

## Our Boys and Girls.

### WHAT CAN YOU DO?

That's what the world is asking you,  
Not who you are,  
Not what you are;  
But this one thing the world demands—  
What can you do with brains or hands?  
What can you do? That is the test  
The world requires; as for the rest,  
It matters not,  
Or who, or what  
You may have been, or high or low,  
The world cares not one whit to know.

What can you do? What can you do?  
That's what the world keeps asking you  
With trumpet tone,  
And that alone!  
Ah, soul, if you would win, then you  
Must show the world what you can do!

Once show the world what you can do,  
And it will quickly honor you  
And call you great;  
Or soon, or late.  
Before success can come to you,  
The world must know what you can do.

Up, then, O soul, and do your best!  
Meet like a man the world's great test,  
What can you do?  
Gentile or Jew,  
No matter what you are, or who,  
Be brave and show what you can do!  
—The Watchman.



### CHOOSING WHO SHOULD GO.

"Of course I shall be one. I'm oldest," said Edith.

"No, I shall, because you went away last, and I didn't," said Ruth.

"I need a change for my health," said Anna, with a drawn down mouth that might truly be the sign of pain, but with rosy cheeks which could be the sign only of a very healthy girl.

"Whoever goes," said Mrs. Stone, "will have not only the visit, but the new clothes."

"Then it will have to be me, because I haven't a thing left over from last year, and must have new clothes anyway," said Edith.

"I think I might be the one," said Anna, "for I have a new winter suit already."

"Which fits me as well as you, and could be borrowed," added Ruth.

"Children! children!" cried Mrs. Stone, in despair. "What would Aunt Nell say if she were to hear you quarrelling so over her invitation? She writes, 'I love all three of my nieces so much that I don't know which one I want to visit me next, so I will leave it for them to decide. Send along the girl who needs the change, and I promise her as nice a time as I know how to give.'"

"But, instead of filling them with contrition, this reading of the letter made their desire to go all the stronger."

"Think of the sleigh rides behind the gray pair, all nestled down in those soft black furs!" said Anna, with a sigh, drawing the folds of an afghan about her, and half closing her eyes.

"I presume you hear the jingling of the sleigh bells now," said Ruth. "A person with such a vivid imagination as you've got doesn't need to go away to enjoy things."

"Well, mother," said Edith, with a very grown-up air, "I think somebody ought to go who will do credit to the

family, and of course I've been out more and know how to act in society better than these children."

"These children!" screamed Ruth and Anna, in a derisive chorus; but Mrs. Stone held up her finger with a warning gesture, and then, to the surprise of all, she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed—Yes, mother was crying!

The three girls looked at each other in dismay. "Mother!" cried Edith, gently, "what have we done?"

"I am too tired of it all," burst out the sobbing woman. "It has been so ever since your father died. Things no sooner get to running smoothly than there is a great fuss over who shall have a new dress, or whose boots are the shabbiest, or who shall go on the picnic. When there are three children there ought to be money enough to divide by three, not by one. I can't decide for you any more. You must choose some way yourself."

The slow tears ran down her cheek. Edith noticed how pale and wrinkled it was. There used to be color there when the father was alive. And what a shabby dress! "Mother, I've decided who shall go, and it's not myself. Will you all consent? And, mother, dear, will you let me do all the contriving about clothes and packing, so that you needn't have a thing to decide about it till the day comes to go?"

Mrs. Stone wiped away the tears. "I am very much ashamed," she said. "Of course I'll help get any one of you ready. It was the disputing that troubled me."

"Just this once, let me, mother," said Edith. "It will do me good, truly."

So Mrs. Stone consented, and the two young girls were borne away to Edith's room. "Which of us is it?" asked Ruth.

"Neither," said Edith.

"Why, Edith Stone," said Anna; you selfish old thing, to choose yourself."

"I didn't," said Edith. "It's—it's—mother!"

"Mother!" echoed Ruth.

"Why, she wasn't even asked," said Anna.

"No, but Aunt Nell would rather have her than all three of us put together, if she had any idea she'd come. Girls," and Edith's voice trembled, "the money has been divided into three parts when it ought to have been four. Does mother ever have a new dress? Does she ever go to a picnic or trolley riding? Do we choose her to have the extra orange or the Christmas present that's not marked for anybody? No, sir! We're selfish old pigs, that's what we are."

"But will she go?" asked Anna.

"She'll have to," said Edith. "Ruth you run straight down to Marcy's and say that we've decided to change the blue suit for a black one. Anna hasn't worn it, and there was a lovely plain black for the same price. You don't mind, do you, Anna?"

"I'll wear my old one till it falls off," said that young woman, "and imagine it's stylish," with a wink at Ruth.

"Her bonnet is all right, and how thankful I am my new silk waist is a plain black one, and too large. It will just fit mother."

"And I'll get boots for her instead of skates for me," said Ruth, "and let her choose any of my stocks she likes, and—and she may take my new belt buckle, if she'll be very careful of it."

A note was dispatched to Aunt Nell, and the loving planning went on, till the day for the visit came, and the

mother was still in ignorance. She had thought it wise to let Edith arrange things this time, and had not tried to solve the mystery.

At ten o'clock the three girls stood before her. "In one hour," began Edith, "the expressman stops at this house for the trunk of the one who is to visit Aunt Nell."

"Which is no evidence, as the same trunk will go, which ever person went," put in Anna.

"That trunk is now packed," said Edith.

"And the contents not to be poked over or criticised by the traveller," said Ruth. "And all lent articles are to be considered the person's own."

"The ticket is bought," said Anna.

"The person's pocket-book properly filled, with her name and address within in case of accident," said Ruth.

"And the lucky girl is —?" smiled the mother.

"Mother?" cried three voices in chorus.

And in telling about it to Aunt Nell, Mrs. Stone said that if those artful daughters of hers had given her longer than one hour to think of it, she would have decided not to come, and that she was glad they hadn't!—The Churchman.



### A True Story About Mr. Blue Jay.

I had always heard stories about the disagreeable disposition of the Blue Jay family, but I never liked to believe them—the Blue Jays are such handsome birds!

Last summer I had an opportunity to watch a pair, and now I think myself that some Blue Jays are not very amiable.

The two bright creatures chose a branch in the great maple by my pantry window on which to build their nest. I soon noticed that, when Mr. Blue Jay might just as well have been at work as not, he was so busy telling Mrs. Blue Jay that she must "work a leedle, work a leedle," he quite forgot to work himself!

When he did help he used coarse twigs for the outside because they went so much farther than small ones; and he was not at all particular about the lining. Instead of hunting for horse-hair and bits of wool, he took the dead grass at the foot of the tree because it was less trouble.

But Mrs. Blue Jay didn't seem to mind the rough nest, nor Mr. Blue Jay's idle habits. She used to sit there on her eggs and turn her head this way and that, to watch him as he flew about. He was such a beautiful fellow, with the softest of blue coats and the blackest of satin ties, that she thought he was too fine to work, and she hoped the children would look like him.

But one day a dreadful thing happened to him.

That morning, instead of going to the brook, he flew down to the ice-water drain to get a drink of water, and almost at once he saw another bird marching straight toward him. (It was only his reflection in the cellar window, but Mr. Blue Jay did not know that.) With a shrill cry of rage he ruffled his feathers, and, hopping toward the window, raised his wings to strike. The other bird did the same thing. This made him so angry that he bounded into the air like a ball, and drove his sharp beak against the window. He meant to make an end of the saucy fellow; but there he was, still unharmed.

Mr. Blue Jay was so angry now that



To the Weary Dyspeptic.  
We Ask this Question:

Why don't you remove  
that weight at the pit of  
the Stomach?

Why don't you regulate that  
variable appetite, and condition the  
digestive organs so that it will not  
be necessary to starve the stomach  
to avoid distress after eating.  
The first step is to regulate the  
bowels.

For this purpose  
**Burdock Blood Bitters**  
has no Equal.

It acts promptly and effectually  
and permanently cures all derange-  
ments of digestion. It cures Dys-  
pepsia and the primary causes lead-  
ing to it.

he fairly screamed as he tried it all over, his feet and bill striking against the glass. Mrs. Blue Jay heard the noise, and almost stood on her eggs, looking down to learn what was the matter.

I could see the poor thing flutter. "Jaygee," she called gently, "I'm so hungry! Bring me up a bug, won't you, dear?" She did this to get him away from the other bird, I suppose. "Just wait until I finish this rascal!" he called back.

He spent the morning fighting; and by afternoon he was so tired that he had to stay on the nest while Mrs. Blue Jay hunted bugs for herself.

The next morning it was the same thing over again. Even when the little birds were hatched, Mrs. Blue Jay had to feed herself and the four hungry children, because each time that Mr. Blue Jay went for a drink he would forget his family and everything else in fighting the bird in the window.

I used to hear Mrs. Blue Jay pleading, but all in vain. Mr. Blue Jay might have gone fighting until this very time if one day he had not nearly broken his wing trying to kill the bird in the glass. That taught him a lesson.—Pearl Howard Campbell, in Little Folks.



### SAVED BY HIS HORSE.

The intuition and sense of locality of the horse are well known, and are found invaluable at critical times, as illustrated in the following account of an actual occurrence sent to the Little Chronicle:—

My great-grandfather lived in Vermont in the days when, if one wished to go to Boston, the journey could best be made on horseback. One spring, just as the ice had cleared from the rivers, he was returning home from