

When I Am A Boy.

If, when I'm a boy,
I am lazy and shirk
My work upon some one that's smaller,
The chances are good
I shall do the same thing
When I grow older and taller.

If, when I'm a boy,
I am always behind,
And never make any advances,
When I am a man,
Some one else and not I,
Will be sure to get all the best chances.

If I use, when a boy,
Cigarettes and talk slang,
Without either thinking or caring,
You will probably find me,
When I am a man,
Chewing navy tobacco and swearing.

If, when I'm a boy,
I drink cider and beer,
And persist, against reason and warning,
You may find me in rags,
And as drunk as a sot,
Fast asleep in the gutter some morning.

Now that's not the kind
Of a man I would make.
The world has too many already;
So I will begin,
Right away, while a boy,
To be temperate, honest and steady.

A Boy Who Recommended Himself.

John Brent was trimming the hedge, and the "snip-snap" of his shears was a pleasant sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars. The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular, even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked for help.

Just below the hedge was the public side-walk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work on one side of the hedge, and they were on the other.

"Hello, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racket," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply. "Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well now that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh, you have only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it!"

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh, you have only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it!"

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racket to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him I offered you another time as much; and that will settle it."

"No Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racket in his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh let him have it," retorted Charlie angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he had stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"That lad has a good face, and is made of the right kind of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not

to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I should be disobeying her wishes," said Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make enquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton," was the reply. John Brent remembered the name of the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleasing smile crossing his face.

"You may stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. Why were enquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said with a significant smile.

"But I offered no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I heard you recommend yourself."

But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now boys, this is a true story and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes and parental respect would speak in your behalf.—*Golden Days.*

Jack's Temptation.

Out in a thriving Western town live two newsboys, Jack English and Dick Daniels. They are both shrewd, active boys, but until quite recently their friendship was not such as is generally found in brotherhoods. Away back, long before they had attained to the dignity of "newsies," they had quarrelled bitterly, and the rivalry that existed between them after they went into business for themselves was little more stimulating than the healthfulness of the situation really demanded.

One rainy evening during the past winter, Jack ran into a grocery to make some purchases before going home. The clerks were all busy; and, while he was waiting his turn to be served, some one ran against him in such a way as to thrust his umbrella handle through the glass in one of the large show-cases. There was considerable stir in the storeroom at the time of the accident, consequently no one except Jack himself noticed the crash or knew anything about what had happened.

Knowing the nature of the mischief done, Jack walked hurriedly out of the open door, congratulating himself upon his lucky escape. The proprietor was a stern, uncompromising man, who would have insisted upon damages to the full amount of his loss, had he discovered the broken glass; but no one had seen him, so Jack felt quite safe.

The next morning, while glancing over the home news in one of the papers he carried, he was astonished to see a notice of the broken show-case, and that Dick Daniels, his rival, had been arrested for the mischief on complaint of the proprietor, John Wilcox.

Reading on a little further, he learned that Dick had denied all knowledge of the accident, and that he had stoutly resisted the officer who had been sent to his home to demand payment for the damage done.

Jack's first thought was one of triumph, but the next moment his countenance fell. He had never done a mean thing before, and he could not, he dared not, allow even an enemy to suffer for his wrong-doing. Glancing at the paper again, he discovered that Dick was to have a hearing that morning at nine o'clock. It was now half-past nine, so he turned his steps in the direction of the court-house where the trial was in progress. It was quite a long walk, and by the time he reached the place much of the testimony had

been given. Dick declared that he had not been in the grocery during that afternoon at all, but several witnesses asserted that he was the identical newsboy who had entered the store with a roll of papers and an umbrella under his arm. No one saw him break the show-case; but it was discovered a few minutes after he left, and in his haste to get away he had dropped several of his papers.

Jack listened quietly for a few minutes, and then, trembling from head to foot, walked bravely up to the stand and asked permission to give his testimony. Of course his straightforward story changed everything in Dick's favor; and, though at first Mr. Wilcox looked a little surly over his defeat, by the time Jack had finished speaking the little man was as loud in his applause as any of the pleased spectators.

It required no little courage on Jack's part to hand over his hoarded coins—five dollars in all—to pay for the broken glass; but he did it without a murmur, regretting only that he had not done so at first, instead of sneaking off like a coward.

As he was leaving the court-house, Dick grasped his hand and thanked him for what he had done; but Jack said he wanted no thanks for doing his duty, and warned him never to mention the subject again. Though he tried to speak gruffly, there was an odd quiver in his voice; and, an hour later, the two were seen walking down street, arm in arm, conversing with as much earnestness as if they had always been the best of friends.—*New York Observer.*

Boys and Girls in South China.

South China swarms with boys and girls, crowds of them in the cities, flocks of them in the country. They are slant-eyed. They are straight-haired. Babies have their heads clean shaven when they are three months old. Girls, so long as they are little girls, have part of the head shaven from time to time. Every man in China must wear a cue. This is ordained by law. So every boy who is a candidate for manhood gets his head shaven, leaving a bunch at the crown from which he grows his cue.

Boys and girls, men and women, old and young, all dress in blue. On special occasions girls wear brilliant red dresses. And rich city boys march out in suits of green and yellow and blue silk. But nearly everybody's every-day dress is blue cotton. A boy can get a new suit for fifty cents, often less. The city boy wears a black cap with a red knob. The country boy wears a blue rag in the shape of a turban, or a big bamboo hat, alike a screen from the sun and a shelter from the rain.

The girls never have to worry about the styles. Their dresses are always made after the same pattern, and they wear no hats. So who cares whether hats are high-crowned or low, broad or narrow brimmed?

Boys go to school, but by no means a majority of them. Thousands grow up who cannot read a line nor write a character. Girls never go to school. A man would be afraid to marry a young woman who could read. They say it is very unlucky. They say a man who marries such a young woman won't live long.

The boy who does go to school makes a business of it. He starts at his desk at seven in the morning. At nine he goes home for his breakfast. He gets back by ten. He studies till one. Then home for his dinner, and back to school until five or six o'clock. He has no time, you see, for spinning tops or playing marbles or base-ball or hide-and-go-seek. The result is he is an old-mannish boy. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

At school young John Chinaman studies aloud. Last year I roomed over a Chinese school at Changin for three months. What a volume of ear-piercing Chinese eloquence would ascend from the room below at times! A Chinese school would be a capital training ground for the rising generation of prospective stump-speakers.

What does all this noise mean? These boys are trying to hammer into their memories from two thousand to three thousand Chinese characters. When they get tired of repeating and shouting them, they sit down and write them. This makes up the day's work at school. In our mission school, we have added geography and Bible instruction.

Chinese boys and girls have few games. They have no picnics, no sleigh-rides, no concerts. Their entertainments consist of vulgar theatrical performances and silly Punch and Judy shows. There are no parks to visit. There are no beautiful buildings to see. There are no attractive books or pictures in their homes. Their homes are dark and dirty. They worship filthy, grimy, dust-covered idols. They hear vile language from father

and mother. Girls are constantly maltreated. Boys, too, often are left to run wild, only to grow up gamblers and opium-smokers, a sorrow to their parents and a disgrace to themselves.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

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No. 207.—1. C 2. D 3. F
THE SEA PET
CHILI DEIGN FEVER
ELM AGE TEN
I N R

No. 208.—1. L E M A N
E L O R A
M O L E T
A R E N A
N A T A L

2. Z Y G O M A
Y E O M A N
G O W A N S
O M A H A W
M A N A G E
A N S W E R

No. 209.—1. Columbus.
2. Savonarola. 3. Galileo.
4. Dante. 5. Angelico.
6. Raphael. 7. De Medici.

—[The Mystery.—No. 41.]—

No. 218.—TRANSPPOSITION.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"Revely I ysa nuot uoy howsreve
halst en crivece het nigdomk fo dgo
sa a tillet hclid flash ni on swie ntere
thirteen."

No. 219.—DECAPITATION.
(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Stanley.)

Whole I am an article of dress, be-
head me and I am worshipped as a
god, behead once more and I am nearly
over.

No. 220.—DIAMOND.
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

o A letter.
o A viper.
o Use four.
o Secured.
o Fictitious name
o A boat
o Vicinity.
o To colour.
o A letter.

No. 221.—DROP-VOVEL PUZZLE.
(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S. A.)

"Thrf rshl - l p ths m wrds n r
hrt, nd n rsl, nd bud thm fr - sgn pn
r hnd, tht th m b frults btr n s."

No. 222.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.
(BY GRACE E. RING, Brooklyn, N. S.)

1. Where are the words? "That we
may buy the poor for silver and the
needy for a pair of shoes."

2. What in scriptures is likened to
"a broken tooth and a foot out of
joint?"

3. There are four things which are
little upon the earth, but they are ex-
ceeding wise. What are they?

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—[The Mystical Circle.]—

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