

## The Family Circle.

### MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,  
The trace of small muddy boots;  
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,  
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured  
With prints of small fingers and hands,  
And that your own household most truly  
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered  
With many old treasures and toys;  
While your own is in daintiest order,  
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded  
Quite boldly all hours of the day;  
While you sit in yours unmolested  
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides  
Where I must stand watchful each night:  
While you can go out in your carriage,  
And shine in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;  
I like my house orderly, too;  
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,  
Yet would not change places with you.

No! Keep your fair home with its order,  
Its freedom from bother and noise;  
And keep your own fanciful leisure—  
But leave me my four noble boys!

—Lutheran Evangelist.

### THE "SKIP'S" STORY

Dannie McLean, known to his intimates of the curling club of Bytown, Nova Scotia, as "Dannie, the Skip," is a Scotchman by birth, a mason by trade, and by choice a devotee of the game called "curling," which is played on ice. The fountain of gladness for him freezes up with the thawing out of the ponds, and thaws with their freezing.

The game is in itself an excellent one, but it too often leads the players into Scotch "conviviality," and possibly Dannie, who is "skip" or captain, of a "rink," or side, became confirmed in drinking habits by sedulously attending all the feasts of the Bytown club. Be that as it may, he no longer drinks intoxicants, and I think many people will be interested in an account of the occurrence that made him an abstainer.

Last summer, he said to me—for I shall try to tell his story in his own words—I took a contract to build a tall chimney for the tanning company at Millville. It was to be eighty-two feet high and they wanted the job hurried through. The bricks were on the ground, and we ran the thing up at a great rate.

The foundation and lower part were plain sailing, but as we got higher I had trouble with my help. The local men became frightened and left, one after another.

At last I had to send back home here for Charley French. Charley and I got on pretty fast, and one Saturday afternoon we were putting on the finishing touches, over eighty feet above the ground, when the thing happened I'm going to tell you about.

You see, at that height hod-carrying was out of the question, so we had a block and tackle rigged, and lifted all our stuff by horse-power. The upper block was fastened to one of the upright posts of the staging; the lower one to a post sunk in the ground.

It was not a very safe arrangement, as we could not make the staging secure. But we got a quiet steady horse, and a cautious chap for a driver, and didn't feel as though there was much danger.

There were six uprights in the staging. Of course each of them was not all one stick. They had to be spliced about every twenty feet. This made three joints in each upright, and they were far from being firm.

Down nearer the ground, where the brickwork had hardened and the staging was well fastened to the chimney, it was all right; but the upper part of it was decidedly unsteady. The posts creaked and vibrated more or less every time a tubful of brick or mortar came up.

We had made a bet of a bottle of brandy with the manager of the company that we would finish the work by Saturday evening. At dinner-time that day it was so certain that we were going to win easily, that Charley suggested to the manager that he had better pay half the bet in advance, in the shape of a flask of brandy. He agreed, and we took the flask up with us to finish off on.

We had drunk most of it, and only one more course of brick to lay, when the son of the manager made his way up beside us. He was a wide-awake, independent-looking youngster, fourteen or fifteen years of age, but he no right to be there. He would have been sent down in a hurry if the brandy hadn't made us a little too easy-going.

As it was, we both had sense enough to order him to leave at once. Instead of obeying, he put his hands into his pockets, eyed us knowingly for a moment, and remarked—

"Say, aren't you two a little high for eighty feet above ground?"

We laughed and let him stay. He moved around the staging, not in the least disturbed by the elevation. Finally, when he got tired looking, he picked up a hatchet which had been in use for driving nails, and began chipping at one of the posts.

In the meantime the last brick was laid. We finished the brandy, and gave three cheers, while the boy stood watching us with anything but respectful eyes. Charley French was leaning against the chimney with the empty flask in his hand, looking somewhat tipsy.

"See here, Dannie," said he, solemnly, "there's the old horse down yonder, and we've forgotten all about him. He's seen us right through this job, and he hasn't been offered so much as a smell of the brandy."

"Hello, old chap! Here's the flask for you anyhow," he suddenly shouted, as he gave it a toss.

It went flashing and circling through the air, and fell with a crash on a big stone just behind the horse, whose driver was with a crowd of loafers some twenty or thirty yards away.

The horse gave a frightened leap, and galloped off at a speed that I hadn't thought was in him. The rope whizzed over the pulleys, and the half-filled tub shot up towards us like a rocket.

It came against the upper block with a crash that threatened the overthrow of the whole staging. Posts swayed and bent their joints; boards, loose brick, and tools slipped from their places and went rattling down below.

We clutched at the top of the chimney as the steadiest object within reach. But the newly-laid brick moved under our hands, and gave little promise of holding us up.

The horse was checked for a moment when the tub came against the upper block; but he bent wildly to his traces, and the fastening of the lower block gave way. He had now a direct purchase on the upper corner of the staging.

The only thing which saved it from being torn away at the first tug was the horse being unable to bring his full

strength to hear. The rope ascended at an angle which lifted the traces above his back, and shifted the strain from his shoulders to his neck. He was half choked and thrown to the ground.

The staging groaned and reeled as he struggled to get on his feet again. His driver stood stupidly looking up at us without moving a step. The whole thing happened in so few seconds that it is not much wonder the man's presence of mind left him. The horse scrambled to his knees, then to feet, and pulled frantically.

The strain at the top of the chimney became frightful. It seemed as though not only the staging, but the whole upper part of the chimney would be pulled away and fall at the next plunge.

Neither Charley nor I had spoken a word. We just held on, and gasped and wondered how it would feel when everything gave way. And we forgot all about the manager's son until he spoke up behind us—

"Say, it's about time to cut this rope, ain't it?"

Before we could turn our heads there was a sharp click on the block. The clean-cut end of the rope shot downward.

The boy stood with the hatchet in his hand watching the horse. Of course the moment the rope was cut the straining animal pitched forward. Then, taking fresh alarm, he ran from the place with the ungainly movement of a runaway truck horse.

"It'd be a good thing for you two men if you were just as frightened of rum bottles as old Dobbin down there seems to be," remarked the boy calmly, as the horse disappeared round a corner, while the rope trailed behind him like a long snake.

Charley and I were both sober enough by that time, and we wanted to shake hands with the manager's son, but he refused.

"No use making a fuss," he said. "I happened to have your hatchet in my hand, and I cut the rope—that's all. Another yank from Dobbin would have brought the whole thing down, and that'd have been about as rough on me as you."

"So you see I came near not curling any this winter," concluded Dannie, "but as it is I'll just quit the 'conveeviality' o' the game."—*W. E. Maclellan, in Youth's Companion.*

### THE MASSES IN ENGLAND ARE FRIENDS OF AMERICA.

As America no longer has the same need of our toiling masses, they, perforce, must learn to have less need of America. Since America accepts them very much as matters of course, when she accepts them at all, they naturally return the compliment. The romance of their old relations has died out. That romance notoriously led the Lancashire weavers to starve during the cotton famine rather than join in the infamous cry for intervention to the detriment of the Union. At that time it seemed to be John Bright against a nation, but it was nothing of the sort. The great leader had the rank and file of the people with him, because the love and reverence of America was still fresh in every heart. The ruling and influential minority wished to see the republic divided, but the nation was sound. Its leader had only to appeal to a sentiment which was still a living force. The weavers were but a more shining and a more heroic example of the whole mass. The working folk throughout the land were sound for the Union, because they knew

that their bread was still buttered on the American side, and, when all other reasons failed, because they loved America without knowing why. If they have ceased to love it, it is not by any means because they cherish the contrary feeling. A thousand times No. It is only that there is now a void where there was once a living spring of affection and regard. Perhaps the truest way of putting it is that a sentiment which was once active has now become dormant. People and people are still cousins, if you like, but they are cousins who have "ceased to write." There is no blame, either to give or to receive. America, so far as our knowledge goes, has never knowingly wronged us in thought or deed. It has simply been very persistently minding its own business of late years, as we have been minding ours.—From "British Opinion of America," by Richard Whiting, of the London *Daily News*, in the *March Scribner's*.

### WHEN WORK FITS WOMAN.

Edward W. Bok, in February *Ladies' Home Journal*, considers editorially "When Work Fits Woman," a text under which he enters emphatic and vigorous protest against the mad rush of women to seek employment in mercantile and manufacturing establishments. The article is evidently inspired by the recent public utterances of one of the largest employers of women in Pennsylvania, who, in raising his voice against this evil, asserts "that more wrong has been done to thousands of girls who have gone into our commercial houses than the world dreams of," and urges young women who are seeking positions, to engage as domestics where they are safe from danger, where their surroundings would be elevating and congenial, and in a field which greatly needs them. Mr. Bok emphasizes these utterances and goes farther, saying: "The fact cannot be disputed that no single factor in modern life is doing so much to degenerate our young womanhood as this mad race on the part of girls, impelled by necessity or not, to go into the business world. These may sound like strong words to the ears of some, but to those who are really cognizant of the immensity of the evil results that are being wrought, they will simply fit the case and not go beyond it. In altogether too many of our commercial and industrial establishments, stores and factories, the men into whose hands is given the power to employ and control girls are not fit, from a moral standpoint, to herd swine. And yet thousands of our young women are allowed to go from their homes to work under the influence of these men and in the atmosphere vitiated by them. And why? Simply because it is considered more 'respectable' to be employed in an office, store or factory than to be engaged in domestic service. The very word 'servant' has a taint about it that the majority of young women dislike, and from which they flee. But what else are they in business establishments than servants, pure and simple? There can be no difference but an imaginary one. That is all. Far less leniency is shown in our business houses to women employees than is shown, as a rule, in our homes to domestic help—ininitely less." Mr. Bok further argues that of the mistress would seek to elevate domestic work, to treat servants with greater consideration, and to have the daughters of the family