

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Choice of a Profession—N. S. Stowell, in the New York Ledger, Gives Some Wholesome Advice to Young Men—Praise to the Face.



"It." DON'T want to play. If I've got to be "it," And Bobby looked fiercely sublime; "There's no fun a bit when you have to be "it," And I have to be "it" all the time." Ah, Bobby, my brave one, go in and be "it," 'Tis a fate that no soul can escape. For youngsters and man of the whole human clan Are "it" in some manner or shape. For Fate plays at tag with the whole human race. And the shoulders of all men are hit, And all hear his cry as he "tags" and goes by. His clamor of "Tag! you are 'it!'" And life-tag's a game that is well worth the play. And the strong soul is glad to be hit. And new light fills his eye when he hears his Fate cry. Its challenge of, "Tag! you are 'it!'" So Bobby, my brave one, begin the long game. And don't sulk or grumble a bit, And count it all praise to the end of your days. When you hear Fate exclaim, "You are 'it!'" —By Sam Walter Foss.

Choice of a Profession.

A couple of young men called on me the other day and asked me to give them my opinion as to the choice of a profession. They were bright, intelligent, well educated young fellows with some means, not very much, to be sure, and were exceedingly anxious to start in a career that might bring them a comfortable subsistence and possibly fame and fortune. They had but little choice of professions outside of the law, medicine, chemistry or mining.

After an hour's talk with them I simply had to give it up and tell them that I really could not advise, and the doctor, an eminent one in his specialty, laid down his visiting list with a sigh and an expression of discouragement. "There are already," he continued, "more doctors in the communities with which I am familiar than can find profitable business. The only way for a young man without influence or backing to succeed either in the law or medicine, is to have sufficient means to sit down and wait until business comes to him. In the cities he must locate himself in the slums and 'work for nothing and board himself.' Indeed he must furnish a certain amount of medicine for his patients. Some day he may by some fortunate accident perform a successful operation or strike some phenomenal case that will bring him before the public, but it is slow work and discouraging."

As to the law, one of the best ways for a beginner is to take cases either on contingent or for the bare fees, or better still, if he has money enough to float himself while he is doing it, to take up cases for the deserving poor. Say what one will, there is nothing that pays as well as philanthropy, and the man who can afford, even at a good deal of cost to himself, to take some of these cases, has every chance of success before him. The professions are all over crowded, and while there is, as the old saying goes, always plenty of room at the top, it is such a struggle to get there, that men wear out, break up and go to pieces long before they reach anywhere near the upper rounds of the ladder. If I had my career to begin over again with business matters at their present status, I would with my profession, if I chose to take one up, familiarize myself with something in the line of producing. I would become an expert gardener, florist, bee keeper, farmer, poultry raiser, almost anything where I could use my odd hours and moments. A young friend of mine who has been practicing medicine for five years, has more than made a living for himself and family in poultry raising.

The advantage of some of these minor industries is that they take up comparatively little additional room on one's place, the returns are quick and the labor is light. It is by no means inconvenient to have a few dollars coming in here and there at intervals, and the advantages of having something to fall back on in case of emergency, need not be discussed. A beginner in law has taken up a branch of engraving, and when clients do not come, cash does, for his work is careful and painstaking, and therefore commands a good price. As for advising any young man to devote himself exclusively to one thing I must frankly say that I do not see how he can get along through the years when his business is coming to him unless he has means for his running expenses. He must live well and make a reasonably good appearance.

It has been said that no man could do two things well. That may be, but it depends altogether on what the two things are. He could not handle two learned professions probably, but he certainly might take up a simple business and carry it on while pursuing his studies or establishing himself in the work of his life.

It is of the utmost value to any person who pursues a business that requires mental effort to be free from the handicap of extremely limited means. One does much better work

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MAIDS AND MATRONS.

For the Woman Who Would Have Good Health—Going to Bed Hungry—Hints to House Dressmakers—Oddly Striped Woolen Gown.

Trials of Authorship. A little girl in Chicago has recently published a volume of verse, to be sold for charity. She was only six years old when she undertook this literary labor, or, as she says, "I talked it, and mamma wrote it down for me just as I talked it."

In one story she tells how typhoid fever broke out among the fairies. When the fairy doctor came, he talked to the fairy godmother about microbes and germs, and "told her to boil the water."

Then she, who was of an inquiring mind, asked if a hair was a sidewalk for a microbe.

"Oh, no," said the doctor, "they are much smaller." "But if the germ had the fever," persisted the godmother, "why didn't the fever, which killed little boys and girls, kill the germ? And if the germ didn't have the fever, how could it give the fever? How could a thing give a thing it didn't have?"

This was too much for the fairy doctor, who could only answer, "Nobody knows but God."

Later the child breaks out into verse: The flower that bends down to the earth Will soon go back to God; But never again will it return The same as it was plod. In an apparently much needed footnote the author explains that "this poem, which came into my head quick and sudden, doesn't make sense, because the word 'plod,' which rhymes so nicely with God, doesn't mean what I want it to."

In this embarrassment she seems strikingly like real poets.

Be Watchful and Learned.

Recently a small boy, a real boy, who chases cats and wears out his clothes and slams the door, showed that he had rare ability in solving the problems and answering the questions that so frequently come into a boy's life.

Near the house was a tall maple tree, and the boy announced, late in the summer, that the tree measured 33 feet.

"How do you know?" he was asked. His answer was, "I measured it." "Did you climb it?" "Why, no," the boy said, with surprise; "I measured the shadow."

Some one near him made the comment that shadows differ in length. He said, "Yes, but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. All summer I have been trying to get the height of that tree. I drove a stick into the ground, and when the shadow of the stick was just as long as the stick, I knew the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree. I measured it, and it was just 33 feet.—Outlook.

Sketch on the Envelope.

The skill of the trained man who direct to proper delivery the many misdirected, illegible, badly addressed letters that find their way into the mail has often been remarked. Recently they were called on to decide whom a letter thus addressed should be delivered to:



"Col. Bill" Shaw, the general agent of the C. B. & Q. railroad in Cincinnati, got this letter promptly, although it is not too true in its depiction of the striking personality of the person for whom it was intended.

Praise to the Face.

I once saw a father walk up to a map his little boy had made and plumed on the wall. He stood before it a long time in silence, and in silence walked away. The little fellow was sitting in the room, and his father knew he was there. He was watching with his eager child's eyes, waiting anxiously for a word of approval. As he came, his poor little face fell unhappily. Straight into the next room walked the father, and said carelessly: "Robert has drawn a very clever little map in there. Look at it when you go in."

"Did you tell him it was clever?" asked a judicial listener, following from the room where little Robert still sat. "Why, no. I ought to have done so. I never thought to mention it."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," was the deserved reply. "Go back now and tell him."

Uttered Lies.

The art of telling a lie by telling the truth, but less than the whole of it, is cultivated by some people; and when their trick of concealment is by some chance found out, they are never quite believed afterward.

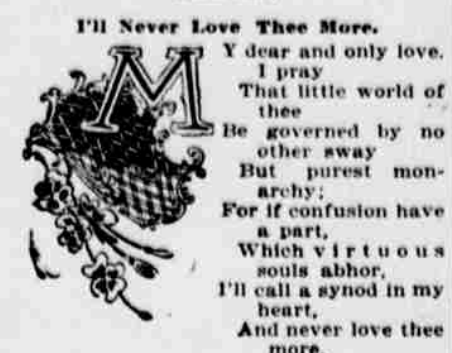
A person of this type was once relating certain circumstances to an acquaintance, who appeared, perhaps, a trifle incredulous. "What!" exclaimed the narrator; "do you suspect what I tell you?" "Oh, no," answered the other; "but I suspect what you don't tell me!" The remark was an apt one, and ought to have been a warning to the speaker.—Youth's Companion.

Patience is light or guide to help the soul perceive the insignificance of trials.—Mrs. M. Fletcher.

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For the Woman Who Would Have Good Health—Going to Bed Hungry—Hints to House Dressmakers—Oddly Striped Woolen Gown.



I'll Never Love Thee More. I pray and only love. That little world of thee Be governed by no other way But purest monarchy; For if confusion have a part, Which virtuous souls abhor, I'll call a synod in my heart, And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign, And I will reign alone. My thoughts did evermore disdain A rival on my throne. He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small, Who dares not put it to the touch, To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still, And always give the law, And have each subject at my will, And all to stand in awe; But 'gainst my batteries if I find Thou storm or vex me sore, As if thou set me as a blind, I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart, Where I should solely be, If others do pretend a part, Or dare to share with me, Or committees if thou erect, Or go on such a score, I'll smiling mock at thy neglect, And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain Thy love and constant word, I'll make thee famous by my pen, And glorious by my sword; I'll serve thee in such noble ways As never was known before; I'll deck and crown thy head with bays, And love thee evermore. —Lord Montrose.

Going to Bed Hungry.

During the cool weather of the past month a bicycle ride in the evening has been a delightful pastime indulged in by a great many women, says Chicago Chronicle of June 7. Not a few of these, having come home with a not altogether unpleasant feeling of being tired, have gone to bed only to toss for hours in the vain effort to sleep. In nearly all of these cases the trouble has been that the sufferer has gone to bed hungry. Some physicians have declared that a good deal of prevalent insomnia is the result of an unconscious craving of the stomach for food in persons who have been frightened by the old tradition that eating before sleeping will produce indigestion, nightmare and general restlessness. It is not wise to go to bed with the stomach loaded, but it is now considered one of the best aids to rest to partake of

Black and White Costume.

When Anna Gould, the Countess Castellane, gave \$1,000,000 for the building of a new house for charity bazaars in the future she assumed, as many of the Paris nobility have done, a gown of half mourning as a token of respect to those who lost their lives in carrying out the pet charity of France. The countess remains in seclusion, but can be seen from a distance any day walking through the grounds of her country house in her gown of black and white stripe goods, working outdoors almost like a woman of the peasantry. The gown in which she was recently sketched was a black and white striped oriental silk, very thin, yet with a

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STREET GOWN OF BURLAP CLOTH.



FROM TOILETTES.

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OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Georgia Princess and a Stuck Up Niggah—A Clever Suggestion Illustrating a Bicycle Term—Whim Whams of the Day.

A Touching Tale. TOUCHED him, and in a trice, He grew to me as cold as ice. With stony eye he looked me o'er, And then he spoke. Ah, none can tell, Or know the pain that vexed me sore. As from his lips that sentence fell, The world may laugh at what is told. Regardless of my grief and pain: But while the story's doubtless old I say it went against the grain To be refused (quaint blank, I own) That time I "touched" him for a loan.

A Georgia Princess. When Vivekanandi, the Hindu monk, visited Chicago during the World's Fair, he was greatly delighted one afternoon to learn that the "International Beauty show" on the Midway Plaisance contained an East Indian princess. He lost no time, says the Chicago Times-Herald, in visiting the show. In one of the booths was a dusky dame, arrayed in East Indian costume, and prominently placarded as a charmer from the land of the Ganges.

Vivekanandi addressed her politely in Hindustanee, and for his pains was rewarded by a stare of blank astonishment. Then he tried Cingalese with no better success, and also the several allied dialects of the interior provinces of India. At last the dusky beauty spoke in sheer self-defense: "Go 'way man," she said, "you mus' be crazy!"

"Excuse me," remarked Vivekanandi, in faultless English, "but will you kindly tell me where you were born?" "I 'se born in Savannah, an' I 'se dun lived in Georgy all mah life," she said, "but yo' can't fool wid me, if yo' is a stuck up no'thern niggah!" And he didn't try to do so.

A Clever Suggestion.

"Oh, I know what we'll do. Let's race round the fountain three times, and the one who wins gets the apple."

Whim-Whams.

"I see the bicycle in all directions," said the speaker. "It wabbles, does it?" suggested a bystander.

It is no sign that a man is devout just because the knees of his trousers are worn. He may spend much time hunting for his lost collar button.

Irene—And did Fred really print a kiss on your lips. Ida—Why, certainly; did you suppose he was going to paint it?

Yeast—My wife has acquired the bicycle face. Crimsonbeak—Well, I congratulate her. It can't help but be an improvement on her other one.

He—Where have you been? She—Down town, looking over some bonnets. Looking over some bonnets, did you say? "That's what I said." "Then they were not theater bonnets."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Bicycle Term.

Teacher (to primary class in American history)—Can any of you tell me the significance of Memorial Day? That is, why do we have such a day every year? Little Willie Wimpleton—Please ma'am, I know. Teacher—Well, tell us about it. Little W. W.—So we can pull off the annual road races.—Cleveland Leader.

Just Like a Man!

Mrs. Daighren—I see that the Duchess of Marlborough—our Connie Vanderblit, you know—has stayed all night with the queen at Windsor Castle. Mr. Daighren—That so? Why did she do it? Does she think of buying the place?—Cleveland Leader.

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