

THE HOME CIRCLE

Damsel Dorothy: A Family Portrait.

Grandmother's mother; her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair.
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

O, Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to a daughter or son might bring—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another, to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes;
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Mr. Dooley on the Political Prospects.

"I see," said Mr. Hennessy, "that the dimmycrats have gr-reat confidence."

"They have," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' dimmycrats have gr-reat confidence, th' rapublicans ar-re sure, th' popylists are hopeful, th' prohybitionists look fr a landslide or a flood or whatever you may call a prohybition victhry, an' th' socylists think this may be their year. That's what makes pollytics th' gr-reat game an' th' on'y wan to-dhrive dull care away. It's a game iv hope, iv jolly-ye'er-neighbor, a confidence game. If ye get a bad hand at poker, ye lay it down. But if ye get a band hand at pollytics, ye bet ye'er pair iv deuces as blithe as an Englishman who has just larned the game out iv th' spoortin' columns iv th' London Times. If ye don't win fair, ye may win foul. If ye don't win, ye may tie an' get th' money in th' confusion. If it wasn't such a game, wud there be dimmycrats in Vermont, raypublicans in Texas, an' prohybitionists in th' stock yards ward? Ivry year men crawl out iv th' hospitals where they've been since last iliction day to vote th' raypublican ticket in Mississippi. There's no record iv it but it's a fact. To-day th' dimmycrats will on'y concede Vermont, Maine an' Pinnsylvania to th' raypublicans, an' the raypublicans concede Texas, Allybammy an' Mississippi to th' dimmycrats. But it's arley yet. Wait awhile. Th' wurruk iv th' campaign has not begun. Both sides is inclined to be pessimistic. Th' consarvative business man, who thinks that if a little money cud be placed in Yazoo City, th' prejudice against Rosenfelt, which is on'y skin deep annyhow, cud be removed, hasn't turned up at head-quarters. About th' middle iv October, the raypublican who concedes Texas to th' dimmycrats will be dhrummed out iv th' party as a thraitor an' ye'll hear that th' dimmycratic party in Maine is so cheered be th' prospects that his frinds can't keep him sober.

"Th' life iv a candydate is th' happiest there is. If I want anything pleasant said about me, I have to say it meself. There's a hundred thousan' freemen ready to say it to a candydate an' say it strong. They ask nawthin' in raythurn that will require a civil service examination. He starts in with a pretty good opinyon iv himself based on what his mother said iv him as a baby, but be th' time he's heard th' first speech iv congratulation

he begins to think he had a cold an' indiff'rent parent. Ninety per cint iv th' people who come to see him tell him he's th' mos' pop'lar thing that iver was an' will carry th' counthry like a tidal wave. He don't let th' others in. If annybody says annything about him less friendly thin Jacob Riis, he knows he's either a sore-head or is in th' pay iv th' other campaign comity. Childher an' dogs ar-re named afther him, pretty women an' some iv th' other kind thry to kiss him an' th' newspapers publish pitchers iv him as he sets in his libry with his brows wrinkled in thought iv how fine a man he is. Th' opposition pa-apers don't get up to th' house an' he niver sees himself with a face like Sharkey or reads that th' reason he takes a bath in th' Hudson is because he is too stingy to buy a bath-tub fr th' house an' prefers to sponge on th' gr-reat highway belongin' to th' people."—Copyright, 1904, by F. P. Dunne and McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Last Days of August.

Horse-mint is blooming now—a dull pink and yellow flower, with road dust on its leaves. Most delicate is its perfume and suggestive of autumn and its mellow fruitfulness. It loves to grow in old lanes and pastures among the haunts of men and herds. Also, on every hillside the golden-rod is heralding the fall o' the leaf. The swamps are shot with the brilliant yellow of poplar and deep red gum leaves. Here and there a troop of black-eyed-susans nod like flirts to the breeze.

But these few scouts do not argue that Queen Summer has laid down her sceptre. The bee still swings on her clover blossom; oxeys yet sprinkle her grassy places with white; her maypops, or passion flowers, show combined the bloom and the fruit; and her migrant singers, who will brook no other rule than hers, are there.

August, therefore, is the month of transition. The pirate Saxons of autumn have begun stealthily to scatter themselves along the coast of summer, and will soon usurp her reign. Full of delicious hints of fall and harvest a August is, she yet culminates the heats of the year and continues to hold out to sweltering humanity the summer's invitation to cool woods and seashore, mountain and stream. These slumbrous, sultry noons, with a hot pavement under him and a sky of brass above, what dweller in the town would not dearly like to be—

"Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea?"

—J. C. McNeill, in Charlotte Observer.

Self Pity is Deadly.

Self-pity is the mark of deteriorating character. It is a sure sign of the dominance of egotism and of the decay of moral vitality. So long as you retain a sense of proportion, so long as your mind is healthy and your judgment sound, you will never sink into the mental slough of those who are self-pitying. You have a buoyancy, a good-humor and a generosity of spirit which enable you to give and take without any residuum of malice, and to recognize the rights and wrongs of others as clearly as you recognize your own. If things go amiss, and keep on getting worse and worse, you rouse yourself up to face the inevitable with courage and a stout heart. Meet misfortune in the spirit of the fighter, of the knight who is not only brave but debonair, and even if in the end you are beaten, you keep your self-respect and the respect of others. You are like a general who yields to overwhelming numbers, and then draws off his forces in good order, defeated but not demoralized, and ready at some future time to fight again. Even if ill success should make you stern and harsh and unforgiving, this is not a hopeless state of mind, for it is at least compatible with strength; and if prosperity return once more, then the old hopefulness and the old geniality will reassert themselves, just as the buds and blossoms force their way into the world when the warm spring sunshine puts an end to winter.

But if you let yourself sink into the fateful habit of self-pity, then there is absolutely no return for you, no restoration, no renewal of sanity; you slide down and down the slope, losing bit by bit your moral fiber, your intellectual courage and your self-respect.—Twentieth Century Home.

Goods Not Delivered.

Once upon a time, when Francis Wilson didn't have as comfortable living quarters as he now has, he went room-hunting where rates were reasonable. In one place which he inspected, he found a red-headed landlady who was extremely persistent, although the room she had to offer was about the last one Wilson would have chosen to live in. He didn't want to say so, however, and was departing without stating definitely what he would do, notwithstanding the fact that the eager landlady did not want him to escape in that manner.

"Will you take the room?" she asked, pinning him down to a positive answer.

"Um—er," hesitated Wilson, crawling toward the door. "Thank you very much, madam, thank you, no, I won't take it now; can't you perhaps send it to me?"—Collier's Weekly.

Taking Him at His Word.

Joseph Jefferson in his biography relates what was probably the last jest of Artemus Ward. When the famous wit lay dying at Southampton, he was attended by his devoted friend, Tom Robertson, the author of "Caste," who was also a friend of Jefferson.

"Just before Ward's death," writes Mr. Jefferson, "Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass, and offered it to his friend.

"Ward said, 'My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff.'

"'Come, come,' said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug, 'there's a good fellow. Do, now, for my sake. You know I would do anything for you.'

"'Would you?' said Ward, feebly, as he stretched out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time.

"'I would indeed,' said Robertson.

"'Then you take it,' said Ward.

"The humorist passed away a few hours later."
—Woman's Home Companion.

When Beauty Fades.

Hamilton W. Mable always is interesting and in his literary talk to girls he is especially so. The following sensible suggestions from Mr. Mable's page in the Ladies' Home Journal will be appreciated by Home Circle readers:

"What shall I read?" is a much more important question than "What shall I wear?" but it is to be feared that many girls think otherwise. It is just as much one's duty to be attractive as to be good, and dress and manners are of much greater importance than some people suppose.

We have not only to live in this world, but we have also to live with others. Half the pleasure of living comes from our relations with others; from the variety, interest, charm which they bring us. It is one of our best pieces of good fortune to live in a community in which the people are intelligent, well-dressed, courteous and interesting, and it is every one's duty to help make such a community by being intelligent, well dressed, courteous and interesting. The man who thinks he is showing superior strength of character by being churlish simply reveals his ignorance.

Beauty often goes early in life, and there are few more pathetic figures than the women who have lost it and have nothing to put in its place. The wise girl lays up a store of attractions against the time when those with which she started may be lost, and there is no better way of making one's self an agreeable companion for others and for one's self than by constant reading of good books. One of the finest compliments ever paid a woman was the remark of an eminent man concerning a well-known woman of his time, that to know her was a liberal education. No woman can have the quality of mind which makes association with her not only delightful, but stimulating and educational, unless she is well read; and the well-read woman must read constantly and with intelligence.