances.

6. Keep down pride. Allow none but humble thoughts of self.

7. Pray every day, for in prayer is your greatest safety.

8. Never join in anything in which you cannot look up and say, "Bless me in this, O my Heavenly Father."

That Versatile Bird

On Thursday as turkey

He cutteth a dash;

He's potpie on Friday,

On Saturday, hash!