

Boys and Girls.

Doughnutting Time.

Wunst w'en our girl wuz makin' pies an' doughnuts ist a lot—
We stood around with great, big eyes,
'cuz we boys like 'em hot;
An' w'en she dropped 'em in the lard
they sizzled ist like fun,
An' w'en she takes 'em out it's hard
to keep from takin' one.

An' 'en she says: "You boys 'll get all
spattered up with grease,
An' blumby she says she'll let us have
ist one apiece;
So I took one for me an' one for little
James McBride,
The widow's only orfunt son 'at's wait-
in' there outside.

An' Henry, he took one ist for himself
an' Nellie Flynn,
'At's waitin' at the kitchen door an'
dassent to come in
Becuz her mother told her not, an'
Johnny, he took two
'Cuz Amy Brennan likes 'em hot ist
like we chinnern do.

'En Henry happened ist to think he
didn't get a one
For little Ebenezer Brink, the carpet
beater's son,
Who never gets 'em home becuz he says
he ain't quite sure
But thinks perhaps the reason wuz his
folkses are too poor.

An' 'en I give my own away to little
Willie Beggs
'At fell way down his stairs one day
'an give him crooked legs,
'Cuz Willie always seems to know w'en
our girl's goin' to bake.
He wouldn't ast for none—oh, no! But,
my! he's fond of cake.

So I went back again an' got another
one for me
Right out the kettle, smokin' hot an'
brown as it could be,
An' John, he got one, too, becuz he gave
his own to Clara,
An' w'en our own girl, she looked, there
wuz ist two small doughnuts there!

My! She wuz angry w'en she looked
an' saw ist them to there,
And says she knew 'at she had cooked
a crock full an' to spare.
She says it's awful 'scouragin' to bake
an' fret an' fuss
An' w'en she thinks she's got 'em in the
crock—they're all in us!

Stepping-Stones or Make-Shifts.

A young man once graduated from
an Eastern college, and feeling that
he had fitted himself with all the
appliances of a man, began looking
about for work.

He was offered a place as cashier
in a store, at twelve dollars a week,
but only smiled placidly as he re-
fused, with the words, "Much obliged,
but anyone could fill that position;
I shall look higher."

Next, in turn, he refused the situa-
tions of typewriter, bookkeeper, and
proofreader, as places beneath him,
both in respect to position and salary.
Indeed, he argued the case so well as
to convince his friends. "For," he
would urge, "if I hold myself too
cheap, the world will take me at this
valuation, and always keep me down.
I must look high, and make it res-
pect me." This reasoning contained
enough truth to seem unanswerable.

This young man, whom we shall
call Eugene, had a friend whose boy-
hood was not so fortunate. He had
no rich father to send him to college,
and support him in idleness after-
wards while the world was being
educated to appreciate him, so he
was obliged to begin work early.

His position was a humble one—
merely that of a stoker in a machine
shop, at five dollars a week. Eugene
laughed at him for taking it, but our
honest John, though he flushed a
little, answered cheerily, "It is a
stepping-stone at least!" and spent
every leisure hour in a critical study
of the engine.

One day the engineer was taken
ill, and John was found to be the
only person competent to take his
place, which he filled so well that he
was retained in the position, at an
advanced salary.

Here, though much busier, he still
studied whenever possible, and soon
discovered means of improvement
that brought him into notice—more
stepping-stones!

It was ten years later before the

two met again, and grasped hands
with all the old warmth. John was
a broad-shouldered, bright-faced,
purposeful-looking man; his friend
Eugene had care-lines between his
eyes, hollows in his cheeks, and a
seedy, uncomfortable look through-
out.

"You seem prosperous, John," he
said, in a cultivated but lazy voice.
"Yes, I'm getting on," was the
heartily response, "I am now assistant
superintendent of the Phoenix Iron
Works, with a fine enough home for
any man. How is it with you,
Gene?"

"Oh, I've been an unlucky dog!"
laughing a little. "The world did not
appreciate what I had to give it—
had never recognized my talents, in
fact I would not, of course, accept
of an inferior place, with my attain-
ments, but when father died there
was little left, and I've been forced
to turn my hand to almost anything
—mere make-shifts, you know;
nothing I could become interested in,
or look upon as a permanency—and
it has been a hard struggle—a des-
perately hard struggle!"

To Make Others Like You.

Be natural, girls. People are quick
to discern affectation of any kind and
have a contempt for it, so give up
affectation. Be neat. There is great
charm in neatness. Be affectionate
and sympathetic and don't be self-
conscious and ashamed to show
either quality. Be home-loving and
kind to all old people, poor people,
and children. These are womanly
qualities, and all love and admire the
womanly girl. Don't have "moods."
Avoid the blues. People like to know
how to find a girl, not to have to
renew her acquaintance every time
they meet. Be athletic, as that means
health, and healthiness means whole-
someness.

A Little Gentleman.

A small boy was at a table where
his mother was not near to take
care of him, and a lady next to him
volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you,"
she said: "if I can cut it the way
you like it," she added, with some
degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded,
accepting her courtesy; "I shall like
it the way you cut it, even if you
do not cut it the way I like it."

Teach One Girl to Sew.

It pays where there is a girl or two
in the family to apprentice them for a
season with a good dressmaker,
though they earn not a cent; then let
that girl, with the aid of chart or pat-
terns, do the sewing for the family. I
have known several families to adopt
this plan with a great saving in dress-
makers' bills combined with the satis-
faction of being well dressed. I
know just what an annoying thing it
is not to know the popular way of
doing little things, such as wearing the
tie or arranging the ribbon around the
throat, or the proper gloves to wear
for certain occasions. But of late
years those things are more generally
understood, on account of the wom-
en's departments and the illustra-
tions in all the publications of the
day. Besides, the wise woman any-
where can easily learn to use any of
the makeshifts that are always to be
had in some form or other.

Only those who have had experi-
ence can tell the torture corns cause.
Pain with your boots on, pain with
them off—pain night and day; but
relief is sure to those who use Hol-
loway's Corn Cure.

Some people go all through life
and never know what really good
coffee tastes like.—Order Seal
Brand Coffee and write Chase &
Sanborn, Montreal, for full direc-
tions how to make good coffee.

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Late Sixth Form Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh

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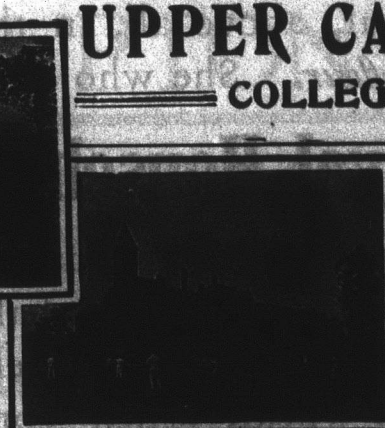
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