

THE HOME WORLD

Look for things to be glad about. Insist on being happy. It is your duty; it costs effort, but it pays. Happiness comes only through making those around you happy. Get the happiness habit without delay.

II I Knew

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,

No matter how large the key, Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—

'Twould open, I know, for me. Then over the land and the sea, broadcast

I'd scatter the smiles to play. That the children's faces might hold them fast

For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough To hold all the frowns I meet I would like to gather them, every one,

From nursery, school and street; Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in.

And turning the master key, I'd hire a giant to drop the box. To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

At the Carp County Exhibition

(From the Youth's Companion.)

THE day before the opening of the annual fair in Carp County, Gilbert Ware, the nineteen-year-old son of the president of the Agricultural Society, was in charge of the entry books in the administration building. The secretary, who usually attended to the matter, was busy superintending the erection of a new band-stand, the old one having at the last moment unexpectedly collapsed.

There were seven books open upon the long counter in front of Gilbert. Near them a stack of entry tags waited to receive the exhibitors' numbers, the names of their exhibits and the classes to which they belonged. Each entry-book contained a long list of articles for which premiums were offered with blank spaces for the exhibitors' names. It was really a very simple arrangement, and for the first hour, when the exhibits arrived slowly, Gilbert had no trouble. But ten o'clock found his table piled high with cucumber pickles, crocheted bed-slippers, cut flowers, dressed dolls, fruit, works of art, cabbages, and canary-birds in cages.

A score of impatient exhibitors were demanding exhibition tickets, calling attention to the merits of their especial brand of potatoes, and insisting upon being attended to at once. Some of the men were making pathetic attempts to give names to the articles of fancy work entrusted to them by their womenkind.

"One at a time," pleaded Gilbert, pressing his hands to his head. "It's this man's turn. Your name, please?"

"Olaf Oleson."

"Number two hundred and twenty-five. What have you?" asked Gilbert, writing the same.

"Apples, vinter cabbage, some yelly and yam for my yomans, some sewing-work, some—"

"Hold on! Let's tend to the apples first. What kind—Duchess or Oldenburg?"

"Yaw."

"They look like Baldwins," objected a bystander. "They're Baldwins, aren't they?"

"Yaw," assented the Swede. "No, they're Red Astrachans," said a second objector. "I've got some just like 'em."

"Well, fix it up with the head of that department. I've entered 'em plain apples. What's this cloth thing?"

"Sewing-work. My yoman, she—"

"Yes, yes! But what's its name? Is it knitted, embroidered, or hem-stitched. Is it a table-cloth, a rug, or a sofa pillow?"

"Yaw," replied the man, obligingly. "I must have help!" cried Gilbert, springing up and making for the door. "I'll be back presently."

He looked up and down the road, but the prospect was not promising. The working force was inadequate, the heads of the departments were already overburdened, and the fair grounds were three miles from town. There were people enough, to be sure, streaming in at the gates with more exhibits for Gilbert to enter, but he saw none that were likely to make valuable assistants. Suddenly, however, he caught sight of a girl who was flying up the road on a bi-

cycle with a small parcel dangling from her handle-bars. He recognized in her a class mate, and one of the brightest girls in the high school. "O Virginia," he shouted, "wait a minute!"

"Did you call me?" asked the girl, springing to the ground.

"Yes. Could you help a fellow that's in a peck of trouble? You don't need to go home, do you? I brought lunch enough for two. Mrs. Bailey is going to make coffee over the popcorn man's fire, and we're all to have lunch in her building. I need you awfully to help me with the entry-books. The fancy-work has gone to my brain. I can't see how a woman can work for a year on a piece of sewing and then not know what to call it when it's finished."

"I'll do what I can," laughed Virginia, "with the prospect of one of Mrs. Bailey's good lunches to cheer me."

"I'm your friend for life!" said Gilbert, lifting the bicycle up the steps.

Virginia promptly separated the sheep from the goats to be accurate, the pumpkins from the Battenberg lace. When the secretary looked in an hour later things were going finely, the piles of entry-tags had been materially reduced, and the crowd of waiting exhibitors had dwindled to a few scattered individuals.

"Now, that was a bright idea," said the secretary, catching sight of Vir-



"The City Girl (on a visit to the farm): "Oh, is that a hay fork? Do the cows eat with that!"